

My Three Wives Are Beautiful Vampires

Chapter 901: The big day. 4

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After giving the gifts he set aside for the girls, Victor decided to leave the Adrasteia Clan and head somewhere else.

With Nero now occupying Victor's shoulders and a furiously pouting Ophis holding his hand, Victor decided to pay a visit to heaven.

But before heading to that destination, he asked Roxanne, [Are the girls ready?]

[Not yet. Violet is on her way to the Fulger Clan to pick up Sasha. She is also missing some girls, like Maya and Leona.]

[Leaving aside Leona, I'm surprised Maya accepted. I thought she would stay a werewolf now that her race has an active Progenitor, and I thought she wouldn't accept it.]

[In her own words: I always found this characteristic of depending on a group for the werewolf to become stronger irritating, so becoming a dragon is something very welcome for me... I can also get closer to Victor this way.] Roxanne spoke while imitating Maya's voice perfectly.

[Heh~] Victor laughed: [In the end, she's just doing this because she wants to be close to me.]

[Well, that's most of the girls' motivations, of course getting stronger is a bonus too.]

Victor nodded. He didn't realize it instantly, but ever since he became the god of the people known as Yanderes, he realized that his presence unconsciously influenced people to become that kind of person.

It's more or less the feeling that his home divinity had, but unlike the 'coziness' feeling that people feel, Yandere makes the people around him become more obsessive about his love.

'That's a little dangerous...' Victor couldn't help but think about it. Unfortunately, he currently had too little control over this divinity to be able to completely erase its influence, so unless people are very close to him, they will not be affected.

[When I appear, I will personally see who wants to become a dragon or not.] Victor spoke.

[... Is the plan still the same as the initial one?]

[Yes, I want all my wives as dragons.] Victor does not want to underestimate the other races; it is far from him to have such a thought, but it was an undeniable fact that dragons held OVERWHELMING inherent advantages compared to other species.

And if he goes to a higher level sector where all existences are like a version of a trained primordial god, he doesn't want to risk it. Therefore, his entire family must be dragons.

Despite saying that, Victor will not force anyone to become a dragon. After all, among his wives, there are people like Haruna and Tasha who are proud of their own race.

'Although even if I try to turn Tasha into a dragon, it might not work, considering that she is a Progenitor.' Victor thought.

Despite appearing similar, Roberta and Tasha's situations were not. While Tasha was a living Progenitor, Roberta is a woman who has within her the soul of Medusa, the progenitor of the Gorgons. This distinction created a balance in which Roberta could find herself becoming a dragon and, at the same time, the progenitor of the gorgons.

[Hmm... What about Anna?]

Victor was silent for a few seconds. Due to Victor's actions of creating a personal world just for his family, unconsciously, Leon began to move away unintentionally.

It was more like Victor's current world had no entertainment, and most of Leon's jobs needed him to stay at Nightingale or in the lands he conquered from the Egyptian pantheon.

Due to this separation, his mother ended up getting closer and closer to him than usual. After all, she worked managing Victor's mansion; she also took over the role of the heiresses and vampire leaders when they needed it.

Essentially speaking, Anna was being trained to be the leader of everything when Violet or Victor were not present, the same training that Ruby, Sasha, and Violet were receiving, Anna was also receiving. In total, there were 7 women who were being trained to be empress, and these women were Anna, Sasha, Ruby, Violet, Jeanne,

Helena, and Kaguya. Despite being trained to exercise such power of command, this would only happen if Anna or Violet were not present.

Normally, training Anna to be his empress would make Victor angry, but his thinking was not the same as before. He had lived for almost a millennium in hell, then transformed into a dragon and later into a dragon god with influences from several divinities.

The 'mortal' and 'common sense' perspective he had was completely destroyed, despite essentially Victor being the same Victor he was when he became a vampire.

It was an undeniable fact that he had changed; how could he not? His existence had been reformed several times, not to mention that inside him, he has BILLIONS of memories of other beings.

Victor may look young, but mentally, he is the same age as an older god.

Therefore, his basic notions as a human were utterly destroyed, although his essence as a family man never changed.

[Let time tell what our future will be like.] That was all Victor could say, the issue with Anna was complicated, although he no longer repudiated the idea. After all, they were essentially entirely different beings now.

There was still the question of Anna's will. Victor trusted the woman who raised him to make a good decision; she always did, in the end.

And when that decision is made, he will respect it, regardless of what it is.

Despite having the point of view of an older god, he would not fall into the arrogance that all gods have. Always remain humble no matter how much power you have; that way, arrogance will not blind you to important things.

[I see... I will leave this matter in his hands then.]

[Yes... Let me know that when they are ready, I will visit heaven.] Victor put his hand in his pocket and took out the communicator he had received from his heavenly father.

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Seventh heaven of the biblical pantheon, the place where The Heavenly Father and his general, who is his right hand, resided.

Ariel flew towards the garden where a middle aged man was sitting while looking at the scenery in front of him. She stopped flying and spoke in an urgent tone:

"Father, Chaos Dragon God is coming to visit."

"Yes... He notified me."

"... What should we do?"

"Let him in, of course."

"But... won't his chaotic presence contaminate the sky?" Ariel asked, genuinely worried; after all, only 'pure' beings could enter this place.

"Hahahaha, you don't need to worry about that my daughter... If the problem is a matter of purity, I can guarantee you that this individual is much 'purer' than me." The Heavenly Father smiled slightly.

Ariel wanted to refute that such a thing was impossible, but she didn't dare say it. Those words were spoken by The Heavenly Father himself, and if he said something, it's because there is a certain truth in those words, truths that she doesn't know.

"I will trust him."

"To be clear, try not to antagonize him. Currently, he is the most important being in our sector, and looking for a fight with him... is foolish."

Ariel swallowed hard and nodded a little nervously. "Yes, Father."

...

