

My Three Wives Are Beautiful Vampires

- Chapter 714: Runes |

Chapter 714: Runes

Surprisingly, Victor's lessons for Valeria didn't take long. It seemed that the 'contract' and the energy that was used did much more than just empower her body and ensure eternal youth.

The High Priestess soaked up Victor's teachings like a sponge, she became even more capable, and that detail put a satisfied smile on Victor's face.

Valeria herself was surprised by this too. Things now seemed much clearer to her, it was as if a limitation imposed by the world had been removed, and she could do much more than before.

'Is this what it means to overcome your humanity?' She couldn't help biting her lips in ecstasy; it was a very intoxicating feeling.

Finishing his business, Victor left this place for his wives to take over. He already did more than necessary, and it was time to enjoy his vacation.

...

Yes... He was supposed to enjoy his vacation, but the moment he set foot in Nightingale, he was told that Scathach wanted to see him. Thinking it would be a quick thing, he went to visit Scathach, but...

'Why am I sitting here?' he wondered.

Victor, Siena, Lacus, Pepper, and Ruby were sitting on the floor next to each other while Scathach was standing in front of them.

"Hi, Kids. Today, I will be teaching about runes."

"..."

Victor's smile trembled a little, then he raised his hand as if he were at school:

"Master, I already learned about runes."

"Silence, stupid disciple, what you learned in hell cannot be described as Runes but demonic scriptures. The two things are completely different."

"Shishou, I'm sure I learned about runes," Victor spoke confidently.

"Oh? Write a word with runes then, and stop changing the language when calling me 'Master'."

"Okay, Magister." He spoke in perfect Latin.

Scathach's eyes glinted dangerously.

"..." Siena, Lacus, Pepper, and Ruby flinched before their mother's gaze. Despite being more 'familiar' with each other, after all, they share the same man and have a closer relationship than before, they still feel pressure from Scathach.

Lacus' and Pepper's cheeks turned redder when they thought about that 'perverted' detail.

'Oyakodon and Shimadon...' Pepper blushed furiously, her perverted mind going places it shouldn't right now.

Victor raised his hand in the air, and with his fingers, he wrote four red 'runes' in the air.

Scathach waited for the rune to be activated, but nothing happened: "... So?"

"That's just it." Victor declared, then added, "These runes have more effect when I use my authority as a demon king."

"... Haah ... As I said, Disciple. That's not a rune."

"..." Victor raised his eyebrow.

"What you have done now is demonic deed." Scathach creates an ice face, and writes something in the air, soon four 'scriptures' are written in the air.

"That..."

"It's divine scripture, it's the same thing as demonic scripture, but they're mostly used for the gods."

"The demons, and the gods have their own way of writing, and communicating, and that language has power, you've heard the saying; the words have power?"

"Yes."

"What happens here is an example of that, since you are a demonic king, the highest authority of hell, you can use these ancient languages to write laws, and demonic contracts, but this is not Runes."

"Runes is writing your intentions into reality, and for that we use languages that have power like demonic or divine scriptures."

"... Wait, in a way, Victor has already learned about runes, but only the 'language' in which this power works." Ruby spoke.

"Correct."

"Through the authority of the demon king, he is unintentionally using a special type of rune, the portals of hell, and the demon contract he made with Valeria is just that."

"He used the ancient language, and authority as a demon king made the whole process happen."

"Ugh... Does anyone sum this up in 20 words? I do not understand anything." Pepper grumbled.

"Mm." Lacus nodded in agreement with Pepper.

"Think of it this way, for the effect known as a 'Rune' to happen, we need to utilize an ancient language, intent, and power to shape the 'Rune' into reality. Because I have the authority of the Demon King, I am skipping the entire process, and going straight to the result."

"With that authority, I can't make other Rune effects like the storage bag created by the Alioth Clan, or the changes Scathach made to our armor and weapons."

"...Oh." Lacus made a face that understood what Victor said.

"That wasn't 20 words, Darling." Pepper snorted.

Victor chuckled and patted Pepper's head.

"Hehehe ~."

"What Clan Alioth does is an even more advanced and complex level of Runes because they are using his special power for that, probably only Alexios and Natalia can make runes that special in the whole world."

'Even the gods would have a hard time doing this, because this is something that mixes the concept of space, time, and runes.'

"And stop molesting my daughter, and concentrate on your homework." Scathach narrowed her eyes.

"How rude to call it molesting, I'm just stroking her head."

"Vic, do this to me too..." Lacus spoke with the voice of a mosquito.

"Sure." Victor starts stroking Lacus's head as well.

"Mm~."

Siena and Ruby's eyes slightly glowed blood red when they saw Lacus and Pepper's happy face.

Scathach did facepalm, she was wondering if she lost the knack of teaching her disciples. 'Am I getting softer?... This can't happen, right?' Her eyes glittered dangerously.

And the fours felt a foreboding coming over them.

"Pay attention now, or I will increase the training-"

"Oh?" Victor smiled interestedly.

"Not for you Victor! For my daughters."

"Tsk, petty."

The four girls shuddered, and quickly turned their attention to her mother.

After all, unlike Victor who would be only too happy to spar with an angry Scathach, they weren't like that! The only one who could handle this female dragon was Victor!

"Back to the point... Runes are essentially imposing your will and in fact, through various methods the most common of which is the three-way method, we utilize the three main essences of building a rune which are ancient languages, energy, and intention."

"Watch." With the ice wand in hand, he draws three different writings in the air, a golden script, a red script, and a blank script.

"Can anyone tell me what these scriptures are?"

"The letter patterns are the same as Victor and you showed us, so the red writing is demonic writing, the gold writing is divine writing, and the last one appears to be Nordic."

Scathach nods satisfied indicating she was correct, and asks curiously, "Do you know about Old Norse?"

"I don't know."

"How did you identify the words then?"

"I saw it in a comic."

"..." Scathach and Siena were speechless.

Victor just chuckled gently at Ruby's brutal honesty.

"Oh, now that you mention it, it looks like the designs shown in the Thor comics." Pepper narrows her eyes: "It's pretty similar to the enchantment Odin put on Mjolnir."

"Speaking of Mjolnir, do you think Victor would be worthy of wielding it?" Lacus asked.

"Probably." Pepper spoke.

"But he doesn't seem worthy enough." Ruby pointed.

"I mean, he might as well seduce the perverted hammer, and she'll do whatever he wants like a good little bitch."

Victor stared at Pepper with a speechless expression.

"I don't understand where this conversation is going, but I must ask, why do you think Thor's hammer is a girl?" Siena asked confused.

"I mean, anything Victor comes into contact with turns into a girl. I would be more shocked if it was a man."

"HmmHm." Ruby and Lacus nodded several times in agreement with Pepper.

"... Okay... You've been watching and consuming a lot of anime lately, how about a break?"

"I refuse!" Lacus, Pepper, and Ruby spoke at the same time with a hardened expression and a deep voice.

"..." Victor just stared at the three girls with an expressionless expression, then he looked at Siena, and touched her shoulder.

"You are the most normal of them all."

"... Huh?"

"It's okay, I understand." He pulls Siena into a hug, and pats her head.

"Do you understand what - Ehhh?" Siena's face turned slightly red when she felt Victor's scent stronger, but that only lasted a few seconds, then she took a deep breath, and shamelessly rubbed her head on his chest.

'Degenerate pervert.' Pepper, Lacus, and Ruby snorted.

"..." Scathach just watched it all with veins popping in her head.

"Watch!" She landed on the ground, and the killer instinct exploded from her body.

"Y-Yes!" Like four startled rabbits, the girls practically jumped in fright, and quickly straightened their postures and looked at Scathach with the expression of a soldier awaiting orders.

Victor just looked at Scathach with a sunny smile that made Scathach's brow twitch.

"What?"

"Nothing, I just find that side of you quite attractive."

Scathach's killing intent visibly lightened, a hint of a smile appeared on her lips, and small imperceptible blushes appeared on her cheek.

"Stop the sweet words, it won't fool me! Now pay attention!"

"Yes~."

"..." Pepper, Lacus, and Ruby had to fight back the urge to roll their eyes, they wanted to know how much her mother became such a Tsundere.

"Back to the explanation, although they are written in different languages, each character here means only one thing; fire."

"Look and learn." Scathach makes some movements with his hand, and the three characters start to glow, in the next moment the scriptures seem to become more 'real'.

Victor who was watching all this with his dragon eyes just opened his eyes with what he was witnessing, in a somewhat barbaric way, Scathach was imposing his will on reality.

'This is interesting...'

Right after that, fire started shooting from each scripture, the demon scripture was the first to be activated, a huge ball of fire shot out of the demon scripture and flew towards the sky.

Then it was the divine scripture that went out an even greater fire than before.

When the Norse scripture was activated, the fire that came out was a normal fireball.

"By using my energy, and imposing my intention on the language, that language becomes Runes."

"Now, tell me which was the strongest?"

"The divine scripture." The five responded in unison, however only Victor added:

"But the divine scripture consumed much more energy than necessary, the same applies to the demonic scripture, the Norse scripture seemed to be more stable."

"..." Scathach looked at Victor, specifically his dragon eyes.

"Correct. Do you know why the demonic and divine runes take so much energy from me?"

"Is it because you are not the same race as those ancient bloodlines?"

"...Explain why you think that."

"Intuition. When you used the runes, I noticed an incongruity in the way your energy behaved."

"...And you are correct." Scathach spoke.

Those eyes are a cheat." Siena rolled her eyes.

Nobody commented on those words because they were feeling the same way.

"Leaving my husband's cheating existence aside-."

"Oyy!"

"Mother, please continue." Ruby spoke.

"Haah... As you can see, the more ancient, and important the language, the more the runes will have power, but don't think that just because you are using an ancient language, the effect of the rune will activate without consequences, the origin of the language is something that must be taken into account.

"As Victor pointed out, the divine and demonic languages took a huge amount of stamina and energy out of me, and I just made a simple Rune with them, imagine the amount of energy I would need to do something like that." Scathach raised the Spear towards the group, and soon hundreds of small runes began to glow all over the Spear.

"As a mortal, I always recommend using mortal tongues, because of this, in my runic workings, I usually use Akkadian, a dead language, or Old Norse."

"Master, how exactly do you set the intention in the scripture to become a Rune?" Victor asked.

"... This is something I'm curious about too, I didn't understand that part." Siena commented.

"Hmm... How to explain this..." Scathach touches the frown on her face, she seems to be thinking deeply, soon she replies:

"Do you need to listen to existence, and talk to him?"

"..."

"Don't look at me like that, I can only think of explaining it that way, because that's literally what I do."

"... Do you converse with 'existence'?" Siena asked confused.

"Hmm, the more correct saying is that I give an order that generates a trigger, and it appears in reality."

"... This is confusing..." Pepper mumbled.

"Indeed." Ruby nods.

"Master, is it possible to use Runes in combat?" Victor asked visibly excited.

"It's impossible."

"... why?"

"Working with runes is a delicate process, any loss of concentration when you are 'imposing your will on the world' can lead to catastrophes for yourself." "And as you know, in a fight every second counts."

"Because of this, runes are mostly used as support, or preconfigured in an artifact like this Spear."

"Wait, doesn't that mean we can't put several pre-installed ones, to be activated worth our energy?" Ruby pointed.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean pick up a weapon, and write fire runes, and then use our stamina to activate the rune instantly."

"...Oh, you're talking about built-in enchantment."

"Yes, it is possible to do that, but it is impossible to do it the way you said."

"Why?"

"Runes are not something that lasts forever, do you remember when I activated the fire earlier, the runes disappeared?"

"Yes..."

"That's what would happen to the item or the Ruin itself if you abused the enchantment."

"Oh."

"Remember that the Rune is something that imposes its will on reality, and this causes wear and tear both physically and for the material on which the rune was written."

"..."

"... If we had stronger material, could we do this?"

"Yeah, that's what I did with my Spear, but Victor... Writing runes on material is extremely time consuming, because mistakes are not allowed, it took me years to finish this Spear of mine."

"I had to carve each rune with extreme care, any mistake I would have lost precious material and possibly killed myself."

"..." Everyone broke out in a cold sweat, Runes is something very dangerous, they thought.

"Not to mention that using a rune-sculpted weapon like a flamethrower is extremely inefficient."

"Why?" Lacus asked.

"The fire that came out of the Rune might be relatively strong, but it's just normal fire, and stronger beings would barely feel those attacks."

"Oh." The girls understood now.

"So it's more efficient to use the runes as a passive support force, something like putting various spells to increase strength, senses, etc."

"Of course, remember not to overdo the enchantments, and you don't want to die, right?"

"...."

"Oh, one of the consequences of getting a rune enchantment wrong can be fading out of existence, so be very careful when doing long enchantments, and make sure you are 100% focused." She spoke with a gentle smile that made everyone shiver.

"... Mother, we haven't even learned how to write runes yet! Why are you saying this?" Siena asked.

"It is for you to remember. This is also a warning to Victor."

"Eh?"

"Toying with Runes without an experienced teacher around is extremely dangerous and will endanger not only yourself, but also the people around you." "I will teach you the way of the runes, who wants to learn?"

All without exception raised their hands.

"Good."

"Scathach's lesson is over." Victor spoke next.

The girls looked at Victor with raised eyebrows.

"What are you going to teach, Victor?"

"Something like that." Victor gets up from the ground, he walks a little distance, as he walks his arm starts to be covered by the water, and with a wave of his hand, a big cut appears on the ground, the hole is deep! And there wasn't even any kind of explosion, just cutting like a blade.

"..."

"High pressure water can cut diamond, I learned a way to imitate this high pressure."

"..."

"I will teach that too." Victor points his finger at a tree, then an ice sphere appears on his finger, this ice sphere begins to rotate at high speed.

"Bang." The ice sphere flies towards the tree, but instead of penetrating the tree, it simply explodes and covers the entire tree with ice, and in the next moment, the ice shatters, shattering the tree into thousands of pieces.

"Holy fuck... He didn't control the ice, right? He just shot it and it happened." Siena spoke.

"Yes... The entire process after firing the sphere has been automated." Scathach commented in visible disbelief.

'Has he already reached this level with ice control?'

"To Lacus, I will teach this." Victor's body transforms into thousands of bats, and the next moment he 'reappears' on the other side of the training area.

"I-I-Itachi skill!" Pepper stood up with her eyes shining.

Victor repeats the same thing he did before, and appears in front of the group.

"This is so cool!!" Pepper jumped making the mountains rise sway back and forth, up and down.

"Teach me! Teach me! Teach me!"

Victor smiles gently: "Calm down Pepper, I'll teach you too."

"Yay!"

Ruby walked silently closer to Victor, and held his clothes.

"..." Victor looked at Ruby, and even though her expression was neutral, her excited eyes couldn't be hidden.

"Of course, I'll teach you too, Ruby."

"Mm."

Victor laughed, it was adorable how clumsy she was at these things.

Victor felt his clothes being tugged at again, and saw Lacus and Siena's faces.

"I'll teach you too, but remember Girls, this is very difficult to do, you need to completely master changing your body shape."

"So I suggest focusing on your strengths first."

"... If it's so hard to do, why did you train it?"

"I spent 700 years in an enclosed space training, when I ran out of ideas what to train, I would go back to basics, and learn to better control my racial powers, and that opened up other avenues for me that allowed me to increase my strength."

Seeing Victor talking to her daughters, her face tightened.

'They completely forgot my lesson.' She sighs, and her gaze becomes kinder, the image of all her daughters talking harmoniously gives her a sense of peace. 'That's not bad... I actually like it a lot.'

"Scathach?"

"Hmm?"

"Are we going to go back to learning about runes??" Victor smiled gently.

She laughed lightly, "Of course."

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Chapter 715: Dragon Runes

After training with the Scarlett Clan, Victor headed towards the main mansion, as he walked alone, he couldn't help but think of his rune training.

He doesn't know if it's because he has more developed mentality than before, or if it's because he doesn't have a lot of urgent things to do in the short term, but he felt quite interested when training Runes.

The art can be very difficult to learn, and develop, but it was a very fun and useful art to learn.

As long as he had concentration and energy, he could do a lot with this art, but despite the versatility of this art, it wasn't omnipotent, you can't repeat the effects that the concept of a god, or specialized races like Succubus could do.

For example, if he wrote the charm rune in demonic language, and gave that rune power, the Charm would work, but it wouldn't be very useful as a goddess charm, and a succubus charm.

Scathach didn't even need to explain for Victor to understand that anything related to an individual's direct 'attack' on the runes was extremely lacking.

For example, he could place the Ice Rune to attack an opponent, but although that ice was 'big', it wasn't 'strong and dense' like Victor's or Scathach's ice.

Another thing that doesn't work is putting adjectives on the rune, this topic, Scathach made sure to explain it well for everyone, for example; When making fire rune, you cannot add characteristic to that fire like 'Strong fire', 'Dense fire', 'Demon fire', etc.

Runes didn't work like that, they worked with main and secondary words, it can also be called main Runes, and support runes.

The more major runes you have, the more complicated it is to add minor runes to support the major rune.

For example, Victor could make a Spear, and carve the 'piercing' Rune, and 'return' as main runes. Spear's piercing effect.

The 'return' rune is the same, it's a simple rune that calls the weapon back to the user's hand. Right after he added these runes, he could add minor runes that matched these major runes.

Words like 'recovery', 'pursuit' and 'safety' would be very effective to add as a secondary rune.

The 'recovery' rune would be very useful if the Spear breaks, with this Rune even if Victor throws the Spear violently causing damage to the weapon, the Spear will recover itself to the original state before the break.

The 'chase' Rune would make the Spear always hit the target according to the user's intentions.

The 'security' rune would prevent strangers who are not recognized by the user from using Spear.

Scathach itself, taking that same Spear as an example, it is possible to add tertiary runes to support the effect of secondary runes.

In this specific case, she could use the 'curse' rune in support of the 'security' rune causing the individual not recognized by the 'security' rune to suffer a very deadly curse.

Scathach pointed out that the limit was not just 3 sets of runes, the user's imagination and hard work was the limit.

For example, Scathach's Spear has a total of 2669 runes that complete each other, in perfect sync, Scathach 's Spear alone had many more major, minor, and tertiary runes.

The spear was a true work of art created by a runemaster.

When Victor, Ruby, Pepper, Siena, and Lacus understood how 'absurd' the feat Scathach did was, they couldn't help but respect the woman even more.

They could understand now why it took several years for Spear to be completed.

Ruby can't help but think of the Spear she got from her mother, the spear that Scathach used most of her life, a spear second only to Scathach's current Spear in terms of runes.

This realization made Ruby value the Spear she received from her mother even more, not to mention that this class ignited Ruby's thirst for knowledge. Ruby's sharp brain already understood how 'broken' runes were if studied correctly, she wasn't talking about using runes in combat, but in everyday life, and even in her lab.

As long as it had a food source to feed it, and sturdy material to keep the Rune going, couldn't it basically automate the entire mansion?

For example, various cleaning runes could be carved into hidden areas throughout the manor, and with just a little energy, the entire mansion would be clean.

Ruby thought that the runes were very similar to the magic that witches use, something that Scathach didn't deny, but he also didn't fully accept, despite being similar arts, they were still different.

While magic used magic circles to cause 'magical' effects.

Runes used ancient languages to do the same.

And the two methods had their pros and cons, the runes were better for support and creation, the best magic artifacts were made with runes, and with quite strong effects depending on the language and energy that is used when creating the runes.

While magic had greater 'versatility' and area of 'specialization', magic could not do something similar to what runes do, magic could not 'enchant' an item like runes.

And magic could not receive 'other' energy sources to make its magic circles.

The variety of linguistic and energy combinations was what made runes so dangerous.

Pepper pointed out that runes look like programming languages, it looks like a mess, but when put together, it makes perfect sense.

Victor, and the Scarlett sisters couldn't help but agree with this analogy.

Another fact that Victor discovered was that... He wasn't as good at creating runes, the craft just didn't come 'intuitively' like when he fights.

He had realized this a long time ago, but any subject in the area of 'creating' something, he took much longer to learn, and understand the subject.

He was an expert in destruction and causing harm, not in creating new things.

When the Scarlett sisters learned about runes, it was as if they were a fish that had not seen water for a long time, they learned smoothly, and progressively, without any kind of problem.

Evidently, they had talent in this area, and this insight made Victor question why Scathach hadn't taught the girls this sooner.

The response he received from the older woman left him speechless.

"They had no interest, or motivation to learn and get stronger, because of that, I didn't bring it up, even with talent in the runes it's a very dangerous subject."

In short, the girls didn't have the right mindset, and even if they had talent, to take such a dangerous subject as Runes lightly would be putting their own lives in danger.

Despite saying that he had a hard time learning compared to fighting, that's not to say that Victor is slow or anything like that.

After all, he had an advantage they didn't have, the memories of hundreds of beings, through years of meditation and practice, Victor had learned to filter and store only useful information, and within those hundreds of thousands of memories, he had 'references' for everything he did.

And in the case of Runes, it was no different. Not to mention that, even if it was difficult, it wouldn't make him give up, in fact it would make him even more motivated to learn.

As a 'thank you' for the lesson he received, Victor taught the girls several techniques that could be done with the lineage of ice, and water.

It is worth mentioning that seeing the shocked expressions of Scathach and her daughters when demonstrating the techniques was something very satisfying.

Victor hoped that with these techniques, the girls would become even stronger, so that he could fight them in the future.

Victor looks to the side and sees his reflection in the fountain near the mansion.

"Umu, I look as handsome as ever." He looked into her dragon eyes, a frown crept over his face, and he touched his chin.

Hmm Languages, huh ... Languages..." Victor opens his eyes wide.

[Zaladrac!]

[Eh ...? Wha - Gueegh.]

'What was that strange scream?' Victor chuckled internally: 'Did she fall to the floor or something?' Victor looked in the direction he sensed Zaladrac and saw that she was in a room in the mansion.

[What problem, Victor? Why did you scream so suddenly? I was sleeping.] Zaladrac commented with annoyance as he stroked her head, her eyes were looking directly at Victor.

Even though her eyes couldn't cut through walls like Victor's, she could still feel his gaze on her body.

[Oh... I'm sorry for suddenly yelling.]

[It's okay, just call me normally next time.]

[Mm.]

[Then? What is the problem?]

[Do dragons have a language like other races?]

[Of course.]

[How old is this language?]

[As old as those of the gods.]

Victor's smile grew, a language that was as old as the gods, and that was 'mortal'... Wasn't that perfect?

[Tell me, Zaladrac. Can you make runes with that language?]

[Runes...?] Zaladrac turns her face away in confusion, she thinks for a bit, visibly, she was searching her memories for information: [Oh, you're talking about speak of power.]

[Speak of power? What is that?]

[It is an art that we use our energy, voice, and intention to cause an effect in the world.] Zaladrac suddenly appears at Victor's side.

"That looks a lot like runes." Victor spoke.

"Hmm, my knowledge may be out of date, explain what a rune is to me."

"Okay."

30 minutes later, Victor finishes the full rune walkthrough for Zaladrac.

"Hmm, I'm sure now, what you call Runes, I call 'Speak of Power'." Zaladrac nodded, "But the way you use lines of power is strange, Victor." "Huh? What do you mean?"

"Although you don't have a dragon soul, you are still a dragon in your physical body, not to mention that since you are connected with me, our souls are connected, because of that, I received your physical characteristics, and you receive mine. With that bond in effect, you can only use lines of power with intent."

"Only with the intention...?"

"Yes."

"Like a dragon, you must not follow anyone's rules, you who make the rules, and who command."

"How do I do this? I don't even know the dragon's language."

"Hmm..." Zaladrac looks at Victor with an expressionless expression for a long time, until she grabs him by the collar, and pulls him in for a kiss.

Even if he could react, Victor didn't, he just accepted everything, and before he could think of more things, he felt a flow of information entering his head and filling his entire being.

He learned the language, and the way of writing of the dragons, as if it were his own mother tongue that he learned since he was a child.

Zaladrac pushes Victor away, she unconsciously licks her lips, and thinks: 'It's nice...'

She looked at Victor who was in a trance processing all the information she had given him, pure desire flashed in the dragon's eyes, but she quickly calmed down when she saw that Victor snapped out of his stupor.

"That's..." Before he could continue, he heard it.

"As one who is bound to me, it is your right to learn our language, that way when you speak with the elder dragons, they will respect you as a member of our kind."

Victor raised his eyebrow, "You're lying... Wrong, you're hiding something, what is it?"

"...I hate that ability of yours to feel my emotions." She grumbled.

"Well, if it was my right to learn about your language, you should have done it from the beginning, right? Does not make sense."

"Zaladrac looks into Victor's eyes for a long time, until she opens her mouth:

"Giving knowledge of my language to my rider is a dragon's last test."

"Oh?"

"Dragonriders sometimes spend their entire lives with the bound dragon, and even then they never receive the knowledge of our language.

Each dragon has its criteria for testing, but in the end, it all comes down to trust, giving the knowledge from the dragon's language to the rider is the greatest act of trust a dragon can show, it is proof that the dragon trusts the rider completely."

"...I see, because of that, you haven't done this before."

"Mm... Honestly, I should have done this years ago when we were in hell, but I completely forgot why I was sleeping." She shrugged.

Victor rolled his eyes at the lazy dragon, "Does that mean you trusted me for a long time?"

"Of course, I wouldn't talk about my race with you if I didn't trust you. There's a reason almost nobody knows anything about dragons, it's because we're very secretive with our knowledge and very selective about who we give that knowledge to."

"But what I said about elder dragons is also correct, you can only learn dragon language from a dragon, you having a bond with me, and learning dragon language will make any elder dragon talk rather than attack you. it."

"Hmm~." Victor gently pulled Zaladrac 's waist and hugged her.

"..." Zaladrac opened his eyes a little, and cautiously hugged Victor, she smelled the air and felt the heady scent of his body, she felt very comfortable with the heat she felt from his body.

She listens to the sound of his heartbeat, and feels a strange sense that can only be described as:

'I belong here' She wondered if this was what 'home' felt like.

"Thanks for the trust, Zaladrac ." He spoke gently in the language of dragons as he stroked her dark violet hair.

»"Mm." Zaladrac shuddered when he heard his native language coming out of Victor's mouth, it was a very good feeling to hear it coming from his mouth. More words weren't necessary, as they were connected to each other, feeling each other's emotions was a simple thing to do, and feelings are worth a thousand words.

They stayed like that for 30 minutes until Victor pulled away a little and asked:

"Can you show me how dragons use runes?" He caresses her cheek and asks in English.

"Sure." She nodded.

She looks at an innocent tree, and in a heavy voice as if she were ordering the world to follow her will, she spoke:

"Ikih" [Rot.]

In the next moment, a ripple in the air is seen by Victor's eyes, and soon this ripple of air hits the tree, the effect was instantaneous, the tree immediately started to rot until there was nothing left, the whole process was very fast.

"..." Victor just looked at it with an expressionless expression.

'Dragons are such broken beings.' She just did something that Scathach declared impossible to apply on a battlefield due to the concentration requirement. Use runes for battle.

She looks at Victor, and gives a proud smile: "How about it?"

"This is powerful." He gave an honest opinion.

"Fufufu." She smiled condescendingly.

"Why didn't you use this in battle?" Victor clearly saw that she could use this rune form to attack.

"As you've seen, the lines of power despite being invisible to those without dragon eyes, they are still very slow, and in a battle, the enemy won't just stand by and wait for you to attack."

"Not to mention if I can burn everyone with my breath why do I need to use it?"

"..." He couldn't say anything about that.

"What do you use those power lines for then?"

"To make my lair more comfortable, and to enchant my treasures, I sometimes make quaffs too."

"Victor really wanted to facepalm now.

'I think that's the difference in mindset' Unlike him who could see potential in these power lines, Zaladrac just saw it as something convenient. "I sense your discomfort, what is it?"

"It's nothing, I just think if you had used the power lines for something like buffing yourself in the fight, the angels wouldn't have stood a chance."

"Buff?"

Victor elaborated: "Using power lines to enhance your basic aspects, something like an energy shield, lighten your body in dragon form, increase gravity on the battlefield, etc."

He saw a lot of potential in crowd control battles with these dragon runes, he doesn't need to attack the enemy directly to win, just mess up the battlefield, and take advantage of it.

"... Oh..." She touches her chin, "That's true, I could do that, huh."

Zaladrac 's eyes glow violet for a few seconds, then she turns to the trees, and speaks in the dragon language:

"Lightness." Suddenly, Zaladrac disappears, and appears in front of the tree.

"Hmm, I see potential, maybe I can use this in my dragon form, that way I won't be limited by my weight..." She started muttering rapidly, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

Victor laughs gently at this sight, and decides to let her do her thing, he understands that she was going through a moment of epiphany.

'I shall ask her to teach me how to use it correctly later.' Even though he had learned the dragon's language. that didn't mean he had magically learned how to make runes, he had just learned a new language.

More hard work was needed.

....

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Chapter 716: Violet's Strongest Power

"Victor, I need to study something."

"Okay, take your time. I'll talk to you later."

"Mm."

Seeing Zaladrac disappearing, he resumed his walk toward the mansion. When he was about to arrive, he stopped in front of the mansion and narrowed his eyes.

His visual senses expanded, and he began to see the world as if it had no walls. His eyes 'zoom' toward one of the outlying mansions, and soon his violet eyes were staring into the flaming eyes of a woman.

"Hiiii!" The woman jumped back in fright when their eyes suddenly met, and for a moment, she had the impression that she was going to be swallowed by an angry dragon.

"Hestia, what are you doing?" Victor raised an eyebrow. He was pretty sure he forbade the goddesses to use their divine senses inside the main mansion. "N-Nothing; I just wanted to know who arrived at the mansion."

"You know lying doesn't work on me, right?"

"..." Hestia opened her mouth to say something, but no words came out.

"Haah, just say what you want. You know you have more privileges here than the other goddesses, so ignoring you using your divine senses is easy. After all, I know you mean no harm or have some kind of perverted fetish."

A god's divine senses were incredible, and gods used these senses for everything, even communicating over long distances. In a way, these divine senses were similar to the dragon's eyes, only slightly different. Unlike dragons, who were already born being able to see what the world really looked like, the gods needed to heighten their divine senses to see this.

The more proficient they were, the more 'truths' they could see.

Apparently, the reason dragons see the truth of the world from birth was because they were creatures more in tune with the 'world' itself.

The environment in which the dragon grew greatly influenced how it would be in the future. If the dragon grew in an ice environment, it would be an ice dragon. If they grew up in an environment with a lot of greenery, they would be a wild dragon.

Because of this reactive evolving trait, it was not an exaggeration to say that dragons were like forces of nature. They were literally parts of the 'world', much like nature spirits who, just like dragons, could also see the truth of the world from birth.

"Hmm... I- I- Cough. I just wanted to see you..."

"Oh..." Victor smiled gently when he saw an angry blush on the goddess's face.

"In that case, I'm sorry for forcing you to speak. I can see that you are quite uncomfortable."

"N-No, it's okay."

"Mm." Victor walked to the entrance of the mansion and opened the door:

"I came back." His voice wasn't high or low, it was a neutral tone that resonated throughout the manor and places around it.

"Welcome home, Victor." Hestia smiled gently.

"Mm, I'm back."

"..." Hestia opened her eyes wide, and right after that, she flashed one of the most beautiful smiles that Victor had seen. It was an innocent, gentle, and satisfied smile.

Victor made sure to etch the goddess's happy expression into his head.

"Where are you now?"

"At the training grounds of the Goddess Mansion, I am accompanying the training of the Queen of the Amazons and her elites."

"Hmm, Amazons, huh I need to visit the city they're in later" Victor just noticed that he still hasn't met the new residents.

"..." Okay, let me know when you're leaving. I'll be there too."

"Mm, I'm going to visit the goddesses. Is Aphrodite there?"

"Yes, I will head there soon."

"Okay."

Victor nodded and stopped 'looking' at Hestia and focused his attention on his surroundings which was basically the entire mansion.

As his attention was on the mansion, he didn't miss a woman running through the halls at high speed.

"Daaaaarrrrringgg ~!"

Soon a white rocket in the shape of Violet flew toward him.

"Oof, I told you not to jump like that, Violet. What will happen if you get hurt?"

"Hehehe~"

"Lord Alucard, do you need something?"

Victor looked at Yuki, who showed up just as Violet came to receive him.

"Where are the Maids?" He asked curiously. Usually, when he arrived, the entrance was full of Maids. It was a true vision of white-haired women with different styles of hair.

"...All of them are working under Lady Agnes and Lady Violet."

"Oh?" Victor looked at Violet, who was hugging him.

Violet rubbed her face on Victor's chest and climbed up his body, quickly laying her head on his shoulder:

"There were some problems in the new city. Some groups thought it was a good idea to commit crimes in the city where my family and I rule." She deeply sniffed his neck and licked it as if marking her territory.

"...Interesting...Do you need anything?"

"No, I can handle it easily."

"Mm. Just don't forget-."

"No Mercy, right? I know." Violet smiled predatorily: "I will burn them all."

"I was going to say make an example of them like I did when I arrested the traitors... But that will do too."

"Hmm... Bloody style, huh... I like it, I'll do it."

"Mm."

"Where is Hilda, Yuki?"

"She is training Lady Anna."

"I see ... How is your training going?"

"Eh?" Yuki's poker face broke before the question she didn't expect: "M-My training?"

"Yes."

"...I'm getting stronger... But still at a much slower pace than I'd like." She was honest.

"Hmm."

Yuki flinched before Victor's narrowed violet eyes. She felt as if she couldn't hide anything from those eyes, which in a way, was a correct thought.

"Are you training with your other power?"

Yuki shuddered: "H-How?!"

"For a period of time, I was the leader of the Snow Clan, you know? Of course, I know about that." Only the core members of the Snow Clan, Agnes, Violet, Hilda, and Adonis, knew about Yuki's situation.

"..."

"Unlike the other members, you are a member of the Main Clan. You are the son of Agnes's brother, Violet's uncle, which makes you two cousins."

Yuki's only motive for being a Snow clan Maid was because she was the daughter of Agnes's brother and a 'foreign' noble vampire. She was a bastard daughter.

Yuki gave up her inheritance at the request of the girl herself.

Unwanted daughter or not, Yuki was still her late brother's daughter, so she would do her utmost to protect her.

To be honest, if Yuki so desired, she could very well give up being Maid and become a 'Lady' of the Snow Clan, but that title also came with a lot of stifling responsibilities, something she didn't want.

"Don't worry, there's no one around." Victor declared when he saw Yuki's worried look around.

"...Oh."

"And then? Did you train?"

"... I tried, but it's hard to train that power." Yuki was honest.

Victor looked thoughtfully at the 165CM maid with two G-Cup nukes that rivaled his busiest wives. Yuki's second lineage was something simple but very useful in combat.

Precognition.

She can see a few seconds of her own future and instinctively feel the 'danger' that threatens her.

This was the bloodline of a Miko [Priestess] hailing from a clan of very ancient noble vampires in Japan. Yuki's 'mother' side was stronger than the 'father' side, who was a main member of the Snow Clan.

"Tell me, Yuki. How determined are you to get stronger?"

"...What do you mean, Lord Alucard?"

"Are you willing to suffer for power? If you are, I can train you."

"..." She opened her mouth to speak but closed it shortly after when she thought of Victor's training, it might not be as brutal as Scathach, but it was still Spartan training made for noble vampires. It was obvious that she wasn't willing to suffer for power.

"I see your hesitation."

Yuki shuddered, and for a moment, she thought he was disappointed.

"I-."

"Everything is fine. You have no real enough need to submit to that kind of torture." Victor spoke kindly and rather patronizingly.

He wasn't disappointed in her. He just understood her, after all, nobody likes to feel pain.

Even though we're noble vampires, it still hurts to get hit and torn apart.

Yuki had the motivation to get stronger, but not to the point where she would suffer for it like Victor and the others did.

"The way you're doing now, even though it takes a while, you'll still grow and get stronger, Hilda will make sure of that. So please ignore my question."

"...Yes..."

Victor shook his head: "No need to be sad. I'm not disappointed in you. I'm really proud that you can develop so fast; all I did was just ask a casual question, okay? Don't overthink it."

"Mm." Yuki smiled gently when she heard him speak. 'I am proud of you'.

She had a very selective memory.

Victor chuckled gently, then looked straight ahead and started walking with Violet still clinging to his chest as he rested her head on his shoulder.

As Victor started to walk, his shadow grew, and soon Kaguya and the Maids stepped out of the shadows.

"Ughhhh - Kaaah." Maria stretched.

"How embarrassing, Maria. Fix your clothes." Bruna spoke.

"Stop being pushy, Nun! In this mansion, only women and our husband are allowed. No one is bold enough to step foot here." Maria rolled her eyes.

Due to the 1 year 'training' incident, all the male members were sent to a different mansion, so the only ones in the main mansion were the women who worked with Agnes and the Maids.

The rest of the staff were in another mansion.

"Still not an appropriate attitude for a Maid, wife, or even lover!" Bruna snorted.

"... Hmm, you're right." Maria groaned and started to straighten her clothes.

"Stop messing around, Maids; we're still working," Kaguya warned in a stern tone.

"Yes~."

"..." Eve rolled her eyes at her sisters' attitude, since when they became Victor's 'women', the Maids acted even more casual when no one was around. And since their master/husband liked it, he didn't say anything.

"Hey, Yuki, aren't you coming?" Roberta asked.

"... Eh? Oh... Yes, I will." Yuki ran towards the Maids.

As the Maids chatted with each other, with only Kaguya and Eve adding a few lines to the conversation, Victor eventually left the mansion and headed out into the garden towards where the goddesses were.

"Geh, are you going to visit those bitches?" Violet asked, knowing where they were going.

"Yes, I also have to visit the Amazons in the future."

"Hmm, just don't kill them all. They're useful."

'...Are they still that bad?"

"I don't know, I still haven't seen them since I woke up, but I probably will soon."

"... Well, no problem, I can just throw them to the monsters."

"That's a good idea." Violet nodded in satisfaction.

"Speaking of which, I felt you arrived earlier. Where were you?" she asked curiously.

"I was with the members of Clan Scarlett." He answered honestly.

"Oh... Scathach decided to teach about runes, huh."

"Did you know about that?"

"Yeah, I heard her talking about it while she was lying down."

"Speaking of which, how are the other girls?"

"Haruna, Mizuki, and Leona are still sleeping."

"Haruna and Mizuki, I understand, but Leona too?"

"She is being lazy." Violet shrugged and snuggled closer to Victor's body like a koala:

"Speaking of Leona, you have to talk to Edward, Victor."

"..." Victor stopped walking suddenly, a look of realization appeared on his face, then he spoke:

"Fuck."

"Yes, I want to." Maria, Roberta, and Violet spoke at the same time.

"..." The three looked at each other and laughed in amusement.

Yuki blushed when she saw the 'depravity' in the air. Although she was embarrassed, and internally, she couldn't help but feel a little jealous.

Bruna, Eve, Kaguya, and Victor rolled their eyes in exasperation; these women were very thirsty.

Victor was sure that if he didn't have the blessing of Aphrodite's sexuality, he would never be able to satisfy everyone. He wasn't saying that he was bad at sex or anything and that he couldn't satisfy the girls.

It was simply a problem with the race itself. Vampire Nobles were a race that naturally had a much faster recovery time from fatigue.

As most of his wives were powerful female vampires, naturally, their regeneration was very strong. Due to this fact, when they 'tired' practicing the nightly 'duel', they only needed to rest for a few minutes or drink the blood of Victor to get back to their peak state and with even more desire.

It was an endless cycle of depravity.

If he didn't have the blessing of sexuality that 'amplifies' sex itself, causing a longer 'satisfaction', he was sure that the 1 year of night training would have stretched over a whole decade.

'Well, it's not like that's a bad thing either.' As Progenitor, and the wielder of a world tree, and the one who has the heart of a dragon.

Victor was a walking power reactor.

Stopping laughing, Violet said, "Darling, I'm hungry."

"... Didn't you drink my blood for a whole year?"

"I want more~. Won't you give it to me?" She asked with a cute voice and a perverted smile.

"Haah, I wonder who I spoil more, you or Sasha." Victor bit his tongue and kissed Violet.

"Huum~"

She groaned with satisfaction.

Due to his superior body, his wives are unable to bite his body and drink blood as is normally done.

Because of this, Victor must purposely injure himself or just bite his tongue and feed directly mouth to mouth.

It was noteworthy that, without exception, all female vampires preferred the mouth-to-mouth method, it was more exciting. After drinking the blood, Violet pulled away and smiled sensually, then she spoke while licking her bloody lips:

"... You spoil them all, but probably Ruby, Roxanne, and Clan Scarlett get even more of that pampering."

"What? Why Clan Scarlett and Roxanne?"

"I mean, you love redheads."

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

"Speaking of Sasha, where is my wife? I wanted to spoil her today."

"Hmph, you already did that a week ago!"

"There is always room for more pampering."

Violet rolled her eyes, "To answer your question, she's been training with Natashia and Victoria. Apparently, Victoria awakened her lightning power."

"... You don't seem surprised about Victoria's case."

"I mean, she drank my blood and my seed milk. She was second only to you and Aphrodite, for that matter. I'd be more surprised if she hadn't awakened the lightning."

"Jerk, you talk like you're a walking rare resource" She snorted.

"I mean, it's true, right? Look at all the changes my fluids caused."

"..." She couldn't refute those words. Victor's current body was the most precious asset for noble vampires. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that if he died, wars between noble vampires would break out over pieces of his body.

"Not to mention that Victoria accepted to become part of my family. She is an Alucard now, so it was guaranteed that she would awaken her power. "That's true... Ugh, I just realized that you've laid your hands on all the women of the four strongest vampire count clans!"

"Not one escaped his clutches! Who will be the next victim? Hilda? Yuki? Perhaps, all the Valkyries?" She narrowed her eyes at him.

"Again, you talk to me like I'm at fault. I didn't run after them; they came after me."

"Hmph, how can those bitches ignore you? You are perfect."

"I know, right?" Victor laughed.

Violet rolled her eyes at her husband's narcissism, despite the fact she found it adorable most of the time.

"Your job is to defend this perfect being from harm."

"Do you think I don't already do that? I've killed so many women I could make a pool of blood near my house, damn whores who are trying to sneak up on you Well, at least thanks to my effort, the vampire nobles are ashamed in their faces, and don't try to bother you."

This effort was not just Violet's. All his wives together were actively preventing gold-digging women from approaching Victor.

Thanks to the 'hierarchy' that was decided a few weeks ago, this job had become even easier.

Violet, Ruby, and Sasha even created a chat group where all the wives were present; they often exchanged memes and emojis in that chat. "Humph, Weak." Victor snorted.

"What?"

"Did you kill enough to make just one pool? I've killed enough to make a river of blood!"

"You don't know how destructive your beauty is or how cute you are, and that pisses me off."

Violet smiled: "Ara... Tell me more about the cute part."

"..." The maids rolled their eyes at this white-haired psychopath.

A few minutes of Victor and Violet flirting with each other passed until suddenly, Violet changed the subject:

"Anyway, give me your blood!" She spoke with a heavy voice and a primal bloodlust.

"Why did you talk like I was your enemy or something? And why did you change the subject? Are you bipolar?"

Her expression returned to normal, and she said:

"I saw this scenario in a vampire movie from the past, and it made me want to imitate it."

"About the bipolar, I don't know, I haven't been to the doctor, and I don't care. Are you going to leave me for that?" She asked with a dead expression with two violet black holes in her eyes.

Victor shuddered slightly, his smile grew, and his eyes became the same as hers:

"Never."

"Hmm, good." She nodded in satisfaction and hugged him even more lovingly.

Victor chuckled a little, and soon his expression returned to normal, his mind returning to the words Violet spoke earlier.

"Hmm, by the way, I haven't seen a movie in a while... Shall we have a movie night?"

Violet and the Maids' eyes sparkled.

"Let's do this!" Violet, Roberta, Bruna, and Maria exclaimed together.

"Kaguya, buy a movie theater in Nightingale!"

"Yes, Lady Violet."

"Wait, buying a movie theater is overkill. Let's just modify my room; it's big enough." Victor spoke.

"Oh... That's a good idea." Violet spoke.

"I'm counting on you, Girls."

"Okay, we'll prepare everything~" Bruna laughed excitedly.

"Movie, huh... I don't think I've ever seen one," Eve commented.

"Haven't you ever seen a movie?" Roberta asked incredulously.

"Yeah, I only watched anime. Ruby is very persuasive." She shrugged as if she had no choice.

Those words made Victor stop walking again, as he looked at Eve with a very serious look:

"This is unacceptable."

"Eh?"

"I will recommend you several movies. Sci-fi is a good start, Star Wars, maybe?" Victor began to mutter.

"..." Eve didn't know how to react to those words.

"Just let him do what he wants. You'll like it." Kaguya displayed a small smile as she looked at Victor. She remembered him reacting the same way in the past when she said that she had never seen a movie. At the time, he presented several movies for her to watch with him, Violet, and Natalia.

"Mm." Eve just nodded as she looked curiously at Kaguya.

«»"Tsk, I thought this was a good opportunity to use my strongest power, although if you think about it, I really don't want to leave the comfort of my home just to watch a movie." Violet suddenly exclaimed. With the last sentence, it was obvious that she was being lazy.

Victor stopped mumbling. "... What is your strongest power?" He asked curiously. He didn't remember hearing about a new power before.

"I'm Rich."

...

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Chapter 717: The Power and Influence of the First Wife

With the Maids leaving to take care of changing Victor's room for the movie night the group was planning,

Victor and Violet walked towards the training area. Arriving at the training area, they saw a group of women training under Hestia's command.

"Slow!"

"Hey, you! You're swinging the sword too strongly!"

"Remember, even if you are superhuman, it means nothing to physically stronger Races like Demons or Werewolves! Use your wits and cunning! Use the surrounding environment!" Hestia disappeared from her position and tripped one of the Amazons.

"Ugh."

"Stand up, and repeat!"

"Y-Yes!"

"What are you looking at? Back to training!"

"Yes!"

Violet, who was sitting on Victor's shoulders, whistled:

"For a Goddess described as gentle, she's pretty brutal."

Victor watched the group of sweaty women. Each had a toned body and well-defined abs and were all striving to get stronger, which caused him to smile inwardly.

On the outside, however, he still wore a poker face.

"Well, she's the big sister for a reason. I heard from Aphrodite that she would act pretty brutal in war.

Hearing familiar voices, Hestia felt a shiver run down her spine and quickly turned her face towards the voices and saw Violet and Victor.

"V-Victor!"

"Yo, I came to visit" Victor displayed a small amused smile when he saw Hestia's distraught state.

"I told you to let me know when you were coming!" She replied as she approached with a slight blush on her cheeks.

"I completely forgot, but I don't regret it; after all, I got to see something quite interesting" He smiled gently.

A smile that caused critical damage all around.

"..." Violet raised an eyebrow when she saw the stunned expression on Hestia's face. She wondered if she were invisible or something; after all, the redhead's eyes went straight to Victor.

Not just the redhead, but all the Amazons present glanced at Victor from time to time. Even if they tried to follow the training regimen, they couldn't. Victor's mere presence broke all their concentration.

Hestia looked up towards Violet, who was using Victor's head as a pillow. She was looking at everyone with a condescending smile as if declaring her superiority.

As women, they could clearly understand what the words implied in that smile said: "He's mine, Bitch."

A message that, for some reason, pissed off everyone except Hestia.

Victor didn't miss this 'invisible' confrontation. Of course, he didn't care too much either; after all, Violet's statement was correct.

"Hmm?" Victor turned his face towards a woman watching him: "Oh..."

With his eyes, he could clearly see what this woman was.

'The strong soul of a god, and the purity of a fairy... She must be Viviane.'

Violet looked in the direction Victor was looking and saw a woman floating an inch off the ground.

"Viviane? What are you doing here?"

The Fairy flew toward Violet and Hestia. "I am fulfilling Lady Roxanne's request; I have also come to deliver the Enchanted Weapons."

As one of the Races that loved Nature and pure things, the ability to enchant weapons with those same properties was also possible, although only Viviane could use this ability.

Another skill they had was taking care of Nature. Her very presence ensured that Nature in her surrounding environment was always abundant and healthy.

Thanks to this ability, Viviane, Roxanne, and Demeter worked together; after all, the skills of the three women complemented each other.

"Hmm, what was the order this time?"

"Blessed daggers..."

"Oh, she will probably hand it over as a reward for some high-level quests done by the blood god religion, huh."

Victor, who was being stared at by Viviane, smiled politely and said:

"Lady Viviane, it is a pleasure finally meeting you in person."

"The pleasure is mine, Lord Victor..." She spoke in a respectful tone as she looked at him in awe.

As a Fairy, she could clearly see the tremendous amount of Natural Energy within him.

For Viviane, Victor deserved the same respect that she held for Roxanne; after all, he was the Husband of a World Tree.

As he was Roxanne's Husband, she understood why being close to him gave her the same sensation as when she was around Roxanne. Actually, this sensation was even stronger!

'How is this possible? Does he have more Energy than Roxanne?'

Vivianne was extremely confused.

"And Violet, I am not a God."

"Well, tell that to the thousands of women with a picture of you under their pillows." She huffed, clearly not happy with this outcome.

Despite understanding that it was necessary, she still did not like it!

Luckily, she was the only one with a more extensive Victor photo album than all those bitches.

'Wait, Leona has more than me!' Violet gritted her teeth as she remembered Leona had rare photos of Victor from when he was little and in his teens.

The Werewolf had more photos of him than Victor's mother, who was his Family!

"And you are a God, Victor, don't underestimate yourself so much," Hestia spoke.

"... What do you mean? I haven't developed any Concepts yet. How can I be a God?" Victor asked.

Hestia shook her head in denial and explained with a serious look: "Being a God is much more than just Mastering a Concept, Victor."

Victor looked at her, asking her to explain.

"To be a God is to be the moral support of lost Mortals, to be a God is to help your Faithful who pray for you, to be a God is to ensure that those who pray to you have the possibility of a future."

"It doesn't matter if you have the Concept or not. It doesn't matter if the Gods out there don't recognize you as a God because you don't have a Concept yet."

"The only thing that matters is that there are thousands of Beings out there counting on you and putting their Faith in you, your ideals, and your ideologies. "And you, as their 'God', are answering that call and guiding them to a better future."

Hestia smiled gently, "In my opinion, you are already a better God than many of the other Gods out there, Victor."

"..." Victor opened his eyes wide in shock at Hestia's heartfelt words. He could see that she wasn't lying and truly meant her every word.

Hestia looked back at the Amazons, who, when they saw the look of the Goddess, quickly began to return to their training:

"There exist many Beings that are classified as 'Gods' because they were simply born as one or learned a Concept. But in my opinion, I don't consider these Beings to be Gods." The image of various Gods of Olympus and Nordic Pantheons flashed through her head, and she just snorted inwardly at these 'false' Gods.

"A True God is one who accepts the responsibility that comes with the Title. Therefore, I believe you, who helped those hundreds of Beings find a home and achieve peace of mind merely by existing, are considered a True God."

"..." Victor had no idea how long it had been since he had last been utterly speechless. Ever since he'd merged with Adonis, and his personality underwent a change, he'd

always had an answer for everything. Be it sarcastic or meaningful, he'd always had something to say, but this time, he just couldn't think of anything.

He had several things to say, mainly on the fact that it was his Wives who decided to start this whole religion. He literally hadn't done anything; he merely stepped in when things were ready and gave a 'boost' to those faithful to him because he would not accept mediocrity.

But all the rest of the work had been done by his Wives. In his mind, he didn't deserve all the 'credit' that Hestia was speaking of.

Hestia looked at Victor and smiled:

"If you were not Victor, if you were not who you are, your Wives wouldn't have gotten together to do what they have done. Just because you did not work 'directly' on this religion does not mean that you are not one of those responsible for its creation."

"..."

"Not to mention that you could have rejected Roxanne's request for help, but you did not deny it. Instead, you accepted the request and helped her to the best of your ability."

"How did you know what I-..." He was going to ask how Hestia knew what he was thinking, but Hestia herself answered before he finished the question:

"Fufufufu, your emotions are showing completely on your face right now."

Victor unconsciously touched his face and realized that it was true. The 'poker face' that he had improved so much over time was destroyed by this sudden attack.

Violet, who had been watching in silence, looked at Hestia as if she were a very dangerous woman. Few women could achieve what she just did to Victor; among those women, only she, Leona, Scathach, and Sasha, with her inherent kindness, could easily do it.

'... Well, my Husband has always been weak to sincere compliments. Because of that, Sasha always catches him off guard.' The blonde Fulger had a keen observation about everything that happened around Victor.

Recovering his neutral expression, Victor displayed a sincere smile.

"Thank you for the kind words, Hestia... This means a lot to me."

"Mm." She nodded with a small smile. "It would be best for you to be more expressive with your Family, Victor. That would bring everyone even closer."

"But am I not already?" Victor asked, confused.

Hestia raised her eyebrow and looked up towards Violet, sitting on Victor's shoulders.

The Heiress of the Snow Clan shrugged her shoulders when she understood Hestia's gaze:

"Yes, he still hasn't realized it."

"... What are you talking about?"

"When you came back from Hell, the 'mask' you always used to wear when charming people became a part of you, Darling. You are showing less emotion than you used to."

"It doesn't matter to me; after all, I've known you for a long time, and I'm also connected to you through the Ritual that gives me the ability to feel your feelings, but the girls who don't have that ability are quite... fearful, in the face of this change."

"... I see..." Victor readily accepted Violet's words. She was his Soulmate, his First Wife, the woman who threw him into this crazy world, and if she said that with total certainty, it was because that was how he was... No, he had become like this and knew what made him like this.

"As The King of Hell... I couldn't show weakness. I had to be the Invincible King and Tyrant. Displaying a few emotions was acceptable, but to do so all the time would've been seen as a symbol of weakness... And as I spent most of my time training and not talking to anyone, it just became second nature to me, huh...."

Silence fell between Viviane, Violet, and Hestia.

...

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Chapter 718: The Power and Influence of the First Wife - 2

"As The King of Hell... I couldn't show weakness. I had to be the Invincible King and Tyrant. Displaying a few emotions was acceptable, but to do so all the time would've

been seen as a symbol of weakness... And as I spent most of my time training and not talking to anyone, it just became second nature to me, huh...."

"..." Silence fell between Viviane, Violet, and Hestia.

For a moment, all they could hear were the shouts of the Amazons in training.

Violet's heart ached as she felt Victor's emotions. All she wanted was to get off his shoulders and hug him, but she knew those weren't the necessary actions, and her Husband was not that weak.

'A man who fell into Hell, conquered it, and returned Home, all for his Family...' Hestia crossed her arms and turned her face away while biting her lips. Her body shuddered, and the feeling of longing rose in her heart; she wanted something like that too.

When Victor returned home, she felt the Divine Blessing of 'Home' that she had given his Family grow even stronger than it had been when he had first fallen into Hell, and the 'one-year training' that took place after he returned solidified it even more.

Hestia had never seen her Blessing as strong as it was now. The man she gave that Blessing to embodied everything she stood for.

And to see that man have such a close-knit Family... It filled her with jealousy and possessive desire... It was shameful for a Goddess like her. She shouldn't have these negative feelings. She should be happy, but she just couldn't...

'Especially when I see Aphrodite's bright, smiling face. It was as if the woman lived in a world where everything was springtime, pink and full of rainbows.'

She had never seen Aphrodite so happy before and was envious of her state.

Hestia felt ugly and disgusting inside for having these feelings.

Violet broke the silence, "You're not in Hell right now, Darling. You're with your Family."

"I agree that showing too many emotions can be seen as weakness. From a young age, I was trained in the same mindset. But when you're with your Family, you should express yourself more, especially with Ophis and Nero."

"For you, it may have been over 700 years, but for us, it's only been a few months, and those two little girls miss you. Don't treat them so coldly."

Victor narrowed his eyes, "I will never do that to them; I will always take care of my Family."

"I know." She chuckled softly as she fell forward, and with incredible flexibility, she transitioned from his shoulders, wrapped both legs around his waist, and cupped his face in both hands.

Violet's violet eyes looked into Victor's eyes. Then, she displayed a big smile that showed all her white teeth, a smile that seemed to light up the area like a bright sun:

"And that's one of the parts I love most about you, Darling."

"Viol-Hppmf?"

Violet was a woman of action. She said what she should and demonstrated her 'love' through actions. She kissed him, and in that kiss, she transmitted all her overwhelming love that, for a few seconds, wholly overwhelmed Victor's senses.

"Muah." She pulled away abruptly, licked her lips sensually, and declared: "Mm, nothing better than a kiss after a love confession, my vitamin 'V' is loaded."

Victor looked on in disbelief at Violet's statement, then chuckled in amusement.

"I really am lucky to have you, Violet."

"Umu, it's good that you know." She nodded with a condescending smile. Then she let go of Victor and fell to her feet on the floor, her body stretching a little.

"I'm going to train a little; I feel rusty after being stuck in that office."

"Since you are going to train, try to learn this."

"Oh?" Violet looked at Victor curiously.

"Use Fire as fuel." Victor's body was covered in flames. "Gather that Fire within yourself, and slowly spread it throughout your body until..."

Fushhhhhh.

Victor's entire appearance abruptly changed to pure flames.

"You become one with the Fire."

"..." Everyone but Violet backed away from Victor at the intense heat bursting out of his body.

"In this state, you are practically invulnerable to any kind of attack; after all, your body is made of flames, but remember." Victor pointed his finger at his heart and brain.

"Your heart and brain are still inside your body, and opposing attribute users like Ice and Water can also damage you, so don't risk too much."

"... Holy fuck, Victor! You're insane! Do you understand what you are doing? You literally burned your entire physical body... I don't know if I can do that." Violet was honest. This level of Bloodline Control was ridiculous. She couldn't even imagine how much discipline was required to pull off this feat.

"You got it wrong, Honey."

"This is a variation of the Vampire Count Transformation, only instead of using the Power to increase my physical strength and causing the usual physical changes, I used the Power Boost to increase the power of the flames and the shapeshifting function to transition my body into pure flames."

"I am not burning my flesh. When I return to normal, my physical body will return with me... Watch." The flames slowly began to fade, and Victor's skin began to show.

Soon he was back to normal.

Violet touched Victor's body and saw that he really was a body of flesh, not a body of flames.

"This... This is amazing... How did you think of this?"

Victor shrugged: "Being isolated spurs creativity, and I had seen something similar in superhero movies in the past. So, as I had nothing to do, I thought: Why not?"

"And this is the result."

"..." Violet's lips trembled. Only Victor could go to another level with her Bloodline because he was bored.

"Haaah... You are unbelievable." She sighed. She should be used to it when Victor did these surprising things, but he always found a way to impress her all over again.

Turning her gaze to Victor, she smiled with a twinkle in her eyes and thought:

'My Husband is amazing. Die of envy bitches!'

"I will try to do this after I learn a little more. Teach me the first steps."

"Okay..." Victor thought for a while about the right words to explain to Violet, then explained:

"The moment you shift into your Vampire Count Form, take that instinctual impulse that we feel and direct it towards the flames of our Bloodline. As you do this, guide these flames with the Vampire's shapeshifting, and transform these flames into your new 'flesh'. Don't forget to leave your heart and brain out of this change. Even I didn't dare to change these two important body parts."

Noble Vampires died if their hearts and brains were destroyed simultaneously. However, as long as one of these organs were left intact, the body of the Vampire would regenerate.

'I was successful in transforming my entire body except for my brain into Elemental Form, but I noticed a great decrease in the amount of Power when my heart was not present... I don't know why, but apparently, the heart is directly responsible for the most of the energy in the body.'

Victor still didn't have a complete theory on this, but if he had to point something out, it would be that, as it was with Dragons, the Energy Core of 'Mortal'. Supernatural Creatures seemed to be the heart,

While the Power Core of 'Divine' Creatures would be the Soul itself.

This would explain why Dragons had a heart that functioned similarly to a nuclear reactor. It also coincided with what Victor learned about the Gods from his past interactions with Aphrodite and Scathach.

But in the end, this was all just a theory; he needed to 'observe' more to arrive at anything conclusive.

"How the fuck does the heart still work if our body has become entirely made of Fire? The same applies to the brain; it doesn't make any sense." In all of her flame Techniques, even the Vampire Count Transformation, she still had a physical body, and the Fire was just on the surface, but what Victor showed was another level. The body literally became an Element.

"I don't know, but I can think of a theory."

"What's the theory?"

"Hmm... For example, when Werewolves transform into their Bipedal Form, their clothes completely disappear, right?"

"Yes."

"But why is it that their clothes are still present when they change back to normal?"

"... That's a good point... Why does that happen?" Violet questioned, confused. She had never thought of this before; she just looked at it all as if it were normal.

"After thinking about possible theories for a long time and watching Werewolves transform in my memories, the only conclusion I could come to was that when a Werewolf transformed, they stored their 'Human' body in a subspace within their Soul."

"After all, when Werewolves transform, their Soul doesn't change to their Bipedal Form; their Soul remains their 'Human' form."

"... That's a pretty plausible theory." Hestia, who approached with Viviane, spoke.

"The form of the Soul is an exact copy of the flesh. So when a Werewolf transforms, it should change too... But if it doesn't, it's because the Bipedal Werewolf Form is not the Werewolf's True Form." Vivian added.

"Oh? Do you understand the workings of Souls, Viviane?"

"I'm Half Faerie, Half Goddess. I was born able to see The Truth of The World. I may not interact with Souls or see them as deeply as the Gods of Death or the Vampire Progenitors, but I can still see them... And that damn old man knew a lot about Souls. He told me a few things."

"Old man?" Hestia asked.

"Merlin."

"Oh..." Everyone exclaimed.

"Anyway, keep going, Vic." Violet didn't care about the old man one bit.

"Okay..." Victor paused a bit to think of the best words and then continued:

"Unlike Werewolves, the Vampire Count Transformation, as we call it, is nothing more than a Vampire reverting to our roots. We are not 'turning into' anything. In reality, we are 'returning' to the past."

"Because of this, when we access the Vampire Count Form, our Soul begins to change; after all, we are accessing our True Form."

"And just like with Werewolves, our former 'Human' Form is stored within our Souls as data. Because of that, when we 'release' the Vampire Count Form, everything we had before accessing that Form comes back intact."

"It's a similar situation to the Werewolf, but different at the same time."

"While Werewolves keep their 'Human' body in their Soul because their physical body is 'transforming'."

"Noble Vampires keep their 'Human' body in the Soul because the Soul is in the process of returning to its Original State. It is as if it were a natural defense of the Soul itself not to fall apart."

"Hmm~... I get it, and at the same time, I don't~" Smoke started coming out of Violet's head: "Ugh...GAAAH!"

Violet exploded in frustration!

She looked at Victor with a stern look: "You made the explanation way too complicated! Sum it up in 20 words!"

Victor chuckled, "In short, when we change into Vampire Count Form, our current body is stored in a space in our Soul. During this process, we can 'add' traits to the Vampire Count Form, characteristics that will disappear once we return to Normal Form."

"Ohhh... I get it now." She nodded in satisfaction, then added, "You should have said that from the beginning! Why complicate things? You and Ruby always like to do that." She started mumbling, and soon she added:

"I won't use this Technique now; it's too dangerous to do alone. I want to try it when you're around. For now, I just want to train normally."

"Okay~, I will talk to Scathach, Agnes, and Natasha later so we can train together; I have a lot of things to teach you."

"Mm, contact me if you need anything." Violet turned, and for a moment, her eyes and Hestia's met.

Violet smiled slightly and winked at Hestia, leaving the woman speechless.

Hestia unconsciously lowered her head and blushed a little as she realized the 'First Wife's' intentions.

Violet laughed and said, "I'm going to hit some bitches." She punched her right fist into her left hand, causing a small explosion of flames; her smile grew wider as she looked at the amazons.

"W-Wait, Lady Violet." Meya, The Queen of The Amazons, tried to bargain, but Violet had no intention of listening.

"Show me the results of your training, bitches!" She dashed towards the girls.

"Gyaaaaaaaaah"

BOOOOOOM!

.....

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Chapter 719: Casually luring a Fairy into a trap

"Viviane, tell me, are you used to your new home? Are you dissatisfied with anything?"

"Gaaaahh!!"

"W-Wait, Lady Violet-"

"No excuses! Get ready!"

BOOOOM!

Hearing Victor's question, Vivian couldn't help but ask incredulously, "...Are you really going to ignore this?"

"Do not change the subject. And as for Violet, she's just making new friends."

"..." Viviane and Hestia looked at the Amazons, who were being routed without a chance to fight.

'Is beating someone into submission a way of making new friends?' Both of their lips trembled in exasperation.

"Viviane?"

"Y-Yeah, everything is going well; I'm not feeling dissatisfied. Living in the forest created by Lady Roxanne is the best home I could have asked for." She answered honestly.

"Hmm... That's good." Victor nodded in satisfaction. "What about the Fairies? Are they being born again?"

"It might take a while for new Fairies to be born; after all, we just recovered from a deplorable state. Not to mention that Fairies are not born that fast; it can take a few decades before the first group of Fairies is born."

"This is unacceptable. As with any Race, their most basic desire is to breed in order to have new offspring. As their Queen, it is your job to ensure that basic goal."

"That's true, but it's not like I can do anything about it. The process of new Fairies being born is time-consuming.

"I understand that. Therefore I offer my help."

"H-huh?" Viviane stammered. She looked at Victor's face and blushed deeply; it was not like she was against this development.

Despite being the Demon King, the Energy that Victor emanated from his body is not Evil or impure like Demons, but a natural 'Negative' Energy. One of the natural Aspects of the world, because of that, the Fairy part of her said that he is exceptionally qualified to breed.

»¿ The Goddess part of her also agreed with this development; after all, he was the most qualified man she was likely to find...

Subconsciously, her imagination ran wild, and she imagined things that weren't appropriate for someone 'pure' like her.

"V-Victor! What are you saying!?" Hestia stammered in a similar fashion to Viviane.

"Eh? I'm offering my help, isn't it obvious?" Victor spoke in confusion.

"You can't do that!"

'As someone of your Status, you can't sleep with just any woman so suddenly! Think of your Wives! What would they think of that!?' Hestia wanted to say that, but she was too embarrassed to say anything, not to mention that she thought it would meddle too much in Victor's affairs.

Hestia was too polite to do something like that; after all, the personal relationship Hestia had with Victor was now just something like a Goddess that Blessed his Family.

And their professional relationship was just subordinate and boss, in this case, the 'boss' being Victor, and the 'subordinate' being herself.

"Why not?" Victor asked, confused.

"It's inappropriate!"

"Huh? How is that inappropriate?"

"It's inappropriate! Think of your Wives! Your daughters! You cannot do that!"

Victor's confused look only accentuated further: "I don't understand... How is giving my Energy to her to make new Fairies inappropriate?"

"... Eh?" Viviane and Hestia looked at Victor with a puzzled looks.

Victor's smile grew, "As Roxanne's Husband, I am deeply connected with her. Therefore I can use Natural Energy as easy as breathing, and as you two experienced women know, Fairies are born from Natural Energy; I would just help Viviane with that."

"O-Oh." The two blushed even more furiously when they saw Victor's smile of amusement. They really wanted to bury themselves now for making that misunderstanding!

Viviane, in particular, was utterly mortified when she thought of the thoughts she had had regarding Victor. Although Fairies could procreate naturally like other species, it was not very common. Instead, they were usually beings born from the Natural Energy of a World Tree.

"For virgin maidens, you two have quite active imaginations, huh? What did you think was going to happen?"

"N-Nothing!"

"Fufufu." Victor's eyes gleamed with a sadistic light.

Hestia and Viviane shuddered when they felt Victor's gaze.

"I-I have something to do; see you later!" Not knowing how to deal with this awkward situation, Hestia ran away from there, leaving a trail of dust behind her.

Viviane didn't even make excuses. She just flapped her wings and flew to the mansion... At least, she tried.

Victor gently held her hand, just strong enough for her not to run away:

"Wait, you didn't answer my question."

"...I-..." She swallowed hard as she became even more embarrassed, then the woman turned her face away and replied in a very meek way:

"I accept." Even though she was dying right now because of the shame she was feeling, she was still a Queen who cared about her people.

Victor nodded and let go of Viviane's hand: "I will visit your home in the future, and I will recharge the main tree with my Energy."

» Viviane opened her eyes wide; all her embarrassment vanished in disbelief:

"You know about that?"

"Roxanne's Husband here. Did you already forget?"

"Oh..."

"I have something similar."

Those words made Viviane's shock grow even more. "You have a Tree of Creation!?" Viviane asked.

"Oh, you call it a Tree of Creation... Hmm, I think it's appropriate; after all, new life is born from it.." Victor nodded, and shortly after, he answered Viviane's question:

"Of course, I have one. In fact, it would be weird if I didn't, considering who my Wife is.

"..." Viviane opened her mouth to refute what Victor said, but she fell silent right after; after thinking about it for a few seconds, she realized he was right.

"Though, what you call a 'Tree of Creation' is probably different than what I have."

"... What do you mean?"

"The Tree of Creation you speak of is just an Original Branch of Earth's World Tree, a branch that has lost Power over time and has been recharged by Roxanne."

"What I have is my Wife's Main Body, the World Tree itself."

"..."

"D-Do you know where Lady Roxanne's Main Body is...?" she asked with shock and a little bit of anticipation.

"As I said before, it would be weird if I didn't, right?" Victor smiled.

"..." Viviane suddenly felt her IQ had been decreasing from the back-to-back shock sequences.

"Can I live there?" She asked cautiously but with expectation. Living near the Main Body of a World Tree would be like an orgasmic dream coming true. She was very excited!

And this excitement grew even more when she saw Victor's smile grow, but unfortunately, his answer shattered her budding hopes.

"I refuse."

"Why!?"

"I don't want anyone to know the location of her Main Body; after all, the more people who know, the more the risk of the information being leaked grows, and if that information leaks, many people would covet my Wife. Consequently, a new war would break out because most of those Beings interested in my Wife would be powerful Beings like Leaders of Pantheons or Factions."

"And unlike with the Demons, this would not be a War of Conquest, but a War of Extermination."

"..." Viviane felt a chill run down her back as she saw Victor's handsome face distort.

"No one covets my Wife and lives to tell the story. I will kill everyone who dares, and consequently, I will become the new 'Ultimate Evil' that needs to be eliminated, causing me to become Public Enemy #1."

"Thanks to my acts of extermination, the Balance would be broken, and the Primordial Entities would have to intervene, and you know my personality, I would not take it in silence... The consequences of this event would be something that not even I could predict."

"Do you understand now why no one should know her location?"

"..." Viviane couldn't say anything but nodded in agreement.

It may seem that Victor was exaggerating, but that was not true. The World Tree was something that all Ancient Beings coveted. Because of this, when sentient Beings start to be born on the planet, the World Tree hides from everyone's view.

In the 700 years that Victor trained, he talked a lot with Roxanne and learned more from her about The World Trees and their significance in the world, and by hearing everything straight from Roxanne's mouth, he understood why everyone coveted a World Tree. Thanks to this knowledge, Victor invested a lot of time in the Arts of Protection and Concealment to protect his Soul from plain sight. Roxanne also helped him with that; after all, it was also for her own safety and that of Victor, her Husband.

Probably the only ones who could see through Victor's Soul now would be the Primordial Entities, or if a God of Death touched Victor's Soul directly, something easier said than done.

The first group posed no problem; their job was to keep the Balance. As long as nothing happened, they wouldn't interfere too much. The second group was also improbable; Victor was very wary of them.

"... I'm sorry, I didn't think much about it," Viviane spoke.

"Some knowledge is best kept hidden from everyone," Victor spoke more gently. "As someone who has lived a long time, you should understand that."

"Yes..." She sighed. Because of Arthur's Legend, many Supernatural Beings had tried to enter her old home, all lusting for the Fairies' ability to 'Bless' an item with Holy Energy, or even the Fairies themselves.

"... Wait, if Lady Roxanne is so important, why is she walking around unsupervised?" Viviane asked.

"..." Victor flashed a gentle smile that Viviane could very well identify as a 'cruel smile'.

"What a silly question; of course, she's not unsupervised." Viviane truly thought her IQ was being affected by being around someone as Handsome as Victor. His presence stoked all her feminine desires, which she thought she had forgotten.

"To answer your question," Victor looked at Violet, who was 'training' with the Amazons.

"All of my Family members are being protected, not just Roxanne."

"Everyone?" She asked a bit incredulously. How much manpower did it take to protect everyone? She didn't even want to think about the logistics of it.

'Well, he's the Demon King. He must have enough manpower.' She thought.

"Yes." Victor nodded: "Not to mention that Roxanne also learned to hide her presence. From the outside, she just looks like a Supernatural Being who can use Natural Energy like Haruna.."

The proof of this was that Roxanne had spent a lot of time in the presence of a Dark Elf in the Religion of ï»¿The Blood God, and the Elf Herself did not feel Roxanne's presence as a World Tree.

'... That's a relief.' She sighed.

"..." A moment of silence passed between the two, and as she watched Violet train with the Amazons, a sudden thought popped into Viviane's head.

'Why is he telling me this?' Viviane wasn't stupid. Although her IQ had dropped a bit with Victor's presence, now that she was getting used to it, her intelligence was returning,

and with that intelligence back, she realized that there was no reason for Victor to reveal so many 'secrets' to a 'stranger' like her.

Yes, they were allies, but Viviane wasn't in Victor's 'inner circle'.

Since she couldn't figure out why, she decided to just ask:

"Why are you telling me this?"

As the smile on Victor's face grew, Viviane realized she had walked into a trap.

"I have a job for you... A very important job."

"...I-..." She swallowed hard.

Victor laughed: "Of course, you can refuse, I'm not a tyrant, but you will lose the memories of our conversation just now."

"... You know that everyone here is a Supernatural Being, right? Did they not hear our conversation?"

"My dear, Viviane... Do you think I would be so careless?"

"Eh?" Viviane looked around, and only now did she notice a thin layer of Energy covering the two of them. She was basically in an isolated space where no sound could escape.

"Just what is this?"

"A complex blend of Witches' Magic and other things. It's a combination of my Powers."

"From the outside, we appear to be standing beside each other and talking occasionally. They can't hear us, which means they have no idea what we were talking about."

"Of course, they also can't read our lips for information or use a God's enhanced senses to spy." "I learned to do this to discuss important matters in meetings like the gathering of Supernatural Beings, something I will participate in in the future as the Leader of Hell."

"...." Viviane was impressed. The man had prepared everything so silently that she didn't even notice, all because she was too enchanted by his appearance.

'He's dangerous... Devilishly dangerous.'

"So? Will you accept the request?"

"... Let me hear the first request."

"Sure."

"Through your connection to Earth's World Tree, I want you to open a path for me to the Norse Pantheon."

"...How in the Seven Hells do you know I have-..." She trailed off when she looked into Victor's Draconian Eyes.

She, as a Demi-Goddess, and a Fairy, could see The Truth of The World since her birth, but that didn't mean they shared a similar ability level.

A High-Level God would see more 'details' of The World's Truth than a Low-Level God.

Victor, who had the Eyes of A Dragon and was a powerful Being, could most definitely see the world in more detail than she could. Viviane didn't doubt that every secret she had was practically laid bare to someone like Victor.

"Damn, Dragon Eyes." She grumbled.

"..." Victor displayed a small smile.

"Haah..." Viviane sighed, "Which of the Kingdoms in the Norse Pantheon do you wish to visit?"

"Norse Hell, Helheim."

ĩ»¿ "Why do you want to go-... Do I even want to know? No, I don't want to know about it. I feel like the more I let my curiosity get in the way, the more problems I'll get into, and I'd like to live a life of peace; thank you very much."

"Curiosity killed the cat. That saying is popular for a reason." Victor chuckled lightly.

"You made a good decision to stay out of this after all. The more you know, the more I can't let you go~."

He spoke with a lyrical, loving tone that sent shivers down Viviane's spine. She even considered asking more for a moment, but she quickly shook her head to dismiss those thoughts. She could not let her instincts act here! She needed to act rational!

'Damn, diabolical man! He's a Demon!'

"I accept the request; I will speak with Ratatoskr to escort you through the World Tree's branches."

"Mm, pleasure doing business with you."

Viviane rolled her eyes. She wouldn't call it a business but a threat!

"I am curious about one thing, though."

"What?"

"If you have a connection to Earth's World Tree, why did not you talk to her? She could have easily solved your problem, right?"

"Haah... It's not that simple. Earth's World Tree is being protected by Odin. If I contacted the World Tree asking for help, Odin would know, and he would do everything to capture my kind, claiming it is for the 'good of our species'."

"Which is just a roundabout way of saying I would become a slave to the Norse Pantheon, and I didn't want that."

"Heh~, that old man is one of those hypocrites who commit atrocities in the name of 'righteousness', huh."

"Yes."

"I see. Thanks for satisfying my curiosity." Victor looked back at Violet's training and the Amazons as he thought internally that he should talk to Aphrodite to learn about the personalities of the main Norse Gods.

"Mm."

...

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Chapter 720: I will 'take' all their riches for our benefit

Mansion of the Goddesses, Aphrodite's personal bedroom.

"If things continue in this way, I fear there will be no hope for Mount Olympus."

"Hope...?" The disdain in Aphrodite's tone was evident,

"Those are too good of words for the predicament the Zeus Faction is facing. The situation on Mount Olympus is horrible."

"...That's true; the Gods who side with Zeus are only doing so because they have no other options. In this three-way war, Zeus's side is the weakest... What should I do?"

Aphrodite didn't respond right away. Instead, she just tapped her finger rhythmically on the table as she thought about the information she just received from one of her spies on Mount Olympus.

Three-way war. This is the state that unfolded from the civil war on Mount Olympus.

Three Factions were fighting for their own goals.

The Zeus Faction fought to keep the current King as Ruler; at least, that's what was on paper. The true story is that the Gods in that Faction have nowhere to go; after all, the two other Factions want nothing to do with them.

The Faction of the Titans led by Kronos wants to usurp the Throne of Olympus, which, according to the words of Kronos, was rightfully his.

» Aphrodite couldn't help but snort at those words. In the history of Mount Olympus, the Throne of The King of The Gods had always been obtained through usurpation.

Kronos killed his father, the Ancient King Uranus, and became King. Then it was Zeus who defeated Kronos and became King.

There was no such thing as a 'right' to the Throne of The King of The Gods.

It was just a fallacy.

The Factions of Zeus and Kronos were in direct confrontation. Several battles had already occurred between them, with several Gods and Titans having already been forced into a prolonged sleep to recover, likely to only awaken after several hundreds of years.

Despite suffering casualties in both groups, it was evident that the Zeus Faction was losing. The reason for this was simple. They lost support from the Gods of The Underworld.

Persephone, the New Ruler and Queen, who controlled the entire Greek Underworld, had closed the Gates to everyone. She stabilized Hell, closed the Gates of Tartarus, and isolated herself from the war.

This was a variable that changed everything in the war.

'Persephone... To think that you would become an excellent Ruler...'

Not only was Persephone a huge variable, but Gaia's sudden appearance preventing Typhon from running wild surprised everyone on Mount Olympus.

Even Aphrodite herself couldn't believe her spy's report.

'What is that bitch's plan? Why did she suddenly decide to interfere? Wasn't the death of Zeus her orgasmic dream?' Aphrodite couldn't understand Gaia's motives.

This was an unusual move for the spiteful woman she was known as.

Initially, Aphrodite thought Typhon would taste Zeus' flesh and make him a skewer, but she never expected Gaia to stop her son from causing more chaos.

Typhon was a Beast with the Concept of 'END'. He was a son of Tartarus and Gaia, the monster Gaia created to flay Zeus' existence.

'Why did she stop it? Didn't that go against everything she wanted? I don't understand... Ugh,' Aphrodite felt a headache. Despite her experience interacting with the Gods, she still couldn't understand Gaia.

In fact, this went for all the Primordial Gods of the Greek Pantheon. She rarely had contact with them. Perhaps the only Goddess who knows each personality of the Primordial Gods would be Nyx.

'It's not better to think about it. Dealing with the Primordial Gods is always problematic. No matter Gaia's plan, what matters is that she removed Typhon from the battlefield.'

Typhon may be a Beast created to destroy Mount Olympus, but he was still a child of Gaia. He wholeheartedly obeyed the Primordial Goddess.

Which meant Gaia had a powerful weapon in her hands right now.

Aphrodite pondered about the current status of the Gods.

'Persephone's rise to power, Zeus and Kronos are seeking her support; because of this, this impasse has been created.'

War was not just about defeating an enemy or not. You had to think about what to do after the enemy's defeat.

The war between Zeus and Kronos could continue, and Kronos, as the stronger side, might even win the war, but the damage to both sides would be catastrophic.

What's the use of winning the war if you'll have nothing to govern at the end of that war? You will basically be a King only in name, a King without power.

And both Leaders of the two Factions knew this.

Because of this, the war had entered a fragile balance. Both Leaders sought Persephone's support, and whoever got that support would win the war.

'How ironic. For a simple Goddess who was the 'glorified' Wife of Hades, she came to possess and exercise such great power that the future of Mount Olympus depended on her decision.'

"Fufufu~, you seem troubled, my beautiful Wife."

Aphrodite stopped thinking and looked ahead. Soon, she saw a man walking through the wall with a smile on his face.

Aphrodite's pink eyes sparkled.

"Lady Aphrodite?"

Hearing her subordinate's voice, she awoke from her stupor and turned back to look at the screen before her: "For now, just hide. I will contact you shortly to give you further instructions. I need to think."

"Yes! I will be waiting for further instructions."

Aphrodite gestured with her hand, and the transparent screen before her disappeared.

"How did my subordinate not hear your voice?"

» "I have several ways to make the sound that comes out of my mouth heard only by those I want." Victor walked over to the chair in front of Aphrodite's office desk and sat down

comfortably.

"I see... That is quite useful for circumventing other Beings' enhanced senses."

"Mhm." He nodded his head while keeping the same smile on his face.

Aphrodite felt Victor's emotions and smiled a little when she felt only trust, love, and affection toward her.

"Aren't you going to ask me about my problem?"

"If you want me to know, you will say so. If you don't want me to know, you won't tell me."

"... Is it that simple?"

"Yes."

Aphrodite's pink eyes stared into Victor's violet eyes for a few seconds. During that silence, Aphrodite felt Victor's emotions, but as expected, nothing changed, no fluctuations in emotion or anything.

He even didn't seem to care what happened to Aphrodite.

Something she knew wasn't true. He cared but wouldn't interfere until she asked for help.

That was Victor's way of showing confidence to his Wives.

An attitude that Aphrodite was very fond of, an attitude that made a big happy smile appear on her face. She didn't need to be watched over or cared for like she was something fragile. She was a Goddess, one of the most influential, powerful Goddesses out there. She knew how to take care of herself.

Without exception, all of Victor's Wives were talented, competent, and influential women.

And one thing they all had in common was that they supported each other like sisters.

If Aphrodite couldn't do something independently in her schemes, she'd ask one of her other sisters for help.

Victor's departure to Hell greatly damaged the girls and left them very shaken, but it was also something that strengthened their union even more.

Despite each moving towards different goals, all of them, in the end, had only one intention: The growth of their Family.

Such was the case with what happened with the Blood God Religion, an endeavor that Aphrodite herself also helped by giving her experiences as a Goddess.

Such was the case for Ruby's goal: even now, she was using her contacts to help the redhead.

And that was the same case now in her current venture. She wouldn't be interested in what's happening on Mount Olympus out of the 'kindness' of her heart.

If it were up to her, Mount Olympus could disappear, and she wouldn't feel anything. Mount Olympus was no longer her home.

Her home was the man sitting across from her with a smile on his face. He was her home and safe haven... And she would do anything to protect that home, even if it meant utterly destroying her old home.

"The situation on Mount Olympus has changed."

"... Tell me more."

» Aphrodite nodded and then proceeded to explain all the changes that had taken place on Mount Olympus since the last time she was there.

The explanation didn't take long. The whole story ended in 10 minutes. She left out a lot of details, but her explanation was enough to paint a big picture for Victor.

"A stalemate in the war, and a three-way war... No, the more correct thing to say would be an inevitable Status Quo, huh." Victor absorbed the information he'd been given quickly, and plans were already starting to form in his head, but he didn't say anything yet, not until Aphrodite stated her intentions. "So? What do you want to do with this situation?" A gentle expression appeared on Aphrodite's face: "Suck Mount Olympus dry, down to the last drop."

"I will take all their treasures for us. I'll put the Gods who operate in the management of Mount Olympus into a coma, thus causing a collapse in Mount Olympus' society itself. I will cripple Mount Olympus and take everything from them."

"Heh~, will you condemn them all for our Family?"

"Their survival doesn't matter to me as long as I receive benefits for our Family."

Anyone who witnessed Aphrodite's 'gentle' expression and listened to what she was saying would likely experience a deep sense of fear. The expression on her face and her cruel words didn't match each other!

"Hmm~." Victor flashed a big smile. He found Aphrodite very sexy right now.

"If you wish to do that, we have to do it in a way that the » 'System' of Primordial Entities is not harmed."

"I know. Because of that, I'll just jettison them."

Due to the Demons' invasion of the globe, billions of lives were lost, and the Souls of those lives were still being counted.

As the Leader of Biblical Hell, Victor understood this very well. He had seen Aline repeatedly complaining of a headache due to her extra work as 'Ruler'.

Although most Souls are counted almost automatically, a substantial percentage needs the Rules' own eyes.

It is, therefore, essential that the 'Heaven' and 'Hell' of the Greek Pantheon are functioning correctly.

"I don't want to get into trouble with the Primordial Entities. I understand very well how much they value 'Balance'. If Mount Olympus is destroyed now, this 'Balance' will definitely be broken."

"The current state is only temporary, Aphrodite."

"Oh? What do you mean?"

"When the Souls that were killed are accounted for completely, the flow of Souls will greatly decrease; after all, the world population has been greatly reduced."

"I predict that in the future, some Hells and Heavens that are part of the 'System' will no longer be needed."

"Of the current official Pantheons, I predict only five remain." "Those five being Biblical, Hindu, Shinto, Greek, and Nordic."

"The Chinese Pantheon is destroyed, and the Egyptian Pantheon will soon be thrown out of the System."

"...That's a pretty dangerous prediction, Vic. Are you sure i»¿about this?"

Decreasing the number of 'official' Hells and Heavens meant that the flow of Souls in the other Pantheons would increase, causing an increase in 'importance' for those Pantheons. Which meant they'd have more decision-making power at the next gathering of Supernatural Beings.

"Yeah. Honestly, I initially thought that the official Pantheons would be whittled down to three, namely the Hindu, Biblical, and Shinto Pantheons, but I find that very unlikely to happen in the short term. Balance is required after all."

Giving too much power to three groups cannot be considered a 'Balance'.

Primordial Entities play a long-term game. For them, Time was irrelevant. After all, they knew that with the passage of Time, Civilizations and Empires would fall and be built again. This had happened several times in the past and would occur again in the future.

In the face of time, no Empire lasted forever.

That's why the 'Balance' was necessary, the light cannot exist without the dark, and the dark cannot exist without the light because they are opposites. They complete each other.

At least, that was what Victor thought after analyzing Diablo's memories of his deal with the Judges of The Abyss.

"Anyway, there's no use thinking about or worrying about the future now. Who knows what's going on in the minds of these Beings that have been living since The Beginning of

Existence?"

"Indeed... There's no use thinking about it now." Aphrodite nodded as the frown on her face softened a little.

"Since you plan to cripple the Greek Pantheon, I must inform you of my plans regarding the Norse Pantheon, specifically Helheim."

"I think we can put our plans together and kill two birds with one stone."

"... Do you plan on going to Norse Hell?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

He laughed, "That's what I'm about to explain now." Victor began to explain his plans for Norse Hell, and with every word that came out of his mouth, the shocked expression on Aphrodite's face grew, and as she got over the shock, she began to think of how to use this to target the Greek Pantheon.

At that moment, the two had very similar smiles, smiles of conspiracy.

After two hours of discussion, with the two throwing conspiracy after conspiracy from one side to the other, Aphrodite said:

"Unfortunately, we won't be able to kill two birds with one stone... Odin isn't as stupid as Zeus, but this method could be used to wreak havoc on the Greek Pantheon." She looked

seriously at Victor, and asked:

"Is it okay if I use this idea?"

"Go ahead, set the circus on fire. Just do not forget to let me know when you're going to do it. I desire to watch from the box. And don't forget to let the girls know about your plan."

» "Mhm." Aphrodite nodded. Despite being lost in thought, she still listened to Victor: "I'll warn them. I do not desire to make risky moves alone; I'll need their help too."

"..." Victor nodded in satisfaction.

"Oh... I remembered something. Tell me about the personalities of the Primary Gods of the Norse Pantheon."

"Okay, I will."

"Odin-." Aphrodite was about to start explaining until Victor interrupted her, saying:

"Before we continue, I have a question. Is the Godly Chat Group still active?"

"... Now that things have calmed down, most are active... Do you want to get in touch with Freya?"

"No, I want to talk to Loki."

"..." Looking at Victor's smiling face, Aphrodite felt pity that amounted to the tip of her pinky finger for Loki.

...

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Chapter 721: Haruna's Determination

Some hours later.

Victor's personal room.

Sitting on the bed with his back to the wall, Victor, wearing black pants, stroked a woman's black hair and fox ears.

"Hmm~."

"You've gotten lazier, Haruna." He laughed gently.

"It's your fault." She groaned as she snuggled deeper into his thigh.

"Well... That's true..." He stroked her fox ears a little, and a big smile broke out on his face when he felt the ears twitch.

'So cute...'

One of his favorite pastimes was spoiling Haruna when she was being lazy, the only time the supreme commander, who was very strict, became a docile and lazy little fox.

Victor glanced at Haruna's nine tails that fluttered every time he touched her ears.

Clearly, her ears were sensitive, but she was letting him touch them as a show of confidence.

Haruna suddenly sat up abruptly and looked at Victor with a blank expression. Her cheeks were a bit red, and her breathing was a little heavy.

"What?"

「ん？」"Hmph." She snorted and soon lay down on the bed again. The next moment, she placed her tails in his lap, and right after that, a hair brush appeared in Victor's hand.

He could obviously tell Haruna's intentions, but he couldn't help thinking inwardly.

'When did she become so cute?'

Following Haruna's wishes, Victor started stroking the fur on Haruna's tail, immediately noticing that her fur had become fluffier than before!

Haruna, who was glancing at Victor to gauge his reaction, smiled in satisfaction when she saw his expression of surprise. She had also been shocked when she discovered the changes caused in her body due to her 'intimate' acts with Victor.

Not only was it easier for her to gather the Natural Energy of Senjutsu, but practicing Ki was also more manageable than before.

Not to mention the minor changes to her external appearance, such as her hair getting darker and shinier, her tail getting fluffier, and her body getting more 'defined'.

Haruna shuddered a little when she felt her tails being brushed.

She bit her lower lip and moaned softly from the comfort and pleasure she was feeling. She didn't understand why, but since the day that Victor first stroked her tails, she could no longer forget that feeling of comfort and pleasure. It was very different from the dull feeling she got from doing it alone.

"Haruna, how do you feel about this?"

"...About what?"

い»¿"Our relationship."

"Normal?"

"Not that. I'm talking about the incident a year ago."

"Mhm~" Haruna shuddered in pleasure as Victor picked up another tail and started brushing it.

A few seconds later, she narrowed her eyes at Victor and spoke seriously:

"It's too late to give up on me. You've devastated me for others, stolen all my firsts, and branded me with your scent. From everything we've done, I wouldn't be surprised to find I'm pregnant now."

"I would never give up on you, Haruna." He replied with the same serious tone.

"Then why are you bringing it up? Are you worried about what happened?"

"Mhm." He nodded.

"In that case, you don't have to think about it too much. All the women in that room had feelings for you. They weren't coerced by the situation or forced into it by peer pressure."

"You gave everyone a chance to leave that day, yet they decided to stay."

"...That wasn't what it looked like at the time."

Haruna sat on the bed and looked into Victor's violet eyes: "I can't speak for others, but I can speak for myself. In that situation, even if it seemed like I didn't have a choice, that's not true."

"I'm Otsuki Haruna. I am The Supreme Commander of The Youkai and a Noblewoman of The Otsuki Clan. That day, I い»¿made a decision. I stayed in that room, knowing the consequences of that decision, and everything happened by my will, as with all the decisions in my life."

Haruna's expression and voice were the characteristics of a natural Leader, the characteristics of someone who forged their own path, even if it was a road full of thorns and difficulties.

"Do not underestimate me, Victor Alucard. I am not so weak as to make a decision because of 'pressure' from others."

Victor's smile grew, and the feeling he had when he saw Haruna for the first time grew even stronger in his heart as he gently caressed Haruna's face.

"That's true... You've always been like this, a warrior, a noble, strong-willed woman, willing to bear all the pain of her subordinates alone in a war."

The image of Haruna using the Technique that transferred all damage to her body in the Youkai War appeared in Victor's mind.

Haruna rested her head on Victor's hand and smiled lightly: "I just do what I want, even if it's something harmful to myself."

He laughed gently: "I know, after all, I'm the same as you." Then, he brought his face closer to Haruna's and kissed her.

A gentle, loving kiss that made Haruna melt with the care and love he had for her.

'I must show my feelings too.' The nine-tailed fox wrapped her arms around Victor's neck and pulled him into an even stronger kiss.

The battle between tongues lasted for a few minutes, and at some point, Haruna found herself sitting on Victor's lap while something hard and familiar brushed against her honey pot.

Reason was quickly being thrown out the window, and soon Haruna's instincts would dominate, and she would practice an enjoyable, pleasurable, and tiring 'activity'.

"If we continue, you'll be unconscious for a long time, you know? Don't you have to go back to Japan?" Victor spoke between kisses.

"Ugh, Kuroka and Genji will take care of everything." She grumbled between kisses.

"Don't forget we have an audience."

Victor's last words made the horny fox wake up from her stupor and stop attacking Victor for a bit.

Haruna's flushed with a panting expression. Her eyes were completely clouded over. Because of the desire and instinct to mate, there was only a tiny sliver of reason left within those eyes, and that sliver was enough for Haruna to pull her rational side hard and push the tension away from her.

Soon her expression returned to a blank expression that she showed everyone. Then she looked towards a group of Maids working on altering part of the bedroom to make a cinema

area.

"..." The white-haired Maids were utterly red in the face, not just from Haruna's public display of affection but also from the sight of the man who was the Heiress's and Leader of their Clan's Husband.

"What?"

"N- Nothing!" They quickly turned away and went back to their work.

Haruna narrowed her eyes and thought a bit about her situation.

It was a well-known fact now due to the girls' year-long 'adventure' with Victor. Practically all Nightingale already knew about this 'adventure'.

The Second Progenitor, and King of Hell, Victor Alucard, had a Harem of women whose members were the most influential women in Nightingale's society.

Everyone now knew what kind of influence The Second Progenitor had in his hands, and the influential Vampires were a little scared by this development, but... What could they do? This was the man who fought Diablo and defeated him, the man who had Legions of Demons at his command; he was the King of Hell. Not to mention that he was revered as a God by a massive group of Mortals on Earth, having a religion that made up more than 90% of the world's women.

It was no exaggeration to say that the Blood God Religion had become the second most influential religion on Earth, second only to Biblical Angels.

He was on a completely different level. Even the King of Vampires, Vlad Dracul, couldn't do much right now without provoking direct conflict.

And a conflict now would not only lead all the strongest and most influential Clans to turn against Vlad, but he would also be making an enemy out of all the Demons of Hell, the Youkai, and various other Races taking refuge in the City of the Snow Clan.

It was foolish to challenge Victor.

And as the saying goes, if you can't beat them, join them. And that's the attitude Vlad had right now.

The old Vampire had a face thicker and more shameless than several Gods put together and could do it easily.

But Vlad wouldn't be Vlad if he stood still, only to be forgotten in the annals of history, and due to witnessing Victor's rise in power and Victor and Diablo's struggle...

Vlad burned with the flames of ambition. The Vampire King was no longer quiet; he was moving more actively and gathering more power for himself.

As someone who was 5000 years old, he had many contacts, and given the current situation on the planet, it was the perfect time to gather power actively.

Due to these facts, an 'imbalance' in power was happening in the Supernatural World. The Noble Vampires were ranking ahead of all 'Mortal' Factions regarding power and influence. From an outsider's point of view, even if Vlad and Victor didn't have a good relationship, they didn't see the two men's Factions as opposing entities; after all, they were both Noble Vampires.

Even if Victor and Vlad didn't work together for various reasons, they still wouldn't do anything to harm the Noble Vampires; everyone knew that.

Vlad was King of the Noble Vampires and would not harm his race. On the contrary, as King, he wanted to see his Race prosper.

Victor had many influential Vampire Wives in Nightingale and would not abandon the Noble Vampires if something happened.

Two powerful Progenitors. An old monster and the greatest genius the world of Supernatural Beings had ever seen, two Beings who had much influence in the Mortal World and the World of Gods.

Victor and Vlad became the faces of Noble Vampires.

That was the outside view of the Supernatural World, but that view wasn't exactly accurate.

Victor and Vlad weren't exactly friends or allies despite not attacking each other.

They were in a complicated relationship that only maintained relative peace because of one girl in particular.

Ophis Tepes, the only girl who could sway the two Progenitors, where any request of hers would drive them to do their best to make it happen.

'... Wait, then, isn't she the Final Boss...?' Haruna thought, dumbfounded.

"My niece is amazing..."

"Ophis? What about her?"

Before Haruna could answer Victor's question, the door opened abruptly, and Leona, Rose, Eleonor, and Mizuki appeared.

"Viiiictooooorrr!" Leona leaped towards Victor like an animal chasing her prey.

Haruna sneakily got off Victor's lap and lay on the bed; she didn't want to be sandwiched between Leona and Victor.

Haruna watched with narrowed eyes as the Werewolf took her old spot and passionately kissed Victor.

Haruna pouted and snorted, then grabbed a pillow and squeezed it with her hands and legs.

'Stupid mutt.'

Suddenly, she shuddered and moaned when she felt someone touching her tail, "Hmm~" Quickly, she bit the pillow and looked with accusing glances at Victor.

Leona stopped kissing Victor and hugged him tightly.

"We were looking for you."

"We?" Victor looked at Mizuki, Eleonor, and Rose.

"Mhm, we have a request." She spoke in an innocent, cute

voice as if she were a child who wanted something from her parents.

"Oh? Tell me; I'll help however I can."

"Spoil us!"

"....." Victor raised his eyebrow and looked again at Mizuki, Rose, and Eleonor.

Eleonor had an utterly red face, while Mizuki and Rose looked away, avoiding looking at Victor. A slight blush was noticeable on their cheeks.

Victor laughed internally; 'How can these women be so cute? Inside the room, they were so wild, but when it comes to simple gestures like this, they get embarrassed.'

"You don't have to ask, you know? If you want to be pampered, you just have to approach me; I don't reject closeness and affection. In fact, the clingier you are, the better." He spoke the last part with an extremely grave expression.

As a 'Yandere', he was delighted with girls being clingy to him, and depending on him, it was something that brought him a lot of satisfaction.

Although he also liked to see them develop without depending on him too, after all, this was proof that they were competent and conducive at what they did, and Victor loved women like that.

'... Ugh... Complicated feelings.' Because of these contradictory feelings, Victor sometimes felt confused.

He wanted his Wives to be clingy and dependent on him! BUT he also wanted them to be independent and strong in their chosen area of expertise!

'Hypocrisy at its best.' Victor chuckled internally.

Leona smiled and looked at the three girls: "See?"

"..." Rose, Mizuki, and Eleonor rolled their eyes in exasperation, but the smiles on their faces were evident.

Victor chuckled inwardly when he saw this; it looked like Leona was taking her job as 'Leader' of the Harem seriously. 'Looks like I have to reward her later.' Victor thought.

"Victor, we need to talk." Eleanor declared.

"..." Victor raised his eyebrow. Seeing Eleonor's and Rose's serious expressions, he could deduce the conversation topic.

...

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Chapter 722: The First Adrastella

"..." Rose, Mizuki, and Eleonor rolled their eyes in exasperation, but the smiles on their faces were evident.

Victor chuckled inwardly when he saw this; it looked like Leona was taking her job as 'Leader' of the Harem seriously.

'Looks like I have to reward her later.' Victor thought.

"Victor, we need to talk." Eleanor declared.

"..." Victor raised his eyebrow. Seeing Eleonor's and Rose's serious expressions, he could deduce the conversation topic.

Victor looked at the Maids who were working.

"Maids."

