

Darkness 101

Chapter 101: The First Heir

Erwin Malfoy, the 28 years old heir and next successor to the clan head's position was a handsome man with long shoulder-length red hair. He was also an intermediate master rank swordsman.

His talent in swordsmanship had solidified his position in the clan among all the contenders and the clan had high hopes from him in the future. Anyone would be charmed to see this man and the women who didn't know of his deeds would see him as their prince charming at the first glance.

But to those who had seen this elegant man's cruelty four years ago would feel a shiver in their spine. This dashing man dressed in black aristocratic clothes was actually a wolf amongst sheep.

"Hey.. Do we really need to be on the security? What if he shows up?" asked a guard on duty under this heavy rainfall.

"Just do your damn job! We must protect master Erwin. And I don't see the point in being afraid of that so-called vigilante. Nobody has the guts to go against our Malfoy clan." replied another guard with a prideful expression on his face.

At this moment, 43 guards were patrolling around a big and a mile wider entertainment house. This place was one of the properties owned by the Malfoy noble clan, the 5th most powerful clan in Flavot city.

Inside this entertainment house, Erwin was enjoying alcohol made from some fragrant ingredients that had some tangy flavor to it. He was surrounded by two beautiful women who were sitting on both his sides and poured him even more booze.

Erwin was left in charge of handling this business along with few other small settlements. And since his reputation and his talent as a young master rank swordsman was widespread, nobody dared to cause trouble here.

"Ah!" the woman sitting beside Erwin let out a small moan as his right hand caressed and played around the inner parts of this loosely dressed courtesan's thighs.

"Young master.. You're being very naughty today." spoke the woman in a seductive tone as she pushed up her cleavage to the redhead man's arm and came closer to his ear and slowly nibbled his earlobe.

"Hey, not fair! Master Erwin is mine for tonight." complained the other woman who also dressed scantily and poured him another glass of alcohol.

"Don't you know, love only increases if you share it?" replied Erwin with a smug tone as he fondled the second woman's assets with his left hand and carried on their overly adulterous display.

Little did these people knew.. A hooded figure in dark grey clothes was hearing their words from a mile away. His eyes were extremely vigilant as if he was marking all the guard and security personnel around this establishment.

The thunder and heavy rainfall had already put a gloomy feeling to this night.

Thud! Thud!

The two guards who were previously talking on the eastern entrance of this building fell on the ground after black and pointy spear-like extensions pierced through their chest and throat. The sound of their bodies falling was muffled by the heavy rain and nobody even noticed it.

Unlike how a normal assassin would choose to do things covertly.. This hooded figure had no intentions to do things silently.

This was none other than Azrael who had marked this clan's future head as his first target since this redhead man was one of the noble clan heirs who committed that heinous act four years ago.

Pitter! Patter!

Water dripped from Azrael's long dark grey clothes that gave him a similar look to the Grim Reaper. His loud footsteps quickly attracted the attention of hundreds of customers spread across this huge and wide main hall where they were escorted by beautiful females, varying from normal human females to elves and some females dressed in maid outfits with cat ears on their heads.

Azrael's sudden appearance had piqued their curiosity. Suddenly, a loud announcement filled this entire hall.

"Anyone who isn't from the Malfoy clan, leave now! Or I won't give you another chance before I kill anyone who remains!" bellowed Azrael.

"Hahaha. Who's this clown? He's ruined the good mood here." spoke one of the customers.

But the next second, a visible black and red aura completely filled the entire place with unimaginable pressure.

War Dominance!

Azrael released his War Dominance aura at full capacity and made hundreds of the people fall on their knees in a single second. The aura of a Grandmaster wasn't something normal people could take head-on.

He deactivated his aura and freed the people.

"Run! That's Azrael!" shouted one of the customers and started running towards the main exit.

"What? Azrael?!" gasped other people in surprise but didn't dwell in the hall anymore. His name alone had put the fear of god in their hearts.