First heaven.

A break in space appeared, and Victor, along with Ophis, Nero, and Metis, came through.

"Hmmm... So this is heaven." Victor looked around curiously.

"It's more boring than I thought." Nero was honest.

"White... shine... my eyes... ugh." Ophis looked like she was blinded by the blinding brightness of this place.

"They seem to love white, huh..." Metis commented. Even as a titan goddess, she never came to this place... And felt that she didn't miss anything when she saw that this place was made entirely of white structures with small details of gold. She saw that in some areas, there were houses that were floating on clouds, too.

"They appear to be heading toward us with hostile intentions..." Metis pointed out the obvious.

"It must be because I broke the space around this dimension," Victor said without caring much.

"What should we do, Father?" Nero asked without worrying too much. She had her father here, and she highly doubted that any of these beings could defeat her father.

He was the strongest, after all.

"Well, I guess... Wait, I can feel Ariel coming towards us at high speed."

Just as he said those words, loud booms were heard, and soon a 6-winged seraphim appeared in front of the angels.

"G-General Ariel."

"You fools, can't you see who the guest is? Are your pigeon brains rotten?" Ariel growled in concern for her own kind while irritated that Victor had appeared so abruptly.

Silence fell around them when these words were spoken, and soon, everyone looked in Victor's direction.

Victor smiled neutrally at everyone while nodding his head. Despite being a normal smile, to all the angels present, it seemed like the smile of pure evil.

"A-A-A-ALUCARD!"

"Hehehehe, that reaction never gets old." Nero laughed sadistically. It was always cool to see how intensely other beings reacted to her father.

"Yo, I came to visit. I'm not in the way, right?" Victor gave a disarming smile that only made them all shiver even more.

"O-of course not! You are very welcome!" Everyone shouted in unison.

Ariel sighed when she saw this. These brave angels were scared shitless just by Victor's presence, and this fact got her thinking.

'How come they didn't identify him right away? Victor's features are too striking for everyone to simply forget.' Ariel looked at Victor, and with her eyes, she saw a faint illusion around him that made him appear to be an ordinary intruder.

'That man!!!' She growled internally when she realized that Victor had been playing with them since the beginning.

"Why did she suddenly get angry?" Ophis asked curiously.

"She has premenstrual tension," Victor spoke.

Nero and Metis facepalmed at Victor's response.

Ophis stammered, "Prem-prem-prrrrenstrual... Huh?" She became irritated as she thought, "What a difficult word!"

"Just think of it as something that slightly older women have."

"... Ohh... So Nero has it, too?" Ophis looked at her sister.

Nero blushed: "W-What?"

"Do you have that preemm- something?" Ophis asked.

"Not yet. I mean, I'm a noble vampire. Usually, that starts happening at the age of 21 when my body is more developed, and it will only happen a few times a year. Why am I explaining this!?" Nero cried furiously.

Hearing the argument that started because of Victor, Ariel's temper became even more irritated. She didn't have that! As an angel, she didn't have those things! She was a PURE BEING!

"Dragon god of chaos, please accompany me to The Heavenly Father... He is waiting for you." She spoke with great difficulty, but fortunately, she still managed to maintain her professionalism.

"Mm, lead the way." Victor nodded as he smiled.

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"20 clouds, 21 clouds, 22 clouds, 23 clouds, 30 clouds."

"Ophis, you skipped some numbers," Metis gently corrected.

"31..." Ophis stopped counting when Metis spoke. Soon, a cute pout appeared on her face. "Why is this place so white? Why are there so many clouds? When will we arrive?"

Despite her monotonous voice, everyone present could tell how impatient she was.

Flying in an endless direction with a bunch of identical clouds was too much, even for Ophis. She didn't know how long she'd been flying and didn't care; all she wanted was to see something new.

"... We are getting there soon. The Seventh Heaven is one of the farthest places, so it takes time to reach," Ariel explained.

"Okay..." Ophis didn't seem entirely convinced but decided not to press further. Meanwhile, Nero looked boredly at the clouds around, feeling the desire to test her weapons against them, but decided that any action could be seen as an act of aggression.

While his daughters seemed bored with everything around them, Victor, on the other hand, was looking around with interest. With his current senses, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that he could see the entire dimension like the back of his hand, so it wasn't difficult to locate a place that seemed to be protected by the power of the heavenly father.

A useless protection in front of his gaze that could traverse dimensions: '... This is... the Garden of Eden?'

The vision Victor had was of a stunning place, a true paradise.

The Garden of Eden stretched before them, with lush landscapes and luxuriant vegetation. Trees bearing various fruits cast their shadows, crystal-

clear rivers meandered through the scenery, and the air was imbued with a sense of peace and harmony.

In the center of the garden stood the majestic Tree of Life, and next to it, the mysterious Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

Although he had never seen these trees in person, Victor could clearly deduce that these two trees were the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. The auras of pure negativity and positivity emanating from the fruits completely gave away their identity.

Victor wondered what would happen if he ate these fruits; would he gain something more? From the memories of ancient beings within him, he knew the story that if someone were to eat from the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, they would acquire forbidden knowledge surpassing the present that the World Tree gave to Odin in exchange for his eye.

He felt an instinctive desire to grab these fruits, but despite this momentary thought passing through his mind, he didn't dwell on it too much. After all, he didn't want to make enemies here, especially with someone who had never provoked him.

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The Heavenly Father smiled faintly when he saw Victor's reaction to the two trees. 'Even with all his power, greed has not taken hold of his mind.'

The Heavenly Father clearly noticed someone snooping around the place where Eve, Lilith, and Adam once lived. And he was quite surprised to see that the man did not succumb to his desires for greed.

The reason for this surprise was that the two trees aroused the inner desires of beings as if someone were whispering in their ear, asking them to take these fruits.

The Heavenly Father knew that even his most devoted angels would fall into this temptation, which is why he keeps these trees protected.