"Y-Yesh!?" They all responded at the same time while biting their tongue.

Some jumped back like a cat whose tail had been stepped on.

Some Maids who were on top of a ladder fell off and knocked everything around them down.

Others, who were holding some tools, tripped and fell to the ground.

The result? The whole place was a mess.

"..." Leona, Mizuki, Haruna, Rose, and Eleonor just looked at this mess with shocked expressions. Unconsciously, they all turned their gaze to Victor and thought simultaneously:

'This man's Charm is very dangerous.' With just one word, he was able to make such a mess.

ĩ»¿ If Victor were weaker, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that he would be a 'beauty' capable of overthrowing nations due to the greed of all Beings.

Victor smiled wryly and spoke gently: "Can you leave? Then, when the conversation is over, I will ask you to come back again."

"Y-Yes!"

"We will do whatever the Master wishes!"

The Maids quickly got up and ran towards the room's exit, and promptly the door was shut violently.

In the next moment, the door opened again:

"Sorry for being rude!"

"We didn't want to slam on the door!"

"Wawawa, Master will punish us and use us as he sees fit."

"..." 'Who said the last sentence?' Victor's Wives thought.

Victor raised his hand, and with that, the Maids were silent: "... It's okay, just close the door normally, okay?"

Victor's smile was so bright that, for a moment, it blinded them all:

"L-Lord Victor is so kind..." Tears fell from the Maids' eyes.

"..." 'Isn't that a very exaggerated reaction?' Victor's Wives couldn't help but wonder.

The Maids wiped their eyes and closed the door slowly, saying, "If you need anything, just call us, Lord Victor."

"I will."

A smile appeared on the Maids' faces, and they closed the door completely.

The place was silent for a few seconds, as everyone was digesting what they had just seen until Leona broke the silence:

"With the reaction of these Maids, I wouldn't doubt that if you asked them, they would all happily spread their legs for you like an automatic mall door."

A vein bulged on Victor's head.

Slap!

"Hyaaaan~."

"Don't be vulgar, Leona. They just act like that because I'm too irresistible; it's not their fault."

The women rolled their eyes when they heard what Victor said. Wasn't his narcissism too great? Though they couldn't help but internally agree with him.

But they wouldn't openly admit it to his face! His ego was already too big! If it grew any more, it would be bad for everyone!

"Anyway, what did you need to talk about, Eleonor?" Victor asked as he lifted Leona off his lap and placed her beside him.

"Eh?..." Eleonor thought a little about what she wanted to say, and then she remembered, and her expression turned serious as she declared:

"Now that you've deflowered every inch of my body, you must take responsibility! Not just for me, but for Rose too! You used all her holes and got her addicted to your cum!"

"E-Eleanor!" Rose blushed and looked at Eleonor, scandalized. When did she get so vulgar!? It must be Violet's fault, right?

いゝWith things like this, it was always Violet's fault!

"What? I'm just saying what happened! Violet said that at times like this, it's best to be honest." She nodded.

'I knew it!' Rose thought.

"...Haah. I knew Violet, Leona, Agnes, Maria, and Natashia were bad influences! Look what happened to Eleonor!" Mizuki pointed out, "She was so noble! Now look at her!"

"Oyyy! What do you mean by that!? I did nothing! And stop pointing at me like I'm something dirty!" Eleonor pointed to Leona and Mizuki:

"You two are the most indecent women here and have the foulest mouths!"

"Humpf, I don't call that indecency; I call it honesty!" Leona snorted, then pointed out: "And you can't blame that on me. When you were having sex with Victor, you and Haruna were professionals at saying dirty words!"

Haruna looked at Leona with a blank expression but with a bit of blush on her face. She was wondering why Leona threw her under the bus now, that damn traitor!

Haruna knew better than to trust the Wolves! How could she speak dirty words? She was a noble woman! She was innocent and kind! She was a quiet and proud fox!

"I-I-." Mizuki swallowed her embarrassment dry and pointed at Haruna: "I'm not like that! She is! After all, Foxes are considered Youkai, who are always horny! I was just influenced!" She screamed before exclaiming:

"I am innocent!"

A vein bulged on Haruna's head; she wouldn't let this go:

いゝ"Don't point the finger at me, Onmyoji. I remember very well you begging him to spank you harder! You, Ruby, and Natashia are a bunch of degenerate masochists!"

"What-"

"Not to mention, I clearly remember you asking to be tied down with Ruby!"

"It was you who decided to experience Ruby's eccentricity!... I was just a little curious...." Mizuki mumbled at the end.

But since everyone here had heightened senses, everyone heard:

"A little...?" Haruna snorted in disdain: "I wonder, who is it that walks around with a rope in her purse? You're well prepared, aren't you?"

"..." A furious blush appeared on Mizuki's face, and soon that blush changed to irritation:

"At least I'm not some eccentric who likes to have her tails pulled and ears bitten! You clearly enjoy being treated rudely like an animal!"

"W-what-" Haruna tried to say something, but Mizuki wasn't finished.

"You pretend to be all innocent, but I know very well that you bought a collar and always have it in your bag!"

"Bitch! What are you screaming?! You're crazy! That's personal!"

"Humpf, you should think of that when you talk about me! And for starters, I'm not even interested in BDSM. That's all Ruby and her endless fetishes!" Mizuki snorted.

"... Now that you mention it, Pepper and Lacus are just as degenerate as Ruby and Leona."

"Oyyy! Don't drag me into this conversation!" Leona screamed.

"What is the common thing between these women?" Haruna ignored Leona.

"They watch Anime, right?" Mizuki pointed out, "That must be why."

"..." Haruna and Mizuki were silent for a few seconds as if a realization hovered over them, then the two looked at Leona. Leona's lips quivered, "What is that look!? Why are you guys looking like you see something disgustingly degenerate!?"

"I mean... Right?" Mizuki looked at Haruna.

"Yeah..." Haruna just nodded in confirmation.

"What does that mean?! You guys are talking in code now!?" Leona growled.

"And for starters, don't blame Anime on your degenerate fetishes! Anime is not to blame!" Leona pointed.

"The culprit is you two, who have fallen into a pit of depravity! Not to mention I've seen you asking Ruby and Pepper for a lot of adult 'references!'"

"What!? How did you see that!?" x2

"..." Rose, Victor, and Eleonor looked at the three women with speechless expressions.

"When did they get so friendly?" Victor asked.

"At what part of that discussion did you see them being friends?" Rose asked in disbelief.

"They're not attacking each other, right? And even though they are arguing, no real negative feelings are involved." Victor spoke.

If any of the girls had such feelings, he would intervene and solve the problem or get them to solve the problem. After all, his intervention was not always necessary.

"Victor, I think seeing you defeat and fill every corner of your Wives is enough to 'break the ice' and bring them all together. Everyone here has seen each other's most 'embarrassing' moments, creating a bond." Eleonor pointed out.

"Is that how it works?" Victor asked.

"Probably." Eleonor shrugged, not caring too much.

"Hmm..." Victor watched the three of them argue for a few seconds and nodded in satisfaction.

'It's good that they are getting along.' He liked silent Haruna, but expressive Haruna was good too. The same applied to Mizuki, who, unlike before, when she was wary of everyone as she was the only Human here, was now more open to the group.

Soon after, he looked at Eleonor and spoke in a serious voice: "I was planning to take responsibility for my actions from the beginning. Everyone in that room will stay with me forever. Don't think you can run away from me."

Leona, who heard what Victor said, stopped arguing with Mizuki and Haruna and said:

"... Umu, believe a Yandere's words, and don't try to run away. After all, the more you try to run away... The scarier things can become." She smiled sweetly as her eyes became azure black holes.

'... There's nobody normal here, huh.' Eleonor felt a shiver down her spine when she saw Leona's look. The Werewolf woman just laughed and returned to 'playing' with Haruna and Mizuki.

Eleonor looked back at Victor, who was smiling gently.

"Tell me what I should do," Victor said.

Eleonor thought about her words for a few seconds and said: "...Normally, you would go through the Ritual of gaining Monster Traits, but you already made a contract with a Dragon, making your existence much closer to our Clan, so the Ritual will not be necessary. Furthermore, it will not be guaranteed that the Ritual would work as well due to your current physiology."

"Oh? Is it okay to break Tradition like that?" Victor asked curiously.

"Yeah, after all, the current you is very similar to my Ancestor, The First Adrastella, who created the Ritual, so I believe you won't have problems regarding Traditions."

Ancient Clans such as Snow, Fulger, and Adrastella took Clan Traditions very seriously, particularly when that Tradition involved the relationship of their Heirs.

Fortunately, Clan Snow and Fulger weren't as 'strict' about it as Adrastella.

The reason the Adrastella Clan was so strict was because they had a critical mission to pass down the 'Monster' Bloodline to the next generation, and because of that, their laws were all created around that goal.

Victor raised an eyebrow. He waved his hand, and soon the entire area was sealed off by Magic and a very fine Miasma.

"Did you cordon off the area?" Rose asked.

ï»¿"Yes, this is a Clan secret, right? It's best that no one hears without Eleonor's permission."

"..." Eleonor smiled gently, appreciating Victor's care for her, "It's okay. This is not a Clan secret, but information that was forgotten through the passing of time."

"The first Adrastella was someone who became a Dragon Rider just like you, Victor."

"... You are a descendant of a Dragon Rider." Victor opened his eyes wide.

"Yes, which is why my 'Monster' Form is different from my subordinates." She smiled gently when she saw Victor's shocked expression.

'He is adorable.' she thought.

"That's what you meant back then when you said you were 'special', huh," Victor spoke.

"... Sorry for omitting and not giving concrete information. After all, it's a Clan secret."

"It's okay. I completely understand your position." "Mhm."

Before the two could fall into their own world, Rose interrupted, coughing: "Cough, cough. Anyways, only the Direct Bloodline of Clan Adrastella can awaken the Dragon Blood within us. Because of that, when we get married or have a suitor, that suitor must have gone through the Ritual to have a Monster Bloodline; thus, the next generation will be more likely to inherit the Draconic Aspect."

"We? What do you mean by 'We'?" Victor pointed out as he raised his eyebrow at Rose.

Rose smiled: "Like Eleonor, I am also of the Main Lineage... Eleonor's mother was my niece. So, therefore, you can say I am her 'Great Aunt'."

"..." Victor opened his eyes in shock again. The reason for his shock? He just realized that he has another pair of relatives as his Wives.

"Not just triple Oyakodon [Mother and daughter with the same guy], and Shimaidon [Sisters with the same guy], do you plan on getting the aunts too? Wait... Victoria is Sasha's Aunt, so... Hmm, ugh." Leona felt a headache:

"Our relationship has become even more difficult to explain. Scathach's child will be Ruby's what? Sister? And Ruby, she will be what to Scathach's daughter? A Mother? Complex questions that, like the truth of the Universe, we will never resolve."

"..." The group just stared blankly at Leona, who seemed to have reached a state of enlightenment or something.

"Meh, don't think about it too much, Leona. Or you will have a headache; we just have to accept it." Mizuki spoke.

"Mhm, accepting is easier. Changing the inevitable is foolish." Haruna nodded sagely.

"..." It was worth mentioning that Leona and Mizuki didn't understand anything Haruna said; 'Was she trying to make a reference or something?' The two thought at the same time.

Eleonor and Rose blushed a little when they heard what Leona said, but they didn't say anything because the Wolf wasn't wrong.

"...Wait, if you're from the Main Bloodline, shouldn't the Countess be you?" Victor asked.

ï»¿"Only a Clan Leader can become a Vampire Count, and I cannot become the Clan Leader."

"Why?"

"The prerequisite for becoming a Leader of the Adrastella Clan is to awaken the Dragon Bloodline. If a member of the Adrastella Clan cannot do this, they will not become the Clan's Leader, even if that individual is competent." Eleonor explained.

"In this case, the individual assumes a position of power in the Clan and will help the next generation to become a proper Clan Leader, which is what happened to Rose."

"I see... Because of that, she didn't become a Countess."

"Yes, Rose hadn't awakened the Dragon Bloodline... Well, at least she hadn't awakened it before..."

"... Don't tell me..." Victor felt his lips twitching; he could already imagine what happened.

When Rose's face flushed, and she looked away, his suspicion was confirmed.

"That is correct." Eleonor smiled broadly: "Due to her drinking your liquids and you spilling your seeds inside all of her holes, she ended up awakening her Bloodline! She got stronger!" She was very excited; after all, her Clan got stronger!

"I can't wait for Rose to start changing her appearance! Hehehe~."

Now that Rose's Bloodline had awakened, slowly, the appearance of her Monster Form would become something like Eleonor's appearance.

いざよRose smiled gently when she saw Eleonor's happiness, but she didn't care much about her appearance. She gave up taking on the appearance of the Main Clan a long time ago; that was something she dealt with several millennia ago. All that frustration was put into learning her Martial Art, and that's why she got so strong.

But for Eleonor, who didn't have a 'Blood' Family with her, this whole situation was a happy occasion. Rose knew very well that Eleonor was a little envious of Sasha, Ruby, and Violet, who had their 'Blood Family' close by.

"Due to that contribution and you being a Dragon Rider, we can get married tomorrow! Since Rose has also awakened the Dragon Bloodline, she is officially part of the Main Clan and can marry you too!"

"Isn't that awesome!?"

Victor smiled a big, kind, and happy smile, "This is amazing. But you know I would marry you two regardless of Tradition, right? You can't get away from me."

"!!!" They both felt a sweet shiver down their spines when they saw the look in his eyes.

"Of course I know, but because of this incident, everything has become even better!" Eleonor laughed.

"That is good." He nodded in satisfaction, then turned to Rose, "What do you think, Rose? Do you want to marry me?"

"... Mhm... Please take care of me, Victor."

"I should be the one saying this. Please take care of me, and have a little patience. My personality is not easy to deal with."

"...." Rose and Eleonor looked at Victor, confused. They didn't understand why he said that. Victor was like a cat; he was so easy to be around. He was humorous and kind and liked caring for everyone in the Family. The two saw no problem with him.

"Welcome to the Family, Eleonor, Rose."

"Mhm!" They smiled gently.

A smile that made Victor feel very sweet inside.

"We should discuss marriage in the future. How should this be done?"

"Let's do the Ritual where I join your Clan. In the future, we will do an 'official' wedding."

"Hmm? Is that fine? Shouldn't it be the other way around?"

"Of course not! You are a Progenitor, Vic! Not to mention you're a Dragon Rider! I must receive your name! My Clan may be ancient and great, but we completely lose in Lineage; your Clan is far above mine!" Eleonor spoke very seriously while Rose nodded in agreement with her.

No matter how noble and ancient the Noble Vampire Clan was, their bloodlines meant nothing in front of a Progenitor.

"... If you two are okay with it, I have nothing to argue about." Victor smiled.

"..." Mizuki, Haruna, and Leona looked at Victor with expressionless gazes that seemed to pierce Victor's invincible body easily.

Victor looked at the three women and raised his eyebrow, and asked:

"What?"

"Victor, were you a porn character acting with porn logic this whole time? Is that why your fluids are special?" Leona asked: "Instead of a Noble Vampire, aren't you an Incubus or some Cultivator who trains in the Art of Dual Cultivation?"

"Is that why I feel so strong now? Will you practice more later? I'm ready!"

"Hey, Hey, Victor, tell me." She spoke while nudging his shoulder.

Victor just gave a long, resigned sigh in response to Leona's question. Maybe it wasn't a good idea to let Leona mix with Ruby, Pepper, Lacus, Violet, and Sasha. That group was like a chain of degeneracy, and it only got worse the more time passed.

Surprisingly, it was Pepper who led that group of degenerates. 'Haah, where has my cute, air-headed Pepper gone?'

...

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Chapter 723: A wish from the past

"Oh, Darling. Aphrodite asked me to give you this." Leona reached into her pocket and pulled out a chunky cell phone.

Victor picked up his cell phone and examined it. Then, he raised an eyebrow when he saw familiar writing on the back of the cell phone: "Runes?"

"Aphrodite said it was Enchanted with Norse Runes for safety."

"Probably Scathach's work."

"Mhm." Leona nodded as she returned to snuggle close to Victor.

Something that Rose, Eleonor, Haruna, and Mizuki did as well. They were all spread out on the bed, being lazy; even Rose, who was usually quite strict, couldn't take it and became more relaxed.

Conversations between the group were occasionally overheard, and overall the women got along very well with one another. "What movies are we going to watch today?" Leona asked.

"I don't know, but the first ones will definitely be the first six Star Wars movies. We need to show Eve and everyone who hasn't watched movies the beauty of sci-fi."

"Mhm, what about the new Star Wars Trilogy?"

"We don't talk about that here," Victor stated firmly.

Leona laughed softly at Victor's reaction. She knew very well Victor's distaste for the new movies.

There were several taboos between the group's more 'cultured' members.

For movie lovers like Victor, Leon, Edward, and Anna, the new Star Wars Trilogy was a crime against humanity. In their opinion, it shouldn't even exist.

For lovers of books like Lacus, Sasha, Roberta, Maria, and Bruna, the continuation of the first 7 Harry Potter books, titled 'Cursed Child', was a direct affront to humanity, and such an abomination must be expunged forever.

For Anime lovers like Ruby, Pepper, Leona, Eve, and Fred, the continuation of everyone's favorite blonde ninja titled 'Boruto' was such a crime that the mere mention of that name made the aforementioned individuals spit on the ground in heartbreak.

Similar to a certain snake-faced wizard, the name of The Son of The 7th Hokage had become taboo for these members.

These three sequels were 'affectionately' referred to as the three most unwanted sequels in the history of modern culture.

"You know, ever since I was young, I'd dreamed of being like this with you." She snuggled closer into his shoulder.

"...At that time, it wasn't possible due to our circumstances, huh," Victor commented.

"Indeed. You were a weak and sickly Human, and I was the 'failure' of a most renowned Werewolf Bloodline. Although I didn't suffer so much from that title, after all, I lived in the Human World; it was still a burden to see my brother growing stronger while I was wasting away from my illness."

"..." Victor didn't add anything because he thought she was correct. When he was Human, despite trying his best to change his situation, the illness he had in his body completely prevented any kind of overexertion.

"When I was younger, I felt a connection with you due to our similar situations," Victor said as memories of the past

returned to him.

Despite having memories of hundreds of Beings within him, the 'core' memories that represented Victor's entire existence were well protected within his Soul. He would never forget who he was.

"Two individuals trapped in their bodies due to circumstances they couldn't control." Victor laughed: "Kind of matched, didn't we?"

"Indeed." Leona shared a gentle laugh with Victor.

"In the past, I felt the same way because when I Awakened my Werewolf side that fateful night, my instinct was not to want to cause chaos or to kill people but to mark someone who was my equal." Leona lifted her head, and her azure blue eyes met Victor's Draconic violet eyes.

"You, Vic."

"...Oh." A look of realization appeared on his face.

"That was you, wasn't it? On that day..."

"Yeah... I guess I never got to tell you that, huh."

"Yes, you never told me." Victor stroked Leona's head, making the Werewolf lay her head on his chest with a smile on her face:

"To be honest, I completely lost my memories of that night. I only know little about what happened because I learned it from Ruby, Sasha, and Violet's memories."

"Mhm... That day, I was surprised by my sudden Awakening. Usually, when Werewolves are about to Awaken, there are clear signs of it, such as an increase in strength, inexplicable hunger, etc. Thanks to these signs, the Werewolf's Family can isolate the Awakening member so they don't cause chaos, but that didn't happen to me since my Awakening was so abrupt."

"As I said before, my first instinct when I changed was to look for my 'equal' as quickly as possible and mark him. I imprinted on you so strongly that even my Werewolf side wanted you." She chuckled.

"I guess even when I was younger, I was irresistible, huh." Leona snorted as she lightly patted his chest, "Jerk."

Victor laughed and kissed Leona's lips.

Leona wrapped her arms around his neck and closed her eyes.

The kiss only lasted a few seconds, then they pulled away, and Leona put her head back on his chest. She loved the feeling of hearing his heartbeat. It was such a powerful sound and, at the same time, so gentle; it was very comforting.

They spent a moment in silence while Victor caressed Leona's head and snow-white hair. He also didn't forget to caress Mizuki's hair, who was lying on his leg, listening to everything in silence.

In fact, all the girls were listening to Victor and Leona's conversation, but they didn't stop talking to each other to listen to them more carefully since that was a rude attitude. Clearly, this conversation was important to both Victor and Leona, and these memories were the 'connection' they both had with each other.

And they respected that, after all, each one present here had a 'connection' and 'memories' that united them with Victor.

"I wonder if there's an Alternate Universe where I'm a Werewolf who went to Samar as a Progenitor... Huhu, that'd be interesting."

Leona rolled her eyes, "You didn't even consider being a Beta or Alpha but rather went straight to a Progenitor, huh."

"Well, if I had the same Blood Type as I did when I was Human in this Alternate Universe or timeline, I would 100% be a Progenitor Werewolf for sure."

"Where do you get that confidence?"

"The Golden Blood, or as Humans call it, RH Null Blood, is one of the 'keys' for a Being to become a Progenitor related to Vampires or Werewolves."

"..." Now that was a topic that caught everyone's attention, and everyone immediately stopped talking and looked at Victor curiously.

Leona raised an eyebrow and moved away from Victor a little, then she looked into his eyes and asked:

"What do you mean one of the 'Keys'?"

"It's precisely as I said. Having RH Null Blood isn't enough to turn someone into a Progenitor; you have to survive the whole process."

"Just surviving the process of becoming the Progenitor Vampire is quite a challenge, but surviving what I experienced is next to impossible."

"I don't remember how I survived, but I do know that my Soul was shattered and rebuilt that night. Because not only was I facing my revival as a Vampire Progenitor, I was also

facing the 'Ritual' that the girls performed, the 'blood' of The Three Most Powerful Vampire Bloodlines, the remnants of Vlad's 'Will' from his blood that was present in their Bloodlines, and your Werewolf Venom."

"..." The girls didn't know how to react to that information. Knowing that Victor could have died that day wasn't a very pleasant thing to think about. After all, if he had died, they wouldn't be experiencing the peace and happiness they felt right now; directly or indirectly, his very existence influenced everyone around him.

His presence was so significant that living in a world without Victor was something extremely difficult to think about. They could imagine scenarios, but none were good for them or the world itself.

After all, if Victor hadn't been alive, the war between Demons and Angels would have turned out entirely differently. Ariel would have been corrupted, The Inquisition would have lost a lot before it could prepare, and most likely, Diablo's sneaky plans would have come to fruition, and he would have become a perfect existence that broke the Balance.

Although the last part was difficult to judge, no one could predict the movements of Primordial Beings.

But one thing they were sure of, things would have been much worse without his direct or indirect influence in this war.

"Theoretically, I shouldn't have been able to survive, but somehow, I did. I doubt it was because of my will since, although I can be arrogant, I'm not blind. My will and determination in the past weren't even 1% of what it is today, and the pain of my Soul, my very existence, being torn apart was not something my younger self could bear."

"Something, or someone, intervened. Is that what you're saying?" Leona asked.

"Mhm, I don't think it's 'someone', but probably 'something'.

After all, that night was quite unusual. So it was probably your Werewolf Venom that helped me... I'm not sure."

"... It's possible. Even in the early stages of changing from Human to Werewolf, the individual gains some regeneration, and as I'm an Alpha, this regeneration is a little stronger than normal."

"..." A silence fell in the room as Victor thought about the events of that night more calmly until he broke this silence:

"I think my 'blood' most likely helped me."

"... What do you mean?"

"The Blood of a Progenitor has a 'Will' of its own; you might even call it instinct. That's where my arrogance and innate desire not to submit to anyone are born."

"Is it something like a Dragon's innate 'Pride'?" Haruna asked.

"Yes."

"So you're saying your blood called all those adversities you explained 'its bitch' and consumed them all as food?" Leona summarized.

"..." Victor's lips trembled a little at Leona's analogy. "Correct."

"Hmm, that's quite possible. After all, it's the Progenitor blood we're talking about here, something that creates entire Races. So it would be weird if it wasn't strong." Rose spoke.

"So we can say that it's the mixing of the Progenitor's blood and Victor's Will. Now can we move on?" Leona spoke with visible discomfort on her face.

The girls and Victor looked at Leona.

"I don't like to think about the possibility of living a life without Victor."

Victor smiled gently and pulled Leona into one arm as he began to stroke her head.

"I agree with Leona. There's no use thinking about it now, the important thing was that Victor survived, and that's all." Eleonor spoke as she grabbed a pillow and went to lie down on one side of the giant bed.

As this bed was made to accommodate 50 people easily, it was quite spacious and filled with pillows of various sizes and very fluffy blankets.

"Indeed, let's change the subject, so Mizuki, switch places with me."

"..." Mizuki looked at Haruna with a raised eyebrow.

"What does this matter have to do with the previous discussion?"

"It doesn't matter. Just switch places with me."

"Never. You've had your snuggle, so go grab a pillow or something." She snorted and snuggled even closer to Victor.

"Ughh... I haven't had enough! And because of a certain Onmyoji, he didn't finish brushing my tails! Look, they are completely messed up." Haruna spoke as she grabbed one of her tails and showed it to Mizuki.

Mizuki turned her head towards Haruna and looked at her tail, then she snorted again and said:

"I missed the part where that's my problem."

"..." Veins bulged on Haruna's head, and the pupils of her gaze narrowed a bit in irritation.

Victor chuckled in amusement at Mizuki's attitude and the reference to a past superhero movie she unknowingly dropped. To think that they were once enemies was hard for Victor to believe. Mizuki was a pretty laid-back woman when she wasn't overwhelmed by her problems.

'If you think about it, she was the first 'strong' enemy I faced, huh.' Victor thought.

While Mizuki and Haruna were exchanging barbs with each other, the door opened, and a blonde head popped through.

"Darling, I just heard from the Maids that we are going to have a movie session. Is that true!?"

Victor looked at Sasha, who wore black sneakers, black leggings, and a sports bra of the same color. As always, she had her long golden hair tied in a ponytail.

She had clearly just returned from an intense workout, the proof of which was the sheen of sweat on her body.

Containing his desire to attack Sasha, after all, this image of her was quite sexy, he spoke:

"Yes, will you participate?"

"Obviously!" Sasha flashed a big smile.

"Fufufu ~, won't you invite me, Darling~?" Another blonde head appeared behind Sasha's and hugged her from behind.

"Mother! Don't hug me. I'm sweaty!"

"Don't worry; I'm sweaty too... And the sight of mother and daughter embracing like this while sweaty is very much our Husband's desire, isn't it~?" Natasha displayed a perverted smile as she looked at Victor.

Like her daughter, she was wearing a similar outfit but in white.

"You know me so well, Natasha." Victor did not deny the statement. After all, Natasha and Sasha could clearly feel his feelings and desires through the Ritual connection.

"Of course, fufufu~."

The women lying on the bed rolled their eyes at the 'horny' Natasha.

Rose grabbed a pillow near her and threw it toward the mother and daughter.

"No horny allowed!"

Mother and daughter quickly broke apart and dodged the pillow, which flew towards them and hit the wall with a loud crash.

"..." The group just stared blankly at the pillow fixed to the wall.

"Hmm... What is that pillow made of?" Leona asked curiously. "Monster leather." Eleanor pointed.

"Holy fuck, no wonder it didn't rip... Wait, in that case, why wasn't the wall drilled?" Leona pointed.

"Well, this is not a wall made of brick and mortar. It's made of other, stronger materials." Mizuki spoke: "At least that's what I vaguely heard from Ruby."

"This is a material made from trees and stones found in Nightingale. I bought some products like that to renovate my mansion." Haruna joined in the discussion: "The materials on this planet are more resistant than those on Earth."

While some girls argued about the wall and the materials used, a little chaos broke out between Natasha, Sasha, and Rose.

"What the hell, Rose! What was that!? Do you desire to kill us!?" Natasha screamed.

"If it weren't me and my mother here, the individual would definitely suffer some bodily harm..." Sasha spoke.

"I'm sorry! I did not think it would be so strong! I just wanted to play lightly!" Rose spoke.

"Huh? How could an Elder Vampire of your caliber not control her strength!? Are you kidding me!?"

"Well, about that..." She glanced surreptitiously at Victor.

"...Oh." Words no longer needed to be uttered for Natasha to understand what Rose was implying. After all, she had experienced the same thing herself.

"Darling, Darling!"

"Hmm? What is it, Sasha?" Victor looks at Sasha.

Sasha's smile grew slightly, and she asked, "Shall we take a shower?"

Victor displayed a small smile as he sensed Sasha's desire and understood her intentions.

Natasha put her hand over her mouth and laughed with a perverted smile. 'Hehehe~, my daughter is becoming more open with her desires! Good! Mommy is proud!'

"Horny bitch..." Leona growled.

"What!? What did you say, you mangy mutt?!"

"You heard me! I can smell your hard-on from here!"

"Agreed, so can I." Haruna nodded.

Sasha snorted as she crossed her arms, emphasizing her breasts:

"Humpf, that's just my sweat! Your senses are wrong! Maybe you should get that checked out!"

Before the 'discussion' could go any further, Victor clapped his hands once to get everyone's attention and said, smiling gently:

"Why don't we all shower? After all, the Maids will take a while to complete all the preparations."

"..." The group of women looked at each other and then nodded.

"Sounds good."

"Okay."

"Mhm."

Confirming sounds were heard all around.

"Good. In that case, let's go to the bathroom!" Victor got out of bed.

"Ohhh!"

Victor chuckled in amusement, and it was worth mentioning that he was loving his 'vacation', and he wasn't the only one. All of them were very much enjoying their time with Victor, which was why those with more important jobs were finishing work quickly to stay with Victor.

...

Like it? Add to Library.

Chapter 724: Money doesn't bring you happiness? That's because you aren't rich enough!

In the very spacious bathroom that had various styles of architecture, the group was having fun.

Victor was sitting in the bathtub in water that went to his abdomen and playing with the cell phone he had just received from Aphrodite.

His Wives were scattered around the bathroom, while Mizuki and Haruna were washing in an area very similar to Japanese bathrooms.

"Is it okay to wet your fur, Haruna?" Mizuki asked while looking at Haruna.

"Mhm, I can use my Youki to dry myself off. No problem." Haruna filled a basin with hot water and emptied it over her head.

"... Well, if you say so." Mizuki took the soap and started to wash.

Rose was sitting gracefully on Victor's left side, completely relaxed, and her eyes looked a little sleepy.

Sasha was sitting on Victor's right side with her head resting on his shoulders.

Leona and Natasha were floating around in the water like lifeless bodies.

"Hmm... I haven't relaxed like this in a while... I should do this more often." Natasha commented lazily.

"I agree..." Leona spoke.

Nightingale's technology was able to make several types of drinks that had different 'tastes'.

Although the drink was not as good as Victor's blood, Eleonor was not drinking to satisfy her hunger but just to relax.

Taking the drink she had just prepared, she walked calmly towards the bath where Victor was.

And yes, the bathroom not only had various styles of architecture representing both Western and Eastern cultures, but it also had a bar, pool area, ping pong table, saunas, and even open bathrooms with a view of the moon.

The 'bathroom' could well be called a luxury resort as it was so large...

People say money can't buy happiness, but they just say that because they don't have enough money.

BAAAM!

The door was abruptly opened, and a wild Violet and Ruby came in!

"Darling!! Why didn't you tell me you were taking a bath?!"

Victor stopped playing with his cell phone and looked at Violet: "I mean, it was a spontaneous decision. I didn't think much about it."

"You should have told me! If I didn't hear a Maid talking about it, I wouldn't even know!"

"But how am I going to warn you?"

"... Shout! I will hear it!"

"That's a pretty archaic means of communication, but I think it works..." Victor chuckled.

"Ugh, your voice is too loud, Violet! Stop yelling!" Leona screamed.

"..." Victor, Natasha, Eleonor, and Rose just rolled their eyes. Aren't you the one yelling here?"

"Shut up, Wolf bitch!" Violet quickly stripped off her clothes, threw them around carelessly, and ran to the tub.

Seeing what Violet was going to do, Leona tried to warn her: "Wait, Violet; you need to wash-!"

"Weeee!"

BOOOOM!

Like a cannonball, Violet jumped into the deepest area of the tub, sending water all over the bathroom.

"Ahhh, my drink! Damn it, Violet!" Eleonor grumbled irritably as water spilled into her glass.

"Haah... I swear, most of the time, I can't understand Violet. Sometimes she acts mature, but other times she acts like a child." Ruby sighed.

"Hahahaha, it's okay; that's how Violet is. And being serious all the time is not good for the mind. I had completely forgotten about that, and it was her and Hestia who reminded me to relax more." Victor grinned widely.

"Hestia, huh... Are you after the Goddess already?"

"To be honest, yes, but I will let things develop in their own time."

"Mhm, it's good to be honest, and if it's Hestia, I don't care. She's done a lot for our Family."

"Agreed!" Violet came out of the water abruptly and stood up with a big smile on her face as she crossed her arms, emphasizing her assets.

"If it's Hestia, I don't have a problem! You can run after her and fill her three holes! It's time for the Virgin Goddess to know what pleasure and love are!"

"Violet! Don't be indecent! And you call yourself a noblewoman!?" Ruby scandalized.

"Hmph, fuck nobility, I'm Violet! I am who I am!"

"Well said, Violet! Just go your way, and ignore that shit!" Natasha also got up beside her.

The two women looked at each other briefly and smiled together, then raised their hands and high-fived each other.

"Yay!"

"Haaah... I swear she's been getting worse since she hooked up with Leona and Eleonor."

"...Eh?... Huh!?" Leona and Eleonor, who were back at the bar to make a new drink, reacted simultaneously.

"What do you mean by that, Ruby?! I'm not like that! This is Sasha's fault!" Eleonor pointed.

"I agree. Since Violet teamed up with Natasha and Sasha, she's worsened daily." Leona didn't hesitate to throw Sasha under the bus.

Veins bulged on Sasha's head: "Hypocritical bitches! You're all degenerate perverts, but you never accept it! Ruby is a good example of this! She has this stern, cold face, but in bed, she's a masochist!"

Ruby's face turned red like her hair:

"Wha- "She tried to say something, but Sasha didn't finish.

"Ruby is not the only one! The entire Scarlett Clan is full of masochists! And that's quite ironic, knowing that it's the Clan that The Strongest Female Vampire founded! Could it be that this is some genetic trait of Scathach!?"

Ruby closed her fist and shook with embarrassment; then she said: "At least my Clan isn't full of degenerates!"

"Hey! Being a degenerate is good!" Natasha screamed. "What!? Mother, you should be defending us!"

"Why should I defend myself if it's true?" Natasha spoke, confused.

"I-I-I... Ugh..." Not knowing what to say, Sasha blushed in embarrassment and turned away, hiding her face in Victor's chest. She wondered why her mother was like this. She must have fallen out of her crib as a kid or something because there was no way that was her normal personality!

"Indeed, indeed. Being a degenerate is good!" Violet nodded several times and gestured as if she were a shepherd calling out to the innocent.

"Come to the dark side, little lamb. We have Victor!"

"Hey, don't use me as a bargaining chip; I'm your Husband!" Victor snapped.

"I'm in." Leona declared.

"Oyy!"

"It's okay, Darling. You'll like it, don't pretend you won't!" Violet pointed.

"Now you look like a loan shark!"

"If she were a moneylender who could sell you, she would be the richest woman in all existence!" Natasha pointed. "Just imagine how many 'lonely' rich women there are in this world. They would give all their wealth just to have you."

"Although such a scenario will never happen, I would never give my Darling to anyone! On the contrary, I will kill those whores!"

"... What women are you talking about? The Goddesses or the Mortals?" Eleonor asked, confused.

"All those who look at my Husband!"

"That's basically every woman in existence!" Rose snapped.

As they played with each other, Victor looked at Ruby.

"Aren't you going to come in, Honey?"

"Mhm, I will..." She nodded and looked curiously at Victor, who was petting Sasha. Their eyes met, and Ruby smiled gently:

"Darling~"

"Hmm?"

"Will you help me move the castle you gave me?"

Victor blinked twice: "... Are you still caring for it?" He smiled gently.

"Of course, it was your first gift to me."

Victor felt very sweet inside: "Where do you want to take the castle?"

"I was thinking of creating an Ice biome in the monsters' territory that will one day be ours."

Victor felt his lips tremble; he thought he had heard wrong:

"... A Biome?"

"Yes."

"... I mean, an entire Ice biome? Like the Arctic?" He asked again just to see if she was kidding.

"Yes."

"...." Victor didn't know what to answer for a few seconds. Making a biome was very different from just throwing Ice around. He would have to change the entire ecosystem

of a place, not to mention that he would have to do it permanently so that the Ice did not melt over time.

'Although will the Ice melt? After all, there was no sun in Nightingale.'

Nightingale's climate was quite conducive to creating these types of Biomes since the typical environment was already very cold.

"It doesn't have to be as big as the Arctic. I just want a mountain or two."

"Are you going to use it to make your lab?"

"Mhm."

"Okay, I'll help you, but we'll need the Alioth's help if you want to bring the castle."

"I asked Alexios for help, and he said he would do it."

"In that case, let me know when you're ready, and I'll help terraform the place."

"I will." She nodded and smiled gently, "Thank you, Darling."

A smile that Victor made a point of recording in his memories.

"You're welcome. You know you can just ask me for whatever you need, right?"

"Mhm, I know."

"Good."

"Aren't you going to bathe, Ruby?" Mizuki asks.

Ruby looked toward the voice and saw Mizuki standing beside her, along with Haruna.

Ruby stared at Haruna's tails and fox ears for a few seconds, her eyes sparkling with interest for a moment, but then she went back to normal:

"I will now," Ruby responded, walking toward the bathroom entrance. In the bathroom entrance, there were several closets where those who were going to bathe could put their dirty clothes.

Victor laughed a little when he saw Ruby's exchange with the two women. Reading his Wives was very easy; Victor understood them all intimately, and because of that, it was easy for him to see that she became very interested in just stroking Haruna's ear and tail.

She just didn't do it out of respect for the woman. After all, to Haruna, the only person who could be so intimate with her was her Husband.

Victor turned his gaze to Leona, Violet, Natasha, Rose, and Eleonor's discussion.

"Although I said that about degeneracy, you should only do this with your Husband, okay? Do not take yourself lightly!" Natasha exclaimed.

"... Excellent advice coming from a degenerate! The world will end tomorrow!" Eleonor screamed.

"Hey, I may be a perverted woman, but I'm only like that with my Husband! And since you're my sisters, I show that side to you too. But to outsiders, I'm just the noble Annasthashia Fulger, the most beautiful woman in Nightingale!"

"Most beautiful woman?" Eleonor snorted: "Where? I'm not seeing it!"

"This bitch..." Veins bulged on Natasha's head, she controlled her anger, and like a bipolar woman, she completely changed the subject by declaring:

"To our Husband, we are perverts, but to strangers, they would only earn our disdain!"

"She has spoken, Sisters! Let's kill those motherfuckers!" Leona and Violet spoke at the same time.

"Ohhh!" Natasha, Violet, and Leona raised their hands while giving a war cry.

"Ugh, they are getting really loud," Mizuki grumbled.

"They even dragged Eleonor and Rose into it." Haruna pointed and then asked:

"Aren't they the most 'serious' women around here?"

"Violet's power of influence is frightening. When she teams up with Natasha and Leona, that power practically triples in potency." Mizuki spoke.

"The First Wife is scary...." Haruna muttered as she slowly sank into the water.

"Hmm, so comfortable. No wonder Sasha is sleeping despite the noise."

"..." Mizuki said nothing and closed her eyes, enjoying the bath.

Victor smiled gently when he saw the girls' 'play'. It might look like they were arguing, but that was far from the truth; that was just their way of having fun.

'So peaceful...' Victor felt his mind relax completely at the sight.

And due to his connection with the girls, that feeling rubbed off on them as well, which resulted in them all letting go of the 'tension' and just having fun without thinking too much.

Victor looked at his chest and saw his Wife practically sleeping. She was very mentally tired, and due to the environment, she ended up falling asleep. He picked Sasha up, put her on his lap, adjusted her position, and made it more comfortable for her.

"MHmmm?" Sasha, who was sleepy, just looked up in search of answers.

"Just get some rest."

"Okie..."

He smiled a little, kissed her head, and stroked her long, loose hair; then, he picked up his cell phone and clicked on an app.

"Sasha is being sneaky-" Ruby smiled a little.

Victor looked at Ruby and saw her the way she came into the world. When her hair was down, she looked a lot like her mother.

"She's trying really hard. I think my 'sudden' increase in power has caused her discomfort."

"...Not just her, Darling. Everyone felt it." Ruby entered the bathtub and sat in the spot where Rose was previously.

"We understand that for you, it's been 700 years, but for us, it's only been a few months... The change was very abrupt." She explained.

"Mhm, I know, which is why I'm helping you guys get stronger. I comprehended much of the Fulger, Snow, and Scarlett Lineage while training. I plan to teach you all I know."

"Oh? That sounds like group training."

"That is exactly what I was planning." Victor chuckled, "I want to train with all the Mainline Members from Fulger, Snow, and Scarlett."

"Hmm... So the members will be Violet, Agnes, Sasha, Natashia, Victoria, me, my sisters, and my mother, huh...."

"I want to include Kaguya and Eve as well. After all, they also have the Powers derived from the Snow Clan Bloodline."

"I see..." Ruby thought about it and declared, "I think it will be impossible, Victor."

"Haah... I also thought it would be impossible. After all, everyone has their duties to the Clan and various other duties involving the New City and managing our influence on Earth."

Of the aforementioned group, only the Scarlett sisters were mostly free.

"... Having 'raw' power is important, but we shouldn't neglect our influence either."

"Mhm." Victor nodded and said:

"Because of that, I was thinking about the possibility of making a headquarters where we decide all this; it will be easier for us to get together too."

"Where will the headquarters be?"

"I was planning to make another mansion, a little bigger than this one, after training camp." Victor thought for a moment and said.

"In this way, we will separate the mansion of work and the mansion of leisure."

"Having a work environment is important for concentration... I can understand the logic of making another mansion." Ruby nodded.

"Making the mansion will be simple with my Power and Helena's. Only the bureaucratic issue will be a problem."

"Hmm... I think I can arrange a meeting to discuss this with Natasha and Agnes." Ruby thought a little about the next steps and said:

"They will probably accept. Which means we need to make a teleportation matrix but to do that..."

"We have to talk to Alexios again, huh."

"Indeed."

Victor sighed, "Haah, our group has already asked the old man for enough help. I can already see Vlad using this to make some kind of deal."

"Are we supposed to ignore Vlad?" Ruby asked.

"No. I am a King, not a coward who cannot repay his favors."

"...I don't think Alexios sees this as a favor, Victor. After all, you are his son-in-law."

"Regardless of whether I'm in a relationship with his daughter or not, Alexios works for Vlad, and Vlad is a King, and as a King, he will take advantage of every opening."

"There is no free lunch in the world, Ruby."

Ruby nodded, completely agreeing with what Victor said:

"You seem to understand how a King works pretty well now."

Victor smiled: "I am a King too... A Tyrant King, but still a King."

Ruby displayed a small smile and spoke in a cold and monotone voice: "Kyaa~, head for the hills. The big bad Demon King of Tyranny will kidnap us and control our lives."

"..." Victor raised his eyebrow at this poor imitation from Ruby.

"Fufufu, you sound like a Demon King out of a Medieval Fantasy Story, Vic."

"Well, in Hell, force speaks loudest; politics there are not like here." Victor shrugged.

"I can imagine."

Ruby approached Victor and gently kissed his lips, then a few seconds later, she said:

"You may be The Demon King of Tyranny, but you are my Demon King of Tyranny."

Victor laughed: "Does that make any sense?"

"Of course it does." She spoke gently, then laid her head on his shoulder.

"I will get some rest."

"Mhm."

A few minutes passed, and Victor felt Ruby's weak breathing. She had clearly fallen asleep, despite all the noise the girls were making.

'She must be exhausted.' Of the group, Victor thought that Ruby was the one who used her brain the most, either in research or planning the next steps. But, despite everyone helping her and asking her to relax, Ruby couldn't sit still and do nothing.

Because of this, she was one of the women with the most mental resistance in the group, but even Ruby had to rest her mind. After all, unlike the body, the mind did not regenerate so easily.

Victor looked at his cell phone and thought:

'Let's talk to the Gods.' Despite loving peacetime, Victor would not stand still. Protecting his Family was something very important, and if his plans came to fruition, his Family would become more untouchable than it currently was.

When Victor joined the chat group, he saw the notification. [The Sigma Male came online.]

The next moment, the other Gods in the chat group started to enter.

...

Edited By: DaVo 2138, IsUnavailable

Chapter 725: The Strongest Goddess.

[The Sigma Male came online]

[Goddess of Love came online]

[Goddess of War came online]

[AManOfCulture came online]

[CourtingDeath came online]

[TheMostBadssGoddess came online]

CourtingDeath: Oh? Unexpectedly, everyone came online. Is it because of our member who spends more time away than on Chat?

The Sigma Male: Unlike someone else, I'm really busy. CourtingDeath: I'm sure you are. Everyone here in the group has heard of your deeds. [Gif: Mad Respect]

Everyone in Chat: +1

[The Sigma Male changed his name to Victor]

Victor: Oh? I didn't know that you had heard of my deeds. [Goddess of Love changed her name to Aphrodite]

Aphrodite: I don't think there's a single Soul that doesn't know of you today, Darling. Probably only those who live under a rock don't know you now.

CourtingDeath: That's true... That Negative Energy, I could feel it even from here in my Pantheon... Just what kind of monster are you, Alucard?

Victor: How rude, calling me a monster. I'm just a simple Noble Vampire. [Gif: Innocent eyes like a child.]

CourtingDeath: Bullshit! If you're just a simple Noble Vampire, I can't even be called a God!

Aphrodite: I agree. Don't underestimate yourself too much, Darling... You are among one of the most powerful Beings in the world right now.

Victor: Hmm~, but it's still not enough.

Chat: ...

TheMostBadssGoddess: ... [Just how much stronger do you want to get?]

Victor: As long as there is someone stronger than me, I will still train to get stronger.

TheMostBadssGoddess: ... [To become the strongest of all, huh... A difficult task.]

Victor: But not impossible.

TheMostBadssGoddess: ... [True.]

CourtingDeath: Buhahahaha, that's the attitude of a warrior! Always reach for the top, Young man! [Gif: Bright smile] Aphrodite: Why are Loki and Freya so silent?

The Most BadssGoddess: ... [They don't know how to talk to Victor; after all, it's not an exaggeration to say that in terms of strength, Victor has surpassed them now.]

Aphrodite: Oh... They're acting like a couple of shy virgins.

[Admin Aphrodite has changed the name from AManOfCulture to Chicken.]

[Admin Aphrodite changed the name of Goddess of War to Whore.]

Chicken: Oyyy! 2 Whore: Oyyy!

Aphrodite: Ara, they showed up.

CourtingDeath: That's cruel...

Aphrodite: Hmm? Do you want me to change your name too, Susanoo?

CourtingDeath: Of course not! Why are you acting like a tyrant, Aphrodite!? Where's the democracy?

Aphrodite: I am the Wife of The Demon King of Tyranny. Democracy died a long time ago. [Gif: Evil laugh]

CourtingDeath: Ugh...

Victor: Is it okay to go around revealing your status, Aphrodite?

Aphrodite: It's okay. There are few Beings bold enough to provoke you now, Darling. Your show of defeating Diablo provoked fear and awe in many Gods... My concern is the women; after all, women of the Supernatural World desire strong men. Just look at Freya; she's acting like an innocent virgin just because you're online.

Whore: Who's acting like a virgin, Bitch!? And change my name back to normal soon! Ugh, why am I not an admin?! I'm one of the oldest members!

Aphrodite: Hehehe, she's finally back to normal.

[Admin Aphrodite has changed Whore's name to Freya]

TheMostBadssGoddess: ... [Change my name too, Aphrodite.]

Aphrodite: Oh? Why the sudden interest, Kali? You never really cared about your name.

TheMostBadssGoddess: ... [Makes me want to change.]

Aphrodite looked at her cell phone in amusement. As a Social Goddess who could read her surroundings, she didn't miss this 'small change' in Kali. Just like she had said, Kali would never have cared about her name or trivial things like that. Something must have triggered this reaction. The Goddess of Beauty was betting all her chips that this 'something' was Victor.

Of course, she could be overthinking, and this could just be a sudden urge, but from her experience, she firmly believed that this was not the case.

Aphrodite: Okiee~.

[Admin Aphrodite has changed the name of TheMostBadssGoddess to Kali.]

Chicken: Hmm... Can you change my name, too, please?

"Heh~, Loki showing respect and etiquette? Did the Trickster God hit his head or something?" She hummed in amusement.

"Could my Husband's demonstration have affected the Gods so much? Or is it because Loki is in trouble?" Whatever the reason, Aphrodite could work it out and gain more influence in the Pantheons.

Aphrodite went back and typed on her cell phone.

Aphrodite: Of course, Loki.

[Admin Aphrodite has changed Chicken's name to Loki.]

Loki: Thank you.

CourtingDeath: Hmm, now I feel uncomfortable being the only one with a nickname. Can you change it to my normal name?

[Admin Aphrodite has changed the name of CourtingDeath to Susanoo]

Aphrodite: Done.

Susanoo: Thank you.

Victor: Aphrodite, the others and I are in the bath if you want to come.

Aphrodite: Ehh!? You guys are having fun, and you didn't invite me!? Wait, I'm coming now!

Aphrodite quickly pocketed her cell phone and used her power to appear in front of the bathroom.

Hearing the girls' voices of amusement, Aphrodite quickly stripped completely naked and entered the bathroom.

"Girls! If you were here, you should have invited me too!"

"Geeh, Aphrodite." Violet made a disgusted face.

"What's with that reaction, Violet?! It's like you saw something disgusting!" A vein bulged on Aphrodite's head.

"Yes, indeed. I'm looking at something disgusting and perfect at the same time. My feelings are complex."

"..." Was that a compliment or an insult? They all couldn't tell.

"Anyway, I'll go take a shower too!"

"Huh? Are you dirty?" Natasha asked, confused, "As a Goddess, can't you use your Power to get clean?"

"Of course, but nothing beats the feeling of a good shower."

"Mhm."

"I agree."

"Bathing is the best."

Several confirmations resounded around.

Victor laughed gently at this situation and soon returned his attention to the cell phone.

Susanoo: You're in the bath with the Goddess of Beauty!? So jealous!

Loki: I can't help but agree with that.

Freya: Bunch of Simps! It's because of men like you that that woman has so much influence! Damn, Aphrodite! [Gif: Angry Bear.]

Kali: ... [Are you jealous, Freya?]

Freya: I'm not jealous! Just irritated that everyone pays attention to her!

Susanoo: That sounds like envy to me.

Loki: +1.

Freya: Ugh, I'm not jealous!!

Freya: Actually, shouldn't you be the one who's jealous, Kali?

Kali: ... [Hmm? Why would I be jealous?]

Freya: I mean... She is the Goddess of Beauty...

Kali: ... [And I am the Strongest Goddess]

The Chat was silent. It was a simple statement, but everyone could see Kali's small smile in their minds.

And that smile sent a shiver down everyone's spine, including Victor.

If one were to ask anyone in the Supernatural World: Who is the Strongest Male God?

Without exception, all would answer: Shiva, The God of Destruction.

In the same vein, if one asked any of the most important and influential Gods who was the Strongest Female God.

All these influential Gods would respond to Kali, the Goddess who embodied The Aspects of Active Destruction.

Often referred to as the counterpart of Shiva, Kali was a Goddess that few could talk about or even meet in person, the reason for this being her own Divinity.

While Shiva could turn his Divinity on and off, Kali's Divinity was always active. Because of this, she was a danger to all who were not strong enough because the mere act of her 'speaking' could destroy a weaker Being, erasing them from existence.

In terms of the pure Concept of [Destruction], Kali was a Goddess who was above Shiva.

Nobody knew who was stronger, Kali or Shiva, and probably nobody would. After all, a fight between them would cause great catastrophes of incalculable levels.

There was a consensus among the God-Kings that Kali was the strongest for one simple reason: The Goddess penetrated so deeply into the Concept of Destruction that she almost became the very Concept herself. When a God took on a concept for themselves as Kali did, that God evolved to become something more than a Primordial God.

A Primordial Entity, a Being that was part of the very Aspect of Existence.

Kali was the only known Goddess who was one step closer to achieving this state.

Incorporating a Concept into one's existence to become a Primordial Entity was extremely difficult, even for Primordial Gods who were already born with enormous proficiency in their Divinity.

What was the essential difference between a Primordial Goddess and a Primordial Entity?

The answer to that question was simple, their Soul.

Taking all aspects of the Soul as an example, a Mortal had a lower quality of Soul than a God.

The Soul of a Low-Level God did not have the same quality as that of a Primordial God.

In order to reach the next level, the Primordial God needed to cause a significant change in their Soul.

A Being that had reached the Primordial Entity stage was an existence that had transformed their own 'Soul' into a Concept, progressing them to become part of an Aspect of Existence.

It can be said that a Primordial Entity was genuinely immortal. After all, they will exist until the end of Time, and no one can really kill them like other Gods, who had weapons capable of killing them permanently.

Because of this, it was not an exaggeration to say that Kali was the 'Strongest'. After all, she was someone who was one step away from becoming a Primordial Entity of Destruction.

Although, this was all speculation. Kali and Shiva hadn't fought to decide who was stronger, and Shiva wasn't weak because he could 'control' his Power better. Thus, it could be said that he is stronger than Kali.

After all, Power without control was just a weakness.

Kali's confidence when she declared that she was the strongest was not unfounded. However, it wasn't certain who was the strongest between Shiva and Kali. These two Beings were definitely in the top 3 most powerful Beings, and those in the group knew this fact and could only remain silent in the face of her statement.

Victor himself also understood this fact. From the memories he'd received from Diablo, he 'understood' very well how dangerous Kali was.

Victor couldn't help but look at Aphrodite, who was playing with the other girls.

"The Power of Socializing is frightening..."

Aphrodite's strongest Power was her ability to socialize with everyone. She even befriended Kali, a woman that all Leaders in the Supernatural World feared.

Kali and Shiva were one of the reasons the Hindu Pantheon was so untouchable. Who would be foolish to cause chaos in that Pantheon?

'Ah, Diablo was.' Victor thought of amusement, soon he went back to typing:

Victor: You're the strongest... for now. Keep the Throne warm for me. I'll take it off your hands soon enough.

Kali: ... [Oh~?]

Everyone in Chat: Wh-What!?

...

Above the clouds, a floating island could be seen. On that island, a gigantic Temple occupied a significant amount of space.

Inside that Temple, a woman with long blood-red hair was floating in the lotus position. Not only was she floating, but so was her long red hair. She had so much Power within her that every strand of her hair carried an absurd amount of Energy. With a combination of all that Power, her hair and body seemed to exude a red aura that acted as natural armor.

Nobody could touch it because they would be destroyed. Only the truly strong could be in her presence without the risk of disappearing.

This was why she was isolated from her entire Pantheon.

With her eyes closed, she 'looked' toward the cell phone floating at a safe distance so that it would not be destroyed. Victor: You're the strongest... for now. Keep the Throne warm for me. I'll take it off your hands soon enough.

Reading the message again, a smile of amusement began to grow in her, and along with that feeling, there was also a feeling of incredulity and disbelief.

"Hahaha~" She laughed in a very elegant, playful way.

That simple laugh made everything around her disappear, destroying everything the sound touched. Even though she realized it was destroying the Temple, she couldn't stop laughing.

A few seconds passed with this unintentional destruction until she stopped laughing, and mysteriously, the destroyed Temple began to regenerate as if going back in Time.

'Haah~, I haven't laughed like that in a while' She showed a small smile.

Opening her eyelids, the two exotic dark red eyes, ones without irises, appeared. Her eyes looked like a lake of blood whose inside was full of 'Beings'. These eyes were the physical representation of Destruction, proof that she was about to Ascend to the Primordial Entity State. Kali predicted it would take a few more millennia to Ascend fully, a long time for Mortals but a brief period for a God.

Unlike the Concept of 'END', which simply erased everything from existence, 'Destruction' merely destroyed so that 'creation' could occur once more.

In Nature, nothing was lost or erased; everything was simply transformed from one form to another.

The Concept of Destruction represented this saying well.

Kali kept looking at the chat group, who were in a frenzy over Victor's statement.

'Defeat me, huh? Does he realize what he's saying?' Thinking of Victor's goal, she thought:

'He wants to become the strongest, huh.' She smiled slightly.

Kali closed her eyes again. She didn't need her eyes to see. She could feel everything around her very clearly as if she were seeing. The reason she opened her eyes was simple. She wanted to see the True Essence of Victor.

With just one look, even if he were literally in another Universe, Kali could see the True Essence of Victor, and what she saw put a smile on her face. The man was indeed a 'monster'.

Kali thought it had been a while since she had been interested in anyone to the point of using her abnormal senses.

'Eventually, he will have to come to me; after all, no one can declare themselves the strongest while I exist.'

Kali thought about answering Victor's statement but decided to remain silent. She knew that even if she said something, he would do it anyways; after all, it was his goal.

She just read the Chat with an amused smile on her face. The confidence Victor had in himself was something she liked a lot, his statement could be seen as the arrogance of a man who didn't understand reality, but she didn't think so.

Kali knew that Victor understood her 'Power' very well, but even so, he dared to say that. The reason for that was simple: he was confident in himself, his ability, and his monstrous talent, allowing him to achieve such a high level in just a few years.

Looking at his achievements, she could understand very well why he was so confident.

Kali almost started laughing again when she read the text:

Victor: Why are you all screaming like headless chickens? Stop being cowards! That's why you don't get stronger.

Susanoo: [Gif of an arrow hitting the heart]

Loki: [Gif of a depressed character sitting crouched, drawing circles on the floor]

Freya: ...This has nothing to do with being a coward or not, Demon King.

Victor: Oh? Explain.

Freya: Kali is simply unattainable. There is a difference between insanity and cowardice.

Freya: What you declared is insanity.

Victor: Freya, I am a man who, in less than four years, achieved the level of a God-King. If someone from the past told you that this would happen, what would you say?

Freya: ...That person is insane.

Victor: And yet, here I am.

No one in the Chat could say anything in the face of this statement. When it was shown that the group was typing again, Victor's message appeared, leaving everyone silent again.

Victor: Just shut up, and watch me.

Chat:

...

Edited By: DaVo 2138, IsUnavailable

Chapter 726: I do not need him

Loki pursed his lips when he saw Victor's message. The god of lies had to say this man was really cool, he was arrogant to the point of provoking one of the strongest beings around, but at the same time, he wasn't insufferable like Thor, where when the opponent was weaker, the thunder god's arrogance was even more evident.

Not only did Loki feel that way about Victor, but Freya and Susanoo felt the same. As two warriors, they could understand where Victor's confidence came from, and honestly, if they had feats similar to Victor's, they would also be confident.

Never in history had a man or woman risen from the bottom of the scale of power and gone straight to the top, becoming one of the most powerful beings in the world in just a few short years, and just this achievement alone proved how monstrous he was.

'A martial talent that surpasses even a God of War...' Freya thought analytically. Now, she regretted a little that she had let her arrogance cloud her judgment.

She should have stopped Loki with his teasing the day Aphrodite said she was bringing a guest, a guest even Aphrodite herself had told them to treat cordially.

Although she was not as guilty as Loki, she still bore some of the blame for not stopping him.

Victor: Loki, I want to talk to you.

"Huh?" Freya was so surprised by this message that she stopped for a few seconds to read it again to see if she wasn't imagining things.

'Why does he want to talk to Loki?' She questioned herself. Frankly, Victor and Loki's relationship wasn't good right now, they weren't so hostile towards each other to call each other enemies, but they weren't friendly either.

While Freya was thinking about why Victor wanted to talk to Loki.

The god of lies himself was sweating like a pig waiting to be slaughtered right now. If it was earlier, he would have responded with his usual arrogance and ignored what he did to Victor in the past, but he couldn't do that now.

The reason why he couldn't do it?

Victor had become too strong.

Strong enough to rival the strongest gods in his pantheon.

He could play pranks in the past with Thor and Odin because he knew both gods would indulge him.

But such a thing was not going to happen to Victor.

Yes, the god of lies was afraid of Victor.

A normal reaction for those who felt the 'despair' when Victor unleashed all his power.

Even the gods were afraid of the unknown, and to the gods, Victor was just that, the unknown.

They just couldn't understand the puzzle that was Victor. How did this bastard that suddenly appeared become so monstrous?

Realizing he was taking too long to reply, Loki carefully typed: Loki: What do you need from me, Demon King?

Victor: I am aware of the conflict between Helheim and Asgard.

"..." Loki opened his eyes in shock. The way he worded it indicated that he knew 'everything' about what was going on and not a few things like the other pantheons knew. How does he know that? When that thought popped into his head, his next reaction was to roll his eyes.

"Of course, he is aware. After all, his wife is bloody Aphrodite." He's wondering why his IQ wasn't working properly when he was talking to Victor. Normally he wouldn't be this surprised.

After thinking a bit, he understood why he was reacting like this: "I'm still thinking of him as a mortal..." He clicked his tongue in annoyance.

How can such a monster be a mere mortal? He really punished himself now for the gods' prejudice towards mortals.

'I must regard him as a god. I must regard him with the same level of importance as Odin, which means the same caution in dealing with Odin is necessary.'

If there's one thing Loki was good at, it was changing mindsets. After all, as a god of lies, he was a good actor, and he could play roles with maximum efficiency.

Victor: I want to talk to your daughter. Do you have a way to talk to her?

Loki unconsciously went on the defensive,

Loki: Why? Why do you want to talk to my daughter?

Victor: She is the leader of Norse Hell, and I am the leader of Biblical Hell. Is there a reason beyond that?

Of course, Loki didn't believe Victor's words. He needed to think about it carefully and understand Victor's intentions since Hela's situation now in Asgard was delicate. Destroying Bifrost using a damn dragon had the effect of causing that in a pantheon; everyone was wary of her, even Odin.

If it was in the past, Odin would go down to Helheim and ask [demand] that she do something, or even hand over the dragon if it was a normal dragon.

Odin could do this because he knew where Hela's loyalty lay. She was Asgard's ally, even if Asgard did nothing to nurture that alliance.

But now that's not possible anymore, Hela wasn't taking Odin's shit anymore, and she had a dragon eager to eat the old goat's divine ass if he tried to force her hand.

Nǫggur was not a normal dragon. He was a serpent dragon that was one of the beings that were waiting for Ragnarok, a beast of the 'END', capable of threatening everyone if not handled with care.

Loki: I'm sorry, but I don't trust you. If you don't give me a good reason, I can't take you to my daughter.

Loki typed with the intention of extracting more information from the conversation with Victor.

Victor: Hmm... Okay.

Loki waited... He waited for 20 minutes, but no message from Victor came again.

"Huh?" He did not expect this development. Normally, when someone wants something, shouldn't that person negotiate? Why was he silent all of a sudden? What manipulations is this man trying to play on him?

Loki: Why are you silent?

Victor: You seem to get something wrong, Loki.

Loki: Huh?

Victor: There is no negotiation. There are no manipulations. I asked you something, and you asked me something back. I answered your question, and you didn't answer mine.

Victor: That's just it.

"..." Is that the attitude of someone asking for something!? Loki has never seen anyone so disrespectful before!

Loki: How is this not my problem? She is my daughter! I have the right to decide anything regarding her!

Victor: ... Are you blind, Loki? When did I say this is not your problem?

Victor: Although you're right, that's not your problem. Hela is an adult, Loki. A thousand-year-old adult goddess. I'm sure she's competent enough to make a decision for herself.

Loki was speechless with this man's attitude. How dare he decide what's best for his daughter!?

Freya: I know I shouldn't get involved in this conversation, but the Demon King is right, Loki.

Loki: Freya!? Are you on his side!?

Freya: I'm not on anyone's side. I'm just making my point. Remember that Hela didn't need your permission when she descended to the roots of the world tree and traded with the dragon of Ragnarok.

Freya: She is no child. Odin is proof of that; he underestimated the queen of hell and paid dearly.

Loki: She's a child!

Freya: A child would never be able to do that!

The chat group exploded with conversations between the two Norse gods.

Looking at this, Victor couldn't help but think: 'For a god of lies and cunning, he's quite overprotective of his daughter... Although I can understand that feeling a bit.'

Despite understanding the feeling, Victor did not share the same feeling. Because of his overprotection, he became paranoid and interpreted his messages as hostile or something.

"As expected... Freya was going to side with you this time." Aphrodite commented as she sat next to Victor in the rest area with a view of the sky.

"You talk like they're always at odds, Aphrodite," Victor said.

"Believe me, in the past, Freya couldn't see Loki, or the god of lies would risk his life. He is not well-liked in Asgard. But thanks to my friendship with them and the chat group, they manage to get along without Freya wanting to kill Loki all the time."

"Hmm ~, looks like the god of lies has more enemies than I thought."

"You have no idea." Aphrodite laughed, "But I think Loki does it on purpose."

"What do you mean?"

"He is the god of lies and deceit, his specialty is distraction, and he does this always to keep the attention of most gods on him and not on his children."

"Jǫrmungandr, Fenrir, and Hela, the three children of Loki..."

Loki must have the genes to make abominations. At least that's what the gods think, huh."

"Yeah ~" Aphrodite laughed in amusement as if she remembered something: "Despite being beautiful, the goddesses avoid Loki like the plague. After all, none of the goddesses wants to give birth to an 'abomination' that can turn them into enemies of Odin."

"Hmm ~, I almost felt sorry for him just now."

"Really?"

"Nah."

Aphrodite laughed even harder in a sensual, gentle voice. She laughed like that for a few seconds before her expression changed to a solemn one.

"Darling, you know I'll always be there for you. Even if they are my 'friends' whom I trust, I will still value our relationship more."

Victor raised his eyebrow: "... No need to beat around the bush, Aphrodite. Just tell me your thoughts."

Aphrodite's pink eyes look into Victor's violet eyes for a long time. During all that silence, the two were lost in their own connection feeling each other's emotions.

"For you, I would easily abandon my friends, you are my love, and I will protect my love."

"But... It would be great if you didn't antagonize Freya and Loki too much."

Victor rolled his eyes, "Aphrodite, I'm not so petty as to hold a grudge for a long time."

"That is a lie."

"..." Victor opened his mouth to say something but then closed his mouth, his lips twitching a little.

"Haah ..." He sighed, "Okay, I hold a bit of a grudge against Loki, but I'll try not to antagonize him unnecessarily unless he gives me a reason to."

"For me, that's enough." She smiled gently, "I know you won't put up with Loki's shit, and Loki himself knows that, so he'll be more careful around you, not to mention that now, you're stronger than him, even if he gets angry he will be much more meek than before."

"Not to mention that due to the current situation in the world, we need allies in various pantheons."

"Mhm." Victor was not a child. He knew how to differentiate when to be professional and when not to be.

As a king, he learned that lesson, sometimes you have to make an alliance with the enemy to keep the enemy closer to you so you can watch them.

Keep friends close and enemies closer.

Despite understanding this, one thing Victor wouldn't change was those who harm his bottom line, which was harming his family or trying to control him. They would always pay the price.

And Loki did the latter, even if it was meant as a 'joke'; he tried to control him, and he didn't like it one bit.

He was nobody's pawn. He was the leader of his will, and his blood boiled just thinking about that encounter. If it weren't for his consideration of the woman who was his wife, he would probably be thinking about possible revenge in the future. Seeing Loki and Freya arguing in the chat group, Aphrodite asked:

"Anyway, why did you ask Loki about Hela? Hadn't you made a deal with Viviane?"

"Oh? You know it?"

"Mhm, Viviane came to me for help with the mouse, and I overheard the details of the conversation."

"Is she in trouble?"

"That's not it; she came to ask for help from my connections specifically. She wants to get some nuts that the mouse is very fond of. This nut only exists in the Egyptian pantheon."

Victor's lips twitched: "He's a mouse, and he likes nuts?"

"He's also a squirrel... Most of the time." Aphrodite muttered at the end of the sentence.

"... He sounds troublesome." Victor snorted.

"Indeed."

"To answer your question, I was just looking for other alternatives in case I fail with Viviane's option."

"A second option, huh..."

"Mhm."

"Do you think Loki has something that can move between realms?" Aphrodite asked curiously.

"He is Loki, the god of lies, someone who takes pride in playing tricks on the gods. It would be illogical for him not to have something that can move between realms. In fact, it

would be weirder if he didn't have a way to do it."

"...." Aphrodite couldn't argue with Victor; what he said was something very Loki-like.

"Ugh, if Alexios could use his powers to bypass the barrier that surrounds the pantheons, I wouldn't have to do this." Invading hell is very different from invading a pantheon full of gods.

The scale of the difficulty was completely different. The moment Alexios touched the barrier surrounding the Norse pantheon, Odin and Heimdall would immediately notice the invasion.

"Hmm, if you need him, why not leave the matter to me? He is very defensive due to his situation, so if anyone asks anything about Hela now, he will react very defensively."

"At least you could treat him more 'gently' so he'll let his guard down," Aphrodite adds.

"You've got something wrong. I don't need Loki. If Viviane's contact doesn't work out, I'll look for other ways. If I don't find other ways, I'll come in by force. I have my ways of doing that; I just didn't want to cause unnecessary conflict."

Victor was already seen as an enemy of the world, and his infamy could be used against him by the gods who were afraid of him, which is why he didn't want to cause big problems that could turn against him.

"The reason for acting the way I do is that I've met someone like Loki before, and that's the right thing to do when dealing with a treacherous liar like him."

"Oh? Who was it?"

"Zagan, a cunning and treacherous demon." Victor frowned as he remembered the demon. He was the perfect picture of a merchant who couldn't be trusted.

"Ugh, that demon, huh."

"Have you met him in the past?"

"Yes, he tried to deceive me by selling a cheap product in exchange for the ambrosia of the gods." Aphrodite frowned as she thought about that encounter.

"I see ... That sounds like something he would do." Victor nodded.

Victor looked at his cell phone again: "Back to the point. To deal with these kinds of beings, we need to demonstrate superiority and authority from the start and not fall for their sweet words."

"Loki is a lot like Zagan. If I were 'nice', he would get the wrong impression and think he's in a position of power, which is extremely wrong thinking."

"Throw a trap, and wait for the mouse to walk into the trap voluntarily, huh." Aphrodite could understand Victor's reasoning. To be honest, looking at Victor's circumstances, that's something she was definitely going to do.

"Hela might be powerful with that dragon, but we don't know if she controls that dragon or not. It would be presumptuous of us to think that anyone can control an ancient dragon like that beast."

"So it is logical to think that she's isolated in Asgard, all the kingdoms of Asgard are against her, probably only the frost giants or the fire giants could ally with her, but that scenario is unlikely to happen since if Hela allies with the frost or fire giants, she would be branded as an enemy by Odin, and forces would quickly be dispatched," Aphrodite spoke her thoughts aloud.

"So a second force is needed to balance the game," Victor added.

"..." Aphrodite opened her eyes wide when she heard what Victor said:

"You're crazy, Vic. If you take such action too soon, you will truly become the enemy of the world."

Victor just grinned widely.

"I really have Diablo to thank."

"..." Aphrodite raised her eyebrow when she noticed Victor ignoring what she said.

"He has prepared so many plans for so many years. I, as his rightful successor, will reap the fruits of his labor. I really must thank him ~." His smile changed to a gentle one. It was as if he was talking about someone extremely close to him, like a brother.

"Do not worry, my brother Diablo, I, Victor Alucard, will follow your will and carry out your plans. Those usurpers who betrayed and killed you will pay for their crimes." He spoke in a fair, confident tone as if he were an older brother who wanted revenge on the man who killed his younger brother.

'Diablo is definitely turning over in his grave right now.' Aphrodite rolled her eyes, questioning her husband's sanity now. After all, he was the one who killed Diablo! Why was he acting like he wanted to avenge Diablo?

"Darling, Darling! The cinema is ready!" Violet barged into the rest area. Unlike her unclothed state when in the bathroom, she was wearing a white robe with the Snow Clan crest on it.

"Oh? That is good! Tell everyone, and those who desire to participate should go to the room."

"Yes, Sir!" Violet spoke like a soldier and then ran back to the bathroom.

"Aphrodite, can you speak with the goddesses?"

"Mhm ~, okay, I'll go talk to them." She nodded.

"Good." He smiled in satisfaction: "I think I should invite my generals as well." He grabbed his bag and pulled out a interaction orb.

...

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Chapter 727: Cinema Time

"Father!"

Nero and Ophis pushed open the door and entered with a rumble.

They looked around and immediately found Victor sitting in an armchair, reading an ancient-looking book in his hand.

"Hmm?" Victor smiled gently at the two girls and said, "My Daughters."

Nero and Ophis' faces turned a little red. They had to say that their Father's beauty was breathtaking, and even though they were a little used to it, they were always surprised again whenever they saw Victor in a new outfit or different location. Ophis and Nero didn't exactly know what was going on around them, like Victor's Wives, and they didn't care much either. The only thing they knew was that this new, more 'relaxed' Victor was much better than the previous one, who was always busy.

Of course, Nero, as the oldest and most experienced, knew that if she wanted to learn something, she should ask Ruby or any of her Father's Wives. Still, she was always so busy lately with the training that Victor or Scathach gave her that she just didn't have time to worry about it.

"Come here. Let's wait for the others to arrive."

"Mhm!/Yes, Father!" Nero and Ophis answered simultaneously as they quickly jumped into Victor's lap and began to be pampered by him.

"Tell me how your training went," Victor asked.

"Mother Scathach is cruel...." Ophis was the first to denounce Scathach brazenly.

"..." Nero looked wordlessly at Ophis. It seemed the little girl would do anything to receive her Father's pampering, even throwing her 'mothers' under the bus.

Just for that purpose, she didn't hesitate to call Scathach 'Mother', something she had never done before.

'Now that I stop to think about it, she always uses the word 'Mother' when she wants to point out some 'mistake' made by Father's Wives.' Nero had to say that Ophis was as sneaky as a fox.

"Oh?" Victor narrowed his eyes a little: "Tell me in detail about your training." He asked nicely.

"Mhm." Ophis began explaining how her training went, with Nero stepping in to add more details occasionally.

A few minutes passed, and Ophis finished explaining; Victor's reaction was just a gentle smile and caressing his daughters' head:

"I'm glad she's not being so hard on you guys." He sighed a little.

"..." Nero and Ophis looked at Victor speechlessly: 'Was that not tough?' They wondered if their Father had a very high training standard or if he had gone completely mad. The training they received was more demanding than when their Father trained them!

Victor, seeing the reaction of his daughters, just laughed gently:

"You guys won't believe it, but she trained Ruby much harder when she was your age."

"... Impossible..." Nero and Ophis said simultaneously in disbelief.

"There's no way a child could handle that..." Nero muttered.

"A normal child? Of course not, but you're not normal kids, just like Ruby wasn't in the past." Victor caressed the heads of the two and continued:

"You are my daughters, and as my daughters, the best training is what you will receive, and the best training doesn't come easy."

"No pain, no gain. There is no easy way for someone to gain strength."

"The proof of these words is that even though you are complaining, you have become much stronger than before, right?"

"...Mhm..." The two nodded after thinking a bit about their current Power. Their current Power couldn't even compare to the past; if they were put back into the same danger they had faced in Japan, they were confident they could kill all their attackers.

Victor nodded in satisfaction and decided to change the subject:

"Are you staying for movie night?"

"Yes, we will!" Nero answered for her and Ophis.

Victor smiled gently and started talking quietly with his daughters.

A few minutes later, the door opened again, and Kaguya, Eve, Roxanne, Bruna, Maria, and Roberta came in wearing more casual clothes.

"You look beautiful." Victor wasted no time and quickly praised them. It had been a while since he'd seen the girls in more casual clothing, and it was a really refreshing feeling to see them in different clothes... Although he liked to see them more in Maid outfits or derivatives of the style, even the sexy Maids' dresses.

But this 'preference' of his was due to his own personal tastes, and seeing the girls like this was good too.

The women smiled gently when they heard what Victor said.

Even Roxanne, who spent the most time without a Maid's uniform in the group, smiled when she heard what he said. After all, she knew he was saying that to everyone.

"Master-, Medusa wishes to talk to you." Roberta suddenly spoke as she snuck up on Victor.

"Mhm, swap with her, please." Victor nodded.

Roberta closed her eyes, and the next moment she opened them, the pupils of her eyes narrowed as Roberta's long, ankle-length hair started to come to life and move of its own accord.

Medusa in Roberta's body took a deep breath: "Haah, I haven't been out for a while since our copulation act, I think."

Cough.

"Medusa, there are children here."

Ophis and Nero rolled their eyes, along with Medusa and the Maids.

"Don't underestimate children these days, Master. The internet has ruined everything for the younger generation."

"..." Victor had no words to refute that. After all, he was one of those generations. Even without talking about birds and bees with his mother or at school with the teacher, he had already learned everything on the internet through questionable sites that every living Being, whether they be men or women, entered once in life.

Medusa looked carefully at Victor, specifically at his reptilian eyes.

'Now, he will be even more prepared to face those damned Greeks.' Medusa nodded in satisfaction.

"I want to train my people. I feel like them sitting still is not acceptable."

"Hmm..." Victor thought of the women who were part of Medusa's Race: "Where do you want to train them?"

"In the forest that Roxanne made, or in the forest that you made."

"...For now, go to the Fairy forest. Soon, I will make a New City. We will live in that place."

"Are we leaving Nightingale?" Eve asked curiously.

"Not yet, my Wives still have responsibilities here, and we're not at odds with Nightingale either... But eventually, yes, we'll leave."

"Why? Why should we leave? Is this not a good place?" Bruna asked curiously.

"Two predators cannot live in each other's territory, Bruna," Kaguya said.

"Predators...?" Bruna repeated confusedly until she opened her eyes wide and understood what Kaguya was implying: "Oh."

"But will Vlad do anything since Victor has become so strong?" Maria asked.

"Probably not. He has a lot to lose from a fight with Master, but nobody knows about the future, so it's better for us to be in our own territory where we can control everything,"

Medusa explained.

"And with the new territory, I, Scathach, and Zaladrac can better work on defending the territory," Victor added.

Kaguya opened her eyes a little as she understood Victor's intentions: "Master, are you planning to use Runes...?"

"Of course I am. I want my territory to be the safest of all. I want to see who will be foolish enough to invade a territory created by a World Tree and protected by Dragon Runes alongside the work of a Master Runesmith." Victor's smile grew.

"I bet that individual would suffer a rather sad fate, wouldn't they?" Maria smiled the same way as Victor.

"Indeed, they will have a very unfortunate, painful fate~."

"I can't wait to see the finished city!" Bruna smiled widely.

"I wonder what kind of torture they would go through... I think I will train my people to be torturers; with our skills, that will be a perfect task." Medusa added.

"..." Kaguya, Eve, Roxanne, Nero, and Ophis stared blankly at the bunch of grinning sadists.

"Anyway, girls. Grab a seat and spread out; the other girls will be here soon."

"Okay"

"Yes, Master."

"Mhm."

Confirmation sounds resounded all around, and soon the girls scattered.

Since there were no seats next to Victor, no one sat beside him.

Victor waited a little longer while he talked and played with Nero and Ophis, then the door opened again.

This time only the older women came: Jeanne, Morgana, Agnes, Natashia, Victoria, Aphrodite, and Hestia.

"Darling!/Victor!/Husband!" Exclamations were heard all around, and soon some of them jumped toward Victor.

"Whoa, calm down, Morgana, Agnes, and Natashia." Victor quickly stopped the three women in the air with his Power.

"Do you want to crush Ophis and Nero?"

"..." The three women looked at Ophis and Nero, and their enthusiasm fell slightly.

Seeing this, Victor lowered them gently with his Power, and soon, they were on their feet again and approached him more 'cordially'.

"Darling, I missed you..." Agnes commented with the eyes of an abandoned dog.

"But didn't we just see each other a few days ago?" Victor asked.

"That is still a long time!" Agnes retorted, "I want to be by your side 24 hours a day, 376 days a year!"

Victor chuckled gently at Agnes' outburst. The way she obsessed was so cute.

"..." Seeing her Father's reaction, Nero couldn't help but think that he was definitely special. She was sure that ordinary men would run away from women like Agnes, but he just smiled and treated it like it was nothing.

In the past, she wandered far when she ran away from the laboratory where she was experimented on, and she saw many things, then with the establishment of her as a daughter of Victor...

She received many opportunities that she didn't have before. Just because of her name, the Noble Vampires feared her and treated her like a Princess no matter where she went.

She started to understand a little bit how Ophis felt now, and to be honest, it was annoying... Although her treatment was better, it was obvious that they were only interested in her because of her last name. In the end, it was all self-interest.

Because of this, she became even more closed to outsiders and only interacted with those close to her Father and her Father himself.

She'd heard about the duties of Noble Vampires from prestigious Clans, but she'd treated it like it wasn't important to her. She knew her Father wouldn't force her to do anything she didn't want to do.

He was the best dad ever!

"Ugh. No need to shout, Agnes. I think we already understand that." Natasha suddenly spoke.

Agnes turned her gaze to Natasha: "Shut up, Natasha! You were by his side the whole time! You have no opinion here!"

"H-huh?" Natasha was taken aback by Agnes' sudden outburst, and looking closely at Agnes, she saw the obvious symptoms, which were obsessive eyes, heavy breathing, and a tense body, symptoms she knew very well.

A disease called Horny... Yes, Agnes was horny.

"Behave yourself, Agnes. There are children here, and soon there will be guests." Natasha snapped.

"What are you-."

Natasha approached Agnes and whispered, "Don't worry, the fun things will happen later."

"..." This made Agnes calm down completely, and a gentle smile appeared on her face.

"Ara, I'm sorry about my manners, Darling~."

"..." Everyone couldn't help but wonder how someone could change so quickly with just a few words. She sure was bipolar, wasn't she?

Or is it some quirk of the Snow Clan? After all, Violet had reacted the same way in the past.

They couldn't tell.

Morgana approached Natasha and spoke softly in her ear: "Should we get the rope and the other things...?"

Natasha froze briefly; how could she have forgotten those details?

"...That's a conducive idea. When the night is over, I'll go get them."

"Mhm." Morgana smiled in satisfaction.

Victor just smirked. Did these women forget that everyone in the room could hear them? They weren't being discreet! If you desire to keep secrets, use alternative means like he always did! Or speak with just the movement of your lips!

'Wait... Maybe, that was their goal the whole time. They desire to cheer me up...' It's worth noting that Victor was excited about the coming events after the movie ended.

"..." Ophis and Nero rolled their eyes again. How could they keep their 'innocence' in this place? Their 'Mothers' were all a bunch of perverts!

Of course, they weren't all like that since women like Ruby, Lacus, Kaguya, Jeanne, Sasha, and Haruna were less 'perverted' and avoided saying things like that in front of them.

...Little did they know that the women mentioned were some of the most perverted of the bunch. It's like they say, it's always the quiet ones.

Victor looked at Jeanne, Aphrodite, and Hestia:

"Only Hestia? Did the others not want to come?"

"Goddesses aren't very interested in movies or anything like that. At least the Greek Goddesses aren't." Aphrodite responded.

"... Let me guess, if it were an orgy, they would come?" "Yes." Aphrodite did not even hesitate to respond.

"..." Victor really wondered if it was okay for that bunch of predators to be out there.

'Well, Aphrodite and Hestia have them on a leash, and they know that if they did something, the punishment they would receive would make them wish for death.'

...

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Chapter 728: Bottled up feelings from the past

"Jeanne, how are things with you and Adam?"

"...Normal... Due to Vlad's lack of presence, he's finally becoming a more 'normal' boy."

"Humpf, that old man's influence was a very vile thing in our children's lives." Morgana snorted.

"Morgana... Just forget about Vlad. By acting hateful, you're just saying you have some lingering feelings for him."

"What!? Of course not! I hate that man!" Morgana snarled as she sent wary glances in Victor's direction. She didn't want Jeanne's words to mislead him.

"If you hate him, just ignore him. Indifference is much worse than hatred." Jeanne pointed out.

"..." Morgana looked at Jeanne with an expression of shock; she had never thought of it that way before.

"Look at me. Even though I hold grudges against Vlad, he's still the father of my child, and eventually, even if I don't want him to, he's going to be a part of Adam's life. That's the only connection that he and I currently have. When I talk to him, I only talk about my son and nothing else."

"This indifference is better than hate. After all, even if you hate someone, you are still paying attention to that person." Jeanne explained sagely.

"That's... That's so mature! As expected of the eldest of the group, I will follow your advice."

"Oyy!" A vein bulged on Jeanne's head. Although Morgana wasn't wrong, she didn't want anyone to point it out!

"..." Victor actually felt a little bad for Vlad when he heard Jeanne and Morgana talking about him, though his pity level was the size of his little finger since the old man deserved it.

A woman who had been neglected and 'controlled' most of her marriage was ruthless when she finally got out of that marriage.

Hearing Jeanne and Morgana's experiences with Vlad in the past, Victor couldn't help but think that there were people like Vlad who didn't take care of their most precious possessions in life, their Family.

'They are fools.' Victor huffed: 'We can live forever, but what's the use of immortality if we are alone?'

If Victor were to live out all of his immortal life alone, he might as well kill himself. He knew that, eventually, loneliness and boredom would consume him.

Material possessions, Kingdoms, it would all get lost in the sands of time, and only those truly close to you would stay by your side forever.

Because of this, Victor was keen to turn every girl around him into Yanderes. After all, only a Yandere would last against the sands of time.

...He was DEFINITELY not doing this because he loved psycho-love girls; he was definitely not that abnormal after all.

Please believe him.

"Cough, cough." Victor coughed, drawing the attention of the two women back to him:

"How are Lilith and Elizabeth reacting to all of this?" Victor asked.

"... They are fine. And finally, Lilith is showing some signs of potential, something that would have happened years ago if she weren't so spoiled."

"That's good." Victor nodded. Hearing that the people around him were getting stronger was always satisfying.

"Still, on the topic of children... What are you going to do about the Goddess of Demons?"

Morgana shuddered a little, "... What do you mean, Darling?"

Victor smiled gently, "It's okay if you don't want to bring it up, Morgana. I'm not judging you or anything."

"..." Morgana was going to say something but just closed her mouth.

"I'm saying this is a good time to talk to the original Lilith about your 'promise'."

Long ago, Morgana had to promise to create a new General for Lilith in exchange for her leaving Lilith's forces.

Initially, this new General was supposed to be her First Daughter, but she failed to train her Firstborn to be a weapon, and for a long time, she forgot about this matter. It wasn't until later that she was reminded of her promise by Lilith herself, which forced Morgana to act.

Using all the forces of her 'dreams', along with Vlad's Energy, a miracle occurred, and she managed to create a life, a life whose name was Elizabeth Tepes.

Her youngest daughter.

But again, seeing the baby before her, she couldn't abandon her daughter, and right after that, she didn't have time to think about it when the whole incident involving the death of one of Vlad's Wives happened, which caused a complete break in her already broken family.

"... How do you know that, Darling?" Morgana asked gently without an accusatory tone. She fully understood that Victor only wanted her to be well, which was why he brought up the subject.

"Lilith can be quite chatty when she's drunk." Victor smiled gently.

Morgana's eyes narrowed, and worry that other unreliable people would hear about her promise to Lilith began to grow in her heart, but Victor's following words calmed her spirits completely:

"Fortunately, only my trusted subordinates heard this, and I erased the memories of those who heard about this event after I was informed of what she said."

Victor didn't lie. When his subordinates were surveilling Lilith on her 'tour' of the City, the woman drank a lot of Demonic Alcohol and ended up getting completely inebriated.

And like a nasty drunk, she began to ramble on about the misfortunes of her life. Eventually, she started to get irritable and wanted to break a lot of things.

Fortunately, even drunk, she seemed to have remembered the Lesser Demons' warnings not to cause too much trouble, or even she, a Demonic Goddess and Progenitor of All Demons, would be treated like a criminal.

And as she remembered that, she grumbled again about the world's injustices.

She really was a lousy drunk.

Typically, a Goddess like Lilith wouldn't get drunk so easily, but this alcohol wasn't normal. After all, it was alcohol mixed with the milk of a High-Level Demon Beast and grapes grown in the Demon King's Garden.

It was high-class alcohol that only the rich could drink.

"Thank you, Darling..."

"You're welcome." Victor smiled gently, a smile that almost made Morgana jump on top of him and hug him, but unfortunately, his lap was still occupied by two little girls.

"So? What are you going to do?" Victor asked in the same gentle tone.

"... I'll go talk to her. I hope she forgets her promise."

"Don't worry; everything will be fine; after all, she no longer has an army. Lilith isn't much better than an idol to the Demons right now. She'll take anything you say, I'm sure."

'If she doesn't accept it, I can just threaten her with community service.' Despite not destroying many properties, she still 'destroyed' properties.

And since she didn't have a job now and was basically being supported by Victor, she was at the mercy of his goodwill. Lilith still didn't know the horrors of the capitalist world.

'Fufufufu, having a Goddess under your control is so satisfying.'

"..." The older women didn't know how to react when they heard that the Goddess of Demons, the Progenitor of an entire species, was reduced to an idol.

Morgana narrowed her eyes at Victor; for some reason, the last part of his words sent a shiver down her spine.

'Don't tell me he did something to Lilith?' She felt it was quite possible. After all, if there were anyone who could put fear into a Demonic God, it would definitely be Victor.

Victor turned his gaze to the woman who looked like Natasha.

Victoria froze like a deer in headlights at Victor's gaze.

"I heard what happened. How are you feeling about awakening your Powers?"

"..." Victoria looked at Victor for a long time, expecting to find any kind of deception, but as usual, she only saw kindness and love in the man's violet eyes.

Out of the corner of her eye, Victoria saw Natasha's look that seemed to be screaming, 'What are you doing? Stop being indecisive! Be honest!'

Victoria genuinely wondered when she had gotten so proficient at understanding her sister.

'It must be because of that...' The image of her completely naked on top of her sister while something big filled her completely came into her head, making her blush a little.

"Y-Yeah, I'm fine."

"..." Victor raised his eyebrow and smiled playfully at Victoria. He could completely understand what she was thinking right now.

'This reaction is much more like Sasha than Natasha... And to think the daughter would be more like her aunt than her mother.' Victor thought with humor.

Cough!

Natasha coughed as she looked at Victoria.

Feeling her sister's gaze, Victoria swallowed back her embarrassment and berated herself a little for falling into her wild imaginings.

"To be honest, I feel completely lost... A long time ago, I got used to being the 'black sheep' and 'failure' of the Fulgers. I even left the Clan and built a financial empire because of it... But now that I've received the Power I've always wanted so much... I feel completely empty, like it doesn't matter that much."

"Sister..." When Natasha was going to say something, she stopped when she felt Victor's gaze and his feelings through the connection. He was basically saying: 'Let me handle this.' Natasha didn't even need to read his surface thoughts to understand that.

"At first, you probably wanted the Fulger's Lightning Power, but that wasn't out of a lust for Power or anything, Victoria." "... What are you talking about? I desired the Power of my Clan and felt I could do so much with it in the past." Victoria answered calmly without changing her voice.

Victor nodded, "That's probably true, but that wasn't the 'real reason' you desperately wanted the Fulger's Power."

"Real reason?" She shuddered a little, "... What do you mean?" She asked in a more shaky voice.

"Acceptance."

"..." Victoria froze.

"Yes, maybe you wanted the Power of the Fulger's because you felt it was something you should have or because you thought you could do a lot of things with it, but that wasn't the main reason."

"The main reason was acceptance. By having the Power that all Fulgers had, you would be recognized as one of them. You would no longer be left 'out'; you would truly become a 'Fulger', and consequently get your Family back."

"...I-..." Victoria tried to say something, but her feelings were too close to the surface to formulate words. Despite appearing calm on the outside, a storm was raging inside.

"Because of that, you feel empty receiving that Power now, Victoria."

"...Huh?"

"After all, you've already been accepted as a Fulger, and you already have a Family."

"..." Another shock spread across Victoria's face as her mind went completely blank.

"Everyone here in this mansion is your Family. You are not an 'outsider' anymore, Victoria."

Hestia smiled gently when she heard his words.

'He really has a way with words. He completely dispelled the dark clouds from her heart, and the Family bond grew even stronger, making my home Divinity work on her now.'

Victoria never really felt like part of the 'Family'. After all, the way Natasha introduced her back in was quite abrupt. How could someone who had been neglected for hundreds of years suddenly forget about all that?

"Victor... I..." She bit her trembling lips, as she took a deep breath as if gathering courage, and spoke:

"Thank you for your words. It means a lot to me... You have no idea how much it means to me."

Victor smiled gently, "... I completely understand what this means to you, Victoria."

"..." She sniffed a little, and tears formed in her eyes.

When Victor was going to get up to get Victoria and comfort her, Natasha made her move, hugging her sister, then she looked at Victor with a smile that said:

'Leave her to me.'

Obviously, the sisters needed to talk more now than before. Natasha and Victoria's problems were something only the two of them could fully understand.

And Natasha was very determined to get along with her sister.

Getting Natasha's message, Victor smiled slightly and said:

"Go pick your seats. The other girls will be here soon." "Okay"

"Yes, Darling."

"Mhm."

Sounds of recognition rang all around, and soon the older women scattered across the room.

...

A few minutes later, Victor watched the two sisters break away from their embrace and spread out across the room.

They didn't say anything; they just hugged while all the 'resentment' that Victoria had flowed through the tears that fell on Natasha's shoulder.

Honestly, Victor didn't know exactly what happened. How could someone let resentment go so easily? He would never be able to do that.

Even though he said he did not care what Loki did, that was a fulfill lie. He still harbored resentment; he just chose not to act.

Perhaps he was like that because Victor was a vengeful creature naturally.

The dogma he followed was a perfect representation of this. 'Perhaps, she was tired of feeling resentment?' Despite not fully 'understanding', Victor could 'theorize' why she reacted that way.

The word 'understand' meant that Victor understood how Victoria felt, which would be impossible. After all, he had never been in a situation like Victoria's.

Victoria was compared a lot to Natasha all her life. She was called useless for not having the Power of Lightning, and in the end, some groups of Clan Fulger tried to use her as a breeding mare. Because of that, she ran away and built a finance empire using the Rider surname.

Victor had never experienced this. He had never been looked down upon as worthless by his Family, he had never been threatened with being used as a stud horse by his Family, and he had never been compared to anyone before by his own Family.

His parents raised him very well, and he was very grateful to them for that.

Because of this lack of experience, he couldn't 'truly' understand Victoria.

After all, individuals only truly understood each other through similar experiences.

'I guess the Blessing of The Home must have had an effect... Or she was just tired of it all and just wanted her Family back, and now that she has a big Family, she might finally let go of the resentment, but will probably never entirely forget what happened.' The last possibility seemed the most likely, and it also matched his feelings for Victoria.

'Let the bitterness go... But never forget it, huh...!' He looked at Victoria for a few seconds and nodded.

'I can understand that.'

...

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Chapter 729: Victor wants to make Hestia a Yandere.<

Pushing those thoughts aside, Victor looked around.

Roberta, Maria, Natashia, Morgana, Bruna, and Agnes quickly formed a small group and started talking to each other.

Victor didn't know what to think of this group; after all, the women in this group were quite 'sadistic'. He felt he'd brought together a group of women who shouldn't have been together...

'Only Violet, Leona, Scathach, and my Generals are missing to complete this group of sadists.'

Victor could only pity the enemy who provoked these women.

'Well, it's good they're getting along.' He smiled and then looked at another group.

Hestia joined Kaguya, Victoria, Jeanne, Eve, and Roxanne.

This was a more 'serious' and gentler group of women, although these types were the most dangerous when provoked. An excellent example was Kaguya herself, who could become a killing machine for Victor's sake.

Victor remembered when Kaguya had used that Form of Darkness to kill several enemies in the past.

'In this group, I think only Sasha, Natalia, Mizuki, Lacus, Siena, Pepper, and Haruna are missing. They are the most balanced in the group...'

As he watched the girls, he realized something else. Aphrodite didn't have a group. As a social queen bee, she communicated with everyone and got along with every topic presented.

'Well, as expected of Aphrodite, I guess?' He smiled.

Another thing he noticed was that... He had too many Wives.

If you counted the women he had an official relationship with, they included the Maids he created, including Roxanne, members of the Snow, Fulger, Scarlett, and Adrastella Clans, along with Haruna, Leona, Mizuki, and Aphrodite... So in total, there were 25 women!

He also hadn't included the Zaladrac and the Demonic women. So, if you added them to the count, the number rose to... 31!

'Holy fuck... The author's probably having a hard time managing all this and developing the girls. I must control myself...' Victor thought he should learn some restraint.

'Hmm? What was that sudden thought?' Victor scratched his head in confusion. After thinking about it for a bit, he put it aside.

He didn't know the meaning of restraint anyway.

'I will do what I want when I want! Hahahaha~!'

While Victor was thinking like a drugged man who wasn't quite right in the head, he heard the door open again.

This time the younger women, his Mother, Mizuki, and Zaladrac, came.

"..." Looking at this group with a blank expression, he thought.

'Yes, maybe I should learn restraint... After I turn Hestia into a Yandere, of course.'

...For God's sake...

...

Some hours later.

Victor looked at Hestia curiously.

With the Blessing of Love, he could feel Hestia's intense feelings toward him. Of course, it wasn't love yet. But it could develop into something like that; after all, what Hestia wanted right now was a Home she could call her own.

And to be honest, Victor had a soft spot for this Goddess. He didn't know why, but every time he was around her, he felt as though he'd arrived home after a long journey.

'I guess she gives off that feeling because she's the Goddess of The Home?' Victor asked himself.

"Hmm?" Hestia stopped watching the movie and looked towards the gaze she was feeling.

When she saw it was Victor, she raised her eyebrow as if asking what the problem was.

Victor just smiled gently and shook his head back and forth, indicating it was nothing.

Hestia nodded gently and went back to watching the movie.

Victor stared at Hestia's red hair, which was bright as red flames for a while, and then he nodded, making a decision for himself.

'Let's leave it to time.' His current relationships were developed naturally, and he planned to keep it that way. Rushing things would never work, especially in a relationship like this.

"Lady Ruby, should we really be watching a Fantasy genre?" "I mean, when you finish the Star Wars Trilogy, a Sci-fi genre, the next step is Fantasy, right?"

"... I would really like to know how your brain works to think that way."

"Wha- Are you calling me dumb, Luna!?"

"Of course not, Lady Ruby. I would never dare say that." Luna flashed a bright smile.

"You're definitely thinking about it!" Ruby snapped.

"Yes, she is thinking about it." Pepper was supportive: "She has that face that says, 'What dumb creature is this?'" She perfectly mimicked the look of disgust that Scathach gave when she saw a weak enemy.

"I didn't make that face!" Luna squealed and added, "And your Scathach imitation is perfect!"

"HmmHum." Pepper snorted proudly, making her two mountains sway up and down: "Of course, I can imitate my Mother perfectly. I always saw her give that face when she saw a weak enemy!"

"Can you guys shut the fuck up!?" Violet and Agnes spoke at the same time: "We are trying to watch a movie here!"

"I'm sorry!" Luna and Pepper quickly spoke.

"Hmph." Ruby just snorted and turned away.

"..." Victor glanced at the Scarlett Clan interaction and raised an eyebrow when he saw Luna.

'I haven't seen her in a while...' Of all Victor's acquaintances, he knew very little about Luna; even her past was unknown to him.

'Well, I've had little contact with her.' Victor knew that Luna spent more time actively helping the members of Clan Scarlett and even helped Scathach herself on some quests as well.

'Wait a minute... Does she help Scathach on missions?'

We're talking about Scathach here. Just like Victor, she didn't accept mediocrity. She wouldn't keep someone who wasn't strong by her side.

Victor's violet eyes narrowed a little, and his eyes glowed violet.

When Victor's Draconian Eyes fell on Luna, what he saw left him astonished. The amount of Power in Luna's body shouldn't be possible for a 'Common Noble Vampire', not to mention that she had complete control of her Power! There were no energy fluctuations in her body.

She was not necessarily hiding her Power. She was just so proficient at controlling it that if you didn't focus your senses on her, you'd never notice.

'So she's been a Hidden Boss all this time! How have I never noticed this?' Victor had to admit that he was never particularly interested in Luna.

And since Scathach trusted Maid enough to allow her to remain so close to her daughters, Victor didn't really think much of the matter.

After all, he had complete confidence in Scathach's judgment.