Sooner, a huge commotion was caused inside this hall and on the upper floors as soon as Azrael's name was heard by the masses. People ran in a hurry and almost shook the entire building with their loud and hasty footsteps alone. Some people even fell in their footsteps as the name of Azrael, the Adjudicator was something no one inside the city wanted to hear.

Although Azrael hadn't been active for the past few weeks, his name still had a huge weight to it.

"Who is it? A redhead and barechested man ran down from the stairs with an epic rank sword in his hand. Soon, all the guards who had noticed the commotions ran inside the main hall and noticed the hooded figure who was still standing in the center of this building.

"Erwin Malfoy.. Your penance is due." spoke Azrael in his grim and ghostly voice.

"Hahaha! Do you know who I am?" said the redhead man in a condescending tone.

"I do. And that's why I'm here." replied Azrael.

At this point, he was surrounded by more than forty guards that consisted mainly of swordsmen and assassins. But the Adjudicator had no hint of worry in his eyes.

He looked at all the people that remained inside the hall after his earlier warning. There were only those who were part of this clan and those who loyally worked for them left at this point.

"What are you waiting for?! Kill that bastard!" ordered Erwin.

But without giving any chance to attack first, Azrael threw his fear toxin bombs and multiple bursts of white fog filled this entire hall in few seconds. Many could barely see what was in front of them because this fog was simply too dense.

But before all these people could recover from the surprise.. A majestic and ghastly voice fell on their ears.

"So then.. Shall we begin?"

Chapter 102: Futile Struggle

Under the thundering sky filled with heavy rain, inside a big entertainment house was a scene of more than 40 well-equipped guards currently struggling to get a clear view of a hooded man who was encircled by them just a few moments ago.

"Huh.. What's happening?" asked one of the guards.

Someone using smoke bombs in a group fight wasn't out of the norms but people suddenly feeling like their senses and control over the body weakening in just a few seconds was completely unexpected.

"Arrhhh!!" an agonizing scream filled the surroundings and everyone who was encircling Azrael felt a dreary aura encapsulate them.

Under his War Dominance.. All the guards felt like an ancient primordial beast was looking at them as if it wanted to devour them and tear their bodies apart.

"Charge! He's in the middle!" shouted Erwin as he descended the stairs and prepared to attack Azrael.

Clang! Clang!

A sound of hard metal clashing against each other came but unlike what they thought, it didn't come from swords or weapons facing each other but Azrael's pikes piercing through the metallic armors of the guards.

He took out two red epic rank daggers and dashed towards the group of guards that were walking in circles since they couldn't see his exact location.

Swoosh!

A black blur passed in between these guards and before anyone could even react, two of the guards had their throats cut open while the third one's head was punctured from the tendrils, passing inside his brain right through his eyeballs.

The extremely strong and tensile pikes picked up the dead man in the air and threw the body at the other soldiers who were trying to find Azrael.

Thud!

"Ah! What's that? What just hit me?!" bellowed a guard in shock.

But before he could speak any more words.. A Demonic figure, clad in black with fiery red eyes stood before him. Four black tendrils were coming out of his back and moved like a snake that was about to attack its small and weak prey.

"No! Get away from m..."

Stab!

The man's mouth was pierced through by the extensions and soon the tendrils came out of the other side of his head, not even giving him a chance to scream in fear or wail in pain.

Little did these people knew.. That during the night, Kahn was actually three times stronger and faster, his senses such as Survival Instinct and Hunter's Intent were twice more effective. The already 10 times stronger predator was now even 3 times more powerful.

After mixing with Sonar Hearing and Heat Sense, both abilities were already accurate to the extent that even if Kahn closed his eyes, he wouldn't have any problem in detecting and finding anyone's location. More so when someone was trying to attack or kill him or when he was hunting people or monsters in a group.

He was both Daredevil with his heightened senses & Batman from the Arkham games with his Detective Mode at the same time. So attacking or defending wasn't an issue for him.

But for all these people... It would spell their doom.

Thwack! Pierce! Stab!

Azrael cut off another young guards' head while his extensions punctured holes through two more guards.