'This completely demonstrates his immense control... Even though he is from a race known for its greed, he has not lost himself to this desire... That's good.' The Heavenly Father nodded in satisfaction.

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They arrived at a building that looked more like a temple, and a simple door lay in the middle of the structure. No other entry was visible, only that door.

"We have reached our destination," Ariel said.

"Finally..." Ophis muttered. She looked at the door in front of her with a puzzled look. The door seemed completely ordinary, like those wooden doors you can find anywhere.

"Are you sure this is the right place?" Nero asked Ariel in confusion.

"Yes," Ariel confirmed with a simple nod.

Nero and Ophis looked at each other but didn't know how to react to this situation. Why was the entrance to the Seventh Heaven so simple? Wasn't this the most important heaven? Shouldn't it be something grand?

"Don't overthink it, my daughters. Very powerful beings have one or two strange characteristics," Victor spoke from his own experience. How many times had he encountered powerful beings who were strange? His older wives spoke for themselves.

"The Heavenly Father is already waiting for you," Ariel said.

"Mm, let's go," Victor nodded and walked to the entrance of the seventh heaven, and when he opened the door, a completely different world opened up for everyone.

Green grass, rolling hills, and a bright blue sky.

In the middle of this landscape, a middle-aged man with graying hair sat in a simple white chair under what looked like a parasol.

The man looked in their direction and said, "Welcome to the Seventh Heaven... the heaven of humility. Victor Alucard, Ophis Tepes, and Nero Alucard."

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Arcane.

"He was right..." Evie Moriarty, the queen of witches, commented as she looked at the scroll in front of her.

Just as Victor had predicted, the portal that opened in Arcane attracted the attention of many supernatural beings, and these beings constantly made 'proposals' to the witch queen.

Most of these proposals consisted of unfair agreements for the witches, showing that they clearly wanted to exploit the situation that was happening.

The worst part was that the witches couldn't do anything about it. Despite some of them being able to fight against gods, they couldn't fight against an entire pantheon of gods.

"Whose turn is it this time, Mother?" Emily asked.

"The Norse pantheon..."

"What did Odin propose?"

"A better deal than the others, but in the end, it would make us dependent on them." With a hand gesture, Evie burned the agreement, anger evident in her eyes. Apparently, what she had read didn't please her at all.

"Damn old man, he thinks he's doing us a favor? Arrogant piece of crap!" Evie felt the urge to spit on the ground.

Emily narrowed her eyes, just like her mother. She agreed with the idea of not letting anyone control them. They were witches, and they had created a nation precisely to avoid dependence on other beings.

Accepting this agreement was the same as giving up that freedom, and they couldn't do that. But... What choice did they have? Currently, they were too weak to deal with the attention of all these factions.

"I don't understand... Why haven't they attacked us yet?" Alice Moriarty, an incredibly pale woman dressed in a gothic dress and a black witch hat, commented. In her hand was a staff she used as a catalyst for her magic.

"It's because of the so-called Chaos Dragon God," Evie commented. She wasn't stupid; she could tell that everyone was tense in the face of the astronomical rise of this new faction, specifically the man who led it.

"Because of him, they don't take any open action against us. After all, they fear that he might use it to attack their pantheon with just cause, claiming that the opposing faction is breaking the 'peace'..." Evie was well-versed in international politics, and that's why she was sure this was the biggest reason they were doing nothing.

"But that doesn't mean they can't do it behind the scenes," Alice said.

"Indeed," Evie nodded, agreeing with her daughter. "As we speak, all the agreements we had with the gods are being broken by the gods themselves. Apparently, this portal is much more important than the items we are selling."

"... What should we do, Mother?" Selena Moriarty asked.

"Honestly, I don't know." Evie felt a lot of pressure. Because of her choices, this situation had arisen, and she needed to do something, or a horrible fate would befall the witches, and she would be to blame.

'Where is my mother when we need her most?' Evie grumbled internally.

Albedo Moriarty appeared that day, but as soon as Victor left, she disappeared too, and since then, she hasn't been in contact with anyone from the witches' side.

Normally, Evie wouldn't care about this, but this situation is anything but normal.

"If you allow me to say, Mother... I think we should contact your 'disciple,'" Emilly said, emphasizing the word 'disciple.'

"Tsk, don't bother me, Emilly, I won't ask for help from that Devil," Evie grumbled.

Emilly rolled her eyes. 'Funny how when you needed to use Diablo, you didn't think twice, but when it's Victor, you hesitate before doing it.'

It seems that even the queen of witches feared the 'potential' of the Chaos Dragon God.

Her own inaction was proof of this. She didn't even think of other ways to communicate with Victor to make different proposals regarding their situation.

Selena looked at this situation with neutral eyes. In her view, they should have already contacted Victor to form an agreement between them. She had done business with the man before and knew that although he could be all that was wrong in the world, he was very fair to those who hadn't done anything to him.

"Mother..." Selena was about to say something related to this but stopped when a magical circle appeared in her ear.

Receiving a report from one of her disciples, Selena looked at Evie and commented, "Mother, we have a guest."

"... Guest?" Evie raised an eyebrow. She used her magic, and several magic circles appeared, and soon, a hologram appeared in front of her.

"Yama... And Merlin." Evie narrowed her eyes dangerously. That being could change shape as many times as he wanted, but she would never forget those arrogant eyes.

"... This just got even more complicated, Mother," Emily muttered, and Evie couldn't help but agree.

This place had caught the attention of one of the kings of hell, and everyone knew that nothing good came from dealing with those beings.

Evie thought about Victor's words, saying that when she needed him the most, she would summon 'The Devil.'

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"... This just got even more complicated, Mother," Emily muttered, and Evie couldn't help but agree.

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Evie thought about Victor's words, saying that when she needed him the most, she would summon 'The Devil.'