'Well, this doesn't change anything. As long as she protects the Scarlett Clan, I won't meddle...'

Victor nodded in satisfaction, but soon a thought flashed through him: 'She has as much power as a trained Adult Vampire...But what are her other capabilities...?' Victor's look of interest grew.

'Since she's from Clan Scarlett, she must train a lot, right?' Victor's interest started to grow. He wonders what would happen if he threw Luna to fight some Demonic Elites.

"!!!" Luna felt a chill on her back and looked from one side to the other, confused. For some reason, she felt that someone had arrived at a terrible misunderstanding that would cause her to suffer a lot in the future.

"What's the matter, Luna?" Siena asked when she saw Maid acting strange.

"It's nothing..." Luna replied with a forced smile.

"It's definitely not nothing, just say-." Before Siena could finish asking, a frustrated scream was heard.

"Gaaaaahhhhhh! That's enough! I can't take so much bullshit! Can we change the movie!?" Violet raised her hand.

All the girls' eyes went to her.

"Violet! The movie is only half done!" Sasha pointed.

"Who cares!? This lingering Fantasy is killing me! We spent the last 30 minutes just with dialogue! DIALOGUE! I want a fight scene! I want action! I want to see blood and guts flying across the screen!"

"Well, I can understand your feelings..." Eve said.

"Indeed, it's a little boring." Bruna nodded her head.

"Perhaps a little more blood and death is in order." Maria pointed out.

"...These women are so bloodthirsty." Jeanne sighed.

"It is our nature, Jeanne." Morgana laughed.

"I know, but... Not a good influence on children, right?"

"...." The group looked at Ophis and Nero, who were in Victor's lap.

"They are not normal children, and Ophis is my niece, so she is not weak," Haruna spoke with a smile.

"Nero isn't normal either." Ruby spoke as if she didn't want to lose to Haruna: "She can use weapons with absurd proficiency! She's killed a lot of people too!"

Haruna narrowed her eyes when she thought that Ophis didn't have any deaths to her name:

"...Perhaps, I should train Ophis too. If she is my sister's daughter, she must have Kitsune abilities...."

"..." Ophis and Nero looked at Haruna and Ruby with strange looks. What was this sudden competition between the two?

"Ignoring those two maniacs," Violet started to speak.

"Oyyy!" Haruna and Ruby screamed at the same time.

"I suggest we switch to Anime," Violet spoke while holding the Blu-Rays of various Anime.

"AGREED!" Ruby, Pepper, Lacus, Luna, Eve, Maria, Leona, and, surprisingly, Siena immediately agreed.

Ruby, Pepper, Lacus, and Leona quickly looked at Kaguya, Mizuki, and Haruna as if they were expecting something.

Their gazes practically screamed: 'You're Japanese, right? Help us out here!'

"... Ugh... It's a product made in my country, so I'm a little interested... I think..." Mizuki commented uncertainly. Actually, she wasn't that interested, but she felt that she should mention it or some discussion would ensue.

"Although I'm descended from Japanese Noble Vampires, I grew up outside of Japan, so I can't say anything." Kaguya quickly removed her presence from the discussion.

Haruna then raised her hand, saying, "I don't know what Anime is."

"That is unacceptable!" Ruby yelled.

"How can a Kitsune not know what Anime is!" Leona screamed in scandal.

"What does being a Kitsune have to do with me not knowing Anime?" Haruna asked, genuinely confused.

"It's sacrilege that you don't know that," Lacus said.

"It's like committing an irredeemable sin," Pepper commented.

"Ignorance is not always bliss." Ruby nodded.

"..." Haruna was simply speechless.

"Haah, just ignore my crazy sisters. You didn't make any mistakes, Haruna." Siena spoke.

"Oyy! How can you throw us under the bus like that!" Pepper spoke to her older sister.

"Shut up! You're bothering Haruna!" Siena hit Pepper on the head with a karate chop.

"Ughhh. Why are you defending her!?" Pepper commented.

"I'm not defending her! I just told you not to impose your beliefs on her! After all, not everyone is obliged to know about Anime!" Siena was surprisingly mature.

"Why not!?" Pepper, Lacus, Ruby, and Leona asked at the same time.

"Ugh, this discussion will never end." Agnes put her hand to her head as if she had a severe headache.

Realizing that Agnes was right, Sasha looked at Victor and asked:

"What do you think, Vic?"

If anyone could end this discussion quickly, it was Victor.

The girls stopped talking and looked up at Victor sitting in a chair alone with just Ophis and Nero in his lap.

The reason he was alone?

It was to avoid confrontation.

If he sat down with the girls, the girls would immediately go to his side and those who didn't make it would glare at the girls who did.

Of course, no conflict would arise due to the unity of the 'sisters', but it was best to prevent feelings like that from developing...

Well, that was not completely true... The biggest reason he was separated was that Victor wanted to spend time with his daughters.

Victor looked around, feeling everyone's emotions with his Blessings, and realizing that everyone really didn't care much about the film change, he said:

"It's fine with me. How about putting on that Anime of the Giants attacking? I never had the opportunity to watch it before."

"Ohhh! Good idea! I think it's a good start for those who aren't used to Anime." Ruby put the popcorn made with blood cubes on the side and got up from her chair. Soon she walked towards the projector that was showing the movie.

Pepper looked at Lacus: "Speaking of this Anime, why don't we kidnap the author and make him rewrite the ending of the manga?" She commented something cruel quite easily.

"Let's respect the author's wishes with his own work. Although the ending is shitty, at least it's the ending he wanted... I think." Lacus commented.

"Geh, I highly doubt that Anime, like the continuation of everyone's favorite orange ninja, was something the author wanted. Clearly, that was done to make money off the previous success." Pepper waved dismissively and spat on the ground with an expression of disgust:

"Greedy bastards."

"..." Scathach, seeing her daughter make a face much like hers when she was disgusted, actually wondered now if Pepper was her biological daughter or something.

'Hmm, I adopted her into my blood through the Ritual... So she's my daughter... But with the recent Ritual, she became Victor's Wife, and now she has his blood in her body, so isn't she technically Victor's daughter...?'

Scathach got a headache when she thought about her relationship with her daughters, which got worse when she thought they would get pregnant in the future.

Would she be the grandmother or aunt of these children? She couldn't say.

"Done!" When Ruby said this, the opening immediately started:

"Sasageyou, Sasageyou, Shinzou sasageyou" [Literal translation: Devote Your Heart.]

"Ohhh! That's a good song, no matter how often I hear it!" Leona spoke.

"Ugh, it's not bad... But aren't there too many instruments? There's so much going on that it hurts my ears." Haruna grumbled. The kind of music she was used to was quite different, and seeing current music from her country gave her a disconcerting feeling. She felt like a samurai who had traveled 500 years into the future and couldn't adjust to the new 'culture'.

'Wait, isn't that a good premise for an Anime?'

"Ruby, skip the intro, or we'll get copyrighted!" Pepper screamed.

"Never! I wouldn't dare commit such blasphemy!" Ruby snorted.

"Gahhh! At least skip it in the next episodes! Seeing it the first time is enough!" Pepper spoke.

"...Hmm... Agreed!" Ruby accepted.

The room was utterly silent while everyone watched the Anime, although some comments were heard during the marathon.

"God damn, that Mikasa has some nice abs. She's a warrior." Rose commented as she nodded in satisfaction.

"Hmm..." The female warriors in the group who hadn't watched the Anime immediately started paying attention to that woman.

"She has a lot of talent... Is it because of her 'Lineage'?" Eleanor spoke.

"That also helped, but a powerful Bloodline without the right mindset is useless," Scathach said.

"Indeed, not to mention that Lineage isn't everything. A strong mentality is essential."

"Hmm, hmm, I see Rose understands." Scathach nodded several times.

"These soldiers' equipment is quite interesting, but they are completely useless in the open field...." Maria analyzed.

"Not to mention, the blades break easily." Roberta pointed. "But do they have spare blades?" Bruno spoke.

"That little blonde over there is a Badass, too, I want to see her and that other girl fight!" Agnes spoke.

"Hmm, you're right... That would be something interesting to see." Natasha nodded.

"Hmm, no comment on the Protagonist?" Pepper asked cautiously.

"... Who cares about the Protagonist?" Haruna snorted.

"That brat is as dense as a black hole. How does he not notice the girl's feelings?" Mizuki commented.

"Right? This is annoying. She clearly just cut her hair because he commented on it. How did he not notice that? Is his brain rotten or something?" Maria nodded.

"..." The group that already knew Anime wondered what their reaction would be if they knew that most Anime protagonists were like that.

"Well, he's focused on his revenge against the Titans." Lacus defended.

"It's still not an excuse. That girl has the potential to be a Yandere. She must be developed," Victor pointed out stoically.

"The fact that the MC doesn't realize this is disappointing."

"..."

'What the hell is he talking about all of a sudden?' Everyone wondered.

"...Victor, not everyone has such twisted tastes like you..." Hestia pointed out gently, but unintentionally she critically damaged most of the girls in the room.

"To me, it's like he has no taste at all." Victor snorted, "Well, I understand his motivation for wanting to get stronger and kill everyone; at least that's admirable..."

"With that mindset, I think he will become something of a villain if a cruel revelation is shown in that 'basement'."

"..." Pepper, Lacus, Leona, and Ruby just looked at each other, conveying the same message.

'If he only knew how right he was...'

Victor couldn't help but smile at this sight. For him, watching the Anime wasn't that important. Seeing the girls getting along with each other was much more attractive to him.

"Father...?" Nero asked.

"Mhm?"

"I want to go stay with Ruby..."

"Oh? Are you going to trade your Father for your Mother?" Victor made a miserable face.

"T-That's not-." When Nero quickly tried to deny it, Victor smiled gently and spoke:

"Do not worry, I understand. You desire to talk about Anime with them, right?"

"Mhm..." She nodded as her face turned a little red from being teased by her Father.

"You can go, and if you want to come back later, just come back."

"Thanks!" Nero displayed a gentle smile and quickly ran towards Ruby.

Victor laughed a little when he saw Ruby's dumbfounded face.

'Ruby probably never thought that Nero would leave me for her.' Victor thought.

Victor looked at Ophis and asked, "How about you?"

"Father, Mine." Ophis hugged Victor even tighter.

Victor smiled gently and patted Ophis on the head.

As Ophis melted from the caresses on her head, she sneered at Nero. How dare she trade her Father for some Mothers?

Mothers were countless, but Father is unique! Therefore Father is better!

Simple math, right?

Not to mention that her Father smelled better too... He was also kinder... His caresses were better... He spoiled her...

Why should she leave this comfortable place? Ophis could not understand.

'Hmm, is this called adult interests? Is Nero growing? Is that why she gave up our Father for the Mothers?'

"..." Nero looked at Ophis and felt a vein bulging on her head. She could very well imagine what that little rascal was thinking!

Ophis and Nero's eyes met, and Nero conveyed with her eyes:

'I did not give up my Father! I just desire to talk about my common interest with Ruby!'

"Bleh." Ophis stuck her little tongue out at Nero.

And that made the veins on Nero's head bulge even more.

Victor just chuckled gently at their interaction. This had indeed been a very fun night.

...

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Chapter 730: The King's move

A week after movie night, many things have changed.

Since Victor was 'officially' on vacation, none of his wives wanted to be away from him, and because of that, a meeting between the group leaders was held.

In that meeting, they decided to make a new mansion to be the center of the 'government' for the Faction. It is in this place where the representatives of each race, along with the leaders of the faction, will meet to decide future plans.

Through voting, the 'leaders' representing the noble vampires will be Victoria, Kaguya, and Ruby. Although three people were nominated, there can only be 1 representative, the reason for having three nominees is due to the respective

responsibilities of each woman. When one woman is not available, the other will take her place.

Victoria Alucard Fulger was chosen due to her incredible leadership. She was the woman who built a financial empire under the name of Victoria Rider, and her leadership could not be doubted, not to mention that she was the most

level-headed of the group and more prone to make decisions logically.

Kaguya and Ruby were chosen for the same reason. Most of the time, they were rational and logical women who fit perfectly as representatives.

The representatives of the wolves were not necessary to choose now; after all, there were only two werewolves.

The representative of the Youkais was Kuroka. Although the Youkai cat was playful most of the time, she was quite responsible. Originally, Haruna was supposed to be the representative, but that choice proved to be inefficient due to her needing to be in her territory most of the time. It was good to be with Victor, and she didn't want to leave his side, but she had her responsibilities and ambitions to fulfill.

The representative of the goddesses went, to the surprise of everyone, to Rhea, everyone thought that Aphrodite or Hestia would take the position, but the two women refused, saying that they already had too much work on their hands.

The representative of the fairies and amazons were no surprises to anyone. After all, only Viviane on the fairy side and Meya Neyku on the side of the Amazons were capable enough to take over.

The representative of the humans was Mizuki Alucard, the group was in doubt between her and Liena, Andrew's mother, but after a little discussion, the decision came back to put Mizuki in the post.

The reason for this?

Mizuki was the strongest human and Victor's wife. That simple.

Although the representatives of the goddesses Rhea and the representative of the fairies, Viviane were not Victor's wives, they were still under the control of the group through Aphrodite on the side of the goddesses and Roxanne on the side of the fairies.

The humans who were living in the Snow Clan's new town weren't 'completely' under Victor's control, so putting Mizuki in was an obvious choice. She would act as their representative and keep an eye on them as well.

Internally, Victor thought that humans would not do anything since it was obvious that the voice of noble vampires was louder in this place. After all, they were in a country controlled by noble vampires... But the stupidity of humans was one of the things they were known for, after all.

It is better to be safe and tie up loose ends than to do nothing and let an unforeseen situation arises.

The representative of the demons was a difficult choice since everyone Victor trusted was extremely busy. Therefore, he had no choice but to appoint Morgana Alucard to the position. Despite not necessarily being a 'full demon' now, she was still an ex-demon.

Small groups like Medusa's subordinate Gorgons fell into the same category as Leona; they didn't have enough members of the same 'species' to have a representative.

After the representatives were decided, the 'Council of Races' was created. This was the place where everyone would meet to make future decisions involving their faction, everyone within the council was united for the best of their faction and of its own people.

In this newly built mansion that would be the center of the faction's government, teleportation arrays would be placed with the help of the Alioth Clan, thus facilitating the transition of representatives who live far away like Haruna.

This new mansion will also be the place where the Snow and Fulger Clans, the two strongest Clans in Nightingale, will rule from now on.

As Clan Scarlett practically abandoned its territory, giving up their rule, the Fulger and Snow became even stronger than before, these two Clans took over practically all the noble vampires that lived in the former territory of Clan Scarlett.

Another thing that happened was that, officially, Clans Scarlett, Fulger, and Snow declared an alliance with Clan Alucard.

To be honest... This news didn't shock anyone. Maybe only a few masses of Vampire Nobles who weren't heeding the news, but most of society's high echelon already knew about this alliance.

Now, they didn't expect the next announcement,

Sasha Fulger, Violet Snow, and Ruby Scarlett, the three heiresses of the respective strongest vampire clans, will marry the Second Progenitor, the king of Hell, Victor Alucard.

All these women who will acquire the surname of the second progenitor and will become his 'family', this news caused even more excitement in Nightingale.

And to make the masses even more shocked, not only were the heiresses marrying Victor Alucard, but the Clan leaders, as well as their close family members of the main bloodline, will also be marrying him!

Which means the members of the Snow Clan who would marry Victor were.

Agnes and Violet Snow.

Of Clan Fulger, there were.

Victoria and Annasthashia Fulger.

Of Clan Scarlett it was.

Ruby, Siena, Lacus, and Pepper Scarlett.

The Vampire Count clans were blatantly taking the second progenitor for themselves!

The audacity of these women!

This news made all noble vampires, from men to women, jealous and envious of the girls who were going to marry. After all, Victor was a very handsome and influential man. ... Wait, what? Shouldn't it be the opposite?

It is noteworthy that Victor did not expect such a reaction from the masses. He thought that they would be jealous of him for marrying so many beautiful women, but he never expected that they would be jealous of the girls who married him.

Victor couldn't help but laugh and think that this was how a hot woman felt.

He knew this reaction happened because of his Status as Second Progenitor, the biblical king of hell, and the most handsome man surpassing even the gods in beauty.

Literally speaking, he was the rarest, tastiest 'meat' on the market, and everyone wanted a piece of him.

Because of this, Agnes, Natashia, and Scathach decided to reveal that all the close relatives of their main lineage were going to marry Victor. This was a way to ward off Victor's 'bitches'.

Due to this announcement, the Snow, Fulger, Scarlett, and Blank clans became something like 'royalty' clans.

In vampire society, the Progenitor was considered the vampire with the purest blood, and he was above any title created by a king; even if he had no power. Just by being a Progenitor, he would be seen as 'royalty'.

Because of this, Clans who intermarry with the Progenitor's bloodline will be looked upon as if they were royalty.

Currently, in Nightingale, there were no Clans with such characteristics. Why? Vlad Dracul Tepes, the first progenitor, did not like to share his power too much.

Because of this, he avoided associating with the existing Clan women in Nightingale, and even if he did, he would do so in secret.

... Well, that was true until recently.

Vlad Dracul Tepes announced that he was getting married, and the new 'queen' would be the direct descendant of a bloodline from another Progenitor that was said to have been lost for thousands of years.

In other words, the woman was royalty, worthy of a Progenitor like Vlad.

Not only did this news shock the masses, like Victor's own group, they expected any movement from Vlad, but never that he would suddenly get married.

But the surprises don't stop there. Vlad Dracul Tepes declared that he was recruiting vampires to train directly under his forces, and those who stood out the most would receive a drop of the Progenitor's blood.

This news enveloped all of Nightingale in a blaze of excitement. For the Noble Vampires, a drop of Progenitor blood meant they could grow even more as a 'species', meaning they would become stronger.

Victor's group didn't care so much about that since they had their own Progenitor, who they slept together with every day, and drank his delicious blood.

To discuss these recent statements by Vlad, Victor's group got together to discuss the matter, as everyone couldn't come due to their own professional responsibilities involving all the changes being made this week.

Only those who came into contact with Vlad the most in the past were chosen, and Victor himself as faction leader, of course.

Namely, Jeanne, Morgana, Scathach, Agnes, Natalia, and Victor himself.

Once this discussion is over, the matter discussed will be passed to the Broadcast Orb for everyone in the form of a video report as well as a written one.

Victor was sitting in the Leader's chair, and on his lap was a blonde Maid with a very red face. Her breathing was a little heavy, and she was doing her best not to look into the eyes of the other women in the room.

"M-Master, can you put me down...?" Natalia asked in the voice of a mosquito.

"NO." Victor ruthlessly refused, then he went back to stroking her hair which was now completely loose for Victor's personal pleasure.

"Haan~..." Natalia moaned when she felt Victor's caresses on her body, but when she realized the obscene sound she had made, she quickly closed her mouth and hid her face in Victor's chest.

Frankly, she was enjoying the caresses a lot and really didn't want to leave, but the gaze of the women in the room hurt a lot...

She tried her best to resist, she tried her best to 'demonstrate' that she didn't want to, but she knew her body was honest, and she could only be at the mercy of her husband's merciful hands.

Natalia blushed even more when she remembered this fact. She, like everyone else in this room, with the sole exception of Scathach, had Victor's last name in her name.

She was no longer just Natalia Alioth but Natalia Alioth Alucard. Although not 'officially' stated, the marriage papers had already been signed, and the marriage contract had already been made between Clan Alucard and Alioth, and all that remained was for the leader of Clan Alioth to sign, and Natalia will be 'officially' his wife.

Although for most of his wives, they knew that these papers were just formalities, but they didn't care much since they knew that everyone who participated in that training in the bedroom that lasted the entire period of a year had Victor's surname in their name now.

On that fateful day, all supernatural women marked Victor in some way as their mate, vampires would bite and drink his blood, and those who didn't go through the ritual of joining a Clan did so after they woke up, thus receiving a boost in power.

The goddess deepened their feelings and each other's soul.

There was an Onmyo spell that bound the two, so that way, the two would know each other's location.

Races like Werewolves and the Kitsunes Youkai have more 'special' means of marking their partner.

Werewolves mark their mate with a bite that all other werewolves can identify.

And the Kitsune Youkai do something similar, with the only difference being that they inject Youki into the bite to mark their partner.

And that's what Leona and Haruna did that day.

As with the cases of several of Victor's wives, Natalia took his last name after her last name.

The reason for this? It's simple. Nightingale's vampire society was not patriarchal. Which meant that when getting married, a woman didn't have to abandon the last name she was born with if she didn't want to.

That way, the woman could pass on her last name to continue her Clan lineage.

When Natalia one day has a child with Victor, the first child will take her last name first, and they will introduce themselves as Alioth, and the second child will take Victor's last name and will introduce themselves as Alucard.

This was how it works for most clans that have only female heirs. It was clear that the fact 'Power' interfered a lot in these choices.

For example, if Natalia had a child with Victor, and Victor was just an ordinary, powerless Vampire Noble, his surname would not pass on; only the Alioth surname would.

Although Natalia was not 'strong' in every sense of the word, she still had a very powerful and important bloodline.

Was Victor worried about having children with other non-vampire women? He wasn't.

The reason for this was his power to influence the soul. Thanks to this power, Victor could 'choose' which race his child may have, thus avoiding problems when born as a hybrid of incompatible species.

He became very proficient in dealing with souls after he fully awakened his progenitor side, and thanks to his training in Hell, Victor had absolute confidence in modifying a soul safely and efficiently.

As explained, the appearance of the soul and the content within it is reflected in the user's physical body. If an individual alters the soul, they are literally altering their physical body.

The ability to interact with the soul and modify it is indeed a gift that can prove him a 'god' to the most ignorant.

Victor can even change the characteristics of a breed; for example, he can make the noble vampires eat food other than blood. Although this change would generate complications since the act of eating blood was not just something simple like ingesting energy.

There was a whole complex process that involved the act of a vampire drinking blood, and if Victor wanted to make a noble vampire eat things other than just blood, he would need to study this effect thoroughly so that there were no complications.

If you compare his skill to programming, Victor was only at the average level, and these more complex alterations required a mastery of this skill.

And such a feat was not something he could do now.

Despite being in the average level, his skills were already frightening. It was not an exaggeration to say that this Progenitor skill could be called the 'code of life'. A very powerful and dangerous skill;

The reason Victor was researching about making changes to the noble vampires was that he wanted to master his progenitor power and even make people close to him ingest other foods.

Currently, noble vampires could only 'eat' blood and water.

Any other type of food ingested will be very disgusting and would make the vampire vomit.

Coming out of his thoughts, Victor asked:

"What do you guys think of Vlad's move?"

"The old man is accumulating power." Scathach declared.

"Isn't this a desperate act of not losing against Victor?" Morgana asked, her voice dripping with disdain.

"I don't think so. Vlad doesn't act without thinking... I can assume he just revealed everything now because Victor forced him."

"Ad, huh?" Victor spoke while stroking Natalia's neck.

"Indeed... Changing the subject a bit, why is Natalia here? She doesn't know much about Vlad." Agnes asked with jealousy visible in her tone.

"She is my wife. Why can't she be here?" Victor raised an eyebrow.

"... I mean... -"

"Not to mention that she was working hard in her father's place to make these teleportation arrays. She deserves a reward."

"..." Agnes thought for a few seconds and understood: "So this is her reward."

"That's not her reward; that's just me spoiling her. Her reward will come later."

"...." Agnes pouted furiously and snorted, turning her head away.

"Can we please stay on topic and put Agnes' pointless jealousy to rest?" Natasha pointed.

"Oyyy! You're jealous too!"

"I am." Natasha didn't deny it: "But I'm mature enough to know that Victor will spoil us later. You lived so long with your husband, and you still don't understand him? Or did you forget?"

Veins began to pop in Agnes' head; that hateful woman! She wanted to complain about Natasha, but she didn't because she realized that she was right. After all, Victor always did that when one of his wives showed jealousy.

What did Victor do, you ask?

Victor showered those who showed jealousy with a lot of love at the end of the day. It was so much love that even though they were noble vampires with insane regeneration, they still could not walk and work properly the next day.

Honestly, this treatment was like a drug that made her head always float in lightness like she was on clouds. Because of this, many times, the girls would purposely 'fake' jealousy just for him to lash out at them later.

Thinking about it that way, Agnes was starting to get excited for later.

'Since I behaved very badly... He will punish me a lot, right?' She looked curiously at Victor and shuddered with pleasure and stimulation when she saw his lifeless eyes. Agnes's lips trembled badly, and she almost smiled wildly but managed to control herself.

"..." The group, with the exception of Agnes and Victor, who were looking at each other, reacted with varying levels of shock to Natasha's statement. The woman always surprised them due to her mood swings, sometimes, she was much like Violet and Agnes, but at other times, she showed a level of maturity on par with Jeanne. Her mood was very random... And that was Natasha's charm; she was a lucid crazy person that Victor loved very much.

And as for Natalia, who was the topic of this conversation? How did she react to that?

"... Fueeeh ~" She moaned softly as her legs twitched.

... Well, Natalia was in seventh heaven with pleasure, she was not even listening to what the women were saying, she did not care about anything now, the only thing in her world was Victor and the pleasure he was giving her.

...

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Chapter 731: An ambitious project

"Back to the subject." Scathach began to speak.

"Knowing that old man, I don't doubt that he was already doing this from the moment he saw Victor's new strength but decided to act now because we announced our alliance."

"That is something he would actually do." Jeanne nodded.

"What should we do then? Are we going to let him do whatever he wants?" Morgana asked.

"We are not going to do anything."

"... Huh?" Morgana looked confused at Victor.

Victor smiled lightly, "It doesn't matter if he's increasing his strength or not. It doesn't matter if this is a plan for him to gain more power or not."

"This has nothing to do with us."

"..." The women in the room narrowed their eyes.

"I don't think it's wise to sit idly by. If Vlad increases his power further, it could be troublesome in the future." Agnes spoke.

"My beloved Agnes, you are completely correct."

Agnes frowned when she felt the feeling of amusement coming from Victor. Not knowing how to interpret these feelings, she decided to continue the conversation:

"... Right? Then we should-." She couldn't finish speaking because Victor interrupted, saying.

"Tell me, Girls. Who is in front of you?"

Natashia wasted no time and immediately spoke: "Victor

Alucard, the Second Progenitor of Vampires and King of Hell - Oh..." Her eyes widened at the end as she understood what he meant.

"Morgana, my dear, tell me, how many Demons were there in Hell when you were a Demon?"

"Countless..." Morgana replied, the number so great that she couldn't even count.

"And even with the wars that have occurred, the number of Demons has not decreased significantly." Victor's violet eyes gleamed with an overwhelming power that made the girls shudder, and Scathach had a big smile on her face:

"I am The King of The Largest Hell. In my Hell, there are still billions of Demons at my disposal. All I need is to give an order, and Hellish Hordes of Demonic Creatures will do whatever I want."

"Not to mention, I have my lovely Wives who are not only beautiful but also very competent at what they do and are strong enough to crush any fool who would go against our Family."

It was worth mentioning that Victor gained some affection points when he spoke the last sentence. The women in the room were staring at him as if they were about to attack him at any moment. The smiles on their faces were very similar to Scathach's.

"Vlad is not a concern right now," Natasha spoke.

"We should focus on increasing our influences in the Mortal and Divine Worlds rather than worrying about Vlad," Agnes added.

Victor's smile grew in satisfaction. Obviously, this was the correct answer he was trying to convey.

"But we shouldn't lose sight of Vlad either. Caution is needed when dealing with someone like him." Jeanne added.

"Keep your friends close and your enemies even closer, huh..." Scathach smiled, "Looks like you haven't forgotten my lessons, My Disciple."

"I will never forget." Victor smiled.

"Good." She nodded in satisfaction.

They weren't talking about the lessons Scathach had taught him when she'd trained him for six months when Victor had just become a full Vampire. Instead, they were talking about the lessons they'd learned from each other through countless spars and conversations.

The Disciple learned from the Master, and the Master, in turn, learned from the Disciple. This perpetual cycle allowed the two to become even stronger, both physically and mentally.

"Instead of worrying about Vlad right now, we should focus on another, more important objective."

"Our influence, right? You've already said that." Morgana pointed.

"Wrong, My Dear." Victor laughed gently.

"...Our base... Our City. We must build our Home." Jeanne spoke.

"Correct." Victor raised his palm as if to catch something in the air.

[Kaguya, give me the green Orb with blue details.]

[Yes, Master.]

Pure Darkness covered Victor's hands, and then the Orb that Victor requested appeared in his hand.

Victor sent his Energy to the Orb and threw it lightly in the air.

The Orb stopped in the middle of the room, and the next moment the entire room was covered with plant-like holograms detailing plans for the new city.

"..." They all looked around in wonder at the sight.

"This is my 'ideal' Home."

The women studied the blueprints as Victor continued to coddle Natalia.

"Victor... My Disciple... This is insanity." Scathach couldn't help but say.

"Just how long have you thought about this, Darling...?" Morgana asked.

"Every spare moment in between my training," Victor replied. "... Your level of dedication is awe-inspiring." Morgana had nothing else to say other than that. It was genuinely majestic how Victor was always thinking of his Family.

And when she thought she, too, was included in this 'Family' he cared about, she couldn't help but feel sweet inside. She felt like she might fall head over heels in love with him all over again.

"Is this really possible to do? I mean, the level of technology required to make this city is insane." Agnes commented in disbelief. She wasn't very tech savvy, but even from her amateurish view, she could deduce that it would take a lot of technology that didn't currently exist.

"At first, I didn't think it was possible, but a recent discovery has allowed me to see a possibility."

"Discovery? What are you talking about?" Natasha asked.

Victor smiled gently at Natasha and responded as his gaze shifted to Scathach:
"Draconian Runes."

The moment Scathach heard his words, she opened her eyes wide in shock, then her expression changed to amusement, and she started laughing in amusement.

"..." The women looked at Scathach as if she had completely lost her mind.

'Why is she laughing?' they wondered.

Victor watched Scathach's expression with a smile on his face. Seeing her laugh, he confirmed his hypothesis that he wasn't on the wrong path.

When Scathach stopped laughing, she spoke, "It's never boring when I'm around you, Victor, and to think that you would think of such a thing. You really are crazy."

"But it's possible, right?"

"In theory, yes. But you will need an even more competent Master at this craft. Any small mistake could cause a catastrophe capable of destroying a planet."

"Who do you recommend, My Love?"

Scathach shivered slightly when she heard Victor's loving tone and felt his gaze on her body. She really liked it when he called her that, though she wouldn't admit it.

"To accomplish something of this size... My Master, Dun Scaith, Odin, The All-Father, and Freya, The Goddess of War, would be necessary."

"Your Master and Freya might be possible, but Odin... That's complicated."

"Oh? Do you have confidence that you can convince my Master to help?"

"No woman can deny my request, Scathach." Victor smiled, and with just that smile, the whole room seemed light up from his good looks.

"..." Scathach rolled her eyes, but she couldn't say he was wrong. He was just that perfect.

"My Master will not fall for your games of beauty and seduction, Victor."

"Even if my beauty does not convince her, she will be convinced by my talent."

"...That's...possible. She's a lot like me in that regard. She really enjoys being a 'teacher'."

"Can you guys let us know what's going on? Being left out of the conversation is not a very good feeling." Natasha narrowed her eyes: "What are you talking about? What does Victor want to do?"

Scathach looked at Natasha and the other women:

"Victor wants to enchant an entire continent with Draconian Runes and make this place our base in the future."

"What...?" All reacted in disbelief.

Jeanne looked at the hologram in the air that showed the projection of an entire floating island.

"Victor... Don't tell me you plan to make an entire floating continent?"

Victor smiled broadly: "Not just a miserable continent, Jeanne. I want a mega continent with lots of floating islands on it."

"That's insanity!"

"A madness that is achievable. I just need the Witches, Dwarves from the Norse Pantheon, a competent God of Smithing, four Highest-Level Rune Masters, and a large piece of land...." Victor looked out from the window towards one of Nightingale's moons.

When the girls followed Victor's gaze, even Scathach herself, who was being convinced by Victor's ideas, couldn't help but gape at his ridiculous idea.

Agnes looked at Victor with a deadpan expression, "Are you crazy? Wait, don't answer. That's a rhetorical question... But asking the question again, you're completely crazy, right? Has fucking so many crazy women made you go completely insane?" 2

"You know you're criticizing yourself, right? After all, you are one of the crazy women he fucks." Natasha pointed.

"Shut up, Natasha! This is important! This is no time for games!"

"Bleh." Natasha stuck her tongue out at Agnes.

Veins start bulging on Agnes's head. She really wanted to punch Natasha right now.

Victor controlled the Orb and took it back in his hand.

"Don't fret about this plan of mine. This is something more for the distant future. For now, we are going to make a temporary city near Clan Adrastella, and after getting the necessary resources, we'll think about doing this."

"Are you really going to pursue that goal...?" Jeanne asked.

"Of course. Even if it seems impossible, I have faith that I can accomplish this feat."

"Haah..." Agnes sighed, "Just why would you want to do something so crazy like that?"

"Hmm? It is not obvious?"

"Eh?"

"I am doing all this so our future children will grow up safely."

"..." All of the women's thoughts shut down completely, and they just looked at Victor in disbelief... A disbelief that changed to kindness and love right away.

Victor stroked Natalia's head and snuggled her into his chest. He laughed gently when he saw the goofy smile on her face:

"Not just our children, but also my subordinates and their families."

"As a King, it is my duty to ensure the safety of my people." He chuckled lightly, "Although I am a flawed King who wouldn't hesitate to throw away all my subordinates' lives if it were to save my Family, it is still my duty to protect and guide them. You know me, I never do anything half-assedly. If I'm going to put in the effort to do something, I will make sure that something is perfect."

"..." They didn't know what to say now, but one thing was certain. All the negative thoughts that told them this was an 'insane' idea, an impossible feat to accomplish, completely disappeared from their minds.

No matter what kind of madness this man wanted to do, they would support him with 100% of their strength.

'Haah... Why does this man have to be so perfect and, at the same time, so troublesome? He knows that if he wants something, he could just ask us, and we'd help even if it's something strange. But to remove the doubts from our minds, he deliberately, calmly, and kindly explained his goals.' Jeanne thought. She was feeling an extremely sweet sensation that it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that she could die of diabetes. He was so sweet!

"You are not a flawed King, Victor. Just a Greedy King." Jeanne began to speak.

"A Greedy King?"

"A King who doesn't just want to protect his Family, but that of his subordinates, what can that be but greed?" Jeanne smiled.

"Oh... You're right." Victor smiled slightly.

"But you know what?" Jeanne walked toward Victor and leaned on the armrests of the chair with both hands. Jeanne stared into Victor's violet eyes with an intensity that surprised even Victor.

"I prefer a Greedy King who wants to have everything and fights for that goal, rather than a Perfect King who gives up his Family for his people."

"I-Humph?" Victor couldn't say anything because Jeanne attacked his mouth.

"Ahhhh!" Agnes, Natashia, and Morgana squealed at the same time in surprise.

Scathach just laughed at the whole situation.

'It's always the quiet ones and the more serious ones, huh.' For some reason, this thought led to her daughter Ruby who was always so cold, but in bed, she was like a Succubus. In that same line of thought, she remembered that her other daughter Pepper, who was usually very innocent and kind, was worse than Ruby. She was very 'thirsty'.

While Scathach was lost in her thoughts of her youngest daughters,

Jeanne pulled away from Victor and licked her lips as if she had eaten something very delicious.

"I will help you with anything you want, Darling... I really want to live in a place where my children can grow up and have a normal life away from all the conflict."

Victor looked at Jeanne's smiling face, and made a point of recording that smile in his memories, then he smiled slightly and said:

"It is the responsibility of the elders to ensure a future for the younger ones...." Victor raised his hand, and just as before, Pure Darkness began to form in his hand. Soon, six orbs similar to the one he grabbed earlier appeared.

"That way, they won't have to grow up in a world of wars."

Scathach narrowed her eyes when she heard Victor's statement.

"Are you sensing something is going to happen, Victor?" She felt that she couldn't ignore those words. After all, Victor had the gift of seeing the future. Even if he disliked using it, she still trusted his instincts.

"... Times are changing, and a New Age in which the

Supernatural World is no longer hidden is dawning... And just like every New Age, turbulent times will come."

Gods and Mortals interacting and mixing together? This was the perfect recipe for chaos. Just look at the history of the Greeks. There was a reason why they had the most tragic Heroes.

Victor did not believe that the future would be as peaceful as it was now, mainly because, unlike before, Mortals would no longer accept how the Gods treated them.

...Of course, all this could just be Victor's paranoia, and maybe nothing could happen, but... He wouldn't live with that uncertainty. He would prepare himself for whatever may come in the future.

The women didn't say anything about what Victor said because they were all old enough to understand that he was correct.

Victor used his power and sent an Orb to Jeanne, Agnes, and Natasha; only Scathach got three.

Victor looked at the redhead: "Give the two remaining Orbs to Aphrodite and Haruna."

"Okay." Scathach readily accepted the request.

"Who should know about this?" Natasha asked.

"All my Wives must know this... And only my Wives must know this." Victor spoke objectively for them to understand: "This matter must not be spoken to our allies right now."

"Not even your parents can know about this?" Jeanne asked just to be sure.

"Not even my parents." Victor nodded seriously.

"Why is that, Victor? Isn't it better that everyone knows this?" Natasha asked.

"The more people know, the more the chance of leaks will increase."

"Oh? And do you think none of the girls will carelessly leak it?" Agnes asked. "Some girls are quite careless with information."

Victor looked at Agnes: "None of my Wives will leak information."

"How can you be so sure?" Agnes wasn't trying to be mean or anything like that. She was just worried about the risk of information leaking out.

Victor smiled gently: "If I, as a Husband, cannot trust my Wives, the women I love and trust the most, who can I?"

"...." Agnes and the girls opened their eyes slightly in surprise. They wondered how he could say things that made them feel so sweet inside so easily and so naturally.

Agnes opened her mouth to say something but stayed silent, unable to utter any words. In the end, all she could do was sigh while smiling gently.

"Haaah... You really are irresistible, adorable, kind, and a good man." If her Husband had so much faith in her, how could she not have faith in him?

"I know." Victor smiled, then stood up, picking Natalia up like a princess.

"Kaguya, get the Maids; we're leaving."

"Yes, Master." Victor's shadow stretched and broke away from him, heading for the door.

"Where are you going?" Morgana asked curiously.

"I'm going for a walk." Victor flashed a small smile.

"Just don't cause an international incident; if you do, at least wear some mask or something," Agnes spoke even though she knew it was pointless.

"Me? Wear a mask?" Victor laughed in amusement: "If I wear a mask, it will be a crime against all existence."

See? He was very narcissistic. Agnes huffed in exasperation. "Just try not to cause too much trouble."

"I can't promise anything. After all, problems love me."

"Haaah..." Agnes just took a long breath.

"At least tell us where you're going, so when a nuclear incident happens, we'll know when to act," Natasha asked.

Victor was speechless. Why were they talking like it was obvious he was going to do something? He wasn't going to do anything! After all, he was a good boy!

Seeing that it didn't hurt to say where he was going, Victor replied:

"... I'll visit an old friend with the stink of a wet dog. After all, I promised him." Victor displayed the smile of an innocent child, and then he turned around and started humming like a child who was going to visit his childhood friend.

'.....' Jeanne, Morgana, Scathach, Natasha, and Agnes looked at each other, and in the next moment, they nodded as if deciding something.

"I will contact our Husband's Demon subordinates," Morgana spoke.

"I'll prepare the assassins of Clan Blank and the warriors of our Clan," Agnes spoke.

"I'll train my daughters, Sasha, Violet, Ophis, and Nero. I will have them ready if something happens." Scathach spoke.

"I'll go talk to Aphrodite and Hestia. We have to get the Amazons ready if something happens." Jeanne spoke.

"In the meantime, I'll also go talk to Haruna to place her armies on standby."

"Here, take these two Orbs, and give them to Aphrodite and Haruna." Scathach tossed the two Orbs to Jeanne, who caught them easily and put them in her bag.

"I will talk to my sister and my nephew. I will train them even more intensely so that they can react to whatever is

necessary." Natasha spoke.

When everyone finished talking, they simultaneously nodded in satisfaction with what they heard.

"Ladies, let's do our job," Scathach announced.

"Ohhh!"

If Victor had seen this scene, he would have wondered if the girls were getting ready to go to war or something. He was just going to visit a friend on a night out! Why so much drama!?

What Victor didn't know was that based on the woman's experiences, the possibility of a problem occurring when Victor went to visit his Wolf Friend was over 1000%. That is, it was no longer a 'possibility' but an absolute certainty.

Chapter 732: Vampire meets Werewolf

A group of four people were walking on the sidewalk at night. Even though there were a few people at this time of night, they didn't seem to notice the presence of the four that, if it were any typical occasion, would definitely be drawing everyone's attention.

"My son, I think you are being careless."

"I am not."

"Yes, you are!" Anna stomped her foot in frustration.

Even after screaming and making so much noise, no one seemed to notice them.

"Why are we going straight into enemy territory with just the two of us!?"

"..." Natalia and Leona looked blankly at Anna. They wondered if they had been forgotten. Or was their presence like air?

Even if they wanted to comment on it now, the two gave space for their Husband and mother-in-law to talk. After all, Anna was speaking the words they were thinking right now.

Even if it was to visit a friend, entering enemy territory alone was crazy!

"You can go home if you don't want to come, Mother."

"Say that before you kidnap me!" She replied in exasperation.

Anna had been given no choice. Before she could react, she had been sucked into the World of Darkness, where she was trapped with the other Maids, and after a few minutes, she was expelled from that extremely comfortable place.

She didn't even have time to assess her situation before finding herself back on Earth.

"Mah, Mah, don't get so worked up. Trust your son a little."

"I trust you; I know very well how monstrous you are, but going into enemy territory alone is insanity! We won't know what to expect."

"But that's what makes it so fun, Mother..." Victor flashed a bloodthirsty smile that made Anna shudder slightly. Then he turned his head forward and said: "Not to mention that you're wrong about something, Mother..."

"... What am I wrong about?" she asked cautiously.

"I'm never alone."

Leona, Natalia, and Anna shuddered when they felt several eyes on them. The three quickly looked around and opened their eyes wide when they saw hundreds of blood-red eyes spread all over the buildings and streets. It was as if those eyes had replaced all the concrete.

"Those are... Demons... Thousands of Demons." Leona swallowed hard.

"...Just how are you hiding so many Beings...?" Anna asked.

"I'm a King, Mother. And not just any King. I am The King of Hell. Wherever I go, hundreds of Legions of Demons follow me." Victor answered without pausing his steps.

"...That doesn't answer my question, Victor."

"I know."

"..." Anna pouted. She wondered why he liked to bully her.

Was it so hard to give her a straight answer?

'Wait a sec...' Anna narrowed her eyes. She just realized something. Deciding to test her theory, she asked again.

"Victor, can you tell me how you managed to hide so many Demons?"

Victor chuckled softly, "Mother, have you never heard the saying: 'A magician never reveals his secrets?'"

"But if you're that curious, I can tell you that it's one of my Privileges as King of Hell."

Anna opened her eyes widely, feeling very confused: "...Huh? What is happening?"

Completely ignoring what Victor said, she looked at Natalia: "Natalia, what were you doing before you came here?"

"I was being spoiled by my Husband," Natalia responded instantly.

Anna raised a curious eyebrow, "Did you enjoy being spoiled by him?"

"I loved it."

"Why?"

"His hands are magical."

"..." Anna suddenly stopped talking and stared at Natalia, who snapped out of her stupor, and slowly her face started to turn red.

"Lady Anna, don't use that on me!" Natalia growled.

"My Power is working." She sighed in relief. For a moment, she thought her Power had broken or something.

"Of course it is! Why did you make me say such shameful things!?"

"I apologize. I was just surprised my Power didn't work on Victor." Anna sincerely apologized.

"... It's okay... Just next time, when testing your Power, use it on Leona! Not on me!"

"Oyy, don't throw me under the bus! I was quiet in my corner without disturbing anyone!"

"Hmph." Natalia snorted and turned away.

"This bitch ..." Veins bulged on Leona's head, but she didn't want to waste time on that. Instead, she looked at Anna and said:

"Of course, your Power won't work on Victor, Anna." "...Why not?"

"Because of how your Power works."

"...Huh?" Anna did not understand at all: "Elaborate, please." She humbly asked.

Leona didn't respond for a few seconds. She was finding the best words to say this, and when she formed a train of thought, she explained:

"Your 'honesty' Power is a mutation of the Vampire's Natural Charm or Compulsion. This Power was born from your hidden desire of wanting everyone to be honest like you."

"The way your Power works is similar to how Vampires 'Charm' their victims with their Vampyric Gaze. However, the difference is that in your case, you don't use your gaze but your presence. Your Power has an area of effect, allowing you to 'enchant' everyone around you to speak honestly."

"Because of these similarities, you will never be able to enchant Beings like Victor, who, in addition to being the Apex of The Vampire Species, is also someone Blessed by Aphrodite, Blessings that help him ignore these types of Abilities."

"...Oh... That makes sense," Anna said as she fell into her thoughts.

'In short, my Power didn't work because my son is too broken.' She nodded, satisfied.

"Her Power is not just that, Leona."

"Hmm?" Leona and Anna looked at Victor's back.

"Remember that this Power was born on the day she was reborn. This is her Main Skill, not just a Passive Skill like those of Vampire Nobles. Her Charm goes far beyond that of a normal Vampire Noble... In fact, I even think it's wrong to name the process of how the skill works as 'enchantment' because that's not how the skill works."

"Isn't her skill a Charm? If not, then what does she do?" Leona asked.

"When Noble Vampires use their Bloodline, 'Energy' from our body is drawn. This 'Energy' has no name but is linked to our stamina, and this 'Energy' is what Anna uses to fuel her Power."

"When utilizing this 'Energy', a domain of 'Authority' is created around her, and within that domain, she has absolute control of all Beings conscious enough to understand her orders."

"She isn't Charming Beings. The reason I say this is because when she uses this Power, the affected individuals' eyes do not appear unfocused as they do when they are under a Vampire's Charm. Therefore it is more accurate to say that she is talking directly to their subconscious and altering the Will of the affected Being without the Being knowing that their Will is being altered."

"It is not wrong to say that within her domain, she is an Empress whose orders are absolute."

In a way, this Power was very similar to Aphrodite's Charm, but at the same time, it was different. After all, individuals exposed to Aphrodite's Charm still demonstrate some semblance of control over themselves. Aphrodite's Charm did not control an individual's mind but rather 'influenced' them to do whatever the Goddess wanted.

A modern way of explaining it was that Aphrodite was a hot Streamer, and she used her beauty to get 'donations', and since she was very hot, everyone would do whatever she wanted, thinking of the 'chance' to get in her pants. But, of course, this effect is magnified thousands of times over. After all, she was the most beautiful woman in existence.

And thanks to her beauty, she can influence not only men but also women of all Races. Even animals themselves cannot escape her influence. As long as an individual understood the Concept of 'Beauty,' the Goddess could use her Divinity to influence them.

On the other hand, Anna was more subtle. Her Power was like a voice speaking directly to the subconscious of her victims to do whatever she wanted. In a way, it was a lot like brainwashing.

"..." Leona and Natalia looked at Anna in shock, and when they saw Anna reacting in shock as well, Leona couldn't help but ask.

"Why are you shocked!? Didn't you know that?"

"Of course not! Hilda didn't teach me that!"

Victor looked back and spoke while looking into Anna's eyes: "Don't blame Hilda. The only reason I could understand the true workings behind your Power is because I could 'see' it."

'...." Anna squirmed, feeling her son's gaze. Every time those Draconic Eyes stared at her, she felt that any attempt to keep a secret hidden was futile beneath their gaze.

"I'm not blaming her... Master taught me many things, but it's a fact that she can't help me much in my Power. She can only give me useful hints that all Noble Vampires know."

"Understandable. Your Power is based a lot on intention; it's very different from the Snow Clan's Power which is based on emotions." Victor looked back to the front and started walking again.

"Isn't your Power basically brainwashing, Lady Anna?...Should I be concerned?" Natalia commented as she backed away from Anna a little.

"Wha- Of course not! I would never use this on my acquaintances!" Anna quickly spoke.

"... You just used that on me a few minutes ago!"

"Ugh, I didn't know it was so dangerous! I promise not to use it on you again in the future."

"...Thank you so much for understanding," Natalia commented and soon returned to Anna's side.

"Hmm... Now that I think about it, if Anna and Aphrodite worked together, they could brainwash any Being that doesn't have protection from that kind of manipulation." Victor thought aloud.

"..." The three didn't really know how to react to those words from Victor.

[Roberta, do you still have your Mind Manipulation Powers?]

[Yes, Master.]

"Hmm~." Victor smiled slightly when he thought of Roberta, Anna, and Aphrodite's skill combo.

Leona walked up to Victor's side, and when she saw his slight smile, she thought:

'Yes, he's definitely thinking of something evil.'

...

In a luxurious building, a meeting was taking place.

Victor, who just got off the elevator with Anna, Natalia, and Leona, walked into the room and saw a tall man.

When the two men saw each other, they immediately spoke in unison.

"Anderson!"

"Victor!"

The two men walked to the middle of the room, and then the two shared a powerful handshake that made the muscles in both men's arms flex. 2

That handshake was so firm it released gusts of wind.

"Gaaah, you and your ridiculous strength; I see you've gotten stronger again!"

"Of course I have! I never stop training." Victor let go of Anderson's hand and watched in amusement as the Wolf shook his hand to relieve the numbness.

'I wonder how he would react if I uttered I didn't even put that much force.' Victor thought.

"No wonder you're the most infamous Being currently."

"Unfortunately, that reputation comes with the territory." He gave a small sigh.

"Well, the former Demon King wasn't the most well-liked fellow around. He caused a lot of trouble."

"Don't even get me started. I still have to deal with the mess that man left behind."

"..." As the two men exchanged conversation with each other at a fast pace as if they were old childhood friends, the group that came with the two men just stared at each other with a strange look.

"Hello," Anna spoke diplomatically.

"Hello," A tall woman, who looked like an Amazon, spoke diplomatically as well.

"..." The two groups stared at each other, not knowing how to proceed with the conversation, but one thing was sure, the mood between them was awkward!

...

Like it? Add to library!

Chapter 733: Going To Samar

Noticing the awkward mood, Anderson and Victor looked at each other and nodded.

"Let me introduce you."

Anderson pointed to a tall, dark, and muscular man. The man had long hair tied back in a ponytail.

"This brute here is Julian. He is our 'Tank'. His big body is not for show; he specializes in strength."

"..." Julian nodded his head toward Victor's group. During the whole process, his expression didn't change; he just gave Victor glances from time to time.

These looks didn't go unnoticed by the women, who just raised their eyebrows in amusement. It was obvious that Victor's overwhelming Charm was still as effective as ever.

Anderson pointed to a tall, thin man who had golden hair and black eyes:

"That squirt is Juan. He specializes in speed and tracking. You can say he's a talented hunter."

"Nice to meet you," Juan said with a disarming smile.

Continuing, Anderson then pointed to a man with chocolate skin, night-black hair, and black eyes.

"This idiot here is Yuran, and as you can tell by his appearance, he's one of my mother's Betas, so be careful what you say in front of him."

"Prince Anderson!? What are you saying!?" Yuran was speechless. Even though he was Tasha's Beta, he was still faithful to Anderson!... Most of the time.

It might have seemed like a small warning to Natalia and Anna, but to Victor and Leona, who knew Wolves, they understood what Anderson meant.

Yuran was a member of the Queen's pack, a notorious group of loyal assassins, which meant he would always prioritize the Queen's orders, so whatever he did wrong had nothing to do with Anderson.

Essentially speaking, Anderson was taking responsibility away from him regarding Yuran.

Anderson ignored Yuran and continued, gesturing to a woman with long black hair, tanned skin, jeans, and something resembling a sports bra, an outfit that altogether showed off her abs and her defined body.

"This beautiful woman is Liza, my most trusted subordinate. She is an expert in tracking."

"Hello," Liza spoke in a voice that was neither cold nor friendly. Although, throughout Anderson's introductions, she was looking at Victor as if she wanted to stab him. She still hadn't forgotten the humiliation she suffered at his hands.

"Why two tracking specialists?" Anna asked

"Liza is superior to Juan in that regard. Her senses are stronger, so she can track prey even better than Juan. Juan and Liza work together on most jobs to track our targets."

"Hmm, makes sense." Victor knew that it was basic protocol when 'hunting' prey to send at least two experienced trackers, that way, the two could help each other out in case something unforeseen happened.

"Let me introduce my group-," Victor stopped thinking about this matter and casually walked toward the girls. He held Natalia's shoulders with both hands and introduced:

"This beautiful woman is Natalia Alioth Alucard. She's Human and also happens to be my Wife."

"Wha-" Natalia didn't even have time to be surprised and start blushing because she was cut off by Yuran, who looked at her in shock.

"A-Alioth?"

"As in the Clan that helped found Nightingale?"

"Exactly." Victor flashed a small smile. Then he moved on to Anna, and just like with Natalia, he held her shoulders with both hands and introduced:

"This beautiful woman is my Mother, Anna Alucard."

"Hello," Anna smiled gently.

"... You brought your Mother?" Anderson asked in disbelief.

"Hmm? Of course, I did. She wanted to visit Samar so much that I couldn't help but bring her, you know?" Victor flashed a small smile.

"...." Anna had to stop herself from rolling her eyes in exasperation. She wondered if her son had forgotten that she had no choice from the start!? She'd been kidnapped! KIDNAPPED!! Did he not know the meaning of the word?

Anderson and his subordinates narrowed their eyes. This man was really brazen. He was treating this whole situation like he was on vacation! Did he really not care about the current delicate situation in the world?

Even if the Wolves and Vampires weren't at war or in conflict right now, that didn't mean that the relationship between them was good, and due to the recent 'problem' regarding Samar's Guardian, the Wolves were very sensitive right now.

Not that Victor knew about that specific part of the problem. Anderson thought that bringing Victor to Samar right now might not be a good idea... But he couldn't do anything about it now. After all, Anderson had asked for help. Not to mention that Victor was already here. It would be very rude to send him back.

Completely ignoring the mood of the Wolves and his own group, Victor walked toward Leona, and just like with the others, he grabbed her shoulders and introduced her.

"I don't think I need to introduce her. You must know her very well... Or at least know the Clan she is a part of, but for the sake of keeping everyone on the same page, I will introduce her."

"This is Leona Elizabeth Lykos Alucard, my Wife."

"....." All the Wolves present felt a sense of disbelief at what they had just heard. Surprise and shock were evident on their faces.

A Vampire and a Werewolf together? Huh? Was this some kind of terrible joke?

When they first noticed Leona walking in with Victor, everyone could smell Victor's scent on Leona's body, but they assumed that she smelled like that because they lived together. The thought of them being together, even more so married, never crossed their minds!

"What a blunt way to introduce me, Darling." Leona snorted, "They are completely shocked."

"Then I fulfilled my purpose." Victor laughed.

Leona smiled gently and asked, "Are you going to introduce me like this to all the Wolves we meet?"

"Of course, after all, you are my Wife." His answer was instantaneous.

Leona felt sweet inside. Happiness started bubbling inside her heart, and she once again fell in love with her Husband. She then asked,

"Even if all Werewolves become your enemy for committing a 'great sin' by associating with me?"

A sadistic smile appeared on Victor's face, "I'll be looking forward to those busybodies."

"Busbodies, huh."

"Of course! Who asked them to be so nosy? Instead of focusing on their problems, they want to intervene in a relationship that has nothing to do with them. What are they other than busybodies?"

Leona couldn't control her feelings anymore. She turned her body and hugged Victor while kissing him deeply.

"....." The Werewolves could only watch in disbelief as a Werewolf and a Vampire partook in a forbidden relationship before them.

For some reason, everyone felt like they were watching the story of Romeo and Juliet, two people who couldn't be together due to their unique circumstances, completely ignoring the status quo and deciding to fight for their love.

Although the story was similar, their situation was completely different. After all, the 'Romeo' of this couple's story was a beautiful Vampire Progenitor with a literal Hell at his command.

Even the 'old-fashioned' Werewolves like Julian, who desperately wanted to put an end to this 'charade', could only watch silently in helplessness. After all, he didn't know what consequences provoking someone like Victor would bring.

And, of course, Victor and Leona were well aware of this point. If Victor weren't powerful and didn't have hordes of billions of Demons supporting him, this meeting probably would have progressed differently because even Anderson couldn't 'approve' of this relationship. A possible birth of a Hybrid between a Vampire Progenitor and an Alpha Werewolf had every Wolf in the room shuddering with fear.

The Werewolves knew very well that a typical Hybrid could cause various problems, such as incurable diseases, just by existing. They didn't even want to think what problems a Hybrid of such strong parents could cause.

About this specific problem, Victor wasn't worried. As a Progenitor of Vampires with the Power to interact with Souls, choosing the dominant Race of his and Leona's future children was easy.

'Ahhh~, having power is really a very good thing~' Victor thought more as he hugged Leona and kissed her.

Power gave him the freedom to do whatever he wanted. Even if he was committing what was considered a 'great sin' for the Werewolves right now, they couldn't do anything but watch.

...

Sometime later, the group was sitting across from each other on a comfortable couch.

"... You really gave me a scare there." Anderson sighed as he looked at Victor, who was petting Leona with her in his lap.

"It's best to be clear from the start. I wasn't planning on hiding my relationships in any way."

"Haaah..." Anderson sighed again. He could already imagine the chaos that would ensue when Victor stepped on Samar. Leona's relationship with Victor was bad enough. He couldn't even imagine what other problems Victor's visit would cause. Somehow he was regretting asking Victor for help now.

'No, no!' Anderson shook his head internally: 'Who cares if he's dating a Werewolf, a Goddess, or even his mother? That's not my problem. I need his help to ascend the Throne. I shouldn't care about anything else.'

Anderson was a pragmatic man. He had a philosophy not to care about what he had no control over and to focus on what he could control. He felt it was better for his mental health to live that way. After all, it was no use worrying about a matter that happened on the other side of the planet since he already had several problems at hand.

Victor internally smiled in approval as he sensed Anderson's feelings.

'As expected, he got over it fast. He's a man of focus.'

The world needed more people like Anderson.

On the other hand, Anderson's three subordinates were reacting the way he expected: In disapproval.

But the opinion of outsiders never mattered to Victor. He did what he wanted when he wanted. Anyone who lived wanting approval from strangers was bound to have a life of stress. You couldn't control other people's thoughts.

'Fortunately, they are good dogs and know their place.' Victor thought.

Collecting his thoughts, Anderson looked at Victor:

"Are you planning to act like you've acted up until now with everyone you meet?"

"Obviously."

"Are you visiting Samar as the Demon King or the Second Progenitor?" The reason for that question was simple.

If he were visiting as The Second Progenitor, he would be representing the Noble Vampires. He may not be The King of Vampires, but it would be understood as such. After all, he was a Progenitor of The Vampire Race.

The same situation applied to the Title of Demon King. If he declared that he was here as the direct representative of the Demons, preparations needed to be made to receive such an important guest.

Did that mean he would lose those Titles or his influence if he presented himself in any other capacity? Of course not.

All of this was just the same old boring politics.

"What are you talking about, Anderson?" Victor asked, confused.

"Huh?"

"I didn't come here to work. I just came here to help a friend and enjoy a walk in a new location. I'm coming as a tourist; I'm on vacation right now, you know?" Victor smiled.

"....." For some reason, instead of being reassured after hearing what Victor said, he felt even more worried.

"Are we going to sit around talking all day, or are we going to Samar?"

Anderson and Victor looked at each other for a long time. This impasse lasted for a few minutes, and then Anderson closed his eyes as if he were making a decision.

'I hope I don't regret this.'

Anderson got up from the couch and displayed a friendly smile:

"From now on, Victor Alucard is a guest of the Second Prince of Samar."

Yuran approached Victor, and in his hands was a golden identification token.

Victor reached out and took the Token, observing the image of a sizeable roaring Wolf that decorated its surface.

With his eyes, he could easily see the Energy in the Token used to distinguish the object.

"Please do not lose the Token. If anyone questions why you're in Samar, just show them the Token, and they will ignore you."

"I won't lose it," Victor said, slipping the Token into his pocket.

"Good. In that case, shall we stop talking nonsense and go to Samar?"

"Now you are speaking my language, Anderson." Victor's smile grew.

Leona got off Victor's lap reluctantly and stood up. Then Victor also got up and looked at Anderson.

Realizing that he was ready, Anderson looked at his subordinate:

"Liza, open the door, please."

"Yes, Prince Anderson." The woman walked towards an empty space and pointed her hand forward. Soon, a black tattoo that looked like several tree branches started to appear all over her arm. The tattoo began to glow slightly in a green hue, and the next moment, a door made of tree branches began forming.

All the while, Victor was watching this with his eyes, and it was worth mentioning that he was very surprised by what he saw.

'As expected, I wasn't wrong. Werewolves are closely related to a Positive World Tree.' The Energy he 'saw' in that tattoo was very similar to the Energy he used. Only it was more Positive than Negative.

All World Trees used Natural Energy, but according to the Aspect of The World Tree's alignment, depending on whether it had separated itself or not, the Tree's Natural Energy would take on 'Positive' and 'Negative' properties.

And within these positive and Negative Energies, each had a certain peculiarity.

Positive Energy, generally speaking, was the Energy of 'Creation'. As its opposite, Negative Energy was everything that Positive Energy was not. Rather broadly, Negative Energy was the Energy of 'Destruction'.

Though these examples weren't exactly 'correct'. After all, these two Energies encompassed a much broader Concept that incorporated many more Aspects of Existence than just creating and destroying something.

Such was the case with Negative Energy which embodied every negative feeling a Being could experience.

'In theory, a Positive World Tree is capable of creating transit 'points' for two different planets.' Victor thought.

The World Trees were not hostile to each other. On the contrary, just like the Primordial Entities, they were 'Neutral' Beings.

With just one look, Victor understood what that tattoo was. In a very brief way, it was like coordinates that accessed the planet of Samar.

When the door was finished being built, and the view of sunny pastures appeared, Victor thought:

'Looks like this trip will be more interesting than I thought.'

...

Like it? Add to library!

Chapter 734: The Empress

"I think they should be arriving in Samar by now," Violet commented as she looked at Agnes, Ruby, and Sasha.

"I still want to know what was going on in my Husband's head. Why did he suddenly decide to go to Samar?" Ruby frowned at the frustration she was feeling right now.

"It's no use thinking about it now, Ruby. Darling has a very casual mood; he's like the wind. He goes where he wants and when he wants." Sasha commented.

"That's true. But even the wind has patterns that can be traced through the science that studies it." Ruby pointed. "Darling is the same. He doesn't act without reasons."

"The core values of what makes up Victor, when none of his Family is in danger, are Fun, and recently, goals that will help us in the long run," Violet spoke.

"Exactly." Ruby nodded in agreement with Violet.

"In that case, has he decided that going to Samar will give him an opportunity that will benefit our Family?"

"Probably," Violet spoke.

"Huh? You are not sure?" Sasha asked incredulously, "Don't you boast that you know Darling better than the rest of us? Where's your pride?"

A vein bulged on Violet's head, and she smiled with her eyes closed, grimacing: "Yes, I know Darling better than all of you, but remember that Darling was away from us for 700 years. No one goes 700 years without changing."

"That's true, but the 'core' of an individual's personality doesn't change so easily unless something drastic happens, which was the case with Victor," Agnes spoke.

"..." The three Heiresses looked at Agnes.

"As someone who has lived over 1700 years, I can clearly say that although I am not the same woman I was in the past, I am still the same Agnes as I was as a child. I am just more mature and experienced in matters of life."

"Just say you are old," Violet snorted.

Veins bulged on Agnes's head: "...Violet, it seems I should teach you to show some 'respect' to your mother. You've been very arrogant lately."

"My respect for you died completely when I saw you screaming like a bitch in heat, asking for more 'rough treatment' from my Husband." Violet snorted again.

"..." Agnes had the decency to at least turn her face away and cry a little, and as she did so, she couldn't help but wonder who made Violet so foul-mouthed and arrogant? This was not a trait of her family!

"Violet..." Sasha called Violet.

"What?"

"I've been wondering this for a while..." Sasha commented cautiously.

"Wondering what? Stop with the suspense and spit out what you want to say." Violet didn't like the suspense genre. She was the type of woman who would burn down the movie theater because she couldn't bear to watch a whole movie in that genre.

"Why do you keep commenting on the details of what happened back then and use it as a weapon to embarrass the girls?"

"..." Violet raised an eyebrow at Sasha, "You know it's not just me who does that, right?"

"I know." Sasha nodded: "But you are the First Wife. You have to set an example. If you behave like Agnes, what kind of respect do you want to gain from other Wives?"

"Oyy! What do you mean by 'behave like Agnes'!? I am not that much of a delinquent!" Agnes pointed at Violet as if she had committed a great crime.

"..." Ruby couldn't help but roll her eyes when she heard what Agnes said. 'Doesn't this woman look in the mirror? Violet is clearly a copy of her.'

Ignoring what Agnes said, Sasha kept looking at Violet:

"As the Empress, you must command respect, Violet."

"Respect can't be forced, Sasha. It's not that simple." Violet pointed out.

"I know that respect must be earned." Sasha nodded. She knew that fact very well: "But how are you going to earn that respect if you don't act accordingly?"

"..." Violet frowned.

"Don't get me wrong, Violet. I'm not criticizing you or saying that the fact that you use the intimate acts we do with our Husband to shame other girls is abhorrent."

"After all, as you said, they all do that... And because they all do that kind of action, that's where the problem is generated."

"Our intimate acts should not be used as a weapon to shame other girls because these intimate acts are a way for us to show our love to Victor, our Husband."

"...." Agnes and Ruby frowned when they heard what Sasha said. They realized that what the blonde said was an

important point.

Violet might have been silent, but she listened thoroughly to what Sasha was saying because even Violet saw the merit in Sasha's words.

"Understanding, mutual respect, and companionship are important for a long and healthy relationship."

"Even though those provoking words are an internal 'joke' for us, it's not funny anymore." Sasha was very sensitive to the house's atmosphere because, like her mother, she could slow down Time if she wanted to. Although she was not a Master of facial expressions like her Husband, she could still read the environment very well. After all, that was an essential skill for reading the bipolar moods of her mother's other personality.

"If any of our words had hurt any of the girls, Victor would have done something." Violet pointed out.

"That's true. Darling would step in if any sort of internal conflict arose." Sasha nodded, she knew her Husband well, and with his Powers of Empathy, it was a fact that he could keep an eye on the emotional changes of all his Wives. If he didn't intervene now, it was because no problem had occurred.

"Right? Violet spoke: "These jokes are not a problem. Everyone understands they shouldn't take those words to heart, so what's the problem?"

"Just because a problem hasn't happened yet doesn't mean it won't in the future, Violet."

"..."

"Currently, Darling's Wives respect Ruby, Natashia, Kaguya, Aphrodite, Jeanne, Morgana, and Scathach the most."

"...Not including yourself?" Violet asked in amusement. She didn't feel the least bit offended by what Sasha said. After all, she could also see what Sasha was trying to point out.

"I'm not arrogant enough to think I'm as respected as the aforementioned women." Sasha snorted. Just because she wasn't 'as respected' didn't mean she didn't receive any respect from the girls.

The same was true of Violet. She wasn't hated or anything. On the contrary, she was respected but not at the level of the aforementioned women, which was a problem...at least from Sasha's perspective.

"Ironically, Scathach isn't even a 'Wife' yet, and she already has so much influence." Sasha chuckled in amusement.

"You know my mother is a Wife in all but name, right?" Ruby pointed.

"Yes, I know. But Scathach doesn't think about that, right?" Sasha smiled.

"..." Ruby had no way of refuting those words. The relationship between Victor and Scathach was complex. They wanted to fight each other when they were stronger... That's what they say, but Ruby believed the two were satisfied with keeping the relationship as it was. This was because this relationship motivated the two to get stronger and push each other's boundaries.

Ruby had never seen her mother training with such intensity as she was now.

Thinking deeply about Sasha's words, Agnes said, "Scathach has everyone's respect, as does Aphrodite."

"Which means that the two of them have the most influence in the Harem, huh?"

"Indeed." Sasha nodded.

"Violet is the First Wife. She is the woman who changed Darling's life by turning him into a Noble Vampire." Despite being part of the Ritual, the only reason Sasha was there on that fateful day was at Violet's request. Violet was the main trigger for her being in that place.

"Scathach is Victor's Master and was the woman who gave him a purpose in life. And Anna was the woman who raised Victor and shaped who he is today."

"You could say these three women hold a special place in Victor's heart."

Violet narrowed her eyes, "You know what you're saying right now is wrong, right?"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Are you ABSOLUTELY sure?"

"...Yes." She spoke with a strong tone.

"... Haah... I'm not blind, Violet. It's clear to everyone that you, Anna, and Scathach are the most special to Victor."

"That doesn't mean he doesn't love us. Darling makes sure everyone feels special, but it's undeniable that you, Scathach, and Anna are the most special because you directly impacted Victor's life the most." Sasha spoke neutrally without showing any discomfort or sadness. She wasn't feeling these feelings because, as she said, Victor made sure to shower everyone with lots of love.

...But women were greedy. They all wanted to be 'special' in some way to their Husband. They wanted to be just like Scathach, Anna, Violet, Roxanne, Aphrodite, Leona, and Ruby.

Sasha's reason for adding Roxanne, Aphrodite, Leona, and Ruby was obvious.

Aphrodite was a literal Goddess who gave everything she had to Victor in the name of love. The love the two had for each other was like a drug strengthened by the Goddess's Blessing. It was addictive.

Leona was Victor's childhood friend. They were in a similar situation in the past. So she fell into the same category as Violet.

Ruby didn't even need to say much. The cold and intelligent woman never rested or spared any efforts to protect her Family.

And Roxanne was the woman who literally made him reborn much stronger, and she was the woman who spent 700 years at Victor's side.

Violet sighed. "Haaah... I don't like the way you put it, Sasha." She looked seriously at Sasha:

"Victor wouldn't like it either."

"..."

"Yes, maybe Scathach, Anna, and I are the most 'special' for Victor because we impacted his life so much."

"But you are being unfair to all his Wives by speaking like that."

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

"We are all special, Sasha."

"Ruby impacted Victor with her hard work and how she protects the Family. She was the one who supported him when he was away from us for 1 and a half years too."

"In the beginning, you impressed Victor with your kindness and nobility. Thanks to who you are, Victor had to rethink his decisions a lot. For a long time, you were Victor's 'moral compass' not to commit so many atrocities."

"Because if it were up to just me and Ruby, the two of us wouldn't care if he burned the world down."

"...." Sasha opened her eyes wide, she looked at Ruby, asking for confirmation, and the redhead just nodded, saying:

"She is correct. It may not seem like it, but Victor, in the beginning, always made important decisions after thinking about what we would think of him." Ruby explained.

Before Sasha could say anything, Violet spoke:

"You said I should 'command' respect, but Victor and I don't think so."

"...Huh?"

"Sasha, this isn't an Imperial Harem or anything like that. There are no Factions or favorite women. Stop watching middle age dramas; your head is getting infected with that bullshit."

"...." Sasha was left speechless by Violet's brusque way of speaking.

"What is the motto of Clan Alucard?"

"We take care of each other," Sasha spoke.

"Correct, our Family will always come first." Violet nodded and added with an even more intense look:

"We are Family, we are all Family, and because of that, we are so casual with each other. After all, we are practically sisters."

"The way he found each woman and interacted with them initially makes every encounter special for him. We are all special to him, Sasha." Violet repeated it again to emphasize what she wanted to say:

"The proof of this fact is that if one of us suddenly disappears, I guarantee you he will go crazy. That's the day he will burn the world."

"...So I was wrong...?" Sasha spoke with a slightly depressed mood.

"Not exactly," Ruby and Violet spoke at the same time.

"...." The two looked at each other and nodded as if they agreed with something, then Violet began to speak:

"The situation you mentioned has merits to be taken seriously. We must not use our nightly activities with our Husband as an insult." Violet looked at Agnes.

"I'm sorry I said I lost respect for you, Mother. That's not true; I respect you a lot. And I'm sorry I spoke like that."

"..." Agnes opened her eyes wide and felt a shiver run through her entire body.

'What's wrong with my daughter!? Has she gotten sick all of a sudden!?'

Violet continued to look seriously at Agnes.

Realizing that she would not get out of this situation if she didn't say something, Agnes spoke with a trembling voice:

"I-It's okay... I understand... Can you go back to normal? You are really scaring me right now."

Violet nodded and looked back at Sasha: "I will communicate to the more 'foul-mouthed' members of our group to be more sociable."

"Thanks for bringing this to my attention, Sasha."

"... You're welcome...?" Sasha replied, confused and, at the same time, stunned. She did not expect this development. "Ruby." Violet looked at the redhead.

"I know. Talk to Natasha, right? She is one of the 'foul-mouthed' members of our group."

"Add Morgana, Pepper, Eleonor, and Rose as well. The last two can be quite unpleasant when provoked. I think that attitude was built because they come from an environment with only fighters."

Remembering the 'pleasant discussion' between Rose and Eleonor that took place in the bathroom, Ruby couldn't help but nod.

"Okay, I will go talk to them."

"On that same topic, talk to Nero and Ophis as well." Violet pointed.

"...Why?" Ruby raised her eyebrow.

"We don't want the children saying bad words, right?" Violet smiled.

"...Fair enough."

"..." Sasha couldn't help but look at Violet as if they were looking at an alien. Where did she get that aura of authority? Was this the same Violet she knew?

"You look shocked, Sasha." Agnes laughed.

"..." Sasha just nodded as she looked sideways toward Agnes.

"You haven't spent much time with Violet lately. It might not seem like it, but all those responsibilities involving the Snow Clan, the new Faction, and Darling's religion are causing major changes in Violet."

"Just as you are evolving in strength and insight, Violet is not standing still either." Agnes looked at Violet, who was talking to Ruby.

"She is growing daily." Agnes smiled proudly.

'She is growing up to become the Empress of the same stature as a King like Victor.'

"I see... Looks like I saw a big problem where there wasn't one to begin with." Sasha spoke with a sense of fulfillment.

"Actually, I used to think like you."

"Huh?" Those words caught Sasha off guard.

"I think this thought was born due to my experience observing Harems of the past. There was a lot of politics in the Harems of the Kings of the past. Women practically killed each other to be the 'First Wife'."

"...Our situation would never devolve into that."

"I know, Victor would never let it, but women are naturally selfish, you know? They always want more, especially when the prize is someone as irresistible as Victor."

"That's true, but acting that way would only make Darling sad and disappointed." Sasha pointed out.

"Indeed." Agnes nodded.

"As I said, I thought a bit like you, I saw a problem where there wasn't one, but after that conversation, my mind was cleared. As Violet said, there are no Factions or the preferred woman. There are no internal politics."

"Darling has demonstrated time and time again that he is not a small man like the Kings of the past. Instead, he is an overwhelming man who has a lot of love to give." Agnes smiled when she remembered Victor's lifeless, haunting eyes.

"That I can agree with you." Sasha smiled.

"Ruby, should we tell Victor what happened here?" Violet asked.

"Please, do it." Ruby nodded.

"...Why did you look so anxious?" Violet raised her eyebrow.

"I desire to be punished for thinking nonsense." She was brutally honest.

"..." The women stared at Ruby with deadpanned expressions.

"... In this particular case, shouldn't it be Sasha who should be punished?" Agnes asked cautiously.

"Tsk, that's true."

'Why does she look so disappointed!?' Violet and Sasha thought at the same time.

Violet looked at Sasha, the two communicated with each other's gazes, and then Sasha nodded:

"I'll tell Victor what happened... And I'll say Ruby was the one who started the trouble."

Ruby opened her eyes wide and then showed a small satisfied smile.

It was evident from her expression that she was pretty expectant.

'Victor, you bastard! What did you do to Ruby!!' Sasha and Violet thought at the same time.

Suddenly the door is opened, and Aphrodite and Hestia entered with serious faces:

"We have a problem."

"What is it?" Violet asked with a grave look.

"Hera and Nyx desire to meet us on Earth. The situation in the Greek Pantheon has gotten much worse. I predict they want to ask for shelter."

"... Well, fuck." Violet rubbed her brow: 'Why does shit always happen when Darling isn't home?' She sighed at the end.

...

Chapter 735: We just arrived in Samar, and... Victor happened

Have you ever heard of the term Dystopian middle age?

If you haven't heard it, no problem, I'll explain it to you. Starting with the word 'dystopia', what does it mean?

Dystopia characterizes a dark imaginary society. Dystopias usually bring about societies controlled by the State or by other extreme means of oppression, which create unbearable living conditions for individuals. It is usually based on current reality idealized in extreme conditions in the future.

This is what dystopia means.

Now what does middle age mean?

Middle Ages is the period between the deposition of the last sovereign of the Western Roman Empire, Romulus Augustulus (476, 5th century), until the conquest of the city of Constantinople by the Turks (1453, 15th century), putting an end to the Byzantine Empire.

That was a term straight out of the history books, but for those of us in the modern age who have watched many forms of entertainment, the Middle Ages were often mixed with otherworldly 'Fantasy'.

Everyone has seen that story in which a protagonist died after being hit by a truck, and suddenly you see a fantasy world set in what seems to be the Middle Ages.

It's something quite common nowadays, and even if the world suffered a lot due to the new age of supernatural beings, the ancient culture still stands firm and strong. It could even be said that it became more popular. After all, humans discovered that those races straight out of a fantasy story existed in the real world.

Now that you already know what the two concepts of these words mean, I will explain what they mean together; Dystopian Middle Age.

Dystopian Middle Age refers to a concept of a dystopian society set in the middle ages. Different from the real middle ages that we have in history, this society can be even more 'fantasy' with various elements that could not be seen in the real world.

To Victor, Samar looked something like that... though the dystopian part may be incorrect.

Victor looked around and saw men and women wearing leather armor, some wearing suits, others dressed more tribally.

The surrounding buildings were a jumble of modern buildings and buildings that looked like they had come out of a fantasy world.

The surrounding environment was as if a bored god had taken the concepts of the Internet age and combined them with a period of the middle ages and a fantasy world.

This mix didn't stop there, modern motorcycles were seen riding on a concrete road, but at the same time, old carriages with a modern touch also traveled on the road.

Victor could have sworn he saw a young wolf riding some sort of flying skateboard.

"What the fuck is this? Am I dreaming? In fact, I think someone must have given me a very strong greenback."

"..." Natalia and Leona really wanted to answer Victor's question, but they were speechless too.

[Why is Leona surprised too, didn't she know this?] Anna, who was in Victor's shadow due to her not having immunity to sunlight, asked.

[As far as I know, Lady Leona has never been to Samar before.] Kaguya explained.

[Oh... If that's the case, her reaction makes sense.] Anna nodded and looked at Kaguya curiously: [You don't look surprised, Kaguya.]

[I came here when I was younger along with Lady Agnes... Although back then, the city wasn't as messed up as it is now]

[Fuck, this town looks like it came straight out of the hands of a child god, what literal mess is this?] Maria was in disbelief.

[Interesting... Although everything looks like a big mess, society itself is still functioning... In a crazy, irrational world, but it's still functioning.] Eve spoke.

[Aren't you always the scientist, Eve?] Maria laughed gently.

Eve blushed a little and said: [It's just really interesting... I wonder if I can show it to Ruby.]

[Why don't you record? Here, take the camera.] Kaguya spoke as she gave a camera that came out of the shadows.

[... I wonder how many things you leave in your shadows.] Eve muttered with a hint of envy.

[I lost count, I just put whatever I want in there.] Kaguya replied.

[That's a very enviable skill.] Anna spoke.

[Agreed.] The girls around spoke.

When Anderson stopped talking to a guard, he returned with his subordinates and said:

"Welcome to the royal capital of the Eclipse Ventus werewolves. I hope you are enjoying the view."

Leona raised her eyebrow: "Eclipse Ventus...? Isn't Samar the name of the city?"

"Hmm, this doubt is understandable, I think. Unlike what most supernatural beings think, Samar is not the name of the city, but the name of the planet we live on."

"You're an Alpha werewolf, and you don't even know the name of our race's real city, shame on you." Liza snorted.

Leona narrowed her eyes at Liza: "Why should I remember a city I will never live in?"

"What - And you call yourself a werewolf!?" Liza was in disbelief at what she heard from Leona.

"Yes, I am a werewolf, not just any werewolf. I am an Alpha werewolf, coming from a long family of Alpha werewolves." Leona's eyes glowed azure blue, and all the werewolves around her immediately turned their eyes toward Leona.

'Oh?' Victor watched the werewolves' reaction to Leona with interest. It was a very similar reaction when he used his power in front of common noble vampires; it was the suppression of someone with a stronger bloodline.

In the case of werewolves, it's just an Alpha asserting their dominance.

'Looks like somehow, my liquids have empowered Leona too, huh...!' Victor was really questioning whether he was a porn manga character now.

[Now that I come to think of it, why are these wolves not reacting to my son? Did he get ugly or something?] Anna asked as she watched what was happening from Victor's point of view.

[Darling can hide his beauty if he so chooses. This is an ability that comes from the blessing of beauty.] Roberta explained.

Thinking of the times when Aphrodite looked less beautiful than usual, Anna nodded, indicating that she understood what Roberta was talking about.

[He can also completely erase his presence so that he becomes one with nature, this is an ability he acquired from me.] Roxanne snorted proudly.

[Using this skill with the illusion of witches' magic, he can become invisible in front of everyone. He already used this technique a few moments ago. Do you remember?]

[Mm, I remember, we were talking quite loudly, and no one noticed us.] Anna spoke.

[That was also a basic witches' silence spell.] Roxanne explained.

"Coming from a family of Alphas, the statement was even more preposterous." The Alpha families were the families that had the most political power within Samar. They were basically the vampire counts of Nightingale, and their influence was everywhere.

Seeing the discussion taking place, Anderson thought: 'This presence... Adam's daughter is stronger than before. What happened?'

'Perhaps I should step in before things get worse-.' His thoughts stopped when he heard Leona speaking.

"First, let's get a few things straight. I don't care about a family I've never seen. Even that earlier statement was something I heard my father saying. I don't even know if it's true or not."

"Second, I don't care about Samar or anything like that. Why should I? This is the first time I came here."

"Third, my family is my father, my brother, Victor, and my sisters. And not a bunch of strangers I've never seen before."

Her statements made even Anderson and the other subordinates gape in shock. They had never heard such disrespect from a werewolf before.

'Adam...! That's what it's like to raise children outside of Samar!' Anderson felt like pulling his hair out now.

Anderson could understand Leona's reasoning. After all, she is a wolf who grew up outside of Samar, it's not like he hasn't seen it before, but this is the first time a member of an Alpha Clan has spoken this openly.

'Ugh, I don't even want to think about the trouble that will happen if that crazy woman hears this.' Anderson shuddered when he thought of the matriarch of Clan Lykos.

"Fourth..." Leona looked at the prince: "Anderson, control your subordinate; she's being annoying."

Liza snapped out of her stupor and frowned at Leona. She had never seen such disrespect before, but when she was about to open her mouth to say something, she heard Anderson.

"Liza, this is enough."

"..." Liza looked at Anderson and shuddered when she saw the look in his eyes.

"Okay..." She spoke rather softly.

'Hmm~' Victor looked at Leona with pride. From the beginning, Victor did not interfere for a reason.

He knew that Leona knew how to take care of herself, and like his other wives, she didn't like being treated as something 'fragile' by Victor. Because of that, he was letting her fight her own battles, but that didn't mean he wouldn't interfere if she was in danger or if she was insulted by someone who she couldn't retaliate against... Someone like the King of Werewolves, for example.

"Prince Anderson, we must get out of here. They are already attracting too much attention." Yuran spoke.

Anderson looked around and saw several passers-by picking up cell phones and taking pictures of them. Some suspicious characters were saying something with just the movements of their lips while hiding their mouths.

Anderson narrowed his eyes, then said, "Let's go to the palace."

"Ehh~? But I wanted to go on a walk first." Victor protested.

"..." Anderson and his subordinates looked at Victor in shock. Why is he acting like a child now?

Suddenly, all the eyes of the passersby went to Victor. They all looked at him, confused, wondering when did he get there? They didn't see anything!

... They also noticed something else... This man was so handsome!

Other passers-by who had sharper senses noticed something completely different.

"What is he?... What is this feeling?" They shuddered with horror on their faces as they stared into Victor's eyes.

"Hmm? Interesting."

'Due to werewolves being closer to animals, their instincts are sharper, and because of that, they immediately noticed my draconic traits.'

Dragons were the top of the species; the very presence of a dragon could make an entire ecosystem collapse, and all animals were afraid of the strongest predator.

"Victor, I think we should follow Anderson."

"Oh?" Victor looked curiously at Natalia. As far as he remembered, she NEVER asked him for anything and always fulfilled her role as Maid very well, even if sometimes it wasn't necessary.

Feeling Natalia's emotions, he could sense that she was very worried.

"Why are you worried?"

"...I just don't like it here." She shuddered as she gripped his arm.

And that attitude made Victor narrow his eyes. It was apparent he was missing something here.

Due to being in a new city and in the country of an 'enemy', Victor held back his senses to prevent all strong beings from sensing his presence since he didn't want to create problems for Anderson until his coming was known to the public wolves, which wouldn't take long after all, he'd heard Anderson talking to the guard about it before.

... But seeing Natalia that way, he didn't care anymore. Deciding not to hold back his senses any longer, Victor's senses expanded and encompassed the entire city at once.

And when he did, all the strong beings within Eclipse Ventus sensed Alucard's presence and immediately began to move toward him.

But Victor didn't care about that. He was focusing on something else as he looked up and narrowed his eyes.

On top of a building, he saw a tall man with olive skin and short black hair looking at Natalia with greed, lust, and a little bit of cruelty in his eyes. The man clearly knew who Natalia

was.

It was worth mentioning that Victor did not like this at all.

Anderson and Leona looked in the direction that Victor was looking and saw the same man as he was. The moment the man saw Anderson and Leona looked at him.

The man smiled, and waved his hand in farewell, then disappeared from the roof.

When Anderson looked at the man, his face darkened. "A question, Anderson."

Victor's heavy voice made everyone around him shudder: "Y-Yes?"

When the wolves looked at Victor, they wanted to get out of this place as soon as possible. Just what was this monster?

The instincts of all the surrounding werewolves were roaring for them to get out of this place immediately!

"Do you know him?" A simple question that contained several hidden meanings.

And the answer to that question would decide that man's future.

Looking at Victor, who was still 'looking' at a place that only had buildings in front, Anderson thought:

... He is one of the sons of the Alpha Clan... An Alpha Clan that sponsors my brother... The foolish brother who joined that organization of idiots.' The smile on Anderson's face grew.

"I never saw him in my life," Anderson stated with an innocent smile that left his subordinates speechless.

"Very well... Take care of matters for me when this is all over."

"Okay, don't forget to pick up 'evidence'."

Victor just nodded, then red lightning began to cover Victor's body.

Rumble, rumble, rumble.

And in the blink of an eye, he disappeared, leaving behind red trails of electricity.

"There it is... The strongest Yandere." Leona laughed. She couldn't believe Victor would commit such an atrocity just because a wolf looked the wrong way at Natalia.

'Isn't he very overprotective ~?' She smiled, satisfied. It is worth mentioning that she was not at all dissatisfied with his personality.

"Victor..." Natalia was feeling complex now, but most of her feelings were happiness for her husband.

"..." Leona rolled her eyes when she saw Natalia's passionate attitude.

"Let's go to the royal palace. Whatever Victor is going to do, it will take time."

"Why do you think that? Doesn't he have the power of lightning? He can fix the problem and get back to you quickly."

"... When the Demon King acts against his enemies Liza..." Leona's smile grew sadistically, "He makes sure to completely break his enemies, and only when he finishes breaking him does he bestow the sweet mercy of the embrace of death."

Liza shuddered. She could see this scenario very well in her head for some reason.

"And that's just for normal enemies; he's even worse for organisms who look down on his women."

"..."

Yuran, Juan, and Julian looked at Anderson:

"Prince, are you absolutely sure you should have brought him here?"

"... You know what? That's a question I'm constantly asking now."

Alucard took the adjective walking nuclear bomb to a new level; he was very chaotic.

"Haaah... We haven't even entered the city, and trouble has already happened. I can only pray for the future now... I hope my mother does not complain too much." Anderson scratched his head as he started walking in one direction.

"That's impossible. She will definitely complain to you a lot," His four subordinates spoke at the same time.

"Haah..." Anderson could only sigh again. He felt a small premonition that he was going to be doing that a lot from now on.

...

Chapter 736: My father-in-law found out...

"Now that we are in a place without people, can we talk about the City?" Leona asked, "Why does the City look like some bored God's weird joke?"

"You-!" Liza was going to complain to Leona again about her disrespect for the City, but she fell silent when Leona's eyes flashed azure blue.

"Shut up."

Liza's body shuddered, and immediately, she nodded meekly and stepped back.

Leona looked back at Anderson: "Explain."

"Haah..." Anderson sighed. He thought a little about his next words and then said: "In a very brief explanation."

"Eclipse Ventus is the product of Ancient Werewolves over 1000 years old, Young Werewolves who live on Earth and have come to live in Samar, and our partnership with the Witches."

"..." Leona and Natalia narrowed their eyes when they heard the Witches' part, but they decided not to bring it up and continued listening.

"The older Werewolves, who are powerful enough to live a long life, refused to change society from what they were used to. However, that didn't sit well with the Young Werewolves who came from outside Samar. Once you learn about modernity, you can't go back to living in the Middle Ages period."

"Consequently, these Young Werewolves allied with Young Werewolves who were related to these Ancient Werewolves, and gave them a taste of 'modernity' by presenting various entertainments, etc."

"That desire to modernize has grown just as strong as the Older Werewolves' desires to uphold tradition."

"Therefore, to not split society into several pieces and lose control of his people, The King of Werewolves ordered that everything be allowed."

Natalia raised an eyebrow. "... What do you mean everything is allowed?"

"Exactly what I said. He allowed everything. The young ones would bring modernity to Samar, and the Older Werewolves would keep the tradition. As long as you have an 'estate', you can build your estate however you wish. You no longer have to follow the standards the King has enacted. In this way, capitalism arrived at Monarchy."

"..." Leona and Natalia opened their eyes in shock. They had never heard so much bullshit in their lives before. A capitalist society functioning in a Monarchy with a King and a Queen who possesses absolute power?

Unlike London, where the power of the Monarchy was very 'limited', the King and Queen of Werewolves had complete control of society.

"This law opened loopholes for Witches to 'invest' in Samar and bring their products to sell."

"And thanks to Witches creating rather 'fantasy' items, this kind of scenario where various eras of history were mixed together can be seen."

"..." Leona and Natalia waited for Anderson to continue, but they realized that the man had no intention of continuing.

"... You summed up the events pretty well, huh." Leona couldn't help but say.

"Of course, if I were to tell the story exactly how it happened, it would take several hours. If you're that interested, just go read a book." Anderson snorted.

"I'll do that later..." Leona nodded.

'I wonder if Ruby will like these books. Maybe I'll get some books from the public library for her.' Natalia thought.

Leona and Natalia had doubts regarding how 'exactly' society was functioning in this chaos, but they could learn about that later.

They would definitely do that later, the reason being that despite being so chaotic, the city looked very interesting. They wanted to know how exactly it got that way.

"You mentioned the partnership you 'had' with Witches... What does that mean?" Natalia asked. She didn't miss that critical point.

Anderson looked at Natalia for a few seconds. He was thinking about whether or not he should reveal this information.

'Well, they'll be here for several weeks. They would find out anyway.' Coming to a decision, Anderson said:

"Exactly what it meant. The contract we had with the Witches was suddenly broken by them, and they left Eclipse Ventus. Today, we don't have any Witches in the City-... No, we don't have any Witches in all of Samar. They've completely left our planet."

"I assume this event took place during the war?" Leona asked.

"Yes." Anderson nodded.

Leona narrowed her eyes. "... I don't like that. This attitude is not very common for Witches. They are whores who like to profit in every possible situation. I thought they would do that on Earth when the war was over, but even after a year, I haven't seen any Witches yet."

'Except for Hecate, but it's safe to say she's an exiled Witch or something. After all, she's in love with Tatsuya.' Leona thought.

"I think the same as you. This is not the attitude of Mercenary Witches we are used to. Something is happening in Arcane, something that has made the Queen shut down her entire Nation. The fact that no one knows what is happening is even more alarming." Anderson spoke.

He looked at Natalia then, some thoughts crossed his mind, and soon he exposed these thoughts in a question:

"Lady Alioth, are you able to invade Arcane undetected?" Anderson reasoned that the Skill the Alioth Clan was so famous for should be able to do something like this easily, right?

"It's impossible," Natalia answered quickly.

Natalia's instant response proved that he was very naive for thinking that way:

"...Why?"

"The Witches have a specialist in Space Magic who protects Arcane," Natalia spoke.

'My father could probably break in if he wanted to, but he would consume a lot of Energy, which would risk his health.' Natalia thought internally but didn't voice her thoughts.

"Probably only a God of Space could sneak in undetected." She didn't talk about brute force. After all, it was clear that if a Pantheon of Gods wanted to invade Arcane, it would have already happened.

"...I see..." Anderson narrowed his eyes.

'Looks like I'll have to look at other methods to find out what those Mercenaries are doing.'

"We must-." Then, when Anderson was about to say something, he heard his father's roar.

"ANDERSON!"

Sounds of heavy footsteps were heard, and the next moment, the door was opened with a bang. Soon a tall man, along with a woman with chocolate skin, entered. Beside the two was a man that Leona knew very well.

"Father!?" Leona looked at her father with a wide look in shock. He looked so different!

His beard hadn't changed, but his expression, along with his being decked in full armor, made him look completely different than what she was used to.

Before the Volk could yell at his son, he was interrupted by Adam.

"Elizabeth!? What are you doing-...Wait a sec, if you are here, that means..." He looked at Natalia for a few seconds, then his gaze shifted to Leona with an even more intense gaze.

"Victor is here, right?"

Adam couldn't imagine Leona coming to this place alone. After all, he knew Victor very well. He wouldn't put his daughter in unnecessary danger.

Leona just nodded as if it wasn't a big deal.

"Fuck... So he was the owner of that terrifying aura." Adam could already see problems happening all over the city. Victor was like a damn hurricane that caused chaos wherever he went.

"Why are you reacting like this? Didn't you know that?" Leona asked, confused.

"Of course not. We just knew that someone powerful arrived along with the Second Prince." Adam explained.

"Excuse me? But I clearly ordered the gatekeeper to pass the message to the King that Alucard was here." Anderson said, "I told them it was top priority!"

"Wait, Alucard's here?" Tasha interjected, "Are you talking about THAT man? The Second Progenitor, King of Hell, and the most handsome man in existence?"

"...." Was the last Title really necessary? That thought went through the head of every man in the room when they heard Tasha's words.

Volk studied his wife for a few seconds, and sensing nothing wrong, he let it go.

"Correct," Leona responded by nodding.

"That is good! You did something very good, Anderson!" A big smile appeared on Tasha's face.

"Mother/Tasha!?" Volk and Anderson asked at the same time with shocked expressions.

Natalia and Leona looked at each other and nodded. They had the same thought in their heads.

'His existence itself is a threat to every husband out there.'

Seeing her son and husband's overreaction, the woman narrowed her eyes as she realized what they were thinking:

"Stop thinking nonsense. Although I find him very handsome, I'm not interested in him because of that. He's the King of Hell, right? So he must be able to do something to help our friend."

Demons were known for many things. They were unreliable, 'evil', and the Beings who most understood how to harm someone in a 'cunning' and silent way.

Not to mention, Fenrir had been sick since the Demons invaded Samar, so it was logical to think that Demons were somehow involved with Fenrir's state. As the King of Hell, Victor must know something, right?

That was Tasha's reasoning.

"....." Anderson and Volk looked at Tasha suspiciously. The fact that Tasha had said she thought he was handsome raised the two men's wariness even more.

This feeling was even more intense in Anderson because he knew Victor did not discriminate against Werewolves like other Vampires. Leona herself was an example.

Tasha stared at her husband seriously. That face was something Volk knew very well; Tasha wasn't kidding.

"... Your idea has merit, Tasha... But I still have a lot of things that worry me." He spoke honestly with a stern look. He still remembered the feeling of Alucard's Power. He had a lot of worries about letting that man go with him to meet with a weakened Fenrir.

Seeing that Tasha looked like she was going to say something, he added:

"We'll talk about that later. We need to get to know him first and treat him with respect. He is, after all, the King of an entire species."

The look Tasha gave Volk was enough for him to know she didn't appreciate being interrupted, but he didn't care about that right now.

Someone at the level of a God-King was roaming his territory. He didn't like it one bit; he needed to do something.

"Anderson, we'll talk later."

"... Yes."

Volk looked at Juan, his son's speed and tracking specialist subordinate, and ordered: "I want that damn gatekeeper Anderson talked about in front of me when I get back!"

"Yes, My King!" Juan spoke as he immediately left and went to capture the gatekeeper.

Volk nodded in satisfaction, and soon his entire countenance began to change.

"Grrr..." A snarl came out of Volk, and his expression grew even wilder. His eyes glowed azure blue, and all the Wolves around several KM away felt a shiver run down their spines, that included the Alpha Werewolves like Leona and Adam.

Tasha immediately put her hand over her ears.

Seeing Tasha doing this, Natalia, Leona, Adam, and Anderson did the same.

A powerful aura erupted out of his body, and soon a powerful voice echoed throughout the city.

"The King of Hell, Victor Alucard, is in town. He is a guest of Second Prince Anderson; no one must antagonize him!"

'Ugh... Such a barbaric method of communication.' Tasha groaned internally, though she couldn't deny that it was effective. Her husband's voice alone was too powerful for all Wolves. After all, he was the Alpha among Alphas. He was The King of All Werewolves.

Natalia looked cautiously at Volk and thought: 'So this is The King of the Werewolves...' She studied the man for a few seconds, then concluded: 'He is strong... But my Husband is much stronger.'

Leona was having similar thoughts. She looked at her father and understood why her father served such a man, but... 'Was he that important?' Despite feeling a shudder at Volk's voice, she didn't feel as suffocated as the people around her made it seem.

She looked around and saw Anderson and his subordinates with very submissive expressions.

'Strange.'

Adam, who was watching Leona's reaction, displayed a small satisfied smile.

'As expected, she managed to resist, huh... Is this due to Victor's influence or because she has that?' He looked at Anderson: 'Unlikely... After all, Anderson reacted that way... Hmm, I'd better watch-.' Adam's thoughts froze completely, and he looked mechanically at Leona.

"...Father?" Leona narrowed her eyes, "What's the matter? Why are you looking at me like I died or something?"

"That smell..."

Leona shuddered when she heard what Adam said. 'Fuck, did my scent leak? How is that possible!? I specifically asked Victor to cover my scent with his Magic.'

"Smell?" Volk and Tasha spoke, confused. They sniffed the air and felt the heavy scent of an unknown man on Leona's body. When they focused on that scent, they realized that the same scent could be smelled on the blonde who was dressing as Maid.

"...Oya... Looks like Adam's little princess got a boyfriend; who is it? Is it a Werewolf?" Tasha asked curiously, even looking to her son for answers, but when she saw him sweating like a pig waiting to be slaughtered, she felt like he had done something very wrong.

Tasha knew her son too well to know that this reaction happened when a dire secret [from his perspective] was leaked. He reacted the same way when in the past when he protected his brother from the embarrassment of bedwetting. As an intelligent woman, Tasha looked at Leona and Adam's expressions, put two and two together, and understood what had happened.

Her eyes widened in shock, "Don't tell me..." Tasha looked at Leona in pure disbelief.

Leona noticed that Tasha had come to the correct conclusion but didn't care. She only cared about her father's reaction; the opinion of strangers to her didn't influence her life.

When she saw her father's expression getting even darker. Cold sweat began to fall from Leona's face:

"Father, I can explain-."

"FUCKING BASTARD!!!" A neon green aura covered Adam's body and exploded throughout the room.

"Father, you need to calm down!"

"Calm down!? I sent you to that bastard to protect you, not for you to do this!"

"Stop being unreasonable; you know very well that I always wanted this!"

"It doesn't matter! He's a Vampire! He broke my trust!"

"Screw this! Race does not define a person! Stop being so petty!"

Adam completely ignored Leona; he didn't want to hear reason:

"I'll go look for him... No, I'll kill him!"