His last extension stabbed an old guard's shoulder and pulled him closer to Azrael.

Kacha!

The angel of death stabbed the guard right below his jaw and pulled the dagger out as a stream of blood fell on the floor.

His extensions had a 30 meter range while all the guards were under 20 meter proximity. That was the exact reason why Azrael stood in the middle of this hall and allowed all the guards to surround him in the first place.

He wasn't going to hunt them down, rather he was going finish them altogether at once while letting them think that they had surrounded and trapped him.

Side Hopper!

His figure flickered and another guard had his neck pierced by the daggers before he could even react.

In just 20 seconds, 8 guards had already died.

And once the fear toxin finally had put everyone in a fearful state, all the guards were horrified and some already had wet their pants.

With the Hero of Darkness title in effect, they were like a newborn baby fighting against a full-grown Dragon.

"Help me!!" a mortifying scream for help resounded in the hall as one man was torn into two pieces by these extensions. His upper body had both the hands intact but the waist and legs of this man were nowhere to be seen. His intestines splattered on the floor as a fountain of blood filled the posh ground.

"Ahhhhh!!!"

"Run!"

"Let me go!"

One by one, the screams of these guards who once took pride in serving the powerful Malfoy clan were shuddering in fear and losing their will to struggle against this angel of death who was brutally and mercilessly murdering these people.

Those who tried to run away were stabbed in their legs with these piked extensions and pulled back inside this white fog. There was no room for escape, there was no chance of running away from the adjudicator.

All of their lives were at the mercy of this hooded man before they even realized what was happening.

Not even 5 minutes had passed since Azrael started his onslaught and forty guards were swiftly killed. Everywhere his shadow appeared, a body was cut in half, limbs torn and openly cut throats spraying blood on the ground amassed one by one.

And more importantly.. They couldn't even see the enemy or had any strength to fight against him. Azrael's War Dominance aura, his fear toxin and his long and lethal extensions had displayed complete control over this battle.

Although he was only one man, during this battle.. No, during this one-sided massacre; he was no different than a walking army himself.

The fog finally dispersed and a grotesque scenery of torn up bodies, cut down innards and lifeless bodies covered in their own blood was revealed to the young heir of the Malfoy clan.

Erwin, who was once seen as one of the most promising young swordsmen in the Flavot city and among the noble clans... Was now cowering in fear and fell on the ground after looking at the aftermath of this gruesome battle.

Step! Step!

Azrael walked towards the redhead man with steady steps.. Each of his footsteps sounding like a meteorite falling on earth to the noble heir since he was still under the effect of the fear toxin.

He couldn't even muster up some strength to get up or fight back.

Because Azrael was already a Grandmaster rank fighter but since the fight was happening at night.. The dominance aura would even send chills to a peak Grandmaster rank fighter, let alone an intermediate master rank swordsman.

Azrael's extension grabbed both his arms and legs as they lifted his entire body in the air.

"No! Let me go! Don't you know what will happen if you kill me?!" yelled the young heir, trying to use his clan's name to scare the grim reaper in front of him.

"Do you think I care?" asked Azrael sarcastically in his domineering tone.

"What have we done to you? I don't even know you." asked Erwin as his body felt shivers just by looking at this ghostly figure who appeared to be like a tall mountain to him.

"Who sent you?!" he asked haphazardly to the majestic and ghostly figure.

"I gave them a swift death.." spoke Azrael as he looked back at the dead bodies of the forty or so guards on the floor. And then he looked right in the eyes of the redhead man.

"You on the other hand.. I'm going to take my sweet with you. I don't like torturing people but in your case... I'm gonna enjoy every single second of it!" declared Azrael as he took his dagger and made a cut on Erwin's handsome and charming face.

"Oh, by the way.." he spoke again and released his murdering aura and eyes full of bloodlust at the noble clan's heir. His gaze was full of unimaginable wrath.

"The Winstons send their regards."

Chapter 103: The Declaration

The stormy weather had finally stopped and the dark clouds had finally cleared to let the serene white moon reappear and shine brightly on the city.