Evie hated knowing that Victor's premonition could become a reality. Currently, Evie felt that for witches, there was no faction that would make a 'fair' deal with them other than Victor's.

But Evie couldn't trust this 'feeling.'

"Mother, what should we do?"

"I will visit them personally."

"... But-" The girls wanted to retort Evie, saying it was dangerous, but they were interrupted by Evie.

"We are dealing with Merlin."

Silence fell in the room.

"He is the greatest genius of 'energy control' that ever existed, and even though he's a demon now, I have no doubt that he hasn't lost that ability."

"No magic can be used in front of him, or he will intercept that magic. We need users like me who can hide their summoning, or everything you do will be useless."

None of them wanted to accept Evie's words, but they had no choice. After all, it was the queen's decision, and the only one in this room who could contradict the queen's decision was her biological daughter, Emilly Moriarty.

And that's what Emilly did.

"We will be watching, Mother. If something happens, we will intervene. That's non-negotiable."

"Very well," Evie nodded in agreement with those words.

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"Hmm, I still think this is very reckless, Merlin."

"You're overthinking it, Yama."

"I'm not..." Yama narrowed his eyes. "Despite trusting your ability and my own, isn't it too risky to come here alone? You know very well that man has eyes in this place."

"Ah, yes... The chaos dragon god, the only being to have divinities on both sides of the balance... A peculiar existence, isn't he?" Merlin's eyes gleamed with curiosity.

"Don't play with me, Merlin. Answer my question." Yama narrowed his eyes.

Merlin rolled his eyes. "You're too impatient, young Yama. Trust your teacher, okay?"

"I trust you." Yama nodded. "But I don't trust your eccentricity."

Merlin fell silent; he was going to say something but remained silent when he realized that he didn't even trust his own eccentricity.

"So, what are we doing here?"

"A new world... A new opportunity, isn't that interesting?"

"Tsk, stop beating around the bush and tell the truth." Yama was slowly getting more irritated.

Merlin realized this, so he spoke in an attempt to satisfy Yama: "... Let's say I'm here to discover the 'origins' of witches."

"Oh?" Yama became interested now. "Are you saying that world has connections with witches?"

"Probably." Merlin was evasive, but for someone who knew him well, like Yama, that was like a confirmation to him.

After all, Merlin wouldn't be here if there wasn't something that greatly interested him.

"I see... And how can this benefit us?"

"That, my dear disciple... is what I came to find out," Merlin said.

A green magic circle appeared in front of Merlin and Yama.

"She is coming." The moment Merlin said that the magic circle shimmered, and the white silhouette of a woman appeared.

The light around the silhouette exploded into various particles, and Evie appeared wearing her royal attire along with her staff and crown of green flames.

The magic circle eyes with magical circles looked at Yama and Merlin.

"Yama, the king of hell... This is an unexpected visit... I wonder what the king of hell wants with Arcane?"

"... Won't you invite us in?" Yama asked.

"I'm sorry, but... Currently, my country is going through complicated situations, so the entry of anyone other than witches is prohibited."

"Interesting... Does this rule apply even to me?" Yama covered his body with his power.

"Yes, no one will enter Arcane, even if it's you." The magic circle in Evie's eyes changed slightly, and at that moment, she had tried to use evaluation magic on the targets, but that same magic was blocked by the demon behind Yama.

The speed at which the magic was broken further confirmed Evie's suspicions that the demon behind Yama was definitely Merlin.

Evie and the larger demon's eyes met for a few seconds, and Evie swore she saw a sense of amusement in the demon's eyes.

She narrowed her eyes slightly and looked back at Yama. "You haven't answered... What has the king of hell come to do here?"

"... I want to make a deal with Arcane," Yama said.

A scroll appeared in front of Yama, and he acted as if he had done it, but Evie clearly noticed that it was the demon behind the king of hell who summoned the scroll, which could mean only one thing. 'Merlin clearly knew about the origins of the portal and had the idea to come here.'

"Take it." The scroll floated toward Evie.

First, Evie thoroughly examined the scroll for any possible traps, and only after doing so did she

take the scroll and open it. Upon opening the scroll, she saw the written contract.

"This..." Evie opened her eyes wide at what she was seeing; this contract was simply too unfavorable... for the demons under Yama's banner.

She read the contract more carefully and even used some magic to see if there was any catch, but even after doing all that, she found the contract to be legitimate, with no deception. This was an extremely disadvantageous contract for the demons and very favorable for the witches.

'This is something Merlin would definitely do. That old bastard would do anything for knowledge, even make unfair contracts like this.'

"Are you sure about this?" Evie asked.

"Yes," Yama replied confidently.

"... Let me ask again, are you absolutely sure that the demons under your command will support us in anything we do, and in return, all we have to do is give you access to the portal?"

"Yes... Wait, what?" Yama took the scroll and read it. When he saw the unfair contract that would essentially make the demons subordinate to the witches, he looked furiously at Merlin.

At this moment, there was no respect for his teacher. Yama realized that Merlin would easily sell him out for knowledge!

This... This was so typical of Merlin! He should have paid more attention.

Merlin turned his head and started whistling as if he had done nothing wrong. Veins were even more visible on Yama's head, and then he looked in Evie's direction with a forced smile.

"Unfortunately, this contract is wrong. My stupid subordinate must have made a mistake."

"I see, that's a shame... You should ensure that this subordinate is punished. After all, this mistake only shows that the king is inattentive." Evie 'kindly' advised.

But Yama and Merlin could feel the acidity in the woman's words.

Yama's smile became even more forced, feeling utterly embarrassed now, but as a king, he had learned to have thick skin, so he accepted this 'kind' advice with a smile on his face. "Of course, I will ensure that this demon is punished."

Evie nodded. "I see that this conversation is over, so I will be leaving..."

"Wait, Queen of Witches."