Suddenly, Leona lost all momentum from her face, and she looked up with a bored expression.

"What's with that face, Leona!?"

She spoke quietly in a bored voice, "... I mean, good luck with that?" She really couldn't see her Husband losing.

If a spanking was all it took for Adam to calm down, a spanking he was going to get.

'Actually, that's a good solution...' What can't be solved in dialogue can be solved with violence. Leona had the same mindset as Victor at that point.

Completely changing her thinking as if she were a bipolar person, she declared:

"You should go after him, Father! He went after an arrogant extra who looked at his Wife with dark lust. You should be able to find him easily. Go where the chaos is happening!" She gave instructions for him to follow.

"I trust you! Beat him up, Father!" She started rooting for her Father:

"Fight, Fight, Father! Ganbare, Father!" She even spoke a few words of Japanese to give her father emotional support. She was acting like a cheerleader now.

"..." It was clear to everyone that she wasn't serious about her 'support'.

Literal veins were showing on Adam's face now.

Somehow the fact that his daughter underestimated him so much made him angrier than knowing Victor deflowered her. "I WILL KILL HIM!"

"Mm!" Leona nodded in satisfaction.

"Good luck! KÅ• un o! Buona fortuna! Bene vale! Boa sorte! Buena Suerte! Bonne chance! Viel GIÃ¼ck!" She cheered him up again by saying 'good luck' in different languages she knew.

Those words made Adam even angrier! She was clearly underestimating him!

Eyes gleaming like a man possessed, he looked at Volk.

Volk broke out in a slightly cold sweat when he saw his General's expression. He had never seen him that way before. "You will go with me!"

"Huh?" Volk didn't have time to think as he suddenly found himself being grabbed by the White Wolf, and his world started to move.

Adam ran towards the window and jumped, breaking the window easily, and soon started running at high speed towards Victor's scent.

"..." The silence that fell when the two most powerful men left was quite deafening.

"... Leona, you overreacted," Natalia spoke, breaking the silence.

"I know my Father. I know he won't calm down that easily, so it's a good chance for someone to beat some sense into him." Leona spoke indifferently. As she returned to sit on the sofa, she folded her legs.

"Haah... You're cruel enough to your Father to send him off to one-sided defeat. His pride can be hurt, you know?" Natalia felt a little sorry for Adam.

'Hmm, I'll record the fight to show everyone later.' She thought as she sat beside Leona and picked up a crystal ball.

"He needs to lower his pride a bit. He is strong, but my Husband is the strongest." She snorted, then added, "This is for his own good."

"..." Anderson was simply speechless with the whole situation, and also how Leona was casually chatting before Tasha like she didn't care that she was the literal 'Queen' of The Werewolves.

He couldn't understand how his authoritative mother couldn't care about this 'little' fact.

'This girl... Somehow, she reminds me a lot of her grandmother.' Tasha thought in amusement.

...

[A/N: Ganbare in literal translation means strives.]

Chapter 737: I'm not like him; I'm worse.

A few minutes ago, before the proclamation of the King of The Werewolves and Adam running towards Victor.

Leonidas Uruky was an old man, over 1000 years old. He had been through a lot in his life. The proof of this were the scars on his body that, even with the superior body of a Werewolf, had not yet been healed.

Measuring over 190CM with a big muscular body, no one would look at him and see an 'old man'. On the contrary, he still looked like he was in the prime of his life. That was the Patriarch's privilege. After all, everyone in his family were his 'Betas'. Even if they were born Alphas, they were still his Betas, and these numbers gave him strength.

Born into the Uruky family, a long family of Alpha Werewolves, Leonidas, through his own efforts, managed to raise the wealth and reputation of the Uruky Clan to rival the great Lykos Clan directly, a Clan of monsters that, in every generation, produced splendid Generals for the King of Werewolves.

The Bloodline of the Lykos Clan was so strong that at some point in the past, even he wished to be one of the 'boy toys' of the Matriarch of Clan Lykos.

Leonidas swore that her Lineage had to be special in some way. After all, there was no way a woman over 1000 years old could seem even more lively than him. She was not even a Vampire. How was that possible?

Perhaps, that was one of life's mysteries, one he would never discover the truth behind.

Fortunately, he never stooped so low as to fall to a 'Boy toy' level. He had his pride, and he wasn't going to walk into a harem where he was just another one of that woman's countless men. He deserved so much more than that.

And just as he believed, he rose to greatness and built a Clan that rivaled Clan Lykos.

Despite being the Patriarch of one of Samar's most renowned Alpha Clans, Leonidas was retired and enjoying the fruits of his past efforts.

Currently, his family was large and powerful. Few could threaten them. Seeing this situation of stability, he left the leadership to the new generation of Werewolves and focused on training his descendants.

Altogether, he was living a good life.

"I'm telling you, Icarus! I'm sure she was!"

"And I keep claiming that you've lost your mind!"

'Hmm?' Hearing his grandsons' discussion, the Patriarch erased his presence and approached the door. Soon, he saw the sight of his two grandsons arguing.

"I haven't lost my mind!"

"Of course, you've gone mad, Zaion! There's no way someone from the Alioth Clan could be in Samar! The Vampire King directly protects them!"

"Everyone knows that wherever an Alioth is, the Vampire King will be close by!"

Leonidas narrowed his eyes when he heard the conversation of his grandchildren. It was worth mentioning that he began to feel a very bad feeling. As an Ancient Werewolf, he'd long learned to listen to his instincts. This act had saved him many times in the past.

"Tsk, I don't care anymore. I'll capture that woman and deliver her to the First Prince. Not even the Second Prince will stop me." When Zaion went to walk towards the door, he felt someone holding his shoulder.

"...Wait a minute." Icarus had a very serious face.

"What do you mean, The Second Prince? Was the member of the Alioth Clan accompanied by The Second Prince!?"

"Y-Yeah?" The pressure emanating from Icarus' body was so intense that Zaion responded with a bit of fear.

"Zaion Uruky! Tell me exactly what you saw when you saw the Alioth Clan woman!" Icarus demanded, "Don't leave any details out."

Zaion nodded his head and began to explain the group he saw. The tall, handsome man who was very weak, The Second Prince, his subordinates, and a member of Clan Lykos.

Each time Zaion told details of what he saw, Icarus' expression grew even darker. And he wasn't the only one, Leonidas, who was listening to everything, had the same expression.

No matter how the two men saw it, this was clearly the group of the Vampire King, Vlad Dracul Tepes.

"You fool! Do you want to provoke a war!?" Icarus snapped angrily.

"Huh?"

"Think of what I SAID! Wherever an Alioth is, the Vampire King will be close by! And everyone of High Rank knows that The King of Vampires is a Noble Vampire very experienced in shapeshifting! He can assume any appearance he wants!" Icarus growled.

"That man you called tall and weak is clearly The King of Vampires!"

"..." Zaion broke out in a cold sweat. "What should we do...?"

"I will take this matter to the Patriarch. The Vampire King is clearly a diplomat. He won't cause any trouble with us; after all, a war could break out if he attacked the Werewolves in such a delicate situation like this."

"You don't have to tell me anything." Leonidas' heavy voice resounded around, and the Patriarch entered the room.

"I heard everything."

"P-Patriarch!"

Leonidas looked at Zaion:

"You are a fool. It seems I expected too much from my Eldest Son's Bloodline. I had hoped his descendants would have at least some form of intelligence in it. You are a brute just like your late father."

"..." Zaion bit his lip in frustration, but he didn't say anything in retaliation.

"What shall we do, Patriarch?" Icarus asked.

"Zaion's attitude is big enough to become a diplomatic incident."

"But I did not do anything! I just looked at her!"

"I'm glad you didn't do anything." Leonidas narrowed his eyes.

Zaion shuddered and lowered his head in submission as he looked into the Patriarch's bright blue eyes.

"What if The Vampire King asks for Zaion's head to erase any 'incident' against him?" Icarus asked.

"If the King asks for Zaion's head, then so be it." Leonidas declared.

Zaion opened his eyes wide. "But I am your descendant! I am not-." Before he could continue, the pressure in the room suddenly increased.

"This is precisely because you are my descendant. I protected you too much when you did stupid things."

Zaion practically withered in front of the Patriarch. All the arrogance shown by him previously wholly disappeared.

"But unfortunately, this time, maybe you went too far."

Rumble!

Suddenly a crack of Lightning boomed out.

"I agree." And a heavy voice was heard around.

"!!!!"

Zaion, Leonidas, and Icarus quickly backed away and looked back toward the door. There, they saw a tall man with glowing violet eyes, his long black hair flowing as if it were made of black smoke; his skin was terribly pale.

"You're not Vlad..." Leonidas' features grew wilder.

"Indeed... I'm much worse than him."

Pure darkness spread across the room's walls and floor, and in the next moment, hundreds of red eyes opened.

As if the guest had arranged it with the Werewolf King himself, everyone heard the King's booming voice.

"The King of Hell, Victor Alucard, is in town. He is a guest of Second Prince Anderson; no one must antagonize him!"

Victor's face became utterly distorted, and a big toothy smile appeared on his face.

When they heard their King's voice, the three men's expressions immediately became even worse, especially Zaion, who was the cause of the incident.

Footsteps sounded out beyond the door, and the other members of the Uruky Clan were soon heard.

"Zaion, Leonidas, did you hear that!?"

"Huh? Why can't I open the door?"

"Hey, what are you doing!? Open the door."

Victor snapped his finger, and suddenly all the voices disappeared entirely.

The expressions of the two Younger Wolves filled with terror as they thought that everyone outside had died with that simple snap of a finger.

On the other hand, the Patriarch was more rational. Even though he was facing an irrational existence, he still didn't lose his cool, and that was all thanks to his experience.

Also, he didn't feel his Power waning or the loss of his connections with his Betas, meaning the Clan members were still alive.

"...What do you wish, King of Hell?"

"Straight to the point, huh... I like the way you think, Leonidas." Victor started walking around the room, looking around.

'He has no openings... Just what sort of monster is this?'

Leonidas studied Victor. He knew the man in front of him very well. It was no exaggeration to say that he was the most famous Supernatural Being in the entire world right now, all because of his feat of defeating Diablo, his predecessor.

That wasn't the only reason, of course. The recent religion that worshiped the Being in front of him as a God was also becoming quite influential on Earth and the Supernatural World at large.

"You know exactly what situation you are in. You clearly understand the reason for my visit here." Victor fiddled with various objects on the table, then looked at the bookshelf, chose a book titled 'Alpha Werewolves', and opened the book.

"Just say what you wish, King of Hell."

Suddenly the book snapped shut, causing a noise that made the two Wolves behind Leonidas shudder. They were utterly terrified.

Victor looked at Leonidas, revealing that half of his face was made of a morbid crimson-hued darkness that sent chills down even Leonidas' spine.

"Watch your tone, Werewolf."

The Patriarch swallowed, and his features grew even wilder.

"One wrong word, one wrong move, and your whole family will die."

"Y-Y-You can not do that." Icarus spoke shakily: "T-That would cause an international incident."

Leonidas wanted to curse his grandson so badly right now. Despite how smart he was, he didn't know when to shut the hell up.

"So innocent, Little Wolf." Victor turned to face the shelf, where he then put the book back.

"To the most Powerful Individuals, international incidents mean nothing. Take my predecessor as an example. He did so many things, and yet no law of any country or group of

individuals stopped him."

"In our world, Power means everything. And currently, I am stronger than you and all of Samar combined."

"Even if I kill your entire family, the King of Werewolves will just have to silently accept it without doing anything because that's the way things are; that's the reality of the world." Because of that, Victor trained and always sought to get stronger. He didn't want to be on the 'loser' side. He learned that lesson very well in the time he was Human.

The weak have no choice but to ask the strong for mercy.

Leonidas didn't say anything to contradict Victor's words because he knew he was correct. Who was Victor? He was the current King of Hell who killed his predecessor, the man with hundreds of hordes of billions of Demons at his command. Not only was his army powerful, but so was he.

If he wanted to devastate Samar, he could just open the Gates of Hell, and another Earth-like event would occur.

"... But I won't do that."

"...Huh?"

"I value good warriors, someone who has the balls to look me in the eyes and be determined enough to fight, even if the chances of victory are low." Victor pointed at Leonidas.

"You, Leonidas Uruky. You have earned my mercy and respect for your unwavering stance."

"..." Leonidas didn't know what to say when the 'enemy' suddenly praised him.

"Originally, I only planned to annihilate this worm and everyone related to him." Victor spoke with disgust: "No one looks at my Wife with such obvious desire and lives to tell the tale."

"What...?" Leonidas and Icarus expressed their confusion.

"Oh? Did you not know?" Surprise was seen on Victor's face:

"You, Leonidas Uruky. You have earned my mercy and respect for your unwavering stance."

"..." Leonidas didn't know what to say when the 'enemy' suddenly praised him.

"Originally, I only planned to annihilate this worm and

everyone related to him." Victor spoke with disgust: "No one looks at my Wife with such obvious desire and lives to tell the tale."

"What...?" Leonidas and Icarus expressed their confusion.

"Oh? Did not you know?" Surprise was seen on Victor's face: "If you don't know, let me explain."

"Did you know that, as the Demon King, I have a very powerful empathic ability? You could say that this is a special Trait of mine. I only need one look to understand a Being completely."

"As an example, you, Leonidas. Even before me, your feelings do not waver. If necessary, you will fight with me until the end to protect your entire family, even at the cost of sacrificing yourself to cause some harm to me. This is the determination I feel from you."

"You are a splendid warrior." Victor nodded in satisfaction.

It was because of this stance that Roxanne claimed Victor had the Divinity of 'Martial Honor' to the members of his religion. He was a warrior in both body and Soul.

"..." Leonidas gulped at this monster who could easily understand him.

"Now that you know that, let's get to the main point." Victor turned his gaze to Zaion.

"When that worm looked down at my Wife from the top of that building, his desires and intentions were clear as day to me."

"He wanted her for himself. He wanted to deflower her and use her talents for his purposes. Someone from Clan Alioth must be quite useful for whatever his plan is."

Leonidas and Icarus looked at Zaion, and seeing the man looking away from them, the words Victor spoke were confirmed. The two men knew Zaion enough to know when he wanted to hide something.

"Do you understand now, Leonidas?"

"...Yes..." Leonidas spoke resolutely. As someone who was possessive of his women, he could understand Victor's feelings very well.

"Good." Victor smiled satisfactorily: "Now that you understand my reasoning, I will present a business offer."

"Give me that worm, and I'll let your family live. Simple, right?"

"..." Leonidas was silent for a few seconds. His expression was heavy, he tried to think of any other scenario he could offer Victor, but nothing came to mind.

Leonidas closed his eyes, then he opened his eyes and looked toward Zaion.

Victor's smile grew and split across his face when he heard Leonidas' words.

"This time, my grandson... You really went too far."

"Patriarch...?"

Leonidas' wild expression started to get more Human, and he picked up Icarus and dragged him away. "W-Wait, Patriarch! Do not leave me!"

"I want a contract, Demon King."

"Do you think you're in a position to demand something?" Victor looked in amusement at Leonidas.

"The Demon King is correct. I am not, but as the Patriarch, I must ensure my family's safety... Even if I am shamed in the process."

Victor stared into Leonidas' determined eyes. Although the Werewolf Patriarch was feeling inner shame and frustration, he ignored those feelings and focused on protecting his family. This was indeed a man that Victor could respect:

"Nice answer."

He snapped his finger, and a piece of red paper with black writing appeared before Leonidas.

"A Demonic Contract. I will not attack the Uruky Clan until someone from your Clan attacks my Family."

"How will I know who your family members are? I don't want to break the Contract accidentally."

"You'll know. That's how the Contract works."

Leonidas nodded. He took the Contract and read it. Then, seeing that the clauses were correct and without holes, he bit his finger and signed the Contract in his blood.

The Contract glowed briefly, then disappeared in Leonidas' direction.

'I wonder if he noticed... This is a Contract made to stop the 'Demon' Victor Alucard from acting. And well, I'm not a Demon; I'm a Vampire.' Victor thought to himself as he looked at Leonidas.

You need to understand the context before signing a contract, kids, or you will be misled.

Ultimately, the Contract took effect, but only Leonidas was bound by it. Although, even if the Contract hadn't bound Victor, he would keep his word as he always did. He just didn't want to be bound by anything.

"If the Contract is broken, I will know, Leonidas."

"I know."

Leonidas dragged his grandson, Icarus, toward the door while ignoring the creepy red eyes across the room staring at him, waiting for him to do some unkind action.

Leonidas clearly felt that if he turned around now and attacked Victor, he would die, and he wouldn't even understand how.

Soon, the darkness, with shades of crimson red and blood-red eyes, moved out of the way, and the door appeared. He walked toward the exit and touched the door handle. But before leaving, he said:

"...Zaion...I really shouldn't have left your education to your father..."

"... Huh?"

"Come to think of it; I never told you how he died, right?"

"..."

"Your father died at the hands of a husband of a woman he desired in the past. The woman was a beautiful Werewolf who was to marry into a low-class Clan. Your father thought he could make that woman his. After all, he was someone from an Alpha Werewolf Clan. But his reality was shattered when he realized the woman's husband was a Beta of an Alpha Werewolf from the Werewolf King's pack..."

"The Alpha helped his Beta, and you know the rest of the story... Your father died like a useless bitch who never achieved anything."

"...Ironically, you will meet the same end as him." Leonidas opened the door, then left the room.

"W-Wait, Patriarch!" In the end, Leonidas didn't wait and just left the room.

"..." Zaion couldn't believe he was actually abandoned.

"Well... That was interesting. He's quite good with words, isn't he?"

Zaion turned his face angrily toward the man who caused him to be abandoned, but all of his anger vanished into the wind when he saw the 'thing' in front of him.

All appearances of the man had disappeared, and in the end, all that was left was the silhouette of a man with several red eyes scattered across his body and a giant smile full of sharp teeth that split his face.

"M-Monster!"

"It was you who lured this monster to your doorstep." Victor grabbed him by the neck and lifted him up.

"I-...I-..."

"If you had just acted like a civilized person and had no plans for my Wife, I wouldn't have cared about your existence. You only have yourself to blame, Young Wolf." With a wave of his hand, the Wolf's four limbs were severed, and they fell to the ground.

"AHHHHHH!"

Even though he had lost his limbs, his blood didn't fall to the ground. It was obvious that Victor was controlling the blood in his body.

"I learned a lot from my General, you know? She is a woman capable of bringing the horrors of Lovecraft into reality. She was a very... Enthusiastic teacher."

"I will apply this knowledge on you. Do not worry; you'll wish you were dead when I'm done, though I won't let that happen. After all, those who target my Wives must be prepared to receive the worst tortures."

[Kaguya, stop watching. Things are going to get ugly.]

[Yes, Master.]

"Let's have fun, Little Wolf."

Chapter 738: A sight that made even a seasoned King nauseous

A Werewolf tried to ask what was going on: "Patriarch Leonidas, what is-" But his voice was cut off by the scream of pain that echoed throughout the mansion.

"AHHHHHHHHH! S-S-STOP!"

Leonidas closed his eyes. His heart felt heavy. As a Werewolf, what he had just done went against all he believed in. Wolves should stick together, but he had no choice... He was weak.

Leonidas clenched his fist tightly, frustration showing on his face. In this world, being weak was a sin in itself; he understood that very well. Between his entire Clan and useless grandson, he, of course, chose all his Clan.

But that didn't mean he wanted his grandson to suffer this kind of torture. If a Wolf had done something wrong, that Wolf must be punished by the Clan, not by an outsider.

...Leonidas Uruky felt very complex now. His responsibilities, guilt, and the sentimentality he had for his family were in conflict.

But... He did his best to keep a cool head. Emotions did not help one survive in this dark world. They were the privilege of the strong, not the weak like him.

"All Clan members must leave the mansion immediately!" He shouted his orders.

The Patriarch's voice seemed to wake up all the Werewolves in the area, and they quickly looked at him.

"Take all that is valuable to the Uruky Clan, and we will abandon this mansion!"

Leonidas would not stay in this mansion tainted by his grandson's blood.

"..."

Icarus, who, like the surrounding members, was stunned, quickly snapped out of his stupor and supported the Patriarch: "...Didn't you listen to the Patriarch!? Back to work!"

"Y-Yes!" The Wolves began to run and do as ordered.

"Where shall we go, Patriarch?" Icarus asked.

"To the Capital's East Mansion. Once we've established it, I want a meeting with all Uruky Clan members and our allies." Leonidas turned and started walking with quick steps. He was doing his best to ignore his grandson's cries of pain.

"...Will we retaliate?"

"Retaliate...? Against that monster? Are you foolish?"

"....." Icarus was silent. It was clear that the Patriarch didn't want to fight Alucard. Internally, he sighed in relief. He felt sorry for Zaion, but his death was entirely his own doing. He didn't want to be involved in all this mess. For a moment, he could have sworn he saw his whole life flashing before his eyes.

'I need a woman.' Because he'd just experienced being so close to death, he felt a raging desire to hold a woman, a basic instinct for self-preservation.

As Werewolves were closer to animals, their instincts were quite strong.

"We will warn everyone of what happened and order everyone to stay as far away from Alucard as possible."

Icarus nodded and asked cautiously, "...Should we contact the Prince...?"

"...." Leonidas kept walking while thinking about Icarus' proposal. They walked for a few minutes in silence until Leonidas made his decision.

"We will not be contacting the Prince. However, we will let him know something."

"What am I supposed to say?"

"As of today, the Uruky Clan no longer supports the first Prince."

"What...?"

"I will also return to my position as Clan Leader; the current Leader must step down immediately."

"..." Icarus was so shocked by Leonidas' orders that he couldn't respond at all.

Leonidas stopped walking and looked coldly at Icarus.

"I will not let my Clan be destroyed because of a spoiled Prince and incompetent Leaders. I am taking back control. Whoever wants to claim that Title must come and fight me for it."

Icarus swallowed hard, and his heart began to pound with fear.

"Am I clear?"

"C-crystal!!"

...

"Hmm, interesting. It seems the First Prince is still in contact with the New Dawn..."
Victor tapped his chin as he reviewed the information he'd obtained and his memories of Diablo.

'Niklaus Horseman, Former General of The Inquisition, James, First Prince of The Werewolves, Fenrir.' These were the only members Victor knew of who participated in the New Dawn, not counting the Gods he saw last time.

It was pretty clear that New Dawn had expanded recently, and several individuals had entered the organization.

'The Prince seeks the organization's support to ascend to the Throne...' Victor's head started to whirl, and he began planning how to take advantage of this situation.

With Diablo's memories, he knew all too well about the condition of the Werewolves' 'close friend'. 'Fenrir's problem isn't difficult to solve, but... I must make it seem more difficult and try to profit as much as possible.'

Victor knew everything Diablo knew. He knew every deal Diablo made during the war, including that the Witch Queen made several trades with the Demons. For example, she'd helped the Demons to control Lilith with Magic in exchange for various Artifacts from the destroyed Pantheons. She'd also made several enclosures to hide the demon-creating factories on Earth.

'So that powerful Magic I found at the first factory when I was on Earth was from the Queen, huh' Victor thought back and felt several missing puzzle pieces fall into place.

'No wonder witches are known to be worse than Demons.' Victor smiled:

"My Master is very cunning, huh...? Maybe I should visit her later when I finish things in Samar~? I've always been interested in Arcane."

[...] The Maids in Victor's shadow just watched all of this with impassive looks on their faces. The smile that Victor was giving now was worthy of a villain.

[Girls? Why are you covering my eyes? I want to see! What is he doing!?] Anna growled.

Currently, she was wearing a band made of Pure Darkness that covered her eyes completely. She couldn't see anything.

[Eve, Roberta, and Maria get away from Anna! Or you will be swayed by her Power!] Kaguya ordered as she bound Anna's body with her shadows.

[Y-Yes!]

[Let go of me!] Anna growled.

[Lady Anna, I suggest you don't watch what's happening... The sight is too explicit even for us who are used to what our Husband does.] Kaguya explained.

[But I'm curious!] Anna pouted.

[Curiosity killed the cat, Lady Anna. And you are the perfect picture of a curious cat.]

[...] The Maids didn't deny what Kaguya said. The only reason their lunch wasn't spewing out was because there was nothing in their bellies. After all, Vampire food is blood.

The sight of what Victor did to that Werewolf's body was worthy of a scene straight out of a Lovecraft book. It was horrible!

Eve, Maria, and Bruna were in a horrified state at what they saw. They refused to look anywhere where 'it' was. They really wanted to throw up, but nothing came out of their stomach. They just felt their stomachs turning.

Roxanne didn't care much. She just felt uncomfortable. Despite seeing it so many times in Hell, she just couldn't get used to the sight.

Kaguya was in a similar state to Eve, Maria, and Bruna, but she could control herself more and not show it on her face. For her, no matter what Victor did, she didn't care. She would support him as a Wife and his Maid... It was these convictions that allowed her to ignore the existence of 'it'.

The only one who seemed visibly in awe and excited about it all was Medusa.

Yes, Medusa, not Roberta. The older woman had long since traded places with Medusa. She couldn't bear the sight of Victor's 'art'.

[Amazing... Husband, Husband! Can you teach me that!?!... I really want to use it on Poseidon and Athena!]

[Hmm? Of course, Medusa, I will teach you everything. I will also introduce you to someone from whom you can learn these Techniques when I am not available to teach.] Victor replied with a gentle tone. It was as if he was saying he would teach her how to play video games.

[Yay! Husband is the best! I love you!] Medusa smiled widely with a somewhat sadistic and happy smile.

Victor opened his eyes a little in shock at the sudden confession. After all, Medusa had never said something like that with such enthusiasm, but he quickly smiled gently and spoke in a voice that seemed to melt Medusa's heart:

[...I love you too, Honey~]

Medusa's pupils dilated, and her hair became even more 'active'. She was clearly very excited... about lots of different things.

[...] The girls watching this couldn't help but watch this conversation with speechless gazes. They didn't know how to react to this 'sadistic' conversation, but one thing was correct, Medusa was more sneaky than Roberta! She took full advantage of the situation! That sneaky snake!

As they thought about various things, Victor's point of view suddenly shifted to the door, and through the other points of view from the eyes spread across the room, they saw that he was smiling widely.

A smile they knew all too well, a fighting smile.

'Someone's coming.' They all thought at the same time.

It didn't take long for their prediction to come true.

"VIIIICTTORRR!"

BOOOOOOM!

The door was forced open, and Adam, along with Volk, appeared.

Adam was about to say something, but all of his momentum vanished when he saw the scene before him.

The room was covered in a kind of darkness with pulsing crimson tones, and several red eyes were scattered across the floor and walls.

Victor was standing at the side of the room with a casual, neutral smile, and beside him was...

One thing...

In fact, he didn't know how to describe that abomination...

Adam stared at the thing for a few seconds and felt a chill run down his spine as the thing blinked.

"It's still alive!!!

Adam's expression darkened completely, and his stomach started to churn. He immediately stormed out of the room and threw up all of his lunch.

"Oya? Was my 'Art' able to make the experienced General of The Werewolves vomit?"

[Art? What art is he talking about? Let me see!] Anna began to struggle to get free.

Kaguya narrowed her eyes, and with a wave of her hand, the shadows gripped Anna's body even tighter. The shadows also covered Anna's mouth to prevent her from speaking.

[I'm sorry, Lady Anna, but this is for your own good.]

[HMMMHHMMHM!] Anna tried to say something, but nobody understood anything.

"... King of Hell... Just what in the name of The Great Tree am I witnessing?"

Victor looked amusedly at Volk and saw the heavy expression of The King of Werewolves. He was reacting better than Adam, but it was obvious that the sight of it all made him nauseous.

"Punishment."

"Punishment...?" He repeated in disbelief as he looked back at that thing, "Punishment... Just what sin must one commit to deserve such a fate?"

"Targeting my Wives."

"..." Volk could relate to that feeling, but even so, he found this punishment too exaggerated.

"Did you kill every member of the Uruky Clan?" Volk asked with a heavy expression, he couldn't sense anyone in the house, but he didn't see any evidence of a struggle either.

But he didn't rule out that possibility. After all, the man before him was a literal monster.

"Don't worry, King of Werewolves. I just laid my hands on Zaion Uruky, the rest of the Clan members are safe... I'm not so unreasonable as to attack an entire family for one man's sin."

'Most of the time... If it weren't for Leonidas' character, this entire Clan would have disappeared by now.' Although if that scenario were to happen, a shitstorm would ensue, and most likely, a war between the Werewolves and Victor would follow.

After all, eliminating the Uruky Clan would be the equivalent of eliminating the Fulger or Snow Clan of Noble Vampires. The King of either species would not stand by while their nation's strength was being slaughtered like pigs.

"I see..." Volk sensed that Victor wasn't lying, but he would investigate just to be sure.

"H-...E-...L-...P..." A distorted voice was heard coming out of that 'thing'.

"Aya, he can still speak, as expected from a Werewolf's vitality~."

"..." Volk's face darkened even further.

"He is still alive?"

"As long as blood is pumped to the most important organs, he will never die~. It's very convenient to be able to control blood, isn't it, Volk Fenrir?"

"..."

'This monster is hundreds of times worse than Vlad.' The Vlad that Volk knew would never do something like this. He was a practical man.

"Alucard, was this heinous act really necessary? Do you not value Life? Just give him the mercy of death."

"Heh~, are we going to play hypocrites? Okay, then, I'll play your game." Victor laughed sadistically.

Volk actually felt very uncomfortable before that insane smile. 'He's completely mad.' He thought.

"A few years ago, Volk, The King of Werewolves, attacked a family of Werewolves and killed every member of that family, after long torture, of course."

"The reason for such a 'heinous' action that goes against 'Life'?"

"The Leader of that family openly declared in a bar that he thought the Queen of The Werewolves was hot and would love to 'deflower' her."

"..." Volk felt a literal slap in the face when he heard what Victor said.

'How does he know that? That happened long before he was even born! I'm pretty sure I completely erased that incident.' Of course, Victor knew this from Adonis' memories. As someone who worked closely with the Leader of The Snow Clan, he needed to be aware of other Nations and other Nations' incidents.

And just as Werewolves had their spies in Nightingale, so do Vampires have their spies in Samar.

"So? Are we going to keep playing who is more hypocritical~? Believe me, I'll easily win, but you'd come a very close second."

"That's enough; I understand your point. Just end that miserable creature's life. It's deplorable to see him like this." "Hmm~, that's too bad. I wanted to let him suffer for a few more months." Victor snapped his finger, and suddenly blood began to leak from the creature's body and gushed all over the floor.

The pulsing crimson-hued darkness spread throughout the room, rushed back inside Victor, and the entire room returned to its normal appearance... except, of course, for the bloodied corpse of the 'thing' in front of them.

Victor casually walked toward the exit. He passed by Volk, who just stared at the corpse with a heavy expression. The whole time, Victor never let his guard down.

He could clearly feel Volk's feelings. The King of Wolves wanted to retaliate and attack Victor.

Victor was absolutely sure that if he were weak, Volk would have immediately attacked him without thinking twice. After all, he attacked one of his 'Wolves', in his own territory.

For an Alpha among Alphas like Volk, this was clearly an affront to his authority.

'Hmm, so he chose diplomacy, huh.' Victor smiled inwardly when he saw that Volk didn't attack and was controlling his emotions to remain calm.

"Hey, Adam, you all right, old man?" Victor asked as he clapped the General on the back.

Adam turned to face Victor: "Victor... You freaking bastard, what the fuck was that!?"

"Lovecraft-inspired Demon Art, do you like it?"

"You call that abomination art!?"

"Yeah, an art made especially for those who target my Wives."

"..." Adam shuddered when he saw Victor's lifeless eyes that looked like two dark violet black holes. Everything from his eyes to Victor's smiling expression made his heart feel tight, as if someone held it with their bare hands and squeezed it slightly. It was a horrible feeling.

"My impressive artwork aside, what are you guys doing here?" Victor asked.

Hearing what Victor asked, Adam opened his eyes wide and remembered what he had come here for.

"That's right! Victor, you bastard! You deflowered my daughter! I will kill you!" Adam's fatherly brain completely forgot the sight of what he saw before and focused on the most important goal.

... As the saying goes, only death can cure fools. How does one see that 'piece of art' and still feel capable of dealing with the Being that created it?

"You...? Kill me? Pfft." Victor tried not to laugh, but he couldn't, and soon he started laughing as if he had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

"Why are you laughing!?"

"N-Nothing..." He tried to hold back again out of respect for his 'father-in-law'.

"Do not lie! You clearly think I can't kill you!"

"Ehhh? How did you know?" Victor made a shocked expression.

"This fucker..."

"Mah, Mah, take a deep breath. You are at an advanced age; try not to exert yourself so much. Here, have a seat." Victor made a chair out of Ice and made Adam sit on it.

Using the Power to control Nature, he created a Wooden cup through the Wooden parts of the mansion, and with the Power of Water and Ice, he filled the cup with ice water.

"Here, have some water, and calm down, father-in-law."

"Oh! Thank you." Adam drank the water and felt the coolness run down his body.

"That is good."

Suddenly, Adam woke up to reality, and veins bulged on his head. He threw the cup on the floor and stood up.

"Don't call me father-in-law! I'm not your father-in-law! I'm the man who's going to kill you!"

"Ehhh?" Victor made a surprised expression, which fooled even Adam for a few seconds. He knew Victor was faking it, and he was still tricked! Someone get this man an Oscar award for best actor!

Victor's surprised expression disappeared, and a small smile appeared on his face:

"... But you know that killing me is impossible, right?"

"After all, you are weak."

"...." And it was at that moment that Victor completely cut Adam's rational line.

Looking at the man who looked even more Demonic than some Demons, Victor couldn't help but think:

'This is fun...!' He couldn't do this in the past because he was the weakest, but now that he was the strongest, he could play with the others, and they'd just have to put up with his pranks.

'Is this how powerful characters feel? This is good~.'

"That's it! Victor Alucard, I challenge you to a duel of honor! The winner will have my daughter's hand in marriage."

"... Old man, do you want to marry your daughter?" Victor asked in shock.

"IT'S NOT THAT!" Adam felt that Victor would freak him out if the bastard kept talking.

"If you win, you can marry my daughter! But if you lose, you stay away from her!"

"Hmm, this isn't interesting; I'm not gaining anything here."

"HUUH!? Marrying my daughter isn't reward enough, you bastard!? Does that mean she's not good enough for you, HUUH!? I will kill you!" He looked utterly like a delinquent

now.

'Is this how I'm going to react when my daughters get a boyfriend?' Victor thought in amusement, but then he felt a tightening in his heart. He didn't like the feeling he felt now.

"Of course not; she is perfect for me. I love Leona."

"Don't say you love her, bastard!" He got even angrier.

'What a troublesome man!' Victor grumbled.

"If I win the duel, you owe me a favor!"

"... As long as the request doesn't go against my honor, I'll accept."

"Umu, good." Victor nodded in satisfaction.

"..." Volk wondered what he came here to do. He came with full momentum to deal with Victor, but the grotesque sight he saw did away with all his temper. He realized that this man was much more dangerous than he originally thought.

'Whatever, I'll just deal with one thing at a time. For now, I should treat him like a guest of Royalty from another country and speak with the Patriarch of The Uruky Clan... I also have to speak with my wife regarding Alucard, and I have to talk to that Gatekeeper...'

"Ugh." Volk just realized that he suddenly had a lot of work to do, and it was all thanks to this man!

'All of this is Anderson's fault who brought this abomination to this place!'

Watching Adam and Victor's conversation, he felt a strange premonition that he would have to work even harder in the future.

.....

Chapter 739: An Unexpected Guest

In a vast arena made for Samar fighters to fight each other. Victor and Adam stared at each other.

"It's time for the duel, Adam! I won't use any Powers in this duel, just my physique." Victor declared with a small smile as he bumped his fists together.

Adam raised an eyebrow as he looked at what he was wearing and what Victor was wearing.

While he wore full armor and was holding a Naginata, Victor was only dressed in long wide black pants with red stripes. On his hands were wrappings made with white material covering his entire hand to the middle of the arm, almost reaching the elbow. Victor's only visible body parts were his upper body, bare feet, and the fingers of his hand. Other than that, he wasn't wearing anything.

"... Aren't you underestimating me too much, Alucard?" Fighting with just his physical body against a Werewolf who specialized in that area? Was he crazy?

Victor's smile grew:

"I should say this, Adam. Aren't you underestimating me too much?"

"Do you think that armor will stop me?"

A vein bulged on Adam's head. 'This brat is really good at pissing me off.'

"Hmm? They arrived." Victor spoke.

Victor and Adam looked at the stands and saw Victor's group consisting of Leona, Anna, Natalia, Kaguya, Bruna, Eve, Roberta, and Maria.

For obvious reasons, Roxanne and Big Guy remained inside Victor's Soul. It was not good to reveal your assets to strangers.

"Ohhhh! Look at that! Anna, Natalia, take a photo! Quick!" Leona screamed with eyes shining like stars as she stared at Victor's appearance.

"W-Wait, don't pull me into the sun! I will burn to death!" Anna resisted Leona's tug.

"Stop the drama, Anna." Leona snorted, "You won't burn to death. You are a Noble Vampire of a Progenitor's Bloodline. The only thing that will happen is you will feel pain... A lot of pain... And if you stay in the sun, you will eventually die."

"This is so much worse! I do not want to suffer!"

"Hmm, Master looks really hot in that outfit..." Eve muttered in a mosquito-like voice.

When she realized she had voiced her thoughts aloud, she looked around and shuddered when she saw the smile on Roberta's and Maria's faces.

"Don't say anything." Her eyes glittered menacingly.

Would Maria and Roberta listen to her? Of course not.

"Fufufu, there's nothing wrong with finding your Husband handsome, Eve." Roberta laughed.

"He is not my Husband; he is my father." Eve's face darkened even more when she realized she'd dug her grave deeper.

"Father-daughter play? I know you have a soft spot for that kind of stuff, but let's keep it a secret, shall we?" Maria smiled.

"It's not that!"

While the other women were joking with each other, Bruna and Natalia, who were not participating in the conversation, silently took their cell phones and started taking pictures of Victor. They shamelessly put the cell phone's camera in a mode that took several photos consecutively.

'This is definitely going into my collection.' Bruna thought. 'Maybe I'll sell some pictures to Violet, Agnes, Aphrodite, and Natasha for a good price too.'

In the girls' inner circle, a trade related to Victor's photos occurred between them. Leona, Violet, and Natasha had the most 'rare' photos of the man. The three of them dominated the market and would buy any photo or video they considered rare.

This trade was only made between Victor's Wives, and no photos were leaked outside the inner circle... Only a few selected photos were used to lure women into the Blood God Religion.

Even though Violet, Natasha, and Leona had the rarest pictures of Victor, there was one person whom they could never beat.

Anna Alucard, Victor's mother.

She was the one who had the most pictures of Victor. She was the secret head of this trade that everyone but Anna herself knew about.

"... One question, Victor..."

"Hmm?" Victor pulled his attention away from the stands and looked at Adam.

"Are you bonded with everyone there?" The older Werewolf asked.

"Obviously," Victor answered as if it were natural.

Adam's expression darkened.

'Even his own mother!?' He never expected the man to go that far.

'He is a deviant! I need to save my daughter!'

"..." Victor narrowed his eyes as he felt Adam's emotions getting stronger.

'Did I say something wrong?'

Analyzing his response, Victor realized what he had said.

"Adam, you're getting something wrong. I don't have that kind of relationship with my mother! You degenerate old man!"

"I am not the one with a Harem of a thousand Wives! You damned degenerate!"

"1000 Wives...? I'm not Solomon, you bastard! And no matter how much you look at it, a harem of 1000 women is already overkill!"

Victor very much doubted whether a man could satisfy 1000 women without having some ability to manipulate Time.

"..." The girls stopped talking to each other and looked at Anna with a confused look.

"Why did they start verbally yelling at each other all of a sudden?" Roberta asked what everyone wanted to know.

Fortunately, Bruna and Natalia, who were paying attention from the beginning, were around to answer their questions: "Adam mistook Lady Anna as one of Victor's Wives, and they got into an argument about it," Natalia spoke in a monotone. All the girls looked curiously at Anna.

"...Eh?" Anna made a surprised face, and when she saw the girls' gazes on her, she pointed at herself.

"Me? Why me? I did nothing!"

The girls eyed Anna's embarrassed reaction suspiciously but decided not to comment on it.

"Well, he realized you weren't a Human anymore, and since he said Victor was a degenerate, he must have thought you were one of his Wives, too," Bruna explained gently.

"...That fucker...." She gritted her teeth as her eyes glowed blood red, "Making baseless accusations like that!"

The surrounding girls broke out in a cold sweat when they felt Anna's killing intent. It was so heavy!

"Victor! Spank that old man! Demonstrate your superiority!"

"..." Adam and Victor were speechless when they heard what Anna said.

The blow was even worse on Adam, who had known Anna for a long time.

Weren't we friends? Why does this woman want to see me being beaten? Is she manic like her son?' Adam asked himself several questions.

Victor smiled at his mother and declared something that made Adam even angrier:

"Of course, leave it to me. I will teach this old man the meaning of 'humility'."

"..."

"Oh? They are already here."

Hearing a heavy, authoritative voice, the group looked towards the entrance beside Victor's group and saw the Werewolf King's family arriving.

Volk Fenrir, The King of Werewolves; Tasha Fenrir, The Werewolf Queen; The First Werewolf Prince, Fanir; The Second Werewolf Prince, Anderson; and the Third Werewolf Prince, Thomas Fenrir.

"Oya... Mah..." Tasha looked intently at Victor.

'He's so hot that I frankly wouldn't care about social norms if it were him... I can understand Leona's feelings even more now.'

Victor smiled kindly at Tasha, and that bright smile made The Werewolf Queen involuntarily blush a little. Luckily, she was very proficient at maintaining a poker face that managed to hide her reaction.

If she didn't manage to do that, she could already see the shit storm brewing on the horizon. Her husband was a jealous man, after all.

Volk narrowed his eyes at Tasha when he saw her reaction. He didn't like that one bit, but he didn't blame her. After all, he was feeling something similar to her himself.

Victor's Charm was just that strong. He attracted everyone and everything like he was a God of Beauty.

'He's like a male version of Aphrodite.' Volk thought.

And The King of Werewolves knew how difficult it was to remain rational around Aphrodite, especially for instinctive creatures like Werewolves.

Victor looked at every member of the Werewolf King's family, and he realized that, unlike Vlad, Volk was blessed with capable sons.

'I think environment matters a lot, huh.' Victor thought.

His gaze fell on the First Prince, and he saw the man flinch a little. Victor's smile grew, but unlike the smile he gave Tasha, his smile for the Prince was more predatory.

His 'predatory' smile seemed more like a 'knowledgeable' smile as if Victor knew something about Fanir.

This realization made Tasha and Volk narrow their eyes. They weren't fools. There were many obvious clues. Their son's abnormal reaction and the knowing smile of The King of Hell were just the triggers for a suspicion that the two already had. The Queen and King looked at each other and nodded. With just that gesture, they conveyed a lot of information to each other.

One thing was for sure: Tasha would have a lot of work to do after this duel.

After all, she was responsible for dealing with the 'dark' side of Werewolf society.

'The Uruky Clan is the first step; I hope my Betas find something useful with the Patriarch.' Tasha thought to herself.

Victor was delighted by the feeling of fear coming from Fanir, and then his gaze went to Thomas. He looked at the boy for a few seconds with his Dragon Eyes and lost interest when he saw nothing special.

'The boy has a God's Blessing and Divinity lying dormant within him, but that's all.' He didn't think it was strange that the boy had Godhood. After all, Tasha Fenrir was a Goddess.

When Victor returned to look at Adam, he felt his senses pick up on something, and he quickly glanced toward the other side of the bleachers with a serious look.

"... This presence... It can't be..." Adam shuddered visibly and quickly looked at Volk.

The Werewolf King gave an apologetic smile, "As this is a duel to resolve an internal problem of Clan Lykos... The Matriarch of Clan Lykos, Maya Elizabeth Lykos, has been invited."

"Little Adam~, you've been doing some interesting things, haven't you? I wonder why you didn't invite me~?"

A woman appeared in the stands. She was tall, around 187 CM tall. Like all of the Lykos Clan, she had loose snow-white hair that reached her shoulders, and her eyes were sky blue, creating a beautiful contrast with her chocolate skin.

On her lower body, she wore tight black pants ripped at the thighs and black high heels with gold accents that made her slightly taller than her usual height.

She wasn't wearing anything special on her upper body, just a simple black top with silver designs of a wolf that covered her breasts that weren't too big or too small, just average and balanced, as all things in the Universe should be.

Because of her attire, her warrior-toned body was on full display, as were her six packs of defined abs.

She was the perfect image of what modern men describe as a femme fatale.

"I was really sad, you know?" The woman smiled widely with a seductive smile.

"M-M-Mother...!" Adam was screaming internally when he saw his mother. He quickly looked at Volk.

'Why the fuck did you invite this troublesome woman!?' That was what Adam's eyes said to Volk.

Volk just shrugged. He didn't have a choice, okay? This was the law. When a dispute arises relating to an internal issue of the Clan, the Clan Leader must be called.

And Maya, from the beginning, never abandoned the Title of Leader of the Clan, the Clan Lykos had representatives who could speak for her. Still, the Leader and Matriarch of the Clan was only Maya Elizabeth Lykos.

Adam looked at his mother again, and he felt a headache. He really just wanted to get away from here right now.

'Fuck, this is all Victor's fault!'

"???" Victor looked confusedly at Adam when he sensed his feelings. 'Why is he blaming me?'

...

[A/N: Maya in Hebrew can also mean 'mother' or 'great', generally meaning a great and capable mother.]

Chapter 740: Maya Elizabeth Lykos, The Matriarch of Clan Lykos

"...So this is my... Grandma?" To be honest, Leona couldn't see her as her grandmother. The image didn't match! She just seemed to be a little older than her.

With a burst from her legs, Maya appeared in front of Leona.

Maya looked Leona up and down. She sniffed the air a little and then smiled with a satisfied face:

"...Heh~"

'As expected, I wasn't wrong to name her Elizabeth~.' Her sky-blue eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

"I think this is the first time we've met since you were born, Leona. I am Maya, your grandmother. You can call me Maya or Grandmother. It's up to you~."

"...I will stick with Maya." Leona couldn't describe how uncomfortable she would've felt calling her 'Grandmother'.

"Very well." Maya nodded in satisfaction. She looked around and smiled slightly as she felt the wary gazes of the women around her.

"What are you doing here?" Anna asked cautiously.

Maya narrowed her eyes when she felt something trying to influence her to speak the truth. Then, seeing that it was the woman in front of her who was causing it, she covered her body with a green Power that warded off Anna's influence.

But that seemed to have been the wrong decision, as immediately after she released her aura, she felt as if the world was crashing down on her.

Maya quickly looked toward the arena and looked at Victor.

She visibly shivered as she felt the pressure his gaze held. For a moment, she found herself in a completely different place while a massive Dragon looked down on her as if she were an insignificant creature.

When she awoke from her stupor, instead of being scared, her smile grew into excitement.

'A Dragon~.'

"So overprotective, King of Hell. I won't do anything; after all, this is my granddaughter's Family, you know?"

"Scaring my mother is not the answer either, Maya." Victor could tell that she wasn't going to do anything drastic and was just trying to scare Anna. She didn't like a Power seeping into her mind and trying to influence her.

"Oya? Are you already speaking to me disrespectfully? I like it." Her body's Power started to grow more intense, and soon her aura exploded outward, pushing Victor's aura back.

Victor raised an amused eyebrow. 'She wants to measure my Power? Arrogant... But I like it. Let's see how it goes.'

Victor's violet eyes began to glow intensely, and a red aura with shades of black began to cover him the moment after the clash of auras ensued.

Victor's Tyrannical and Immense Aura clashed with Maya's Wild Aura.

This was a clash between two powerful Wills.

Everyone around them visibly flinched when they felt this. The surrounding weather was visibly getting darker, filling with black clouds, and the atmosphere was shimmering as if reality itself was trying to hold its own against two powerful Beings.

"That's..." Anderson shuddered. He couldn't even form words.

Fanir's face was even darker than before. 'This bastard is a monster. That's who the organization is targeting? Are they fools? Why don't you just leave him alone?'

"My son, stay behind me," Tasha said.

"Y-Yes, Mother." Thomas, the youngest son, spoke with fear.

Tasha didn't blame Thomas. These two Beings were simply literal monsters to the current Thomas.

On one side was the man considered a monstrous genius, a being who, in less than a few years, rose through the ranks of the Supernatural World, becoming one of the strongest Beings out there.

The other side was an Alpha Werewolf who delved entirely into the mysteries of The Werewolf Race. In a way, Maya could be considered a 'True' Werewolf.

"..." Volk watched very closely. It was rare to see Maya showing such power as she was doing now.

This fight lasted a few seconds, and soon a reaction occurred next to Victor. The King of Hell smiled widely.

"Heh~."

As much as she tried to hide it from Victor, it was as clear as day. Nothing could be hidden from his eyes.

"Shall we kick it up a notch?"

Maya's smile grew even wilder, visibly enjoying those words from Victor.

She jumped into the arena and faced Victor.

"...Mother..." Adam watched his mother and thought: 'She's completely forgotten why she was here, right?'

Once again, his mother was getting lost in her desires and instincts.

Adam looked at the bleachers and saw his daughter's and Anna's expressions. The old wolf narrowed his eyes.

'Victor is no different. He's lost himself completely too.' Then, with a burst of speed, Adam disappeared and appeared in front of Leona, Anna, Natalia, Bruna, Maria, Eve, and Roberta.

"F-Father...?"

"Stay behind me." Adam declared, and soon an aura came out of his body, easing the girls' burden.

Adam looked at Kaguya for a few seconds. He was going to say something but decided to ignore it. It was clear that Maid would not 'protect' herself.

Maya's features started to get more animalistic. Her teeth began to grow sharper, fur started to grow on her arms, and her hair grew a bit wildly. Her body's Power practically multiplied.

She went from the level of a trained Elder Vampire straight to a God with Mid-Level-Combat-oriented Divinities, and the Power kept increasing.

"Ugh." Adam and Tasha groaned at the same time.

It was clear to them that the situation was getting out of hand, but even so, they didn't intervene. Instead, they wanted to see the Power of the two.

From Victor's point of view, he could see Maya's Soul changing with her almost partial transformation, proving a point for him.

'Wolves also have a way of getting stronger like the True Form of Noble Vampires.'

This confirmation made Victor's smile grow even more in excitement.

And this emotion was expressed in his aura, which visibly grew in size. Victor's features started to get even paler. His hair started to grow, then it began to be covered by Miasma and float around as if it were heavy black smoke.

Bzzt, bzzt.

It was getting hard to breathe. It was as if all the air in the atmosphere had utterly disappeared. Even strong Beings like Volk, Adam, and Tasha were feeling uncomfortable with this clash.

At that moment, in Maya and Victor's point of view, only the two of them existed. They were watching each other and gauging each other's reactions. They were studying each other and seeing if the other was 'worthy' of their attention. The result?

They were utterly moved. In just these few seconds, they already knew a little about each other's personalities without even having talked to each other before.

What need have they to speak if their intentions were manifested in their own Will and Power?

This mutual understanding, which only occurred between two Beings of the Highest Level, made the two feel even closer to each other for having found someone 'similar'.

Victor's gaze grew even more intense when he saw 'something' golden coming out of Maya's Soul and joining her body. Clearly, she wasn't just a normal Werewolf, just like he wasn't a normal Vampire.

The same vision happened to Maya. She didn't have a Power of Observation like Victor. Still, she had years of experience in dealing with several different Beings, mainly with a Being that sustained the planet of Samar. She could recognize very well that Pure Energy that was erupting from Victor.

'Incredible...! He is incredible!' She was delighted.

At that moment, the two had an unspoken understanding, and they thought simultaneously.

'Let's go with everything.'

Maya's features began to grow even wilder, and the hair on her body began to grow. 2

The same thing happened to Victor. His body started to deform, becoming Pure Crimson Darkness.

FUSHHHHHHHH!

The two Auras grew even more substantial and could be seen from far away.

The arena began to crack with just the pressure emanating from the confrontation.

Red Lightning flashes burst in the sky, and the surrounding weather became chaotic.

Sometimes, it was morbid like Hell; sometimes, it was hot; sometimes, it was cold.

Nature, Heat, Cold, Death, Life, Lightning, everything was clashing chaotically.

A feeling of satisfaction was felt in the hearts of the two Beings, which was translated into joyful laughter.

"HAHAHAHAHA!" The two completely lost track of reality and the current situation, all because they met someone 'similar'.

Realizing that further damage to the City would be catastrophic, Volk intervened.

Suddenly a thunderous cry was heard:

"Enough!"

"!!!" Maya and Victor were forcibly pulled back to reality, and the two glared at Volk.

"What!?"

Volk flinched a little when he felt the gaze of the two powerful Beings, but he wasn't The King of Werewolves for nothing. Volk's eyes narrowed, and a dangerous gleam was seen. Soon a disturbing feeling began to emanate from him.

And that made Victor and Maya's reason return even faster.

Everyone, without exception, could feel their 'End' when looking at Volk now. It was an ominous feeling. It wasn't the same feeling warriors had when facing death, but something worse... Something like the absolute 'End'.

"You two, get a hold of yourselves and think of where you are! The moment the two heard this, both of their expressions turned strange, and the next moment, the two's surge of Power completely disappeared as if nothing had happened.

Victor and Maya looked around and saw that everyone, without exception, had been affected by the confrontation between the two.

Everyone was on the floor, breathing heavily, as they stared at the two with a look of pure terror on their faces.

The only ones left were Volk, Tasha, Adam, and, surprisingly, Kaguya, although it was obvious that she only stayed on her feet through sheer force of Will.

Seeing this sight of his Family, Victor felt a guilty feeling. He had been so excited that he lost sight of his surroundings.

Maya felt the same feeling. She hadn't intended to harm anyone, especially her granddaughter or her granddaughter's Family. She internally scolded herself for letting her desires and instincts take over her actions again.

Before she could say anything, Victor appeared in the stands and gently hugged the Maid who had been withstanding this confrontation.

"You were splendid, Kaguya."

When he said that, a warmer, gentler environment dissipated the tense atmosphere.

Victor was taking full advantage of Hestia's and Aphrodite's Blessings.

"Mm..." Kaguya hugged Victor tighter. She didn't even care when Victor suddenly took her into his arms like a princess and walked toward the others.

She was too scared to even think about it, but she also felt a determination start to rise within her, a determination to get even stronger... At the same time, she also felt a sense of accomplishment from Victor's words.

In the next moment, her thoughts went to Victor's Power.

"That is my Husband's Power... The Power he acquired in Hell.' She thought.

The feeling of seeing it from a distance and standing directly before it was very different.

'And that wasn't even as strong as what he showed us in the war....' She shuddered when she thought of the Form Victor used in the war.

Part of the reason Kaguya put up with it all was because she'd felt it once before.

Victor knelt down with Kaguya still in his arms and placed her on the ground.

"I'm sorry," Victor spoke gently, looking at everyone around.

"...Just hold me..." Anna declared. She didn't care about anything right now and just wanted to hug him to get that bad feeling out of her body.

"Mm." Victor nodded, then hugged Anna.

She wasn't the only one. Soon all the girls approached him and surrounded him. It was as if Victor was the only warmth in the middle of an icy blizzard. Everyone gathered around him, seeking that gentle and welcoming comfort.

As she hugged Victor and felt her heart slowly calm down, Leona glanced at Maya. Even though the confrontation was frightening, it was also quite enlightening for Leona.

'A Werewolf can get that strong...'

"..." Watching this sight closely, Maya felt quite surprised to see a strong man like him having so much affection and love in his heart.

'Unexpected... Strong men usually don't care about these things.' She thought. It was worth mentioning that she really liked Victor's attitude. He was someone who sought strength but did not abandon everything for it; instead, he embraced everything, just like her.

"Thank you, Old Man."

"Just don't get lost again."

"I know... I got really lost in your mom."

"..." Adam REALLY didn't know how to react to what he said.

"That usually doesn't happen," Victor said as he petted Anna and Eve.

"I'd only felt that way once before when I was much younger, and that was when I met Scathach." Victor was honest.

"..." Adam REALLY didn't want to hear Victor's words right now. The older Werewolf looked at his mother, who was staring at Victor with a predatory gaze, and his face darkened:

'Fuck, fuck, fuck! I will not take this shit!'

.....

Chapter 741: Maya Elizabeth Lykos, The Matriarch of Clan Lykos 2

A 30-minute break took place for everyone to recover from the confrontation between the Lykos Clan Matriarch and Victor.

Mother and son were in a distant location, away from everyone. They were looking at Victor, who was spoiling his Wives and his mother.

"Adam, you will lose." Maya declared without pain or mercy. "Unlikely. He will only fight with his physical body."

"The moment the opponent has to limit himself to fight you, you have already lost, Adam."

"..." Adam had no words to refute that statement. He knew it to be true.

"Why is it so hard for you to let your daughter choose her own love?"

"He's a Vampire!" Adam growled.

"Is that your argument?" Maya narrowed her eyes.

Adam shuddered when he saw the look on his mother's face.

"Stop looking at Beings on a purely surface level. Have you turned into someone so racist, Adam? Did I raise you in such a way? Did I teach you to act in such a manner?"

"You didn't teach me anything! You just spanked me!" Adam countered with a lot of resentment in his voice.

"That is a form of teaching too." Maya nodded: "I am asserting my dominance over my arrogant children. I am teaching you humility. Many of my foolish sons and daughters think themselves untouchable just because they are of Clan Lykos."

"A thought that is just an illusion."

"I exist to break that illusion. I'd rather see my children and grandchildren beaten by me than die in vain because they underestimated an enemy through the notion of their name alone."

Adam again had no words to fight back. He knew very well that his brothers and sisters could be very arrogant because of the weight of their Family name.

Those arrogant individuals were usually given to the Matriarch for her to discipline them into being decent people. Even Adam himself was one of those sons she disciplined in the past, and because of the beatings he received when he was younger, he grew up to become a General.

"Just tell me, why are you so against Leona and Victor's relationship? As far as I know, they grew up together, and at some point, she even wanted him as her Beta."

"..." Adam raised his eyebrow, "How do you know that?"

"Did you really think I would let a child I named 'Elizabeth' out of my sight?" Maya looked at her son like he was stupid. Adam frowned in frustration. He really didn't know how to deal with his mother; after all, even if he was a General, she still treated him like a child, and he really didn't like that.

"Answer my question," Maya demanded.

Adam realized that she wasn't going to be satisfied until she got an answer:

"I really wouldn't mind if Leona had stayed with Victor if he were a Werewolf or Human."

"We both know that's a lie."

"..." Adam was speechless.

"Like most of my sons, you suffer from doting father syndrome when it comes to your daughters. So cut the bullshit and flowery words, and explain the damn reason you forbid this relationship, or I will spank you!" Maya's eyes glowed menacingly as she displayed her clenched fist full of veins.

Adam swallowed hard. Very realistic flashbacks of that fist hitting various parts of his body started to play in his mind. Not wanting to feel that pain again, he said: "I'm afraid of the future..."

"... Continue." Maya lowered her fist...for now.

Adam sighed in relief for a few seconds, then continued, "Honestly, I don't have a problem with Victor. He is a good son-in-law, he makes my daughter happy, and I know he will always protect her even with his life."

"But... I'm afraid of the future. This fear stems from a possible future where my daughter becomes pregnant. A Vampire-Werewolf Hybrid Child is something that will put a huge target on her back." A solemn mood hovered around the two.

"Hmm... Yes, you are a fool. Why did I even ask for your explanation again? Ugh, I never thought you were so dumb." She spoke in disdain, completely breaking this useless mood.

"Mother!?"

"I will explain it clearly since your patronizing brain is hindering your IQ."

"Victor Alucard is The Second Progenitor of Vampires and the literal King of Hell. Not to mention that, individually, he is

stronger than me."

"There is no safer place than under his influence. Even if they were to have a Hybrid Child, no one would be foolish enough to go after them."

'Not to mention that with that man's resources, even if their child had some kind of illness due to being a Hybrid, they can handle it.' She didn't like the thought of a descendant of Clan Lykos getting sick, but she couldn't do anything about it without clashing with Victor.

'I wonder if he has any way to help Leona and their children. He doesn't seem like a man who would ignore this problem... Perhaps, he can use the World Tree's Power to help their child?'

"..." Adam opened his eyes wide when he heard what Maya said.

Maya stopped thinking about possible solutions to this future problem and sighed when she saw Adam's reaction: "Haaah, you're reacting like you're hearing this for the first time. Adam, you were on the battlefield when Victor fought Diablo. You directly felt his Power."

Adam's face darkened as he remembered that feeling of despair.

"Even though I hadn't witnessed that battle in person to gauge his Power, I confronted him directly a few minutes ago. So I have a good idea of that man's capabilities."

"And I am absolutely sure that even among the God-King Level Gods, he is in the top 10. In fact, he might even be a little higher. After all, he has the Power of a Vampire Progenitor capable of harming Souls."

'Not to mention he has a Contract with a World Tree where he draws Energy from... I wonder if he made a Contract with Nightingale's World Tree.'

"If I were going to fight him, I would have to use 'Elizabeth' and my Full Form in order to have a chance of defeating him." 'Even so, I would lose in the end. After all, the Energy cost to use those Forms is insane... And Energy is something that man has in abundance... Not only does he have the Contract with a World Tree, but he also has the Contract with a Dragon. I don't know if he has The Heart of A Dragon, but if he does... This man is basically a walking Nuclear Reactor.'

Maya knew of only three ways for a Humanoid Being to have Draconic characteristics. The first option was if a Dragon took on a Human Form, and the second option was if the Being was descended from a Dragon Knight.

And the last option was if the Being was a Dragon Knight themselves.

From what she could see, Victor fit more into the third option.

'Ugh, this man is such a pure diamond... He has so much potential it's ridiculous.' Again, she felt the nagging itch she'd had while clashing with Victor starting to build up inside her.

"...For you to rate him that high..." Adam never thought he would hear those words from his mother.

"...I really have to discipline you again. You've strayed so far away from me that it feels like you're living in an illusion. I've told you a million times, live in reality, Adam. Look at the world as it really is." She spoke in a scolding tone.

Adam felt a shiver run down his spine and quickly shook his head from side to side: "No need, Mother! I completely understand what you are talking about! He's stronger than you, right? Which means not even you can defeat him! So it's okay, yes."

A vein bulged on Maya's head. Even if it was true, she didn't like hearing her son say those words, not one bit.

"Haaah..." Maya sighed and decided to leave that matter aside. After all, she was an old, experienced person. She shouldn't lose her temper with her useless children. Instead, she should demonstrate wisdom and calm, right?

"Yes, as my mother is weaker than Victor..."

Another vein bulged on Maya's head as she heard Adam ramble on and on:

"Shut up!" She hit him over the head with her fist.

"Ughhh!" Adam crouched down while holding his head.

"Fuck, why, even after so long, does it still hurt the same!? My body has become stronger than before!"

"Idiot, my Fist of Love is not something that can be stopped." She snorted.

Maya turned her gaze to Leona, who was in Victor's lap. Seeing her granddaughter with a big happy smile on her face as Victor spoiled her... A strong man... A strong Alpha... And on top of that, a very handsome man.

The itch in her body increased even more, turning into desire, and envy was born from that desire.

"Tsk, to think I would envy my Granddaughter."

Maya wondered why she couldn't hear Victor. She was hypersensitive to the man's presence, all of her senses were focused on him, even though she didn't want to, but even with her senses, she couldn't hear what he was saying, even though he was clearly saying something.

"Mother!?" Adam looked shocked at Maya.

"What?"

"You can't add that bastard to your Harem!"

"My daughter bonding with him is bad enough. I'm pretty sure I'd kill myself if my mother were added!"

Maya hit Adam on the head again: "Respect me, you bastard!" "Ughyaaa!" He ended up getting hit again!

"And I will not add him to my Harem. He is not the equal of the Beta Werewolves that are my incompetent husbands. He is a True Alpha, even greater than the bastard Volk who has a collar around his neck in Tasha's hands."

That was one of the reasons why Volk only had one wife. He couldn't deal with another woman with Tasha around. After all, Tasha was an Alpha too... An Alpha that Volk never entirely subjugated.

Despite winning the confrontation and asserting his dominance in the relationship, Volk never really managed to fully 'subdue' Tasha.

Defeating someone was different from completely subjugating someone. When an Alpha subjugated another Alpha, the defeated Alpha would become a Beta and would be utterly submissive to the Alpha.

"Despite feeling an instinctive urge to jump on him and wanting him for my own, he will not accept this relationship and will definitely fight me for the position of Alpha."

Typically, this wouldn't be a problem. After all, her husbands in the past did the same thing, but in the end, they were all defeated and were now submissive to her.

But the problem was that Victor was not like her husbands. He really could make her submit to him.

Maya was a simple and decisive woman. If she liked something, she would take it. If she didn't like it, she wouldn't take it.

She didn't make things complicated; she didn't beat around the bush. She was always decisive. That was a personality trait that everyone who knew her acknowledged, which was why Adam was worried.

Maya had already felt an instinctive desire for Victor when she confronted him. When she saw the sight of Victor spoiling his Wives, a sight that, from her point of view, looked like a strong and capable Alpha Male protecting and caring for his pack, she felt this desire for him grow.

A Female Werewolf's basic instinct was to seek out a capable Alpha to sire offspring, something Maya never managed to find. After all, she was always stronger than the Male Alphas around her.

...But Maya knew that it was impossible to fulfill that wish... After all, even if she saw the world in a simple and somewhat primitive way, she was not willing to move forward. She was too used to being an Alpha, someone who dominated everyone.

Everyone had to answer to her; everyone had to pay respects to her. Becoming a 'Beta' for her was totally uncharted territory that she wasn't too eager to enter.

But... But... When she thought back to their previous confrontation, she felt her desire grow again. All the requirements she had for someone to become her companion, Victor had... Wrong; he surpassed every requirement by far.

'...Am I afraid...?' She opened her eyes wide as she realized her thought process.

'To think that I would be afraid of a possible confrontation...!' She hadn't felt that way for a long time.

Her smile grew, and her insides tightened. Her instincts and desires were knocking at the door, demanding they be satisfied, but even though she felt it, she wouldn't do it.

She would settle for something else...

"Hmm, I wonder if he would be willing to simply give me a child?"

"Mother!?" Adam looked scandalized at Maya.

"Shut up, bastard! I am thinking!"

"Gahhh! My Head!"

The thought process was that if she had his child, her wish would be fulfilled, and she would ignore him afterward. After all, this had always happened before.

When she saw an Alpha who met one of her requirements, she took him, made him submit to him, had his child, and soon after lost interest.

... Little did she know that this thought process was a trap in itself. After all, Victor was no ordinary man.

Even though Maya had a lot of husbands, most of them she didn't even visit. She just visited her competent husbands or those who grew stronger and somehow gained her attention again. Most of the time, she was with her children and grandchildren. After all, she was an old woman with children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

... It had been a long time since she'd felt the urge to mate as strongly as she felt now. In fact, she believed she'd never felt such a strong desire like this before. Even she was surprised that she felt it for someone who wasn't even her own species.

As far as she remembered, the last time she felt this urge was 300 or 500 years ago? It was around the time that she found Adam's father, and she clearly remembered that the desire she felt then wasn't as strong as it was now.

'Fuck, I really want him for myself. I want him inside me now!' She felt her insides squirm with desire and felt the tips of her erect nipples brush against the top she was wearing.

Sometimes it was irritating to be a True Werewolf. Unlike the weak and foolish members of the current generation who didn't embrace their Wolf side, Maya fully embraced her Werewolf side and became a True Werewolf. After all, just by embracing this animalistic side, a Werewolf could become stronger, just like her.

An example of Beings who did this were: Volk himself, the Ancient Alphas, who were the various Clan Patriarchs and Matriarchs, and The Ancient Progenitor of Werewolves. These Beings were the strongest Werewolves out there.

Tasha didn't because she wasn't exactly a Werewolf born from the Progenitor Bloodline of Werewolves. Instead, she was a Goddess of Egypt.

...However, embracing the Wolf Side had a side effect. The thought process of a Werewolf who had embraced their Wolf Side became more like that of a sapient animal.

Simply put, a Werewolf's 'instinct' became stronger than their 'reason'.

"Grrr." Sounds of menacing growling were heard all around.

Then Maya bit her lip quite seductively as she looked at Victor. She wanted to fight him, defeat him, and make this strong man belong to her. She wanted to assert her dominance over that strong Alpha.

Adam put his hand over his nose when he smelled Maya's lady boner. He didn't want to smell his mother's lady boner!

'Enough!!' A burst of golden Power surged through her body, and she finally felt her desires slowly calming down.

She looked down and saw the mess that was her pants and the state of her breasts. "Tsk." She clicked her tongue in

annoyance.

Deciding that she would change her clothes before heading back to the Arena, she took a deep breath and released the air from her lungs. She repeated this action a few times until, finally, she was able to think more calmly, away from the influence of her instincts:

'Anyway, I won't think about it too much. I'm rushing too much and letting my instincts and desires control my actions as usual. I'll be watching more. After all, he's Family and the only man an Elizabeth likes.'

Despite being an Elizabeth, she didn't even include herself in that thought process. After all, she didn't like him that way. Did she lust after him? Yes, but that was her instincts talking.

...

Soon, the rest time was over, and the two fighters would have to fight again.

Before Victor jumped toward the Arena, Leona grabbed him and spoke in his ear in a low voice.

"If you win in a completely overwhelming way, I will do 'it' with you in my Full Hybrid Form, tail and all."

Victor's eyes glowed violet, and he quickly jumped into the Arena.

"....." The girls inside the bubble of Silence Magic that Victor created to talk to everyone in secret, away from the super-sensitive ears of the wolves, were speechless when they heard what Leona said.

They looked at Leona and noticed that the Werewolf was very excited. This probably happened because her feelings of 'terror' diminished, and she noticed how her 'Husband' was very strong.

"Leona, I'll come too." Roberta suddenly stated. Her eyes were narrowed like a reptilian. It was obvious that this was a statement from Medusa as well.

"...Of course, but I will go first." She wasn't comfortable doing 'it' in her Hybrid Form with everyone watching. She preferred to do it alone.

'Degenerates... Bunch of degenerates!' Anna snorted inwardly.

"As stated earlier, Adam. I will only use my physical strength." Victor smiled in a sadistic way that made the old Werewolf shudder a little.

"..." Adam wondered why Victor seemed more motivated than usual.

For some reason, Victor's smile made him angrier. He decided he wasn't going to take it easy from the start.

Chapter 742: Victor is a talented monster

Two men faced each other. On one side was the current General of the Werewolves, Adam William Lykos. On the other side was The Progenitor of an entire species and the literal King of Hell, Victor Alucard.

Maya was in the middle of the Arena, and everyone could see that she had changed her clothes. She was wearing dark red pants with black details and a black lace top that only covered her breasts and shoulders, and she wore a choker with the symbol of a silver wolf on her neck while she had tied her hair in a ponytail.

Leona could see that while her grandmother might be old, she had a good fashion sense... though her fashion was more showy, like all Werewolves.

"Though the duel is allowing anything but death. A minimum of respect for your opponent is required."

"Low blows like attacks to the private parts or taking advantage of each other's weaknesses will be seen as poor conduct by the public."

"You two are two honorable warriors, so fight as such."

Maya looked at the two men, and realizing they heard what she said, she nodded in satisfaction, then looked at Volk.

The Werewolf King nodded, understanding Maya's intentions. The next moment, he extended his hand towards the Arena, tree branch-like tattoos began to appear across his arm, green Energy covered the Arena.

"This shield regenerates and can withstand several hits from The King of Werewolves himself at full strength. It was made to protect the audience when a fight happens but is not invincible, so be careful."

Hearing Maya's explanation, Victor looked toward the shield, and just as he expected, the shield was made of Pure Natural Energy.

[Interesting... It can be used this way too.]

[Can you do it, Roxanne?]

[Yes, but since my Main Nature is Negative, my shield will not be a shield that protects but a shield that destroys.]

[Hmm, it would be interesting if we could find the Samar World Tree.]

[I find it quite unlikely; World Trees prefer to hide from everyone's sight. After all, we are quite desired by Beings... We don't want to be exploited.] Roxanne explained.

Victor narrowed his eyes at that remark but didn't refute her words since she was correct. Those with a World Tree in their hands in the form of a Contract could build a Pantheon in the future, not to mention producing Energy that surpassed even a Dragon's Heart.

"Considerations given, let's get down to business." Maya took a golden coin from her pocket.

"When this coin hits the ground, the fight will begin."

Victor looked back at Adam and got into a Martial Arts stance.

'That posture... Bajiquan? But it looks a little different than what I know... Hmm, Interesting.' Maya smiled.

Unlike her sons and daughters, who chose the path of blades, Maya was practically a Martial Artist against weapons. She believed that her body was her weapon, but despite this philosophy, she was not foolish enough to believe that she shouldn't use weapons. Because of that, she also trained with many other weapons; after all, in a war, one must use everything to destroy their enemy and not be limited to fists.

But it was a fact that her best Martial Arts were her unarmed combat.

Seeing Victor getting ready, Adam did the same with his Naginata.

Seeing that the two were ready, she tossed the coin in the air and disappeared from the Arena in the next moment and appeared in the stands next to her granddaughter.

Everyone watched with bated breath as the coin slowly dropped to the ground as if Time was running in slow motion.

Then the moment the coin bounced off the ground...

The sound barrier shattered, and in the next second, Adam had flown towards the walls of the Energy Dome with a fist

imprint on his chest plate.

"Cough!" He spat blood and fell to the ground on one knee. He looked up and saw Victor standing where he had previously been in a Martial Arts stance while his fist looked like it was on fire.

A common question appeared in everyone's mind: 'What just happened!?'

They literally saw nothing!

Not even Volk or Tasha saw anything.

Maya was the only one who could see anything, but she merely caught the beginning of Victor's movement.

'He's a bloody monster.' Maya smiled widely.

"...He used the Power of Fire? Didn't he say he wouldn't use his Power?" Thomas asked.

"Wrong, Boy. He didn't use any Power. His fist is on fire because of the friction between the air and his fist."

"... Are you saying he punched so fast that his fist caught on fire?" Thomas asked incredulously.

"Correct." Maya nodded.

"...Is that even physically possible?" Anna asked.

"Yes... In theory... But it's obviously possible. We just saw it happen.."

Victor pointed his hand at Adam and called out, "Come on, Adam. Get up. Let's continue our dance."

"Cough, Cough." He spat on the ground and got up. In the motion of getting up, his whole appearance started to get wilder, and hair began to grow on his body.

"This Martial Art, this is Bajiquan, right?"

"Close... But not quite. This is Scathach's Style, a Martial Art she developed, and I modified it for my own needs."

"..." For a moment, Adam, Volk, and Maya thought they had gone deaf.

'Did this man just casually say that he took The Strongest Female Vampire's Martial Art that took millennia to create and altered it to his liking?' Maya never thought she'd hear so much bullshit in her life.

Maya, of course, knew about the Martial Arts that Scathach had developed. She even tried to learn from the Elder Vampire in the past, but both concluded that learning the Martial Art from her would be a disservice to Maya, who had already created her own style of Martial Arts. After all, Scathach's Martial Art was created to be a 'foundation' for everything the user wanted to become. It was a powerful Martial Art that was quite balanced and capable of adapting to various fighting styles and Bloodlines of Vampires.

However, Maya's Martial Art was more explosive and focused more on speed and internal damage.

Scathach's Martial Art was perfect. She combined several Martial Arts she'd learned and created her own unique style that didn't require modification. Her Martial Art was like a Masterpiece that shouldn't be defiled... But this man just said he took that Martial Art and modified it?

'Just how talented do you have to be to make that possible?' Maya couldn't understand.

Adam and Volk had similar thoughts to Maya; both men knew the Martial Art the redhead created very well. In the past, even Volk himself tried to negotiate for Scathach to teach this Martial Art to the Wolves, but the woman denied it, saying that the men he appointed were useless.

Scathach was a True Teacher, and she only taught her own fighting style to those she deemed worthy.

"... You are a monster, Alucard."

"People tell me that a lot."

The blade of Adam's Naginata was covered in green power, and soon the man leaped toward Victor.

With his Hybrid Form, Adam's strength practically doubled.

Adam swung the blade horizontally, and a blade-shaped arc of Energy flew toward Victor.

Instead of stepping away from his position, Victor just casually turned his body, allowing the arc to pass by him harmlessly.

Adam wasn't surprised by this and kept throwing these attacks, but Victor kept dodging with minimal movements. This continued until, in a moment, he stopped moving toward Victor, and with a burst of speed, he went to the opposite end of the Arena. His body started to be covered by green Energy, and slowly that green Energy changed into Lightning.

Rumble, Rumble.

Soon he disappeared and started running all over the Arena, leaving only Blue Lightning Trails behind.

"Using the Power of Lightning against me, are you serious?" Victor asked in disbelief.

Suddenly a beam of Blue Lightning flew toward him, and Victor dodged it.

"Oh?" Victor watched with interest as the Lightning flashed past him and headed toward the other side before that same beam of Lightning came back at him again.

Victor swerved again, and this process repeated.

Each time this happened, the Lightning got stronger and stronger.

'Hmm, what is he doing?' Victor wondered, confused.

"This is boring..." Victor said as he dodged the Lightning again.

He opened his eyes wide when he saw that the speed had gotten even faster and more destructive.

Suddenly, instead of just one bolt of Lightning coming, two came, and then three, and then four, and the number began to increase.

Fushhhhhh.

The surrounding wind started to blow harder, and slowly a hurricane was starting to form.

'Just what ridiculous Technique is this?'

From Victor's point of view, every time the Lightning returned to Adam, he could see the man redirecting the Lightning with his Naginata.

When the hurricane was powerful enough, Adam suddenly appeared next to Victor and attacked him diagonally.

Victor dodged by jumping, and with his innate slow perspective, he saw that Adam's entire body was covered in Lightning in a manner much like his Vampire Count Form. Victor returned to the ground and looked at the hurricane with a narrow gaze. His eyes were moving as if he was following the movement of everything.

He smiled widely and said:

"I understand..."

Victor's leg twitched, and the next moment, he kicked upwards, extending his leg.

With just the air pressure caused by his movement, a hole was made in the hurricane. Not only that, the clouds themselves were split in half.

"You really do have a Werewolf-like physical body, Victor."

"Like?" Victor raised his eyebrow as he lowered his leg.

"That is far from the truth, Adam." He looked at the man who was entirely covered in Lightning.

"I am superior." He smiled widely.

"Your arrogance knows no bounds, huh."

"It's not arrogance if it's true."

"Hahahaha, that's true." Adam chuckled in amusement, and slowly his expression began to change.

"...I will show you what a fully trained Werewolf can do." All the Lightning accumulated in Adam's body started to travel towards his mouth as if he were eating the Lightning itself.

"Heh~?" Victor watched everything with interest. Anderson hadn't done that in their fight.

When Adam swallowed all the Lightning, a change occurred in the fur on his body as it became brighter, and static electricity could be seen.

Adam's hair started to float around, and when Adam opened his eyes, his sky-blue eyes were glowing even brighter.

"Unlike Vampires, who in the past had to train to withstand their own power in their body. Werewolves never needed that. We're fully compatible because we're already born bonded to Nature."

"Therefore...doing something like this."

Adam lashed out with his fist, and for a moment, his own fist disappeared and almost hit Victor, but his reaction time was even faster than Adam's fist.

"Is possible."

"..." Victor's smile grew.

"Have you become one with the Element itself, Adam?"

"It's more complicated than that, Victor."

"My body hasn't changed. The way I interact with the world has changed." Leaving that cryptic answer behind, he continued:

"Let's continue."

He vanished and reappeared in front of Victor, slashing him.

Victor used his arm as a defense, and the blade collided with his arm producing an ear-piercing clang as if two metals collided.

Adam was stunned for a brief moment, long enough for Victor to punch him in the stomach, sending him flying backward.

Adam regained his center of gravity in the air, kicked the air to gain momentum, and came back to attack Victor.

Victor dodged Adam's attack with the slightest movement, seized the opening moment, and punched him in the face. Adam pulled away and looked at his Naginata.

"Bringing such a long weapon in range of a Close Combat Master is foolish, Adam."

"... You're right... In part." Adam attacked in the opposite direction of Victor.

At that exact moment, Victor felt electricity strike his back. 'What happened?'

"Your body really is superior..." Adam spoke in shock. "That should have blown a hole through you."

Victor narrowed his eyes. 'When he attacked me with the Naginata's Lightning, it somehow attacked me from behind without me feeling anything.'

"The way I interact with the world, huh..." Victor thought about those words and decided to test a few things out.

Taking a stance that Lacus would immediately recognize, Victor disappeared and reappeared before Adam.

Adam punched toward Victor's face, but the next moment, Victor changed his posture again. He lowered his center of gravity and punched Adam's private parts!

A rumble was heard all around.

A cold sweat ran down Adam's face, "You're crazy. You would really attack me in such a place! Where is your honor as a man!?"

Victor didn't care what Adam said and looked at the small barrier of electricity created where he was going to punch Adam.

Victor's smile grew: "I understand..."

Any action a Being took usually needed to get from point A to point B.

For example, for Victor to use the Power of Lightning, he needed to use his Power, manifest his Power outside his body, and use that to attack the enemy.

From the point where he decided to use the power until it reached the enemy, three processes were necessary. This was how Victor interacted with the world. In fact, this was how most Beings interact with the world.

But Adam didn't need to do that. Instead, he can skip the whole process of manifesting Energy and use it directly to attack the enemy.

While Victor was doing three things, Adam was only doing two.

It may seem insignificant, but this is a significant advantage in a high-level fight where any second can be decisive.

An example of this was what happened in the previous confrontation: Victor would've destroyed Adam's balls, but the man, in milliseconds, created a protection for them.

'What is the area of influence? Up to how many meters can he use this?' His mind started working at high speed. Victor knew very well that it couldn't be used from very far away.

It didn't matter if he could skip some processes or not. The Energy needed to come from somewhere, and the process of 'manifesting' Energy was essential for that.

So it was safe to say that Adam could interact with the world differently just a few meters around him. But, more than that, he needed to 'manifest' the Energy.

Victor grinned widely. He felt like he was fighting two Adams; one was visible while the other wasn't.

"Interesting... Very interesting indeed. Can all Wolves do this? I mean, the whole skipping process thing, etc?"

"... Have you figured it out already?... Damn geniuses." Adam grunted in disbelief. Then he answered his question.

"Everyone can't do this. Only I can. How a Werewolf develops their Internal Energy is unique to each one."

"I see... This is quite educational."

Suddenly, a punching bag of Ice appeared, and Victor positioned himself and started punching it a few times. He tried to focus on the feeling of when he'd been attacked, remembered what he saw with his Dragon Eyes, and tried to imitate it:

"Something like this?"

FUSSH, FUSSH.

Victor clearly attacked on the right, but a hole appeared on the left side of the punch bag.

"No, that's not how he did it. I just attacked simultaneously... Should I use Lightning Power? But how do I cut off the process of manifesting Energy?"

Rumble, Rumble.

Victor's body was covered by Lightning, and he attacked the punching bag again.

This time, the result was a little more similar but still pretty bad by Victor's standards.

"..." Adam looked at the punching bag in disbelief.

"Hmm, a little better. Ugh, this is hard... Although I have full compatibility with my Lightning, I can't fully mimic it." In theory, Victor was no different from how the Wolves described themselves.

Since he was reborn through Roxanne, he was very bonded with Nature. So, in a way, his body could also be called a Werewolf-like body now.

'How did he attack in the opposite direction, and yet the fist landed behind me? That doesn't make any sense.' Victor had decided he needed to fight Adam more to understand.

While Victor was lost in thought, Adam was recovering from his shock.

'A little better...? A LITTLE BETTER!? It took me several years to do what you just did in a few seconds!'

Victor's monstrous talent for combat made him very depressed.

"..." Adam came to wonder what was the reason for this duel? Was it to make Victor stronger or for the 'honor' of his daughter?

Adam looked at his daughter, who was looking at Victor with a look of adoration and excitement.

He saw that she was talking animatedly with Maya and completely ignored him.

Somehow Adam felt the effort wasn't worth it.

What's the use of him fighting if his daughter didn't support him?

Adam was a sad parent at that point.

Chapter 743: Master of Martial Arts

"This absurd talent for combat is depressing... Just who was the being that created this man?" Maya asked in disbelief. She knew very well how much effort her son put into developing this technique, and to see someone replicating it even a little bit with just a few minutes of observation was another level of ridiculous.

It was inconceivable! A being should not be allowed to have such talent!

"Hmm... Me?" Anna pointed to herself shyly, "I raised him since he was a child. He is my son, after all." She snorted proudly.

"..." Maya looked at Anna with a focused gaze.

'That woman is his mother... She must be talented too, right?' Maya's interest was piqued.

Feeling a little uncomfortable under Maya's intense gaze, Anna decided to change the subject:

"Does Adam have the bloodline of lightning powers?" she asked curiously.

"...He has a lineage, but it's not about lightning. Unlike vampires, werewolves don't need specific bloodlines to get stronger. All wolves have a natural 'energy' within themselves that is capable of becoming any element as long as the werewolf has an affinity with it." Maya explained.

"Of course, a bloodline of Alpha werewolves like my Clan has a certain facility in training that energy."

'...She avoided my question about lineage, huh.'

It may seem that Maya answered Anna, but that is not quite true. She clearly did not say exactly what the powers of the Lykos Clan bloodline were.

Anna noticed it, and she wasn't the only one who noticed this fact either, but no one commented on it. After all, it was her right to withhold information about her own Clan.

"My father once said he was proficient with lightning... But I've never seen him use it." Leona spoke.

"That's normal. Werewolves are more the physical combat type, and they usually use their energy to boost their own physical body like Adam is doing now." Maya spoke.

"So, you're saying that werewolves can't unleash gigantic lightning from their hand like my son and Clan Fulger?" Anna asked Maya.

"They can, but it won't be as destructive as someone of the Clan Fulger bloodline, and the werewolf will just expend a lot of energy for nothing."

'Our bloodlines have more different purposes than those of vampires.' Maya thought internally but didn't comment on it. "... This is complicated..." Anna frowned.

"Hmm... In terms of games, Werewolves are the perfect warriors who are most proficient in using any element to boost their own body." Eve explained.

"And noble vampires are more like glass cannon mages who have a weak body and high firepower."

"Hmm... Is that right? I feel like things aren't that simple anymore." Anna pointed.

"That is true. Times are changing more and more, and vampires, at some point in their evolution, are using their powers like werewolves. For example, Victor can cover his body with his own element, and Scathach, who has overcome the weakness of the vampire's weak body."

"Hmm, but Victor isn't the only one anymore? After all, all the mainline members of Clan Scarlett, Fulger, and Snow can do it now, Maya." Leona explained casually.

"... Eh?" Maya looked at her granddaughter in disbelief: "How is that possible? I would understand if it was the descendants. After all, vampire traits are passed onto the next generation much stronger than the past generation, but the entire Clan?"

"I mean, all the main members of the Clans are my husband's wives, and he helped them all get stronger. Haven't you heard the news?"

"... Yes, but... From the way you say it, it sounds like even Scathach is involved."

"But she is?"

"..." Maya was speechless and didn't know how to answer for a few seconds.

'Did that woman finally find her a partner?' She looked back at Victor, who was dodging the beams being thrown at him.

'... Looks like her wait was worth it. She got the highest possible prize...' Maya thought she should go visit Scathach later.

Leona smiled a little when she saw the look of shock on Volk and Tasha.

Natalia and Kaguya glared at Leona, their looks said. 'You said too much.'

Leona just smiled at the two of them and pointed at Volk and Tasha.

When the two Maids furtively glanced at the two leaders, they understood Leona's plan.

'Sneaky woman... She should have been born as a snake, not a wolf.' Natalia laughed.

What Leona was basically doing was preparing the 'ground' for when their Faction comes out publicly.

Currently, the two werewolves were thinking that the noble vampires have gotten stronger as a whole, but in fact, it's just Victor's faction that's getting stronger.

Leona wasn't stupid, and she wouldn't reveal personal information for nothing. Another reason she said this information was to get the attention of her 'grandmother' since the woman clearly knew Scathach and the two were clearly very similar, possibly even rivals.

What happened when Maya saw how Scathach was getting stronger due to Victor's influence? She would be motivated to go after it too, and through this motivation, some kind of relationship could be created. She completely relied on the charm and charisma capable of making all women into Yanderes from her husband.

After all, in less than a few months, he managed to make Scathach obsessed with him... Even the goddess of beauty herself was captured by him. A wolf who was clearly interested in him, it's quite easy.

Not to mention that she was sure that in this fight, Victor would show something interesting that would attract Maya even more. She was sure of that; after all, Victor was 'motivated' thanks to her.

Leona would take full advantage of this situation to at least get Maya on her side. With her Clan Matriarch by her side, she will effectively include Clan Lykos in the Faction she belongs to.

'All for my Darling~.' The smile Leona gave just now made Natalia and Kaguya, who were watching her, shudder a little.

'Victor, you're definitely being a bad influence on her.' The two thought at the same time.

Natalia looked at Adam with pitying eyes. The older wolf had no idea how much his daughter had changed compared to before.

...

On Volk's side.

"What do you think?" Volk asked.

"A genius in combat, coupled with an unquenchable drive and will to get stronger... Alucard is a monster of combat." Tasha didn't hold back on her praise.

"..." Volk was silent, and no one knew what he was thinking.

But the same couldn't be said for Thomas and Anderson. They both looked in shock at their own mother since they had never heard her praise anyone this much before.

'I expected that reaction... But even so, it's still shocking to hear those words from her mouth.' Anderson felt a little jealous of Victor now. After all, no matter how hard he tried, the only 'compliment' Tasha or even his father gave him was.

"You're still not good enough."

Hearing those words hundreds of times numbed Anderson's feelings about his parents.

Unlike Anderson, Thomas didn't have that kind of problem since he grew up to be Volk's true successor. Even Fenrir himself recognized him and blessed him, and allowed him to use his name.

Thomas grew up full of expectations from his parents, while Anderson and Fenrir grew up with none.

Although growing up with high expectations was also bad, Thomas had to always be excellent, and it was often difficult to meet his parents' expectations.

'She never showed that face to me before, no matter how hard I tried.' Thomas thought.

Like Anderson, Thomas was also feeling a little jealous of Victor.

While Fenrir? The first prince had long outgrown such things. He didn't care anymore whether his father or mother approved of him or not, and he just went about his business.

...

"Sorry for the delay; let's continue." Victor undid the ice punch bag and looked at Adam.

He smiled at the old wolf and jumped a few times as if warming up, then he got into a martial arts stance, a completely different stance from the one shown just now.

Adam narrowed his eyes seeing this. He couldn't recognize the position Victor was in now, so he also prepared himself and got into position with his Naginata.

Victor's dragon pupils became thinner, and the environment around him completely changed to feel more dangerous.

"This time, I'll go on the offensive, Adam. Try not to blink." Victor vanished and reappeared in front of Adam.

"!!!" Adam immediately attacked him with the Naginata, but when the blade pierced Victor's chest, he saw Victor's image disappearing.

'An afterimage!?' Adam's brain didn't even have time to process the information properly, and all he heard was a voice behind him.

"Or you will get hit."

Victor hit Adam in the back with an open palm.

"Cough!"

The entire shock wave of the attack reverberated through Adam's body, the attack so strong it sent him flying away.

Adam grit his teeth and rebalanced his body in the air, but before he could do anything, he felt an attack hit the same spot that was hit before.

Adam roared with rage, and his wild features became even more prominent.

He rebalanced himself again and looked at Victor, who was standing in another open palm martial arts stance.

Adam narrowed his eyes as he wondered how many martial arts this bastard knew.

'I can't react to his speed; the Naginata is disturbing me.' Adam dropped his weapon and removed the armor's gauntlets, and his hands rapidly began to change into sharp claws.

Adam lowered his center of gravity, lightning began to crackle through his body, and with a kick of his legs, he propelled himself towards Victor.

Adam made the first move with his claws, but before he could strike, Victor slammed his palm down on his arm, effectively parrying his attack.

Adam did not lose momentum and continued to attack relentlessly, but just like before, all of his attacks were countered with the palm of Victor's hand.

With every hit, a bang was heard, and the ground around Victor broke, but still, Victor didn't move; it was like he was an unshakable mountain.

"Such proficiency in martial arts..." Tasha murmured. "In this short confrontation, I counted over 5 different martial arts styles."

"Look, he changed again, Mother," Anderson said.

Soon the group watched as Victor completely broke his stance as Adam made room, and he ducked low to the ground and tripped Adam with his leg.

He then placed his hand on the ground and used it as support while using his feet to attack as if he were dancing.

"Capoeira... Really? Even that." Maya spoke incredulously. What surprised the older wolf the most was that even though he had learned many different styles and even created his own martial arts for himself, Victor didn't feel 'limited'.

Every martial artist had a basic 'gut instinct', and they would always go back to the techniques they mastered the most, which was why Maya decided not to learn martial arts from Scathach. She didn't want to mess with her own instincts, but it looked like Victor didn't have that problem.

Adam tried to get up, but every time he left the ground, he was knocked down again, and his face was hit.

'Damn bastard!! Let me get up!'

"Victor is definitely doing that," Leona laughed.

"That? What is he doing?" Anna asked.

"He is repeating the same move over and over again to annoy the opponent. It is a common tactic in fighting games." Leona explains.

"Ohh... I always do that when I go play with Aphrodite. For a goddess, she's annoyingly good at games."

With more anger in his heart, Adam punched the ground, completely shattering it.

"...." Victor raised an eyebrow and changed his posture again.

He placed both his hands in front of his face in a typical boxing stance... But it wasn't Boxing; it was a deadlier martial art.

Victor kicked the ground and propelled himself towards Adam, who managed to get off the ground.

When he got close enough to hit Adam in the face with his fist. Adam threw sand in Victor's face.

"!!!" Victor instinctively closed his eyes and lost concentration for a few seconds. Long enough for Adam to attack Victor's chest several times with his claws.

"AHHHH! He's playing dirty!" Maria screamed.

"Call the judge! Call the administrator!" Anna didn't stay behind and screamed indignantly too.

"He's not wrong since I said all's fair in the duel. Only death is out." Maya spoke.

"What about that Honor talk? Hmm? Where did his so-called 'Honor' go?" Bruna spoke with narrowed eyes.

"... I mean, Victor was the one who broke 'honor' first when he attacked Adam's private parts."

"..." The girls couldn't argue with that.

Victor was sent flying backwards, with his eyes closed, as he 'looked' at Adam.

He didn't really need his eyes to see, his spatial awareness was excellent, and his other senses were very strong, not to mention that Victor could sense an individual's emotions, all of which could easily pinpoint Adam's location.

"..." Adam looked down at his claws in shock. The reason for his shock? All of his claws were broken.

Adam looked at Victor's chest and saw no damage.

"... Just what is your body made of?" He couldn't help but ask in disbelief.

"Dragon characteristics and lots of love from my wives."

Adam was speechless and didn't know how to respond to Victor's statement.

So all he did was get into position again and ready himself, Adam's hair turned back to snowy white, and the lightning power went out of his body completely.

Suddenly, a green aura exploded from his body, and that green aura began to condense on his hands, and the claws on his hand grew again and became visibly sharper.

"... What is that?" Roberta asked.

"The most basic form of using our energy projections. Adam judged that his normal claws would not harm Victor's body, so he decided to power up his claws."

"... So now he can cut Victor?"

"Unlikely. Victor's body is abnormally tough; the dragon he has a contract with must be very special."

Victor got into the Boxing Stance again, then he opened his eyes and looked at Adam.

The two stared at each other for a few seconds and then lunged toward each other.

Adam attacked, and Victor dodged, then attacked with a left jab.

Realizing he didn't have time to dodge or defend, Adam decided to attack with his head.

At that moment, Victor stopped his attack and held Adam's head with his body. Then as if he were a slippery snake, he went behind Adam and immobilized him as he knocked down the old wolf and captured him with a rear naked choke.

"... Of course, he knows Jiu-Jitsu too... Are there any martial arts he doesn't know about?" Maya asked the group.

"Why are you looking at us? We do not know. The only one who can answer that question is Scathach since she is the one who trains with him the most." Leona answered.

Maya decided that she would ask Scathach this when she saw her in the future.

Adam tried to get out of the rear naked choke and attack Victor, but all of his attacks failed.

"Are you going to give up?"

"Never!"

Victor smiled, satisfied, since he didn't want it to end like that either. It would be anticlimactic, so he decided to do something else and released Adam.

When Adam got out of Victor's control, he quickly tried to get up, but instead of getting up, he saw his world spinning around, and when he realized he was thrown, he was already in the air.

Victor appeared in front of him, and again, he was in a completely different martial arts position.

Yes... He was in a martial arts position in the air! It was as if gravity meant nothing to him!

"What -"

"This technique has no name. I developed it a little while ago, but if I were to name it now... It would be something like this."

Everyone in the arena could hear Victor's breathing. It was so damn loud and sounded like a dragon was breathing.

"Alucard Original Style..." Victor closed his fist completely, except for the middle finger, which was not fully closed but slightly raised.

'... Well fuck.' Adam knew this attack was going to hurt. "Inner Destruction."

BOOOM. BOOOM. BOOOM.

Deafening bangs followed by Adam's scream of pain.

"Đ• Đ• Đ• Đ• Đ• Đ• !"

From the point of view of the untrained eye, Victor only attacked once, and his entire arm completely caught fire.

But those more experienced knew.

It wasn't just one attack. There were several focused on one location.

Adam flew toward the ground and created a cobweb-shaped crater. The moment his back hit the ground, all of his armor was shattered into thousands of pieces, completely destroyed. Outwardly, there didn't appear to be any damage to Adam, but Maya, Volk, and Tasha knew his body inside was a complete mess.

"Was that pressure points...?" Volk asked his wife.

"Yes, but it wasn't just that. That last attack was a mixture of Chinese martial arts focused on internal destruction and knowledge of pressure points on a living being's body." Tasha answered.

"...Tasha, you learned medicine that uses these pressure points. Could you perform such a feat in mid-air?" "Impossible."

"Pressure points are something extremely delicate to get right, and we usually use needles for these feats. After all, it's a very small point on the body."

"Attacking a pressure point with bare hands is hard enough, doing it while in mid-air while hitting the same pressure point multiple times with a force capable of causing one's fists to catch fire from the friction of the air..."

"This feat requires dexterity beyond absurdity... this attack alone is already in the realm of impossibility. I have never seen anything like it in my entire life."

Even with Tasha's superhuman body, there were things only a genius could do, an example of which is what Victor had done now.

Maya looked at Leona and saw the woman's neutral face.

"Aren't you worried about Adam?"

"Victor will never do anything to hurt me. He knows I love my dad, that attack may have been over the top, but I'm sure it just caused him some internal damage but nothing that would kill him." Leona didn't even have to think about her answer. She had complete trust in Victor.

"..." Maya was speechless at Leona's confidence.

Deciding not to think about it too much, she looked out over the arena.

"Victor is-" When Maya would declare Victor, the winner. The man himself interrupts her.

"Wait." Victor landed out of the hole, then jumped to Adam's side and crouched down.

"Sup, father-in-law. Are you dead?" Victor put his hand to his ear as if he expected him to say something, but nothing was heard... Not getting the reaction he expected, he commented. "It's a shame... You'll miss the birth of your grandson... My father-in-law was killed so young, Sniff, Sniff."

"Who is your father-in-law, you damn bastard!?"

"He's alive!!"

"Of course, I am - Cough, cough." Adam spat out a bunch of blood onto the floor.

"Easy, boy. Your body is a mess right now."

"Don't call me Boy! I am older than you!"

"I am 723 years old, and you?"

"...I am three hundred and..." Adam replied unconsciously but quickly fell silent when he realized what he was saying. Victor's smile grew: "Heh... Still in the age range of 300? You're still young, BOY. You need more training. You lost to me just using martial arts, SHAME!"

"Fuck you! You fucking monster, I hate you!"

"Ahh~, I know you love me, but without hugs, instead of hugging sweaty men, I'd rather hug a beautiful woman like your daughter."

"Bastard- Cough, Cough." Adam thought that if he did not die from Victor's attack, he would die from the stress he was causing him.

...

Chapter 744: Internal Problems

In the Infirmary, the group looked at Adam, who looked like he had just gotten out of a fight and was completely lost.