Those who were still awake till this point heaved a sigh of relief and finally found the tranquility that was much needed for them to fall asleep.

The rain had cleansed the city of its dirt and gave it a more refined look under this moonlight. But contrary to this pleasant sight.. An empty godown had a completely different scenario.

"ARRHHHHH!!!" screamed Erwin as Azrael pulled another toenail out using a plier.

His sobs of pain filled the surrounding.

Rip!!

His collarbone was pulled right out of his body and Erwin screamed in agony. But this wasn't just going to end his suffering. The hand heated up again and cauterized the flesh and blood.

Then two sharp and long extensions came out from Azrael's back while his red hot claws kept tearing through Erwin's flesh and making him scream as he cried while suffering through this unbearable pain.

The tendrils then stabbed through his stomach and wriggled inside as if a snake was trying to chew the redhead man's intestines.

Erwin could no longer handle this torture and his consciousness started fading.

SLAP!!

"Who the fuck said that you can faint?! We still have 5 hours till sunrise!" reprimanded Azrael and took a high-grade health recovery potion and put it inside Erwin's mouth.

Slap!

In just a few seconds, Erwin started regaining his consciousness, but he was hit in the face again with these hot claws. He was being tortured while his wounds barely made any recovery.

"Just kill me already!" shouted the noble heir.

"I once heard a saying that a swift death is considered as showing mercy to your enemy. And I'm not a saint to show any mercy to the likes of you." replied Azrael in his grim tone.

The torture continued in the same way and one of the noble heirs who brutally rap*ed Cynthia four years ago came to know how it felt being on the receiving end.

When the morning sun finally rose and people started their early morning routine by getting ready for the oncoming day.. Some people found a horrifying scene in the same square where the soul-shuddering incident happened four years ago.

A body of a naked redhead man was tied on a metal street light pole. His hands were sliced and only the bones remained visible for the onlookers. The mouth of this man was covered under a cloth.

The thighs were cut in half and the entire belly of this man was sliced open, putting his entrails on a display. There were multiple burn wounds that were still bleeding on this man's body including his face. And most importantly..

This man's tool was nowhere to be seen. Only the two eggs were left intact.

Soon, the horrifying scene gathered the attention of hundreds of people who started their daily routines early in the morning. And in just an hour... More than a thousand people gathered in this square as the news quickly spread like a wildfire.

When the city guards finally appeared and took down the body.. They found where the missing tool was hidden.

It was inside the dead man's mouth.

The men amongst the crowd shivered in fear as they finally saw what happened to this man's biggest treasure and covered their crotches in reflex.

But the whole scene had taken a different turn as all the onlookers read the words written with blood on the wall behind the dead body. These words were not any warning like the previous times.. No, they were the Declaration of War.

"THE HEIRS OF THE NOBLE CLANS SHALL PAY FOR THEIR SINS. THEY CAN RUN FROM ME.. THEY CAN HIDE FROM ME..

BUT THEY CAN NEVER ESCAPE MY WRATH!"

Chapter 104: The Second Heir

Levi Strabrort, the first in the line of succession of the Strabrort noble clan's head position was a pureblood elf. His father was the current clan head and his mother was one of the leading businesswomen in the city who ran a company that specialized in magical artifacts and pharmaceuticals.

This clan was specially made of elves and other people of different races only served as their servants and guards. Unlike the other clans who specialized in weapon-based classes & professions, the Strabrort clan preferred to have their members lean towards Magic & Alchemy. Only a few were focused on the weapon fighter class and they served as the people in charge of security of the clan.

But despite their exclusive classes... The clan was feared by many because the Elven clan was an absolute beast when it came to large group battles. Even an army of five thousand could be wiped out by this clan's five hundred mages. The clan head himself was an Intermediate Grandmaster rank Mage. Hence, the clan was currently ranked 3rd in terms of power level & influence in Flavot city.

Levi inherently had a talent for magic and was considered a genius amongst his peers. But he also inherited his mother's cunning nature.