"... What?"

"My proposal is not over yet."

Another scroll appeared in front of Yama, and this time, Yama read it. 'This is acceptable.' He nodded internally as he saw the conditions of the contract.

It was basically a business contract; in exchange for letting them use the portal, Yama's demons would share the profit found between 30-70.

30% for the witches and 70% for the demons. For Yama, this was a 'fair' percentage. Although internally, he didn't like it much, considering that he could just take the portal for himself, right? But by doing that, he would possibly anger a terrifying existence, and he didn't want that.

Yama handed the contract to Evie. "Read the contract and tell me what you think."

Evie took the contract and read it... She was surprised at first; the contract wasn't bad, but at the same time, it wasn't good. The reason for this was that these beings would go to the other side, and they could take all the good things for themselves and only give her the leftovers.

"Unfortunately, I cannot accept this contract either..."

Yama's face contorted. "Don't be greedy, Witch." His words came out in a completely hostile tone.

Evie narrowed her eyes.

"You are not in a position to negotiate anything... Do you know why no one has leveled this place already?"

"It's because we all fear the reaction of that annoying existence."

"If it weren't for that, you and your group of witches would have already been wiped from existence."

"You are not in a position to be as greedy as you always have been. Know your place, witch."

Merlin, who saw this, only smiled in amusement. He knew something like this would happen. Witches like to play the victim, but in the end, it's all a game of interests.

The witches don't want to give up the portal, but they also won't accept commercial contracts where they come out at a disadvantage. They are so used to exploiting other beings that they don't realize the situation they are in.

'If this continues, it's only a matter of time before someone invades this place... And when that happens, that dragon will intervene and take the whole place for himself, bringing the witches under his banner.' Merlin could clearly see the kind of patient game Victor was playing.

'He completely understands what witches are like... This intellect is very much like Diablo's... In fact, it may even be superior because all I'm seeing is just the surface. I'm sure they have other plans beneath the surface regarding the witches.' Merlin thought.

"... Leave, King of Hell."

Yama grunted angrily, the space around him distorting as if it were about to break, and this action made Evie even more cautious. With just a hand gesture, she created several magic circles, and a tense atmosphere surrounded them.

"I said, leave, King of Hell."

"... Mark my words, Witch. One day, you will bow to someone, and I will be there to witness that moment." Yama turned and started to leave the place along with Merlin.

'Don't state the obvious. I know that, but it won't be you.' Despite being proud, Evie knew very well the kind of situation she was in. She was just being stubborn and not giving up. After all, Kings and Queens don't give up easily.

Emilly, who was watching this meeting inside Arcane, bit her lip. 'I have to do something. My mother's stubbornness will condemn us.'

"Welcome to the seventh heaven... The heaven of humility. Victor Alucard, Ophis Tepes, and Nero Alucard."

"The heaven of humility...? Do all heavens have names?" Nero asked curiously.

"Yes, indeed. They all have names, but currently, they are irrelevant. What matters most is the place you are in now." The middle-aged man looked at the landscape in front of him.

"Humility is one of the most basic principles for every being; without it, you are nothing. Despite all the power in my hands, I must remain humble to avoid doing things I will regret in the future."

"... It's like a chain that binds you, huh?" Victor added, understanding his heavenly father's feelings to some extent.

"Correct... but at the same time, wrong." He smiled lightly. "It's more like a guide for your own will."

A chair similar to the heavenly father's appears beside him. Victor looks at the chair and understands the heavenly father's intention. He floats toward the chair and makes the motion to sit, but he doesn't actually sit; instead, he continues floating just a few centimeters above the chair.

A table with four simple white chairs appears away from Victor and the heavenly father, without the need for words. Metis, Nero, Ophis, and Ariel understand that it's for them to sit at that table.

"What do you think of paradise, Victor?"

"Quite empty." Victor was honest.

"Hmm, if you think of it that way, then it must be."

"... It seems there are other reasons for heaven to be like this. Am I right?" Victor asked when he saw the heavenly father's reaction.

Beings always seek meaning in things; sometimes, something may have meaning, and sometimes not... In this case, you are correct. The reason I am like this is for Peace."

"Peace...?"

"The beings who come to this place are the good part of a being's soul. And for that soul to remain pure, everything must be equal for everyone."

"... I see, the seven sins, huh."

"Yes, indeed. If I were to show that the Seraphim have more 'items' than the souls, feelings of envy and greed would eventually arise."

"But that's not necessarily a bad thing," Victor said.

That's correct, envy can be seen as motivation to improve, and greed as the fuel to make a being move... But in heaven, such feelings are not necessary; they must remain pure so they can continue on their own journey."

"It's easy to be corrupted but difficult to rid oneself of corruption... Huh?"

"Exactly." The Heavenly Father nodded.

"Those who are humble with themselves recognize their flaws more easily, and thus can correct them. In this process of converting them, evolution happens... Some beings don't understand this, but others do. I wonder which one you are, Victor Walker."

"Hmm... Hard to say, I've always tried to be true to myself, so I think I'm the first example?" He spoke.

The heavenly father's eyes glowed slightly, instead of answering Victor's question, he asked, "What are you?"

"What am I...?"

"A dragon, an Elder God, a human, a demon, a monster, a vampire, or a cosmic horror?"

"Hmm..."

A quiet silence fell around them, Victor looked at the horizon with no thoughts in his head. Unconsciously, he relaxed in the use of his powers, and his body sank into the chair, but even with his immense weight, the chair did not yield... Slowly but progressively, his body began to be covered by a very light pure white power.

Seeing this, the heavenly father displayed a small smile. 'He truly is exceptional; with few words, he began to understand better.'

The principle of understanding was taking place. If I see, I understand. If I feel, I understand. Sometimes, this is not always correct.

For a god... An abnormal god like Victor who embodies both the negative and positive principles, a god of chaos, understanding is essential.