"My son, are you being bullied at school? Should I speak to the principal?" Maya asked 'worriedly' as she looked at Adam with a big smile on her face.

"..." Veins bulged on Adam's head.

"Mother-." He tried to say something, but Maya interrupted, saying.

"Yes, I know, you don't have to say anything. Do not worry about a thing! Mommy Maya will solve any problem for you!"

"Listen to me!"

"Yes, I'm listening to you. I know what you're gonna say; they were mean to you, right? Mommy will take care of everything!"

"You're not listening!"

"Pfft... !"

Adam looked at Maria, Bruna, Roberta, and Eve who, despite having neutral expressions, had their lips twitching, proving that they were holding back from laughing.

To add to his torment, he saw Anderson, Thomas, and even the Wolf staff trying not to laugh. The rest of Victor's group were laughing outright.

"You were perfect, Vic!" Leona laughed as she hugged him.

"Obviously." He laughed gently.

Leona kissed him passionately on his lips, sending a shock wave through the surrounding Wolves.

"Oyy! I am not-." When Adam was going to say something,

Maya's playful face disappeared, and she spoke with extreme seriousness:

"You lost, Adam."

The message was unmistakable. 'You lost in a duel you asked for. To dwell on the matter would only be dishonorable.'

Adam lost. And the losers had no right to say anything against the winner; that was how the Supernatural World worked. The strongest was always right.

A few seconds later, Leona stopped kissing him and jumped onto his back, effectively climbing him.

"Whoaa, everyone got smaller!"

"You're playing around too much, Leona." Kaguya scolded.

"It's okay, Kaguya, we have to celebrate my 'official' wedding." She spoke the last word dismissively, clearly telling everyone that no matter the battle's outcome, she wouldn't have changed her mind about staying with Victor.

Deciding he didn't want to touch that hornet's nest right now, Volk looked at Victor:

"... Alucard, that last attack, you could've killed him if you wanted to, right?"

Victor lightly smiled, "... You seem to be getting something wrong, Volk Fenrir."

"Huh?"

"I could have killed him at any moment since the start of the duel if it weren't for the limitations I'd placed on myself."

"... Is he that weak for you?"

"Yes." Victor nodded.

Adam felt like he was slapped in the face now.

'I need to train more. I refuse to be so helpless against an opponent again!

That, indeed, was his complete loss. Even if he had used his Full Werewolf Form and used up all his Energy, Adam still felt it wouldn't have made a difference.

For starters he couldn't even harm Victor's body!

The King of Hell was on a completely different level.

"..." Volk looked closely at Alucard's casual expression as several thoughts crossed his mind, thoughts that only he knew.

"To answer your first question, the attack I performed directed most of the damage toward his armor. If I had intentionally targeted Adam's body..."

"... Wait a sec..." Tasha, who had been silently observing everything, suddenly intruded on the conversation. "Are you really saying you hit the pressure point of an inanimate OBJECT in mid-air?"

Just like the human body, an object also had 'pressure points', which could also be called 'flaws' in its construction or 'imperfections' in its structure. It didn't matter the given name, but the fact that with Victor's current eyes, he could see these imperfections, and because of that, he could create this kind of Technique. "Yeah."

"Fucking monster." She grumbled. Long ago, she lost all her majesty in the face of such irrationality.

"Now that everyone knows this, stop being a crybaby, Boy. Your body will recover soon, BOY."

"Stop calling me that, Bastard!"

...

Some hours later.

The personal residence of Adam William Lykos.

"Now that you've fought him, tell me, what do you think?" Maya asked.

"... Honestly, I never thought that the boy I watched grow up would become such a monster in such a short time." Adam sighed.

"I didn't have a chance to do anything, and no matter what weapons in my arsenal I had, everything seemed meaningless when I thought about using it against Victor. This feeling increased when he demonstrated learning the first steps of a Technique that took me years to learn in a matter of minutes."

"Oppressive... That's how he felt." Adam had never felt like this before. Even when he looked at Volk, he could still see a way to win, but when the opponent was Victor, all his options disappeared, like he was a mountain he could never overcome.

... I see... Looks like my prodigal son finally hit a hurdle in his development, huh!" Maya smiled, not looking the least bit sad about Adam's problem.

"Mother..."

"At some point in a warrior's development, this barrier you're feeling will appear. It's a normal process, and it's up to you to overcome it or stop your own development now. The choice is completely yours."

"..." Adam's expression was neutral, but Maya could see from his eyes that Adam met his resolve.

Maya smiled. 'I must say that Victor is indeed a good motivator to get stronger... For strong-minded people like my son, that is.' She could see someone weak-minded giving up entirely after knowing Victor's background. The monstrous talent that eclipsed everyone and everything could be a very good thing, but it could also be disastrous.

"Did you notice, my son?"

"What...?"

"At some point, the duel became more about you than your own daughter."

"...Oh." Adam's eyes widened when he realized that his mother was correct.

Maya laughed even harder when she saw her own son's goofy expression.

"Think about your duel; learn from your mistakes and inabilities. Defeat is just another process to achieve something better."

"... I know. You always say that when you beat me up."

"I'm glad you didn't forget my teachings." Maya smiled briefly before turning her body and walking towards the exit.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to visit my granddaughter and her prodigy Husband."

"They must be practicing making babies now... Maybe I should go do other things for now! Maya thought.

...

Earth.

Violet, Sasha, Ruby, Scathach, Aphrodite, Hestia, Morgana, and Jeanne were looking at two women with neutral gazes.

Several thoughts were going through the women's heads. 'So this is the Primordial Goddess of The Night...' Ruby thought curiously as she leaned against the wall.

'Hmm, so this is the most betrayed woman in Greek history.' Sasha, who was sitting on the sofa, thought.

"Two more bitches, great.' Violet, who was next to Sasha, thought in disdain, but that was just her surface thoughts. Underneath those thoughts, she was thinking about what the two Goddesses wanted and why they were here.

"... Hestia, why are there so many women here?" Hera asked politely.

"That's a question that has many answers... After all, everyone is here for their own reasons. Right, Aphrodite?" Hestia replied.

"Indeed." Aphrodite nodded naturally.

While Hera seemed oblivious to the current situation, the same did not apply to Nyx. The Primordial Goddess knew full well that all the women present here were the 'Leaders' of Victor's Faction, Especially those three younger women who seemed to just be here, watching everyone else. They were the ones with the most decision-making power here.

'Four on security, huh...! Nyx thought when she felt someone was watching her from afar. She could feel two women's gaze, one that was burning like flames and another that was sharp as a blade.

'Probably Sasha's mother and Violet's mother. The last security guard was hiding in the shadows, presumably someone from Clan Blank.

The worst of all the gazes was someone who was above the clouds. The gaze was wild and arrogant.

That was the most obvious gaze of all.

'A damned Dragon... They took a lot of precautions, huh.'

"Now that we are all here, please state your purpose, Hera." Aphrodite gently pointed out, acting as the negotiator. After all, she was the most knowledgeable about the negotiation among individuals.

Rather, Aphrodite wanted Rhea to negotiate, but she could ruin the entire negotiation with her 'sentimentality'.

A similar situation could happen with Hestia, but in Hestia's case, Aphrodite would know how to handle her if necessary.

Rhea was much harder to convince.

"...So? Are you not even going to introduce who these women are?" Hera asked.

"It is not necessary. Just say what you want." Aphrodite was blunt and effective.

It was her group that had the power in this negotiation, not Hera.

"...." Hera was speechless when she heard Aphrodite's tone, she narrowed her eyes a little, and annoyance took over her entire body language.

It was at that moment that Nyx decided to intervene.

"The reason Hera is here is simple."

"Zeus has gone mad."

"..." A silence fell around the area, but it wasn't a silence of disbelief but indifference.

"And? Hasn't that always been the case? What is the difference?" Aphrodite pointed out that she really couldn't see the problem in the situation.

"You don't understand, Aphrodite. He tried to kill Hera."

"...What...?" Hestia looked at her sister in disbelief. Seeing the younger sister nodding her head, the feeling of disbelief only increased.

Her brother was the worst of bastards, that was an absolute fact, but he never tried to kill Hera. In his twisted form, he still 'liked' Hera, or at least, Hestia thought he

did.

"... What exactly happened?" Aphrodite asked with a more serious tone.

"That's the problem; we don't know." Nyx pointed.

"Oh? Even you don't know that?" Aphrodite raised an eyebrow.

"Indeed. This fact annoys me greatly; no matter how often I observe Zeus, he still looks the same. Still, on several occasions, he has demonstrated various mental instabilities that I have never seen before."

"...The other day, he just put several Lesser Gods to death just because someone crossed paths with him," Hera spoke softly.

"Eternal death with his Authority, or just sleep?" Aphrodite spoke.

"The coma... Fortunately." Hera spoke.

"..." Aphrodite and Hestia narrowed their eyes.

"I'm sorry to say this; after all, I'm an outsider who doesn't know anything about Gods, but... Isn't he just being the Zeus that was portrayed in Mythology?" Ruby pointed:

"What was his nickname again...? Oh, yes. The child who became a God-King? He's an unstable bastard who does whatever he wants, no matter who he harms along the way, right?"

"You are correct, Ruby. But that is not why Hestia and I are silent." Aphrodite spoke.

"What do you mean?"

"Zeus is killing his own subordinates. That's the problem."

"... How? Don't be offended, but the Gods aren't exactly known for being sane, especially Zeus." Ruby continued. "If any other God suddenly went mad, I wouldn't be surprised. After all, eternity can be boring."

"But Zeus? This is weird."

"Why?" Ruby asked.

"Metis is still in his head Ruby. All this time, she's been helping him, and although he doesn't listen to her advice most of the time, her existence still keeps Zeus's mental faculties

intact. She's like a shield that protects his psyche from any kind of trouble"

"...Metis... By Metis, you mean that Titan, who was his First. Wife? The woman who has the womb of gold, the woman who was prophesied to bear sons more powerful than Zeus, where the first child would be a daughter who would be wiser than her mother, and the second child, a son more powerful than his father, who would eventually overthrow Zeus and become the next King?"

"Yes, that's her."

"... A God became a fly and was swallowed by another God, and this God who was swallowed is living in his head..." Sasha had never heard so much bullshit in her life.

"Don't ask. Just accept it. The Gods are strange like that." Ruby wisely pointed out.

"You haven't even heard the part about Zeus turning into the rain to rape a woman," Violet told Sasha.

"...What the hell..."

"That was exactly my reaction when I read about Greek Mythology." Violet nodded.

"Hey, you can say what you want about the Mythology, but one thing's for sure, the stories are interesting," Ruby said.

"That's true." Violet nodded, "Although most of the time, I simply want to purge the Greek Pantheon from existence."

"I can agree with that sentiment." Ruby nodded.

"..." The Greek Goddesses really couldn't say much about the three girls' conversation. It was a fact that the reputation of the Greek Pantheon was terrible in the international community of Supernatural Beings.

"Moving on... You said that Zeus couldn't go mad because his First wife, Metis, is still in his head, right?" Violet spoke.

"Then why did he try to kill his Second Wife?"

"I am not the Second Wife, Mortal!"

"Correct, you are the Fiftieth Wife. How many women has he slept with in the last week anyway? Knowing his Myth, he must be sticking his loathsome instrument into anything with a hole."

"You-" Hera was going to explode in rage, but Violet stopped her.

"But we're not here to talk about the failed love life of the Goddess of Marriage. Why are you here asking for our help?"

"Can you please sum up the request in 20 words or less? We don't have all the time in the world, you know?"

Nobody cares if Zeus has gone crazy, if he's kicking ass, or if he's going to die tomorrow."

"..." A silence fell around.

...

In a distant location, Agnes and Natashia listened to the conversation through a communication device.

"Violet..." Agnes facepalmed.

"Hahaha~, she's just like you, Agnes!" Natashia laughed loudly.

"She's not! I'm not that rude!"

"Indeed, you are worse!"

"That isn't true!"

"Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not!"

...

"...I apologize for Violet, Hestia. She has no tact for feelings." Sasha spoke kindly to Hestia as she glared daggers at Violet.

Violet opened her eyes wide, realizing that what she said could have hurt Hestia.

Sasha completely agreed with everything Violet said but thought Violet should have chosen more 'polite' words. After all, even though the two didn't care about the Greek Pantheon, they still cared about this Goddess of The Home who Blessed their life and their Family.

And said Goddess of The Home still cared about her siblings.

Hestia smiled lightly at Sasha and said, "It's okay, Sasha. My feelings towards my younger brothers are complicated, but... Haah... It's complicated."

"..." Violet looked neutrally at Hestia and sighed a little:

"Well, family issues are always complicated, no matter if you are Mortal or Divine." She spoke in a gentle tone.

Hestia laughed gently and said, "Indeed... Problems related to family are always tricky to resolve." As the Goddess of The Home, she was exceptionally knowledgeable about this specific matter.

... Although Violet has no language filter..." Scathach began to speak. "She is correct."

Scathach looked seriously at Hera: "Cut the bullshit, objectively specify the problem, and explain what you need our help for. Trying to appeal to our feelings is futile since most women here couldn't care less what happens to the Greek Pantheon and its inhabitants."

Hera's face showed several feelings, from revolt, shame, and anger, until finally ending in acceptance and resignation.

The thing is, she had no one else to turn to for help. She was a Goddess of Marriage, and the civil war state of the Greek Pantheon now made her completely useless.

She was a 'Queen' but was far from being like her mother... In other words, she was not competent.

"... Very well. I will explain what happened and the reason for our visit."

"In 20 words or less, please. We don't have time for 24 minutes of flashbacks. This is not Naruto." Violet pointed.

"...huh...?" Hera didn't understand anything.

"Don't bother. It's just an inside joke. Please continue." Sasha spoke.

"Okay..."

...

Supremacy!

Chapter 745: Negotiation

After ten long minutes [much to Violet's internal annoyance] of a VERY summarized explanation on Hera's part...

Sasha said, "Let me get this straight..."

"You guys were having a great day on Olympus with a lot of orgies going on. Then suddenly, there was an attack by your dear father's Faction and his army of boy bands. The Gods of Olympus managed to resist and expel the Titans with the help of an unknown ally and several other extra Gods nobody cared about. Then, just when you thought everything was fine, Zeus suddenly started acting irrationally and nearly killed Hera in the process... That incident was just the beginning of it all."

"Zeus, from that day on, started to act more out of character than you diagnose as 'normal', and now that the situation for the Gods of Olympus is getting more and more difficult, you decided to jump ship and ask for refuge from us who don't have any kind of connection with you guys."

"Yes, basically. You summed it up perfectly." Nyx spoke. Even The Goddess of The Night herself realized how irrational this situation was...

Well, it wasn't the first time that this kind of thing happened.

"...There wasn't an orgy going on!" Hera spoke, but no one cared about her or her opinion. And somehow, that made her sadder. She really was miserable now; after all, she couldn't act the same as usual since she had no 'power' here, and even if she tried to act the same as usual, she would probably just get killed by one of the women here, and she was sure Nyx wouldn't help her.

"..." Sasha looked neutrally at Nyx for a long time until she glanced at the surrounding girls.

"Is she serious?" Sasha just couldn't believe the rubbish she'd just heard.

"Unfortunately, she is." Jeanne nodded.

"Really?" Sasha asked again, just to be on the safe side. After all, maybe she had heard something wrong.

"Mm." Jeanne nodded.

"... Wow... I knew the Gods had no shame, but this is far beyond what I previously thought." Sasha was only able to react like that to this nonsense.

"What's funny is that she doesn't even realize how absurd this request is," Morgana spoke sarcastically. She clearly wasn't finding the situation 'amusing' at all.

"... What are you talking about?" Hera asked.

"See?" Morgana pointed.

The surrounding girls just rolled their eyes when they saw this scene.

"...Haah." Aphrodite sighed, then asked, "Nyx, what's the game here?"

The Night Goddess raised her eyebrow: "...I beg your pardon?"

"Let's use common sense, okay?"

"..."

"First, why is she here?" Aphrodite pointed at Hera.

"Hera was never an ally of mine. She never liked me, and if it were up to her, I would have been dead a long time ago." Aphrodite narrowed her eyes at Hera.

"She doesn't even care about Hestia."

"I-." Hera tried to defend herself but was stopped by Aphrodite.

"Don't... Don't say anything. You know I'm right, and your pathetic excuses won't make anyone believe you.." Aphrodite paused, then added, "Just Hestia, of course. After all, she is a fool-."

"Oyyy!"

"A sentimental fool, who, despite being a fool, she is our fool; therefore, we will not allow anyone to try to deceive her."

"Can you stop calling me a fool already!?" Veins bulged on Hestia's head.

Aphrodite looked at Hestia and flashed a beautiful and gentle smile worthy of the Title of The Most Beautiful Woman: "I will stop the day you stop being stupid and learn to listen to the advice of others who clearly care about you. Even if you're not Mortal, it seems that every time the years pass, you get even more senile."

...Her face and words don't match!" Hestia thought in frustration.

Internally, Hestia was utterly speechless at Aphrodite's sharp words that could cut even the strongest hearts. Fortunately, Hestia had a heart like no other and was a strong woman.

"I am not senile!"

"Most of the time, right?"

"Yes - I mean, no! I was never senile!"

.....There is no game here, Aphrodite," Nyx spoke neutrally as she ignored the two Goddesses' banter.

"Hera was the one who asked for my help."

"And you, a very busy person, decided to stop doing your own things and help someone you never cared about before?" Sarcasm was practically dripping from Aphrodite's words.

"...Yeah?" Nyx confirmed it with a neutral look.

"Cut the bullshit, Nyx. You never do anything that isn't beneficial to yourself."

"You are absolutely correct, Aphrodite." Nyx nodded. "About the 'payment' of my help, I already received that payment from Hera."

"..." Aphrodite and Hestia narrowed their eyes at The Goddess of Night and looked at The Goddess of Marriage, who had a neutral face.

The two were now curious about the payment Hera had to give Nyx.

"Let's skip the part where you want to help Hera and focus on the important point here. Who is this 'mysterious' ally?" Hestia asked pointedly.

"Another thing, what will you give us for our help?" Aphrodite added next.

"Are you going to charge us!?" Hera focused on Aphrodite.

"Of course, there is no free lunch in the world, Hera. You know that fact very well." Aphrodite smiled.

"..." Hera was speechless.

"...Did she really think we would help without asking for anything in return?" Violet commented incredulously to the group.

"Actually, did she really think we were going to help? From the beginning, we didn't even have a connection or anything like that." Violet added.

"...That's Gods for you, Violet. Self-centered, and think the world revolves around their navel." Scathach pointed out, "You know what's worse? Most of them are like Hera on some level. This woman is just an extreme case of mental illness."

"I DO NOT HAVE A MENTAL ILLNESS!" Hera screamed, but no one cared again.

"No wonder Darling doesn't like them," Violet said.

"A sentiment I share as well." Ruby opined.

"I'm starting to get the same feeling, too," Sasha spoke. "Indeed." Jeanne nodded.

"I already disliked them from the beginning" Morgana snorted.

"..." Hestia and Aphrodite were silent, not knowing how to react since they were Goddesses too.

"Oh." The girls realized what they said.

"Of course, Aphrodite and Hestia are an exception, right, Violet?" Sasha sputtered as she nudged Violet with her arm and asked for support.

"Correct. Even though Aphrodite is an annoying bitch, she is a nice woman" Violet nodded.

"Violet!" Sasha looked at Violet in disbelief. Couldn't the woman read the mood!?

"What? That is my form of praise." Violet snorted.

"Your form of praise sounds like an insult!" Sasha exclaimed.

"It's a passive-aggressive compliment!" Violet defended herself.

"That kind of praise doesn't exist! And it wasn't even passive, just plain aggressive!"

"Girls!" Ruby narrowed her eyes at the two. Her eyes said, 'Can you two be less...yourself here? We're in the middle of a negotiation... Kinda.'

"..." Violet and Sasha looked at each other and nodded, and in that brief glance, several conversations were exchanged between the two, but the main point was. "We will hide her Anime.'

Ruby narrowed her eyes even more. She clearly understood what the two were saying to each other. Her eyes blinked, and a message was given to both of them.

"Try bitches; I bet y'all couldn't do it!"

"Anyway! Answer our questions!" Aphrodite spoke up. She knew she should get control of the situation now because once the girls started talking to each other like that, they didn't stop after several hours.

"As for the mysterious figure, I don't know who it is, I just know that he is from outside the Pantheon, and he is contacting Zeus."

"... Even you can't see through it?" Aphrodite asked.

"Yes."

'He is being protected by someone of the same rank as me, namely a Primordial God from some other Pantheon! If it were a Primordial God of the Greek Pantheon, Nyx would have immediately known which one it was just by looking at them. The fact that she didn't meant that another Pantheon was protecting them.

At least, that's what she initially thought. After all, nothing was correct so far, and even if she watched them closely, she couldn't see anything, just as they 'appeared' not to know about her.

Nyx had many suspicions about whether they knew of her presence since they acted unnaturally, even when alone in their chambers.

"... Are other Pantheons already well enough to interfere with each other like before?"

"Of course, Aphrodite, they've been back in business for seven months now. Didn't you know?" Nyx asked curiously, her gaze clearly saying, 'Aren't you a social butterfly? How do you not know that?'

'Of course, I didn't know; after all, the first six months since Victor came back were spent with endless sex, and even when he let me breathe and I left to catch up on the news, I didn't look for things from other Pantheons, since I was mainly focused on the recent news from the places where I currently lived!' Aphrodite really wanted to say it, but she knew it would just be unwise, so she just said...

"We were more concerned with rebuilding our city than hearing the news from the outside."

"Not a very smart decision, after all, we must always keep an eye on the actions of the other Pantheon, especially you, who currently have the most 'popular' man in the Supernatural World living on your planet."

Victor was VERY loved and hated at the same time. He was a controversial figure, but one thing was sure: all eyes in the Supernatural World were on the New King of Hell.

Mainly because it has only been a short time since doomsday.

"I know... And you still haven't answered my question. What are you going to give me?" Aphrodite asked.

"Me...?" Nyx laughed. "I won't give anything away. It's Hera who will deal with you. I'm just here to make sure she doesn't get killed." She smiled naturally.

No one, not even Hera herself, believed Nyx's words.

The group looked at Hera, clearly awaiting the words of the current Queen of The Gods.

"...I am offering myself to your Faction Leader," Hera spoke with extreme difficulty; it was a difficult decision for her. After all, she had nothing. All her belongings were taken by Zeus in the name of 'winning' the war.

It was noteworthy that she was not very happy about this. Hera was a very vain woman and very fond of her

belongings.

"Ugh, if I weren't forced to marry him because of my Divinity, I would have already abandoned him!"

How could the Goddess of Marriage be a non-committed woman? It doesn't make sense, right? A commitment to The Goddess of Marriage was an eternal commitment.

Only death could separate them.

'Seriously, no one on Olympus is good. Even Hades, the most decent of us, still betrayed Persephone twice with a Nymph called Cocytus and the second time with Lauce, the most beautiful daughter of the Titan, Oceanus.

'Persephone herself even betrayed him with Adonis...' While Hera was lost in thought, she didn't realize that the atmosphere had entirely changed.

A deafening silence fell around the area. It was as if the entity of silence itself simply appeared, and not even the sound of breathing was heard.

Nyx facepalmed. 'Words!! A few words were missing, Hera! How could she form such a misleading sentence like that!?'

What Nyx wanted was for Hera to give herself up as a 'hostage' to the Faction that Aphrodite was part of. That way, while Zeus was focused on this Hera problem, she would try to find out who this mysterious helper was. She didn't like someone unknown in her territory one bit.

This fact was something that even Gaia herself agreed with, and the Primordial Goddesses were bent on 'subduing' the mysterious helper with the scent of a foreign God.

But Hera spoiled it by saying it in the silliest way possible. As she said the phrase, it almost seemed like she wanted to offer herself to Victor, something none of the women present here would appreciate.

Nyx looked at the women; as expected, everyone's mood was the worst possible, and several pairs of blood-red eyes looked at Hera as if they wanted to eat her alive piece by piece.

Hestia herself was not left out.

Hera, who was lost in her thoughts, did not know how much her life was at risk right now.

"Yes, we will kill-" Before Violet could give the go-ahead for the hungry lionesses to kill the 'arrogant lamb', Nyx interrupted, saying:

"We will offer the treasure of Olympus!" Nyx made the highest bid!

"... Huh?"

...

- Chapter 746: Negotiation... Kinda |

Chapter 746: Negotiation... Kinda

"We will offer the treasure of Olympus!" Nyx made the highest bid!

"... Huh?" Hera finally woke up from her thoughts and looked at Nyx in confusion, her eyes saying, 'What are you doing? We didn't agree on this!'

"Treasures?" Violet's and the girls' eyes slowly started to become less intense.

"That's right, in exchange for accepting the gods we've named as refugees, we'll give away 10% of the treasures of Olympus." Nyx declared.

It may seem little, but we have to take into account that it is the treasure of an entire pantheon of gods, and many things were stored in their vaults, items ranging from divine artifacts to food capable of extending the lives of mortals, offering 30% of the treasures of an entire pantheon was inconceivable.

Hera opened her eyes wide when she heard what Nyx said:

"What!? You can't do-"

"Silence," Nyx ordered.

"..." Hera could only remain silent before the authority of the primordial goddess of the night.

"Do it for 80%, and we will accept it," Violet spoke suddenly.

"..." Everyone, without exception, opened their eyes in shock when they heard what Violet said.

Nyx narrowed her eyes. "Aren't you being too greedy, vampire?"

"You are the one asking for our help, Goddess." Violet smiled.

"I already told you it's not me; it's Hera."

"Mm, keep repeating those phrases like a parrot, and one day you might believe them."

"Because nobody here believes them," Violet spoke dismissively. She wondered if the night goddess thought they were fools, the story may be well told, but everything here reeked of conspiracy.

Even Violet herself, who wasn't as experienced in that area as the older women here, could tell that everything stank here.

"Wait, that's not the smell of conspiracy but of stinking whores who are after my husband.' It's worth noting that Violet didn't 'magically' forget Hera's previous

statement.

"..." Nyx didn't know what Violet was thinking, but by the look on her face, she knew it wasn't a good thing... Somehow, she started to get irritated with this woman.

"...35%" Nyx made a counteroffer.

"83%," Violet rose.

"40%!" Thinking it wasn't enough, Nyx increased it even more.

"85%!"

"Why are you raising?! This is not how a negotiation works!"

"Fine... I'll only accept 75%," Violet grumbled.

"50%, this is the final offer." Nyx was getting irritated.

"I will take it." Violet smiled widely, her smile saying that from the beginning, she was interested in the 50%.

"Tsk, brat." Nyx snorted internally, but she wasn't 'so' upset. After all, the treasure wasn't hers, not to mention that the state of the treasures isn't the same as it was before the war since Zeus used a lot of artifacts in the war.

'Most of the items in the treasury now are just ambrosia, gold, and historical items.' The gods didn't care much for all these things and just collected them for pleasure.

"... Wait, a sec." Scathach suddenly interrupted, "Can you negotiate on behalf of Olympus, Nyx?"

"..." Silence fell around the room.

"Right? I was about to comment on that. How can someone like Nyx speak for all of Olympus? Isn't her domain in hell?"

Nyx, Erebus, and Tartaros were the primordial ones that stayed in Hell, and they had their own territories in that place that not even Persephone could enter.

Although Persephone expelled Nyx from the Underworld, this expulsion was only the territory Persephone controlled. In the rest of the Underworld, where she has no control, like the lowest areas of Greek Hell, Nyx can walk in peace.

"... Now that I think about it calmly, they are basically rebels fighting their king, right?" Ruby spoke.

"Indeed, and with that fact in mind, a little problem is born. They have no credibility to promise what they are talking about now. Not to mention, we're not even sure of the current status of the 'treasure' on Mount Olympus; she could be deceiving us." Scathach pointed out.

"...". A consensus reached the group without all of them even discussing it, and they judged that there was a lack of information to make an agreement.

"There is another problem too. The act of taking refugees from the gods of Olympus can be seen as meddling in war." Jeanne pointed.

"Eh? But aren't Aphrodite and Hestia refugees?"

"You are wrong. We are traitors; Zeus himself said so, right?" Aphrodite smiled. It was to earn the label of traitor that she looted the treasures of Mount Olympus... She was being greedy and wanted to help her faction too... Not to mention that with that stigma, the goddesses she rescued would be less prone to wanting to go back to Mount Olympus.

That is, she took an action that solved four of her problems instantly.

"... That is true." Hera's eyes gleamed with a strange and dangerous gleam as if she had a good idea.

Aphrodite, who saw this, felt something wrong about Hera:

"... Right? Therefore, we cannot accept-"

"So all I have to do is become a traitor, right?" Hera smiled widely.

"... Huh?"

"You cannot accept me because I am 'technically' still related to Olympus."

"Even though I'm completely useless in that place, I still belong to that place." 3

"..". Aphrodite and Hestia looked at each other and then looked at Hera, who declared this nonsense.

'Is this the same Hera they knew?' The two goddesses thought.

Never would they think to see Hera herself calling herself worthless.

Now, they were definitely sure something was off with Hera. What happened to the arrogant goddess?

"Nyx, send me to Olympus; I will commit an act of treason!"

"... Okay." Since Nyx was interested, she easily helped. Nyx snapped her finger, and Hera disappeared. "...". A hush fell around them, and the group looked at Nyx. "Nyx, do you have any idea what you did...?" Hestia asked.

"Clearly, I fulfilled her request," Nyx answered as if it were obvious.

"It's not that! Hera, since she was young, has always been impulsive, arrogant, and vain, which is why she committed the foolish act of marrying Zeus. She hasn't changed, which means that if she decides to do something to betray Zeus, she will do something loud enough that Zeus will never want to look at her again!" Hestia didn't doubt that she would. After all, it's no secret that Hera hated Zeus and everyone he slept with due to his numerous betrayals.

"...Interesting... Even though your siblings treat you like shit, you still care about them, huh..." Nyx didn't care at all what Hestia said. She just couldn't help saying it to the kind... and foolish goddess.

"Zeus and Poseidon tried several times to force Hestia. Zeus disguised himself as several animals, and even the weather itself, to try to remove the goddess's virginity. Hera and Demeter practically ignored the existence of the older sister and only went after her when they wanted something. The only ones that can be considered decent in this useless family is Rhea; although she rarely came to visit the eldest daughter, she still did!"

'Even after these various acts against her, she still clings to this useless sentimentality.' Nyx just couldn't understand why Hestia didn't just give up like she did. 'I guess being the family goddess is a curse too, huh.'

"Because of that, we have to protect her from her own actions," Aphrodite spoke as the surrounding girls nodded and made sounds of confirmation.

For a moment, the two opposing groups came together in a mutual understanding.

"..." Hestia was speechless. Why did the subject come back to her all of a sudden! They were talking about Hera! Not her!

...

Mount Olympus,

Hera appeared on Mount Olympus and walked quietly to her chambers.

During the entire time, she had a 'gentle' smile on her face that gave chills to all the gods who saw her.

After all, they knew that when the queen of Olympus smiled like that, someone would usually suffer. That's her 'face' of revenge when her husband cheated on her with someone.

Arriving in her room, she walked towards the closet, crouched down, and pulled out a box.

"Hmm? It's not opening... Oh, I remember that I have to put my blood..."

She bit her finger, and golden blood fell into the opening of the box, as a 'click' sound was heard, and Hera managed to open the box.

Inside the box, a golden scythe similar to those used to cut wheat appeared.

Hera's eyes darkened visibly.

She touched the scythe blade. "Such a perfect job, Hephaestus... My son, though you were born so ugly, it is a fact that your hands are gifts given by primordial chaos itself... It is a pity that you are ugly." Hera picked up the scythe, at which point the scythe 'disappeared, and a small tattoo appeared on the top of her hand. She nodded in satisfaction. Then she closed the box and put it in the same place as before.

She exited her closet and left the room the same way it was before.

Hestia walked to her husband's quarters, the place where he usually brought some hole to stick his thing in.

Arriving in front of the large doors, she saw two guards who immediately flinched when they saw the queen's face.

"Leave."

"Y-Yes!" They didn't question her presence. After all, that was the usual routine... But for some reason, the two guards thought that the queen was much scarier today than the other times.

Hera opened the door and saw her husband the way he came into the world, and in his bed was a man, a woman, and several other holes that Hera didn't bother to look at.

For a moment, Hera's eyes made contact with the eyes of the man on the bed as the goddess of marriage smiled gently and made a shushing gesture to the man.

The man opened his eyes wide, it was obvious that he just wanted to get out of that place, but he couldn't... Not after seeing the Queen's 'gentle' face.

Hera approached the bed with silent steps as she always did in the past, and as always happened, Zeus noticed her.

Her husband looked at her for a moment, then he huffed and went back to 'work'.

If it was normal, Hera would just leave. If she was in a bad mood, she would have scolded him, but... She didn't do that; instead, she approached the bed.

"Zeus, do you have new holes?"

"Go away, Woman. As soon as I'm done here, I'll come talk to you. Didn't you get the message with my look?"

By the time he finished speaking, Hera was already near his bed.

"I received your message just fine, Zeus." A scythe appeared in her hand: "I will leave now."

"Good. We will talk about your transgressions-." He couldn't finish speaking because he felt a pain that he had never felt before in his body, a pain that, even in war, he had not felt.

"Starting today, you will have to find a new queen, Zeus." Hera smiled sadistically as golden blood splattered her face. 1

This sight completely terrified the 'holes' of Zeus in bed.

"Don't worry, it should be easy for you, right? Just take whatever hole you always use... Oh, I'll take that, just to make sure that part never grows on your body again."

Finishing speaking, Hera disappeared with beams as dark as night itself covering her.

"HERAAA!" Zeus' booming voice resounded across Olympus.

...

"Hmm?" Nyx felt someone calling her, and suddenly she snapped her finger again, and Hera appeared...

Completely covered in golden blood and with a big smile on her face, in her right hand was a scythe, and in her left hand was a 'censored object'.

"... Hera, My Sister... What did you do?"

She smiled crookedly: "Something that gave me immense pleasure to do, something I should have done from the beginning, I cut 'it' from my husband."

'She did what!?' Nyx opened her eyes in shock, a shock that was shared by everyone around her.

"...H-How?" Hera asked.

"It's easy. Zeus doesn't keep his guard up for me, so I walked into Mount Olympus, took this scythe I had my son make in the past, and walked towards Zeus's quarters. And as usual, he was fucking some hole, so I just walked up to him and cut the 'stuff." She narrated what she did as she threw the object to the ground.

'... As easy as that? Did you just go there and cut it? He's a God King, you know? Despite being a bastard, his strength is something quite concrete.' Nyx can't help but marvel at the foolishness of strong beings who think they are invincible and always let their guard down.

"Ewww!" Morgana and Violet made faces of disgust.

"Disgusting." Sasha and Ruby walked back a little further.

"Burning this shit!" Violet pointed. "Someone set this on fire!"

"Someone throw holy fire at this abomination!!"

"Violet, you are the fire handler here!" Sasha pointed out. "...Oh..." A face of realization appeared on Violet, and suddenly pure fire began to envelop her body, then she set fire to the censored object.

"Morgana, help me out here! Let's wipe it out of existence!"

"Count on me." Morgana's eyes began to glow pure red, and soon a beam of powerful heat shot out of her eyes. "BURN!!" The two spoke at the same time.

Looking at this view, Ruby randomly thought.

'Radiation power... Now that I come to think of it, isn't Morgana basically Kryptonian?... A Vampire with characteristics of a succubus and Kryptonian physiology... An imaginary white balloon appeared on Ruby's head and she tried to fuse all the characteristics into one being and imagined something completely strange that came straight out of a horror movie.

Ruby shuddered and shook her head from side to side to clear that image from her head.

'My imagination is being influenced by the horror movies I've been watching lately...'

Sometimes Ruby could be quite random with her thoughts.

As chaos raged around, Hera began to speak. "I wonder why I've never done this before. It's not like my divinity stops me from doing something; after all, I'm simply married to him."

It's not like her free will was compromised. The only problem her divinity gave her was that she couldn't 'separate' herself from the being she married.

"... Pfft... HAAHAHA! She really went and did it. I've grown to like you a little bit now, Hera." Scathach started to laugh.

"..." Hestia and Aphrodite were so shocked that their brain only restarted when they heard Scathach's laughter.

"Unbelievable... Aphrodite still couldn't believe it.

"Anyway! I am now a traitor! You will accept me, right!"

"... Can we talk about this first?" Hestia spoke, questioning her sister's sanity a lot now. She was already crazy enough before this.

"What? Why? I did what you asked!" Hera made a frustrated face.

"We didn't ask for anything! You did everything yourself!" Hestia spoke.

"You influenced me along with Nyx and Aphrodite!"

"I already told you that I didn't do anything! Don't put the blame on me!"

"Wait a sec, why are you putting my name in the subject? You did it all yourself! Nobody held your hand while you went to cut that abomination! Seriously, how have you liked something like this in the past?" Aphrodite spoke.

"I was young...! And Zeus was a war hero!" Hera declared.

"A war hero who ate his first wife, literally speaking, of course."

"We didn't know that in the past! We only came to find out about it when Athena was born from his head!"

"At that time, I couldn't separate myself from him thanks to my divinity... I didn't want to either. After all, I was the queen." Hera was honest; the power of everything in your hand with just one request was hard to let go of.

"Humpf, finally being honest." Aphrodite snorted.

"..." Looking at the chaos around her, Nyx, at that moment, wondered if it was a good idea to put this ticking time bomb in her plan.

... Did I push her too hard?' Nyx wondered if she abused Hera too much since she had been using Hera for several months. She made the goddess make several requests of her, requests considered quite 'dark' like killing, torturing, lying, et cetera.

Suddenly, Nyx realized that she may indeed have changed Hera forever, the goddess of marriage who was already 'dark' became even more 'dark' due to the impact of the goddess of the night.

'Well, fuck...' Nyx looked at Hera. 'Yes, I won't use it anymore. It's too risky! She turned her face away and pretended that she had nothing to do with this problem. She was completely innocent!

Believe her! After all, she is a 'gentle' goddess.

...

Let's Goo!

Chapter 747: Wives united, means an invincible group.

Chapter 747: Wives united means an invincible group.

In the end, there was no deal. After all, too much information was lacking to make one. Still, Hera had already performed the greatest act of betrayal by cutting off Zeus' private parts [Consequently saving hundreds of men and women from being abused by him.]

Women like Scathach, Jeanne, Sasha, Ruby, and Hestia supported 'hiding' Hera from the God-King's hostile eyes. Violet was reluctant to agree since such actions would not benefit their group in the near future, but she accepted once Ruby explained her thoughts.

To summarize the explanation, it would be that they could use Hera to 'validate' the group of Goddesses that 'fled' from Mount Olympus. Such action in the past would have been impossible, but since Olympus was in a civil war, and everyone knew that Zeus was getting crazier every day, this explanation would be more accepted than in the past.

In this way, their group would be seen as 'saviors' of the 'abused' Gods, painting a positive image in the community of Supernatural Beings that would no doubt go a long way in removing Victor's 'infamy'.

Despite being an Evil God representing various Negative Aspects, Victor was also the God of Martial Honor, Family, Home, and Nature. He is a kind God who helps those who seek his help.

This was what the girls wanted to happen.

Of course, they knew not everyone would be fooled by this nonsense. After all, Victor's infamy level was very high. Still, it would have a tremendous effect on his followers, who'll become even more devoted, and consequently, everyone who comes into contact with these devotees will also be converted.

After all, the religion of the Blood God was, without a doubt, a great supporter. As long as one made an effort, they could earn various perks that would definitely help them have a better life in this New Era where Supernatural Beings no longer remained hidden.

Welcoming Hera also had several other smaller goals, like having access to all of Zeus' secrets in the palm of their hand.

Hera was, after all, the Goddess who married Zeus. The woman had all sorts of dirt on Zeus, actions he did that were even worse than those he didn't bother to hide, or give reasons for, due to being the 'God-King' from Mount Olympus.

Understanding the reasons and finding them acceptable, Violet also accented Hera's presence. As long as the woman was useful in any way, and of course, she stayed FAR away from Victor.

Requirements they all accepted readily. After all, they had similar thoughts; they didn't want useless people as their subordinates.

All Goddesses in Aphrodite and Hestia's group had their own work that aided the entire Faction. The same went for the Faction's Allies like the Amazons, the Fairies, and the Youkai.

They all contributed something. Useless people would not be welcomed.

After a lengthy discussion, they accepted Hera, the Ancient Goddess Queen, leaving her under the care of Hestia and Rhea.

Speaking of Rhea, it seemed they were now caring for two former Queens of Mount Olympus. They wondered if Victor's luck was that high; after all, somehow, everything was tied to him in some weird way.

For example, Aphrodite fell in love with Victor, and because of this connection, Hestia and the group of Goddesses came to the Faction. Sometime later, the situation with Hera happened.

"Cough, cough." Nyx pretended to cough to get everyone's attention.

The women looked at Nyx strangely. They wondered, "Why was she still here? Hasn't she already done her job? Why won't she just go away?"

Nyx clearly understood the women's stares, and somehow, she started to get irritated again. She was a Primordial Goddess of Olympus, you know? She was one of the first Goddesses to come into existence in the Pantheon! But she was magnanimous; she wouldn't get irritated over something small like that. Therefore, she decided just to ask her question:

"... So Hera's going to Nightingale, and that's fine and all, but... What about me?"

"I don't understand. What do you mean?" Aphrodite asked.

"Am I not going to get help? I'm a Goddess in need, you know?"

... The girls looked at each other with strange expressions. The girls' expressions asked, 'Can you believe what this bitch just said?'

It was noteworthy that they again understood how shameless the Gods were. They had rather thick skin.

Aphrodite smiled sweetly back at Nyx: "Nyx, isn't your work here finished? Why are you still here?"

"... What are you talking about? My work is not done yet." Nyx smiled the same way Aphrodite did.

"...Oh?"

"Tell me, how will you retrieve the 'fugitive' Goddesses without my help?"

Aphrodite's thought process stalled for a few seconds. She had completely forgotten about that fact.

Currently, the Greek Pantheon was in a 'closed' state thanks to Zeus. Only the Primordial Gods of the Pantheon can bypass that restriction. They would need one of the Primordial Gods to enter Olympus and retrieve the Gods, and if they were to choose between Nyx, Gaia, Erebus, and Tartarus...

Aphrodite would choose Nyx. The reason for this? Nyx, despite being who she is, could be relatively predictable. After all, most of the time, she acted through logic.

Something Gaia and Tartarus didn't do. They were just walking balls of spite.

After staring at the Primordial Goddess of The Night for some time, Aphrodite looked at the girls:

"... Do we really have no other choice?" She asked, just to be sure. She couldn't think of anything they could use to sneak into the Pantheon.

She knew a few Space-related Gods, but even they couldn't sneak in as Nyx could.

The girls looked at each other and shook their heads from side to side at Aphrodite, indicating that they had no idea how to help in this particular case.

Aphrodite couldn't help but sigh internally. She really didn't want to come into contact with Nyx too much. The Goddess of The Night stank a lot... A stench she knew all too well, the stench of a woman who liked to conspire, the stench of someone like Aphrodite herself.

It was because they were so similar to each other in that particular matter that Aphrodite understood Nyx a little. The woman would do anything to achieve her goals... Whatever that goal was.

'Haah... I think the first step will be to find out what this Goddess wants.'

"Very well, Nyx... You can bring the Gods."

"I'm glad you understand-." Before Nyx could finish, Aphrodite spoke.

"But only to Earth."

"..." Nyx raised an eyebrow, "Of course...? Where do you think I would send them? To Nightingale?" She spoke with an amused expression.

...Okay, now that was weird. Didn't she want to come to Nightingale?" Aphrodite thought.

"Haah... This is going to be a long day, isn't it?" Violet sighed as she grumbled.

The girls just nodded at Violet's statement.

"Oh, one thing." Nyx suddenly started talking, "Can you please tell that Dragon of yours to stop looking at me like it wants to eat me? It's really annoying."

"..." Of course, she knew, didn't she? Everyone thought.

Somehow no one was surprised that she knew this. After all, they were dealing with a Primordial Goddess, a dangerous woman that girls needed to bring all their heavy weights just to be safe.

"Zaladrac, would you be so kind as to come here?" Sasha asked in a gentle voice.

A ripple appeared in the area, and soon a woman with Dragon wings and long dark violet hair appeared.

"..." Zaladrac looked at Hera, who flinched at her gaze, and then looked at Nyx.

Nyx narrowed her eyes when she felt Zaladrac's gaze. 'She's stronger than I initially thought... Even among Dragons, she must be special... Or was it Victor who made her special thanks to his connection to a World Tree?' The Night Goddess was having a lot of doubts, but one thing was sure, she was delighted that her plans were going well.

She managed to contact Victor's Faction in a more... 'friendly' way... Now, she had to move on with the other objectives.

'I hope I can bring him to my side before Erebus fulfills his plan for Olympus, whatever that plan is...' Nyx felt annoyed when she thought about her ex-husband. The man was acting very strange. I'm not liking their affiliation with that organization one bit.'

Whatever happened, Nyx just hoped the bad feeling she'd been feeling didn't come true.

Rumble, Rumble.

Sounds of Lightning were heard, and soon a blonde woman and a woman with long white hair appeared.

"They really had many other warriors on the prowl.' Hera thought as she looked at Nyx for a few seconds: 'All this preparation just to deal with Nyx in case she turned hostile... It was noteworthy that Hera was quite impressed that they all dared to face a Primordial God if necessary.

That was an attitude she really couldn't bring herself to have.

"Now that Agnes and Natasha are here, let's make a list of all the Beings we're going to bring back from Mount Olympus."

"Let's make a list of the Gods who will take our protection." Scathach began to speak.

"We should prioritize those that are not problematic," Sasha added.

"And those who are easily influenced," Jeanne added next.

"On these conditions alone, we've already eliminated Athena, Artemis, and several other 'proud' Goddesses." Aphrodite pointed.

"So we're going to focus on the Middle and Lesser Gods?" Hestia asked.

"It's a good idea... A Minor God isn't that useful in a Pantheon, but the same can't be said for us... All of them will be useful to us." Ruby spoke.

They all understood Ruby's implied words and agreed with her. The more useful manpower you had, the better it would be for the Faction, and it was worth noting that Gods were the best manpower available.

They were quite useful when they let go of some of their natural arrogance.

Nyx looked at these women, arguing with each other and making suggestions. She couldn't help but think that the man who won them over must be quite special. After all, they were all capable women.

She wasn't sure she would come out unscathed if she decided to turn hostile. She thought that for several reasons, among them was Scathach and that dangerous Spear of hers.

The woman named Jeanne had a ridiculous amount of Energy, and that Dragon, from the beginning, had never stopped watching Nyx like a hawk.

Aphrodite herself was a danger too. Usually, she wouldn't be influenced by her Divinity, but if several of these strong Beings attacked her... She didn't know if she wouldn't fall under Aphrodite's influence.

Nyx knew all too well how terrifying the power of Aphrodite's Charm was when she was in her 'True' Form, which allowed a God to access their power entirely.

...

In a bedroom with a double bed, two lovers were snuggled together.

"Hmm~, you have no idea how happy I am to be with you like this, Vic."

"I know; after all, you always tell me." Victor smiled gently as he stroked Leona's hair and tail.

Currently, she was in her 'Hybrid' Form, the way she came into the world. She was breathing heavily. Evidently, she had gone through a great training session.

"I have to say it several times for you to value me more." Leona snorted and moaned when she felt her ass being grabbed, and Victor's white liquid began to leak from inside her.

'... What a waste...' She mumbled in annoyance.

"Oh? You mean I don't value you?" Victor's eyes gleamed brightly.

Leona shuddered slightly when she felt Victor's glare: "Of course not!" She pulled out of his arms and looked earnestly into his eyes, "You value me so much!"

"Hmm~" Victor looked at Leona for a few seconds judging her intentions, and then he smiled: "It's good that you

understand. I thought I needed to show my 'appreciation' and 'love' even more."

'If we continue our fight, I will become a pleasure-minded idiot.' Leona thought. Though for a moment, she thought she wouldn't mind staying that way if it was Victor.

The moment that thought popped into her head, memories of the incapacitated 'states' of Natasha, Morgana, Roberta, Agnes, and Violet flashed through her mind.

The girls mentioned were the ones who were most 'addicted' to the night activities, and whenever the activities ended, it seemed like they had gone to the afterlife.

Leona definitely didn't want to be like that. She still liked to keep her rationality... Sometimes...

"Ugh, this is a devil's game! He is indeed a Demon King! How can he tempt me like this!?" Leona grumbled. She felt complex now, she wanted to give herself over to pleasure, and at the same time, she didn't.

"Now that we're calmer, why don't we talk about my family?" Leona asked clearly in an attempt to change the subject.

Victor rolled his eyes. He could read Leona like the back of his hand. He knew entirely what kind of bullshit she was thinking.

Despite enjoying seeing the 'afterlife' state of his Wives, Victor always maintained control not to overdo it. After all, too much pleasure can be very bad too.

As someone who had the Blessing of Aphrodite's Sexuality, he instinctively knew when to 'stop'. The reason he did this was simple. He didn't just desire sex. He wanted to show his 'love'. Only in this way would his obsession be satisfied.

Because of this, he liked the 'post-intercourse' moments more, because, at that moment, he could show even more affection and love from him... It was also at these times that girls' lust was most awakened. After all, women liked to be appreciated.

Victor took Leona's arms and pulled her to his body.

"Kya~"

"What about your family?" Victor asked as he started stroking Leona's head again.

Leona closed her eyes and enjoyed Victor's caresses for a few seconds. She changed her position a little and laid her head on his chest. Then she started talking...

Chapter 748: The Demon King.

Chapter 748: The Demon King.

Leona closed her eyes and enjoyed Victor's caresses for a few seconds. She changed her position a little, laid her head on his chest, and started talking.

"As you know, my Clan is a Clan of Alphas. Much like the Vampire Counts of Nightingale, we wield a great deal of influence in Samar."

"...So...?" Victor asked. "What are you planning to do?"

"I want to bring Maya to our side."

"Oh?" Victor gave a small smile.

"Why do you want to do that? She doesn't strike me as someone who'd align herself with anyone." Victor asked with an amused expression.

"...That's where you're wrong. Like Scathach, she seems to be a person who does whatever she finds 'interesting'." Leona refuted him.

"Heh~" Victor smiled in amusement. "What do you mean by that?"

"Think with me. She is a woman over a thousand years old, with several husbands in her Harem, with multiple children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren."

"She's already a woman who's lived her life. She just wants something fun to do."

"That's where we come in. We're going to offer her this 'fun' through you, Darling"

"... Are you selling your Husband, Leona?" Victor remarked: "Should I punish you?"

Leona shuddered, "... A-As much as I find your punishments interesting...I want to rest now."

"Hmm..." Victor made a sound that wasn't even an affirmation or denial. Clearly, he was still thinking about it.

"Anyway! Don't change the subject!" Leona felt that if she didn't get back to the subject now, her body would suffer more...not that she disliked it or anything. In fact, she would

rather they continued, but this and that were different things. Right now, she just wanted to relax.

"Go on; I'm listening," Victor spoke.

"Hmm..." Leona nodded. "I'm not selling you or anything, Darling... But it's a fact that you have a special charm that attracts many people." She paused before continuing, "Therefore, we will abuse it to attract her. Not to mention... aren't you interested in fighting her?"

"Oh?" Victor looked at Leona with an appraising gaze.

"Do you know what the Wolves call her, Darling?" Leona smiled.

Seeing Victor's gaze urging her to continue, she said, "My powerful grandmother has the Title of; "The Strongest Female Werewolf"...." Leona looked at Victor with an appraising look, "Isn't that a very familiar Title to you?"

Victor chuckled when he saw the look Leona was giving him.

"W-What? Why are you laughing!?"

"Watching you try to get me interested is pretty sweet, Leona."

A red flush grew on Leona's face, making Victor laugh even harder.

"Idiot! Don't laugh; I'm serious!"

"I know," Victor commented while laughing. "That's why it's even cuter."

"Hmph. I don't care anymore! Forget what I said!" Leona snorted and turned her face to the side as she escaped Victor's arms and lay down on the bed.

".." Victor looked at Leona's visible back and smiled slightly. He wrapped his arm around her as he stroked her tail.

"You got something wrong about Maya, my dear Wolf!" "... What do you mean?"

"We don't need to do anything to get her interested in us. She's already interested and will eventually align herself with our group."

"Hmm" Leona moaned when she felt Victor kissing her neck.

"We don't need to do anything to make that happen." Victor's hands began to travel all over Leona's body. "We have to let everything happen naturally because if it's not natural, she will sense it, and she won't like it."

Leona took a deep breath while opening her legs a little so that Victor could reach the important part of her:... You seem 100% sure of what you're saying, Darling." She commented, a little flustered. Visible hot air was coming out of her mouth as she was getting excited by Victor's 'sneaky' hands.

"Of course I am. After all, Maya is a woman cut from the same cloth as I."

Leona raises her eyebrow: "...A Battle Junkie, what about Yandere?"

"I don't know about the Yandere part, but the first part is correct." Victor laughed.

".. You don't seem very interested in my grandmother, Darling," Leona asked in an interested voice.

"I don't share, Honey. And I'm sure she won't give up her husbands for me." Victor explained.

"You underestimate yourself too much, Vic. Any woman can give up anything for you." Leona declared. As a woman, she completely understood other women's feelings towards Victor.

If put in short words, Victor was a beauty that nations would go to war for.

Leona didn't doubt that if Victor declared he would become a one-woman man, a war would break out for his hand.

"I know... But if it's like that, I won't be satisfied. After all, when I get into a relationship with someone, I want everything from them."

Leona's body began to heat up even more when her most important place began to be stroked a little more roughly. "I want their feelings, their thoughts, their body...." Victor gently bit Leona's neck and drank her blood.

"Hmmm~." She moaned seductively as the tips of her breasts were squeezed and pulled.

"I want it all."

"...Y-You are a greedy, greedy man, Victor."

"Obviously. I am a King, after all."

Leona snorted but didn't refute him; after all, he was indeed a King

Growing more frustrated and aroused by Victor's caresses, Leona pushed Victor and mounted him.

Leona's nostrils flared as her eyes narrowed, "You're playing with fire, Darling"

"Didn't you know? I'm Fire resistant."

"We will see." Leona attacked Victor, and soon a battle of tongues ensued.

...The 'night' was far from over.

A few days later, Victor walked through the Werewolf King's Castle with Leona at his side. Wherever the two passed, the Wolves present in the Castle would look at them.

"Strange..." Leona murmured.

"What?"

"Unlike the mangas I've read, they're not whispering and pointing fingers at us or anything like that."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, normally, when a character stands out too much, the extras start talking about them quietly, in secret but, at the same time, not whisper, etc. You know that thing extra characters always do."

"Ohhh." Victor now understood what Leona was talking

about, "Hmm~" He looked around at the groups of Werewolves. Suddenly, his face distorted into something horrible. For a moment, they all saw themselves being killed in horrible ways.

"Hiii!" The surrounding Wolves ran for their lives.

"..." Leona just looked at Victor with a blank expression.

"I find it very difficult for them to do that to me." Victor smiled gently.

Leona rolled her eyes at Victor's attitude but didn't say anything. After all, it wasn't like she cared about it. She preferred silence to listening to annoying mosquitoes commenting on something that had nothing to do with them.

"You broke the cliché, Darling. How could you do that?" "Meh, most clichés are boring."

"Tell that to the protagonists who pull power out of their asses whenever the situation is bad."

"Hey, those clichés are good... Most of the time."

"Nowadays, the talentless failed protagonist who

struggles for everything is more attractive, you know, that representativeness thing."

"I mean, wasn't it always like that? Genius versus hard-working, and that whole bunch of no-talent boy cliché beating geniuses through determination." Victor replied.

"Indeed."

Walking a few more meters through the King's Castle while talking to each other, they arrived in the room their group was assigned. Soon the two entered a large door and faced their group.

The moment they entered the room, the girls present looked at Leona with blank stares.

"What?" Leona asked.

"You complain about Violet, but you're just as horny as her, Leona." Natalia declared.

"Agreed."

"Indeed."

"Mm."

Confirmation sounds were heard all around.

"..." Leona was left speechless by that insulting statement. She was nothing like Violet! She wasn't so horny!

"Your face says you don't believe me, right?"

"Of course! I'm not like her at all!" Leona snorted.

...Right... Then tell me, how long did you stay in that room?"

"..." Leona was silent. The gears in her brain visibly started to turn in search of an answer that would refute all of Natalia's unfounded accusations, but... She couldn't remember.

Therefore, she decided just to take a swing in the dark. "Two days... I stayed in that room for two days." She spoke with absolute certainty in her voice.

... If you don't know the answer, just admit it." Natalia sighed.

"Eh? I'm wrong?"

"Yes, you've been in that room for almost a week. Specifically speaking, you were there for five full days."

".. " Leona opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out, so she just looked at Victor incredulously, "Did you know?"

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Why didn't you didn't say anything?!"

"I didn't see you complaining. In fact, you even asked-"

"Waaa! Do not say anything!"

Victor smiled gently and was silent. Leona was so cute now that he just watched her in silence with appreciation in his eyes.

Appreciation that made Leona completely melt.

"Tell me, would you have done differently if you were in her shoes?" Anna asked curiously. She'd already gotten used to how casual the girls were about their relationship with Victor long ago. She had also gotten used to the fact that she now had many 'daughters' who would eventually give birth to grandchildren worth two entire football teams.

"..." The girls were silent, not knowing how to answer that complicated question.

Would they act differently...? The answer to that question was obviously no. They wouldn't. In fact, they would likely be even worse than Leona in that regard. After all, unlike the Wolf, who tried to control herself, they didn't see any point in not losing themselves in their Husband's pleasure.

"Anyway, while you were away, the subject related to Leona and Victor exploded in Samar society, and now everyone is demanding 'things'." Kaguya decided that changing the subject was the right thing to do.

"Oh?" Victor's Dragon Eyes narrowed slightly, "Who's looking for a one-way trip to Hell?"

"Basically, everyone has something to say on this subject." "...I see... Looks like Samar won't exist for much longer," Victor stated casually, sending chills all around the room.

He spoke so casually about it that you wouldn't believe he was capable of it, but everyone in this room knew that wasn't the truth.

If Diablo, with all the strength of Hell, managed to do so much damage to everyone on Earth, Victor, who also had all the forces of Hell behind him, plus the improvements he made... could do much worse.

The fear the Beings had of him was not unfounded. Behind him, Victor had entire Demon hordes waiting for his order.

"That statement will go down very badly if the King and Queen hear it, Demon King." The door opened, and Maya walked in, followed by Adam and a tall, tattooed man.

"Remember that you are currently the representative of the Demons!"

"...Tell me, Maya. What would you do if some extras decided to intervene in your personal relationships?" "I would destroy them."

"Right?"

"But this is a different situation."

"How so?"

"What do you mean 'how so'?"

"How is it any different, Maya?"

"We are talking about an entire nation, Demon King, not just a group of people."

"A nation is no different than a group of people, Maya. And to me, it doesn't matter. One nation, one Pantheon, one planet; anyone who stands in my way will be destroyed."

"And where is it that you draw the line? The same line of honor that gave you the Title of God of Martial Honor, Alucard?"

"That line only exists when the subject doesn't involve my Family, Maya." Victor's eyes narrowed, and everyone flinched as they felt small before him. The only ones unaffected by this were those related to Victor.

"Take care of your Wolves. Tell them to be quiet like good little doggies... Or all of Hell will break loose in Samar."

"... You'd kill off an entire planet just because someone said some rubbish about your relationships? Do you care so much about the opinion of extras?"

"Of course not."

"I will purge an entire planet if all those involved have the power to interfere with my relationship with Leona, and as we know from our history, that applies to all Werewolves."

"...You're overreacting, Alucard."

"Don't pretend you don't know this, Maya. It's basically a cultural thing for Vampires and Werewolves to hunt the Hybrids born between them so that 'diseases' are not spread. It is this line of thinking that motivates all these Wolves to want to meddle in my relationship, right?..."

Except for those who want my Wife for themselves."

"You know about it?"

"It's funny that you think I came to Samar with my eyes closed, Maya."

"She's not your Wife-"When Adam was about to say something.

Victor turned to face Adam, and a massive pressure descended on the Elder Wolf, a pressure he only felt on the battlefield when Victor unleashed all his Power.

"Silence, Adam. I don't have time for your useless jealousy crisis. Leona is happy, and I will take care of her like you know I will care for everyone related to me. Now stop your nonsense and be silent."

"..." Adam gritted his teeth but didn't dare say anything. He saw that Victor's eyes weren't kidding now.

"You cannot blame us, Alucard."

"It is a fact that Hybrids are disease carriers for both Vampires and Werewolves. They are, after all, a 'mistake' of the two Species."

"Just because you don't understand something doesn't mean it is a 'mistake! The unknown breeds fear; that goes for Supernatural Beings too. When they come across a Vampire Werewolf Hybrid, they just go for the kill and don't even bother trying to understand what a Hybrid is."

"... What do you mean?"

"I have an adopted daughter, and she is a Werewolf- Vampire Hybrid, but thanks to my intervention, she no longer has two natures fighting for domination. She is now just a Vampire with Werewolf Traits."

"I fixed her problem."

"...That's..." Maya was shocked by what she just heard.

Adam looked at Anna for confirmation, and Anna just nodded, indicating that he was telling the truth.

"Do you know why I revealed this kind of important information?" Victor asked Maya.

"... I don't know."

"It's simple. Take care of your Wolves because my Vampires are under my control."

"If I hear any related shit about Leona's relationship with me, believe me when I say they'd rather have kept their mouths shut and stayed quiet like a good mutt."

"The incident related to that Family of Alpha Wolves will be seen as child's play when I am finished with everyone."

Maya narrowed her eyes as Adam flinched at Victor's statement. The Elder Werewolf vividly remembered the horrible state of that Werewolf who just 'looked' at Natalia.

Throughout Victor's speech his tone never changed. It was always flat and authoritative, like a King speaking to his subordinates. He never raised his voice or spoke too softly. It was always direct, simple, and overwhelming.

"... And here I thought you would be more reasonable." "Reasonable' is a funny word for those with Power!"

"Tell me. If I wasn't who I am, what would you have done to me?"

"..." Maya and Adam were silent. The answer was obvious. They would have killed Victor and just thrown his mangled corpse in some random ditch. He would be a 'tragic hero' who fell in love with someone he shouldn't have.

"Staying silent? Then let me answer it for you."

"You would have killed me, killed all those I am related to, and would have erased my existence from reality. You would ensure that any remnants of my existence would disappear, correct?"

".." Again, they couldn't say anything because Victor was correct.

"I'm not being 'reasonable' as you say, but neither would you be 'reasonable' with me either if I didn't have Power."

"He who has the strongest fist is the one who is correct. That is the fundamental law of the jungle that our cruel Supernatural World follows."

"And I, who have the Power to cleanse this damned planet of all you hold dear, am more correct than you... So stop wasting my time, and go control your Wolves."

Victor turned around and sat on the couch: "When I leave this room, if I hear just one damned word on a subject these bastards have no say in, the consequences will not be a predictable 'future', but an absolute fact."

"Communicate my decision to the King, Queen, penguin, or whoever the fuck you want; I don't care."

"Do your job, and I will be a good 'Husband' and not do anything that would jeopardize my relationship with my Wife's family."

"Now, leave."

With a wave of his hand, a powerful blast of blood-red power erupted, chasing the three of them out of the room. With another wave of his hand, the door was closed.

".." The women around the room just looked at Victor in disbelief at what they had just witnessed.

It was clear that the person who spoke in front of everyone just now was not just the Victor they knew but a facet of the Demon King of Tyranny, the man who conquered Hell by force and became the King of All Demons.

What everyone just saw was one of the facets of that Monarch.

"... Darling."

"...Yes?" Victor looked at Leona.

"Can we go there in that dark room just for a few minutes -...hours, maybe days?"

"..." The girls were speechless again. This woman didn't waste time, did she? She was horny all the time.

Victor just laughed gently. "Later, just come here. Let me spoil you."

"Yay!" Leona wasted no time and climbed into his lap.

Outside the room.

"..." The group of three fell silent as they stared at the door. "Well, I've never been treated like that before." Maya spoke in an amused tone, in a voice that was clearly not 'amused'.

"...Is that man really the Husband of that Vampire I saw earlier?" Johnny spoke.

"Yes."

"... Well, fuck." He just realized he was only alive because of that Vampire. 'And to think that her Husband was a Demon King!'

"Believe it or not, a few years ago, he was much weaker than you are," Adam spoke.

"... Really?" Johnny asked incredulously.

"Yes."

"How did he get so strong in such a short time? Even Master Maya doesn't seem like an opponent for him." Johnny spoke.

"That is something I would really like to know, My son." "Isn't it obvious?" Maya spoke suddenly.

"Huh?"

"He got that strong because of his talent. He's the most talented man I've ever seen.

Mix that monstrous talent with an endless willpower to get stronger and a discipline that goes along with those two ingredients. That way, you get a result like this.... Of course, we shouldn't forget luck either. Luck is also an essential factor; it gives us opportunities to grow!"

Maya turned and started walking.

Father and son stared at Maya's back for a few seconds and then walked over to her too.

"What are you going to do, Mother?"

"Of course, I will let everyone know what he said."

"... They won't like it."

"They have no choice. Either they listen to me even through my fists, or they will become one of those hideous art pieces that the Demon King made."

In a world with red skies and a great forest of red leaves, a gigantic tree lay on the horizon.

"... It looks like the fusion has been completed," Victor spoke as he looked at a humanoid-shaped shadow that was much fainter than usual.

"Finally... I'm where I should have been from the start."

"It's been a long time, hasn't it, Alter?"

"Indeed... A very long time."

In Victor's training in Hell, he managed to fuse 99% of his Progenitor Powers inside his body, but 1% remained unwilling to join for some reason. Because of that, Alter was still present in Victor's fight with Diablo.

But... That was no longer the case: as of today, Alter will fuse with Victor.

The only thing that prevented Victor from fully merging with Alter were his thoughts toward his Wives. This worry and longing did not let him calm down to complete the fusion process.

"What happens when we merge completely?" Victor asked.

"Nothing."

"... What do you mean by nothing?"

"Exactly what I mean. You already have all of the Progenitor's Powers and the memories that Progenitors inherit."

"The only thing that will happen is... You will feel complete. As if the final piece of a puzzle was finally being placed."

'And maybe now you'll get a clue on how to reach Grandmaster Level.' Alter thought but didn't say it out loud. After all, it wasn't necessary. As soon as he returned to where he belonged, Victor would know everything.

"...Complete, huh..." Victor thought a bit about these words. He was curious about what would happen to him: "So I guess this is goodbye, Alter?"

"Wrong. I will not disappear. I am merely returning to where I should never have left." Alter raised his ghostly hand and made a fist.

"...Take care of them, Another me."

"Always." Victor raised his fist.

The two Beings' fists collided in a friendly gesture, and in the next second, Alter's shadow began to enter Victor's body. During this entire process, Roxanne was watching from afar beside an older man with gray hair and a muscular body.

"His Soul is finally returning to what it should have been..." Roxanne spoke as she looked at Victor with a gaze that could see much more than just his appearance.

"... What do you think will happen, My Queen?" the old man asked.

"I don't know."

"Victor has long been an abnormality. There are so many things within his Soul that if the basis of his existence were not a Progenitor of Vampires with a Great Soul, I fear he would have already been blown apart from containing so much Power."

Victor's Soul contained the grand existence of Roxanne and the billions of Souls he'd consumed in his growth.

It also housed part of a Goddess's Soul, a piece of the Soul of The Progenitor of The Gorgons, and part of a Dragon's Soul.

He was connected to so many great Beings that Roxanne wouldn't be surprised if he exploded at any moment because he had so much stuff in his Soul, but such a thing never happened.

Roxanne watched as Victor closed his eyes as he concentrated on himself.

Soon his whole Inner World began to change. The environment became more turbulent, and on the horizon, a Being made of pure darkness with shades of crimson stood up and stared at everything with its blood-red gaze.

"What is that...?" The older man opened his eyes wide.

"The representation of Victor's Soul..." Now Roxanne understood why she could never find that representation in Victor's Soul. She couldn't find it because, from the beginning, the representation of Victor's Soul was Alter himself. Now he had returned to where he belonged... Protecting Victor's Inner World like a Guardian.

In a closed room isolated from the outside with the Power of Ice, a man was floating in the lotus position.

Victor opened his eyes, and although there were no visible changes, the sharpness of his eyes was more visible. His very existence felt more overwhelming as well.

"I see... That's what he meant by feeling complete, huh... Victor felt it was difficult to describe how he was feeling..."

It was the same feeling as when someone traveled for long years and returned to their parents' house. The sense of 'fulfillment' he was feeling now seemed to have that emotion... Only much more intense.

'Alter, you sneaky bastard. Why didn't you tell me I'll now have a clue to reaching the Grand Master Level?'

All Martial Arts had a rank level ranging from Apprentice to Grandmaster.

In the grand scheme of things, only the rank of Master and Grandmaster mattered.

The reason for this was that only a select few could reach the rank of Master in a Martial Art, and even fewer could reach the rank of Grandmaster, A ranking that not even the Gods could achieve so easily.

Victor only knew two Beings who had achieved a Grandmaster Level Martial Art, and those two Beings were Scathach and Rose.

Scathach was a monster in her own right. She'd reached Master Level in several Martial Arts, and only with Spearmanship had she reached the Grandmaster level.

On the other hand, Rose hadn't learned many Martial Arts and devoted herself purely to the Sword her entire life. Because of that, her Martial Arts level might even be higher than that of Scathach, who devoted herself to learning various Martial Arts instead of just focusing on one from the beginning.

Unlike God-King level Beings, the ranks of those who entered the Grandmaster Rank were even more confusing.

The reason for this was simple. Few Beings had reached this state. The number could even be counted on both hands.

'I wonder if I can achieve 'Enlightenment' now, Victor thought.

He'd previously asked Scathach what this 'Enlightenment' was, and the woman's answer could not be more enigmatic.

"You will understand when you feel it."

Did this mean that Scathach refused to answer Victor's question?

Wrong. What she meant was that 'Enlightenment' could not be described with words because it was a unique state for each individual Being, and talking about it could compromise the listener's training.

After all, they would be searching for a similar 'feeling' while their 'feeling' of 'Enlightenment' would likely be completely different.

It was one of those things you had to experience and feel to understand.

Victor came out of his meditation position and fell to the floor.

Victor raised his hand and waited.

Moments later, everyone in the capital heard the sound of multiple sonic booms. Something was clearly heading toward the Werewolf King's Castle at high speed.

With a gesture of his left hand, Victor defrosted the window and opened it. The next moment, something passed through the open window, impacting his right hand.

"Now, I am complete," Victor spoke with a slight smile. A weapon that appeared to be a Katana but had a blade that was too large to be called a Katana, a weapon that carried an Aura of Pure Destruction.

Junketsu's base material changed to Demon Metal.

With this upgrade, the Progenitor's Weapon became a weapon capable of destroying a God forever. Not just Gods, all life touched by the weapon would be taken away.

Rather than evolving to become an Anti-Divine Weapon, it evolved to become an Anti-Life weapon.

But make no mistake, those killed by this blade would not go on to the afterlife but would become part of Victor.

This was a weapon that was born from Victor's Blood and Soul.

'Mizuki has no idea that the weapon she made with my Blood has become something completely beyond her expectations.'

"Tell me, Junketsu. How many forms can you assume now?"

Upon touching Junketsu, he realized it wasn't just him that had changed. Junketsu itself changed too. The more Victor evolved, Junketsu, which was a part of him, would evolve along with him.

The blade buzzed as if to say, 'Are you underestimating me? I can be whatever I want.'

"Oh? In that case..." A red aura began to cover Victor's body, and the next moment, he was encased in his Royal Armor.

His long black hair of Pure Miasma was floating around him, and a black cloak formed around his shoulders.

This cloak was not something that could be grabbed by someone and consequently get in the way of battle; it was a cloak made of Pure, Unaltered Miasma. Any Being that 'contacted' the cloak would receive a one- way ticket to Hell.

The Demon King's Armor was a set made to fight the Gods.

Victor let go of Junketsu, and the blade floated in the air.

"Become my two gauntlets."

Junketsu floated around and noticed the two gauntlets on Victor's armor. The next moment, the weapon began to morph and envelop Victor's arms.

Victor could clearly feel Junketsu becoming part of his armor.

He looked at his gauntlets and noticed that they had become more 'thorny'; his fingers looked like sharp claws, and his forearms, as well as his elbows, had blades that looked like they would easily tear anything.

"Now, we will be together everywhere." Victor chuckled as he clenched his fists, then opened them.

He felt a feeling of 'satisfaction' coming from the gauntlets.

Victor gestured with his hand, and soon the ice around the room began to melt and eventually become water until it evaporated completely.

Footsteps were heard, and soon someone knocked gently on the door:"... Master, are you ready?" Kaguya's voice was heard outside the room.

"Yes, My Maid."

Kaguya opened the door, and the moment she entered the room, she stared at Victor with wide eyes.

... It doesn't matter how many times I see it. As The King of Hell, he always seems so imposing! This was a feeling she couldn't get used to. The disparity was just too significant as if Victor had been replaced by someone else.

But she knew that wasn't possible. The gentle, loving, playful Victor they were used to, the battle-crazed Victor who loved a good fight, and this new Victor who was a 'King' were all parts of the Victor she loved.

"Are you and the girls going to accompany me or stay in my shadow?"

"...." A moment of silence fell as Kaguya was clearly talking to the Maids in her shadow.

...We'll accompany you," Kaguya declared, and in the next moment, several shadows began to appear behind her.

Soon Eve, Bruna, Roberta, and Maria were behind Kaguya. Victor nodded. "Don your battle attire, my Maids, and accompany me."

"Yes." Kaguya received the orders for all of them.

"Are we going to fight, Master?" Maria asked as blood-red strands floated around her, and a sadistic smile appeared on her face.

"For a fight to occur, there needs to be two Beings of the same Power Level... When I fight, only a massacre occurs, my beloved Maria." Victor gently corrected Maria.

"To answer your question, a battle won't happen... And yes, I will put all the bugs in their proper place."

Maya did her best, and she managed to contain her entire Clan and those Clans who were under her influence, but... it was just that. Maya was not an existence capable of ordering the entire society of Samar.

Therefore, those who wished to intrude on Victor and Leona's relationship showed up like cockroaches.

... And it was worth mentioning that the Demon King of Tyranny was not pleased with this development.

[Big Guy, you know what to do.]

[Leave it to me, Victor.]

In a room big enough to hold multiple groups, several important people were gathered.

"I must say you are brainless idiots. I wonder how you managed to live to be over 500 years old." Maya, who was in a full battle suit made of full armor, spoke.

"If I, the Clan Matriarch of the girl involved, don't want to get involved, why are you so obstinate? This matter should not concern you."

"... Just because you gave up, Maya Elizabeth Lykos, it doesn't mean we will turn a blind eye to such a heinous act."

"Before being a Demon King, Alucard is a Noble Vampire.

If a Noble Vampire has a child with an Alpha Werewolf coming from a long line of Alpha Werewolves, I don't even want to think what kind of abomination will be born."

"We need to nip it in the bud."

An aged-looking man spoke calmly and matter-of-factly.

"... Old age has caught up with you completely, Vincent Demetriou," Maya spoke in disdain.

"Did you even just listen to what you said? Has your IQ hit negative? Or are you just growing senile?"

"Do not mock me, Maya Lykos!" Vincent's eyes narrowed.

"My Clan is on the same level as yours!"

Just like Clan Lykos, Clan Demetriou was from a long lineage of Alpha Werewolves.

"I'm not. I'm just stating facts. You said it yourself. 'Before he is DEMON KING, he is a Noble Vampire'."

"If that sentence fails to point out your misguided thinking, I don't know what else to say to you."

"I hate to say it, but Lady Lykos is correct. You are being very obstinate, Vincent."

"Am I being obstinate...? Are you really considering not doing anything like this woman, Anthony?"

Anthony Bianchi was a middle-aged man who, like Lykos and Demetriou, came from a bloodline of Alpha Werewolves. However, his family history was less extensive than the Lykos and Demetriou's.

"I'm telling you to calm down, Vincent. We are not dealing with just anyone but a King."

"King?" Vincent snorted in disdain: "A respectable King would not subject himself to soiling his Lineage"

Maya's eyes narrowed, "Are you implying that my Parentage is dirty, Vincent?"

"Instead of Alucard, maybe I should wipe your family off the map?"

"Hah, I'd like to see you try. Why do not you just return to your sex toys and leave the job to someone more competent?"

When the air around Maya became even wilder, an order was heard.

"Enough!"

Immediately, all the 'Alphas' in the place calmed down and became meek, except for Maya, who was still looking at Vincent and his supporters as if she wanted to cut him out alive.

"Patriarch Uruky, you who recently met our 'guest', do you have anything to say?" Volk asked as he looked at Leonidas.

The older man opened his eyes and declared, "...Yes." He looked at Vincent and his group.

"I understand your feelings.

Personally, I also don't like someone 'growing' a Hybrid in front of me... But that's just my personal opinion, not my logical will speaking... "

Vincent, you have clashed with someone you shouldn't. have, and if you do not deal with the consequences of your action... I terror the long Lineage of Clan Demetriou will end today."

"Clan Demetriou helped create Samar, The King of Werewolves wouldn't abandon us, right?" Vincent snorted as he glared at Volk.

"..." Volk was silent.

"... Right?"

... Volk remained silent. Before he was an Alpha, Volk was a King, and as the King, he would always put his people first... Usually, he was like that, but when he came across an existence like Victor that only Fenrir could handle, he had to make a choice.

And Volk had already made his choice.

Vincent broke out in a cold sweat.

Suddenly, a weight as if gravity itself was increasing fell on everyone in the room, and the atmosphere became much darker.

Suddenly, women in maid dresses appeared around the room, each one carrying a weapon that sent chills through the Wolves around.

Vincent looked at the entrance, and as soon as his eyes met the man's violet eyes, he felt... Small... He felt how insignificant he was.

'Demon King...? Is he the Demon King...?' It was worth noting that Vincent had met Diablo in the past and even that Demon did not have as overwhelming of a presence as this man.

...I should have kept quiet.' He wanted to curse the Being who didn't give him the correct information.

'What do you mean he looks weak and insignificant!?' He wanted to kill that informant of his!

"Rejoice, worms." The flat, emotionless voice that seemed to come from the deepest corners of Hell was heard all around:

"You managed to attract my attention."

An Aura made of Pure Darkness erupted from Victor's body, and a frigid 'desperation' that made the skin go cold, that made the heart beat faster, and induced feelings of unimaginable fear was felt by everyone.

Volk immediately remembered the Form Victor used on the battlefield, a Being that brought despair and the feeling of impotence everywhere he went. This was the Being that was called Alucard.

They're now facing a small fraction of that horrible feeling.

Volk looked at Maya and nodded.

Understanding Volk's silent message, Maya prepared herself to face... This monstrosity...

This despair-inducing Being, generating feelings of horror beyond imagination, was here to fight for her granddaughter's sake. She could not help but think:

'My granddaughter is so lucky!'

Chapter 750: The Lilith's Toy.

Chapter 750: The Lilith's Toy.

Chapter 750: Lily's Toy.

Alucard walked over to the table, and with a wave of his hand, a black Throne with blood-red details was created. He then sat on the Throne and rested his head on his hand.

The Maids stood behind Victor and looked at all the Wolves with cold, uncaring eyes as if they were just walking bags of meat.

"I will give you two choices." Victor snapped his fingers, and a red portal appeared next to him, and the image of a dark place with red plains full of Demonic Creatures was seen.

"Be the meddler that you are, and I will drag you vermin and anyone who supports your thoughts to the depths of Hell, where you will not be able to die and will exist forever in torment."

The portal's image changed and showed the field of Hell that Lily personally cared for, where those who went against Victor remained in torment to this day without being able to move on.

As a King of Hell, Victor had certain privileges, and those privileges were concentrated in the afterlife. If he so wished, specific individuals would never be able to follow the natural course of Life and Death.

Normally, that privilege was only possible for the Ruler of Hell, and for him to enjoy such a privilege, he should've been the Ruler... But why did he need to be the Ruler if his trusted subordinate could take his place?

Victor didn't like working for anyone, least of all Primordial Beings, whose thoughts were unknown.

Of course, there was a problem with this method. The balance could be broken if too many Souls didn't move forward... So ideally, he wouldn't overdo it, and the Primordial Entities wouldn't have to worry about what Victor had been doing since the whole system they created worked as intended.

"..." Everyone's faces visibly darkened, and some even started to shiver when they saw the literal image of the scorching Hell where Souls were punished.

A few Wolves were already shivering as they looked at Victor with fear-filled eyes.

Even though the sound couldn't be heard, they could completely imagine the screams of torment those Souls suffered.

"Or..." Victor's Dragon Eyes gleamed menacingly with a sadistic glare, "Kneel and announce: I'm sorry for being a useless mutt who stuck my nose in a matter that has nothing to do with me."

Victor looked at Vincent's group:

"Now, choose."

Humiliation or an agonizing death? That was the Demon King's proposal.

From the beginning, Alucard didn't come here to talk. He came here just to show the difference between them and the reality that... No matter how much they screamed or were full of 'justice' their hearts were, none of that mattered in front of Alucard.

He was the one who made the rules, and those who were weak could only follow the rules he had created.

"...You-..." An old man swallowed hard when he saw Victor's gaze moving toward him and clenched his fist as a way of gaining courage and said:

"You cannot do that-." He didn't even have time to finish speaking, and before the old man realized it, he was already flying toward the portal.

The old man fell through the portal, and everyone watched in horror as several Demonic hands appeared out of nowhere, grabbed the old man's body, and dragged him down to the depths of Hell.

And that was the end of it, with just a simple gesture from Victor.

Vincent's group fell to the ground as they looked on in horror at this scene.

"You seem to be misunderstanding something... I never allowed you to spew your useless opinions. I told you to choose."

"Those who cannot choose and those who don't understand something as simple as this will merely meet the same fate as that man."

"Now, choose."

"..." Silence fell over the room. For anyone else, the choice should've been obvious... But these men were not just anyone; they were Leaders, Alphas who would remain in power for a long time, and for them, humiliation carried the same weight as death.

Vincent looked at Volk.

"My King, you're not going to do anything!? He is killing our kind! We have to do something!"

"..." Volk maintained a neutral gaze, and no emotion was seen on his face, but the same could not be said for within.

He wanted to interfere. He wanted to fight Victor, but that decision would be the most foolish thing he could do. He didn't have the military power to fight the largest Hell in existence. They would be crushed.

How do you go to war with a Race that practically has a new member born every minute? The answer is... You don't. You run away or avoid conflict.

Only a few Beings could fight the endless hordes of Hellish Creatures coming straight from Hell... And these Beings were the Angels or a Pantheon of Gods.

The Werewolves might be strong, but they weren't as strong as a Pantheon where multiple Gods existed or The Heavenly Father's Armies of Angels.

Not to mention... The statement that the Angels or Pantheons could fight Demons needed to be revised carefully for the current Era. After all, unlike before, Hell was now united under The Demon King's banner of Tyranny, and Alucard was a frightening existence alone.

Biblical Hell had never been as strong as it was now. Even when Lucifer was in power, Hell was not as strong as it was now.

"Volk will not help you, Vincent."

Vincent looked at the woman and felt a surge of anger rise inside him when he saw Maya's look of disdain at him. "He can't help even if he wanted to."

"..." Volk's lack of response was a silent confirmation from The Werewolf King.

And this lack of response filled everyone's hearts with despair. They were literally without any protection and were completely at the mercy of The Demon King's will.

"... Impossible!" Vincent wouldn't take it. He came from a Founding Family, you know? His family had been around since the Progenitor of Wolves created Samar. He was important!

"How is it that the King can do nothing-"

"You invited The Devil to your door, Vincent." Maya cut the older Wolf off.

"I warned you not to open your mouth and stay quiet like a good dog, but no... You had to open your mouth and get yourself into trouble that wasn't even yours, right?"

She spoke with amusement in her tone.

"As if you've forgotten the Primordial Law of The Supernatural World."

She added in a more serious tone: ... The one with the biggest fist is the one who is right. You forgot about it, and now you are at a crossroads."

"Well, at least you're not alone, right? You brought all your supporters with you." She smiled.

"Now, choose. The Devil gave you your options, humiliation or eternal suffering?... It should be an obvious choice for you, right?"

Maya didn't want to admit it, but she was enjoying this quite a bit. It wasn't just today that she had problems with that old man.

He was always looking for trouble with her, and even though she really wanted to crush his whole family, she knew she could not do it without good reason, as her act of doing so would weaken Samar.

Not to mention that this action would affect the Lykos Clan's reputation in the eyes of the other Wolves.

... Vincent looked at Victor with the expression of a man who seemed to have lost something essential in his life, and soon he fell to his knees.

Looking at Vincent making this gesture, his supporters followed him to do the same thing.

"I'm sorry for being a useless..." He ground his teeth angrily: "-mutt who stuck my nose in a matter that has nothing to do with me..."

The others followed suit and repeated the words.

The feeling of humiliation that the Wolves were feeling was visible to everyone present... As well as the feelings of anger and desire for revenge.

Victor looked at this display, clearly unimpressed.

"Even a blind man can see the insincerity in your words."

Victor raised his hand, and a red mist formed on his gauntlet then spread around him.

"A lesson is required..." Victor's heavy tone sent shivers down their spines.

Maya, Volk, Leonidas, and Anthony prepared in case Victor wanted to attack them.

The atmosphere around them began to get colder by the moment, and the feeling of impotence, emptiness, and a lack of salvation enveloped the surroundings.

The Red Mist began to gather in one place and formed the body of a Being, as slowly, the creature began to take shape until... He came into existence.

A grotesque creature that looked like it appeared straight out of a horror movie, with a body with raw flesh showing, several eyes and arms, and several mouths scattered around the body, wriggled unnervingly before them. The being had multiple legs and arms hanging all over its body.

It was the perfect picture of an abomination.

"Hail The Demon King of Tyranny." A grotesque voice, as if several people were talking simultaneously, was heard.

The creature then 'looked' at the Maids.

"Hail The Seven Deadly Sins; it is a pleasure to witness the King's distinguished Special Forces. Today is a very happy day."

".." The Maids just raised their eyebrows at the creature. Why was he calling them that way? They wondered.

Little did they know that Victor had already given them a 'post' in Hell.

"... Who is this Mon-..." Seeing Victor's gaze, Maya quickly corrected her words:

"I mean, who is this...?" Maya asked the question everyone wanted to know, even Victor's Maids.

"How inappropriate of me. I forgot to introduce you. This charming knight is Lily's Toy. A subordinate personally created by my General, Lily, a General who is in charge of all the sectors of Hell where sinners are punished."

".." Everyone really did not know how to react to the adjective 'charming' that Victor used. After all, this creature didn't have anything charming about him.

"Lily's Toy is the executor of the Sector of Lust, directly responsible for sinners who commit the crime that I most repudiate, the sexual exploitation of the weakest and most defenseless... Today, he will play with you for a while."

"!!!" Everyone looked at that creature with horror in their eyes.

"Don't worry. He won't apply all the punishment especially reserved for the sinners he deals with... He will be more flexible."

Victor smiled widely and declared:

"Rejoice, little Wolves. Today, you will learn a lesson you never learned before in your life... A lesson your mothers forgot to teach you growing up, a lesson in humility and about not stepping into matters you have no say in."

"... don't play with us-" Someone from Vincent's group shouted angrily, but he could not go on for long when suddenly, hundreds of hands came towards them and dragged them into the air.

"Disrespect to the King will not be tolerated." The creature's calm voice completely changed into a distorted and fanatical voice.

"You wretched worms do not have enough humility and respect for His Majesty. Stricter discipline is required." "My King, permission to use The Hell Hounds?"

Victor visibly thought about the request until he spoke: "Granted."

"W-W-Wait!"

"Volk, please help us!" The Werewolves looked to Volk for help, but... As stated before, the King's hands were tied, and he could only watch...

The creature's mouths smiled widely, and in the next moment it raised its arms and dragged all the noisy Werewolves through the portal, shortly after which the portal closed.

And dead silence reigned in the room.

"Won't they die in Hell...?" Maya asked.

"They won't since he's taking them to the Sectors of Hell where there's little Miasma, a place where I can reduce the Miasma to acceptable levels so living creatures can stay without problems."

"Oh... So it's okay." Maya shrugged as she went to sit in the chair.

"..." Volk, Leonidas, and Anthony looked at Maya with indescribable gazes. They didn't really know how to react to Maya. After all, the woman seemed to be the most casual about it all, and she was the one who kept the conversation going with Victor from start to finish... As they could tell, the woman was quite social and flexible.

Something all three of them could not manage to be. Volk was a King, and he was used to having what he wanted when he wanted it. He never had to deal with an existence bigger than him.

Leonidas and Anthony were so used to only responding to Volk that they subconsciously didn't know how to react to Victor.

"Now that these nuisances have been dealt with and put in their proper place... Do you have anything to say to me, Volk Fenrir?"

"..." Volk looked at Victor with a neutral and calculating gaze. All thoughts regarding the men dragged to Hell were completely forgotten, and his attention went to Victor and the problem he had on his hands now, a much bigger problem than any family of Werewolves who had forgotten how to live in the Supernatural World.

"... Yes, I have something to talk to you about."

Victor flashed a neutral smile: "I'm listening."

Chapter 751: Equivalent Exchange.

Chapter 751: Equivalent Exchange

"A man who would do whatever is necessary to protect his family... I can relate to that." Tasha, who was watching the entire meeting through cameras hidden in her husband's clothing, spoke.

As the woman responsible for the 'dark' side of running their nation, she could understand Victor's actions very well, but... That didn't mean she wasn't surprised by the way Victor acted.

Even the Ancient Demon Kings wouldn't be so arrogant as to ignore the entire Werewolf Faction. The reason for that was... While the Werewolves may not be as numerous as the Demons, they weren't weak. They had Fenrir's support, after all, a Legendary Wolf that, if confronted, could lead an entire Race to its END!

The Noble Vampires had Vlad, a Progenitor with many connections with important Beings.

And Samar had Fenrir, The Beast of Ragnarok, who had always been the shield that kept powerful intruders away from Samar.

Victor knew this, he knew about Fenrir, yet he acted like the Werewolves were beneath him.

"Why? Does he not see us as opponents? Tasha narrowed her eyes. She didn't know how to categorize Victor's actions.

Was it arrogance? Or was it calculated? She couldn't say. One thing was for sure; Victor didn't seem like a man who would act on impulse. He planned his every move.

'At worst, he just doesn't care and thinks we're not even worthy of being his opponents.' Tasha thought.

"Little Wolf." A shadow appeared behind Tasha,

"Have you uncovered any of Alucard's 'eyes' and 'ears'?"

"Unfortunately, I couldn't find any other intruders'

Tasha narrowed her eyes. It was obvious that Victor brought more people with him, He made that quite clear when he talked to Maya.

What Tasha had been wanting to do was find these intruders and find out how far they'd crept in.

...Even you couldn't feel anything?"

"Yes. Whomever the Demon King of Tyranny's subordinates are, they are extremely competent." The shadow declared: "I can't find even a trace of these Beings' existence. It's like they don't even exist."

"..." Tasha felt a headache coming on and frustration rising inside her. She was tired of hearing that report. At first, she thought it was her subordinates' incompetence that they couldn't find the intruders, and because of that, she asked for 'his' help, a man she owed a lot, someone who always supported her in her most difficult moment, someone who taught her everything she knew.

'A Master Spy, Assassin, and Murder, her teacher, Hassan-i-Sabbah.

A Human who trained a God in the Arts of Espionage and Assassination... Even though Tasha was no longer a 'God' in her own right, she still had access to her 'Concepts'. Therefore, she could still be considered a Goddess. She just wasn't part of a Pantheon, so she was a 'Fallen' God.

"I see... I apologize for bringing you out of your seclusion, Master."

"... Everything is fine. After all, that's what we promised. In exchange for you giving me a place to spend my long life in peace, I would help you defend your nation."

"And in this specific case..." The shadow looked at the screen, where it showed a terrifying Being.

"It is a very reasonable request. You are not prepared to deal with someone like him"

"Wha-... For a moment, Tasha couldn't believe what she had just heard. Even though she knew that The Demon King was a frightening monster, she still found her Master's assessment to be quite wrong.

"... You've got that silly look on your face again, Little Wolf."

"...I'm sorry, Master... It's just... I can't believe he's someone we can't handle." They couldn't be as numerous as Demons, but like all Factions, they had their hidden weapons, her Master being one of those hidden weapons.

"Don't get hung up on what you see. Always look for 'Truth'. That's what I taught you"

"And I never forgot that lesson... Which is why I am trying to understand the Demon King's actions."

"And that's where you're hindering yourself."

"...Huh?"

"From the beginning, that man has always been truthful. There are no deceptions in his words"

"....." Tasha opened her eyes wide.

"He's confident, charismatic, overbearing, and arrogant... Yet, it is an arrogance that doesn't blind him but rather helps him prevent intelligent Beings like you from figuring out what he's thinking"

".. but..that means-..." Tasha couldn't finish her words because the conclusion she reached about Victor's actions was something she found extremely insulting.

'From the beginning, he never put us in his eyes... He was curious about our culture, but that was just it. From the beginning, he never respected anyone here... Maybe just Leonidas or Maya, but the rest of us, we are nothing but

insects in front of him.'

There's something worse than hate, and that is indifference. Tasha gritted her teeth, her face completely distorted with rage, a rare display of intense emotion that even Tasha's family didn't often see.

"To think that I would be completely ignored... To think that someone of his level wouldn't even look upon me as worthy! Tasha was a woman who was extremely proud of her capabilities. She couldn't stand the fact that the man who treated her husband like someone insignificant looked upon her in the same light.

"Sometimes the truth is right before you, but you can't see it because you're looking for something that isn't there." The man's voice began to weaken.

"Keep that in mind when dealing with The Demon King, Little Wolf."

"Yes, Master... I will..." Tasha replied as she looked into Victor's face.

...

"I have a request for you, Demon King."

"...I need you to look into a patient we think has been affected by a Demonic Curse"

"Interesting..." Victor's eyes sparkled with visible amusement, and a smile appeared on his face.

"That was your way of saying that Fenrir is currently debilitated, practically in a near-death state, correct?"

"..." Volk's eyes grew wilder. It was the look of a man who wouldn't allow any insult to his friend. Volk couldn't care less about the Clans of Alphas, but it was a completely different matter with The Beast of Ragnarok.

"How do you know that, Alucard?"

"It's funny to think that you believed I didn't." Victor's look of amusement only grew clearer. It was as if he was seeing something hilarious.

And that look completely pissed off Volk.

"You shouldn't know that, Alucard. That is highly classified information."

"Monarchs have an obligation to know what is happening in their neighboring countries. In my case, I keep an eye on everything and everyone. I have to be informed so an event like the one my predecessor caused doesn't take me by surprise again."

Victor learned from his mistakes, and the sudden war against Diablo taught him that he must always keep an eye on what Supernatural Beings were doing.

After all, he knew very well that there would always be Beings like Diablo who wanted to rise above everyone else, very arrogant Beings who thought about ruling everything.

“And thanks to my current status, I can know many things.” Victor removed his right hand from his chin and placed it on the table: “Things that no one should know.”

He touched the table with the palm of his hand, and in the next moment, Red Energy seeped from his hand and went to the center of the table. The Energy rose like a small pillar of light, and soon four screens appeared around it, displaying the same image of a Direwolf lying down, looking weak.

“The group of Werewolves watched in disbelief at what they were seeing.

Maya herself being one of them. ‘Why did that bastard never say that Fenrir's condition was so bad?’

Maya could understand the need for secrecy, but letting it get to this state went too far.

“...What a sad sight... And to think that The Beast of Ragnarok would be so weakened like this.”

"Don't call him a beast!" Volk growled.

Victor narrowed his eyes at Volk, “Control your tone, Volk Fenrir”

“Don't make me lose the slightest bit of respect I have for you as a Monarch of another nation.” Ever since Victor arrived in this country, Volk acted like a decent Monarch. He was a good King

Consequently, Volk gained some of Victor's respect. Few could be good Kings and good fathers... But that respect could be easily lost.

As they say, respect could be earned, but once it was lost, it was hard to get back. In Victor's case, the difficulty of regaining that respect was even greater.

Even though his wild instincts warned him of danger, Volk completely ignored it and focused his gaze on Victor... And the longer he looked, the more his instincts screamed to run.

It was the same feeling he had when Fenrir was angry about something. Not even Volk could stop Fenrir when he was angry.

The overwhelming feeling of encountering a superior existence that defied common sense; that was what he felt from this man.

‘He's on a completely different level... Just what was Vlad thinking about letting this man get stronger?’

"...I'm sorry for my reactions... Fenrir is family. We don't really like hearing him being called the Beast." Volk judged that being more honest and humble was the right decision in dealing with Victor.

And that, indeed, was the correct answer.

Victor followed the dogma, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. That is, treat him kindly, and he would return that kindness, treat him with hostility and that hostility would be returned 100 times over.

This was a form of basic socialization that all those with power in their hand 'jointly' forgot.

The surrounding Alpha Werewolves, including Tasha, who was watching everything remotely, looked upon this conclusion with shocked eyes. They never thought they would see the day when Volk apologized.

After all, he never did it, not even to Tasha, who was his wife.

Seeing their King being so 'submissive' to Victor filled the faces of the Alpha Werewolves in the meeting with respect.

The fear they felt was still present, but the 'respect' was more evident now.

Maya looked quite intensely and wildly at Victor. Even if begrudgingly, Maya had a great deal of respect for Volk despite him having made some decisions that she didn't approve of in the past.

It was a fact that Volk was a great King who deserved the respect everyone had for him.

Seeing someone she 'resolutely' respected making a gesture like that just doused gasoline on the flames of desires she had for Victor.

The instinctual desire she was feeling practically tripled now.

'Tsk, no wonder my granddaughter couldn't hold on.' She groaned internally.

She tried to think of the various husbands she had that could be used to erase this desire in her body, but nothing worked. She just felt a sense of disappointment that her husbands weren't as 'exceptional' as the man in front of her.

She knew it was horrible to think like that, but she didn't have a choice here. It was instinctive thinking. Maya's nature was more bound to her wild side than her rational side.

And when her wild side screamed like a madwoman with an addiction she couldn't shake, it was hard to suppress those thoughts and feelings.

Not to mention that Maya was not a person who naturally contained her personal desires.

"That's understandable." Victor gestured with his right hand, and soon the images disappeared, and the Energy returned to his hand, Soon after, he returned to his prior position with his head resting on his right hand.

"I would have done worse if someone had 'insulted' someone in my Family"

All those present who had seen that side of Victor could already imagine what kind of 'bad' things he would do to those poor individuals who insulted his Family.

"I'm glad you didn't misunderstand." Volk spoke words that not even he could believe he was saying.

"Back to business"

"...Is it possible?" He asked uncertainly but with hope in his heart.

"Of course, just as you suspect, his illness has to do with my predecessor, who used this Kingdom's 'traitors' for his own gain."

"You want my help in healing Fenrir, right?"

Volk, Leonidas, Maya, and Anthony opened their eyes wide when they heard what he said.

'Traitors? In the Royal Castle? Just who would be foolish enough to...' Maya's thoughts stopped suddenly as the image of the First Prince appeared in her head.

Coincidentally, Volk had the same thought, but he didn't delve into it. After all, he had investigated his son a few days ago and found nothing too 'suspicious'. It was just the usual, him meeting with his supporters to try to become the King by defeating Volk.

These dethronement plots were not 'forbidden'. Volk himself encouraged his sons to do this. This was because if his sons were strong and smart enough to remove Volk from the Throne, they should be able to be a competent King.

It was a simple thought, but one that had always worked in Samar, Volk himself having gained the Throne after defeating the previous Alpha.

Competition was not avoided but encouraged... As long as the competition didn't harm their own country, of course.

"Traitors... What are you talking about? I don't remember having any traitors in my Castle."

"Oh? I thought you knew that your Eldest Son was meeting with an organization called 'New Dawn', and was planning to overthrow you and use the Werewolves for his and the organization's benefit." Victor spoke with a confused face as if this was ordinary information.

"...." A hush fell around.

...

Hearing what Victor said, Tasha's eyes turned quite cruel now.