God made man in his image; that's how Adam, the progenitor of men, was created.

A deity created a mortal, common sense is applied here, but... Who created the God to embody an image?

The answer to this question is... Himself.

Through self-understanding, the god fashioned his own image.

Victor's aura underwent several changes, initially starting as pure white, but then shifting to a malevolent black, then to a crimson red, a neon violet, until it returned to black, absorbing all the light around.

Throughout this transformation, Ariel, Ophis, Nero, and Metis were staring at Victor intently. Something was happening... But they didn't know what it was.

Metis and Ariel seemed to have an idea, but nothing concrete; after all, Victor was a unique being, common sense couldn't be applied to him.

"I understand..." Victor closed his eyes solemnly; he felt the turmoil in his soul calming.

'I am all of this; there's no point in separating things. I am all these versions... but primarily, I am a blood dragon externally, and a cosmic horror internally,' Victor thought.

The 'cosmic horror,' as Victor called it, was nothing more than his own personality without the constraints of his family. It could be said that this being was the physical representation of Victor's true essence.

A cosmic monster that devoured everything into the abyssal crimson darkness, a being that would only be unleashed when Victor had nothing to lose but could appear when he was very irritated.

"Thank you very much for your words, heavenly father... I understand myself a bit better now."

"You're welcome, Victor." He continued to gaze at the horizon. "Remember that the quest for self-understanding doesn't end when you become a god... In fact, this journey

has only just begun for you, and for you, who wields the power of chaos, self-understanding is even more important."

Victor nodded; he could now understand the heavenly father's words.

"Not to mention... I must thank you. Thank you for saving my daughter."

"I-." Victor was about to say something, but the heavenly father cut him off.

Regardless of the reason you saved her... You saved her... And that's what matters... So, thank you."

"...

A moment of silence fell around them again, a moment that lasted quite a long time, but no one noticed due to the ever-unchanging landscape.

"Tell me, Victor. Do you wield the power of creation?" The heavenly father asked something that had been bothering him from the beginning.

"A fraction... It can't even be called divinity yet." Victor opened his hand and showed the essence of creation he received from Amaterasu.

"... Even a small spark can cause a great fire... Seek understanding of creation; the answer to these questions you already have as a blood dragon."

Victor nodded; he understood that the heavenly father was speaking in this way precisely not to 'obstruct' his own path. Self-understanding to comprehend a deity is crucial.

You can 'observe' other gods doing something, but their path doesn't mean it will be the same as yours. Individuality was necessary.

The heavenly father looked at Victor and felt the greater divinity of destruction and the fragment of creation within him. 'But... A god of destruction as the primary deity and simultaneously a god of creation in the making... You're truly breaking all the rules imposed by creation, and yet none of the primordials have knocked on your door.'

A god of CHAOS should never be allowed to exist because this existence essentially breaks the balance by embodying two opposing aspects.

A rule that not even the primordials can break.

If Death is responsible for the end of everything.

The Universal Tree is responsible for the initial kick-off that gives rise to the beginning of everything.

They are opposites of each other, and none of them can wield the power of their opposite aspect... But here, we have a being who is both the god of negativity representing ALL the deities on the negative side of the scale, and at the same time, he is the God of Begin, representing the beginning of everything, and is only the second most important deity of the positive aspect of creation.

The amount of power and authority in this person's hands is staggering to the point of perversion.

'He is still a novice god... In the future, when he has a better understanding of his own deities, I can't even imagine what kind of being he will become.' The heavenly father thought.

"Do you have any tips for progressing in my deities?"

Instead of answering, Victor said, "You must understand why I spoke the way I did, right?"

"Yes."

"So, don't rush."

"I'm not in a hurry; I understand very well that I need to control my current power as before." From the beginning, Victor always took to heart the lesson of control that Scathach taught him; he hadn't forgotten that. "I just want a hint; after all, I have many deities."

"... I understand, that's fair. Never has a mortal ascended with so many deities in their hands." The heavenly father nodded in understanding; he could grasp a bit of Victor's difficulty.

In simple terms, he was like an adult who had bought several different good games but didn't have time to play them all because he was too busy.

"The only thing I can tell you without compromising you is... Start with the deities you identify with the most," the heavenly father advised.

'Home, family, martial honor, vengeance, Yandere, strength, and Blood then,' Victor thought. These are the deities he identifies with the most, deities that somehow represent an essential aspect of his personality and existence.

"I understand; thank you very much."

"You're welcome." The heavenly father nodded and then brought up another topic.
"Speaking of the alliance... I propose a deeper alliance."

Victor raised an eyebrow and looked at the heavenly father.

This topic caught Ariel's attention. As the general of the angels, she knew very well that her leader's words following this could greatly influence how she would lead the angels in the future.

She picked up the tea cup that was on the table and drank calmly.

"I don't like how the remaining humanity is further dividing due to the prejudices of other gods in the pantheon. This division will eventually cause more problems for us. History doesn't lie; this has happened many times in the past."

"... So, what do you suggest?"

"Uniting demons and angels as permanent allies through a marital alliance."

"Pffft." Ariel spat on the floor where she was drinking.

"Are you okay?" Ophis asked.

"Y-Yeah."

Ignoring Ariel, he continued, "Consequently, I propose that your religion and mine also form an alliance... Of course, this alliance will last as long as you are the Demon King."

"Oh?" Victor understood the implications in the heavenly father's words; he was basically saying, 'I trust you, but not the other demons.'

"I don't mind forming this alliance... But what are your intentions?"

"Supervision... I've seen very well what happens when mortals are left unsupervised, and it will only get worse if the gods interact more with mortals and give them advantages."

"So basically, you want to control them... For a man who gave free will, you're going to take it away?" Victor asked.

"Control is a strong word; I prefer to advise."

"And punish if they break the rules, right?" Victor added with a small smile.

"Yes."

"And they call me the demon of tyranny," Victor laughed.

"I have to learn something from my 'rival,'" the heavenly father said. "By the way... When will you take me to hell?"

"Do you want to go now?" Victor asked.

"Why not? I'm not doing anything anyway."

"Okay..." Victor stood up from the chair. "By the way, who do you want to marry? Actually, can angels even do that?"

"They can't... But I can make it possible for them. I was thinking of one of my daughters of the seven virtues." The heavenly father stood up from his chair.

"Which one are you interested in?"

"... Are you asking me?" Victor raised an eyebrow.

"Of course, I won't hand over my daughter to someone I don't know, so you're the most natural choice."

"Hmm... How about we leave this matter for the future? It's not like marriage is essential for the alliance, right? You have more influence than all your angels combined. Symbolically, seeing you shake hands with the 'king of hell' is more significant than the marriage of an angel and a demon..."

Victor stopped talking when he realized that the marriage of an angel and a demon would be equally shocking.

"In fact, both would be shocking to mortals."

"... That's true." The heavenly father nodded, and then the two beings began to walk and talk.

Victor gestured for Nero, Metis, and Ophis to follow. The girls understood the hand gesture and began to follow Victor, leaving Ariel, who was completely shocked by all the absurdities she was hearing.

'Has my father completely lost it?' Ariel had some less-than-angelic thoughts about her own creator.

As he walked towards the exit of the seventh heaven, Victor thought about the women in his life. As he thought about them, he smiled happily, but when he remembered the proposal of the Heavenly Father, he shook his head internally.

'I don't want it anymore,' he thought. Upon recalling the words of the Heavenly Father, he realized he no longer wanted it. He already had many loves in his life.

Amaterasu and Velnorah would be the last additions, and he was unlikely to form any more relationships now. After all, there was no point in making political alliances through marriage when his power was already too strong.

'What I need now is stability and consolidation,' Victor thought. Due to his sudden increase in power and influence, he needed to stabilize everything to have a comfortable foundation.

Even though it wasn't his intention, he was making a big mistake that his master had pointed out from the beginning... Not having a stable foundation.

"If the main structure is strong enough, you can handle any kind of work." These words applied to everything, not just training. That's why Victor accepted the political alliance with the Heavenly Father but did not explicitly accept the matrimonial alliance.

"Where should we go first?" Victor asked the Heavenly Father.

"Let's take a tour, but our destination is the deepest part of hell," the Heavenly Father revealed his intentions, his appearance wholly made of light again.

"Fair enough," Victor nodded.

Ariel seemed to have a lot to say about her father's sudden decision to go to hell. She found it very dangerous for him to go alone with only her as a guard. However, if it was her father's decision, she couldn't say much, but it was clear that she was not very happy.

"Nero and Ophis, come here."

"Yes, Father," Nero nodded.

"Mm," Ophis too.

Soon, the two girls were in front of Victor. He raised his hand slightly, and a red power covered them.

"What is this...?"

"A protection against miasma," Victor explained. "Despite having my blessings and being quite resistant to miasma, this energy is still corrosive to the living and mortals, so caution is necessary."

"That's a good idea. After all, the miasma in hell has become stronger with the merging of the other hells," the Heavenly Father supported Victor's decision.

Victor nodded in agreement with the Heavenly Father's words.

"Ariel, come here."

"Yes, Father..." Ariel approached her father, and the scene repeated itself, with pure white power covering Ariel's body.

Although she was not exactly mortal, she was still a pure being and direct contact with miasma as strong as that in the current hell could harm her and corrupt her mind. Even though such a chance was unlikely with the Heavenly Father around, it was better to ensure that nothing went wrong.

Metis pouted when she saw this scene. 'Why didn't I receive the same treatment?' She knew why she didn't; unlike Nero and Ophis, she was a dragon, a dragon goddess, to be more specific. She could naturally defend herself from miasma because dragons were natural beings capable of adapting to most hostile environments. But even though she understood that it didn't mean she liked or accepted it.

Upon reaching the door that led to the seventh heaven, Victor noticed a fluctuation in space and realized he could open the door to hell here.

"Let's go; I will show you my first city..."

"How did you..." The Heavenly Father was about to ask something but fell silent when a red portal appeared behind Victor.

Ariel opened her eyes wide at what she had just seen. Victor had casually ignored the defenses of an entire pantheon by creating a portal to hell in the most protected part of heaven. This simple gesture made her fully understand what kind of being they were dealing with.

On the other hand, the Heavenly Father's reaction was calmer as he merely raised an inquisitive eyebrow. 'I see... A spatial fluctuation, he opened a rift with such a small flaw that it's almost imperceptible unless you actively look for it.'

This was an impressive but also terrifying fact because these spatial fluctuations existed in all pantheons. Unless a god of space existed in the dimension, it was impossible not to have tiny, imperceptible rifts. If Victor could exploit this so easily, it meant he could theoretically send his army anywhere he wanted.

'Let's try not to think too much about it, or I'll go mad,' the Heavenly Father thought.

...

"Welcome to Alexandria, the city of beginnings."

Ariel, Ophis, Metis, Nero, and the Heavenly Father opened their eyes wide when they saw the city.

Specifically, its SIZE.

"How big is this city?" Metis asked, breaking the silence. The city in front of her was the perfect example of a tourist city.

"I don't know the exact number, but we've already surpassed the size of Tokyo, and we're approaching that of a small country."

"... Can this still be called a city?" Ariel asked an honest question.

"Yes?" Victor replied, somewhat confused. To be honest, he didn't know either, but he wasn't in the mood to change it now, so he left it as it was.

"Father..."

Victor looked at Ophis, who was holding his right arm. "Yes, my daughter?"

"Is all of this yours?"

"Yeah."