"Go get my Eldest Son. If he resists, break his legs, and bring him to me."

"Yes!"

*...I knew he was plotting my dethronement, but this organization is something new... New Dawn? What is that?"

"Those are serious accusations, Demon King... This is my son we are talking about."

"And?"

"What do you mean by 'And'?"

"Just because he's your son, do you think he won't try to kill you?"

"Him being your son does not change anything. For ordinary Werewolves, you are the Alpha, and everyone respects you. But to the Alphas, you are just a target to defeat to achieve 'glory'."

"A nation of warriors, that's how Werewolf Society works, right?"

They could not say anything to the contrary. After all, he was correct.

"And I'm not claiming anything. I'm just stating facts. Whether you believe me or not, that's your problem, not mine."

*.. I will investigate." Volk spoke as he called out to several subordinates.

"Okay." Victor spoke nonchalantly, and it was with this casual discussion that Victor 'casually' stopped New Dawn's plans in Samar.

'Before I leave, I must know all the information in that man's brain' Victor would not leave without information.

Volk had already received Tasha's unspoken message. His wife had already moved.

Finished giving false orders to his subordinates, he looked back at Victor.

"Done? Good. Now, let's talk about what you can give me in exchange for me helping Fenrir."

"You desire something?"

"Equivalent exchange, a principle of alchemy. And also the principle of any business. I give you something, and you give me something in return"

"You want me to give you something in order for you to facilitate Fenrir's recovery?"

"Such a big gesture... It needs an equal reward, right?" Victor's smile grew devilishly.

Everyone thought that now he really looked like the Devil, even if he was a Vampire.

"What do you want, Demon King?" Volk asked, prepared to offer anything. He could give anything to heal Fenrir, but he did not expect this man's outrageous request.

"It's no big deal. I just desire Tasha Fenrir"

"...Huh?™"

Tasha, Volk, Maya, the Alphas present here, and even Victor's own Maids didn't know how to react when they heard what Victor wanted.

"He wants me...?" Tasha was in disbelief. She couldn't believe what she just heard.

'What does he mean by 'he wants me'?' Tasha's mind spun for answers: 'Does he want me in a sexual sense? Or something from me?'

She didn't believe for a second that Victor wanted her in the same way that her husband was probably thinking right now. He didn't seem like that kind of man, She also wouldn't accept that kind of request even if it were to help Fenrir. She'd rather take a risk 1000 times more perilous, like talking to a Primordial Goddess like Tiamat and Gaia, than give herself to another man she didn't like. Tasha Fenrir was not a whore.

Her mind started to wander, and she began to think about the possibility of relating to Victor that way, and she realized that she didn't feel as much disgust as she thought she would.

'Hmm... It must be because he's perfect as a companion.' Tasha understood where her thinking came from. Victor had everything a woman related to the Supernatural World would want from a man, power, good looks, attitude, and above all, security. It was with 100% certainty that any woman in a relationship with the Demon King would always be protected.

After all, who would be mad enough to fight the Demon King? She could count on her hands the number of Beings with power and an army capable of accomplishing this feat, and as far as she knew, Victor had no problems with any of those people.

"Alucard ..." Volk growled as a frightening pressure was released from his body and spread to everyone around. Everyone could clearly see that the King was very close to losing his mind.

"Tell me specifically what you want before I lose my mind!"

"..." Victor looked with amused eyes at Volk.

'Interesting, he's more rational than I thought' The misleading words had several goals in mind, the first of which was to test Volk's mentality.

A mentality that did not disappoint. Even if caught off guard, the King of Werewolves did not completely lose his cool.

The second objective was to test the other observer. Victor knew very well that Tasha was observing this meeting. He could clearly 'see' her staring at them with his eyes. Consequently, by knowing where she was Victor could also sense Tasha's emotions even from far away.

'Such a loyal woman... And at the same time so practical. Volk was lucky that she chose him.'

Victor could see very well that the one who chose to be in this relationship was clearly Tasha and that, over time, feelings began to grow between the two.

[Victor, I found him.] Suddenly, Victor heard Big Guy's voice.

[Oh? Where is he?]

[Behind the Castle, in a different Sub-space that can only be accessed through a portal and is completely hidden... Just as we expected, his situation is as you predicted]

[I see... That's good...] Victor spoke, satisfied: [Did you manage to alter the portal?]

[Yes, my Queen helped me... But there was a small problem... The World Tree of this planet knows we are here now, and she didn't like my Queen messing with her stuff.]

Victor's eyes gleamed menacingly, giving off a feeling so cold that everyone around him cringed.

[Roxanne.]

[I'm fine, Victor. Our Father was very clear about conflicts between World Trees. She wouldn't attack me unless I specifically attacked her... She just didn't like that I messed with her portals.]

The gleam in Victor's eyes visibly dimmed, and the people around him were able to breathe more easily.

Of course, the people around didn't know about Victor's internal dilemmas. The only ones who could have known about it were the Maids, who had known Victor the longest, and Roberta, who was literally feeling Victor's emotions.

To the Werewolves, however, it seemed that Victor didn't like Volk's tone again, and because of that, he threatened him, raising his pressure.

[Be careful, don't get in trouble.] Victor warned her.

[Don't worry, I'll go back now, I don't like the look of my sisters either:]

Sisters? Plural?]

[Yes, not only the World Tree of Positivity, but The World Tree of Negativity noticed me as well, and they are watching me.]

[Go back right now.]

[Yes.] Roxanne didn't argue and quickly returned to Victor's Soul.

[Big Guy, protect the girls.]

[No need to say it; I'm already on my way, and stop calling me that, Just give me a name soon.]

[That's Roxanne's job, not mine.]

[Unfortunately, she already tried to do that, but I refused all the names she came up with. My Queen was born with many talents, but naming sense was not one of them.]

[Oyy! What's wrong with my naming sense!]

[The problem started when you tried to call me Snyder-Catlo!]

[What's the matter with Snyder-Clatlo!? It's a good name!]

[Only in your illusionary world!]

[Y-You - I am your Queen, you know!? Aren't you supposed to treat me with respect!?!]
Roxanne looked quite shocked by her treatment.

Seeing that the situation on Roxanne's side was back to normal, Victor returned his focus to the current situation and answered Volk's question.

"I want information that Tasha Fenrir has in her hand.

The pressure of Volk's gaze began to ease: "... What kind of information?"

"The kind involving the disciple of a rather interesting Human and her connection to a certain Coven of Witches."

Tasha opened her eyes wide when she heard what Victor said. She got up from her chair and stared at Victor:

"How does he know about the Witches!" This was a secret that only a select few knew, and within those select few were only her most trustworthy Betas, and when Tasha gave a person the adjective 'trustworthy' it meant that that person was completely at her mercy.

'That is, those Betas who knew this information were all controlled by her like puppets without emotion or will.

Not even her husband knew about this secret.

Which explained the strange expression on Volk's face.

He could understand which interesting Human Victor was talking about; he had already met the man who currently bore the name of Hassan-i-Sabbah.

The 'current' Hassan-i-Sabah was not the original. The man was the original Hassan's disciple, who surpassed his Master and earned the Title of 'Hassan-i-Sabah,

The disciple who achieved the feat of becoming immortal and even training a God.

Volk could understand why Victor wanted to find him... But a connection to Witches? Huh?

This was the first time he heard about this information.

Despite not directly dealing with the dark side of running a country, Volk still knew what Tasha was up to through reports and the intimate conversations the two shared.

They were, after all, King and Queen. They ruled all Werewolves together... At least it should've been that way. There should be no 'lies' in their relationship.

Looks like 'Tasha wasn't fulfilling part of her role.

"... Interesting. It seems like you don't know it. And it is happening right under your nose" Victor spoke with amusement.

"What is this it you're talking about, Alucard? What is my wife doing together with the Witches?"

"Hmm, calling these Beings 'Witches' is a bit of a misnomer. After all, they don't use Magic... I think the words 'devout priestesses' are more appropriate... After all, the things they can do would only fit in that context..." Victor spoke absently.

If there was one thing that Victor had Diablo to thank for, it was that... He was a very paranoid bastard. He had information on everything and everyone, which he had accumulated over time, information that current Victor could access with a simple thought.

Due to his 'union' Victor's existence was completely stabilized, which allowed mental training exercises to be possible.

Thanks to this exercise, he could organize his mind better and filter out useless and useful information.

It was hard work; he had to go through hundreds of thousands of memories inside his body, but the process was accelerated thanks to Roxanne's cooperation.

"...Again, what are you talking about, Alucard ?" Volk narrowed his eyes.

Victor smiled inwardly when he saw Volk's look of interest and casually stated:

"Tasha Fenrir has a group of-

"Demon King." Suddenly the door burst open, and Tasha, with messy hair, appeared. She had clearly run all the way to this location.

Which wasn't necessary. She was in the same Castle as them.

"It's a little rude to talk about other people's secrets so openly."

"I think it's ruder to interrupt me, Tasha Fenrir." Victor narrowed his eyes, but inside, he was full of smiles.

Victor was proficient in sowing chaos, and recently, due to his status as a Demon King, he had become a Master at it. It could be uttered that he was as Demonic as any other Demon... Even the Demons themselves were afraid of Victor because that man could spark a civil war in a foreign Kingdom with just his 'kind' words.

A feat that was only possible because he had a lot of powerful people he could use to his advantage.

'Diablo, my friend, I really should have valued you more~.' Victor thought wistfully as though he had lost a very dear and close friend.

Tasha stopped walking mid-step and spoke in a softer voice:

*... I apologize about that. I did not mean to offend you."

"..." Volk looked at this situation as if he had just received a green hat as a gift.

He didn't know which situation was worse, imagining his wife cheating on him or seeing his wife being so 'submissive' to someone else, a feat he never managed to pull off.

After all, Tasha was never submissive to him, Volk had tried for years, but he never managed to dominate Tasha completely, and with only a few meetings, Victor managed to do that.

Even though nothing happened, Volk felt like he wore a green hat now...

It was worth noting that he was not very happy with all that he was witnessing.

He officially hated Alucard now.

"???" Victor looked confusedly at Volk. Why did he start to hate him all of a sudden? Despite reading body language and being an empath, Victor was not a telepath. He had no idea what Volk's thoughts were.

Though he has an idea why Volk hated him now...

'Well, it's not like his opinion is going to change anything' Victor had reached a stage where the opinion of someone like Volk no longer affected him. After all, why should he care about an ant?

This disdain he felt could be seen as arrogance, but that was completely wrong. Victor would never forget Scathach's teachings, and despite treating others he deemed weaker than him with disdain he still watched them, never letting his guard down. After

all, history was littered with powerful people who lost to the weak because they were careless.

"Mm." Victor nodded with a neutral expression and said, "Can you answer my proposal now?"

Victor completely ignored Volk. After all, it was not The King of Werewolves who had something he wanted, but this woman before him.

Tasha visibly stopped and seemed to consider what she should do:

"...Of course... But I would like to know how you came to possess this information. In exchange for knowing that, I'll give you what you want. Is that possible?"

"Yes" Victor smiled neutrally and coldly, and even in his Demon King Form, when he was not emitting such frightening pressure, his beauty was enhanced by a hundredfold, making even Tasha's cold expression falter a bit.

'Damn, man, why must you be so handsome?' She turned her head and walked towards a chair, a gesture that seemed natural.

But to Maya and Volk, it was pretty clear she did so to hide her inner turmoil.

Which made Volk's expression sour even more.

Maya just looked amused at this whole situation. After all, as a woman, she could completely understand Tasha. Victor was truly the bane of all women.

'As expected of a Demon King, I guess.' She thought of amusement, but internally she was very curious about Tasha's secret.

'Is what she's hiding so important that it made her come here in person? Come to think of it, was she watching everything...? What a silly question, of course, she was watching' After all, it was Tasha she was talking about here, a woman who liked to keep everything under her control. Of course, she was going to observe the meeting in some way.

"I learned this information-." When Victor started to speak, Tasha again interrupted him saying:

"Let's talk about it privately!... And I'm sorry for interrupting you again." She spoke softer at the end.

Victor's smile grew a little internally. There was a certain satisfaction in making a 'powerful' Queen act so submissively like that... The sadistic side of him was enjoying this very much.

If gazes could pierce bodies, Victor's body would be completely pierced in every horrible way by Volk's gaze alone.

Volk felt extremely bitter right now, He had never felt like this before in his life. Even though nothing had happened, why was he feeling so betrayed?

Victor looked at Volk and noticed that the Wolf was overthinking. He did not have a betrayal fetish like many people out there.

Now, if the woman gave up on and separated from her husband before running towards him... This situation was not his problem, so everything was fine.

As a man of honor, Victor would never touch a married woman in a happy relationship with her husband.

Victor was many things, but he was not some bastard who wrecked other people's marriages.

Finished with the nonsensical tangent his thoughts had traversed down, Victor decided to finish what he had to do here. He opened his mouth and said:

"Kaguya..."

"Kaguya."

The way Victor called Kaguya's name sent shivers down the spines of all the women present here at this moment.

'I could get used to being called that way.' Maya thought absently but quickly shook her head from side to side. She wouldn't fall into that temptation and give up everything she'd built for something like that. After all, she was already a happy woman with great-grandchildren.

"Ugh" Maya groaned in frustration. Sometimes she hated her Wolf side.

Standing beside her, watching all this, Tasha could completely understand Maya's reaction. Thanks to Victor's misleading words in the beginning, her brain unconsciously went in a direction she didn't want it to.

'Is this the famous situation where the more you try to avoid thinking about something, the more your brain thinks about it?' Tasha thought.

Ignoring the dilemma of the two powerful Werewolves and Volk's glare, Victor continued:

"Yes, Master?"

"Black parchment with the Dragon insignia, do you remember it?"

Kaguya thought for a few seconds. She remembered seeing it among the things Victor brought from Hell, then she replied:

"I remember"

"Get it for me, please"

"Yes, Master." A shadow appeared in her hand, and soon a sealed black box appeared.

Kaguya walked over to Victor and handed it over:

"Here."

"Thank you, Kaguya. So dependable." Victor smiled.

"..." Kaguya just nodded stiffly in a slightly robotic manner. Her face was a bit red now. She didn't expect a compliment; she was always weak to unexpected attacks.

The other Maids looked at Kaguya with envy, making the Head Maid roll her eyes.

'Aren't these women very Horny? Why are you looking at me like that? Aren't you all his Wives' Kaguya had a lot of internal grumbling but didn't voice it and returned to standing slightly behind Victor's Throne.

Victor looked at the box and opened it to reveal the contents. Soon a scroll surrounded by Demonic Miasma appeared.

Everyone around narrowed their eyes as they felt this heavy Miasma on the parchment.

'A scroll fashioned from Demonic skin... I haven't seen one like this in a long time.' Maya thought.

"Hmm, this is the correct one" Victor nodded. The next moment he muttered something in the Demonic Language.

"Release!"

Nobody could understand him, but they understood the effects of his words. The scroll visibly started to lose Miasma and become more 'normal'.

Where did that Miasma go? Of course, it went into Victor's body.

'Runes... He knows those too. Ugh, as if he wasn't monstrous enough before' Maya thought.

'Runes, huh... He knows that too?' Tasha thought.

'The two Wolves soon realized that the man before them was dozens of times more dangerous than they had previously assumed. Any Being with knowledge of Runes capable of doing something as casual as Victor had just done was a Being that demanded caution when encountered.

Victor wrapped the parchment back up and placed it in the black container with the Dragon symbol. Then, with a wave of his hand, he made the container float toward Tasha.

"..." Tasha carefully watched the box arrive before her, but even though the item was in front of her, she didn't dare touch the box.

"What is that?"

"My part of the deal."

"The text inscribed on that scroll details the kind of Curse cast upon Fenrir, as well as the means to remove it."

*.. Why are you giving me this?"

"Credibility."

"... Credibility?" Tasha repeated like a parrot.

"Correct. That scroll was written directly by Lucifer, edited by Diablo, then redone by me because I considered their approach not subtle enough."

"..." Did he just casually mention that he edited something directly made by Lucifer and Diablo? The people around thought simultaneously.

Maya, Volk, and Tasha wondered where Victor's talent would take him. If, in just a few years, he became the monster he was, they wondered what he would be in the future.

"By reading the scroll, you will understand Fenrir's problem and what you must do to help him. I don't need to explain it to you while expecting you to trust me."

"After all, thanks to my recent showing, your confidence in me is in the negative. Because of that, I deemed it more efficient to present you with the evidence and solution directly."

...That was quite... Rational... They all thought at the same time.

How could they tell? They didn't expect such a rational and mature attitude from Victor.

After all, the way he displayed himself until now was clearly like The Demon King of Tyranny he was known as.

'... He really is like a Dragon... A Dragon that, if not provoked, you'll be able to get along with' Tasha thought she saw a new facet of the man known as The Demon King.

But she had a small doubt: "How am I going to read the scroll? I don't know how to read The Language of Demons."

"Don't worry; I've translated the parchment so you can read it." Victor smiled slyly.

"... Thanks." Tasha and everyone around them realized that Victor had been controlling the situation from the beginning.

After all, if not for that, why would he have bothered translating such an ancient parchment?

'It would be more accurate to say that he had 'foreseen' this situation would come to pass and devised various backup plans based on how we would act when he arrived in Samar,' Maya deduced. He was as cunning as a Devil if it was as she thought.

"No problem." Victor leaned back against the Throne again, resting his head on his fist. He was acting quite nonchalant.

He already got everything he wanted... And much more than he had previously planned.

"Fair warning, The scroll is enchanted so that only you can read it. It also prevents you from spreading that information. As soon as you read the scroll once, the information will be imprinted in your brain. When that process is over, the scroll itself will return to me. After all, it is quite an important item."

"Once again... Don't let anyone else read it. Only you can read it. Believe me when I say there are some pretty nasty curses on that scroll if you break that rule."

"... I understand. I will not let anyone else read it." She nodded seriously. She wouldn't test her luck with a Demonic Artifact.

"..." Volk.

Victor nodded, satisfied. He didn't have any worries about Tasha managing to leak the information on the parchment or not. After all, he truly meant it when he said he'd put some nasty curses on it.

Not to mention that this scroll was just an incomplete translated copy. This scroll merely detailed what kind of curse affected Fenrir, what it did, and how to break it. It didn't teach you how to conjure the curse itself like the original scroll.

Victor suddenly stood up from his Throne, causing the Throne to disappear and everyone around the room to be more on guard at his sudden movement.

"Deal concluded. I'll now return to my 'vacation'." Victor turned around, causing his Miasma Cloak to flutter, and walked towards the exit with the Maids following behind him. Some Maids like Maria, Bruna, and Roberta even waved their hands as if they were saying goodbye to them.

"The Werewolves enjoying their stay in Hell will be back within a week. I hope I won't run into any trouble in Samar by then." Those words were clearly a warning, a warning that everyone clearly understood.

Victor didn't want trouble, but he wouldn't ignore a problem brewing before him either. He was, and always would be, extremely protective of his Family, and he didn't mind abusing his power if it was to protect his Family. After all, that was why he gained power in the first place.

"As soon as you are ready to fulfill your part of the bargain, you know where to find me"

All the Werewolves just watched with various feelings in their hearts as the Demon King left their presence. Only a few minutes had passed since Victor had arrived, but for them, those were the longest minutes of their lives.

"Well, I really don't want to face him like that again... Although I still want to fight him." Maya suddenly spoke as she rose from her seat.

Leonidas and Anthony just stared at Maya like she was crazy. Who would want to fight that monster? Wouldn't they lose humiliatingly?

"Anyways, I'm heading home. It's been a long day."

"The day has just begun." Leonidas pointed.

"Oh? Now you know how to speak? You two remained quiet throughout the entire conversation." Maya made an observation.

"...I value my life, thank you very much... I will report back to my people. I don't want to get in trouble with that monster again." Leonidas spoke as he rose from his chair and walked towards the exit.

"Same." Anthony didn't even waste time explaining anything. He just got up and left.

"..." Looking at the two Alpha Werewolves who practically ran from the place in fear, Maya once again marveled at how one man, with just his presence alone, made the two of them nearly piss themselves in fear.

Maya thought for a few seconds but then shook her head in disinterest and walked towards the exit. "I will explain what happened to my foolish son. See you again someday."

"..." When Volk and Tasha were alone, the atmosphere between the two was the strangest possible.

"Tasha, what are you hiding from me?"

"Nothing that will harm you or cause you to lose confidence in me"

Volk narrowed his eyes, "...That's not an answer."

"You don't trust me, Volk?"

"...Of course I do"

"Why did you take so long to answer?"

"Because even though I trust you, I know you're not completely under my control. And I don't like it when you hide information from me."

Tasha narrowed her eyes. Evidently, she did not like that answer; she thought that, as a woman who always supported him Volk would just say yes and trust her.

'Looks like everything I did for this country and for us was not enough for him, huh? He still wants to 'control' me.' Tasha snorted internally. She felt very bitter right now.

Tasha got up from her chair: "You'll never have control over me, Volk... After all, you are too weak."

"We're not done." Volk growled.

"Yes, we're done..." Tasha stopped walking and looked at Volk: "Unless you want to fight about it now..."

"Preferably, I don't want to waste my time with something like this. I have to focus on helping my friend, but..." A golden aura with shades of green started covering Tasha's body, causing her black hair to flutter around.

"If necessary, I will entertain you."

"..." Volk uttered nothing and glared at his wife. He really did not like that expression on her face. He really condemned himself for not being strong enough to make her 'submit' to him.

Volk had beaten Tasha in the past, but 'winning' differed from making her 'submit' to him. For her to 'submit' to him, he had to be overwhelmingly stronger than her.

Something he was never able to do. She was always only a few steps behind him in strength. If he faltered and stopped training, Tasha would overtake him before he knew it.

Sometimes, his relationship with her was very tiring because he was never allowed to 'chill out', even though his competitive side liked that.

"We'll talk later. Until then, tell me about our son."

The pressure around Tasha disappeared, and she turned and started walking: "I'm waiting for the report. As soon as I have it, I'll give it to you as usual."

"Very well." Volk nodded as he looked at his wife leaving the room, "I'll be waiting."

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"Hmm... That's a lot of Goddesses," Violet spoke as she looked at the garden where Goddesses were constantly appearing through dark Energy, Energy clearly originating from Nyx's influence.

"Indeed, that is a lot of Goddesses." Ruby nodded as she looked at the Goddesses with a calculating gaze, clearly thinking about how to make use of them.

"Yes, that's a lot of Goddesses..." Sasha spoke in exasperation. She had a rather important question running through her head right now, and she couldn't help vocalizing that question.

"I understand that we must accept those Gods... But... Why are only women appearing?!"

Ruby and Violet didn't have the words to answer Sasha because that was a question they wanted to answer for as well.

"Like, what the fuck!? Are there only women in the Greek Pantheon!? That mansion we made for the male Gods is practically useless now!"

"Call it Victor's luck, I guess."

Hearing an interrupting voice, the three Heiresses turned and saw Rhea, Demeter, and Hestia.

"What do you mean my Husband's luck?" Sasha asked Rhea who was the one who spoke first.

"I mean, do you want male Gods to come?" Rhea pointed out, "They're even more troublesome than the females. At least with the Goddesses, we can control them with the help of Aphrodite and I, but the Gods? They would be even more troublesome to deal with, and in the end, it would end up with an internal conflict and possibly the death of the male Gods."

When the Ancient Goddess Queen put it that way, the three Heiresses thought they were quite lucky to only have Goddesses to deal with...

No! They were being tricked by Rhea! Clearly, this was a secret plan to increase the numbers of 'Goddesses' around their Husband!

Sensing the distrust of the three women, Hestia spoke, "Believe me, I asked Nyx that question too, and do you know what she said?"

"What did she say?" Sasha asked as she, Ruby, and Violet looked at Hestia.

"Eh? I thought your Leader was creating a Harem of Goddesses, so I just took the women and ignored the men." Hestia did a perfect imitation of Nyx that had even Demeter and Rhea looking at the Goddess of Home as if she were an imposter.

After all, there was no way someone could be that good at imitating someone else, right?

"..." Ruby, Sasha, and Violet were speechless.

"Of course not! Where did she come up with that ridiculous idea?!" Sasha snapped.

"Indeed, doesn't she realize that if the Harem gets any bigger, it's going to make it difficult for Victor to spend time with us?! It will literally be impossible for that to happen, not to mention my Husband only likes crazy psychopaths, sociopaths, and women who are just like Hestia or me!" Violet pointed out.

Wait a minute, are you saying I'm crazy and psycho?! I'm not like that!" Hestia defended herself against Violet's baseless accusation.

"Tell that to the psychologist who went crazy trying to understand your mind!" Violet pointed.

A few days ago, a Minor Goddess specializing in mental healing worked to help Hestia with her family-related mental issues, and at the end of that session... The very Goddess who tried to help Hestia was the one who ended up going mad.

Fortunately, Aphrodite saved the Minor Goddess from mental madness by using her Charm to return the Goddess to normal. Still, from that day on, the Goddess completely avoided Hestia.

"Of course, she wouldn't understand me. I'm a High-Level, Goddess!" Hestia snorted.

"A High-Level Goddess of Madness!" Violet corrected. "No! You are the crazy one, not me!"

"I am crazy; that's a fact." Violet took the compliment easily.

"..." Hestia was speechless at Violet, who was so brazen.

"But even I, and my entire Clan of mad people, bow to you, Hestia, Goddess of Madness and Insanity!" Violet spoke in awe as if she had seen the Patron God of her Religion.

Veins bulged on Hestia's head: "Those are not my Divinities!"

"..." The group looked at Hestia and Violet, who were arguing with each other with neutral looks, and in the next moment, they made the best possible choice in this situation.

They ignored them.

"Anyway, I now understand why Nyx is only bringing Goddesses? Sasha spoke while nodding.

"With so many Goddesses, won't it be hard to manage?" Sacha asked Rhea.

"Not so much. The Goddesses are quite simple; they just want entertainment, something that can be easily given due to how much media you've given us, not to mention their work will take up most of their time... Oh, they'll want to have orgies and fuck sometimes, but since there are no men where they'll be staying, they'll just play with each other until they're bored..."

"However, in the future, they may find a man or woman they are interested in and bed one or both."

"..." Sasha and Ruby didn't know what to comment when they heard the last part, just thinking to themselves

'As expected of the Greeks." For the Gods, especially the Greek ones, sex was not treated as something 'important' as it was today, and simply something ordinary, a basic desire that needed to be satisfied occasionally.

"Just don't force anyone. No one will forgive that crime here." Sasha seriously warned.

"I know, I already warned everyone... Not to mention that also repudiate that kind of act..." Rhea spoke with hatred. All her daughters were forced by their brothers, with the only exception being Hestia, who was strong enough to defend herself and completely isolated herself in her Temple.

"Well, over time, those kinds of activities will get boring too, and they'll probably focus on their work or other entertainment gadgets. It's hard to get excited about sex after thousands of years of doing the same thing over and over again."

'Well, they are thousands of years old, so it doesn't surprise me that they find even sex boring.' Ruby and Sasha thought at the same time.

They couldn't relate to the Goddesses in that case. After all, every intimate act with their Husband was an adventure that never got boring.

"I can see what you are thinking clear as day. Just know you are very lucky." Rhea spoke.

"Eh?" Sasha looked at Rhea in disbelief.

"You might not realize it, but when you think about Victor, your expression becomes more 'loving' and kinder." Demeter was the one to speak this time.

"Oh..." Sasha teared up a little at being caught like this.

'Cute...' Demeter and Rhea thought that Sasha somehow looked like a cute animal and appeared quite harmless now.

"Cough, cough ... What do you mean we are very lucky?" Ruby asked, even though she already knew a little about what they would say.

"Isn't that obvious? You are married to someone who was directly Blessed by Aphrodite. It can be said that he is a male version of her, and even though Aphrodite is greatly despised by many women and men in our Pantheon, it is a fact that sex with her is never uninteresting."

"Not to mention that with Victor's personality, you will always feel loved, not just a simple object that satisfies him..." She spoke with a dark face as if bad memories had appeared in her head.

"...You speak as if from your own experience... I mean, about Aphrodite." Ruby pointed out.

"Hmm?" Rhea came out of her bad thoughts and then spoke: "Of course, most of the Goddesses, and female Titans of the Greek Pantheon who caught Aphrodite's attention at some point in their lives, fell into the hands of the Goddess of Beauty in the past."

"The only one Aphrodite couldn't attract was Hestia... I remember that the last time Aphrodite tried to do something, Hestia's Temple was blown up, and since that day, the two never had a very good relationship... Something that has clearly changed now."

"..." They really didn't know how to react to this information and could only be shocked at how different the Gods were.

"Because of that, I'm pretty surprised by Aphrodite's attitude these days." Rhea spoke in an astonished tone of voice.

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

"What she means is she is surprised Aphrodite hasn't tried to get you all into her bed. After all, you are all beautiful girls." Demeter pointed out as if it were obvious.

"..." Ruby and Sasha looked at Demeter with suspicious eyes.

"Don't look at me like that; I have no interest in you. For me, only Victor and my daughter have my attention now" Demeter snorted.

Somehow those words irritated Ruby and Sasha. Were they not pretty enough for her? Was that it, huh?

No woman liked to be called ugly, even indirectly.

"Indeed. It is strange that Aphrodite has yet to bring the Vampire Nobles into her bed."

"She seems to be only interested in Victor both emotionally and physically..." Rhea commented with surprise in her tone of voice. This was a shocking fact for the former Queen, considering that she knew very well what the former Aphrodite was like. She had seen dozens of Goddesses complaining about the Goddess of Beauty.

These Goddesses' complaints stemmed from the annoying thought that someone like Aphrodite wasn't 'interested' in them and just wanted to play.

Yes, the main motivator of women's and men's hatred for Aphrodite was that they thought they would never be able to make the Goddess of Beauty interested in them more than once.

"It is incredible that someone managed to conquer the Goddess that no one else could," Rhea said.

Ruby and Sasha did not know what to think about this information. They then remembered that in the last year long night battle, Aphrodite never seemed interested in playing with the other women and instead focused all of her attention on Victor.

Now that they came to think of it, this was the case with all of the women who were Victor's Wives. They only felt an interest in the man himself, not the women around him.

The same went for Ruby and Sasha; they were like sisters who shared the same man... As strange as that phrase may be, it worked for them, so it was okay.

Ruby and Sasha remembered that in the past, they tried to have a foursome with Victor, Violet, and the two of them, and the result was... Disgusting.

They're friends and sisters, but that was just it, and they didn't relate to each other that way.

"No Yuri happens in the Harem. After all, everyone only likes Victor, and only him... Huh... Is he that charming?" Ruby asked at the end. She was so used to Victor's presence that sometimes she forgot how charming her Husband was.

"Yes, of course, he is! If it weren't for my personal fears of Aphrodite and Hestia, I would want him to fuck me right now!" Demeter spoke.

"..." The two Vampires just glared at Demeter.

"What? Why are you looking at me like that?" Demeter asked.

"Do not you have a modicum of decency?"

"Oh, for the love of Primordial Chaos! We are Greeks! Decency was left at the door, and it has stayed there for thousands of years." Demeter snorted:

"You have no idea how lucky you are! Having someone who can last through an entire year of sex without making the act 'monotonous' and 'boring' is amazing! Many Goddesses envy Aphrodite for the miraculous partner she managed to get her hands on."

"Ignoring Demeter and her understandable Horny state..." Rhea began.

"..." Ruby and Sasha looked suspiciously at Rhea.

'Do not tell me that, even her?' The two thought at the same time.

"What is Yuri?" Rhea asked, confused about that word she'd never heard.

"It's a word that describes relationships between two women." Ruby explained neutrally.

"Oh... For us, that's just sex" Rhea shrugged. For the Gods, any form of consensual pleasure was sex. They didn't have specific 'adjectives' for everything like Mortals did.

"Anyways, can you lend me Victor for a day? I do not desire to be his Wife or anything. I just want him to fuck me into oblivion" Demeter asked.

"Denied" Ruby, Violet, Sasha, and Hestia spoke simultaneously.

"Why!? And weren't you two arguing just now?!" Demeter asked as she looked at Violet and Hestia, who had, at some point, joined the group.

"We stopped when we heard 'Victor' and 'sex' in the same sentence," Hestia said.

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"Denied Ruby, Violet, Sasha, and Hestia spoke simultaneously.

"Why!? And weren't you two arguing just now!" Demeter asked as she looked at Violet and Hestia, who had, at some point, joined the group.

"We stopped when we heard 'Victor' and 'sex' in the same sentence," Hestia said.

"You guys have a twisted danger sense." Demeter was speechless by the two women's actions.

"Anyway, you can't have sex with my Husband! Begone, That!" Violet made a gesture as if she were shooing away a stray dog.

"Why not!? I just want him for one night! I want to quell this fire inside of me!"

"Go take a shower, and that fire will be put out! Violet snapped.

"I've already tried! But then there was your yearlong incident! Even though we didn't hear anything concrete, Aphrodite's Divinity made us all Horny!"

"Even Hestia and my mother were affected! They're really good at hiding their desires! They might look normal on the surface, but I bet their insides are just as itchy as mine!"

"..." At that moment, Hestia and Rhea had the decency to turn away and pretend they weren't feeling the gazes of the three female Vampires.

Ruby put her jealousy aside and saw that this situation was more 'clinical' than just desire. The Goddesses' faces looked like drug addict patients going through withdrawal.

"Is it really that bad?" Ruby narrowed her eyes.

"Yes... Aphrodite's Divinity was always troublesome to deal with... And that day, her Divinity was stronger than normal. Not to mention that her Divinity was mixed with the Divinity of Love, and because of that, the effects are even more annoying to deal with." Rhea sighed.

"... When you 'started' doing the night stuff....The whole town was practically in the mood for sex. I predict there will be several children born in the near future."

"Vampires can't have children that easily..." Sasha spoke.

"We don't just have Noble Vampires around, right? Many Races came because of the Demon War... Atleast, it is a fact that several Humans already had children in the time you were having fun" Hestia pointed out.

"Not to mention, one of Aphrodite's Domains is Fertility. She is not a Mother Goddess like Rhea, but her Domain in that area is still high enough to influence a couple to have children... Throughout that year, when her Divinity was at its maximum output, I wouldn't be surprised if all the Noble Vampires who had intercourse during that time bore children." Hestia explained.

The gestation period of the Vampire Race was longer than that of Humans. It usually took two to three years for the fetus to develop.

The time varied according to the power of the Bloodline. Scathach once told Ruby that her pregnancy with her lasted almost five years; it could have lasted longer, but it didn't because her father was incompetent.

The longer the gestation, the more potential the child would have; that's what the Noble Vampires believed, and this theory proved concrete to all the 'geniuses' that were born in the past that took a long time to be born.

When that thought came into Ruby's head, she wondered how long it would take for Scathach and Victor's child to be born. After all, unlike her father, Victor was definitely not 'incompetent'.

"About this 'Hornydesis' problem, do you have any way to solve it other than getting involved with my Husband?" Violet asked as she devised a new adjective for this particular problem.

"Just let him fuck us!" Demeter practically begged.

"Denied!" Violet was decisive.

"Why!?"

"If you do it with my Husband, you will never want to be with any other man again."
Violet, unlike normal, explained in a neutral and objective way.

Demeter, Rhea, and Hestia swallowed hard.

"...Is he really that good?"

"There's a reason Aphrodite herself is always willing to take him any time of the day"
Violet pointed out.

"Therefore, you cannot have him, Except for Hestia, of course."

"...Eh? Me?" Hestia pointed to herself: "Why?"

"Don't you know? Hestia is Bestia." Violet nodded with a confident expression, followed by several nods from Ruby and Sasha as if Violet had just said something undeniable.

"Bestia can do whatever she wants." Sasha spoke.

*Mmhmm." Violet and Ruby nodded in unison.

"That doesn't make any sense!" Hestia stomped on the ground in frustration. "Why are you trying to throw me to that man, that..." She tried to find a bad adjective to apply to Victor, but she couldn't think of one.

After all, leaving aside his attitude toward strangers, which she didn't mind, his attitude toward Family was as good as it got.

"Degenerate... Yes...!" Finding a fault in Victor, she held onto it and spoke with a serious expression: "That degenerate man! Why are you throwing me at him!?"

"He is not a degenerate, Hestia. You know that very well."

"I know, but..." She was speechless and couldn't retort to Violet's words. Therefore, she could only do one thing: Pout in frustration.

Rhea and Demeter looked at Hestia as if she had become dumb or something.

A vein bulged on Hestia's head when she saw the glares of her mother and sister.

"Why are you looking at me like that!? Do you want to burn to ashes!?" A ball of Fire appeared in the Hearth Goddess' hand.

"..." Ruby and Sasha looked at Violet.

"... What?" Violet asked.

"Did you adopt her as part of your Clan?" The two asked in unison.

"Wha- Of course not!"

"Why is she acting like you and Agnes then?" Sasha asked.

"How the fuck should I know?"

"..." Ruby and Sasha just looked at Violet with suspicion in their eyes, not believing anything Violet said. After all, Violet's history wasn't very reliable.

In a strange way, the Heiress of the Snow Clan had quite an influence on the behavior of the women around her. In these matters, she was a lot like Victor. Just look at the women around Victor now; most of them changed and became Yanderes with legal papers and all. Even Ruby herself and Sasha were the same, all victims of Violet's influence.

"Anyway! Is there a way to fix this?!"

"As I said, let him fuck us into oblivion-" Demeter tried to say something, but Rhea smacked her in the head.

"Demeter, shut up"

"Ugh! My Head!"

Ignoring what her daughter said, Rhea looked at Violet: "... Yes, we need some green leaves"

"... Marijuana?" Violet asked with strange eyes.

"Not marijuana. It's a medicinal herb that, if made using a unique solution, can turn into a tea with a calming effect that is effective even on Gods" Rhea explained.

"... Oh... And where do we get it?"

"In the Greek Underworld, in the Garden of Hecate"

"..." Violet looked at Rhea with a tired look.

"What's with that look?"

"I mean, shouldn't the location of that damn herb be in a more accessible location? As in the Mortal World or your Home? Even Olympus would be more accessible than Greek Hell."

Violet wondered why everything involving the Gods had to be a Heroic Quest or something. Couldn't they handle things like they were normal people?

"... Well, that's a herb that only grows in Hecate's territory in the Underworld." Rhea shrugged.

"Haaah..." Violet exhaled a long breath. She really didn't want to do this, but it was for her Husband's sake, after all. She didn't want whores to use this as an excuse to lay a hand on her Husband.

"Can't we just kill them to solve the problem?" She commented lazily. She really didn't want to go to the trouble of doing this.

"..." Rhea, Demeter, and Hestia flinched slightly at Violet's tone.

"Violet!" Sasha and Ruby spoke at the same time.

"What? It's too troublesome to go to the Greek Underworld just to get a damn weed! There should be other options. If not, only death can solve everything!"

"Stop thinking in that barbaric way. Violence doesn't solve everything!" Ruby exclaimed.

"The only reason violence doesn't solve everything is because you are not using enough of it!" Violet snapped.

"Gah! It's impossible to talk to you!" Ruby huffed and turned away, "I'll talk to Aphrodite and Nyx and see if I can't get The Goddess of The Night to get the herbs, and since Aphrodite was part of the problem, she should help too." She left with heavy steps.

"Bye~" Violet waved dismissively at Ruby, and out of the corner of her eye, she saw Hestia.

"Oh...! You don't need to worry, Hestia. You can be fucked by my Husband all you want, and I won't mind."

"...Again...Why only me!?" Hestia blushed with embarrassment at Violet's brazen words.

"Violet, do not tease Hestia!" Sasha went to defend Hestia like a mother hen.

"I am not!" Violet defended herself.

"Let me go! Stop hugging me! I don't desire sympathy from perverts!"

"I m not a pervert! Violet is!" Sasha blushed as she threw Violet under the bus.

Violet rolled her eyes, "Look at your Clan and your attitude in bed, and say those words to me again. I dare you! Say it!"

"...I-..." Sasha was silent for a few seconds, and all she could do was hide her embarrassed face in the chest of the Goddess of Home. Every time she did that, she felt at home, as if she were in the lap of her late 'mother', Julia.

Hestia raised an eyebrow when she felt Sasha's turbulent emotions through her Divinity, and even though she wanted Sasha to let go of her, her gentle heart could not ignore what she felt, so she just patted Sasha on the head.

"See? You can not say anything to defend yourself" Violet snorted in victory, utterly oblivious of Sasha's state.

"..." Rhea and Demeter just watched the two Vampires treat a Goddess much older than them like a spoiled child and, simultaneously, like a mother figure. It was a rather strange sight indeed.

"Hmm?" Violet looked at Sasha more closely and saw the state of her. Her smug expression disappeared, and she quickly approached Sasha.

"What's the matter, Sasha? Are you well?" She asked worriedly.

"...Yes... I just remembered someone important when I hugged Hestia." Sasha spoke as she slowly stepped away from Hestia.

"...Oh, I can understand that feeling." Violet commented wistfully. She remembered the comforting moments she had with her father whenever she was in Hestia's presence.

Sometimes, she remembered the first moments she had with Victor when she met him for the first time a long time ago, that meeting in the dark alley where she took him to her mansion and let him lie down on her lap...

"It's probably my Divinity of Home reminding you of the coziest moments in life... The moment you experience is random and is based on the feelings of individuals influenced by my Divinity" Hestia explained gently.

"..." Sasha and Violet looked at Hestia rather intensely.

A look that made Hestia recoil unconsciously as she wondered what they were thinking.

Sasha and Violet suddenly looked at each other and nodded. They never thought they would unite to bring a 'woman' into the Family.

'For some reason... I'm getting a bad feeling about these two.' Hestia thought.

Rhea, who was watching all of this, thought: 'It'ss comforting to see my eldest daughter being so appreciated like this.' She always felt guilty for not being able to provide what Hestia always deserved but could never have.

A loving family.

Chapter 756: Forces of Hell.

Chapter 756: Forces of Hell.

Abbadon, a City located in the Lowest Layer of Hell, specifically in the Demon King's castle.

The most powerful ladies of Hell were gathering in a hall where only them and the Demon King could enter.

"Preparations are complete: Vine declared. "The Hordes of Hell are always prepared to receive the King's commands."

"Internal logistics have been completed. With just one command from the King, billions of Demonic Hordes are ready to do his bidding," Vepar spoke.

"They have conquered the Fields of Hatred, Famine, Destruction, and Fear. The Demons of these fields are all under the control of His Majesty, The Demon King of 'Tyranny'." Lily spoke in a neutral voice.

The Fields mentioned were all places where the most 'powerful' Infernal Demons tended to spawn. These places were completely hostile to the new 'King' as they 'were quite far from the King's area of influence.

Even though the King of Hell ruled over all of Hell, small groups still had yet to join him. The reason for that was simple... Hell was too big.

And those Ancient Demons, who wouldn't even bow to Diablo or Lucifer, wouldn't do the same to Victor. Unfortunately for them, Victor wasn't short-handed like the two previous Demon Kings.

His subordinates, whom he had been training for centuries, were strong and capable, and thanks to them, they were conquering Hell, and more Demons were entering his field of influence every day.

As a Demon King, he rarely needed to meddle in these wars; after all, his Generals were more than enough to deal with most situations, especially Lily, who had the Power of 'Dark Light' a Bloodline that is especially lethal to Demons.

Although Vine was considered The General of 'War', she was not actively participating in Lily's conquest but helped her when necessary. The reason for this was simple: the places Lily attacked were all 'Lesser Hells' where Souls went and Demons were born.

An example of this was The Fields of Hatred. In that place, any Mortals who died with a lot of hatred in their hearts tended to go to that particular Hell, and usually, the Demons that were born from that place were very powerful.

Wrath, the former Deadly Sin, was a perfect example. He was a Demon born in The Fields of Hatred.

Because of these particular characteristics of the places Lily was attacking, she was appointed The General who would take care of these problems. After all, she was responsible for all the Lesser Hells where sinners went.

Lilith retained her position as The 'Mother of Demons' because all the places Demons tended to spawn were slowly being brought under her influence.

Hell had never been as united as it was today. Thanks to the Demon King of Tyranny's influence, all Demons must submit to the Demon King's rule... And for those who didn't, only subjugation awaited them.

Demons, if not killed by Holy Light or a weapon with special properties, cannot truly die. They will simply return to Hell and 'reconstitute' themselves over time. The more powerful the Demon, the longer it would take to reconstitute themselves.

Thanks to this peculiarity, it could be said that the Demon King had a practically immortal force behind him. After all, like the previous Demon King, Victor could 'accelerate' a Demon's resurrection, as long as they were not killed by Holy Light, a weapon with special characteristics, or were absorbed by someone with the same ability as Victor.

The likelihood of Demons facing such an enemy was low. After all, Demons were Beings of Corruption. Few mortals could resist their influence, and it was even more unlikely for them to encounter a Mortal who could 'absorb' them, but it wasn't impossible.

"Good... Thanks to you, we can always fulfill our King's requests" Helena spoke with a small imperceptible smile.

With the Demon King out of Hell, Helena assumed the role of Queen of Demons. She was the one who ruled in his absence, and she was the one who contacted him for reports.

Helena's reason for being chosen? She was the most capable of the group. Did that mean that Vepar or Lily were incompetent? No, far from it. They were very competent and were just as capable of ruling as Helena.

The problem was that... Lily and Vepar tended to give in to their Demonic Natures when they gained too much 'power.

And that was an unacceptable attitude for Victor, which is why he appointed Helena to command everything in his absence. The Gremory woman would never fall to the temptation of 'temporary' power because she knew that this 'power' was not hers but one Victor granted her.

"I wonder who was the fool who upset His Majesty. Do those Beings lack common sense?" Vine commented dismissively.

"... Didn't you read the reports I sent?" Vepar narrowed her eyes at the tall woman.

"Well... Vine scratched her neck a little, "I was in the middle of training the new recruits; I couldn't stop just to read the report."

Vepar's eyes flashed even more dangerously. "Don't make excuses, Vine. It is unbecoming for someone of your position." She spoke in disdain.

"You just didn't read the report because you got too excited, right?"

Vine held Vepar's gaze for a long time until she sighed in defeat:

"Haah... You are correct. When I heard that a war might break out, I quickly prepared myself and came here"

From her perspective, no matter who she would go to war with, as long as Victor ordered her to, she would fight for him, even if it was a 'useless' war.

As Vine was the first Demon that Victor encountered when he arrived in Hell, it could be said that she was the one who was most submissive to him both in body and in mind. After all, she was the only one who 'directly' experienced the cruel hand of the man on his path to becoming the Demon King of Tyranny.

The intensity of Vepar's gazes faded further, and she remarked, "Next time, read the report."

"Mm, I will." Vine nodded, then added, "So? Who was the fool who provoked the Demon King?"

"This time, it was the Werewolves" Lily replied.

"Werewolves?" Vine narrowed her eyes. This information didn't fill her with disdain; after all, she knew very well that there was a creature in that place that could threaten all of Hell.

The Beast of Ragnarok, The Wolf of The 'End' Fenrir.

"Correct" Lily nodded, "Imagine my surprise when the Demon King directly summoned one of my commanders and ordered him to teach 'humility' to a pack of Wolves."

"Which commander are you talking about?" Vine asked.

"Lily's Toy, her favorite" Vepar responded neutrally as she tried not to think about that 'creature'.

Vine's face darkened slightly, but she didn't say much about the 'creature'.

"Fufufu, he was my greatest creation, Even the Demon King highly approved of him." Lily smiled widely with a very noticeable blush on her cheeks.

"..." Despite being Demons, Vepar and Vine thought Lily was more Demonic than them. That thought only further cemented itself when they saw the 'Art' that Lily created with those bastards who went against the Demon King.

She was disturbing even by Demon standards, but without a doubt, she was a great ally to have around... Even though she was very disturbing.

Helena felt satisfied looking at these women, who arguably could be described as the most powerful women in both influence and Power in today's Hell.

It took a long time, but they did it. All of Hell was in his hands. Even those inhospitable places that few Demons tended to go were slowly falling under his influence.

'If it continues at this pace, in less than 400 years, we will be able to explore all of Hell and put it under our command.' It was an insane thing to think. Even with the handiwork of practically billions of Demons at their disposal, it would still take that long to completely 'explore' and 'map' all of Hell.

She could not help but marvel at how big the Hell she was living in was... It was so big it was unnatural.

'Is Hell growing or something?' It always seemed that the more they investigated, the more it felt like there was no end to Hell. Despite not being quite as old as the other women in the room, Helena was sure Hell wasn't this big before.

She had this certainty because of the books Albu and Zahal wrote, the most Ancient Demons in Hell.

Clearly, Hell 'expanded' over time, although its growth was much slower than compared to now.

"Generals, I have a report to give."

The women stopped talking to each other and looked at Aline. Even though Aline was just a 'subordinate' of Vepar and the Head of the Technology Development Department in Abbadon, everyone knew this was her 'status' only on paper.

In the King's eyes, Aline Valefar was undoubtedly someone of the same level of Status as them. Wrong; she might even be more important than everyone in this room. Even Lilith herself was not as important to Victor as she was.

The reason for this was simple; Aline was the Ruler. She was the one who judged and managed all the Souls entering Hell. Although most of the process is done automatically, Aline still had to judge problematic cases directly.

She was so important that she had ten Legions of Demons protecting her, not to mention that she was the only one allowed to have a room closest to the Demon King's quarters in his Castle, a room equipped with all the equipment that Aline could ever want.

The Valefar Clan Bloodline was undoubtedly highly valued and spoiled by the Demon King... Something that the women present here could not help but feel a bit jealous about. Each one of them greatly desired the King's 'attention'.

However, the 'extra attention' was clearly warranted; she was the Ruler after all, but knowing that fact did nothing to quell their jealousy.

"I was scouring Hell for Souls with the Ruler's Authority and found something interesting" Aline touched the table, and an image appeared floating above its surface.

Soon they all see a barren place, with nothing in sight, just a decaying land and a destroyed castle in the distance.

Aline gestured with her hand, and the image shifted to the inside of the castle, specifically into a destroyed room. Soon everyone in the room saw it, a woman with long black hair that was so long its length extended further than the length of her own body and spread completely across the bed.

"... That's Sloth..." Vine spoke in shock.

All were actively looking for the remnants of Diablo's forces, and although they hadn't found important figures like Asmodeus or Agares, practically all other Demons were found and placed under the control of the Demon King.

Zagan himself and Phoenix were the same... In fact, in the case of these two particular Demons, they 'submitted' of their own accord. According to Zagan's own words, Victor was the 'winner'; therefore, he would support him.

It was worth mentioning that none of the women here trusted Zagan, The Merchant. As useful as he was, he was not someone to be trusted... Just like all Demons.

The only difference was that Zagan wasn't under Victor's strict control like the other Demons. They wondered why Victor let Zagan have free rein.

And the only explanation from the Demon King they heard was this.

"Men like them are more useful when free"

It was obvious that Victor had some way of controlling Zagan, but they did not know what it was.

"She did not even change her clothes..." Vine commented incredulously as she looked at Sloth, who wore the same clothes she wore in the war.

Vine also noticed that it had been a while since she cut her hair.

"Ugh, I can smell the stench from here." Lily commented in disgust, "How could she not have the decency to just change her clothes? She has been wearing the same outfit for over 700 years!"

"Sloth does not stink" Vepar spoke in a neutral tone.

"Actually, she doesn't even need to bathe. She could sleep for thousands of years, and no smell or impurities would befall her body."

"... What do you mean?" Lily asked.

"The Power of The Sin of Sloth automatically keeps her entire body protected from everything, from impurities to outside attacks"

"She may be sleeping now, but whoever attacks her will meet a very horrible fate."

"..." Lily raised her eyebrow. Not even she knew what the Powers of the Deadly Sins were. She had no idea how Vepar knew that with such certainty.

Lily and Vine looked at Vepar with speechless expressions.

Chapter 757: I'm not a monster.

Chapter 757: I'm not a monster.

Seemingly seeing the doubt on Lily's face, Vepar replied, "I've read Zahal's and Albu's writings."

"..." Lily and Vine looked at Vepar with speechless expressions.

"You guys are really underestimating the work of those two Demons. They are responsible for recording the history of Hell. It is obvious that important figures like the Deadly Sins would be documented in their books, especially about their Powers"

The only ones who didn't have their Powers described in detail by the two Ancient Demons were those who were allies of Victor and Victor himself.

But such a restriction did not apply to the Demons that once served Diablo.

"Well, I just thought that the Demon King gave that job to the two Demons on paper only..." Lily spoke uncertainly and a little embarrassed.

Vine didn't say anything, but it was clear that she thought the same as Lily.

"... Haah... That statement can be seen as underestimating our King's capabilities. Do you underestimate our King's words that much?"

"Wha- of course not! What are you saying!?" Vine quickly countered.

"Our King doesn't do anything useless. If he told Zahal and Albu to detail Hell's history in writing, the Ancient Demons would perform their duty with utmost diligence"

"Recording history means we can learn from it so we don't make the same mistakes as our predecessors. That's what His Majesty said once, remember?"

"Yes..." The two answered at the same time.

"Now that you understand this, you should spend more time reading the writings of the two Ancient Demons. Their work is quite important."

It was worth mentioning that the books that the Ancient Demons wrote were quite popular among Demons, especially the 'new' Demons who didn't know anything about Hell.

Thanks to these books, it became easier for Younger Demons to think of Victor as the sole Ruler; after all, the 'story' painted him in a very positive light compared to the other Demon Kings.

As a certain Mortal once said, history is written by the victors.

Ignoring the three Generals' discussion, Helena looked over to where Sloth was sleeping "Where is this place? I can't identify it."

"That's the problem; I can't identify that location either," Aline spoke.

"Huh? Even you can't?" She looked at Aline in shock.

"Yes. I have no idea where this place is" Aline and Aline's subordinates made the current map of Hell. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that she knew every corner of Hell recorded by her like the back of her hand, but even she couldn't pinpoint where Sloth currently was.

She even tried to use the Soul Searching Power the Ruler had to try and locate Sloth, but all this Power did was show her the 'Soul' she wanted to see, not its current location.

Aline theorized that she could, in the future, find the location of Souls with this Power, but she needed more experience in handling the Ruler's abilities, something she didn't quite have right now.

The Ruler's Powers were very complex to learn. After all, her entire set of Skills and Authorities involved the workings of Souls and the judgment of Souls, a completely different branch of Skills than she was used to. Because of that, even after a long time had passed since she'd acquired these Powers, she still wasn't very proficient with them.

She could perform basic functions like 'judging' the Souls; this was an intuitive process, but doing more than that required Aline's trial and error.

"What should we do?" Aline asked.

"Observe her and, if possible, capture her" Helena spoke.

"I don't recommend it." Vaper spoke and then added when she had drawn the attention of all eyes in the room to her:

"Capturing The Sin of Sloth against her will would do a lot of damage."

"Oh? Do you think we would lose?" Vine raised an eyebrow.

"That's not what I'm talking about..." Vepar shook her head at Vine. She couldn't imagine losing even to someone like Sloth.

"I'm saying it's wiser to speak diplomatically with her. Of all The Deadly Sins, Sloth is the most reasonable of the bunch."

"After all, if left alone, all Sloth will do is... well, sleep?"

She was the personification of laziness, meaning she wouldn't bother anyone if nobody bothered her, which was why, even after so many years, she hadn't even bothered to reveal herself and just hid.

Hearing Vepar's suggestions, Helena thought it made sense to follow her advice.

"I will inform the King of our discovery" Helen declared.

"About that... Can you ask him to return to Hell?" Lily spoke.

"Why?" Helena asked.

"For the love of Primordial Evil, I can't take my mother anymore! He needs to do something about her!" Lily spoke in frustration.

"I don't care if he fucks her or something; just ask him to do something to calm her down! That woman is getting more irritating by the day!"

"Don't disrespect the King, Lily" Vine growled.

Lily shuddered when she saw all the women in the room looking at her with disapproving faces

"... That wasn't my intention. I'm sorry."

"I know it wasn't, but be careful how you talk about the King." Helena spoke neutrally but still disapprovingly.

"Don't forget that all the 'power' you received was granted to you by The King. Power that is given can be taken away just as easily. Respect is vital and necessary. Do not forget your place, General."

Lily knew very well that Helena wasn't talking about political power but the 'true' Power the King gave her that made her much stronger than she was before.

"... Yes I know."

Helena looked at Lily with the same neutral eyes. Because of attitudes like that, Victor didn't trust Lily to lead in his absence.

Even though Helena was half Succubus, a creature of Desire, ironically, she was the one who had the best control over her own desires.

"Anyway, your request has been noted; I will communicate it to the King."

"... Thank you, Helena."

Helena nodded and looked at everyone around her: "Vine, keep an eye on our Horseman, remember that the Demon King wishes to watch over him, and don't forget that despite being weak right now, he is a Demon God."

"I know, I've been following his progress... I predict he should reach the Lower Levels of Hell in less than a few years."

"Good. Until then, keep sending 'challenges' to nurture our 'War' potential."

"Yes" Vine nodded.

"Vepar, work with Aline to discover Sloth's location. Use the Lesser Demon Messengers. They are the fastest Demons in Hell and are virtually unnoticeable."

"Yes, I was thinking the same." Vepar accepted the order.

"Aline, how are the preparations going for that project ?"

"Everything will be concluded soon..." Aline smiled a little:

"Soon, we will be able to welcome those damn Pigeons into our domain without them dying like pathetic bitches."

"... I understand your sentiment but try to keep hostility to a minimum. After all, for the first time in many years, the Angels and Demons will come to 'peace'."

"This is a crucial matter for us. Thanks to the previous Demon King's idiocy, our Race is seen with more infamy than before. An agreement with the Angels can help us greatly in lessening our infamy and, consequently, the Demon King's."

"I know, I haven't forgotten that. I will control myself."

"Good." Helena nodded in satisfaction, and then she spoke. "Aline, contact our Contractor, Valeria Alekerth. She needs to be aware of our plans for Earth as well."

"Since you've met her before, it's easier for you to communicate that."

"Yes, it is easier for me to communicate with her" Aline nodded, "About that woman, I have something to report."

"What?"

"She's asking when His Majesty will visit her again."

"That's hard to say. His Majesty is busy dealing with the Werewolves right now... But I'll let him know."

"Okay" Aline nodded.

Helena looked at everyone around her briefly and said:

"Continue with your impeccable work. Although His Majesty is not present, he is counting on us to ensure everything stays the same way he left it. We must not disappoint him."

They all shuddered when they heard what Helena said. If asked what they feared most, they would all answer that their greatest fear was disappointing him...

It was this feeling that made Lily shudder earlier when the girls warned her. As Lucifer and Lilith's daughter, she was afraid of losing the Power she gained, but her biggest fear was disappointing him because of her attitude.

"Dismissed." Helena ended the meeting.

...

Samar.

Victor's group's personal quarters.

Anna, Natalia, and Leona were watching Victor.

"Victor, did you really do that...?"

"Yes, of course."

"You're amazing!" Leona jumped on top of Victor and hugged him in a clingy way.

"My son..."

"Hmm?"

"Would you really have done what you said...?" Anna asked fearfully.

Victor raised an eyebrow at Anna when he sensed her emotions.

"What part specifically?" Victor lifted Leona in a princess carry and sat on the couch. He placed Leona next to him and looked back down at his hand.

"About you destroying this whole place..."

"..." Victor remained silent for a few seconds as he looked at his mother's blood-red eyes and beautiful face.

"Yes, I would have."

Anna shuddered slightly at his tone and lowered her head with sadness quite visible in her body language.

"I see... You would purge an entire Race because of just one group of people..." Anna didn't know how to feel about that. She just felt horrible. She didn't care one bit about the people who went against Victor; she just didn't like innocents getting caught in the crossfire.

Victor looked at his Maids, and with just one look, his Maids understood their orders.

Soon, Kaguya, Natalia, Eve, Maria, Roberta, and Bruna spread out across the room that looked more like a house that even had its own kitchen and left Victor, Leona, and Anna alone.

"Anna, come here"

Anna flinched slightly when she heard the tone of Victor's order. He didn't address her as 'Mother' as he normally did, but rather as 'Anna; indicating that he was looking at her the same way when he first scolded her.

Anna cautiously walked toward Victor, and when she was close enough, Victor reached out, took Anna by the arm, and placed her in his lap.

Unconsciously, Anna leaned on Victor's shoulders and looked into his violet eyes.

She shivered slightly when she felt his hand touch her face and caress gently as if she were the most precious person in the world to him, which she was.

"I'm not a monster."

"Despite my questionable attitude, I will never raise my blade to the innocents unless I have a good reason."

"Even on that day when my own daughter had her head nearly cut off by some Youkai, I just hunted down and killed everyone, directly and indirectly, responsible for what she went through."

"I didn't attack those who didn't know anything or weren't involved."

Kaguya and the Maids who actively participated in that incident just kept silent as she listened to the two's exchange, memories of that day unconsciously came back to them.

They clearly remembered going through a lengthy screening process using Vampire Charm to find out who was at fault and who wasn't.

Victor held Anna's face in both hands and looked deeply into her eyes.

Anna felt completely naked in front of Victor. It was as if his eyes weren't looking at her but straight into her Soul... It was scary and oppressive but, at the same time, gentle and warm. It was obvious he wasn't trying to harm her or

anything.

"Even if a few pesky packs of Werewolves had turned against me because of my Wife, IT wouldn't condemn an entire Race for that... Unless, of course, the situation where the entire Race unites to 'purge' the seed of a possible 'Hybrid' occurred."

"Because of that, I said I would condemn the entire Werewolf Race to Maya because I know how it is a 'cultural' thing to kill all the seeds of possible Hybrids."

"That was my warning to Maya, a warning she fully understood and managed with her authority to silence the voices of dissatisfaction."

"But... There will always be fools who don't know their place."

"In that situation, I would just hunt down those who were against me and put out the flames of conflict by nipping it in the bud."

"... Would you kill even the children of those Clans?"

"I do not kill children, Anna. Unless that child picks up a sword and faces me."

"That's..." Anna felt like she'd heard those words somewhere before.

"My Warrior's Dogma."

"Those who pick up a sword, and point it at someone with the intention of killing, must be prepared to be killed as well."

"That is the dogma that I, Scathach, and all my Clan, as well as Eleanor and all her Clan, follow."

"Oh..." Anna now remembered hearing Scathach say that to Mizuki before.

"By understanding this point about my personality, Leona never said anything from the beginning, even though I said a lot of nonsense that would go against her personality."

"..." Now that he said it, Anna realized Leona hadn't said anything, No matter how 'cruel' Victor's words were, from the beginning, the Werewolf had always had absolute trust in Victor.

Looking out of the corner of her eye at Leona's smiling expressions, Anna felt complex now. To think that a child knew her son better than she did herself. She felt disappointed in herself for not trusting Victor.

She was again fooled by Victor's convincing 'act' and forgot to look at who he really was.

"... I'm sorry for doubting you, Vic..." Small tears formed on Anna's face; tears of disappointment in herself.

"It's all right..." Victor wiped away those small tears and let go of her face.

Anna put her face on Victor's chest and hugged him, seeking the comfort of his warmth.

"You can always question me. After all, you and my Wives are what held me back from becoming a Being like Diablo."

Because of existences like Sasha, Hestia, Pepper, Bruna, Haruna, Eleanor, Mizuki, Lacus, Jeanne, Anna, and Leona, who were inherently good people, Victor had morals to fall back on.

Because of Scathach's teachings, Victor would never cross the line of being a complete monster who did not care about anything, not even innocent lives.

"Mm... I will keep those words in my mind" Anna murmured as she leaned her body even closer to and rested her head on his neck.

"Such a good smell... So unique and comforting..." She did not care about anything right now. She just wanted this warmth to herself to dispel all the uncertainties she had been having since Victor's statements.

From that point forward, she decided that she would try to see more through Victor's actions, not just what he displayed on the surface. She'd always managed to do so before, so she did not understand why it would be so hard now, She just had to face him as her son's Wives did.

Chapter 758: The late-night visit of a King to the chambers of a Foreign Queen.

Chapter 758: The late-night visit of a King to the chambers of a Foreign Queen.

On a beautiful night in the city of Eclipse Ventus, The Royal Capital of Werewolves.

In the Werewolf Queen's personal mansion.

A woman with chocolate skin and long black hair was looking at the moonlight with a melancholic look.

The moon illuminated her body, and her black nightgown fluttered in the cold night wind, giving her a very noble and beautiful appearance.

Unlike Nightingale, where the planet's climate was colder and experienced endless nights, Samar had an environment similar to Earth, Except for one small detail: gravity was much stronger here than on Earth. Gravity was so intense in some places that untrained Werewolves couldn't even enter without suffering the consequences.

Though this detail was irrelevant for powerful Beings like Werewolves and was rather something welcomed; after all, the higher the gravity, the more they could train and become stronger.

"... Haah..." The woman sighed and slowly turned her face away from the night sky. "Don't you know that entering a Queen's chambers in the dead of night, especially when you're a visiting King of another Race, can cause a lot of problems, Alucard?"

In a dark corner of the woman's room, a man sat comfortably on the sofa as if he owned the room himself.

Unlike the appearance of him she'd seen at the meeting, he was wearing more casual clothes: black pants, white sneakers, and a completely white sweatshirt. Anyone looking at him now would never think for a moment that this man was The King of Biblical Hell; they would think he was just a very handsome young adult.

"It's a beautiful night, isn't it, Queen?" Victor smiled neutrally and unassumingly as if he didn't mean to harm her.

Tasha sighed again when she realized he hadn't deemed it necessary to answer her question. She walked toward her room and closed the sliding glass door that led to the balcony.

"Why are you here?" She walked toward the minibar in her room and took a bottle of whiskey and two glasses.

"I was just on one of my usual evening strolls." Victor replied as he watched the woman walking with the bottle in one hand and the two glasses in the other toward the armchair in front of him.

"Do these evening strolls usually entail entering the personal quarters of a Queen?" Tasha asked with amusement in her eyes as she filled their glasses.

"Who knows?... I don't follow a plan when I go on my walks, If I want to go somewhere, I'll go. If I don't, I won't. It's that simple."

Tasha raised an eyebrow, "...You seem awfully free for someone who is a King"

"That's the beauty of having competent subordinates," Victor smiled slightly.

"I wish I had your luck in finding good subordinates." Tasha commented lightheartedly. She didn't feel like being serious.

"I have good eyes for people." Victor commented nonchalantly.

"..." Tasha looked at Victor's Dragon Eyes for a few seconds and then nodded: "A King needs to have good eyes for people."

Tasha took the half-full glass of whiskey and offered it to Victor.

Victor shook his head in denial: "Unfortunately, due to my Race, I cannot drink anything other than Blood or water."

"... Sounds like a sad existence; food is, after all, one of life's pleasures." Tasha set Victor's glass on the table and took a full swig from her glass.

"You are not wrong."

Feeling Victor's gaze on her body, which was hidden by a thin nightgown, Tasha was amused that he had no dark desires for her body. It was as if he saw her in much the same way as when she was in her Queenly attire.

A fact that left her slightly upset at his apparent lack of desire for her body and also a little relieved. After all, that meant he hadn't come here for that. Even though she was married to Volk, she didn't have the confidence that she

could refuse the Progenitor's seduction if he made a move.

One interesting fact she realized was that the thought of sleeping with Victor didn't make her feel sick, something she normally would when it came to members of his Race. Clearly, Victor's Race didn't matter here. He was so charming that not once during the entire encounter did she think about his Race.

Finishing off her drink, she looked at her empty glass and placed it on the table.

"I would feel bad about not serving a guest properly..." Slowly, she started pulling her nightgown off and showing off her chocolate-colored, healthy-looking arms.

"Would you like a drink?"

Victor stared at Tasha's arm with amused eyes. She was offering the Blood of a Fallen Goddess and, simultaneously, the Blood of a woman Blessed by Fenrir.

"It would be inappropriate to refuse the host's courtesy."

"..." A silence fell in the place, and Tasha, with light steps, walked toward Victor. Stopping in front of him, she raised her arm in front of him.

Tasha didn't know what was going through her head right now. She didn't even know why she was acting the way she was, it was as if all her inhibitions had completely disappeared in front of this man who looked like the incarnation of desire.

Her body shivered when she felt Victor's hands gently holding her arm and his warm breath on her skin.

His touch, his scent, his presence on her; it all felt so... right.

The moment he bit her wrist and began to drink her blood, all the while maintaining eye contact with his violet eyes staring into her green ones, a sense of euphoria she'd never felt before resonated through her entire being.

'... So this is how it feels when a Noble Vampire sucks your blood.' Tasha thought. She knew such euphoria only occurred within her because Victor was the Noble Vampire doing this. She fully understood that if it were another Noble Vampire, she would just be disgusted, but the word "disgusted" didn't seem to exist when describing Victor.

There were many horrible adjectives used to describe him, like monster, Evil God, the next Being to cause The Apocalypse.

But out of all of them, no one had ever called him 'disgusting'. That was an absolute fact.

"Mm, you have delicious blood, Tasha.

"

"... Eh?" Tasha looked at Victor in disbelief.

'Is it all over so quickly?' she wondered.

The whole blood-sucking process only lasted a few minutes... awfully long minutes for Tasha. But when that process ended so abruptly, she wasn't sure how to react.

Tasha's legs felt weak, her heart was beating rapidly, and an imperceptible blush formed on her face. She knew she was making a longing expression right now.

But she couldn't help it... He was simply irresistible.

It took a few seconds for her to regain her mental faculties. She gathered all her mental strength and regained her sense of herself. Soon, she took a deep breath and turned her face away.

"Mm, that's good" She nodded, satisfied... Satisfied with something she didn't even know, and walked toward where she had previously sat.

Despite being acutely aware of Tasha's internal struggle, Victor did absolutely nothing. He just sat there and watched it all. Just by being here, Tasha's senses were thrown into disarray.

Desire was a very powerful emotion, Even Gods could not rid themselves of their desires, and among those desires, there was a specific one that was more powerful than the rest.

Sexual desire.

Sex was a Concept that pervaded any society, whether futuristic, dystopian, medieval, or modern.

No matter the place, no matter the world, sex would always be sought after.

No wonder it was said that the oldest profession in the world was that of sex workers.

Victor was the male version of Aphrodite; his very presence, even if he did nothing, would subconsciously make Beings think of him that way.

He was, in fact, like a very hot woman who attracted, everyone and everything,

Victor couldn't help chuckle inwardly at the irony. He had come here for an overnight visit as a guest, and it was not he who was lusting after the host but the host lusting after their guest.

Putting that aside, he thought about what he had just done. 'The Blood of a Fallen Goddess is not much different from normal Blood.'

Despite being called a Fallen Goddess, she was still a full-fledged Goddess. But even after drinking her Blood, Victor felt nothing, not a burning sensation in his body, no damage, nothing.

Victor thought this was due to his body's resistance having grown stronger. He was no longer a simple Progenitor; he had the body of a Dragon and was powered by a Negative World Tree. His base was a Progenitor, but everything else was different.

'Let's try Aphrodite's Blood next time,' Victor mused.

Drinking the Blood of a Goddess like Aphrodite had never crossed his mind before. After all, Aphrodite wasn't just any Goddess; she was a Titan and the embodiment of Beauty. Her level was completely different from someone like Tasha's.

"Now that drinks have been served tell me, Demon King. What is it that you want, coming into my chambers so late at night?"

"... To make a new friend, of course. Why else would I come here?"

"..." Tasha looked at Victor with a look that said, 'Does this man think I'm a fool?'

"Don't look at me like that." Victor smiled slightly. "I'm truly interested in learning more about you."

"... Why?" Tasha couldn't understand the sudden interest.

"Why not?" Instead of answering, he asked back.

Tasha narrowed her eyes. She couldn't foresee the meaning of this conversation. If he didn't come for her body, why was he here? Was it about their agreement? But there was still time for the deal to conclude, and she still hadn't read the scroll he gave her.

Observing Tasha's silence, Victor decided to initiate a conversation that would interest her:

"Recently, my beloved Wife became involved in a rather ambitious project," he smiled lovingly.

A smile that caught Tasha's attention, causing her to focus on the topic of the conversation.

"Before I talk about the project, let me tell you a little about my Wife."

With the same loving smile on his face, he started to explain.

"My Wife is someone who will do anything to keep her Family safe. Any means are justifiable as long as her Family is protected from everyone and everything."

'Is she like me...?' Tasha felt she could identify with this woman.

"Murder, torture, manipulation, experiments on our enemies, she'd dip her hands into all sorts of dark matters for us."

'Yes, she's like me.' She thought.

"From others' point of view, she's definitely a villain, but I don't care what others think. She may be a villain to them, but to me, she's my treasure."

"Now that you understand her personality, I'll tell you about her ambitious project."

Tasha found herself more interested than she should have been in the conversation that Victor had started on his own.

"She wants our Family to be untouchable."

Tasha waited... then waited even longer... But the following words did not come out of Victor's mouth.

"...Is that it?"

"Yeah."

"I mean, don't you have more details of what she's doing or planning?"

"I have an idea, but at the same time, I don't. She's doing this project in conjunction with my other Wives, but that's all I know. I know nothing about the project's specifics or methodologies."

"... Huh...?"

Tasha couldn't comprehend such nonsense.

"How can you not know anything? This is a project involving your entire Family, right? You, as the Leader of the Family, should know. That's common sense."

"You are not wrong" Victor nodded.

"Right? Then why don't you know anything? How can you be sure she isn't planning something against you?"

"That's an easy question to answer." His smile changed to a gentle one.

"Because I trust her."

"...Huh?" Victor's words had a huge impact on Tasha. They were such simple words, but the weight behind them was so heavy that, for a moment, Tasha forgot to breathe and merely stared in disbelief at Victor.

"...You trust her...?" Those words seemed so foreign to Tasha that she responded unconsciously.

"Correct." Victor nodded with the same conviction as before.

"If she wanted me to know something, she would notify me. If she wanted my help, she would ask me. I don't cage her; she can do whatever she wants, whenever she wants, and however she wants. Ultimately, all ask of her is her commitment to me, to trust me, and to ask for my help if she needs it, which she always does."

"My Wives shine brightest when they do what they enjoy." Victor's eyes slowly started to become darker, as if they were two violet black holes.

"If my Wife wants to play God and burn the world to the ground, I'll let her do so with a smile on my face."

"If she wants to make a plan that will leave our Family untouchable, again, I will let her do so with a smile on my face, and I will always support her with whatever she needs."

"..." Tasha visibly flinched when she saw Victor's eyes.

"This is crazy" she commented, as much to him as to herself. She couldn't imagine a relationship that way.

"Wrong. That's called trust, the foundation of every successful relationship. If you don't trust your partner... What's the point of being together with them?"

But aren't you afraid of being betrayed...?" Tasha asked with her own misgivings in her heart. After all, she knew very well that she didn't have much 'free rein' in her Kingdom because Volk feared her betraying him.

Chapter 759: The late-night visit of a King to the chambers of a Foreign Queen. 2

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"But aren't you afraid of being betrayed..." Tasha asked with her own misgivings in her heart. After all, she knew very well that she didn't have much "free rein" in her Kingdom because Volk feared her betraying him.

That question put a smile on Victor's face: "I'm not!"

"Why?"

"The only possibility of my Wives betraying me is if someone manipulates their memories or controls them through some form of mind control... A problem I already fixed." Thanks to Roxanne, all women who entered Victor's Clan had strong mental and Soul protection. Even someone like Loki wouldn't be able to play with their minds because they would know what was an 'illusion' and what wasn't.

"Other than that, it's impossible for them to betray me; after all, they all love me."

"How arrogant."

"It's not arrogance: it's a fact" Victor smiled neutrally.

A smile that, for some reason, made Tasha cringe.

"When I form a relationship with a woman, I don't merely leave it as is. I go to the ends, as far as I can go, to a place where their love becomes an obsession, overzealous, and oppressive... To the point that they would kill any other woman who looked at me."

"...You turn your women into psychopaths of love, huh."

"I prefer to call them Yanderes, but you're not wrong." Victor laughed lightly.

"... Your relationships seem toxic... Not any man could handle it." Tasha shook her head back and forth in denial. She knew very well that if she started acting with Volk like how Victor described his women to be with him, the Werewolf would eventually leave her.

"It's okay, after all. I'm not just any man." Victor spoke with a smile that bordered on arrogance as he rested his head in his hands.

"The crazier, the more psychotic, the more passionate they are... the happier I'll be." It was at that moment that Tasha realized that Victor definitely had a few screws loose.

The type of woman he described sounded like a woman who would make a relationship very toxic, and consequently, that toxicity would spill over to his other Wives. But she knew better; she saw how Leona reacted to Victor. Someone in a bad relationship wouldn't respond like that, and despite

having multiple Wives, they didn't seem to compete with each other.

The reason for this thought was that Tasha knew that the women who came on the day of the meeting with Victor were all his women. She could smell Victor on those women from miles away.

'No... No... I can't judge this too soon... After all, I haven't seen how his relationship works with all his Wives present... Tasha felt it would be foolish to judge something she had only seen once. As a Queen, she understood that understanding the context of everything is essential.

But... But... Despite thinking like that and deciding to observe and judge later... She couldn't help but compare Victor's relationship with his Wives to her relationship with Volk.

Just the part about how he talked about trusting his Wife completely with such conviction made her jealous of their relationship.

Tasha and Volk didn't have a normal man-woman relationship. What the two had was more of an eternal fight to decide who would subjugate the other.

Part of this complicated relationship was due to her being strong. If she weren't strong, she would have already been subjugated by Volk... Something she didn't want either.

She knew very well that once an Alpha subjugated her, she would have to listen to everything he asked, and she didn't want that; she wanted her freedom.

She wanted to be able to choose when to act and make plans of her own, She didn't want to be submissive like females of other Alphas.

Somehow, she felt quite envious of Victor's Wives right now. After all, it was obvious that everything worked because the man in front of her was the glue that held them all together.

"Your Wives are very lucky to have you, Alucard."

A genuine smile appeared on Victor's face, "No, I'm the lucky one to have them in my life."

That genuine smile... That was also why she was jealous of his Wives. She highly doubted that Volk would say anything remotely close to what Victor said with such a

genuine smile on his face. She understood her husband too well to know he would never do that.

"Now that I've told you about myself, tell me more about yourself, Tasha Fenrir."

"... What do you want to know about me?"

"Surprise me"

Tasha stared at Victor for long silent minutes until she started to speak.

"Before I became who I am today... I was a Minor Goddess of Egypt." Tasha started to fill her glass with the drink again.

Victor raised an eyebrow when he saw that she was actually going to talk about herself, but he didn't comment. Now, he was just a silent listener.

"A Goddess related to Wolves... My Concept itself wasn't that strong, and I wasn't that proficient either... Despite being a Goddess, I wasn't as important as the other Great Gods of my former Pantheon."

"But even though it wasn't that important, I had my own devotees; men and women were devoted only to me, strong Werewolves who were used to doing things that everyone would disapprove of if they had done them in broad daylight."

"A force of deadly Supernatural Beings... That's what we were." Tasha stared into her glass of whiskey with neutral eyes, and for a moment, ancient memories of a burning Kingdom played out in her eyes like a movie she could never forget.

"And that force attracted the attention of the Great Gods. They thought it strange that such a great force had no Faith in them... Consequently, they tried to control me."

Throughout the story, Tasha was never specific. She never mentioned names or pointed fingers and simply referred to those people as "them".

"And just like always, I refused to be controlled... Even if the promised benefits for me bowing my head and accepting their will were great, it wasn't worth trading my free will for it... Even if the consequences were dire."

Tasha took another sip of her drink and looked back at the now-empty glass.

Even though it looked like she was being influenced by Victor, she wasn't. She could think for herself, and a trait that remained strong within her was... Never talking about herself. After all, that could breed weaknesses that everyone could...

Victor's words broke her train of thought.

"You are strong."

"... Huh?" She looked up into Victor's face, and the expression on his face took her by surprise.

Unlike the last few times Victor looked at her, his gaze was much more "warm" than before.

Of course, she'd seen that look before, but those looks were never directed at her specifically but at a woman who wasn't present.

Victor was looking right at her, only her and no one else.

"Choosing not to bow your head is not an easy thing to do, especially when you're weak... Because of that, don't blame yourself for running away. Those left behind definitely don't blame you for it."

Tasha opened her eyes wide when she heard what Victor said.

"How did you-..." The question was interrupted by an action from Victor.

"Hmm?" Victor looked out the window and saw that the sun was already starting to rise. "Looks like I stayed a long time, huh."

Tasha opened her eyes slightly in shock after seeing that the sun had already risen.

"Did our conversation really last that long?" Tasha wondered in shock.

"It was a good talk, Tasha Fenrir. Just as I thought, you are a strong woman."

Tasha looked back to where Victor was sitting, but all she saw was an empty chair.

"Don't forget to read the scroll I gave you. I'll be back tomorrow."

"Please don't come back" She spoke almost instantly.

Suddenly, she heard a seductive voice whispering in her ear:

"That's not for you to decide, My Queen."

She felt her body shiver and quickly got up and looked back, but again, she found nothing but the glass door to the balcony open.

"..." Tasha stared at the balcony with a pointed look, as if a boogeyman or something was going to come out of that place at any moment. But when she waited a while, only for nothing to happen, she sighed in relief and tried to calm her turbulent heart.

"My Queen... Huh?" A genuine smile appeared on Tasha's face, a genuine smile that was replaced moments later by a contemplative frown.

'How does he know about 'that'? That's something only Volk should know; after all, it happened such a long time ago...'

Despite knowing she shouldn't, Tasha felt a small anticipation for Victor's next visit since she could talk without worrying too much about anything.

It had been a while.

Not to mention that she had to find out what that man wanted from her. After all, he wouldn't visit her in the middle of the night if he didn't want something.

"Hmm?" Tasha looked at her bed and saw an old-looking book.

She narrowed her eyes and thought, 'That wasn't here before...' Which meant Victor left it for her.

Approaching the bed, she stopped to look at the book, specifically its title and was surprised to see that it was written in Ancient Egyptian, an extinct language.

"The Fall of The Wolf Goddess and Her Rise..." Tasha started to shiver as she read the name of the author who wrote the book: "Written by Yunct Semet.."

"H-How does he have this book..." Tasha's voice cracked. Her emotions couldn't settle down, especially when she saw a name she thought she'd never see again.

"Yunct... Did you survive" She gently touched on the characters of the woman's name that evoked so many memories in her.

All the questions Tasha had before about why Victor was here were forgotten. What she wanted to know was how he got this book and if he knew anything about the author of that book.

One way or another, she came to have expectations for her next encounter with Victor.

Outside the mansion, floating on top of a very distant tree, Victor was watching everything while he had his arms crossed. His Draconic Eyes could clearly see everything within the room.

"You are a sinful man, Darling... Why are you playing with the Queen's heart?" Roxanne asked.

"I'm not playing with her heart, My Dear."

"Seeing her in a state like that isn't very convincing, you know?" Roxanne pointed as she looked at a trembling Tasha, very different from the Queen she'd seen through Victor's eyes before.

"..." Victor remained silent and didn't say anything.

"Where did you get that book? I don't remember seeing it in Hell."

"In the library of the Snow Clan. As it was written in Ancient Egyptian, they thought it was an Artifact or something, so they kept it among the Ancient Tomes. But little did they know that it was, in fact, just the diary of a faithful Werewolf."

"... Hmm, how did you know that was for Tasha?"

"How else? I read it."

"You can read Ancient Egyptian...? How?"

"My dear, have you forgotten the hundreds of millions of Demons I have absorbed? Some of them are Demons that have been alive since the beginning of time. Learning something like a lost language is very easy."

"Mm... Looks like you've gotten more proficient at organizing your memories." Roxanne said, much to herself as she did to him.

A few seconds later, she asked curiously: "What's the point of all this anyway?"

"... I want her to reach her full potential, My Dear... Her past is preventing that. I'm just helping out."

Roxanne drew a long breath. Somehow, she already expected this answer: "...And when she reaches her full potential, what then?"

"Who knows?"

"... Eh?"

"Will she defeat Volk and become The Strongest Alpha? Will she unite Samar under just one person? Will her Concepts as a Goddess grow stronger? No one can predict what she will become."

"... I just realized that you're simply telling her to take command of everything." Roxanne pointed out astutely.

Victor turned his head to the side and began to whistle.

"Spit it out! What is it you want!? You want another Wife, don't you!? You said you wouldn't pursue a married woman! You deceitful liar!" Roxanne growled possessively.

And this tone of voice only made Victor laugh happily because of her love.

"Don't laugh!" Roxanne shouted, even more irritated. "Tell me what you're going to do!" She insisted.

"My love, it's called character development for a reason. We shouldn't rush to a conclusion; let's just enjoy the ride."

"Grrr..."

"But there's one thing I can promise you; I didn't lie when I said I don't go after married women. After all, I am a man of morals."

Victor turned and began to float toward the ground.

"What I want isn't a Wife... I want a powerful ally. And if I'm going to have an ally, it's better for them to be a woman, right? After all, a woman is more easily influenced by me~."

"Whoa... You're acting like a total scumbag now."

Victor was left speechless by what he had heard. "This woman really wants to get her ass slapped, doesn't she?" He thought he should discipline Roxanne later. After all, she'd been getting pretty rambunctious lately.

"Yes, please discipline me. It's been a while since we played like that~"

Victor facepalmed, He momentarily forgot that she could feel his emotions and read his surface thoughts.

"Ruby was a bad influence on you, my dear."

"Huh? Are you saying you don't like those kinds of jokes?"

"... I didn't say that."

"Mm, you better be honest." She nodded in satisfaction.

Victor's eyes flickered a little, and in the next moment, he disappeared, leaving streaks of red lightning behind, and appeared in his personal room.

With a wave of the hand, the whole room was sealed with ice, and then a woman with long red hair appeared.

"Kyaaa~! Don't summon me so suddenly, Darling!" Though she squealed in disapproval, her eyes sparkled with anticipation.

"You perverted Dryad. I will teach you a lesson today!"

"Yes, please, Darling, teach me a lesson~!" ®

"Ahhh~"

A few days had passed since Victor arrived on Samar, the planet of Werewolves, and the changes his presence had brought about had begun to manifest. Fenir, The First Prince of The Werewolves, had his belongings and his entire Faction destroyed with a single move by Tasha and Volk.

Scheming to usurp power was something Volk fully supported; after all, competition bred progress. However, the dishonest way in which Fenir conducted his actions, using a completely unknown organization to gain power in exchange for using the Werewolves as a tool for that organization, was unacceptable.

That was not the behavior expected of someone who aspired to be a King.

With just an amusing play on words, Victor successfully undermined the New Dawn organization's influence in Samar, leaving the organization extremely dissatisfied with their loss of power.

Tasha was extremely upset with her oldest son, but not just upset. She was also disappointed. And in some ways, disappointment was worse than simple irritation.

Despite not being one of the most talented, Fenir was quite competent at what he did and often supported Tasha when she needed it. It was a pity that he had rushed and done such a foolish thing.

Werewolves were no one's subordinates. They were independent people and possessed their own sovereignty. Fenir's despicable act of seeking support from an unknown organization in exchange for using werewolves as a tool was nothing more than a trap to provide that organization with more influence in Samar.

And what about Volk? How did he react? Well, in the worst possible way. The only reason he hadn't killed his son at that moment was because Tasha stopped him and said she would take care of him.

Those words made Fenir shiver. In a way, he would rather die a quick death at his father's hand than fall into his mother's hands.

"Get out of my way, Tasha. That coward has committed the worst act a Werewolf of The Royal Bloodline can commit. He has betrayed his own kind out of greed!"

"I already said I'd take care of him." Tasha replied, expression unchanged. "You don't trust me in this matter?"

"..." Volk didn't say anything. He just looked seriously at Tasha. Had it been before, Volk would have backed off and entrusted the problem to Tasha, but not this time. The reason? Tasha had already undermined Volk's authority twice in a short period of time. And the King of Werewolves was not happy about it.

Understanding how Volk's mind worked, Tasha knew he wasn't going to drop the subject. This attitude left her internally revolted.

'Why doesn't he trust me? Haven't I done enough for this goddamn country?' Tasha thought.

If it were before, she wouldn't have thought too much about it. After all, she was used to Volk's attitude. However, due to Victor's recent nightly visits where the two talked about everything, she began questioning her worth in Volk's eyes.

'Why doesn't he treat me better?'

'Why does he always feel the need to subdue me?'

'Is being by his side not enough?'

'Why don't you trust me?'

Those thoughts she had hidden in her heart began to pop up more frequently in her mind.

'If it were Victor, he wouldn't treat me like this...'

Her thoughts involuntarily returned to the previous nights when she and Victor finally discussed the book written by a former friend. Victor knew nothing about this friend and had simply found the book in the Snow Clan library and, upon learning to read the Ancient Egyptian language, understood that it told Tasha's story from the perspective of Yunet Semet, a woman whom Tasha had once considered her best friend.

Through this book, Victor discovered Tasha's story, albeit partially, as it was written from Yunet's point of view.

Since it was a book about Tasha's history, Victor returned it to her without hesitation, stating that the book was back where it belonged.

Tasha felt warm listening to Victor's words, and thanks to this last encounter, she didn't even blink when Victor suddenly appeared in her private quarters at night.

Since that night, it was common for the two to talk privately about any subject that came to mind. It was obvious that they had gotten closer than before. However, despite their growing companionship, she still didn't feel comfortable talking about her past. After all, it was something personal, and she didn't like talking about herself, which Victor made clear about understanding and didn't pursue the topic.

Thus, the more Tasha and Victor talked, the more she realized how undervalued she was as a woman in Volk's eyes.

She couldn't help but notice the irony of the situation. The man called the Demon King of Tyranny was more understanding and less controlling of those he trusted than the King of The Werewolves, who only sought to subjugate everyone and would only accept their opinions when he was the Alpha who stood above everyone else.

Temporarily ignoring her swirling thoughts, Tasha concentrated on the immediate problem.

"He's my responsibility, Volk. I'll deal with him, now get out." Tasha decided, dropping her kindness and trying to be assertive.

Volk's eyes intensified upon hearing Tasha's tone of voice.

"Twice before... But now, that's three times... Three times you've undermined my authority, Tasha Fenrir..." An oppressive green Power began to envelop Volk's body.

Tasha raised an eyebrow, and green Power, tinged with gold, began covering her body.

"If I say I want him to die... he's going to die!"

Power exploded from Volk's body in a green pillar, black fur began to grow on his hands, and his face grew wilder, turning it into a perfect image of a ferocious beast.

Tasha's appearance slowly began to change as well, with black tattoos beginning to appear on her arms, legs, and face.

"You claim to be a King, and yet you want to kill our only source of information about this organization?" Tasha's green eyes gleamed brightly, her face became more animalistic and wild, her teeth sharp, and her hair disheveled.

Volk didn't move forward. He hadn't lost his rationality and could recognize the truth in Tasha's words. The only thing that bothered him was seeing her challenging him again in such a short period of time.

His wife was changing, becoming more rebellious, and he didn't know why. The possibility that someone was interfering popped into his mind, but he didn't smell any men near Tasha, and his spies in her Faction didn't report anything either.

Although, Volk didn't trust his spies very much, as he knew that Tasha had absolute control over her Betas. She likely only allowed these spies to exist to assuage his concerns.

"Well, well... I came here because I felt a surge of Power, but who would have thought that the Queen and King would be about to fight."

Everyone in the room turned toward the voice and saw a man dressed entirely in black.

"Alucard." snarled Volk.

Victor ignored Volk and looked at Tasha. "Oh...?"

Tasha's transformation was very different from ordinary Werewolves. It seemed that the fact that she was a Goddess further influenced her transformation.

Instead of calling it a Werewolf Form, it was more accurate to call it a Divine Form.

Every Deity had a Divine Form, as Aphrodite explained. It was a God's original appearance, a form in which they could harness all of their Powers.

'Hmm~ this feeling is very similar to what Inari displayed during her fight against Scathach.'

Tasha didn't say anything when she saw Victor's appraising gaze on her.

"Hmm? Why did you stop? Pretend I'm not even here; you can fight at your leisure. I don't want to get involved in another country's affairs. I'm just here to make sure he doesn't escape." Victor snapped his fingers, and a scream echoed through the room.

"Gaaah!"

Everyone turned their heads toward the scream and saw the sight of Fanir with half of his body frozen.

Everyone realized they were so focused on Tasha and Volk that, for a moment, Fanir nearly escaped.

Fanir turned his face and glared at Victor.

"You!"

"Me?" Victor pointed at himself, confused.

"You fucking bloodsucker! You really couldn't just keep quiet on your bloody planet? You just had to come here and ruin all my plans?!"

"Hmm~." Victor's violet eyes gleamed with mischief.

Instinctively, everyone around them increased their guard against Victor, including Tasha. They knew instinctively that an apex predator had awakened and set its sights on insignificant prey.

"Not only with Nightingale but also with Diablo, you're all over the place, you piece of shit! Why does someone like you need to exist?!"

With a step, Victor vanished and appeared before Fanir. He looked deep into the Werewoll's eyes and smiled slightly.

"Tell me, how does it feel to know that all your efforts were wasted with just a few words from me?" His violet eyes gleamed softly.

Fanir opened his mouth to say more vulgarities to Victor but soon had his mouth closed. His angry expression faded, and a dazed expression took its place.

"... I feel like crap..."

"Oh~? Why do you feel this way?"

"I've tried so hard, I had to fight against an ogre of a father who thinks himself so great that he need not think rationally yet is so useless he can't even subjugate his own wife, A useless man who would not surprise me if he slept with his most loyal Betas." Disdain and helplessness were visible on Fanir's face.

Volk gritted his teeth, and the intensity of the atmosphere around them became even more oppressive. Still, none of it affected Victor or Fanir, who felt, for the first time, that he no longer had to restrain or suppress his feelings.

"I had to fight against a mother who is too blind to realize that my father only sees her as a tool, a sadistic woman who thinks only of herself and ignores her older children, in favor of a useless younger son, merely because some enormous beast uttered he had potential and allowed him to use its name. That brat is treated with more respect than I, the eldest."

Now it was Tasha's turn to grit her teeth in anger, not because of the insults her son directed at herself, but because he disrespected Fenrir.

"Poor thing... You've suffered so much, haven't you?" taunted Victor.

"Mm..." A sad expression appeared on Fanir's face, and tears began to fall.

"All I wanted was what was rightfully mine, but that goddamn son of a bitch of a father is a megalomaniac bastard who clings to power forever. Doesn't that asshole know what

retirement is? How long does he plan to stay in power? Why have a monarchy if you have no interest in passing the Title on to your descendants?"

"Annoying son of a bitch."

"Not to mention this chaotic society, a society created by Werewolves like my father, who are just a bunch of old eunuchs who like to keep themselves in power and do not allow the young to bring about change. Because of the King's mismanagement, the society of Werewolves looks like a big circus with several eras woven together like a mismatched abomination."

"Haah... I hear you, my friend. It may seem amazing at first glance, but inside, it's quite chaotic and meaningless, isn't it?" Victor spoke with understanding, as if he were talking to a childhood friend.

"Ohhh! You understand me?!"

"Of course" Victor nodded.

Fanir sighed, "If I had known that, I would have approached you and asked for help. Unfortunately, I was too scared. You are a freaking scary monster."

"Thanks for the compliment." Victor let out a genuine chuckle.

"If I had contacted you earlier, we could have placed you as one of the organization's Leaders. That way, we would have been more empowered to deal with what awaits us in the future."

"Eh ~? What awaits us in the future?"

"That's..." Fanir tried to speak, but his voice made no sound. A strange expression appeared on his face, and he looked confused around. "Hmm, I do not remember. What was it again?"

"..." Victor narrowed his eyes slightly. He had read about something similar to this in a Hellish Tome. It was a Curse that Demons used to prevent information from leaking from their contractors. Only the contractor could know the information and could not divulge it without the Demon's permission. It was essentially a privacy spell.

Victor focused his Draconic Eyes on Fanir and realized that even with his eyes, he could see nothing.

If there was anything he couldn't see in this world, it was probably the work of the Primordial Gods. Considering that the New Dawn had several Gods in its organization, it would not be an impossible task to accomplish.

"Mm, you have memory problems, Do not worry, it's normal. After all, you hit your head when you were captured, did you not?"

Chapter 761: The Queen's Potential.

Chapter 761: The Queen's Potential.

"Mm, you have memory problems. Don't worry, it's normal. After all, you hit your head when you were captured, didn't you?"

"... Hmm, that's true. My bastard father knocked me to the ground in a fit of rage, the petty bitch."

Victor managed not to laugh. "You seem to resent your father a lot." he commented neutrally.

"Resent?" Fanir snorted. "I hate him; his mere existence repulses me. Why doesn't he just die already? His presence just gets in the way."

Talking to Fanir was very interesting for Victor. The reason for this was that this situation seemed similar to that of Nightingale's, but different at the same time.

Here, the children were competent and hated their father because his presence interfered with everything.

In Nightingale, Vlad's children were simply useless.

"Now, about your mother. What's your opinion on her?"

"My mother...? Hmm, she's fine. Aside from her attitude toward my father, she's more useful than he is. In fact, I've always wondered why she wasn't the Alpha above all others, After all, she has all the makings of a good Alpha... Well, I guess she's just not strong enough. My ogre of a father, unfortunately, possesses a lot of power. If there's one good thing about him, it's that he's strong."

"Enough! I will not just stand here and liste-..."

"Sleep." Victor spoke in the Draconian Language.

Suddenly, Volk fell to the ground and lay still, softly snoring.

"Annoying old man, can't you see I'm speeding up your work? Just get some sleep." Victor snorted.

"..." The people around broke out in a cold sweat when they saw how easily Victor dealt with Volk and how he treated their King. Victor was disrespect personified; he really didn't care about anything.

"King!"

"Demon King, how dare you?!"

"Calm down, he's not dead, just sleeping." Victor rolled his eyes.

"..." Volk's Betas approached their King and realized that he really was just sleeping.

Tasha looked at Volk sleeping on the floor and sighed in relief. For a moment, she thought a war had just started. Soon her features returned to normal, but she didn't even feel like getting emotional anymore. It was obvious that Victor was controlling her son, and it wasn't worth getting angry at an emotionless tool.

Tasha walked toward Victor and stood beside him.

"Where I was..."

"You were asking about his organization"

"Oh." Victor looked at Tasha curiously, but then he looked at Fanir.

"Tell me about your organization, and you can answer your mother's questions as well."

"Of course, I'll tell you everything" Fanir was quite understanding.

"Before that..." Tasha looked around and glared at her Betas. "Isolate the area. I don't want anyone entering the perimeter. Isolate the sound of this area with that and prevent any intruders."

Tasha was secretive enough not to give Victor more information about her Artifacts.

"Yes!" Soon both men and women moved quickly to carry out Tasha's orders.

She looked at Volk's Betas. "And you, just take that man and put him in his room..." She looked at Victor. "He'll wake up soon, right?"

"Thanks to Fenrir's Blessing he'll only be asleep for around 30 minutes" Victor nodded.

Tasha again felt a small inner terror. With just one word, he put Volk to sleep. If he really wanted to destroy this entire county, it would be very easy.

'This is why dealing with Rune Users is tricky,' she thought.

From what she could see, Victor wasn't a Rune Master. He still used them rather rudimentarily compared to the Gods she knew, but even so, the Rune he used carried so much Power...

'Just what language did he use when he spoke?' All Tasha heard were strange, unrecognizable grunts.

"Did you not hear me?" Tasha glared at Volk's Betas.

"Yes!" Volk's Betas approached the King, and soon two men supported him.

When the Betas left with Volk in tow, Victor's voice was heard again: "Hmm, I think I'd better get Maya, Adam, and Anderson."

"... Maya and Adam, I understand, but why Anderson?" Tasha asked.

Victor's lips stretched into a slight smile, "Do not underestimate my friend. He can be as cunning as you, my dear."

Tasha began to question whether she had completely missed the development of her children.

'Was I so caught up in the Kingdom's problems that I don't even know my own children?' She thought.

Tasha shook her head in an attempt to dismiss the familiar dilemmas, opting to resolve them at another time. She looked at the Betas who remained to protect her.

"You heard him. Tell the Matriarch of Clan Lykos, Maya, General Adam, and the Second Prince to come here as well." Tasha gave additional orders.

Tasha's Betas looked at Victor for a few long seconds before answering:

"Yes!" They had no choice but to leave their Alpha here with this man; after all, it was her order.

After Tasha's Betas left, leaving Victor and Tasha effectively alone with Fanir, Victor spoke:

"He's all yours, Tasha"

"... Oh? Aren't you going to interrogate him?"

"That's your job, isn't it?" He gave a small smile. "The right person for the right job, right?"

"If that's the case, you, as the Demon King, should be more than qualified for the job, right?"

"I won't lie and say I don't have the skills for this, but he's your son, right? Not to mention I have complete trust in you and your ability to ask the right questions. You've been dealing with these disputes longer than I have. You're exceptional when it comes to politics in the shadows." Victor didn't lie about that. After all, if you put it on paper, Tasha should be over 5000 years old.

After all, Ancient Egypt, where she lived, existed 2600 years before Christ.

'Now that I think about it, how is Adonis only 1700 years old? His Mythology took place in Ancient Greece, which should have occurred 2000 years before Christ...' Victor thought of the mystery of the man called Adonis.

The only conclusion he could come to was that the Myths written in the books were not exactly 100% correct. After all, they were Myths, and people misinterpreted history.

While Victor thought about nonsense, Tasha looked at him with a neutral and, at the same time, intense gaze. Upon hearing Victor's words, she felt a feeling of satisfaction well up in her heart.

'So this is how it feels when you're valued... It's incredible...' An imperceptible smile appeared on her face but soon disappeared, leaving only the image of a Queen willing to commit the greatest atrocities to protect her people.

"Fanir, when did you come into contact with this organization?"

...

Ten minutes of rather mild questions and answers passed. In those ten minutes, Tasha couldn't help but marvel at Victor's ability to subjugate a person's mind.

'If I had this... How much easier would my job be?' She couldn't help but wish for a similar ability. After all, she wasted a lot of time torturing her enemies. Sometimes getting information out of an individual could take years. It was always easier when the enemy was so submissive.

While Tasha marveled at Victor's abilities, he couldn't help but marvel at her. She was indeed perfect as an ally. All the questions she asked were accurate and addressed all the points Victor wanted to ask Fanir.

Victor did not like the current status quo in Samar. While everyone thought that Volk was the Alpha above all Alphas, the reality was that he shared responsibility with Tasha, who was just as competent, if not more so, at ruling than him.

Werewolves were a Race that rivaled Noble Vampires. They had their own planet, World Tree, and economy. They even had a powerful Guardian who could destroy an entire Pantheon of Gods. They were powerful, and Victor wanted them as allies.

Therefore, he decided to support Tasha. In Victor's eyes, Tasha was more than enough to rule as the Alpha above all Alphas.

And even though the current Tasha was good enough for what Victor was planning, she still wasn't the best she could be... She still hadn't reached her full potential.

The status quo she was used to was limiting her potential.

Like Jeanne in the past, Victor wanted to see this Goddess blossom. He wanted to see what she would become. A woman became even more beautiful when she did something she enjoyed.

A Goddess like Tasha wanted to rule side by side with Volk? Of course not! Like all Goddesses, she was greedy and vain, She wanted more but limited herself because she was weaker than Volk.

While Volk had the support of thousands of Werewolves who gave him strength, in addition to Fenrir's Blessing, Tasha was a Goddess with the Concept of a God and the Blessing of a God of a Higher Level.

What did Tasha need to do to surpass Volk? The answer was simple. She needed to raise her Divinity Level.

Only when a God truly understood the Concept they wielded would they progress in that Concept.

An example of this was Aphrodite, who learned about Love when she made love to Victor. Thanks to that fateful encounter, the Goddess of Love progressed even further.

In the end, they weren't able to find out much from Fenrir, as a powerful privacy Spell protected all the most sensitive information, But with what Fenrir was able to reveal, they began to piece together the puzzle of the New Dawn organization.

While Tasha was starting to piece together the puzzle from scratch, Victor, who had insider information from absorbing Diablo, pretty much already had the whole scheme in his head.

It was at that moment that Adam, Maya, and Anderson arrived.

"Hmm?" Tasha was immediately aware of the new visitors. "You guys came. Great"

"Victor... Why are you here?" Adam asked.

"I was nearby and came to see the sudden outburst of Power that occurred. That's when I came across the ego dispute between Volk and Tasha. Fanir spoke some trash to me, so I decided to get involved in the matter, and now he's like this." Victor pointed behind him.

Everyone immediately understood that Victor was somehow controlling Fanir, but they didn't think of the possibility of Vampyric Charm, as the signs weren't like those of ordinary Vampyric Charm. There was something completely different going on.

This was a mistaken deduction, as Victor was using his Vampyric Charm; only his Charm was simply too strong due to Aphrodite's Blessing and other evolutions.

Tasha narrowed her eye: "... It wasn't an ego dispute, Demon King"

"Yes, I know. Volk just can't handle his woman being more competent than he is and instead wants to subdue her rather than treat her as his partner. Because of that, he threw a hissy fit when things didn't go his way"

"Well." Tasha tried to say something but couldn't form the words. She just accepted his words in silence since he wasn't wrong.

'Idiot, don't think praising me that much will get you something from me! I know your game!' She thought, but the imperceptible smile that sprouted from Victor's words still lingered on her face.

"What a little man. Instead of being happy to have such a capable wife, he throws a tantrum. Well, that must be the nature of Werewolves, I guess, right, Maya?"

"Mm, it's not the nature of Werewolves; it's the nature of men in general, Victor. I've had many husbands who were just like him initially, those who didn't accept that I was better than them. Now, they are completely submissive to me." She laughed lightly.

"Pride... What a useless thing it is... At least in certain ways." Victor smiled.

"That I can agree with you" Maya smiled the same way as Victor.

"..." Adam and Anderson watched everything with neutral, suspicious eyes. Even if they tried not to think that that man was trying to seduce every woman he looked at, it was impossible not to think so. After all, Victor's very existence led them to feel that way.

"Anyway, why did you call us here?" Adam asked.

"Tasha, if you please."

"Mm, leave it to me."

"..." Maya narrowed her eyes slightly upon seeing this instantaneous exchange. 'When did they become so close?' She thought, curious.

Tasha was silent for a few seconds and then began to speak:

"New Dawn, an organization comprised of many different Races and communities. It's a group led by a council of seven, each member of the council being the most influential person of their respective Race. My son was number two in that group, representing the Werewolves."

"Although they are numbered from one to seven, that does not mean that number one has more influence than number seven or vice versa. Everyone is equal in the power pyramid; the number merely represents the available seats"

Tasha began to explain everything she had learned to the three present.

...

Clan Lykos Mansion.

Looking at a group of men and women with white hair, blue eyes, and different skin tones, from chocolate to tan, Leona felt a little out of place in this home. After all, she was the one with the fairest skin color.

'Well, my appearance improved when I awoke as a Werewolf, so now I don't look so much like a Vampire...'

Currently, Leona was visiting her Clan accompanied by a tall, middle-aged-looking man dressed as a butler. From what she had heard, he was Victor's familiar, The Guardian of Roxanne, a gorilla who wasn't exactly a gorilla and had recently transformed into a more Humanoid Form.

Yes, it was hard to understand, but she was satisfied thinking of him as a former gorilla.

"Lady Leona?"

"It's nothing, Big Guy. Let's keep going"

"OK"

"I don't like those weird looks." Natalia commented with a frown.

"Ignore them." Leona snorted.

[Take care. Even though they are your 'family' they are strangers to you] Kaguya said.

Of course, Victor would not let Leona come to this place alone, even if it was her Clan's house. Therefore, all the Maids, except Roxanne, were accompanying Leona at that moment.

"They are not my family. My Family is Victor, my sisters, my father, and my brother" Leona refused to call these strangers family, even if they're related by blood. In the end, they meant nothing to her.

However, even if she did not care about them, Leona still cared about her origins. She wanted to learn more about her Clan and ancestors, so she was here.

Chapter 762: Her Presence Changes Everything.

762 Chapter 762: Her Presence Changes Everything.

Tasha took a few more minutes to explain while Victor struggled to comprehend what New Dawn desired. Initially, the organization was just a group of individuals who came together due to Victor's overwhelming presence. This initial group consisted of Niklaus Horseman, a former Vampire Count, General James, a former Inquisition General, and Fanir, The First Prince of the Werewolves.

As the organization indirectly got involved in clashes with Victor, they grew increasingly frustrated and sought additional support, which led them to Baal and Diablo. With the arrival of those two Demons came the entire influence behind the Demonic Army. Diablo had planned to create a new Pantheon composed solely of Infernal Beings from the Seven Hells. Thanks to this temporary alliance, the group established broader contacts with other Infernal Entities.

However, this alliance was shattered by The Angels and Victor during the last war, leading the organization to engage with other entities in an attempt to deal with the new Demon King, Victor Alucard.

"Wait a second... Then isn't the creation of this group my fault?" Victor thought, reflecting on the fact that his mere incomprehensible existence was what led these Beings to seek even more support, directly or indirectly.

Not only these Beings, but Victor had also indirectly intimidated the many Pantheons with his rapid and frightening growth of Power. To the Gods, Victor was like a rising young star becoming popular. At first, they were amused by Victor's youthful and arrogant behavior, but upon awakening a few years later, they realized that this boy had become strong enough to threaten their Pantheons completely.

Victor's evolution was too rapid! He went from a mere fledgling Progenitor to fighting against a fully matured Demon King! A genius like him would inspire fear in any Supernatural Being, whether God or Mortal.

Faced with this abyssal existence, the Pantheons began to do something they had never done before due to the status quo. They began to seek alliances with other Pantheons or groups.

'Not only the Gods of Earth but foreign Gods like the Elder Gods of Nightingale must also be involved. To them, I am like an enhanced version of Vlad that needs to be eliminated at any cost,' Victor thought, aware that his existence was drawing the attention of various groups around the globe.

With each new discovery about the state of the world, Victor's motivation to seek allies and build his own domain grew. It was evident that his existence was arousing the interest of countless Factions around the globe.

Being a shining star had its disadvantages too... But did Victor care about that?

Of course not, He would never back down from a challenge. He would do what he always did: prepare, grow stronger, and make more allies.

From the very beginning, Victor never concealed his Power. Why should he? He was the damned Progenitor, Scathach's disciple, and a flashy man by nature. Anything he did would be done in a grandiose manner. That was Victor's style. With this attitude, he would attract attention, whether he wanted to or not. Therefore, he was prepared to face whatever destiny had in store for him.

"... This fool..." Maya frowned in frustration, unable to believe the First Prince could be so naive.

"Is he really your son, Tasha? What happened to that intelligent man you used to talk about?" Maya asked, perplexed by the situation.

"Unfortunately, I have to agree with you," sighed Tasha, looking at her son with a complicated expression. "It seems haste and greed can turn even one of the smartest men into a fool."

"...Perhaps he has also been manipulated," Adam suggested.

Tasha and Maya looked at Adam.

"What do you mean, my son?" Maya asked.

"As The Queen explained, he is under a powerful Privacy Spell that not even Alucard can break" Adam began, explaining his reasoning.

"If there is such a powerful Entity capable of doing that within this organization, it is likely just as plausible to assume that Fanir may have been manipulated."

"Knowing The First Prince, I bet that in the beginning, he was just trying to use this group to become The King of The Werewolves. And once he achieved his goal, he would abandon this group."

"An organization of this scale would never allow such a potentially powerful tool as a King of a Nation to leave so easily." Maya added, understanding the scenario painted by Adam, She realized that she would have done the same if she had been in charge of this organization.

"Correct," Adam agreed.

Adam knew Tasha and Volk's eldest children well. He had seen them grow, taught them, and understood their personalities. Though he was astute, he knew that Fanir had always been loyal to The Werewolves and would never willingly hand over his people to foreigners. If he had to point out the child he knew the least, it would be the youngest, who had just been born.

"Who said I couldn't break the Privacy Spell?" Suddenly, Victor's voice echoed through the room.

The group of Werewolves looked at the Demon King with neutral yet weary gazes.

'Is there anything this man can't do? Isn't he too competent? Should such an existence be allowed?' Adam wondered, perplexed by the shattering of his paradigm. After all, Victor's existence was simply baffling. There should be things he couldn't do, right?

If Victor could hear Adam's thoughts, he would surely calm him down and suggest he have a chamomile tea to relax, as he was not omnipotent. There were limits to his abilities, and that was why he relied on his subordinates.

"You can break the Spell? Why haven't you done so yet?" Anderson asked.

"Out of respect for Tasha." Victor replied.

"... Huh?" Tasha was surprised to hear her name mentioned suddenly.

Victor turned his gaze to Tasha, "If wanted to break the Privacy Spell, I would have to kill Fanir."

A shiver ran through Tasha's body upon hearing Victor's words.

"And despite who you are, I know you wouldn't be able to kill your own son. You would make him suffer for his foolish acts in a way that he would wish for death, but you would never kill him. That's why I didn't mention such a possibility," Victor explained.

Maya, Adam, and Anderson looked at the two with suspicion evident on their faces. How had Victor gotten so close to The Queen to understand her so well?

Tasha felt perplexed as she looked into Victor's eyes. It was as if all the natural barriers she had built throughout her life, barriers that not even Volk could surpass, simply didn't exist in front of him.

She felt utterly vulnerable under those Draconic Eyes. It was a terrifying yet sweet sensation... Knowing that there was someone who could understand and comprehend her at a glance made her inner self twist with a bittersweet feeling.

At that moment, The Queen fought hard to maintain her impassive expression, a skill she had honed throughout her life.

Suddenly, Victor averted his gaze from Tasha and turned towards the exit.

"Where are you going?" Tasha couldn't help but ask unconsciously. For a moment, when she saw Victor turning around, she felt a slight panic.

"We're done here. From now on, it's your job," Victor said, looking at the group with a slight smile. "So, I'll go enjoy my vacation."

They had forgotten that the reason Alucard was in this country was for a "vacation".

"If you need my help, you know where to find me," Victor said, offering his support to the group.

Maya suddenly snapped out of her stupor and exclaimed, "Wait a minute!" She ran toward Victor and began walking alongside him.

"What is it?" he questioned.

"You're on vacation, right? Let me be your guide!"

"Hmm-, you're bored, aren't you?"

"Yes, immensely!"

Victor was momentarily taken aback by the honest response, but soon he smiled lightly. "Then, be my guide, Maya."

"Sure, let's go. I know a place that serves amazing food."

"I've already told you I can only consume Blood and water."

"It's a pity to be a Vampire."

"I agree with you in this specific case."

Tasha's intense gaze toward Maya was so penetrating that Adam could swear The Queen wanted to pierce his mother's body. Adam wasn't a fool; he could read between the lines.

Even though Victor wasn't doing anything, his mere presence was a dangerous weapon. The way Maya and Tasha were behaving was proof enough.

As far as he could remember, Tasha had never shown so much interest in another man as she did now. The signs were too obvious to ignore.

The way Maya was acting was natural; she had always been this way. But Adam had never seen his mother show such interest in someone for such a long time.

Even her "parents" would eventually be forgotten by her, only remembered when she was frustrated or "reminiscing" about the old times.

Adam sighed internally.

"It's a good thing I don't have any wives..." he rejoiced in that particular fact. He wouldn't know how to handle it if his wife looked at Victor that way.

"Yeah, I'll keep him away from my wife," Anderson agreed. Every time he saw Victor interacting with a different woman, he felt discomfort, as if he was about to wear a green hat.

Those were his male instincts warning him, doing their best to prevent him from wearing a "green hat" And as a good Werewolf who followed his instincts, he would obey them.

"... Huh?" Fanir suddenly awoke from Victor's Charm, looking around confusedly.

"Why am I trapped in ice?"

"You fool," Anderson sneered at his brother, turning to leave as well. He had some things to take care of.

"I hope there are no traitors in my Faction?" Anderson narrowed his eyes menacingly.

"What?" Tasha asked when she noticed Adam's gaze.

"My Queen, do you need my help?" Adam respectfully asked.

Tasha remained silent briefly before speaking, "... Go, Adam. If need you, I'll call for you."

"Very well..."

As Adam turned to leave, Tasha began giving orders to her Betas.

"Take this fool to the dungeon. I want the names of everyone he has interacted with in the past!"

"Yes!"

"And someone bring that Vam..." Tasha stopped speaking when she realized what she was about to say.

"Nevermind, just do as I said!"

"Yes!"

...

"Hmm, for some reason, it feels like I'm in the Snow Clan, but with the smell of wet dog in the air instead of Stoic Vampires," commented Natalia.

"Now that you mention it, our Clans have quite similar characteristics, don't they?" Leona agreed.

"The most noticeable difference would be the eye color, skin tone, and breast size" observed Natalia, specifically looking at Leona's breasts.

Leona covered her upper body. "What do you mean by that, huh?"

"See? Even the delinquent tone is the same. Are you sure you're not a bastard daughter of the Snow Clan?"

"I am not a damn Vampire!"

[Hmm, all the women in the Lykos Clan have slimmer and more athletic bodies. I guess it's a genetic thing,] Kaguya commented.

[That makes sense. After all, Maya doesn't seem very "Milf"-like, unlike Agnes,] Maria explained.

[Could you please not use that pornographic term here?] Eve spoke to Maria.

[Just call her Matriarch, as you do with Maya. Don't be a degenerate Maria.] Bruna npoke disdainfully.

[Shut up, Bruna! You perverted nun!] Maria snapped.

[W-What? I'm not perverted!]

[Say that while looking at your lascivious body! Are you sure you're not a Succubus!?!]

[Kyaa, don't hit my breasts!]

"Ugh... Can you all be quiet for a moment?" Leona put her hand on her head as she heard several women speaking in her mind, For a moment, she could understand how Deadpool felt when he heard multiple voices in his head.

'No wonder he became even crazier,' Leona thought.

Walking for a few more minutes, Leona suddenly stopped and frustratingly stomped on the ground.

"Why is this damn place so big?"

"How disrespectful, speaking of your home like that."

Leona, Natalia, and Big Guy turned their heads and saw a tall woman with short hair that was white as snow and emerald green eyes.

The woman wore a short black jacket that barely covered her breasts, revealing a seductive cleavage. Her arms were exposed, and she wore tight black pants paired with high heels. It was manifest that her style was heavily influenced by Leona's grandmother.

The undeniable proof was in her abdomen, displaying, perfectly defined six-pack abs, a testament to her diligent effort in achieving a toned body. Each abdominal muscle was sharp and delineated, drawing perfect lines along her stomach, conveying the discipline and dedication she had devoted to her exercise routine. Every curve and contour of her body showcased an ideal balance between strength and elegance, as her muscles stood out beneath her lightly bronzed skin, demonstrating her incredible physical fitness.

Three men stood behind the woman, clearly members of the Lykos Clan, meaning they were Leona's 'family'.

"And who are you?"

"My, how rude; I forgot to introduce myself to my nieces," she smiled seductively and gently. "My name is Bellatrix Lykos, but you can call me Bella."

"...So you plan to cast the Cruciatus Curse on me and revel in my expressions of pain, got it."

"Leona..." Natalia pinched Leona's arm.

"Ouch, ouch, stop, that hurts!"

"Huh...?" Bella just looked confusedly at Leona.

"Don't mind it; it's just an inside joke." Leona said as she grumbled internally about uncultured people who did not understand anything about culture.

"Hmm~" Bella looked at Leona with an evaluating gaze, clearly noticing that the new child had a peculiar sense of humor.

"Anyway, allow me to introduce these men behind me. The oldest with the scary face is Ivan Lykos; he is my brother, my husband, and your uncle."

"Hello."

"Hello." Leona replied as her brain seemed to shut off.

"The baby-faced one is Marcelo; he's my brother, my husband, and your uncle as well."

"Hello."

"Hello." Leona automatically returned the greeting.

"The smallest one is Rodrigo, who is only 165 cm tall; he's my nephew, my husband, and your cousin."

"I'm not small! You guys are the tall freaks! You know that in Asia, I would be normal, right?" Rodrigo complained.

"Yeah, yeah, we've heard that several times, dwarf," Marcelo sarcastically replied.

"..." Leona looked at the group for a long time, experiencing the phenomenon called 'culture shock.' No matter how much she looked around, everyone seemed to find what Bella had just uttered completely normal.

"What the hell?"

Leona looked at the group for a long time, experiencing the phenomenon called 'culture shock'. No matter how much she looked around, everyone seemed to find what Bella had just said completely normal.

"What the hell?"

Upon seeing the four of them amiably conversing with themselves while their tones were playful, Leona decided: "Yeah, I'm out." She scooped Natalia up in her arms like a princess and began running as if her life depended on it.

"Kyaa!!!" Natalia started screaming in surprise at Leona's sudden action.

"...Hmm, have a nice day," said the middle-aged butler as he began chasing after Leona.

"..." Bella, Rodrigo, and Marcelo just looked at this with confused expressions.

"... Huh... Did I say something wrong?"

"I don't think you said anything wrong," Rodrigo replied.

"Did she need to poop?" Marcelo asked.

"... Probably?" Bella replied, confused.

Ivan facepalmed and spoke. "You scared her, Bella."

"Eh? What do you mean, Ivan?"

"Remember, she grew up among Humans, and our relationship isn't exactly common for Humans."

"... Ah... But she's not Human; she's a Werewolf, right?"

"Tell that to our foolish brother who thought it would be a good idea to raise an Alpha Werewolf in the Human World," Ivan scoffed.

"Ugh... This is going to be complicated," Bella grumbled.

"Do we really need to get close to her?" Rodrigo asked.

"Of course, she's an Elizabeth; The Matriarch herself named her. If we want a good position in the future, being by her side is essential."

There was a reason why Elizabeth could do whatever she wanted within the mansion while everyone else could only observe her from afar.

Power and influence.

She was not only the lover of The Demon King, a man whose tyranny shook the world with his mere presence, but she was also the daughter of the Wolf Clan's General. Moreover, Leona was the woman directly named by The Matriarch of The Lykos Clan. Her unique position placed Leona on an entirely different level compared to her other relatives.

"Hmm, in that case, you should approach her alone, without us," around Ivan suggested.

"... Why?"

"Based on her notable previous reaction, if we approach her in your company, she is likely to react by avoiding any contact. Her predicted attitude would be to flee, thus avoiding any possible interaction."

"Ugh, when you speak so politely to me, I feel like you're calling me dumb," Bella grumbled

"Sorry if you feel that way; This is just the way I normally speak" Ivan neutrally replied.

"Yeah, I know," sighed Bella. "Next time, I'll approach her alone."

"Okay, just be quick; her presence here will unsettle all the other sisters. We can't be left behind."

"I know." Bella stomped her foot on the ground and disappeared from the spot with a leap.

"... So, what do you guys think of her?" Ivan asked.

"She smells like a leech," they both responded simultaneously, with disgusted expressions.

"That's not what I'm talking about." Ivan sighed.

"... She's strong... Much stronger than Bella," Marcelo answered.

"So you've noticed, huh," Ivan said.

"It must be because she's an Elizabeth," Rodrigo speculated.

"Probably... But we shouldn't ignore the man she's involved with" Ivan pointed out.

"The Demon King of Tyranny." Marcelo said.

"Yes. With his resources, it wouldn't be impossible to train a Werewolf to become much stronger than Bella in a short time," explained Ivan.

"Tsk, she's lucky. Not only was she born with The Matriarch's attention, but she also has the advantage of having a renowned father as a General, and her lover is simply the most feared and monstrous man of this era." Rodrigo grumbled.

"... You need to stop these bouts of envy; it's unhealthy." Ivan pointed out.

"Yeah, I know; you've said that several times already"

"And I will keep repeating it until it gets into your foolish head," Ivan said.

...

Stopping in front of a lush garden, where a large tree shaded the sun, Leona put Natalia down on the ground.

"Ugh... I think I'm going to throw up," Natalia grumbled.

"... What the hell did I just hear!"

A few seconds later, Big Guy arrived and looked around for enemies or strange presences.

Kaguya emerged from Leona's shadow. "You're reacting very intensely to this news, Leona. It's not like you didn't know that this kind of thing is quite common in the Supernatural World; I mean, just look at the Gods."

"I know... I know that! But I've only seen it in books; I never witnessed it in real life, and I never imagined that my own Clan would do this..."

"Hmm, that's why I told you to first learn about the Werewolf Society" Kaguya said.

Another figure emerged from the shadows, revealing itself as Eve. "I mean, considering Maya herself, Leona's grandmother, we can conclude that strength is the only thing that really matters in this society."

"For that woman to have three husbands, she must be an Alpha who subjugated the three men to herself" Eve concluded.

Like Eve, another presence emerged from the shadows, revealing itself as Roberta.

"You didn't realize it, Leona?"

"... What?"

"Those men with two or three women from the same Clan walking together"

"..." Leona's eyes widened.

"Yes, just as you thought, they are related to each other."

"That is..." Leona was speechless.

"In this place, all that matters is strength. As long as you have strength, you can have as many partners as you want, regardless of whether they are from the same Clan or not. The Law of The Jungle is what dictates Werewolf Society."

"Its for this reason that our Husband can act as he pleases in this place. After all, he is the strongest."

"... But... But... How does that work? What happens when a woman or man is forced to submit to another because they are not strong enough?"

It was Kaguya who calmly answered, "I'm not sure, but it's likely that the scenario you're imagining doesn't work here. And the reason for that is Maya herself. I simply can't see her allowing her descendants to behave like troublemakers."

"..." Leona nodded realizing that Kaguya was right. She couldn't imagine her grandmother allowing the household to become a mess.

"Some kind of order must exist in this place, an order we still don't know."

"Someone is approaching" Kaguya suddenly covered all the Maids in her shadows and dove into Leona's shadow.

Sounds of branches breaking were heard, and soon the same woman Leona had encountered appeared.

"Hey, niece..." Bella was about to say something, but Leona interrupted her. "Just call me Leona"

"... Leona then..." She approached Leona, stopping at a distance neither too far nor too close.

"I'm sorry for scaring you; I should have taken into consideration that you grew up among Humans."

"I wasn't scared" Leona huffed, "I just wanted to breathe some fresh air"

Bella smiled gently and didn't comment on anything.

"You're looking for something, right? I can help you."

Leona narrowed her eyes, "Why so interested in me? I don't believe you came all the way here just to talk to a 'new niece'."

Instead of answering, Bella just looked at Leona as if she were observing a rare creature.

"... You really have no idea how valuable you are, huh?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Hmm~" Bella just made a sound as if pondering something.

'If The Matriarch didn't say anything to her when they met earlier, it's because she's planning something... Getting in The Matriarch's way is a big no.'

"If The Matriarch didn't mention anything, it's not my place to discuss it... But, of course, you can research it yourself. I believe that learning about your own Clan will help you understand how special you are."

"..."

[Go with her; I don't feel like she's lying. Yes, she wants to get close to you, probably to use you, but she doesn't want to harm you. The sooner you learn about your situation, the better you can act] Two voices spoke simultaneously.

One voice Leona easily recognized as Medusa's,

[Of course, the decision is still yours,] Medusa concluded and fell silent.

Leona thought briefly and then said, "I don't like people trying to use me" Her eyes shimmered in neon blue.

Bella smiled seductively.

"Fufufu my dear, you have no idea how privileged you are to be able to express those words."

'To hear her speak those words so innocently, it can only mean one thing... She has been protected all her life... How envious.' Bella thought internally.

Leona didn't grow up in the cruel world of The Werewolf Society; she grew up protected in the Human World behind a strong barrier, The Fourth Strongest Werewolf of the current era. Bella did not doubt The Matriarch herself was also keeping an eye on the girl she named Elizabeth.

Bella felt a shiver down her spine and immediately looked at the middle-aged butler.

'This man... He's strong... Very strong... Is he one of the servants of The Demon King? But he doesn't exude the scent of a Vampire or a Demon; he seems more connected to Nature.'

Realizing that things were heading toward a dangerous path, Bella raised her hands in surrender.

"I don't want to fight against you, Leona. I just want to get close to you to secure the future of my position."

"... What do you mean by securing the future of your position? Speak honestly."

"Hmm... Okay, fine, Currently, within the Lykos Clan, there are two Factions silently fighting. One is led by me, and my 'genius' brother leads the other" Bella's disdain was evident when she said 'genius'.

"Your mere presence can disrupt the balance within the Clan. That's why I'm so interested in helping you."

"... Be more specific, what are you fighting for?"

"What else? For the Leadership of The Clan, of course."

"Soon, The Matriarch will reach a thousand years of Leadership within the Lykos Clan. According to the laws imposed by The Wolf King, she will have to retire and make way for the next generation"

Although Maya was extremely strong and would probably live for much longer, she still had to pass on the Leadership of The Clan when she reached a thousand years of Leadership. That was their 'culture', the 'Law' of The Werewolves. To avoid stagnation, the younger and more capable Werewolves must take over.

Currently, within the Lykos Clan, there were two individuals who could lead The Clan, and one of them was standing before Leona at this moment.

Leona realized that bringing her Clan to ally with Victor would be more difficult than she thought.

'Hah... Why can't anything be easy.' Not wanting to deal with a complicated situation, Leona's thoughts began to wander. I guess it would be much easier if Victor just fucked my grandmother; then we would have a powerful Clan and influence over The Werewolves.'

Leona believed that even if one of these young Leaders took over the Clan, Maya's influence within the Clan would not diminish significantly. Therefore, the best answer to this problem would be to take the shortest path.

'... But I doubt my grandmother would give up her husbands for Victor... She's not Natasha, a crazy obsessive Yandere.... But she could become one, right?'

Leona shook her head internally, back and forth. 'I shouldn't take shortcuts... Not yet. First, I will learn about myself and my Clan. If things get too complicated, I will take the easier path... I'll offer my father's mother to my Husband. I highly doubt she would refuse a superior male like my Husband in exchange for those useless Betas she calls husbands.'

Leona believed 100% in her playboy Husband's seduction ability. After all, he was the male version of Aphrodite. There was no Being in this world that he could not seduce.

Unbeknownst to the Husband and Wife, they were walking the same path. The only glaring difference was that Victor aimed to aid The Queen in reaching her full potential to become the sole Alpha among all, thus forming an alliance with a trade agreement.

Leona was trying to bring her Clan under Victor's influence, using her "Hot Husband" as her most powerful weapon.

"You should have said that from the beginning, Bella. Tell me where I can find the history of our Clan." Leona said.

"Of course, follow me."

...

Meanwhile, with Victor...

"Atchooo!"

A burst of wind erupted around, causing several Werewolves to fly.

"What a strong and strange sneeze," Maya commented, laughing.

"Hmm..." Victor rubbed his nose. "Is someone talking about me? It's probably one of my Wives, my enemies, or maybe some bored Goddess who has been enchanted by my beauty. Too bad for her, but I'm a married man."

Maya rolled her eyes. "Don't be narcissistic."

"It's not narcissism if it's true." Victor huffed, smiling gently and provocatively.

"Tell me, is there a man more handsome than me?"

Maya's healthy chocolate-toned skin blushed slightly on her cheeks.

"...I get it! I get your point; now stop making that face at me!"

"Hmph, good that you know," Victor replied.

"Narcissistic bastard, devilishly handsome..." Maya began muttering curses rapidly, enough to make the most seasoned rapper embarrassed.

Suddenly, a voice of an anime girl with an adorable tone was heard:

"Tuturun, Tuturun."

Victor put his hand in his pocket and took out his cell phone.

*..." Maya just raised an eyebrow at Victor.

"What's up?" he asked.

"It's nothing; I just didn't expect you to have such a cute ringtone," she replied.

"Hmm, do you want one too?" Victor pulled out another cell phone from his pocket.

"... I'll accept."

"Here, my number and the ringtone you just heard are saved. There are other ringtones too, but you'll have to find them yourself."

"Mm, thank you."

"You're welcome."

As Maya started fiddling with her new cell phone, Victor looked at the person who had sent him a message and saw that it was Violet. He read the message to himself.

"Darling, Nyx appeared. She brought Hera. Hera cut off Zeus' rotten jewels. And now we have to go to Olympus' Underworld to get some damn weed because the Goddesses are horny with fire in their pussy, wanting you to fuck them. This is all yours and Aphrodite's fault; see you later."

"What the fuck?" That was all Victor could say.

Chapter 764: Everybody Knows.

Chapter 764: Everybody Knows.

"Victor...? What happened?" Maya asked.

"It's nothing" Victor replied without immediately responding to Maya.

"Let's continue," he added.

"Hmmm... Alright," Maya agreed, narrowing her eyes suspiciously but deciding not to pry too much.

As Victor resumed walking alongside Maya, he pondered Violet's words.

'Okay... Nyx appeared, probably wanting to speak with Aphrodite or Hestia. Knowing those two, the Goddesses must have informed Violet about what happened and probably convinced her to come as well; Victor began piecing together the puzzle Violet's message presented.

A puzzle that he could easily solve, given his intimate knowledge of each of the girls, as if they were the palm of his hand.

'Nyx met with all the girls and brought Hera to negotiate or discuss something. In that negotiation /conversation, Hera must have asked for asylum from Hestia since she is now useless due to the situation on Mount Olympus... The girls may be kind, but they wouldn't help someone without gaining anything in return. So, what did Violet mean by Hera mean "cutting" Zeus's rotten jewels?'

The thought of Hera castrating Zeus crossed Victor's mind, but it was so ridiculous that he didn't even consider it for two seconds.

'The second part of Violet's message was quite obvious. The Goddesses must have been affected by Aphrodite's Divinity and needed to calm down somehow, Due to a God's physiology, few things could affect them, and most of what could were Divine in nature. Therefore, it was reasonable to think they would go to the Greek Underworld to obtain something to help the Goddesses.

Victor had a rough understanding of the first part of the message, while he fully understood the second part, After deciphering Violet's puzzle, Victor picked up his phone again and typed:

"Okay, let me know if you need anything, and don't take unnecessary risks, I'll make my Demons available to you"

As soon as he sent the message, Violet replied a few seconds later.

"It's alright; you don't need to do that. The more experienced women, like Nyx, Aphrodite, Scathach, and Morgana, will go to the Greek Underworld. Jeanne, Hestia, the other Goddesses, and Zaladrac will stay to protect everyone in case something goes wrong. So, we won't take unnecessary risks."

Victor narrowed his eyes slightly at the mention of Nyx. He didn't trust the Primordial Goddess at all.

"Okay, take care," he replied.

"Mm, leave it to me," Violet responded.

Victor smiled slightly when he saw the emoji of a white bear confidently beating its chest.

Seeing that Violet was offline, Victor's eyes narrowed, and Draconic Power surged through his body. At that exact moment, he cast a Spell of Silence and Concealment, just as he had done with Anna in the past, so that no one but him and Maya could see what was happening.

Maya shuddered slightly as her instincts began acting wildly, and she quickly looked back, fixing her eyes on Victor's state. The area around his neck and his eyes underwent a haunting transformation, acquiring a dark violet shade reminiscent of scales.

'Is he talking to his Dragon?' Maya thought.

Due to the the significant distance separating him from Zaladrac, Victor greatly amplified his Energy capacity to establish communication with her.

[Zaladrac.]

[Victor?]

[Keep an eye on Nyx, I don't trust her.]

[Yes neither do.]

Victor internally nodded, satisfied to see that Zaladrac shared his opinion.

[Show me exactly what happened in that meeting.]

Zaladrac emitted a grunt of agreement, and Victor immediately began experiencing the girl's encounter with Nyx from Zaladrac's perspective. Thanks to the intimate connection

between the Knight and the Dragon, they could share memories when necessary, a Technique that was only possible when their bond was deeply established.

After watching the entire meeting, Victor was speechless at Hera's attitude.

'What did Nyx do to that woman?' he questioned himself.

Even while seeing the memories through Zaladrac, he could easily read Nyx's emotional state through her body language. How did he accomplish that? Simply because when Hera appeared with Zeus's jewels in her hands, Nyx completely lost control of her emotions for a moment, and Victor could read her like an open book.

[Thank you, Zaladrac. As usual, protect them from any danger,] he conveyed.

[Mm, leave it to me.] Despite the Dragon's lazy response, Victor knew she would do her job correctly.

Victor's face began to return to normal, indicating that he had stopped using his Energy. Then, he made a hand gesture, and in the middle of the Werewolf City, a red portal opened, revealing the image of Helena Gremory.

"Your Majesty?" Helena said, looking at Victor, slightly shocked as the portal appeared suddenly.

"What happened?" Normally, when he wants something, he notifies me through the communicator; she thought distractedly, bowing slightly as a sign of respect.

"My Wives are going to the Greek Underworld. You know what to do." Victor spoke in the Demonic Language.

Helena was once again shocked by what she had just heard. It had been a while since Victor had used the Demonic Language to speak to her. Due to this, her brain began processing the information more quickly, allowing her to understand the situation in which the King found himself. After all, there was only one reason for him to speak in the Demonic Language with her: someone was near him, someone he didn't want to overhear their conversation.

"I will send my Legions of Dark Demons," replied Helena in the Demonic Language, with a serious expression.

"Protect them from afar... They are not weak, but there is an unknown factor in the group that I don't trust. Keep an eye on her as well. The Goddess will probably notice the Legions of Demon but she won't interfere. She will know they are my Demons and won't do anything."

"If I may ask, which Goddess is Your Majesty referring to?"

"The Primordial Goddess of The Night, Nyx."

Helena was momentarily surprised by what she had just heard but quickly absorbed the received information and began taking measures against the mentioned Goddess.

"Permission to use The Key to The Underworld and The Miasma Battery."

"Granted. Use them wisely and avoid opening a wide portal to the Greek Underworld. Otherwise, the Ruler might notice our presence. We will be entering the territory of an unknown Underworld, and if the Ruler discovers us, an imminent war may break out..." Victor smiled subtly. "Of course, that doesn't bother me in the slightest. Just focus on protecting the girls. As for a possible war, let me handle it when the time comes."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Good, I will go now..." Before Victor could close the portal, he heard Helena's voice.

"Your Majesty..."

"Hmm?"

"When will you return to Hell?" Despite trying to maintain a neutral expression, Helena's anxiety was clearly visible in her eyes, mixed with a touch of apprehension.

Victor smiled gently. "Soon, my General."

"Just don't forget about us now that you have your Wives back," Helena said before suddenly opening her eyes wide when she realized what she had said.

"I'm sorry, I..." Before she could apologize, Helena heard Victor's voice, neutral and gentle simultaneously, interrupting her.

"Hell is mine, Helena"

"....."

"And I am extremely possessive of what is mine... So, I will never abandon anyone, especially my Generals who have supported me from the beginning and the commanders who joined along the way." Victor proclaimed with determination and a touch of emotional intensity. His words carried a sense of unwavering commitment and fervent devotion to those who stood by his side from the start.

Such intense devotion caused Helena's cheeks to blush slightly, and her eyes shimmered with intense emotions. Her face clearly reflected a mixture of surprise, gratitude, and a touch of enchantment in response to Victor's words. That expression clearly conveyed the depth of emotional impact his words had on her.

"Mm... Thank you, Your Majesty" Helena replied with gratitude.

"Back to work, Helena." Victor said.

"Yes!"

As the portal closed, Helena's expression transformed, and a broad smile appeared on her face.

"Yooshaaaa!" she exclaimed in a burst of pure happiness, a frightening mix of euphoria and devotion. A powerful surge emanated from her body, causing papers on the desk to fly around, while the sheets danced frantically around her, Helena remained indifferent to them, completely absorbed in her own elation. Her focus was solely on her overwhelming joy, completely ignoring the chaos she was causing.

Helena began to spin like a ballerina, her graceful and fluid movements revealing a disturbing aura. The predatory smile never left her face, giving her an almost hypnotic appearance. Her eyes gleamed with obsession and possessiveness, conveying a clear sense that she would do anything to protect and claim what she considered hers. The air around her felt charged with intense and unsettling energy, creating an atmosphere that both fascinated and sent shivers down the spine of those who observed her.

"Hehehehe~, he said them! He said them! Those sweet words!" Helena laughed maniacally, her eyes shining with twisted and sick joy. Each laugh was infused with a disconcerting mixture of ecstasy and obsession. It was as if Victor's words had triggered a deep sadistic pleasure within her, fueling her fixation and intensifying her unhealthy devotion. Her laughter echoed through the room, filling it with a sinister and unsettling atmosphere while her mind delved deeper into the disturbing depths of obsessive love.

"Lady Helena..." Aline, who had just entered the room, said, interrupting her movements and looking at Helena with a neutral expression.

"Uhhh... She's doing it again," sighed Aline resignedly, her expression revealing familiarity with the unfolding scene. It was not something new to her but rather common knowledge among the High Society of Demons. The devotion of the Generals, Commanders, and all the women of command toward Victor was an undeniable truth. This obsessive and passionate adoration was a trademark of those who orbited around him. For those immersed in this society, it was a reality that, although strange and somewhat disturbing, was part of their daily lives.

Even Aline was not exempt from this context of insanity that permeated the High Society of Demons.

"I wonder what she heard from our King to make her so happy..." murmured Aline to herself, with a tinge of curiosity mixed with a touch of envy in her words. She couldn't help but feel a hint of jealousy toward Helena, who regularly received such warm and

gratifying words from the King. For a moment, Aline wished she were in her place, wished she had awakened the same intense devotion and been graced with the same special treatment, However, her conflicting emotions reminded her of her position, fueling her internal bitterness.

Even though she was the Ruler and the Leader of Technological Development in Hell, she wasn't that important. She wasn't important enough to receive direct attention from the King...

Yes... Aline often underestimated her own worth.

"Hmm? Ara, Aline. You were here?" Helena asked.

"... Yes... I was."

"Hmm~, forgive me for making you witness such an embarrassing display" Helena said, acting as if nothing had happened.

With a delicate hand gesture, all the papers that were chaotically flying around returned to the desk, organizing themselves into a neat stack. Helena then sat down gracefully and firmly, fixing her penetrating gaze on Aline as if scrutinizing every detail of her expression.

"And so, what do you want?" she asked softly but with a subtle tone of challenge. There were nuances of superiority and a hint of arrogance in her words, as if she knew something that Aline didn't.

Helena's presumptuous expression caused veins of irritation to pulsate on Aline's head.

'Damn her, acting superior just because she received praise from the King,' thought Aline, feeling a mix of anger and resentment rise within her.

She struggled to control her reaction but internally scoffed disdainfully at Helena's attitude. It was as if the other woman was strutting around, reveling in that moment of recognition, and it only heightened Aline's discomfort and frustration.

"The 'Corruption' Project has been completely deciphered. Now we can understand what Asmodeus did to make an Angel of Michael and Gabriel's level fall so easily.

"Ohh... That's great news! As expected from you and your team, Aline, you're geniuses!"

"You flatter me. Being a genius is too much credit for someone like me. You should save such praise for a real genius," Aline replied curtly.

"..." At that moment, Helena thought she should ask the King to spend more time with their Ruler. Everyone knew about the small inferiority complex that sometimes appeared in Aline. Despite being such a brilliant and important woman for the new Hell, she sometimes forgot that because she wasn't 'praised' by the King.

"I will inform the King about your discovery. I believe he will be so happy that he will come to Hell personally to see you."

Aline's eyes shimmered with excitement for a few seconds. "Do you think he will come just for me...?"

"Of course. After all, in his own words.." Helena took out an Orb from her pocket, and the orb began to glow. Soon, a floating screen appeared before Aline, showing Victor's face.

"Hell is mine, Helena"

"And I am extremely possessive of what is mine... So, I will never abandon anyone, especially my Generals who have supported me from the beginning and the Commanders who joined along the way."

Emotions flickered on Aline's stoic face, and she demanded, "Give me a copy of that."

"Sorry, it's a personal recording of mine," Helena smiled.

"Tsk." Aline clicked her tongue in annoyance. "How much do you want for a copy?"

"It's not for sale."

"Come on, Helena! You can't keep all the good stuff to yourself!"

"Yes, I can. That's my privilege as a General."

"Petty!"

"Yes, I am."

"Demon!"

"Yes, I am!"

Aline huffed as she realized Helena wouldn't give up the recording, leaving the room with heavy steps. Soon, the sound of the door closing was heard.

"Haaah~," Helena sighed contentedly. She didn't care at all about what Aline did. The smile on her face grew even wider, "It's so good to have my position."

She was at the height of her life now.

"So, you're just going to tell me that nothing happened?" Maya asked, curious.

"It's confidential, Maya, Haven't you heard that curiosity killed the cat?" Victor smiled teasingly.

"Hmm~, luckily, I'm a Wolf, so I'm fine, Now tell me what you were talking about. You even created a portal to Hell in the middle of the City!" Maya insisted.

Victor smiled slightly at Maya's anxious expression, only to disappoint her by saying, "It's a secret."

"Oh, come on, Victor! You can't do this to me!" Maya exclaimed, frustrated.

"Yes, I can," Victor calmly replied.

The two continued playfully as they explored various points of interest that Maya found fascinating enough to show. They passed by a fascinating array of shops, each with its own unique atmosphere.

One of the shops they visited specialized in Medieval Weapons. Upon entering, Victor was immediately engulfed by the distinct smell of leather and steel. The walls were adorned with ornate shields and magnificently crafted swords, each telling its own story of times past. Victor felt tempted to pick up a sword in his hands, appreciating the weight and perfect balance of the weapon.

Another shop that caught their attention was an Exotic Curiosities Boutique. The environment was filled with intriguing items, from exotic jewelry to Mystical Artifacts from distant lands. Each shelf showcased unique treasures, such as enchanted amulets, bottles of mysterious potions, and hand-carved statues of Ancient Deities. Victor felt as if he had entered a world of unknown wonders, captivated by the aura of Mystery and Magic.

There was also an antique shop with carefully arranged vintage furniture and objects. Victor and Maya marveled at the elegance and charm of the antique pieces, such as pocket watches, crystal chandeliers, gilded mirrors, and intricately carved furniture. Each item seemed to hold a unique story, a whisper from the past, inviting them to imagine the lives and events they had witnessed.

Victor and Maya were transported to different worlds with each new establishment as they continued their journey through the shops. They were immersed in the distinct atmospheres and enchanted by the wonders they found around every corner.

For Maya, everything felt nostalgic, but for Victor, everything seemed new. After all, he had only seen these things through the memories of others; he had never experienced them personally.

Maya noticed that no one around paid attention to them as they walked. Only when they initiated a conversation did the Werewolves seem to notice their existence. It was as if they were there, yet not simultaneously.

The same had happened earlier when Victor opened a portal to Hell in the middle of the City; no one seemed to have noticed the imminent danger.

Maya attributed this strangeness to Victor himself and his vast arsenal of mysterious Powers. The feeling of walking through the City without anyone pointing fingers at her or whispering things about her was quite enjoyable. She never thought she would miss this privacy that she had long lost due to being someone very famous.

Throughout the journey, Maya never felt a single hint of boredom. Victor's genuine reactions to each new discovery were like music to her ears and a joy to her eyes. Observing the emotions that passed through him up close became a personal pleasure for Maya, a source of renewed enthusiasm.

She dragged him from store to store, eager to share every place she found interesting with him. Her eyes sparkled with anticipation as she awaited his reaction, as if his happiness was directly proportional to her own satisfaction. Maya was determined to create unique and special memories, and each new discovery became an opportunity to strengthen their connection and share her passion for the fascinating details of the world around them.

As they walked through the aisles and admired the shop windows, Maya observed every expression of surprise, wonder, and enchantment that adorned Victor's face. With each genuine smile that lit up his face, she felt an inner joy that overflowed. It was as if his contagious happiness nourished her own spirit.

Their complicity grew with each new stop. Maya felt connected to Victor in a special way, as if the journey through these shops revealed more than just curiosities. It was an opportunity to get to know each other more deeply and to share their tastes, fascinations, and unique experiences.

As the two continued exploring together, it was evident that it was not just a visit to the shops but a shared experience of pleasure, discovery, and companionship. Each place they visited was an additional page in the book of shared memories, a treasure they would both cherish in their hearts forever.

It was worth noting that Maya had never experienced such intense feelings before. Despite her age, which by Werewolf standards put her among the more experienced,

she felt like a teenager again — every moment shared with Victor evoked vivid emotions that seemed to overflow within her.

As they visited the shops, Maya felt her heart flutter with a mixture of excitement and nervousness. It was as if every laugh, every exchanged glance, and every gesture of affection filled her being with rejuvenating energy. Joy pulsed through her veins, warming her heart and illuminating her smile.

The feelings that emerged within her were overwhelming, like an emotional storm stirring the deepest layers of her essence. Each moment shared with Victor was a breath of fresh air in her life, a chance to experience a passion and connection so deep that she didn't even know they were possible.

The sensation of being a teenager again was like a roller coaster of unrestrained emotions. Maya found herself laughing with contagious euphoria, feeling her cheeks blush in response to every compliment or gesture of affection from Victor. She felt a new lightness in her Soul as if the weight of the years had been temporarily suspended.

She wondered if this whirlwind of emotions was a manifestation of the primal instincts that propelled her or if it was her own burning interest, an interest so intense and pure that it caused her to act like a love-struck, teenager. It was as if something within her was awakening, revealing a side of herself that had long been dormant.

Every moment she shared with Victor brought forth a vibrant energy, an inner flame that illuminated her being and compelled her to fully embrace this new and overwhelming experience. Maya felt intrigued by the intensity of her own emotions, questioning whether it was just a fleeting fire or something much deeper and more significant. This doubt only fueled her desire to explore and fully surrender to this emotional awakening.

But of course, this outing, which somehow turned into a rendezvous between the two, had to come to an end at some point, but not even in her wildest moments did she think it would end because of 'them'.

Recognizing the familiar voices, Maya turned her gaze to the street, and her eyes met the two of her husbands. In an instant, the explosion of emotions surrounding her seemed to diminish drastically, as if a cold shower had been poured over all her excitement.

Her heart, which had been racing before, now seemed to freeze. A mixture of conflicting emotions hit her, transforming the joy and youth that had filled her being into a blend of anxiety and sadness. She tried to disguise her true feelings, but hiding the change in her expression was impossible.

The sight of her husbands brought a wave of reality and responsibilities, a painful reminder that she already had established obligations. A sense of internal conflict quickly replaced the youthful excitement. Maya found herself at an emotional

crossroads, torn between her emerging passion with Victor and her commitment to her other relationships.

"What was I doing? Why did I let myself get carried away like this again?" Normally, such an action from her wouldn't be a problem; the man she was interested in would simply enter her harem, and no issues would arise. But such a reality was impossible for someone like Victor.

He wasn't weak; he wasn't a Beta, He was a True Alpha... An alpha that she could never make submit.

"Hmm?" Victor, who was carrying a variety of interesting items he had decided to buy, turned his gaze to the group upon sensing their presence. His face was adorned with a pair of sunglasses, giving him a mysterious air.

Additionally, he wore a crown that the merchant claimed belonged to an Ancient King, giving him a majestic appearance.

In Victor's hands was an intriguing briefcase, similar to the one a certain wizard used to store his magical creatures. It was a unique piece adorned with intricate designs and ornate clasps.

Wrapped in the aura of his acquisitions, Victor remained an enigmatic figure, emanating a magnetic energy that drew curious glances. The ensemble of accessories - the sunglasses, the majestic crown, and the mysterious briefcase - added a touch of fascination and charm to his persona, It was as if he was imbued with an aura of adventure and discovery, ready to dive into new experiences and exciting challenges.

Victor casually lowered his sunglasses, revealing his violet Draconic Eyes that emitted an intimidating glow. His gaze swept over the two men before him as if assessing them with a penetrating intensity.

When Victor's Draconic Eyes met the men's gazes, they visibly flinched, expressions of fear etched on their faces. They felt the powerful presence of the Dragon Knight enveloping them as if they were facing a being of immense strength and authority.

'Weak.'

Victor's silent evaluation found nothing that impressed or piqued his interest. He let out an internal sigh, considering them weak and uninteresting. It was as if he had expected more from those who shared a bond with Maya, but the men's lack of courage only reinforced his indifference.

Victor's stoic expression revealed no signs of surprise or complacency. His violet Draconic Eyes were then hidden behind the sunglasses once more, concealing his true emotions.

As the men felt the weight of Victor's disinterest, a tense silence hung in the air.

"Hmm... It seems our outing has come to an end, Maya" Victor refrained from expressing his true thoughts about the men; he expected something more for those whom Maya had chosen.

The men in front of him were not weak, far from it, they were strong, but by Victor's standards, they were simply... inadequate.

"No, I haven't shown you all the places I want to share." Maya replied in a neutral tone but with a slight disdain reflected on her face.

She was aware that her husbands stood no chance against Victor's imposing presence. However, as a woman, there was a small inner desire to see them try to 'defend her'. It was a kind of perverse curiosity that arose, fueled by the knowledge that Victor's strength and Power far exceeded theirs.

'A mere glance from him and they already shrink in fear.' Maya felt disappointed internally. She expected more from those she had chosen in the past, men who represented a special bond in her life. However, the confrontation with Victor's dominant presence revealed a shocking disparity. Confusion filled her thoughts. Why had she chosen these men? It was a question that echoed in her mind, laden with frustration and uncertainty. Maya felt torn between the loyalty she felt for them and the growing realization that her standards were unconsciously shifting toward something akin to Victor.

It was difficult for other men to match Victor's presence and magnetic aura, Maya found herself challenged by this internal dilemma, fighting against the desire to compare her husbands to the Dragon Knight. She recognized that it was unfair to judge them in this way; after all, she had chosen them in the past. However, the inevitable comparisons and the emotions that sprouted within her were hard to ignore.

Maya's feelings intertwined, creating a complex tangle of disappointment, doubt, and questioning. She yearned for a balance between the love she felt for her husbands and the irresistible attraction that Victor exerted over her. It was an internal battle in which Maya struggled to find the right answer while her own expectations unconsciously shaped themselves around Victor's magnetic presence.

"Oh?" Victor looked at Maya curiously. He thought she would let him go alone after encountering her husbands, but it seemed he was wrong.

"Hmm... Well then, if it's not a bother, accompany me on my walk." He was glad his guide had stayed. He knew little about this city and asking for directions seemed bothersome.

"Of course" She smiled and took hold of Victor's hand, pulling him towards her husbands.

The men shrunk back upon seeing Maya's authoritative gaze and quickly let her pass.

Maya's eyes glowed with an intense cerulean blue as she approached them, making the men shrink even more.

"Go home."

"..." They could only obediently nod their heads in response to their Alpha's command.

Victor's eyes sparkled with amusement; he felt like he was participating in a Korean drama, which was quite entertaining and a completely new experience.

'Hmm, let's try not to think too much about it.' Victor was still a gentleman, and despite understanding what was going through Maya's mind, he had no intention of doing anything. After all, he didn't share with anyone, and he didn't ruin other people's marriages either.

... If his presence was confusing Maya, that was not his problem. He was who he was, and people had to deal with his presence. He would not restrict himself for the sake of others.

As they moved away from her husbands, Maya suddenly stopped and looked around, searching for something. '... I no longer sense anyone from my Clan here.'

"So, where do we go now?" Victor asked curiously.

Maya's serious and annoyed expression vanished, replaced by a playful smile.

"Recently, an Egyptian spice shop opened here. Let's take a look."

"Hmm, Egyptian, huh? Are they Tasha's Betas?"

"Yes. Tasha's Betas manage practically all the shops with Egyptian goods."

"I see... Well then, shall we?" Victor asked.

"Of course."

...

As Victor and Maya walked towards the Egyptian spice shop, Maya's husbands watched the scene with mixed feelings. One of them, Jonas, felt insecure and uneasy about Victor's imposing presence beside his wife. 'How can I compete with someone

like him? He's so strong, so confident... I feel insignificant next to him,' Jonas thought, with a knot of worry in his chest.

On the other hand, Mark, Maya's other husband, felt, powerless and frustrated. 'Why did she choose someone so different from us? Why did it have to be a Vampire? Didn't she hate them? I can't understand. I'm not as strong as him; I don't have the same charm or presence. Will I ever be enough for her?' Mark questioned himself, feeling a pang of sadness in his heart.

As they watched the couple walk away, Jonas and Mark's feelings intertwined in a tangle of insecurity, jealousy, and self-doubt about their own worth. Both wondered if they would be able to satisfy Maya in the same way that Victor seemed to.

However, despite these doubts and uncertainties, Maya's husbands also felt a deep love for her. They were willing to fight against their own insecurities and face the challenge of gaining their beloved wife's trust and affection.

As Victor and Maya continued their walk, the husbands exchanged worried glances, silently sharing their feelings of vulnerability and determination. They knew the journey wouldn't be easy, but they were determined to face any obstacle to strengthen their bond with Maya.

"Let's give it our best shot," whispered Jonas, with a mix of hope and determination. Mark nodded with a determined look in his eyes. They knew they had a long way to go, this new interest of Maya's seemed to be unlike anything they had seen before, but they were willing to face all challenges to win Maya's heart and prove themselves worthy of her love.

"Yes." Mark spoke.

With these thoughts in mind, Maya's husbands moved forward, determined to confront their own fears and insecurities to build a strong and lasting relationship with the woman they loved.

The thought of fighting for Maya? That never even crossed their minds; with just one look at Victor, they could tell they never stood a chance against him.

If Victor were to hear what they were saying, he would burst into laughter because this situation really seemed like a Korean drama, and then he would respond to both of them.

"Bruh, chill. I'm not a homewrecker"

Chapter 766: He is dangerous.

Chapter 766: He is dangerous.

"I understand....So this is what he meant by curse..." Tasha growled, her words laden with burning anger. As she finished reading the Tome that Victor had given her, her body began to tremble violently. Her fists were clenched so tightly that her nails pierced the palms of her hands, making her blood drip. Tasha's eyes sparkled with uncontrollable fury, her gaze overflowing with pure hatred.

"Demons... and their damn cheap tricks!" she snarled, her voice dripping with venomous disdain. Every word that escaped her lips carried the accumulated anger of a lifetime of injustices. The betrayal she had just discovered ignited her being, inciting a whirlwind of enraged emotions that threatened to consume her completely.

Tasha threw the Tome to the ground with unbridled fury, causing it to explode into pieces of torn paper. Each fragment was a symbol of the deceit by which she had been duped, further fueling her unbridled rage. The veins in her neck throbbed with an almost palpable intensity, echoing the frenetic rhythm of her anger.

She took a deep breath, filling her lungs with hot, steaming air, as her breath turned into a fierce roar. Her body was on the verge of eruption, a storm of fury about to be unleashed upon anything in its path.

But that storm of fury didn't come when she realized what she had done; her expression shifted from uncontrollable fury to immense concern.

"Ah... What did I do?" Tasha screamed in panic, her voice echoing through her personal quarters. Panic began to seize her, her hands trembling uncontrollably. In her justified anger, she had completely forgotten that what she had was not a simple object but an item given by a King from another Realm, who specifically warned of its importance.

The gravity of the situation hit Tasha like a dagger to the heart. Her body, which had previously been consumed by anger, now filled itself with a new emotion: fear. She realized that by destroying the Tome, she had defied the will of a powerful Monarch, slighting him in the process and putting herself on a collision course with unpredictable consequences.

Tasha began to pace back and forth in a frenzy of anxiety. Several disastrous scenarios started to unfold in her mind, each one more frightening than the previous. She wondered what she should do when she encountered Victor again and how she would face the consequences of her impulsive act.

Tasha looked at the destroyed Tome on the floor, her face marked by anguish and despair. For a brief moment, a dark idea flickered in her mind. "Hmm, can I blame someone else" she pondered, a spark of malice dancing in her eyes. The temptation to shift the responsibility onto someone else was tempting, a way to escape the consequences of her actions.

However, the harsh reality was brutally thrown in her face before she could carry out her Machiavellian idea. Victor's words echoed in her ears like a sucker punch. "Only you can touch this Tome." The memory of his words resonated in her mind, shattering any illusion of impunity that Tasha may have harbored.

"Damn it, what do I do?!" Tasha exclaimed in despair, her voice laden with anguish and uncertainty. She felt lost, unsure of which path to take in the face of this chaotic scenario.

As the question echoed in the air, something extraordinary began to unfold. An inexplicable phenomenon unfolded before Tasha's bewildered eyes. The destroyed Tome, lying on the ground in pieces, began to emit a bright glow as if a mysterious force were acting upon it.

And then, as if rewinding Time, the damage inflicted upon the Tome started to undo itself before Tasha's astonished eyes. Each fragment seamlessly rejoined, the torn pages reassembled, and the Tome rebuilt itself before her as if nothing had happened. Even in her confused state, Tasha noticed several small Runes glowing in red along the edge of the Tome. They seemed to pulsate with a mysterious Energy, filling the air with an intense aura. However, before she could fully comprehend their significance, the Runes suddenly vanished as if they had never existed.

Tasha stood in astonishment, her lips slightly agape with awe and confusion. The fleeting glow of the Runes left an indelible impression in her mind, awakening a sense of perplexity. Why were those Runes there? Why did they disappear so quickly? After all, the Tome seemed to hold much deeper secrets than she had initially realized.

A wave of self-awareness washed over Tasha as she reflected on her previous actions. She felt foolish and somewhat embarrassed for panicking so easily.

"Haah... I swear that man will give me a heart attack one of these days." She sighed.

As she approached to pick up the Tome from the ground, it began to glow, and in the next moment, it vanished from existence.

"...Huh?" Tasha was utterly bewildered by what she had just witnessed, but, just like before, memories of Victor's words resonated in her mind.

"As soon as you finish reading the Tome, it will return to me. Don't worry; its contents will be imprinted in your memories."

Proving Victor's words right, when Tasha tried to think about the Tome's contents, she could remember the entire text perfectly.

"Your Majesty" The abrupt words echoed in Tasha's ears, pulling her out of her reverie. She blinked lightly as if awakening from a trance, and her expression became

undisturbed and neutral. Tasha fully resumed her Queenly mask, revealing the unwavering control she displayed to the world.

The change in her countenance was noticeable. Her eyes, previously lost in tumultuous thoughts, now became sharp and penetrating. Every trace of hesitation disappeared, replaced by unwavering determination. Tasha rose gracefully and dignifiedly, imbued with a majestic aura that commanded respect and deference.

"What?" Tasha spoke as she sauntered towards her chair, her elegant posture reflecting the confidence she emanated. With natural grace, she sat down and crossed her legs in a seductive manner, a gesture that revealed a carefully calculated air of provocation.

Resting her face on her right hand, Tasha cast a penetrating and enigmatic gaze, her eyes shining with an intriguing mixture of power and sensuality. An aura of magnetism surrounded her, capturing the attention of everyone around her.

Even her own Betas were not immune to this sensuality, and although they had seen it many times in the past, they knew their place well and never looked for too long at their Alpha.

Despite being in all her majestic grace, Tasha did not expect the next words from her Beta.

"The Matriarch of The Lykos Clan is acting as a guide to The Demon King. Reports from several witnesses confirmed a small conflict between the Matriarch's consorts and the Demon King himself... The Matriarch and The Demon King seemed to be very close to each other."

Tasha blinked twice, processing the information provided by her subordinate. Her eyes grew colder, revealing the growing determination and intensity of her emotions. She clearly understood what was at stake.

"Did you record the entire situation?" she asked firmly.

"I couldn't record everything, Alucard is extremely skilled at hiding, but I managed to capture some parts of the trip," replied the subordinate.

"Send it to me." ordered Tasha, touching one of her bracelets. A holographic screen appeared before her, showing exactly what her subordinates had recorded.

As Tasha watched the "encounter" between Maya and Victor, her eyes grew colder and colder. To her, it was clear that Victor was interpreting the whole situation as a mere casual outing. The real problem lay with The Matriarch of The Lykos Clan, who seemed to be enjoying the excursion much more than would be appropriate.

'Shouldn't she be his guide? What is she doing?' An unknown irritation began infiltrating Tasha's heart, spreading throughout her being. She felt as if a stranger had laid their grubby hands on something of her interest.

"Call Alucard! Inform him that I will fulfill my part of the agreement." Tasha was surprised by the tone of her own voice. She never imagined she would develop such possessiveness towards The Demon King.

"Yes!" Even her subordinate seemed surprised by Tasha's tone, but he didn't question the Queen and proceeded to fulfill her orders.

Meanwhile, Tasha's mind was immersed in chaos. 'Is it because of those late-night visits? Is it because I felt that he could understand me? That he could value me? ...No, it's a mixture of all of it...'

Her eyes gleamed with an unknown fear. 'This is dangerous... Alucard is extremely dangerous. He needs to leave this realm as soon as possible, or I fear he might lead me to commit an irreversible act.'

Even without doing anything, the Demon King exerted a subconscious magnetic attraction on everyone around him. Women would inevitably compare their husbands to him just as Tasha had started to do. Men would feel inferior and irritated by his presence. The longer he stayed in this country, the greater the likelihood of him passively shaping it in his own image.

And that was something Tasha could not accept.

"Alucard needs to leave." Despite speaking with evident resolution on her face, she felt an internal conflict.

'If he leaves, will I never have those enjoyable conversations again?' Tasha thought with a melancholic expression on her face.

Upon realizing what was going through her mind, Tasha widened her eyes and shook her head quickly, trying to ward off those thoughts.

"Why are you acting like a little girl, Tasha? I don't need someone who understands me; I only need myself and my family... Yes, that's all I need" She spoke with determination, even though she knew she was deceiving herself.

...

"Hmm?" Victor looked up curiously as a Tome suddenly appeared before him.

"Is that the Tome you gave to Tasha?" Maya asked, showing interest.

"Yes" Victor nodded.

"It seems she has already finished reading it." Victor picked up the Tome and put it in his bag.

Maya looked at the bag with interest. "I really want one of those for myself; it's very convenient."

"You can get one in Nightingale. I can recommend a store for you when you go there."

"Hmm~" Maya's eyes sparkled with amusement. "Seems like you're certain I'll go to Nightingale at some point."

"Of course, you will. After all, Leona is living in Nightingale with me and seems to be of great importance to your Clan~."

A slight tremor ran through Maya's smile. "You really do know everything, don't you, Alucard?"

Victor laughed like a mischievous cat. "I don't know everything, I only know what I know."

Maya narrowed her eyes. "... I feel like I'm missing something in that last sentence."

"I can help you understand the reference if I take you there." Victor pointed to a store.

Maya looked at the store Victor pointed to and saw a very large store filled with drawn characters and various displayed books.

"That is..." Maya looked at the sign that said the store's name: "Buying and selling Anime and Manga... Hmm, I remember one of my grandchildren and great-grandchildren talking about this in the past, but I never felt like reading it."

"Mm." Victor nodded.

"It seems like the culture is quite rich among the Werewolves" Victor laughed in amusement; the girls would love this place.

Victor entered the store accompanied by Maya, but even if two eye-catching people like them entered the place, no one ever noticed them entering.

"Now that I think about it, this ability is perfect for stealing."

Victor scoffed, "I don't steal. I have enough money to buy the entire planet Earth... five times over. Why would I have to steal?"

The amount of precious items and gold he had in the Demon Realm was uncountable; he could spend hundreds of eras frivolously and probably never run out.

Searching among the displayed mangas, Victor picked up a manga with a boy with red hair on the cover; then, he grabbed all the available volumes of that manga and walked to the counter.

"I want this."

"Yes, please..." The attendant looked in shock at Victor.

Victor sighed lightly; he really was so handsome that this always happened.

"Hello? Can you do your job?"

".. Eh? Huh... Ah, Yes! I can!" As if the attendant's drowsiness had disappeared completely, she started working at high speed.

"It's only 50 dollars."

"So cheap? Wasn't it supposed to be 100 dollars or something?"

"I'm giving you a discount, sir!"

"Oh... Thank you" Victor could understand a bit now how Lilith felt when she received discounts just because of her appearance.

"Mm... So, um... Could I take a picture with you?"

"..." Victor looked at the expressionless face of the girl.

"Just don't use it for illicit purposes"

Her face turned slightly red, "I wouldn't do that... Probably" She mumbled at the end with even more embarrassment.

Pretending not to hear the last part, he said, "Okay, I'll take a picture with you."

Chapter 767: 'Good Boy'

Chapter 767: 'Good Boy'

Her face turned slightly red. "I wouldn't do that!... Probably," she murmured at the end, even more embarrassed.

Pretending not to hear the last part, he said, "Okay, I will take a picture with you."

The woman quickly grabbed her phone and took a selfie with Victor. As they separated, Victor whispered something in her ear for her ears only.

"If you want more, you can find them here," Victor sneakily handed her a card.

He wasn't specific about what he meant by 'more,' leaving it to the imagination of the Wolf girl to figure it out.

The woman blushed even more with Victor's sudden approach and simply nodded humbly.

As Victor stepped back and suddenly disappeared from her sight, she looked at her hands. "Religion of The Blood God?... Suddenly, her face turned completely pale.

"Alucard! Oh my god, Alucard was in my shop!" Despite being scared, she was also very curious. She looked at the photo on her phone, and a gleam of interest appeared in her eyes.

"Will contact them!"

Meanwhile, Victor returned to Maya. "Here, read this," he said, handing her a book.

"Baki?" Maya read the title of the book.

"Mm, I bet you'll like it. Just give it a try. If you don't like it, you can throw it away." Victor said as he put the other volumes in his bag.

"You read the panels from right to left."

"Okay," Maya replied as she opened volume 1 and started reading. A few minutes later, she was completely absorbed in her reading. Victor even had to hold her arm as they walked through the city to prevent her from getting lost. Looking at Maya, engrossed in her reading, he couldn't help but inwardly laugh. She resembled Leona now when she completely lost herself in something she enjoyed.

"Hmm?" Victor looked up and noticed Tasha's assassins searching frantically, looking in different directions. He raised an eyebrow and heightened his senses to listen to what they were saying.

"Ugh, I can't find him! Where is Alucard?"

"Stop shouting. It's no use getting agitated. You both know very well that he's a master at stealth."

"But we have duties to fulfill. The Queen wants to see him!"

"I know... And stop shouting!"

"I'm not shouting!"

"Yes, you are!"

"Actually, you're both shouting."

"We're not!" They both said at the same time.

The two assassins looked at the person who spoke and saw a tall man holding the arm of The Matriarch of The Lykos Clan.

"Alucard!" The two jumped back.

"Yo, I heard you had something to tell me," Victor smiled mischievously.

"..." The two assassins exchanged a glance, silently agreeing on something. They shared the same determination never to allow anyone to catch them off guard again. If the Queen learned about this, they would face severe discipline, something they wanted to avoid.

The two assassins looked at Alucard and immediately began relaying the Queen's orders.

...

While Victor was listening to the Queen's summons, the Queen herself was experiencing an irritating event.

"What do you want, Volk?"

Volk growled, "What happened to the traitor? And where is Alucard?"

"...First, it's Demon King. He is the King of another country and should be treated with respect."

Volk opened his mouth to say something but was immediately interrupted.

"Second, the traitor is our son, and during the interrogation, we hypothesized that he may have been controlled and forced to betray our people."

"Before you get bothered with jealousy," Tasha continued, her voice sharp, "the 'we' I'm referring to includes me, Adam, Maya, Anderon and the Demon King himself."

Volk's eyes shimmered with irritation. He was far from pleased with the situation, especially with Tasha's current attitude. The tension in the air was palpable, reflecting Volk's disagreement and frustration with the delicate situation they found themselves in.

However, despite Volk's irritation, Tasha stood firm in her position. She was determined to face the challenges head-on, act with rationality, and protect her people, even if it meant confronting the betrayal of her own son and dealing with uncomfortable issues.

Such as dealing with Volk's behavior. He was not a bad King, but he had a serious problem. When things didn't go his way, his emotions took over his demeanor.

And recently, that boiling point had been Alucard and his blatant disrespect of Volk's authority, as well as Tasha's own 'challenge' to his authority.

With all these factors combined, Volk was highly volatile now.

"Your Majesty, Demon King, Victor Alucard, and his companion, The Matriarch of The Lykos Clan, have arrived."

Volk's atmosphere became visibly hostile upon hearing Alucard's name.

Tasha inwardly grumbled when she saw this. They came at the worst possible time, but she couldn't just send them away, not when they were already here.

"I will fetch them," Tasha said as she gracefully stood and walked toward the exit. Volk followed Tasha, and the Queen said nothing about it.

Upon reaching the guest room, Tasha came across the sight of Maya holding Victor's arm while engrossed in a book, seeming completely lost in it.

Tasha's eyes shimmered with a celestial blue for a few seconds as she saw how close Victor and Maya were. The irritation she felt before returned stronger than ever. An irritation that she completely concealed behind her mask of indifference.

"Hmm? Oh, Volk, you're awake."

Volk growled with annoyance, and as he was about to start walking toward Victor, he stopped when Tasha held his arm.

Volk looked at the Queen, and as the eyes of the two Alphas met, a momentary battle took place.

"Let me go!" Volk's eyes said.

"Control yourself!" Tasha's eyes said.

Victor watched this confrontation with an innocent smile as if all the chaos occurring had nothing to do with him.

Tasha ignored Volk and walked forward. "I came to fulfill my agreement."

"Oh?"

"In exchange for healing Fenrir, I will let you meet my teacher."

"Mm." Victor nodded, satisfied. "I also want to talk to Fenrir. Is that possible?"

"That-" Volk was about to say something, but he was immediately interrupted by Tasha.

"Of course, if Fenrir wants to talk to you."

And that made Volk's irritation grow even more. He was on the verge of exploding at any moment, but no one in the room seemed to care about him.

"Oh, Queen of Wolves, I guarantee he will want to talk to me," Victor smiled mysteriously as if he knew something that the two of them didn't.

An attitude that Tasha and Maya were already getting used to. The same could not be said for Volk, of course.

"That's enough!" Volk finally exploded, his raw Power bursting from his body, creating overwhelming pressure around him. The air grew dense and oppressive as if the very atmosphere feared his wrath.

"I won't sit quietly while this Demon-" Volk began to say, but he was immediately silenced by a somber voice that seemed to echo from the deepest abysses of Hell.

"Yes, you will." A sense of dread spread through Volk's entire existence, making his heart sink under an unbearable weight. He found himself staring intently at the Demon seated a short distance away, whose countenance had twisted into something grotesque and horrifying, like a creature out of the deepest nightmares.

Cold, cruel hands gripped Volk's face, forcing him to meet the blood-red eyes of that Demonic Entity. Its eyes were bottomless abysses, emanating a chilling darkness and promises of endless torment.

"You will be nothing more than a mere extra, an insignificant shadow while I negotiate with The Queen," the Demon uttered with a voice laden with threat and disdain.

"You had completely forfeited the right to speak on this matter when you proved incapable of controlling your emotions," it continued, its voice reverberating like a

whisper from beyond, "I've told you before, haven't I? Don't make me lose the last shred of respect I still hold for you."

A chill ran down Volk's spine as cold sweat began to trickle down his face, bearing witness to his deep and paralyzing fear. He stood before a creature that defied any description, something beyond the darkest and most profane terrors.

"For the consequences of that act will be overwhelmingly indifferent," the Demon's words echoed in Volk's mind.

"You may be The King of The Wolves; you may be considered a God by the citizens of this City. But in my eyes... you are nothing, Volk Fenrir," the Demon proclaimed with a twisted and cruel smile, making Volk subconsciously shudder and reinforcing the insignificance of his existence before this malevolent entity.

"So, be a good little doggy and stay quiet, alright?" The Demon's voice was a hissing whisper, permeated with unfathomable malice.

Volk remained paralyzed; his mind engulfed in a whirlwind of terror and fear. His heart beat erratically as cold sweat incessantly dripped from his forehead. Every fiber of his being seemed frozen in the presence of the terrifying Demon before him.

Terror invaded his thoughts, forming grotesque and horrifying images in his mind. He felt utterly helpless against the darkness emanating from the Demonic figure. Fear took root in his core, penetrating every part of his body and corroding his courage and inner strength.

The Demon's voice whispering in his ears felt like a macabre song, echoing in his mind like a persistent reminder of his own insignificance. Volk felt crushed by the enormity of power and malice emanating from that remorseless creature. It was as if his very existence was reduced to mere dust in the presence of absolute evil.

A silent scream echoed within Volk as he struggled internally to maintain composure. Every instinct in his being told him to flee, to distance himself as far as possible from that living nightmare. Terror intertwined with an overwhelming sense of powerlessness, leaving Volk unable to articulate any words or take any action.

The Demon, with its distorted face and burning eyes, embodied all his worst nightmares personified. Volk felt defenseless against the overwhelming power of that Supernatural Being while his own feelings of self-confidence and bravery faded like smoke.

With each threatening word the Demon uttered, Volk felt as if he was sinking into an abyss of despair. The realization of his own insignificance and fragility in the face of that Supernatural Being fueled his deepest fears, causing his legs to tremble and his body to be filled with suffocating anguish.

Volk experienced a terrible sense of powerlessness, aware that he stood before a force beyond his comprehension and control. Fear dominated his reason, engulfing him in oppressive darkness. His thoughts became muddled, and his will dissolved, leaving him completely at the mercy of the dark and sinister will of the Demon.

In that moment of absolute terror, Volk realized how fragile and vulnerable he was before the dark forces that existed beyond his understanding. He became a prisoner of his own fear, unable to resist or escape the terrifying grip of the Demon.

Ultimately, all Volk could do was nod docilely in response to the Demon's words:

"Mm... I will stay quiet."

The creature's smile grew in satisfaction.

"Good boy."

Chapter 768: Fenrir.

Chapter 768: Fenrir.

Maya and Tasha observed the scene with a mixture of intense emotions. Witnessing Victor subduing Volk Fenrir with such ferocity and ease, they felt a fervent excitement coursing through their bodies, a vibrant thrill in the face of the display of Power and control by a True Alpha.

Maya, especially, felt a burning flame of desire ignite within her. Her eyes shone with a dark lust and an insatiable thirst for that aura of dominance and superiority that Victor emanated. She longed to be by his side, sharing the power and submitting to his will.

On the other hand, Tasha experienced an almost obsessive excitement witnessing Victor's immense strength. Unbeknownst to her, her devotion to him was intensified, and she felt even more attracted to his dominant and imposing figure. The scene awakened an uncontrollable desire in Tasha to be possessed and protected by Victor, to surrender herself completely to him.

Because she knew that even if she did that, he would not want to subjugate her, he would not treat her as if she were unimportant, and he would value her efforts.

A mixture of pleasure and desire overcame both women at seeing Volk, a powerful adversary, being humiliated and controlled with such ease. The sight of Volk's submission before Victor's dominance fueled Maya and Tasha's fantasies.

In that moment, they were drawn to Victor's dark and imposing side, seduced by his Power and ability to subdue those who defied his authority.

'No!' Tasha shook her head several times from side to side.

What was this idiotic brain of hers thinking!? She couldn't do that!

'Control your instincts, Tasha!' She was not an animal controlled by those foolish instincts, she wouldn't allow it!

Tasha looked at Maya with slight irritation as she saw that the woman was completely out of it and said, "Maya!"

"Huh?"

"What is that book you're reading?"

"... Book?" Maya spoke, confused. She looked at her hands and saw the book she was reading. Her mind went blank for a few seconds; after all, Tasha would never be interested in these kinds of books. But then she opened her eyes wide when she realized what Tasha was doing.

She looked at Tasha, and, seeing the Queen's serious gaze, Maya nodded to herself, understanding that she must regain control of her emotions.

Although Maya felt a growing reluctance within herself in the face of her instincts and intense desires that dominated her when witnessing the scene of Volk's subjugation by Victor, she was aware that her impulses were overriding her thoughts. She needed to control them, but she struggled to contain the overwhelming force of these emotions.

For a brief moment, Maya gave in to the dark desires that attracted her to Victor's Power and dominance. However, she quickly regretted and reproached herself for allowing her instincts to take over. Her conscious mind cried out for control and rationality, recognizing that she could not surrender to these uncontrollable urges.

Victor found himself in an amusing situation. He just wanted to put Volk in his place to prevent him from continuing to be a bother and interfering in his affairs. However, the reaction of the two women accompanying him was quite interesting.

'These Werewolves... They're quite thirsty, aren't they?' Victor thought with amusement. He understood Maya and Tasha's perspectives a little bit.

Maya, in a simple way to understand, resembled Scathach. She had always been superior, never having found someone who truly interested her, someone truly 'exceptional'. For this reason, when she encountered Victor, her granddaughter's

Husband and someone powerful but with a gentle and understanding personality towards his Wives, Maya couldn't help but be interested.

On the other hand, Tasha was a competent woman who had never been valued due to the culture she lived in, which was based on subjugating others. As a proud Goddess, she would never bow to Volk.

Unconsciously, she compared how Victor treated his Wives to how Volk treated her, which created a rift that left her feelings quite complex.

Victor turned his face toward the two women, smiling neutrally. "Shall we?"

"Y-Yes," Tasha responded, stuttering a bit. She took a deep breath to regain control over her own body, returning to her Queenly posture.

Tasha passed by her husband, completely ignoring him, and walked toward the corridor.

Victor followed Tasha's lead and left with her.

Maya quickly put away the manga she was reading earlier and started to accompany Victor. Throughout the journey, Maya never looked at Volk; only Victor was present now in her vision.

Her instincts were intense before, but now they were in a frenzied state. Maya's scent of excitement was so strong that it even bothered Tasha.

Although bothered, Tasha didn't complain, as she fully understood Maya's reaction, After all, while it was painful to admit, she felt the same.

Victor awakened in Tasha a feeling she had never experienced with any other man, a feeling so intense and deep not even Volk had been able to awaken.

It was the feeling of pure and obsessive desire.

'He really needs to leave. This man is dangerous in various ways.' Victor's presence was like an irresistible honey that unconsciously attracted everyone around him.

Reaffirming her desire to get rid of Victor as quickly as possible, Tasha quickened her pace.

While the two women were facing their own internal chaos, Victor observed everything with neutrality and amusement.

'Just how incompetent are their husbands for them to desire me so much?' He wondered as he looked at the Queen of Werewolves.

With her long black hair reaching down to her waist, Tasha exhibited a stunning appearance. Her curvaceous body was a symphony of sensual shapes combined with incredible strength. Dark and seductive eyelashes framed her deep and expressive emerald green eyes, which conveyed an intriguing mix of mystery and determination.

Her skin was a delicious tone of milk chocolate, inviting to the touch and enveloped in a natural glow. Every smooth and feminine curve was accentuated by defined muscles and six-pack abs, reflecting her dedication to health and strength. Tasha was an exotic combination of softness and power, a true Egyptian Goddess incarnate.

Dressed in Ancient Egyptian apparel, a flowing dress adorned with intricate patterns and symbols wrapped around her body like a second skin, she exuded the elegance and sophistication of bygone eras. Her waist was emphasized by a golden belt studded with gemstones, highlighting her sculpture-like figure.

Luxurious accessories complemented her magnificent appearance. Bracelets adorned her wrists, emitting a slight tinkling with each graceful movement. An elaborate necklace with a scarab-shaped pendant rested elegantly between her peaks, symbolizing protection and renewal.

Tasha's presence was remarkable, radiating an aura of confidence and power. Her walk was confident and elegant, like a Queen walking amidst the crowd. Her charming and captivating smile lit up her face, radiating grace and magnetism.

Tasha was the embodiment of an Egyptian Queen, with a stunning beauty that left a lasting impression on all fortunate enough to cross her path.

Victor had seen many women in his life, both in memories and personally, and few women were capable of such an imposing presence as Tasha.

'There is beauty in women who achieve results through their own efforts.' Unlike the other Goddesses, Tasha had to fight to get what she had, and Victor saw a certain beauty in that effort.

'It's a pity she's committed.' It was unfortunate. If it weren't for that small detail, he would have already taken action to make her a Yandere. She had a lot of potential to be even crazier, reaching the level of Violet, Aphrodite

and Scathach.

Although it was unfortunate, Victor wouldn't dwell on it. After all, he was not a degenerate who went after committed women, not to mention that this particular woman was his friend's mother. That kind of behavior was not in his personality.

But that didn't mean he would hold back his personality to ensure that women didn't become enchanted by him. He would never do that. He was always true to himself.

Volk clenched his fist tight, his fingers trembling with contained anger. His face was contorted in an expression of pure hatred, evidencing the whirlwind of emotions consuming him. The feeling of inferiority surrounding Volk was overwhelming, as if an oppressive shadow weighed upon his Soul, undermining his confidence and self-esteem.

With each word uttered by that Demon, the sensation of being a mere pawn in a dark game grew stronger, a small insignificant figure in the face of the imposing presence of the sinister entity. Volk felt helpless and powerless, struggling against the overwhelming oppression of the Demon's unshakeable power.

The realization of his own weakness in the face of the Demon's dominance fueled a whirlwind of negative emotions, corroding his courage and self-infiltrated every fiber of his being, paralyzing him and leaving him at the mercy of the dark and cruel whims of the Demon. The feeling of powerlessness was like a prison, suffocating his fighting instincts and replacing them with overwhelming anguish.

Volk felt trapped in a vicious circle of anger, frustration, and despair as the intimidating presence of the Demon pushed him further toward the edge of an emotional abyss. He longed to resist, to show his strength and challenge the Power of the Demon, but the feeling of inferiority held him captive as if he were entangled in invisible chains.

Hatred boiled within Volk, fueling his determination to overcome his own inadequacy. He struggled to find a spark of courage within himself, to rise against the oppressive dominion of the Demon and prove his worth.

Every fiber of his being yearned to reverse the situation, to show the Demon that he was not just an insignificant shadow but a being capable of defying and resisting.

However, Volk was caught in an internal battle, trying to find a balance between the desire to confront the Demon and the constant reminder of his own vulnerability. Anger pulsed within him, driving him to fight against the feeling of inferiority, but the persistent fear continued to whisper doubts and insecurities in his ear.

'No! I am an Alpha!' He roared in his mind as he stood up from the ground.

He swallowed all his negative feelings and focused on his pride. He was a King! The King of Werewolves! He would not remain silent while a Demon did as he pleased in his Kingdom!

He is Volk...

His thoughts couldn't materialize due to a shiver that he felt go down his spine. Volk immediately turned his head toward Victor. Although he was only seeing his back from afar, he knew that Victor was looking at him. He could feel it with his entire existence.

The moment Victor stopped walking and began to look back, Volk immediately sat down on the ground and pretended that nothing happened.

"What's wrong, Victor?" Volk heard Maya's voice, a voice that seemed more infatuated than usual.

"Hmm, it's nothing. I just thought I heard something" Victor said in a playful tone.

A tone that seemed mocking to Volk.

'Damn you, Alucard! Damn, my weakness! hate this!' Frustrated tears threatened to fall from Volk's face.

Adam, who had just opened the door, didn't know exactly what to do now.

'Should I announce my presence?' Adam wondered. He looked at Volk's current state and felt no desire to defend his King, After all, what should he do? The man who did this to the King was his daughter's Husband and the cursed Demon King. Attacking him would be an act of foolishness, considering that all he was doing was negotiating with the most competent people in the Kingdom.

There was a reason why Tasha was the one who always handled the Nation's negotiations; she was better at her job, and even Adam recognized that.

Despite being without reaction, Adam couldn't help but think that Victor should immediately leave this planet. The longer he stayed here, the more chaos he would cause simply by existing or by his own actions.

...

"... Even though you're weak, you're beautiful, boy" Victor said, his eyes shining with admiration as he looked at Fenrir.

Fenrir, despite his debilitated appearance, exuded a wild and majestic beauty. His fur was a harmonious combination of pure white and deep black, creating a striking contrast. Each strand of his coat seemed to glisten in the light, displaying a silky smoothness and impeccable texture.

Like pools of celestial blue, his eyes shone with intensity and indescribable mystery. They reflected ancient wisdom and unwavering strength, even amidst his apparent frailty. The expression in those eyes conveyed a deep serenity, blended with the imposing aura that "END" represented.

Fenrir's presence was striking, even in his weakened state. There was an intrinsic majesty in his posture and movements, revealing the grandeur of a Legendary Beast. Every muscle in his body was defined, even though momentary frailty robbed him of

some vitality. He exhibited a natural elegance and noble bearing as if he were the very King of Wolves.

Despite his debilitated condition, the essence of the END remained strong in Fenrir, He emanated an indomitable magnetism as if he were a being from another world, a Guardian of Ancestral Secrets. Even weakened, he still commanded respect and admiration with his imposing presence.

Fenrir was a creature of indescribable beauty, a manifestation of raw strength and wild grace. His flawless fur, mesmerizing eyes, and powerful presence made him a fascinating and respectable figure, even in his weakened state. He embodied the primal essence of a majestic beast, capable of inspiring reverence and admiration in all who beheld him.

Fenrir opened his eyes and growled softly, "Grr."

"Hahaha, I know. I apologize for calling you 'boy'" Victor casually smiled.

Not only Tasha, Hassan, who had joined the group at some point, and Maya, but even Fenrir himself was surprised when he saw Victor responding to him.

"Grr...?"

"Of course," Victor smiled. He could clearly hear and understand Fenrir's weak yet majestic and sharp voice.

"How?" Fenrir asked.

"Let's just say I am beloved by the Spirits of Animals," Victor smiled enigmatically.

"....."

"A Demon King who is loved by Spirits..." Maya sighed. "Is that possible?"

"For me, it is."

Victor's response left Maya speechless.

"... Haah, I wonder why I still get surprised," Tasha sighed.

Throughout the conversation, Victor never took his eyes off Fenrir. Even though he was weakened, he could clearly sense the danger the beast emanated. All his instincts warned him about it, and because of that, he was completely on guard, ready to act at any moment.

"So, this is what it feels like to confront the 'END'?... No wonder Odin is shitting himself in fear of Fenrir," Victor grinned widely. Even though he was facing a creature that could bring his 'END', he did not tremble or show weakness. Instead, he stood tall and erect as if nothing could bring him down.

Victor began to float towards Fenrir.

Sensing Victor's approach, Fenrir stood up and roared, "Leave!"

Now that he was standing, Victor could see the full majestic glory of The Apocalypse Beast. It was worth noting that he was quite satisfied with what he was seeing.

"Fenrir, he's here to..." When Tasha was about to explain the reason for Victor's presence, the man himself interrupted her, holding onto the top of his clothes.

"It's alright, Tasha."

"Huh?"

"I don't want him to 'let' me get close... I will come closer." Victor ripped his shirt apart, revealing his muscular chest.

Victor opened his arms in the open-chest position and flexed his muscles, fully showcasing his upper body muscles. The onlookers from behind had the image of seeing a Demon's face on Victor's back.

Every line and curve, every shadow and contour combined to create a disturbing representation. The Demon's eyes seemed to flicker with malice, its mouth twisted in a sadistic smile. The image conveyed an unsettling sense of Power and dominion, as if a True Demonic Spirit were embodied in Victor's back.

The stunned onlookers couldn't help but shudder. The sight of the demonic face on Victor's back left a lasting impression on their minds, an indelible mark that evoked a mix of fascination and unease. It was as if hell itself had left its mark on Victor's physical form.

Maya was the first to snap out of her stupor. Victor's current state was simply delightful to her eyes, but she wouldn't focus on that now, but rather on the words he spoke earlier.

"... Don't tell me... He's planning to fight Fenrir?" She couldn't help but think it was madness, Even weakened, Fenrir was an "END" beast. If he were bitten by Fenrir, he would be completely erased from existence.

Tasha snapped out of her stupor and shouted, "Demon King! I brought you here to heal, not to harm!"

Tasha's cries fell on deaf ears as Victor remained unfazed.

"Come, Fenrir. I will face you as your equal." Victor's smile distorted his face in a rather predatory way. Soon after, a blood-red Energy with a very Natural feel began to

envelop Victor's body.

The beast's eyes shone in celestial blue as he sensed the Energy emanating from Victor's body. At that moment, Fenrir understood that the man before him was not just a mere Demon King, but someone like him, someone connected to a World Tree, someone of the same 'status' as him.

Understanding this, Fenrir judged him as worthy. Soon, the sense of 'END' completely faded from his presence.

Even weakened, he would not back down from a challenge to prove his worth.

'... Fenrir accepted his challenge!? He judged him worthy!? Why...? What does he have?' Tasha was utterly shocked by what she was witnessing, and it was worth noting that not

even Volk was deemed worthy of a challenge against Fenrir.

Only when she looked at Victor again with more intensity did she understand.

'He can harness our Energy!? Huh!? What's happening!?' Tasha was extremely confused now.

Similar to Victor, a Green Power with a very Natural sensation began to cover Fenrir's body, and in the next moment, a roar from The Apocalypse Beast was heard throughout the city.

A roar that made everyone's existence tremble except for one.

"Hahaha, this is what I've been waiting for!" Fenrir leaped towards Victor in an attempt to bite him.

Not wanting to test his luck, Victor dodged Fenrir's attack. Seeing the tear in space, he felt relieved by his decision.

Even if he wasn't using the concept of <END>, The Fangs of The Ragnarok Beast were still dangerous.

Victor's fists began to glow with blood-red Energy, and he quickly punched Fenrir in the face.

At that very moment, instead of feeling pain as he expected, Fenrir felt an immediate sense of relief. It was as if all the weakness in his body vanished with that punch.

The remarkably expressive face of the wolf looked at Victor in confusion. He was clearly asking what had happened.

"What? I don't want to fight you in your weakened state" Victor assumed a Martial Arts Stance, and his fists were completely covered in the blood-red Energy, forming a pair of red gauntlets.

"Come. Let's dance!"

Fenrir's eyes shone in celestial blue, and Tasha, Maya, and Hassan swore to themselves that they saw the beast smile.

ROOOOOAR

.....

Chapter 769: Fenrir. 2

Chapter 769: Fenrir. 2

After a roar that instilled a deep existential fear in the entire city and surrounding areas, Fenrir lunged toward Victor, his sharp fangs gleaming with lethal intent. However, Victor was prepared. He dodged the Wolf's swift movements with supernatural grace. His fighting technique was a symphony of precise and fluid motions, perfectly combining with Fenrir's fierce savagery.

Every punch and kick from Victor showcased impressive strength and skill. His fists, covered in blood-red Energy, struck Fenrir with overwhelming intensity.

Fenrir, on the other hand, was not an easy opponent to defeat. His remarkable agility and speed allowed him to evade many of Victor's attacks. His claws tore through the air, sending waves of Energy toward his opponent. However, Victor responded with agile moves, skillfully dodging the strikes.

As the battle unfolded, an imposing Aura surrounded Victor. He seemed in perfect harmony with the blood-red Energy that enveloped him, becoming an intimidating and magnetic figure. His movements were calculated and precise, demonstrating a deep connection with the Natural strength flowing within him.

Fenrir, in turn, was a force of nature. His majestic and wild presence commanded respect and fear. His muscles contracted and moved with power and agility as he fought with fierce determination.

"Just... Just what am I seeing?" Tasha commented incredulously.

Tasha simply couldn't believe what she was witnessing. Someone was fighting Fenrir on equal footing and completely unarmed!

Such a thought would have been impossible for her. The mere consideration of someone fighting Fenrir had never crossed her mind. After all, while he may be gentle to Tasha, the Wolf was still The Wolf of Ragnarok, the Being who, along with his brothers, would bring about the end of the reign of The Norse Gods.

"Even Thor wouldn't be able to fight Fenrir without his trusty hammer or his complete armor." The reason for this was simple: the claws of The Wolf of The End, as well as his fangs, were extremely dangerous. Just one bite or scratch could cause severe damage to the body.

"... This man, he fights like a Werewolf... No, he's even more ferocious than a Werewolf. He's like a God of War who revels in the conflict he causes." Hassan evaluated.

Maya watched the battle between Fenrir and Victor with a mixture of admiration and forbidden excitement, her eyes fixed on the Demon King while a variety of emotions flowed within her.

The admiration Maya felt for Victor was undeniable. She marveled at his relentless courage, his fighting ability, and the way he faced seemingly impossible challenges without backing down. Every powerful and precise move from Victor sparked a deep sense of respect in Maya, captivating her with his unwavering strength and determination.

However, there was something more to Maya's admiration. A forbidden excitement, an attraction that transcended the boundaries imposed by reason and logic. She felt magnetized by Victor's Power, his imposing presence, and his enigmatic aura. It was an excitement that pushed her to the edge of the unknown, a flame that burned intensely within her.

Maya knew these feelings were dangerous. She was aware of the consequences of allowing herself to be drawn to him, of surrendering to the forbidden excitement that surrounded him. However, this awareness only heightened the glow of this forbidden attraction, amplifying its intensity.

"...He is..." Maya swallowed hard as if she were very thirsty. "He is incredible."

While her bright celestial blue eyes remained fixed on Victor, Maya struggled internally to control these conflicting emotions. She knew she couldn't let herself be distracted by the forbidden excitement and that she had to focus on the situation at hand. But it was a difficult battle, as Victor continued to fight with overwhelming strength and presence that drove her instincts wild. She wanted that man for herself right now.

"Maya, you can't. That action will jeopardize the stability of your Clan," Tasha spoke the harsh reality.

Maya nodded. "I know... I know, but..." She rubbed her legs together seductively, biting her lip and staring fixedly at Victor.

"It's hard to resist."

"I understand... I truly do." Although Tasha wasn't as intertwined with her animal side, she was still a woman who liked strong men. Seeing Victor, someone she had developed a certain interest in during these few days together, fighting on equal terms with the Being she respected the most ignited a fire of desire within her.

The attacks and counterattacks between Fenrir and Victor unfolded in an impressive sequence of swift and precise movements. Each strike delivered was accompanied by a deafening boom, echoing through the forest and engulfing the spectators in a frenzy of emotions they couldn't truly explain.

Fenrir charged with his wild fury, his sharp claws seeking to tear Victor's skin. However, the Demon King dodged with supernatural agility, his movements fluid and precise, evading the Wolf's attacks.

In response, Victor unleashed a series of powerful strikes. His fists, covered in blood-red Energy, collided with Fenrir's fur, creating Energy explosions that destroyed everything around them. Each impact was accompanied by a guttural roar from the beast and a sadistic, amused smile on Victor's face.

As the battle between Fenrir and Victor unfolded, the brute force and unleashed Energy from their powerful attacks began wreaking havoc on the surrounding forest environment. Giant trees were uprooted, while branches and leaves were tossed into the air like confetti in a furious storm.

Each blow dealt by Fenrir made the ground tremble, cracking the earth and creating craters. The impact of his powerful paws caused fissures in the ground, extending like winding veins. The Wolf of Ragnarok left a trail of destruction wherever he went, an indelible mark of his fury and Power.

On the other hand, Victor was not far behind. His punches and kicks, charged with blood-red Energy, left a path of devastation in their wake. Shockwaves rippled through the air, toppling smaller trees like twigs and creating a turbulent airflow.

The wind howled, mingling with the roars of the beast and the grunts of Victor, creating a chaotic and eerie symphony. The forest, once a sanctuary of serenity and life, was being transformed into a battlefield, a scene of chaos and destruction.

Waves of Energy collided with the lush vegetation, tearing through the air and igniting trees, turning them into blazing torches. The crackling of flames blended with the sounds of collisions and impacts, creating a terrifying spectacle.

The animals that once inhabited the forest fled from their homes, their voices echoing in despair. Birds took flight in flocks, while mammals ran in search of shelter. The serene and peaceful environment that once reigned in the forest had been replaced by utter devastation.

In the epicenter of the battle, Fenrir and Victor fought with all they had, disregarding the consequences their fury brought upon the surrounding environment. Each charge, each blow struck, left its mark on a landscape that was rapidly being transformed into a desolate scene.

As destruction enveloped the two fighters, Victor and Fenrir remained at the center of the chaos, staring intensely at each other. In Victor's eyes, a clear respect shone, mixed with an almost manic pleasure. His face was a mix of ecstasy and satisfaction, an expression bordering on madness.

"HAHAHAHA!"

Victor's laughter echoed through the area, filling the air with a tone of insanity. It was a loud and shrill laughter, loaded with uncontrollable excitement. His hands pressed against his stomach as if the pleasure of the battle completely dominated him.

For Victor, this battle was more than just a physical confrontation. It was an ecstasy that brought him a sense of Power and freedom. He reveled in the destruction around him, in the roar of the beast, and in the deadly dance he and Fenrir performed.

Adrenaline coursed through his veins, fueling his warrior spirit. Every exchange of blows with Fenrir was a source of pleasure, an explosion of emotions that transcended normal limits. This fight was his playground, a place where he could showcase his strength and dominate his adversaries.

Amidst his maniacal laughter, Victor felt alive like never before. It was as if the battle gave him a sense of purpose, of meaning. He longed for the challenge, for the confrontation with a Legendary Beast like Fenrir, for it held a deep significance to his existence.

"That's what I'm talking about!"

"The feeling of fighting a worthy opponent is incredible." Victor looked up at the sky with an expression of ecstasy.

"That's a statement I can agree with you on, Demon King - I mean, Victor Alucard." The majestic voice of The Wolf of The End resounded all around.

His gaze returned to Fenrir, and the smile he gave sent a foreboding feeling to Tasha and Maya. As two warriors, they knew that the previous confrontation between Victor and Fenrir was just a warm-up for both of them.