"...Whoa," Ophis exclaimed in shock. She knew her father had his own personal world, but she couldn't grasp the 'scale' of how big a world was. To her, this city was larger than her father's personal world since it had more living beings.

"It will take years for me to visit all these places," the Heavenly Father commented while looking at a specific area labeled the "Succubus District."

He saw several succubus walking around in very provocative clothing. He saw not only succubi but also many other female demons.

"Hmm, I don't recommend visiting those areas."

"Why?"

"Well, that's the +18 area of this city... All seven sins are gathered in that place, so to speak." Victor was quite evasive in his response due to the presence of children, but everyone here understood what he was talking about except for Ophis, who didn't care and didn't listen, instead just looking at the buildings around her.

"Oh..."

The look Ariel was giving her father could easily pierce the strongest metal in this world. Fortunately, the Heavenly Father's lack of shame was one of his strengths, and he easily disregarded his daughter's gaze.

"Shall we go to the next city?"

"Yes... In the future, I will come here to research this city more deeply."

"You can't," Ariel spoke. She had never been one to question her father, but she wouldn't let him fall into degeneration! She was his general.

"...Eh?" The Heavenly Father looked at Ariel incredulously, and for a moment, he had flashbacks of Vietnam when he saw the look on Ariel's face. She had the same look that Lucifer had when he betrayed him!

"Father, the leader of the angels should not walk in such a... obscene place! Show some respect!" Ariel blushed deeply when she glanced at the attire of the demon women.

"...You're right," the Heavenly Father agreed with Ariel's words.

"I'm glad you understand," Ariel sighed in relief.

Victor, who had been watching from the side, smiled ironically because he could clearly tell that the Heavenly Father would definitely come back. He was curious about that place.

"Father, what is that?" Nero asked, pointing to a location, specifically to a massive stadium in the distance.

"Hmm? Oh, that's where we conduct our wars."

"...Wars?" Everyone was confused when they heard what he said.

"Hmm, let's take a look before heading to the next city."

Victor began to fly towards the stadium.

When they arrived at the stadium, everyone's eyes widened as they saw its actual size and how many demons were present.

"...I've never seen so many demons together except during a war," Ariel murmured. Just the number of infernal beings here completely surpassed the number of angels.

"As you know, demons have destructive impulses that vary according to their capital sin, but most of these impulses are focused on destruction, pleasure, or gaining power."

"I used this mindset to create the Succubus District in each of the cities, as well as this stadium where we wage war."

"What you're seeing now is a physical representation of war in different scenarios. This practice serves as a sport but also as training to make the entire population experienced in combat."

Everyone focused on the metropolis that looked much like the urban environment of the city of Paris, even the Eiffel Tower was recreated.

A war was happening in this urban setting.

Ophis visibly shrank when a demonic woman decapitated another demonic woman.

"Is it okay to kill?"

"It's okay. As you know, demons don't really die permanently unless they are hit by one of their weaknesses. When they die normally, all that happens is that they go into hibernation for a while and then revive."

The Heavenly Father focused on a spot that seemed to be where the demon team that died was located. He soon noticed the demon's soul reforming in that place, and then she was revived.

"Darn, I died!" The woman roared in anger and sat down in her seat with an annoyed huff.

"From what I understand, you need other souls to allow demons to revive quickly."

"That's correct... But we found out that when a demon dies in Hell, their soul goes into the atmosphere, and in this process, the soul loses strength... Approximately 30% of their strength is lost in this process."

"For weaker demons, this loss isn't significant, and they can be revived quickly, but for stronger demons, this is a major setback, so they need time to recover."

"With this knowledge in mind, we sealed this stadium with demonic runes. If a demon dies here, their soul won't escape into the atmosphere; it remains near the place where they died. In this process, they only lose 1% of their strength, allowing them to be revived almost instantly."

Victor's explanation left Metis, the Heavenly Father, and Ariel so shocked that they fell completely silent for a long moment, just watching the war unfolding below.

"...By the way, I need to update the runes on the stadiums; I should put that on my list of future tasks," Victor said his thoughts out loud.

The Heavenly Father narrowed his eyes when he saw the situation below him. He wasn't a fool; he could clearly see what Victor was doing. He was preparing all his citizens for a possible war, which is why the wars taking place in this stadium were so 'elaborate,' like a high-level training with realism.

Ariel also realized this, and she had to say that as a King, this man knew how to wage war.

'Well, he was the God of War, wasn't he?' Ariel now understood why he received that divinity.

"This looks fun... Can I participate?" Nero asked her father.

"...Maybe," Victor replied as he considered various security measures for Nero. After all, she wasn't a demon, so if she died here, she would die forever. Well, not forever, as he could easily revive her now, but his concern still existed. He didn't want her to experience 'death' right now; it really changed people.

Nero pouted slightly because her father didn't give permission quickly as he usually did, but she saw that he said 'maybe,' which meant he was considering the matter.

Nero was a good girl, so she wouldn't throw a tantrum over this or anything. She was very obedient to her father.

"This place is amazing, Victor."

"I know, right?" Victor smiled lightly.

"Now I understand why the beings of hell don't want to leave here," the Heavenly Father said, thinking about that little imp who seemed very proud to live in hell.

"Well, don't be fooled by appearances; this is still hell, and the punishment fields still exist. I just don't make them visible to everyone because it's not good for marketing."

"...That's very capitalist of you, aren't you a monarch?"

"Yes, I am, but you can't escape capitalism, so why not just control everything? After all, I'm known as the Demon King of Tyranny." Victor chuckled in amusement.

"...A good thought."

Ariel felt a cold sweat when she saw her father's face. Even though he was made entirely of light now, she could perceive the nuances of his face as someone who had always watched him. It's worth mentioning that she's not happy with Victor having influenced her father in a bad way!

"Mm," Victor nodded.

"Let's go to the next town."

"Yes."