"If this fight continues... the damage around us would be immeasurable." Maya started to break into a cold sweat. She wanted to stop the fight right now, but... how could she do that?

In the presence of The Wolf of Ragnarok and the powerful Demon King, she was insignificant.

This was a battle that no one could stop.

Fenrir closed his eyes slightly and stretched as if he had been asleep for a long time. Powerful cracking sounds were heard all around.

"Ah~... I feel alive again." Sounds of satisfaction were heard around. Fenrir shook himself a little, like a wet dog, and soon all the dust came off his fur, leaving it noticeably shinier.

"Seems like you've missed moving around naturally, my friend," Victor said.

"Indeed..." Fenrir looked at Victor. "Thanks to that annoying curse, I had to stay still in one place for quite some time, something I'm not used to."

"Mhmm – Hmm." Victor nodded. "Being debilitated is never a good thing, especially for those of us who enjoy fighting."

A smile appeared on Fenrir's animalistic face. "Indeed."

Fenrir's eyes gleamed with a mixture of challenge and excitement. The fight against Victor had awakened an insatiable hunger for more action, more confrontation in his wild nature. The Wolf of Ragnarok longed to test his limits, to challenge his own strength against Victor's formidable force.

Victor, on the other hand, stared at Fenrir with an expression of pure excitement. His sadistic smile remained plastered on his face, revealing an almost unhealthy pleasure for the battle that lay before them. The blood-red Energy continued to pulsate through his body, fueling his thirst for combat.

"Are you ready for more, Fenrir?" Victor taunted, his voice filled with dangerous enthusiasm. "Let's continue this dance, this symphony of man and beast!"

Fenrir growled in response, his paws moving with impressive agility. He prepared for the next attack, his celestial blue eyes fixed on Victor. A burning determination shone in his gaze, an unrelenting thirst to prove his strength and superiority.

The two opponents charged at each other, engaging in a whirlwind of strikes and evasions. Every movement was swift and lethal, each attack charged with the wild Energy of two beasts vying for supremacy.

The earth trembled beneath their feet as they exchanged powerful blows. The impact of their fists and claws created shockwaves that reverberated through the surroundings, raising clouds of dust and debris. Colossal trees were uprooted, collapsing under the fury of the battle.

The forest transformed into a chaotic scene of destruction, with debris flying through the air and flames dancing among the wreckage. The roar of the elements mixed with the roars of Fenrir and the insane laughter of Victor creating a deafening cacophony.

"HAHAHAHA, that's it! More, more, more!"

Maya and Tasha watched the fight with a mixture of admiration and concern. The magnitude of the destruction around them was daunting, yet they couldn't help but be fascinated by the intensity of the battle. The conflicting feelings within Maya grew, fueled by forbidden excitement and a burning desire to be in Victor's place.

Meanwhile, the battle between Fenrir and Victor reached a boiling point. Their movements became faster and fiercer, their onslaughts more intense and relentless. Both were willing to push beyond their limits, risking everything to prove their superiority.

The imposing Aura surrounding them grew with each passing moment, enveloping them in an uncontrollable halo of Power. The ground shook under the impact of their blows, and the atmosphere vibrated with the electricity of their fight. It was as if the world around them teetered on the brink of collapse, framing the epic clash between The Demon King and The Legendary Beast.

Suddenly, the two warriors separated from each other. Fenrir roared at Victor, and from that powerful roar, a White Power emanated from his mouth.

ROAAAAAAR!

Victor's eyes widened, his instincts screamed danger, and without thinking, Red Lightning enveloped his body as he swiftly dodged the attack.

As Victor fell to the ground and gazed upon the destruction wrought by Fenrir's roar, a cold sweat ran down his back, and an even more intense excitement gleamed in his eyes.

The reason for this?

That attack from Fenrir completely erased everything in its path. Yes, erased. Everything was deleted from existence as if it had never existed in the first place.

"What a dangerous Power..." Victor looked at Fenrir and could see the smile on the beast's face, a face that seemed to say, 'How about that? Cool, right?' Fenrir was like an excited child showing off their favorite toy to a friend.

"Pfft... HAHAHAHAAAA!" Victor laughed even more, this time purely out of amusement. The fact that a beast feared by all had the sense of humor of a child was highly entertaining for Victor. After all, he was similar to Fenrir himself.

"Yeah, that was really cool." He couldn't help but say.

Fenrir snorted with pride.

Chapter 770: Fenrir. 3

Chapter 770: Fenrir. 3

"Erasing everything with a single Roar of Power... That's the Power of Beings who possess the Concept of The END," Hassan said as he observed the trail of destruction.

The three of them knew that nothing would ever emerge from that path of devastation. Everything was literally 'deleted'. Yes, the surrounding nature could correct the damage, but it would never be a complete rebirth, just an overlay. That was the Power of Fenrir - no, the Power of Beings that carry the Concept of The END within themselves.

Before them, everything would be erased.

Victor had never felt such danger in his life as he did now; he instinctively knew that if that attack had hit him, his entire existence would have been erased without him being able to do anything.

Upon learning this information, did Victor retreat and stop fighting?

Of course not!

Victor took a deep breath, and soon the Red Power began to circulate around him.

"...What is he doing?" Maya asked.

"I have a bad feeling about this," Hassan said.

The Red Power slowly started to change, transforming into beautiful Violet Flames. Just as the Concept of The END was dangerous, Victor's appearance also began to visibly change, transforming him into something disastrously dangerous as well. Dark violet scales began to emerge on his body, and the pupils of his violet eyes narrowed, resembling those of a reptile.

"T-This... This is..." Hassan opened his eyes wide, surprised. It was the first time he had personally witnessed such a phenomenon.

"Yes, The Flames of A Dragon," Tasha said, distancing herself even further from the battle site.

"My friend, don't blame me. After all..." Victor looked at Fenrir, who stared at him seriously.

"You started it." Victor's Violet Flames erupted into a towering pillar of Power that could be seen even from a distance. The entire area was set ablaze solely from the presence of those Flames.

Victor's smile became distorted as he opened his mouth impossibly wide for his humanoid physique. Then suddenly, all the fire around him began to rapidly converge toward his mouth, disappearing inside him within seconds.

Victor's Draconic Features intensified further and stood out even more. Two horns emerged from his head, his entire body was covered in violet scales, and his previously normal hands transformed, sporting viciously sharp talon-like claws.

"Don't blink, my friend... or you'll be burned," Victor warned.

Yet Fenrir did not listen. He blinked, and in the moment he did, Victor had already disappeared from his sight.

In the end, all Fenrir could hear was the sound of an explosion, followed by a sharp pain in his stomach.

Fenrir looked down and realized that, in the instant that he blinked, Victor had appeared beneath him.

Fenrir blinked his eyes again, and Victor disappeared once more.

Once again, Fenrir found himself unable to understand what was happening. He no longer even felt Victor's presence, as if he were too fast for Fenrir to react.

Another boom echoed out, followed by pain shooting through Fenrir's back.

Fenrir growled in anger, understanding what was happening. Victor was taking advantage of the fact that his body was too large, attacking him in his blind spots.

Fenrir roared with a Power that made the atmosphere around them feel extremely heavy. In the wake of that Power, Victor quickly moved away from Fenrir, avoiding being caught.

In the next moment, Fenrir looked at Victor, and as he was about to charge forward, he abruptly stopped upon seeing one of Victor's clawed hands covered in Violet Flames.

Fenrir felt an instinctive danger and quickly jumped back, dodging what he perceived to be an attack. His decision proved correct, as, in the moment he moved away, a gigantic claw mark wreathed in Violet Fire appeared where Fenrir had been.

Dragon Fire didn't "delete" things completely like Fenrir's Concept of The END, but it was still only a level below in terms of destructiveness, a Power that, in its initial stages, directly rivaled the Concept of Destruction itself.

Although Fenrir possessed the Concept of The END within him, it only applied to his interior and his prey. His exterior didn't possess that Concept to protect him from attacks that could destroy him.

Victor's other hand was soon also enveloped in Violet Flames, and in the next moment, he assumed a stance quite familiar to Maya.

"Don't tell me..." Maya's lips trembled as she saw that stance.

As if he were an exact copy of Adam, Victor attacked.

Fenrir blinked in confusion, wondering what had happened since he didn't feel anything, but he was certain that Victor had attacked.

Suddenly, his instincts screamed loudly, and without even thinking, he leaped to the left with impressive agility, leaving Victor somewhat impressed.

An explosion of Flames erupted where Fenrir had been, and this sight put him even more on alert.

"Damn aberration! Has he already Mastered that Technique enough to use it in a fight?" He'd only seen the Technique once! Just once! And yet that was enough for him to understand the concept and the technique itself.

"A combat genius, a talent that rivals that of a God of War..." Hassan spoke.

"Wrong, his talent easily surpasses that..," Tasha corrected. As a former Goddess from a Pantheon, she had witnessed Gods of War before and knew very well that their talent wasn't as extraordinary as Victor's.

Victor's existence was as if he were born to fight. His potential for combat was ridiculous.

Victor smiled widely and began attacking the environment in front of him several times in various different directions.

Fenrir, opening his eyes wide, started jumping backward, sideways, and running around, trying to avoid the attacks. With each move he made, Flames exploded in the spot where he had been just prior.

"Your instincts are certainly top-notch... But how about this?" Victor spoke as Red Lightning started appearing around him. In the next instant, he disappeared.

Victor appeared in front of Fenrir.

Fenrir opened his eyes wide, trying to react, but his body was simply too heavy to keep up with Victor's speed.

Assuming a Martial Arts Stance, the Red Lightning on his body shone intensely.

"One Punch..." Victor thought.

He punched Fenrir just once... at least, that's what everyone saw.

"One million hits!"

For a moment, nothing happened. It was as if the world itself had yet to process what had occurred. That was until several thunderous roars were heard, followed by a burst of wind that created a gigantic crater in the landscape.

Silence fell around them as the older women in the group gazed upon the eerily familiar sight.

"He can even use the Technique of the Fulger Clan's Leader...?" Tasha murmured, incredulous.

"Grrr..." Fenrir growled.

"What incredible vitality..." Victor smiled widely. Even though the attack was so destructive, Fenrir hadn't suffered any fatal injuries, and the wounds he had sustained were already healing.

It was evident that The Beast of The End's body was also an anomaly.

Fenrir looked at Victor with a dangerous gleam in his eyes. In the next instant, he was enveloped in White and Green Power and disappeared, demonstrating a ridiculous agility for a creature of his size.

"Oh? A contest of speed? With me? Very well." Victor also vanished, leaving only traces of Lightning in his wake.

The speed of the battle between Victor and Fenrir reached dizzying levels after that moment. Victor's movements were so fast that they became mere blurs to the eyes of the observers.

Fenrir tried but found himself unable to keep up with Victor's relentless speed. His sharp claws merely cut through air in search of the Demon King as Victor glided across the battlefield with supernatural agility, evading every onslaught.

The Wolf of The End was fast, but not fast enough to match Victor.

The Violet Flames emanating from Victor formed a mesmerizing spectacle. The Flames rose in a pillar of Power, illuminating the surrounding landscape and creating an Aura of Destruction. The entire environment seemed to burn with the intensity of the Flames.

From time to time, the occasional Red Lightning that sparked from Victor's body in crimson hues completed this landscape, announcing to the world that Victor's Power wasn't limited to Fire alone.

As Victor's Draconic Transformation slowly progressed further, Zaladrac, who rested within Nightingale, felt the deep connection between them intensify several times over. She opened her eyes with a worried expression, looking toward where Victor was. Even without physically seeing him, the bond between them was strong enough for her to sense the intensity of the situation.

"Our bond has deepened..." Zaladrac whispered, her voice laden with concern. "What is happening, Vic? What led you to use this much Power?"

Meanwhile, Victor vanished and reappeared in a matter of seconds, moving at an incomprehensible speed. The Wolf of Ragnarok barely had time to react before Victor's powerful attacks hit him again and again.

Each of Victor's strikes was an explosion of Power, leaving Fenrir with no time to recover. The speed and ferocity of The Demon King dominated the battle, putting the Giant Wolf at a disadvantage. He tried to keep up with Victor's movements but was unable to match his agility and dexterity.

Until, at a certain moment, the Wolf grew irritated by not being able to catch his prey and did something that surprised Victor for a few seconds.

The gigantic size of Fenrir began to diminish, transforming him from a Wolf that easily surpassed a 20-story building into a wolf only 2 meters tall.

As Fenrir's height decreased, a circle of White Power emerged beneath The Beast of Ragnarok, followed by Fenrir howling to the sky.

An explosion of Power erupted from Fenrir's body, causing pure destruction all around. It was as if his howl repelled everything harmful to him.

When the howl subsided, the Wolf's fur was completely bristling, covered in a radiant White Power. Black patterns appeared all over Fenrir's coat, giving him a sense of sacred beauty.

'This form...!' Tasha opened her eyes wide. 'To think that Fenrir would be forced to use his Divine Form here.'

Even though he was ostracized as an irrational beast, it was undeniable that Fenrir was a God, The Son of Loki. As a God, he possessed his own Divine Form. In this Form, Fenrir was no longer limited to using the Concept of The End solely in his fangs and within himself.

This was the Form that would one day annihilate The Norse Pantheon, the Form prophesied by The Ragnarok Prophecy.

Tasha never believed that anyone other than the Primary Gods of The Norse Pantheon would be able to force Fenrir to use this Form, and even if he did use it against The Norse Pantheon, it would be after a great sacrifice by Odin. On the other hand, Victor managed to do it alone!

"Heeh~?" Victor smiled widely, feeling a delicious sense of danger coursing through his entire body. "I guess I should get serious too, right?"

Victor's body began to be enveloped in Dark Power, and in the next instant, Negativity started rapidly increasing.

Upon seeing Victor assuming the Form she had seen in the war videos, the Form of The Progenitor, Tasha trembled in fear.

Not only had Fenrir appeared in his Divine Form, but now she had a Progenitor capable of causing mass destruction with his mere presence.

"ENOUGH!" Tasha shouted. Swallowing her fear, her body began to glow in a similar manner to Fenrir's, with tattoos appearing on her skin and wolf ears and a giant tail emerging in their respective places. Her entire body took on a more "Sacred" Form.

Tasha fully entered her Divine Form.

"Grr, get away, Tasha," Fenrir growled.

"No! Look around you! Look at all the destruction you're causing! If this fight continues, especially with you in your Divine Form where each of your attacks will 'END' everything in your path, our country will be destroyed by the two of you!"

"..." Fenrir backed off slightly upon hearing what Tasha said. Although he was excited about the fight, he didn't want to harm the people who had warmly welcomed him, the people who believed in him.

Maya snapped out of her daze and immediately approached Tasha. The Matriarch of The Lykos Clan immediately assumed her Hybrid Form and stood by Tasha's side.

Maya looked at the Entity before her, containing both excitement and fear. "She's right, Vic. Remember that your Family is still in the City. If you continue to fight uncontrollably like this, they could get caught in the crossfire."

She hated using this persuasion tactic, but she knew it was most effective when dealing with Victor. He would never do anything to harm his Family.

Victor's blood-red eyes gradually lost their intensity. The Demon King looked at Fenrir for a few seconds, and a tacit understanding settled between them. Soon, both of them reverted to their Base Forms, abandoning the more dangerous transformations.

Fenrir returned to being the same Wolf as before, just in a reduced size, while Victor returned to his Human Form.

"...Hmm, so we're only using our physical bodies?"

"Mm, it's not as fun as using all our Power, but it's still good." Fenrir agreed.

Tasha's lips trembled upon hearing what they said.

"Can you please stop fighting?" Tasha pleaded, feeling humiliated to do so, but she had no choice. She couldn't risk these two maniacs getting excited to fight again.

"..." Victor and Fenrir looked at Tasha with neutral gazes, clearly reluctant to stop.

Realizing she needed a reason to make them stop, Tasha began to use her accumulated experience over millennia of manipulation to try to change their minds.

"Demon King, you made a deal with me, right? You said you wanted to talk to Hassan. We are here as King and Queen for an important matter."

"...Hmm." Victor looked at Hassan and then snorted with disinterest. "Meh, who cares about some old man?" To him, Fenrir was more interesting than Hassan.

A vein throbbed in Hassan's head, although his face showed no change.

'This man... I came out of seclusion solely because of him, and he treats me like this... Ugh, young people these days have no respect for their elders.' If he were the usual Hassan, he would try to hit Victor and teach him the reason he was named "Hassan," but he knew he couldn't do that with this man. It would be pure suicide.

Tasha's eyes glimmered dangerously upon hearing what Victor said. 'You made the deal, Victor! Why aren't you interested now!?'

Maya, who was more experienced in dealing with people like Victor, spoke in an attempt to calm the situation: "You can fight after the official matters are resolved, of course, but you must do it as far away from the City as possible."

Victor looked at Fenrir, and Fenrir looked back at Victor. Then, they both looked at Maya. This action was repeated several times until both of them snorted simultaneously and grumbled.

"...Fine."

At that moment, Tasha and Maya thought that maybe it hadn't been a good idea to allow Victor to meet Fenrir.

Fenrir, who used to be a good boy, was turning into a troublemaker!

'What have I done!?' Tasha held her head in panic.

Chapter 771: Big Family

Chapter 771: Big Family

Thirty minutes had passed in a garden near the King's Castle. Victor was sitting on the ground, cross-legged, while Fenrir lazily rested behind him.

"You must long for battles to have become so proficient, Fenrir," commented Victor.

"Unfortunately, I don't have that luxury here," grumbled Fenrir.

"Oh? What luxury do you lack here?" Victor inquired.

"No one is strong enough to fight me here in Samar, and on Earth, I am merely seen as a beast that needs to be eliminated thanks to the mighty Odin," Fenrir said with evident hostility in his tone, especially when mentioning Odin's name.

"Hmm, you hate that God, huh?" Victor questioned.

"Of course. He condemned my siblings and me based on a damn prophecy," Fenrir growled as a powerful killing intent filled the air.

Victor whistled, observing the intense killing intent. 'That's some potent killing intent... I even feel a little sorry for Odin... Meh, who am I kidding? Who cares about some old geezer?'

"Apparently, the all-powerful God Kings never even considered that by trying to avoid a prophecy, they would simply fulfill it," Victor said with an amused tone, completely unfazed by the outburst of killing intent.

Upon hearing Victor's words, the Wolf's killing intent dissipated, and he seemed to ponder what Victor had said.

"... Hmm, that's a good point," Fenrir admitted.

"Right? You can throw that in the old man's face when you kill him; I'm sure he'll feel quite foolish," Victor laughed.

"... Oh? You think I'm going to kill him?" Fenrir asked, a smile full of sharp teeth on his face.

"Of course, my friend. I don't know what Odin did, but I know he harmed you and your siblings, and that's reason enough for you to go after him to kill him," Victor affirmed.

"Hmm, you're not wrong... Odin will fall beneath my fangs in the future," Fenrir smiled predatorily.

"Hmm, good to see you motivated..." Victor said, his smile growing once again. "But I'm afraid you won't be able to defeat Odin as you are now."

Instead of getting angry at Victor's statement, Fenrir was curious.

"... Oh? Why do you say that?" Fenrir questioned.

"Your fighting style is too straightforward, my friend."

"Fighting like an animal won't kill the God King of The Norse Pantheon."

"Odin not only has his famous spear, Gungnir, but he also commands an army of Gods by his side, and he is a Master of Runes himself. You must know how troublesome that can be, don't you?"

"... Hmm, your observation has merit, but in the face of The END, all will perish..." Fenrir stopped talking as he felt Victor stroking his fur.

"Arrogance... Hmm, I understand you very well."

Fenrir narrowed his eyes at Victor but did nothing to harm him.

"Fenrir, my friend... The Concept of The END is undoubtedly powerful, but... It is only strong if it touches the individual, right?"

'Hmm... That's good...', Fenrir closed his eyes a bit, enjoying Victor's caresses.

"I can think of thousands of ways to defeat you, and you would never lay a finger on me."

"What do you mean?" Fenrir asked casually. Perhaps it was due to Victor's caresses, but he felt quite comfortable now.

Tasha, Maya, and Hassan merely looked at Victor and Fenrir with visible shock on their faces.

'The Beast of The End is just wagging its tail happily?' They simultaneously thought, rubbing their disbelieving eyes. The scene before them was so unreal that even though they were witnessing it, they couldn't comprehend it.

"Haaah... When did they become such good friends?" Tasha felt utterly exhausted now. Not only did she have to deal with the damage caused by those two monsters, but she also had to deal with a sight she never imagined experiencing before.

"Due to your imposing size, there are various ways to defeat you, but most of them you can avoid with your Concept of The END and your superior Power. However, if you come across someone at my level who possesses the qualities of Odin, a God-King whose main weapon is a spear, in addition to mastering Runes and having an entire Realm of Gods by his side..."

"You will need much more than just yourself; you will need strong subordinates to deal with his army, and you will have to face Odin alone."

Victor created an Ice Spear and stood up from the ground, assuming a stance.

"Come, attack me."

Fenrir narrowed his eyes but decided to participate in Victor's game. The Wolf took his position, and as he was about to attack, he heard an unfamiliar word coming from Victor's mouth.

"Antigravity."

Suddenly, he felt his body becoming lighter and lost all support, and in the blink of an eye, he saw an Ice Spear in his face.

"And you're dead."

"...Huh?"

Fenrir suddenly felt gravity returning and fell to the ground.

'Ugh, it's still difficult to use Runes in combat. It drained more Energy than necessary,' Victor complained internally, showing no emotion.

"I'm not a Master of Runes, and using Runes during a fight is very challenging."

'Wrong, it's impossible,' Maya and Tasha think, but they don't comment out loud.

"But someone like Odin, who is very cautious, has probably created several countermeasures against you. So when you attack Odin, you should be concerned about the Runes he might use."

"With your Power of The END, you could erase the Runes, but how long would that take? 2? 3 seconds?"

"In a High-Level battle, every second counts. In the meantime, Odin can do various things to harm you."

Fenrir stood up from the ground and looked curiously at Victor. "So, what should I do?"

"Do the unexpected."

"Elaborate more, please," Fenrir requested.

"Of course," Victor chuckled lightly.

"Odin sees you as a beast, right? Use that against him."

"Learn to fight in a more Humanoid Form."

"How will that help me?"

"Think of it this way. In the midst of the fight, you suddenly transform into a more Humanoid and compact Form, which possesses all your Power. At that moment, Odin will be surprised, and you can incapacitate him with your dangerous fangs."

"... Hmm..." Fenrir could understand the logic behind it.

"Of course, there are other ways, like using Odin's own ego against him."

"Oh? What do you mean?"

"Odin is a God-King; arrogance is a characteristic that all God-Kings possess... Use that against him and attack where he least expects."

"As someone who believes in a prophecy, he believes that you will attack him directly. Use that against him and attack his loved ones." Victor's smile started to become increasingly Demonic.

"His wife, his youngest son, his most loyal soldier, it doesn't matter. Choose someone and erase them from existence. That will irritate Odin and hurt his pride, the pride of a God who thinks he knows everything."

"Hmm... That might work."

Maya, Tasha, and Hassan could only watch the situation with cold sweat running down their faces.

'Victor... Is he teaching The Wolf of The End to become more cunning and cruel?' Maya thought and couldn't help but approve of his actions.

Victor spent a few minutes explaining various ways to defeat Odin to Fenrir. Was he worried that a Pantheon could disappear like that? Of course not.

Victor exchanged blows with Fenrir, and although it was brief, he could feel a connection forming, a connection of friends. Victor recognized Fenrir, and Fenrir recognized Victor, and from this discovery, a friendship was born.

The phrase "Only when you exchange blows with someone can you truly understand them" applied completely to this situation.

But despite enjoying teaching Fenrir, Victor still wished to fight more... Because of that, he interrupted his lessons.

"Anyway, I've given you more than enough tips. It's up to you how to use them."

"Hmm, you're not going to teach me? I've never really learned to fight with someone. I do everything by instinct." Fenrir had never felt the need to train until now, and he never

encountered someone he could consider his equal. Even in relation to his siblings, he had some disdain for them, although he respected them a little.

Victor blinked twice; for a moment, he thought he had misheard:

"... Of course, I can teach you."

Teach The Beast of Ragnarok? Count him in! Of course, he would do it. Just imagining how much stronger Fenrir would become in the future made Victor's blood boil with expectations.

'So this is how Scathach felt when she taught me,' Victor thought, amused.

"Really? Mm, in that case, I'm counting on you." Fenrir's body started to glow, and in the next moment, a figure with long white hair and black streaks that reached its waist appeared before Victor. The figure had two wolf ears on its head and a wolf tail.

The legs were still those of a Wolf, just like the arms were claws, and the creature's teeth remained sharp as in its adult Wolf Form.

Overall, the figure looked like a Hybrid Version of the adult Wolf Form.

"... You were a woman?" Victor raised an eyebrow.

"Hmm? I am not a woman. I am a Genderless Being. As a Being that represents The Concept of The END, I cannot possess characteristics that would allow me to 'create' something. That goes against my nature... Ugh, this Form feels strange." Even in this Form, its majestic voice remained unchanged.

'Oh... If he were a Gendered Being, that would mean he could reproduce or have children, which would imply "creating" life, and that act itself would go against his nature as The END of everything... Interesting, in that case, all END Beings would be like Fenrir, Genderless Beings.'

"... So, how do I fight in this Form... Hmm... Master?" Fenrir questioned.

Noticing his discomfort, Victor replied, "Just call me whatever feels comfortable to you."

"Okay, Victor... Viki?... Hmm, Vic. Yeah, that sounds good." Fenrir nodded, satisfied.

"See those trees over there?" Victor pointed to the trees in the distance.

"Yes...?" Fenrir responded, curious.

"Attack instinctively; let your body do as it pleases."

"Hmm... Alright." Fenrir casually attacked from a distance, and the landscape in front of him was completely destroyed.

"Too many unnecessary movements and excessive destruction. Against Beings like Odin, you should focus on concentrating most of your strikes against him."

"Huh?" Fenrir didn't understand.

"Watch me." Victor walked with his hands in his pockets to the front of Fenrir.

"Understood." Fenrir nodded and watched Victor attack from where he stood. His strikes were more precise and faster than Fenrir's. Victor took his hands out of his pockets, but it was so fast that it didn't even seem like he had moved his hands.

A thunderous sound echoed, and Fenrir saw a tree falling in the distance. Unlike him, who had destroyed everything in front of him, Victor had only destroyed one tree. The damage to that tree was clearly more destructive than Fenrir's previous attack.

"Precision, skill, and minimal effort results in great destruction. If you can Master that to the point of doing what I did casually, the God-King will suffer when facing you."

"Hmm..." Fenrir's eyes sparkled with excitement. "Teach me, Vic!"

"Before that..."

Victor and Fenrir looked toward the voice that suddenly appeared and soon saw an adult woman with long, vibrant green hair. She had a not-so-friendly smile, and it was clear that she was irritated.

"Could you stop destroying Nature?"

Before Victor could think of a response, he heard Roxanne's cry in his mind.

[Darling, it's her! My sister! The World Tree of this planet!]

'Well, this is getting more interesting by the moment, isn't it?' With just one look, Victor could tell that this World Tree represented an Aspect opposite to his, The Positive Aspect.

...

"Mother, are you sure about this?" Pepper asked Scathach with concern.

"Yes, my daughter, I am," replied Scathach.

"But you're going to The Underworld, right? A place full of Miasma toxic to the living?" Pepper wasn't sure if she should go. Despite having a lot of trust in her mother and her abilities, she wasn't like Victor, capable of surviving in the Hellish environment with such powerful Miasma.

"Oh, that's why you're worried..." Scathach smiled gently at Pepper and stroked her head. "Unlike Victor's ruled Hell, The Greek Underworld isn't completely covered in Miasma harmful to living Beings. Only some areas are toxic and possess that Miasma. Normally, those areas are close to Tartarus, where the highest concentration of Miasma exists."

"So, as long as you don't go to those areas, you'll be fine?" Pepper asked.

"Yes," nodded Scathach.

"Hmm..." Pepper seemed convinced, but at the same time, she still had her doubts.

"Don't worry, Pepper. Our mother is one of the most powerful women you'll ever meet, and she's going to The Underworld along with Aphrodite and Morgana. One can Enchant everyone with her Powers, and the other can create a nuclear explosion in Hell. She'll be fine," explained Siena.

She didn't trust Nyx at all, but she had complete trust in the other girls.

"Hmm..." Pepper nodded, and gradually, her expression became confident. "Yes! Mother is the strongest!"

"My daughter, for a moment there, I wondered if you doubted my strength."

Pepper visibly flinched and quickly replied, stuttering, "Of course not, Mother. I would never doubt you!"

"Really?"

"Yes! 100%!"

"Hmm~" Scathach continued to watch her daughter like a predator eyeing its prey.

Pepper fell silent, feeling like a deer in the mouth of a lion. She knew that any movement that raised suspicions about the truthfulness of her words would result in a torturous training session.

Siena rolled her eyes, witnessing the playfulness between mother and daughter. As she looked at the women around her, she spotted the group of older women surrounding Agnes and Violet. The group consisted of Goddesses and some more experienced Vampires, such as Natasha, Morgana, and Jeanne.

After observing Agnes for a few seconds, Siena looked away and approached Ruby, who was standing next to Nero, Ophis, Lacus, and Sasha.

"Ruby, I have a question."

"Hmm? What is it, Sis?"

"You banned Agnes and Violet from going to The Underworld because of the incident with Adonis?"

"Yes," Ruby replied, looking at Siena for a few seconds and then returning her gaze to Violet and Agnes. "We're going to The Underworld just to retrieve an item and come back, not to get involved in a four-front war."

"Are you sure it's a good idea to deprive them of their revenge?" Siena questioned.

"We're not depriving them of their revenge," Sasha interjected, drawing Siena's attention to her.

"We're just postponing their revenge," Sasha stated.

"Attacking the Ruler of The Greek Underworld in her own Realm is pure folly. The Rulers have complete dominion over their territory. It's almost like fighting a Master Witch in her own Domain," explained Ruby.

"When the time comes, we'll all aid them in seeking revenge, even if it strains our relationship with Demeter," added Sasha.

The Goddess of Agriculture had become crucially important to the group. The reason was clear: with the sudden increase in the Non-Vampire population, regular food had become even more important. Since Nightingale lacked conventional culinary skills, the assistance of the Goddess was highly appreciated.

For this reason, Ruby didn't provide an exact response like Sasha did. She valued logic more than emotions, but despite her coldness in that regard, she would always be by her Family's side. All she needed to do was devise countermeasures in case Demeter became permanently unavailable. Though it may seem impossible now, it would certainly become a reality in the future.

"I'm ready," declared Scathach suddenly, dressed in full body armor and wielding a spear adorned with Runes. She was fully prepared for war.

Observing her mother in this appearance, Ruby began to feel a sense of foreboding. 'By sending my mother, aren't I basically sending another 'Victor' to The Greek Hell?' she thought.

Scathach cracked her neck and walked towards the Goddesses.

"Take care of the house, Ruby," Scathach requested.

"Yes, Mother," Ruby responded.

"Ruby, it might just be my imagination, but why do I have a feeling that our Mother will earn the Title of GodSlayer?" Lacus commented.

"She already has that Title, Lacus..."

"But she's never killed a God permanently, right?"

"Well... I don't know, but knowing her, she probably has," Ruby uncertainly replied.

"Scathach is so amazing," Nero said.

"Yes," agreed Ophis.

"I wonder if we can be like that when we grow up."

"If we train," Ophis responded.

"Ugh," Nero grumbled, not because she disliked training but because it was extremely challenging.

"Putting that aside, have you been in contact with your father?"

"No... My father is unavailable... Again."

Nero touched her chin thoughtfully. "Hmm, I wonder why a man who loves his daughter so much isn't responding to her calls."

"... He found a new daughter."

"Huh?" Nero looked at Ophis, shocked. Seeing the girl's slightly sad expression, she approached her.

"What happened, Ophis?"

"My new mother has a daughter. He probably replaced me with her."

"He would never do that, right?" Nero looked at Ruby for answers.

Ruby responded neutrally, "As far as I know, Vlad would never abandon Ophis."

"Then why isn't he responding to me?" Ophis questioned.

"... Something probably happened," Siena said.

"... Before, he always had time for me... Even The Good Father always makes time for me when I call," Ophis lamented.

The girls looked at each other, unsure of what to do. They had no information about Vlad's actions, and even when Ruby tried to find out something, she didn't uncover anything relevant.

"It doesn't matter if Vlad doesn't respond. We will always be here for you, Ophis," Nero stated seriously. "And if he takes too long to respond, we'll seek information, even if it means using force. Trust in your Big Family."

"Mm... Big Family..." Ophis smiled faintly in the end.

Chapter 772: Elizabeth.

Chapter 772: Elizabeth.

Leona, Natalia, and Big Guy were accompanying Bella through the grounds of The Lykos Clan.

"The Lykos Clan is one of the oldest Clans in the Society of Werewolves. Our Ancestors were here when the Progenitor of Werewolves came to Samar, a planet where wildlife roamed freely," explained Bella.

"Our Ancestors were here when the current King of Werewolves assumed power."

"At every important event that occurred on this planet, someone from The Lykos Clan was present."

Bella entered a room that turned out to be a large library.

"Being one of the oldest Clans, we have many privileges. Having such a large territory as the Clan's headquarters is one of them."

"The normal Clans, not even the current Alpha Clans, can..." Bella couldn't continue the explanation because, suddenly, they all heard a roar that made everyone's instincts go wild.

Big Guy immediately positioned himself in front of Leona and protected her from any danger. Natalia approached Leona, who was looking towards the window with a narrowed expression and prepared to use her Power at any moment.

Kaguya, Eve, Bruna, Roberta, Anna, and Maria emerged from Leona's shadow and spread out around them. They were preparing to establish a secure perimeter for the group when a different heavy sensation spread throughout the City again.

An even more terrifying sensation descended upon the City, a sensation that was very familiar to those present.

"What is this?" Bella fell to the ground while holding her own shoulders.

She felt cold, weak, and afraid. The feeling of helplessness began to grow within her body; she didn't understand what was happening.

Bella looked at Leona and saw the woman smiling gently. Not only her, even the Vampires who had suddenly appeared were smiling in the same way.

Bella wondered what had happened to make everyone react like that.

"You asked what it is?" Leona suddenly began to speak.

"Y-Yes."

"That's my Darling."

"Darling...?" Bella repeated Leona's words as if confused, but as soon as her brain started functioning again, she understood.

"You're talking about The Demon King...?"

"Yes. It seems like my Son is fighting against Fenrir," Anna replied to Bella while looking around, curious.

Bella looked at the woman with long black hair and red eyes who spoke those words with widened eyes.

'Is she the Mother of The Demon King?' These thoughts lasted only a few seconds when Anna's other words registered in her brain.

"...What!? He's fighting Fenrir?"

"Of course he is. Darling never misses a chance to fight someone strong," scoffed Maria.

"The first roar must have come from The Beast of Ragnarok. It seems like Darling has achieved one of his goals," Eve spoke quietly to Kaguya.

"Mm..." Kaguya nodded and then looked around.

"Split into pairs and spread out in the library. No one should enter while Leona is here."

"Yes!" Eve, Roberta, Bruna, and Maria accepted the orders and quickly spread out.

"Leona, I'm going to grab some books. If you want to talk to me, just call me. I'll be around," Anna said as she left to explore the library.

"Mm." Leona nodded and briefly glanced at Kaguya.

Kaguya understood the implicit message in Leona's gaze and followed Anna to protect her.

Bella, who had been observing everything, couldn't help but think that Leona was really well-protected. Each of those women gave her a rather uncomfortable feeling, especially the Maid with oriental features and the Maid with long black hair that reached her ankles.

"Continue with the explanation about my Clan."

"Oh..." Bella blinked twice and then said, "Are you just going to ignore what's happening?"

"Yes."

"Why? I mean, this is a big deal, right? Your Husband is fighting Fenrir! It's a significant event! The City must be in chaos right now."

Bella could already imagine the chaos that was unfolding throughout the City.

"It doesn't matter. My Husband won't lose to anyone. And as for the confusion this incident may cause, I'm not worried either. Knowing my Husband, he should have already charmed the Queen of The Werewolves or Maya to the point where they subconsciously desire him exclusively. They will surely do something to fix everything."

"So it's fine."

"Bitch, have you seen my Husband?"

"Yes, I saw him in the Clan report..." She remembered that even for a Vampire, he was very handsome.

"Imagine that image a thousand times more impactful when seeing him in person. No woman can be near him without unconsciously desiring him in bed."

"My Husband is like a very sexy woman that everyone fights over. Combine that with a dominant personality that makes female Werewolves wet just by being near him. He is a True Alpha."

"..." Bella didn't really know how to react to Leona's words. To her, it seemed like Leona was simply boasting about her Husband.

Natalia frowned and sighed, "Leona..."

"What? It's the truth. Didn't you see how Maya was acting? I could smell her excitement from miles away. The Queen tried to hide it herself, but I noticed her indiscreet glances."

Leona was certain that whether male or female, no one was immune to her Husband's Charm. He was called the male version of Aphrodite for a reason. He was as beautiful as the Goddess of Beauty.

"That's not the point. Could you be a bit more polite, please?"

"It's tiring... So no." Leona scoffed.

Natalia sighed again upon hearing a response that was very similar to what Violet and Agnes used to say in the past.

'Leona must certainly be a lost twin sister of Violet. Not only are their appearances nearly identical, but their personalities were also somewhat similar.' The evidence for these words became even stronger when Leona started actively interacting with Violet.

"Please, continue with the explanation," Natalia said to Bella.

"...Okay." Bella decided to simply not comment on anything Leona had said and kept that information to herself.

"Where was I?"

"You were explaining about the privileges of the Lykos Clan," Leona said.

"Ah..." Bella began to rephrase her speech in her mind and then continued, "Normal Clans, not even the current Alpha Clans, can have territories as large as the Royal Capital. That is an exclusive privilege of the Lykos Clan."

"As the Wife of a Progenitor, you must know something about the Progenitors, right?"

"Yes." Leona nodded with a slight smile.

For some reason, Bella found that smile from Leona quite perverted.

"Leona..." Natalia swore she would lose her patience during this trip.

"Humph, it's not my fault that your imagination is so perverted," Leona scoffed.

Bella decided to simply ignore Leona's playful remarks. "...Progenitors can initiate a whole new Species, containing hundreds of new Lineages. When you learn about these Beings in the Ancient Clan books, that's the first description you receive of them."

"The Progenitor of The Werewolves who came to Samar was no different." Bella walked to an area reserved only for High-Ranking Clan members and picked up a book that looked fairly new.

She went to the table and pointed to the seats for everyone to sit except Big Guy, who remained standing.

"At the time, this Progenitor had hundreds of Wives, but those women are not important for our discussion. What matters is this woman." Bella opened the book and an illustration of a woman who looked very much like Leona was shown.

"Elizabeth Lykos, The Strongest Wife of The Progenitor of The Werewolves and the Ancestor of The Lykos Clan. She had a Werewolf genetic mutation, a mutation that not even the Progenitor himself possessed. And it was this mutation that earned her the Title of The Strongest Werewolf of her time."

Leona and Natalia narrowed their eyes upon hearing the name.

Bella turned the pages of the book and showed a specific point to Leona and Natalia.

Both looked at where Bella was pointing.

"Elizabeth genes, as it is known today, is a mutation in the genes of Werewolves that allows for a faster advancement in their instinctive side, resulting in a significant increase in the individual's overall abilities. Anyone who has this mutation in their genes, without a shadow of a doubt, has great potential for the future."

"Due to the gradual increase in 'instincts,' some side effects, such as difficulty in controlling those instincts and emotional instability, become quite noticeable. The individual gradually becomes more of a Wolf than a rational being, which makes training from a young age extremely necessary for these individuals."

"Normally, those who have this mutation awaken their Werewolf side much earlier than normal Werewolves. While normal Werewolves awaken around the ages of 18 to 21, these individuals can awaken around the ages of 3 to 6, which also contributes to

worsening their psychological state... And it's one of the factors that makes them stronger than other members of their own Race."

After finishing her reading, Leona looked at Bella with suspicious eyes.

"...Are you telling me that I have this?"

"..." Bella didn't affirm anything or respond. She remained silent. But that silence was confirmation for what Leona wanted to know.

"You're crazy," Leona said disdainfully. "I didn't awaken my Werewolf side until adulthood, and during childhood, I was extremely sick. If I had this mutation, I wouldn't have grown up so weak."

"What is the name of The Matriarch of our Clan, Leona?" Instead of saying anything else, Bella asked a question.

"Maya? Why are you asking the obvious?" Leona responded.

"I apologize. I asked the wrong question... What is the full name of The Matriarch of our Clan?"

"How would I know? I forgot." She spoke the truth. Even if she had heard it in the past, she wouldn't remember someone who was not related to Victor.

Bella felt the urge to sigh at that moment.

Fortunately, Natalia was nearby to save the day. As a Clan Leader, she had been trained to always pay attention to everything and keep every important piece of information to herself. The name of such a strong and influential woman in Werewolf Society certainly fell into that category.

"Maya Elizabeth Lykos, that's the name of The Matriarch," Natalia said.

"Right." Bella nodded and then spoke, looking at Leona, "And your name is Leona Elizabeth Lykos."

"...So what? Our names are similar, and that's it. You probably have something like that too, as a tribute to our Ancestor or something," Leona replied.

Bella shook her head from side to side, denying Leona's words. "No one in the current Lykos Clan has 'Elizabeth' in their name, only you and my mother."

Leona looked at Bella for a long moment and sighed, a bit tired. She knew what was happening but simply didn't want to accept it.

After all, if she had this mutation, why wasn't she strong since childhood? Why wasn't she emotionally unstable? She considered herself a very rational woman most of the time. Only recently had she started to act more on instinct, but that was because she finally got what she had always wanted since childhood.

Victor, her foolish childhood friend.

Because of that, she allowed herself to be more honest with herself. It wasn't because of some stupid mutation or anything like that.

Chapter 773: Elizabeth. 2

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Seeing that Leona reluctantly accepted her explanation, Bella continued:

"The mutation of the Elizabeth Gene is extremely rare and is said to occur every 3 or 4 generations in The Lykos Clan. It's an event of utmost importance to The Clan."

"This event occurred three generations ago with my mother and happened again a few years ago when you were born, Leona."

"The Matriarch identified the mutant gene within you and personally gave you the full name you use today."

"She named me...?" Leona asked, somewhat shocked. She had always thought that her father had given her the name, something he took pride in.

"Yes," Bella nodded and continued, "By receiving the name Elizabeth directly from The Matriarch, you became her direct successor. After all, from The Clan's point of view, it's always better to have someone with our Ancestor's mutation as the Leader. It's a guarantee that this woman will become very strong in the future."

"... That's why you said my presence would change the entire political climate within The Clan," Leona now understood Bella's words.

"Yes," Bella nodded.

"Hmm, you mentioned 'this woman' as if you were specifying that only the women of the Clan can awaken this mutation," Natalia pointed out.

"... Good observation..." Bella widened her eyes slightly and soon smiled faintly. "Yes, you are correct."

"Only women can awaken this mutation."

"Why? After all, it's something genetic, isn't it? Men should also be able to awaken it," Natalia questioned.

"That's due to the peculiarities of the mutation," explained Bella.

"Peculiarities?" Natalia asked.

"Hmm~... Think of it as an enhanced version of the condition of Noble Vampires, where practically 99% of the next generation inherits the Power from the previous generation, with only rare cases of 1% failing to inherit the Power."

"A woman with this mutation will have the next generation of Wolves born from her be significantly stronger than the previous one, with a talent and potential increase of around 1x or 3x. The last time this happened was in my mother's generation, meaning me and my siblings."

"As we grew up, it was clear how different we were from the Wolves of our age, and my brother Adam was an anomaly among us," Bella explained.

"Hmm, that still doesn't explain why. If it's just that, men should experience the same benefit, right? In fact, wouldn't it be better to have this mutation in men?"

Bella's smile wavered. "... You're quite observant. Almost too observant for your own good, Lady Natalia."

Natalia displayed a sweet smile. "... I see. It seems there's something more that you can't reveal about this mutation, isn't there?"

"Indeed, only The Matriarch can share that information. I'm already at risk of getting in trouble by 'guiding' Leona to the correct answer. I don't want to get involved in more problems," Bella said.

"Hmm~, I understand... Because of this 'something more' that you can't reveal, The Lykos Clan has always been able to produce a General for The King of The Werewolves," Natalia now understood why the Lykos Clan always created Generals for The Werewolf King.

'This mutation must offer something more than just Lineage Enhancement. Otherwise, they wouldn't give it so much importance,' Natalia thought.

"And because of this mutant gene, all the Alpha Werewolves from other Clans want to have relationships with the women and men of our Clan. They desire the chance to obtain this mutation for themselves," Bella scoffed at the foolishness of these Clans. It was obvious that Maya would never allow anyone born with the Elizabeth genes to be

outside The Clan. Even the rare grandchildren born to women and men from other Alpha Clans were raised within The Lykos Clan.

"Fortunately, since most of The Clan has internal relationships, we have never had major problems because of it."

While Natalia and Bella conversed, Leona drew her own conclusions about the entire situation, and her imagination didn't like what she envisioned.

"So you want to use me as a breeding machine..." Leona's eyes shimmered slightly.

"Huh? What are you talking about?" Bella looked at Leona, confused.

"... Isn't that the reason why you want me to be the Leader? So that I become someone like Maya, who has a reverse harem?" Leona asked, puzzled.

"Huh? Of course not. Don't use my mother as an example for yourself. She's just a very eccentric woman who doesn't know moderation," explained Bella.

"I noticed... The way she looks at my Husband is quite obvious," Leona said.

"If your Husband is everything you've said..." Bella started to speak but was interrupted by Leona.

"He is much more than I've said," Leona corrected her.

"... If he is more than what you've said, it's obvious that she would be interested... Although it's a bit nauseating to think about my mother with a Vampire of all things," Bella murmured in the end.

"Humph, my Husband isn't interested in married women. He's not a pervert," Leona snorted.

Bella coughed and changed the subject: "Essentially speaking, all members of The Lykos Clan can do as they please as long as it doesn't harm The Clan and they fulfill their Clan obligations. This Clan is a family, not a prison."

"Anyway, why is Maya like this? Couldn't her husbands calm her down?" Leona asked curiously.

"....." Bella gave Leona a dry look, her gaze saying, 'Can you stop talking about that for a second?'

Of course, Leona wasn't a telepath, so she didn't understand what Bella meant, and she didn't really care either.

Realizing that Leona wouldn't give up on her question, Bella sighed and spoke, "Unfortunately, neither of my parents was a strong enough Alpha to challenge her authority. My mother is simply too powerful. She not only has the Elizabeth genes, which cause a mutation in her Werewolf side, but she has also achieved the state of a Complete Werewolf, which is equivalent to the full transformation of Noble Vampires."

"That's confusing..." Leona narrowed her eyes, understanding and yet not understanding what Bella was saying.

"Yes, she made the explanation too complicated," Natalia nodded and explained to Leona, "In simple terms, Maya has the genes of a legendary Super Saiyan, and she can transform into a Super Saiyan, which is much stronger than normal Saiyans, right?"

"... What the hell are you talking about, woman?" Bella asked, completely confused now. It was her turn to not understand anything.

"Ohhh, that makes sense," Leona understood now.

"It makes sense!?" Bella asked, still confused.

"It does to me," Leona nodded.

'So, I basically have an even stronger version of the Werewolf Lineage, huh... Neat,' Leona thought.

"... Haah... Anyway, the only male Alpha who can challenge my mother is The King of The Werewolves himself, but as we know, he is married to the Queen, and the Queen is not a woman who would allow that unless she was completely subjugated."

The entire upper circle of Werewolves knew that Volk had never managed to fully subjugate Tasha. They also knew that this was a sensitive subject for the Royal Family, specifically for Volk.

"Going back to the explanation, the reason you were named is related to Power. You have the potential to become the next Maya. That's why you were chosen temporarily, but if you don't want to lead The Clan, there are other more suitable candidates."

"... Hmm." Somehow, Leona found her Clan quite reasonable with these matters.

Seeing Leona's slightly bewildered look, Bella said, "What? Did you think we would force someone to become The Clan Leader?" She snorted. "Forcing someone into such an important position is counterproductive and would only harm The Clan in the long run. Besides, we are not lacking competent individuals."

"... That makes a lot of sense." From Leona's tone, it was clear that she didn't expect to hear those words from Bella.

"So, that cliché anime scenario of the missing Heiress returning to The Clan and causing chaos won't happen here?... Somehow, I'm disappointed." Leona could be quite narcissistic at times.

"No, that's just common sense," Bella said. "It's better to give Leadership of The Clan to someone capable who wants the position rather than to someone who has the potential to be better but doesn't want to take on that responsibility."

After all, there were various roles within The Clan, and this person with potential could very well assume another position, like that of a warrior, for example.

Bella held Leona's hand with both hands and looked into her eyes. "So, now that you have the information you wanted, support me! With you by my side, I will achieve Leadership of The Clan! Please, help your aunt!"

Leona looked at Bella with an expressionless face. Somehow, she felt that this woman was quite brazen, but she didn't dislike her. After all, Bella had been very upfront about what she wanted from the beginning.

"Not yet," Leona replied.

"Huh?"

"You haven't finished explaining about my Clan and this mutation. I want to know why I didn't awaken this Power when I was younger."

"... About that... I don't have any evidence, but I think it's because of my brother Adam."

"My father? What did he do?"

"Hmm, it was just a rumor that circulated at the time, but I remember my other brothers saying that Adam used his retirement as an excuse to take you away from Samar and raise you in a peaceful environment where the Awakening of your mutation wouldn't be triggered. I don't know if it's true or not. After all, that's not the version of my brother that I know, but who knows?"

"Can the Awakening of the mutation be delayed...?" Leona asked with narrowed eyes.

"Hmm? Of course. Only The Matriarch would know more specific details that are not in the books, but I believe so. After all, it is said several times that the Elizabeth gene is a mutation that makes the individual rely more on their 'instincts,' right?" Bella explained.

"In Samar, it's normal to grow up in an environment that enhances our instincts, like running in the forest, fighting strong animals, fighting as a pack, fostering competition among Clan Members, and so on," Bella continued.

"But in the Human World, it's not like that, right? There, the 'rational' side is more valued, and I bet you grew up being heavily protected, both by your father and everyone around you."

Leona fell silent. What Bella said had merit. Ever since she became self-aware, she had always been protected. There were some inconveniences at school with girls who didn't like her, but things never escalated because of Victor, her brother, Andrew, and later Fred.

Deciding to confront her father about this later, Leona asked the question that intrigued her the most at the moment.

"How do I Awaken this mutant gene?"

"... Huh? What are you talking about? Haven't you Awakened it already?" Bella asked, confused.

"... Of course not. I don't feel any imbalance, nor do I have emotional instability."

Natalia decided not to comment on what Leona said. As someone who knew Leona before and now, she could clearly perceive the change in the woman, but Leona herself didn't realize it.

As they say, people don't notice their own faults until someone points them out.

This was a perfect example of Leona's current situation.

"This type of issue usually occurs during the growth phase or when we need to control our instincts. Since you grew up without developing your Werewolf side, the issues from childhood were corrected. And during the Awakening phase, when instincts grow stronger... Well, your instincts are completely satisfied, right?" explained Bella.

"Well..." Leona pondered for a moment on that and realized it was true. Before, she had an immense desire to have Victor all to herself, but since they got together, she had become completely calm. The year of intense night-

time activities worked wonders in appeasing her instincts.

"From your look, I can tell I hit the mark," Bella nodded, confirming her assumptions.

"According to what my mother told me, in her childhood, she wanted to be stronger than everyone else. Her instincts guided her towards that goal, just like it happened with the other members of The Lykos Clan back then. And as she grew older, and realized she had no partners who could match her strength. She desired an Alpha as strong as her... As you know, that desire remains unfulfilled to this day."

"But as time passed and she saw her children and grandchildren, she became calmer... However, I fear that it's only temporary..." Bella murmured in the end.

Leona and Natalia listened attentively to what Bella said and were able to understand her thoughts.

"As expected of my Husband, with his ridiculously irresistible Charm," Leona agreed with herself. It seemed that her thoughts were correct.

Just as Leona was about to say something, they all heard a confident and defiant voice.

"What's this? Why are Vampires in this sacred place?"

Bella furrowed her brow and looked towards the entrance of the library. There stood a tall man with a strong posture, her brother Connor, the next candidate to lead the Clan. As always, he was accompanied by his wives, one of them being his own sister, Daphne Lykos, and the other his niece, Iona Lykos.

Chapter 774: Elizabeth. 3

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Leona narrowed her eyes as she spotted a man staring at Anna and Kaguya.

"We are guests," Anna declared coldly, behaving like a noble vampire from an ancient lineage. If Hilda witnessed this scene, she would be filled with pride for her disciple, as all her efforts would have paid off!

"Vampires being invited to a Clan of werewolves...?" His tone conveyed how ridiculous he found this situation.

"Who is he...?" Leona asked Bella.

"Connor Lykos, my brother and the next candidate for Clan leader," Bella explained.

"Hmm..." Leona observed the man for a few seconds, and for a moment, Connor's eyes shifted from Anna to gaze at her. In that brief instant, she noticed his eyes shimmering in a celestial blue.

It was just when the man displayed his interest that something happened. Kaguya made a gesture, and Bruna appeared in front of Connor. Before he could say anything, Bruna delivered a punch to his stomach, causing a resounding impact. Strangely, the man was not thrown away.

"Ooof." Connor immediately felt his legs lose all strength. He never imagined that a vampire could have such a powerful punch.

"What..." The women tried to react, but they were quickly subdued by blood-red strands.

"One wrong move and you become pieces of meat," Maria smiled faintly.

Connor narrowed his eyes and tried to act, but a cold sensation ran through his body as snakes slithered over him.

He immediately ceased resistance.

"Good boy," Bruna smiled.

"...Hmm," Roberta looked at Connor with a predatory gaze, like a snake about to devour its next meal. "I wonder if I can turn him into a statue. It would be a beautiful addition to my collection."

"You can't, Roberta."

"What a shame," Roberta grumbled.

Bella watched the situation with wide eyes. In a matter of seconds, those women completely subdued her brother. Connor was not weak; in fact, he was among the strongest siblings, second only to Adam. Yet, he couldn't even react.

"I suggest you don't move, Wolf. You don't want to experience the feeling of having your spine ripped out, do you?" Bruna smiled gently as she made some gestures with her fingers. With that simple movement, Connor felt something pulling at his spine.

And that sensation made him immediately go quiet.

'What kind of power is this?' Connor narrowed his eyes, trying to comprehend what had just happened to him.

"So, can I turn them into Ghouls?" Maria asked excitedly, caressing the faces of the two women, who were visibly horrified upon understanding the vampire's words.

The Ghoul infection is highly contagious, and although they have some resistance to the bite of noble vampires, it is unknown if they have the same resistance against Ghouls, capable of infecting everything and everyone.

"No, you can't, Maria," Kaguya denied.

"Tsk, Big Boss is being a meanie," Maria grumbled.

Kaguya felt an immense urge to sigh at that moment.

Leona huffed when she witnessed the whole situation. "I don't like him."

"I share the same opinion as you," Bella smiled, but deep down, she wondered what game Connor was playing. He surely knew that Leona was there, and considering her relationship with the Demon King, it was obvious to assume that Leona would have bodyguards by her side.

'Why did he pretend not to be aware of the situation?' Bella never understood her brother's thought process.

Looking at Connor again, she realized that regardless of his plan, he had left a bad impression on Leona. And that alone was enough for Bella to gain an advantage in the power struggle.

Eve, who had been hiding in the shadows in case the initial ambush failed, emerged from her hiding place and landed next to Kaguya.

"What should we do, Kaguya?" she asked.

"Just drive them away," Kaguya ordered.

Anna nodded in agreement. "Yes, that's the right approach. We cannot resort to excessive violence or bloodshed without a valid justification. It would harm the relationship between Victor and the Lykos Clan."

"Just tell Victor that he tried to dominate me," Leona casually stated.

The Maids, Anna, Natalia, and the Big Guy looked at Leona disapprovingly.

"What?" Leona asked, noticing the looks around her.

"If you speak like that, the planet will be blown up... Literally."

"Hehehe, Darling can be quite dramatic at times," Leona smiled gently.

Everyone rolled their eyes at that.

"Yes, that's it," Natalia declared, making a decision. "When we return, you will undergo therapy with a professional psychiatrist."

"Huh...? A psychiatrist? Why? I'm not crazy! I'm not, Violet!" Leona questioned, confused.

"Yes, you're becoming worse than her, so we need to nip it in the bud before the problem escalates," Natalia pointed out.

"I refuse!" exclaimed Leona.

"Unfortunately, you don't have a say in the matter," said Natalia gently.

"Why not?"

Natalia smiled maternally, sending a chill down the spines of those around her.

"...Because I decided so. Or would you like to find out if you can breathe in space for a few seconds?" A small blue circle spun in Natalia's hand.

"..." Leona swallowed hard, wondering if Natalia had always been this terrifying.

"Don't worry, it won't kill you. It's just three seconds, and I'll make sure nothing happens to you."

"...Fine, I'll do it, but only if Violet goes with me." If she falls, she won't fall alone!

"If she refuses, then I won't do it." Leona was certain that Violet would refuse.

"Don't worry. She's already seeing a psychiatrist along with some of the other girls."

"...Huh? This is the first time I've heard about it!"

"If you stopped exploring the cultural space, you would know," Natalia scoffed.

What is the cultural space? It's the space that used to be Victor's room, which turned into a cinema, and later became a place where everyone gathered. Taking advantage of that space, Ruby completely renovated it to include various books, anime, and movies. She even expanded the place, creating a second and third floor and dividing each floor into different sections.

It was a place frequented by girls who loved this type of content, such as Leona, Ruby, Pepper, and Lacus, among others.

"Humph, you also go to that place to read books."

"Of course, the atmosphere is cozy." Natalia didn't deny it.

"Right? Which is why... Wait a second; I just realized that Violet would never go to a place without a good reward for her. What's the reward for going to the psychiatrist?"

"...You really understand Violet well, Leona," Natalia said.

"Answer my question!"

"Yes, you're correct," agreed Natalia.

"And then? What's the reward?"

"It's this." Natalia opened a portal, took out a photo, and showed it to Leona. In the photo, she saw Victor wearing a wine-red suit, with the top of the blazer open, revealing his sculpted body as he sat on the balcony, gazing at the horizon.

Leona and Bella's eyes widened.

"Bitch, don't look!" Leona angrily slammed the table.

"Eh? I-I'm not looking!" stuttered Bella.

Ignoring Bella, Leona looked at Natalia with a serious expression.

"How do you have this? I don't even have this rare photo!"

"Fufufu, there are many ways to enjoy your free time with Victor other than just having sex, my dear."

Somehow, Natalia seemed more mature now in Leona's eyes. And it was at that moment that she realized that the "psychiatrist" was just an excuse for the girls to meet and exchange photos. After all, why would they need psychiatrists if their whole family was crazy?

"Natalia, you cunning maid! You should have told me!"

"If you spent less time in the clouds, you would have noticed. After all, no one was hiding these meetings," Natalia said gently, insulting her in a passive-aggressive manner.

"Ugh, I've never been insulted so politely before."

"Hmm, girls?" Bella caught the attention of the women.

"What?" Leona and Natalia replied to Bella.

"...Can you give me a copy of that photo?" It was hard for Bella to admit, as she was praising a Noble Vampire, but that man was simply too handsome.

Even though he was handsome, she didn't want to have those kinds of thoughts about a Noble Vampire, but...

'Looking at a photo shouldn't be a problem, right?' Bella thought.

Natalia and Leona looked at each other and smiled mischievously. The heiress of the Alioth Clan put away the photo she had of Victor and took out other "common" photos, which were not as rare, photos distributed among the followers of the Blood God's religion.

"That photo was a rare edition exclusive to the Demon King's wives, but here we have a more accessible edition..." She began spreading the photos on the table.

"Ohh... Ohhh... OHHH! Fuck, Leona, you're so lucky!"

"I know," Leona laughed.

Anna, seeing the direction the conversation was taking, sighed. 'There goes another person to my son's religion.' Anna couldn't blame Bella. After all, she herself participated in the "psychiatric" sessions. Being Victor's mother, she had many exclusive photos that no one else had, and she could trade them for copies of the photos that only Victor's wives could access.

In fact, she attended almost every session of this group. After all, the group always found an excuse to meet and exchange any items among themselves. Only when she was busy did she not do it.

Eve and Anna approached the table where Leona was, starting to look at the scattered photos.

"Hmm, I don't have this copy... Can you give me one?" Eve asked Natalia.

"Do you really want it? It's a common edition, you know. As his wife, you have access to rarer photos," Natalia said.

"Mm, I know, but I want to complete the album," Eve said.

"...Mm, alright."

"Wait, I also want to complete my album!" Maria quickly let go of the wolf women and approached the group.

The same happened with Roberta, who simply ignored the wolves and went to the table.

Kaguya frowned as she sighed but didn't comment and just approached the table. She also wanted to see if there were any missing photos in her collection.

"..." Connor and his wives wondered if they had been forgotten.

"Hmm... Can you let me go?"

"Huh? You're still here?" Bruna asked, confused.

Veins pulsed in Connor's head. He had definitely been forgotten!

"Just leave and don't come back. Or our reception won't be so kind, and believe me, things can get much worse very quickly." Bruna made a hand gesture, and then Connor and the women were expelled from the library by an invisible force.

...

Walking through the corridors, Iona began to speak, "Connor, it was just as you said..."

"Yes, Iona. Every individual is exceptional," Connor nodded.

"I really felt like I would be minced meat if I pushed any further..." Daphne shuddered at the thought of the maids' glares.

"As long as we didn't provoke them too much, they wouldn't do anything, Daphne."

"Haaah... I can't believe you convinced me to do this. One wrong step and the relationship between the Demon King and our Clan would go down the drain," Daphne grumbled.

"It's necessary. Thanks to this encounter, I was able to realize several things," Connor said.

"The Demon King is very protective of his wife. He wouldn't send so many elites to protect her if it weren't the case."

"Every woman we saw is somehow related to the Demon King. They are not just servants; the casual way they act indicates a close relationship, like sisters. They are probably the Demon King's wives as well."

"Therefore, I judge that as long as we don't get on the wrong side of the Demon King, we will have an even more prosperous time than we have now."

"...Couldn't you have done it in a normal way? You didn't have to act, right?" Iona questioned.

"You know Bella. She would be on guard around me, and the conversation wouldn't be natural... Besides, I don't fake my reactions."

Iona narrowed her eyes. "...Were you not acting?"

"I wasn't. I judged that the Demon King wouldn't send useless people to protect Leona. I also considered the possibility of one of these individuals being able to read my body language or sense when I'm lying."

"Demons and vampires have various strange abilities. As someone in a position to lead both races, it wouldn't be impossible for individuals like that to come to protect Leona."

"So...does that mean you honestly desired Leona for a few seconds?" Daphne said.

"Of course, she's an attractive woman."

"Hmm..."

Connor did his best to ignore the possessive glint in the eyes of his two wives. Even though he had subjugated them, they were still Lykos Clan women. Maya's blood ran in them, and just like their mother, they could be as intense as she was.

"...With Leona's appearance, does that mean you can stop pretending to want the leadership of the Clan?" Iona asked, setting that topic aside for now.

"Not yet. I need to know Leona's stance on that. Only when I know will I make my decision."

"I see... Well, I will continue playing this game with you, Connor," Daphne said.

"Thank you."

"Haaah, you're a complicated man. Why don't you help Bella directly?" Iona asked.

"Bella needs to learn to grow on her own, and only a rival can help her. If there are no rivals, I have to take on that role until she is qualified," Connor explained.

"Haaah... To this day, I curse the day you decided to talk about this to my grandmother," Iona complained. "If you could just keep quiet, we wouldn't have to participate in this stupid succession game."

"This game is necessary. Even if I don't take on the leadership, I will still have influence within the Clan. And in the case that Bella doesn't perform well as a leader in the future, I will have countermeasures to remove her from power."

Iona sighed. "I hate your obsession sometimes."

"...The Lykos Clan is my home; my family is here. I won't allow a mediocre person to take on the leadership," Connor's eyes gleamed slightly.

The two women smiled upon hearing what Connor said. Despite complaining a little about this obsession of his, this was the part they liked about him.

"...If you had just accepted my mother's suggestion and become the leader of the Clan, we wouldn't have to go through all of this," Daphne said.

"Taking on the leadership of the Clan is too troublesome. I don't want that," Connor said.

"..." The two women looked at Connor with a dry look and thought at the same time, 'What you're doing now is even more troublesome!'

But they didn't express those thoughts out loud.

"Anyway, what should we do now?" Daphne asked.

"Observe... and get in touch with my mother when she returns. I want to know her stance on this whole matter. Depending on her response, I will decide what to do," Connor explained.

As soon as Connor finished speaking, he spotted an adult man with black hair. He looked quite worn out.

"...Father?" Realizing it was his biological father, Connor approached him. For a moment, he almost didn't recognize him.

"...Oh, Connor. You're back, huh."

"Yes... What happened? Why do you look so...depleted?"

The girls approached behind Connor and looked at the man curiously.

The man looked at Connor for a long moment before sighing.

"...Haah... I saw your mother with another man today."

"And? That's not something new; we're going to have a new father after all this time," Connor asked nonchalantly.

"The man is not a werewolf... And this time, it may be different from what happened in the past." He murmured at the end, but everyone present heard what he said.

Connor narrowed his eyes. "...Be more specific, what are you talking about? And what do you mean by 'it may be different from the past'?"

"I found Maya showing the city to the Demon King, and she 'ordered' me to go back..."

The man shuddered a little. "That man, with just one look, I could tell he was of the same type as Maya... No, he is far superior to Maya. He is a true Alpha... Someone who can do what we never could, subjugate Maya."

"And you know the women of the Lykos Clan, all of them inherited Maya's tendencies, some more than others, but without exception, they all have a bit of Maya's tendencies..."

Despite his unclear speech, Connor understood what his father was talking about. What was the tendency of the Lykos Clan women? To seek a strong male Alpha, and if they don't find one, they will simply do what his mother did, subjugate those they are interested in.

The same situation happened in the past with Iona and Daphne. Fortunately, Connor was strong enough to assume the position of Alpha.

With just this half-hearted explanation, Connor could grasp the big picture.

'If the Demon King is all that they say he is... I can clearly see my mother's instincts acting crazy.' Connor sighed and rubbed his forehead.

"...Fuck." It seemed that he really needed to understand the situation of his Clan; the presence of the Demon King was causing ripples, and he wouldn't just stand still and be swept away by those waves. He would try to understand him and do what he always did... Prepare.

"Indeed, this is a fucked-up situation," the man muttered as he drank another bottle of alcohol.

"Hmm... Should I get a green hat for him?" Iona commented with a smile. She had no respect for an Alpha who failed to position himself against another Alpha.

"Iona!" Daphne exclaimed in admonishment, "What? It's a legitimate question."

"Just stop talking, you brat."

"Humph, you're just as much of a brat as I am, all thanks to the damn genes of our Clan! I envy the Queen and her bouncing boobs that go boing, boing."

"Iona!!"

Connor sighed again as he watched the banter between his two wives. For some reason, he thought today would be a long day.

Chapter 775: Underworld.

Chapter 775: Underworld.

"Hmm, so this is The Underworld. It's quite different from the Hell I know," commented Morgana as she looked around. "It's darker and more depressing... It almost feels like I'm in the Hell of Suicide."

Unlike usual, she was wearing completely black armor, quite similar to the one she used when she was Lilith's General.

"If it's based on appearances, it's only when we get closer to Tartarus will this Underworld begin to resemble Biblical Hell," explained Nyx.

"Could we stop talking about the appearance of Hell and focus on the main objective? I don't want to stay in this place any longer than we have to," grumbled Aphrodite.

Morgana and Nyx looked at Aphrodite, raising their eyebrows when they saw that she was dressed more appropriately for a mountain excursion.

Dark blue jeans, wide black boots, and a long dark red shirt that emphasized her enormous breasts. Instead of looking like someone who had come to Hell, she seemed more like a foreign tourist.

"I have many questions about your choice of attire... But I've decided not to care about it and focus on a simple question... Where the Hell is your Divine Raiment?"

"I left it behind. I'm tired of wearing the same clothes when I go on official business, so I ordered new clothes. They may seem weaker, but they are quite durable. Not as much as my Divine attire, but they still do the job," Aphrodite replied as she tossed her pink hair back and looked around.

Morgana rolled her eyes at the vain words of the Goddess.

"...Strange," said Scathach with narrowed eyes.

"What's the problem, Scathach?" Morgana asked.

"It's quiet... Too quiet... Is Hell supposed to be like this?"

"Hmm... Now that you mention it, that's true," Nyx responded. She started looking around with her Divine Senses and noticed something.

"The Souls are gone..."

"What do you mean 'gone'?" Morgana narrowed her eyes.

"Exactly what I said. They've vanished, completely disappeared. It's very strange because we're near The River Styx. There should be many Souls around or at least a few Underworld Creatures, but even with my Divine Senses, I can't find anything."

Scathach twirled her Spear and froze part of the area around them with just one spin. She looked at her Ice for a few seconds and, seeing that her Powers were unaffected, spoke:

"Let's hurry and get these Herbs quickly. Where are they located?"

"Most of them are in Hecate's Domain," explained Nyx. Since they needed many Herbs, it was more efficient to go to a place with a high concentration of these items.

"Understood, and where is that?" asked Scathach.

Nyx pointed in a direction and said, "Over there."

"Perfect, I'll go ahead." Scathach looked at Morgana for a few seconds and made a hand gesture, similar to the signals used by Human soldiers to communicate. Basically, she was telling Morgana to keep an eye on her.

Morgana didn't show any reaction, but she understood Scathach's message. Therefore, she said, "I'll follow closely. Nyx and Aphrodite should go in the middle, and we'll maintain this formation until we reach our destination." Slowly, Morgana started floating in the air.

"Okay," agreed Aphrodite, also starting to float.

"Sounds good to me," accepted Nyx, following the other two and also starting to float.

"Remember, we have little time before Persephone interferes. By then, we need to reach Hecate's Territory," reminded Morgana.

The girls nodded in agreement.

"When we arrive in Hecate's Territory, who will speak to her?" asked Scathach.

"Leave it to me," said Aphrodite. "After all, that's why I'm here." If anyone was good at persuading someone with words, it was Aphrodite.

"Great, let's go," said Scathach. She bent her legs and, propelling herself, started running in the direction indicated by Nyx. While in the air, she created an Ice platform behind her and performed another, even faster launch, creating sonic booms around in her wake.

Despite her supernatural speed, the other three women easily kept up with her. After all, none of them were ordinary women either.

...

In the Castle of Persephone, in a sumptuous Throne Room, a woman with long black hair was seated with her eyes closed.

Suddenly, the Ruler and Queen of The Underworld opened her eyes and furrowed her brow heavily as she sensed the presence of three Beings invading her territory.

"Thanatos," she called.

A shadow appeared before her, and soon a Being materialized.

"Yes, My Queen?" he responded.

"My territory has been invaded," she declared.

"...Is it Nyx?" he questioned.

"Probably." Despite having banished Nyx when she tried to use her, Persephone knew that her Authority was not absolute, at least not in the presence of the Goddess for whom nothing could be hidden.

Nyx's very Concept was extremely complex to confront. As The Mother of The Night, Nyx existed in her own plane that only Beings of the same level or more powerful than her could perceive.

If Nyx wanted to hide and used all her Power to do so, only the Primordial Gods of Greek Mythology would be able to sense her.

Furthermore, as The Goddess of The Night, Nyx also had her own Territory in The Underworld, a territory that Persephone couldn't control, even with her Authority as Ruler. After all, Nyx's territory was not exactly a 'Hell' where Souls went, but rather the place where she resided.

However, there was one certainty: Nyx would never be able to approach where Persephone was at that moment since her influence was much stronger here. She believed that even Nyx wouldn't be able to hide if she came so close to her.

"There's a possibility that it could be another Primordial. As we know, your father can come to Hell just like Nyx," pondered Persephone.

As the Primordial God of Darkness, Erebus could hide with his Divine Power, becoming imperceptible. It was a different Power from Nyx's, who could be in front of someone without being noticed.

The Divinity of Erebus only deceived the senses, but it was still as annoying as Nyx's. After all, the Gods and all-

powerful creatures relied heavily on their keen senses.

Dealing with Primordial Gods like Erebus and Nyx was extremely complicated for Persephone because their very Divinity was perfect for hiding if they so desired.

"Regardless of whether it's your father or your mother, they have brought three troublesome individuals." Even from a distance, she could feel the Power of the three, especially one extremely irritating individual.

'Aphrodite...' the eyes of The Goddess of The Underworld narrowed dangerously. She still held some grudges from the past regarding Aphrodite, but she wouldn't let that blind her. Focusing on where they were going, she realized something.

'The direction they are heading is Hecate's Territory...'

Unlike Victor, who had many Demons and Demonic Creatures at his disposal to spy on virtually all important areas of his Hell, the same couldn't be said for Persephone. After all, Greek Hell wasn't just a 'Hell' like the Biblical one, where the Ruler of that place had more autonomy.

This was a place where several Gods resided. One could say it was a Hell and, at the same time, something similar to Mount Olympus. Just like Mount Olympus, the most important Gods of The Underworld had their own Territories, such as Hecate, Nyx, Erebus, Hypnos, Hades, and Persephone herself.

Although Persephone had taken control of Hades' Domain for herself, she did not do the same with the other Gods, especially Hecate and Hypnos, who had helped her immensely.

She also wouldn't dare to attack the abode of The Primordial Goddess of The Night and The Primordial God of Darkness. It would be suicide, for although they didn't physically meddle much in the affairs of The Underworld, the Power these two Primordial Gods possessed was undeniable. Moreover, if she were to attack Nyx, Erebus would undoubtedly come to his sister and wife's aid.

Fighting against two Primordial Gods was a big "no" for Persephone.

"Aphrodite is in the group, and if she's present, she's probably accompanied by the forces of The Second Progenitor or her allies from other Pantheons. Find out who they

are and what they want with Hecate... If you have the opportunity, subdue them all if you deem it possible; otherwise, just retreat."

In short, Persephone was giving total autonomy to Thanatos.

"Permission to bring my sister, Nemesis, and my brother, Hypnos?"

"...Nemesis is very attached to Nyx. If she is the intruder, do you think she will turn against her mother?"

"Yes, she will... Because the love she had for Nyx turned into hatred due to my mother's constant absence."

"...Allowing The Personification of Revenge to become enraged is not exactly a good idea," commented Persephone casually while keeping her gaze fixed on Thanatos.

"And you, Thanatos? What is your stance on all of this?"

"Indifference. The same applies to my brother, Hypnos." They were too great to be bothered by mommy and daddy issues.

"Hmm..." Persephone's eyes carefully assessed Thanatos until, a few seconds later, she spoke, "Very well... I will leave this task to you. Keep me informed at all times."

"Yes, My Queen." Shadows enveloped Thanatos' body, and then he disappeared.

When Thanatos left, Persephone rose from the Throne and walked toward a room located behind it. Within the room, there was a full-length mirror created by Hecate herself.

"Connect me with Hecate." As soon as she spoke, the mirror turned completely dark until the disheveled image of the Goddess appeared.

"What is it? I'm busy now, Persephone."

"You're always busy, Hecate. Tell me, when was the last time you took a bath?"

"...I am a Goddess, and a Goddess doesn't need to worry about such inconveniences." Hecate huffed but didn't answer Persephone's question.

"Anyway, you will soon have some guests, and Aphrodite will be among them."

"Geh, Aphrodite?" Hecate made a disgusted face. "What does that woman want with me? I've told her that I won't engage in any sexual activities with her."

"...You really should get out more. Things have changed a lot. Aphrodite is not who she used to be. I've mentioned that before, right?"

"Yeah, whatever. I'll believe it when I see it with my own eyes." Hecate raised her hand, and several Magic Circles appeared in her palm. In the next second, her appearance was impeccable again.

"And I will transmit the conversation to you. After all, that's what you want, right?"

"Good to know you understand me so quickly, Hecate." Persephone smiled gently.

Hecate just huffed and grabbed a book from her table, throwing it toward the mirror. The book passed through the mirror and landed in Persephone's hands.

"This book contains a Magic that will allow you to hear our conversation."

"Why a book?"

"Because I always carry a book with me. For those who know me, it won't raise suspicion."

"I see... I'll be waiting."

...

As a possible confrontation between Goddesses and Vampires was about to take place in The Underworld,

In Samar, Victor observed a tall woman enveloped in an Aura of serenity and Power. Her slender and elegant body denoted an imposing presence, standing out among the others. Her hair, as green as the leaves of a lush forest, cascaded down her back, flowing like rivers of life and renewal.

The woman's intense green eyes were deep and captivating, reflecting The Essence of Nature in its purest form. Within them, one could see ancient wisdom and a connection with all living Beings that inhabited the planet. Her gaze conveyed serenity and compassion as if she were capable of understanding the deepest secrets of the planet.

She was dressed in an ethereal green dress that resembled the leaves of a tree in the middle of summer. The garment seamlessly merged with her body as if it were an extension of the Nature she represented. The flowing and elegant dress enveloped her in an aura of vitality and rebirth, reminding everyone that she was The Guardian of Life and Balance on this planet.

Volk appeared after resolving several inconveniences caused by the fight between Fenrir and Victor, and upon seeing the tall woman with long green hair and a green dress, he opened his eyes widely.

"M-My Lady, what are you doing here?" Volk asked.

"Preventing these two from causing further destruction to Nature," the woman replied neutrally, then turned her gaze to Fenrir. "Especially you, Fenrir. You know very well that your attacks are relentless, and all the damage you have caused cannot be restored, only overlaid."

Fenrir averted his gaze and ignored the woman as if none of what was happening was his concern.

The woman narrowed her eyes as she observed Fenrir but made no comment about the Legendary Wolf's behavior. Then, she returned her attention to the man in front of her, who never took his eyes off her as if assessing her.

The woman's eyes sharpened as she noticed a woman with long red hair floating behind the man, embracing him.

Understanding something, the woman opened her eyes in shock, as if she had witnessed something unbelievable.

What did she see? She noticed the difference between Victor and Fenrir. While she supported Fenrir, granting him Power when necessary, Victor possessed the Power himself. He was the Power.

The woman felt as if she were looking at a planet of Pure Negative Energy instead of an individual.

"Demon King, has anyone ever told you that your existence is an irrationality that should never have been allowed?"

Victor displayed a small smile. "Always."

Chapter 776: World Tree of Samar.

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"And does that bother you?"

"Why should I care about the opinions of insignificant people?" Victor said, creating an Ice Throne and sitting on it. Leaning back, he added, "Life is too short to worry about

others' opinions. Be true to yourself and ignore people who pretend to care about you when they actually don't. That's a much better and less stressful way to live life. That's a lesson my dear Mother taught me from a young age."

"She is a wise woman," the woman commented.

"Indeed, she is," Victor nodded.

Branches began to grow before the woman, and soon a Throne made of trees was formed. She sat on the Throne in a rather noble manner and looked back at Victor.

"Isn't it rude to not appear in a conversation between World Trees, my younger sister?"

Maya, Volk, Tasha, and Hassan were confused to hear the woman's words to Victor, but their confusion soon disappeared when they saw a woman with long red hair appear by Victor's side.

Everyone, without exception, upon seeing and feeling the woman's Power, immediately understood that she was a World Tree. Upon knowing this fact, they immediately looked at Victor in shock.

'It's no wonder he can harness so much Negative Energy... This woman is the source of his Powers,' Volk thought.

The first action Roxanne took when appearing in front of her older sister was to look at a specific part of the woman. Upon seeing that she was much larger than her sister, Roxanne put on an arrogant smile and huffed, causing her breasts to sway from side to side, up and down.

The green-haired woman dangerously narrowed her eyes at the sight of her younger sister's smile. She felt a slight irritation at her sister's attitude but didn't react much to the matter. After all, she didn't care about such 'trivial' matters. She was already a very old woman...

Upon seeing those "balls of flesh" swaying with each of Roxanne's movements, an even deeper irritation began to grow within the woman. However, she never broke her impassive expression.

Suddenly, Roxanne's arrogance disappeared, and she assumed a neutral expression. She held her red dress and presented herself in a noble fashion:

"My name is Roxanne Alucard, Wife of Victor Alucard, The Demon King of The Biblical Hell and The Second Progenitor of Vampires... I am also known as The World Tree of Negativity of Nightingale." Roxanne lied as easily as she breathed about the last part. She had long ceased to be connected to Nightingale. In practical terms, Roxanne was Victor's World Tree, not Nightingale's.

Roxanne's words left everyone in a silence of complete incredulity. Not even Roxanne's "sister" expected to hear those words. Unconsciously, everyone couldn't help but look at Victor.

'... He... This... This man married a damn World Tree?' Volk had never heard such nonsense in his life. Yes, the two World Trees before him were beautiful, but... They were unattainable Beings for any Mortal or God. Not even Odin himself managed to form a relationship with The World Tree of Earth. That was definitive proof of how unattainable they were... At least, that's what he thought until witnessing this scene before him.

The Demon King had the ability to make the impossible a reality.

'Why him?... Why is it always this man?' Volk felt envy in this moment. A feeling he hadn't experienced in a long time.

Roxanne's existence gave Maya and Tasha a new perspective on how "powerful" The Demon King was. And the results? His Power was off the charts.

Being connected to a World Tree capable of generating enough Energy to sustain an entire planet was something that defied common sense. They were like inexhaustible Energy batteries.

Yes, they might have a limit to the release of said Energy at any one moment, but the "quantity" of that Energy these Beings possessed was immeasurable.

Noticing the silence around her, the woman with long green hair rose from her Throne and introduced herself in a very similar manner to Roxanne.

"My name is Aurora Seraphina Evergreen, The World Tree of Positivity of Samar... And this is:" The woman now known as Aurora looked to the side, and Red Energy began to appear beside her.

Soon, a little girl with black hair, red eyes, and wearing a dark red dress appeared.

"Aria Seraphina Evergreen, my younger sister and the newly born World Tree of Negativity of Samar."

The first Being to step on a planet was a World Tree of Positivity. Through a process that could last millions of years, this Tree would give birth to life throughout the planet. And when sentient Beings began to be born, the counterpart of The World Tree of Positivity would slowly form, namely The World Tree of Negativity.

Essentially, they were the same entity but, at the same time, separate. They are independent of each other, but also not. This complexity was what a World Tree represented.

"..." The little girl nodded to everyone but didn't say anything. It was as if she couldn't even speak.

"Why is she so small? Doesn't she know how to speak? That's strange. She should have been more developed by now," Roxanne asked.

"Yes, she still can't speak, and yes, she is small. The reason for that is a World Tree takes millions of years to develop, especially a World Tree of Negativity that requires the Negative Energy of Beings to feed upon and grow. The strange one here is you, Roxanne. Why are you already an adult?"

"Despite Nightingale being an older planet than Samar and already having its own inhabitants, you shouldn't be an adult yet," Aurora explained. She could understand if Roxanne were The World Tree of Positivity since they emerged first, and without their Energy, life on the planet could not exist. But Roxanne wasn't that Tree, so why was she already an adult?

Victor looked curiously at the little girl and, with his Dragon Eyes, saw a small red thread connecting the heads of Aria and Aurora.

'They're connected...!' Victor looked at Roxanne and saw a similar thread on her head, but it was much thicker and more robust, and this thread was connected to his own head.

He looked back at Aurora and saw an even smaller thread, shared by Aria, leading towards Fenrir's head, who had fallen back asleep. It was clear that he was bored with the entire encounter.

Victor looked at Aurora again and saw a thick thread, similar to the one Roxanne had, coming out from Aurora's feet and heading toward the ground. He could see the same thick thread coming out from Aria's feet and heading towards the ground.

'Interesting... So that's how it works.' It was only when Victor saw another World Tree that he realized how abnormal he was. Yes, sustaining a World Tree's existence was not normal, and he knew that. Everyone said so, and a similar situation has never been recorded in the history books.

Even Ancient Goddesses like Aphrodite, who was a sociable Goddess and always liked to stay informed about everything that was happening, had never heard of a case like his. He already knew he was abnormal. But only now did he realize the extent of that abnormality.

'An existence that can sustain an entire planet, huh.'

This entire process of thinking and actions occurred in a matter of seconds. Victor's reaction was so quick that to everyone around him, it seemed like he was simply standing there, doing nothing.

Before Roxanne could say anything, Victor spoke, grabbing the attention of everyone present.

"That's my fault."

"Your fault?" Aurora questioned.

"Yes, indeed." Victor bent his knee and rested his head in his hands.

"My dear Roxanne was just a dangerous Tree when I found her... Nowadays, she has become much more deadly."

Roxanne smiled sweetly upon hearing Victor's words.

Aurora narrowed her eyes slightly as she noticed the way Victor chose his words. It was obvious that he was deflecting the subject, but she decided not to delve into it and let it go.

"I understand... You have the ability to evolve a World Tree into its adult form. You're even more frightening than I initially thought, Alucard."

Victor smiled. "You flatter me, my dear, but I'm not that special; I was just in the right place at the right time. If it weren't me, Roxanne could have chosen someone else. I'm the lucky one."

And that smile caught Aurora completely off guard. She stared at him intensely for a few seconds and quickly regained her composure. Even as a World Tree, she was not immune to Victor's natural charm.

"Humph, you underestimate yourself, Darling. I wouldn't have chosen to do what I did if, even in my child form, I didn't know that I could trust you. Never underestimate the instincts of a World Tree that senses the negative emotions of a Being," Roxanne huffed, visibly upset by what she heard.

"Really...?"

"Of course. Do you doubt me?" Roxanne dangerously narrowed her eyes.

"Of course not~." Victor chuckled softly and pulled Roxanne onto his lap.

"Kyaa~!"

"W-Wait, Darling. My sister is here~."

"Haan~!"

"Why are you acting like I'm doing something strange? I'm just petting your head." Victor raised an eyebrow with amusement in his voice, stopping his head caresses.

"Humph, you underestimate the power of your caresses, Darling." Roxanne huffed and rested her head against his chest.

Victor chuckled gently and continued what he was doing before. Roxanne's body visibly shivered, but she didn't moan like before as she just closed her eyes and enjoyed the caresses. She seemed very comfortable...

Everyone at that moment felt as if they had eaten dog shit. Did they have to do that in front of them? Were they showing off their good relationship to the world?

Except for Fenrir, who was sleeping without a care in the world, everyone around them felt extremely uncomfortable.

Especially Tasha and Maya, who internally wished for something like that as well, but would never admit it.

Aurora's eyes glowed slightly with a bright green color. She wondered if her younger sister had appeared just to humiliate her.

Aria looked at Aurora and tilted her head at a 90-degree angle, a little confused. She wondered why she was feeling so many negative emotions coming from her sister... After thinking for a few seconds and not finding an answer, she gave up. After all, it wasn't important. Those emotions nourished her, so it was alright, right?

"Can you... be civilized? Aren't we here for a conversation?" Aurora asked.

"Hmm?" Victor looked at Aurora with curiosity. "Actually, our conversation has already ended."

"... Huh?"

"From the moment you and my Wife introduced yourselves, the conversation was over."

"... Wait, I don't understand what you're saying."

"Am I speaking a foreign language, Roxanne?" Victor asked.

"No, you're not," Roxanne replied.

"Hmm..." Victor looked back at Aurora as if she were stupid. How could she not understand something so simple?

"Don't look at me like that! I'm saying that I don't understand why our conversation is over!"

"Huh? Isn't it obvious?"

"What?"

"I have already finished my business in Samar. I even had a good fight and made a new friend. Your appearance was interesting... But that's it, nothing surprising." Victor spoke casually.

"....." An incredulous silence hung around.

Everyone was speechless by what they had just heard.

Especially Aurora. She was a World Tree, after all. She nourished this entire planet! She was important! Why was he treating her like this?

Somehow, Aurora felt a strong urge to hit Victor now.

"My main purpose here now is to take that man with me to teach my people the Art of Assassination," Victor pointed at Hassan. "And to wait for my Wife to finish her business." He explained.

While the silence persisted around them, a conversation was happening in Victor's mind.

[What are you doing, Darling? You know how important she is to us, right?]

[Yes, but I need to deflate her ego a bit.]

[Why?]

[With just one look, I can tell that she has been treated as a superior existence that should be worshiped by everyone in Samar. That treatment is justifiable since she is a World Tree that nourishes an entire planet. But you can't have a proper conversation with someone like that because they will always try to assert themselves in one way or another... And, as you know, I don't react well to those kinds of people.]

[Hmm~... So, you're acting as if she's not important.]

[Yes... As an older World Tree who was worshiped by one of the powers, The Werewolf Faction, she may know things that you don't. It would be very useful if we could get

close to her, but she has to lower her guard first. She has to see us as equals. Even though she said I was an anomaly before, she still sees herself as superior to all of us.]

[The way she called me her younger sister made that quite obvious, huh.] Roxanne pointed out. As equal Beings, Roxanne's Powers could not influence Aurora, which meant Roxanne's Powers of sensing Beings were not working on the green-haired woman.

But that didn't mean she was completely helpless. She may not have the same keen observation skills as Victor, but she wasn't foolish.

Of course, the same applied to Aurora. Her Powers of sensing positive emotions didn't work on Roxanne either.

This limitation did not extend to Victor; after all, he was Blessed by The Goddess of Love herself, whose Divinity was at its strongest state currently.

There were few things that Victor could not sense, and among those exceptions was Fenrir himself.

In fact, nothing seemed to work on Fenrir. As a Being of The END, anything that tried to interfere with him was simply erased from existence.

[Yes.] Victor nodded.

[Mm... I'll leave this matter in your hands.] Roxanne said.

The silence lasted for a few minutes until Aurora sighed and said something that caught Victor and Roxanne by surprise.

"Demon King, you really are a difficult individual to deal with... Much more difficult than I initially expected." She had never felt this feeling before, the feeling of not being important. It was worth noting that she didn't quite like the sensation.

"Oh?"

"Demon King... I didn't appear before you for no reason. After all, I prefer to live my life in peace than to risk exposing myself and my little sister." She spoke while caressing Aria's head.

"I came to bargain with you."

Victor raised an eyebrow with interest. "And what do you want from me?"

Aurora's next words caught Victor and Roxanne entirely off guard.

"An alliance... An alliance between you and me, in exchange for providing inside information about the other world trees. I want you to protect my planet."

"Protection...?" Victor raised an eyebrow. "What exactly do you want me to protect you from, Aurora?"

"The world is undergoing changes, Demon King," Aurora crossed her legs and adjusted her hair, tucking it behind her ear. "The invasion of your predecessor and his evolution into an existence that disrupts The Balance has proven this."

"The infliction placed upon Fenrir by a traitor also proved this."

"Things are happening on a large scale, and unfortunately, my planet does not have a very strong line of defense."

Victor narrowed his eyes as he heard her words and sensed her emotions. It was obvious that Aurora was hiding something. Were her reasons valid? Yes, they were. The last War of Genesis took place thousands of years ago, and history has shown that after that war, the entire Supernatural World entered a state of conflict for various reasons.

An example of this were the Greeks. Diablo's actions with the other Demon Kings completely destabilized the Greek Pantheon, and now they were in a civil war.

Victor didn't know the exact current state of the other Pantheons, but he knew that similar situations to the Greeks were occurring in the other Pantheons as well.

What Diablo achieved was a large-scale attack that disrupted the status quo of The Supernatural World. Mortals on planet Earth were the ones who felt these changes the most. More than half of the Beings across the globe were exterminated, not just Humans but also Supernatural Beings. Several countries disappeared from the map, along with many smaller Factions of Supernatural Beings.

The hatred that Beings had towards Demons was at its peak because of this. The reason why Victor was not 'completely' hated was that he was the man who stopped Diablo and maintained control over his Domain. Another reason was the work of his Wives with his Religion, along with his appearance, which also must be taken into account.

The last argument may seem completely stupid, but it was an absolute fact that people always judged someone based on their appearance and first impression.

Take this example: Would Humans be more afraid of Diablo, a giant demonic monster, or Victor, who had a human and beautiful appearance?

99% of people would be afraid of Diablo, even if Victor himself was more dangerous than him. They wouldn't think that way because he was 'beautiful.'

Because of this, the scariest monsters were not the obvious and frightening-looking ones but the beautiful monsters that hid behind a mask of normality.

"You're not telling me everything, Aurora." Victor's voice became stern. He was no longer in his 'casual' mode; he was now a King who would make a decision that would affect many Beings beneath him.

Roxanne got up from Victor's lap and stood beside him. She realized that it was not the time to be intimate with her Husband.

"The Werewolves are not weak. Existences like Maya, Tasha, Volk, and Hassan have proven that. They are Elites equivalent to The Ancient Vampire Counts. So why are you so concerned?"

No one present here missed the important choice of words Victor used, namely 'Ancient Vampire Counts.' It suggested that the current Vampire Counts were much stronger than the Ancient ones or even the previous versions of these same current Vampire Counts.

"Exactly, Demon King. The Werewolves are not weak compared to the Ancient 'Nightingale'."

"... Oh?"

"Although I like to live in seclusion, I still keep up with the most important news in the world through my sisters."

"Your sisters... The World Trees..." Victor narrowed his eyes even more, and a thought came to his mind. He vocalized these thoughts: "Did you make contact with The World Tree of Nightingale?"

"I didn't make contact with her; she made contact with me. My older sister loves to boast about having a Pantheon of Gods worshiping her. She spoke a lot about the overall state of Nightingale, and comparing the information she gave me with the information I've heard from the Werewolves, it is easy to see the visible increase in Power within the Faction of Noble Vampires."

If Victor was serious before, these words made him even more attentive to the conversation, and not just him, but Tasha, Volk, Maya, and Hassan as well.

The reason for this was that they had never heard Aurora talk about this. Although they didn't meet frequently, Aurora occasionally spoke with Tasha or Volk, and she never mentioned this information.

"You're not just The Leader of Biblical Hell, a Hell which has billions upon billions of Demons and Demonic Elites at your disposal. You are also one of the most important authority figures in The Vampire Faction and the 'God' of the second strongest Religion on Earth. Your influence is undeniable."

"And as if that weren't enough, you're even married to an adult World Tree and have a deep connection with a damn Dragon. Your eyes and distinct Draconic features, which only appear when a Knight and their Dragon have great mutual trust, confirm my words."

Victor truly underestimated how well-informed The World Tree in front of him was. He didn't expect her to have contact with other World Trees, especially Nightingale's World Tree, which, according to Aurora's words, was aligned with The Elder Gods.

"Yes, The Werewolf Faction is strong, but that's in comparison to the smaller Factions. When compared to the current Noble Vampires and the Pantheons of Gods, we are at the bottom, competing for last place with The Witch Faction, which is still isolated in Arcane."

"The status quo has been shattered, and due to Fenrir's situation, the Werewolves couldn't take advantage of it to gain more strength and influence. Therefore, we are at our weakest point. If a Pantheon of Gods were to attack us, even Fenrir alone wouldn't be able to defend us. He would kill many Gods, that much is a fact, but he can only do so much alone. In the time it takes for a group of strong Gods to deal with Fenrir, they can cause a lot of damage to the planet and the Werewolves."

Tasha and Volk were surprised by Aurora's perspective on the overall situation. It seemed they had greatly underestimated The World Tree. The problems she pointed out were some of the most urgent situations they currently faced and ones they would've addressed after solving Fenrir's debilitated state.

They simply couldn't divide their efforts. If Fenrir were to fall due to the Curse, they would be left extremely vulnerable. They needed Fenrir's existence because, without it, they were certain that other groups of Supernatural Beings would take advantage of the situation.

Especially the Celtic Gods, with whom they had a slight feud.

Although they were on another planet, quite literally with the support of The World Tree aiding the transition from one planet to another, they knew that unlike Nightingale, where there existed a Clan that could aid in transportation to immediately repel invaders, they did not have such a thing. Their response times were slower and relied heavily on Aurora and the scouts.

And in an invasion, the longer they took to react, the more damage would be caused. Yes, the Werewolves' situation was not great now. They had fallen far behind in the race for influence and power.

"You seem to have a good grasp of the current state of the world, Aurora."

"As I said, I may seclude myself, but that doesn't mean I'm blind or stupid. World Trees of Positivity frequently exchange conversations among themselves, and through them, I can have a broader understanding of what's happening."

"Which of your sisters are you in contact with now?" Victor asked curiously, not expecting an answer to that question, but to his surprise, she responded.

"Yggdrasil on Earth, my narcissistic sister in Nightingale, and four other World Trees from different planets that are distant from Earth's Supernatural Global Scene."

An instant understanding passed through Victor's mind as he heard Aurora's last sentence. It was an undeniable fact that there were other life-bearing planets throughout the Universe. It would be overly presumptuous of him to think that Earth was the center of everything. The examples of Nightingale and Samar, existing in entirely different solar systems from Earth, proved this.

Even the Ancestors of Werewolves and Noble Vampires came from other planets.

"I see... These four World Trees are a threat to you, huh?"

"... Not exactly... We sisters cannot engage in conflict with each other; our Father forbade such barbaric acts. But that doesn't mean the residents of our planets won't."

"Three of my sisters, with whom I am in contact, have civilizations of Supernatural Beings developed enough to invade another planet, and the state of those planets, to be more honest, is quite deplorable."

"A Dystopian Society, an Apocalyptic World, or lack of resources?" Victor quickly asked, his brain already capturing the most important details of the conversation and painting the picture of the future and possible solutions.

"A mixture of the first and third options. Unlike Earth, their planets are being ruled by a single individual who subjugated all Supernatural Beings, be they Gods or Mortals from their own planet."

"Emperors, huh."

"Yes."

"... Hmm~" Victor remained silent for several seconds. It was evident that he was pondering the matter, and due to his information processing capacity, he was already planning preventive measures for these Beings.

Victor closed his eyes and opened them shortly after, saying, "Now I understand the situation."

Aurora remained silent.

"You're afraid because you know that in the not-so-

distant future, these Beings may appear at your doorstep and destroy everything. You judged that the Werewolves were not strong enough to deal with them and sought an alliance with me. That's why you deliberately appeared before me."

"Yes, you summed it up very well; that's basically it."

"... Is it okay to be so honest with me?" Victor asked curiously. He noticed that throughout the conversation, she had always been honest with him.

"I'm not very good at negotiation, but I'm good at judging character. Us World Trees of Positivity can sense positive sensations in a Being, such as love, kindness, trust, and so on."

'Basically the opposite of Negative Trees,' Victor thought.

"I also observed your behavior since the day you arrived in Samar."

Victor narrowed his eyes. "How?"

"I am connected to this planet, Demon King. I can be anywhere and nowhere, like a semi-omnipresence that only applies within my sphere of influence. I am Nature, I am the water, I am the earth. That's how my sisters and I observe the entire planet to which we are connected."

Victor didn't know how to respond to that. How do you perceive someone observing you when that person is Nature itself? It was impossible. After all, it would be like trying to stay on guard against every leaf or blade of grass on the planet.

But Victor thought that as the holder of a World Tree, Roxanne would sense the presence of one of her sisters.

Reading Victor's thoughts, Roxanne spoke.

[Darling, I can only sense her as long as she's near us using her avatar.]

[Unlike her, I am connected to you, and although your senses are ridiculous by the standards of a Being with a physical body, they are still inferior to an entire planet. She can literally observe you from the stratosphere or the depths of the planet, and I wouldn't feel a thing.]

[And don't get me wrong, when I say 'observe,' it doesn't mean she's only using advanced visual observation. She uses all possible senses.]

[She can even see through the eyes of her contractors. Remember the tattoo that the Werewolves have when they activate the portal?]

[Yes, I remember.]

[At first, I didn't suspect anything, but after this conversation, I realized that through those tattoos, she can observe you through the eyes of those Werewolves, and I won't feel a thing because she's not 'present,' but in another place.]

[I understand. It's basically something very similar to what we used to do in the past, right?] Victor said.

[Yes.]

How do you deal with a perverted World Tree that can observe you from anywhere on the planet? You didn't. Even if you isolated an area, The World Tree could still see because you were still on her planet.

The only way to prevent that was to be close to a World Tree, like Roxanne and Victor.

"... I see... So you observed everything?" Victor asked, with a small smile on his face.

A healthy blush appeared on Aurora's cheeks, and she averted her gaze from Victor, speaking with a confident yet slightly timid voice:

"Can we go back to the main subject, please?"

"Of course."