Amongst all the other noble clan heirs, he was feared by many because Levi was an Intermediate master rank mage. He had already displayed his intellect and ability to master various elemental spells. No other noble clan's heir ever looked down on him.

Although his appearance was that of a young, short and skinny person which made him barely look like an 18 year old boy.. in actuality, he was 43 years old. Just that the Elves aged differently than the other races and their physical appearance made them look far younger. Even the current head was more than a hundred years old but looked like a man who just entered his 30s. He was the one who settled the clan here when the Flavot city was established more than 50 years ago.

It had been two days since Azrael's Declaration of War on the noble clan heirs and the public display of Erwin's dead body hung up in the same square where they had rap*ed the old blacksmith's daughter. The list of those noble heirs also included Levi.

Their entire circle was in uproar and all the noble clans had raised the security on the clan heirs who were guilty of the crime on that dreadful day four years ago.

At this moment, inside a pristine and beautifully decorated room, the father and son duo were sitting and talking with each other.

"Are you worried, son?" the father asked.

"No father. Not at all. He got that redhead runt because of the element of surprise. But since he was foolish to declare war against the noble clans, he can no longer move openly or try to kill us since everyone will be expecting him." replied the young elf.

"I'd say he's nothing but a brash individual who thinks too highly of the little strength he has." said the noble clan heir in a condescending tone.

"Listen, Levi. There are two types of people who make such types of declaration against powerful people. One type is who overestimate themselves... While the other type is who has the absolute strength to deliver upon their words.

And this Azrael.. Seems like the second type to me." said the Strabrort clan head.

"And why do you think that, father?" asked Levi.

"Because if he was afraid or unsure... He would've killed the heirs silently one by one after finding the opportunities and then make a bold statement in front of the entire city as he did.

But in this case.. He wants to let the noble clans know that he's coming. He wants to put fear in the remaining three heirs and even scare the noble clans in the process where they're constantly vigilant and fearful of losing their clan head successors.

That's not something someone without a plan or someone who is overestimating themselves does." spoke the father and gazed back at his son.

His eyes full of wisdom and experience had already established why he was the current head.

"So what do you propose, father? I shall cower in fear and hide inside the mansion?" asked Levi as his eyes turned somber.

"No.. I rather have a different strategy. How about we lure him out instead?" asked the elf.

"There's no use, father. The other clans already ransacked that peasant blacksmith's place. He has gone missing and not even a trace of his presence was left in that small house. I feel that old bastard was the one who asked this vigilante to target us." explained Levi.

"Then that only leaves us with another choice." spoke the father as he sat on the comfortable chair next to his son.

"If you leave your doors open, the enemy will walk in. And if the hunter thinks that he has trapped you... Then it's you who has trapped him." spoke the Elf with a smirk on his face.

When the night finally descended and the cold environment filled the surrounding of this huge mansion that was even bigger than the Adventurer Association. At this moment, there were more than 400 hundred guards and mages stationed over various entry points of this massively wide property.

Multiple detection barriers and trapping magic formations were placed around this huge mansion where the entire Strabrort clan lived.

From 2 kilometers away, a hooded figure looked at the heavily guarded mansion. For him, it was the day of deliverance.

Kahn had already relocated Albestros the next morning after he put Erwin's body in the square. He knew that the noble clans would come for the old grandmaster blacksmith first and maybe even torture or use him to lure him out. He wasn't an idiot to leave such a huge advantage in the hands of his enemies.

The old man was hidden inside a rundown warehouse in a desolate area of the city where no one lived at his point. It was also a good place for the old blacksmith to carry his forging as he already had all the tools and resources to forge Kahn's order. While the old man would keep himself busy.. Kahn would take these heirs one by one.

In the current moment.. Azrael had noticed the tight security and barely saw an opening to enter inside this clan's headquarters.

"How smart.. They left only two openings for me to enter through so I would walk right into their trap." spoke Azrael donned in his dark grey robes. He let out a light smirk and gazed at the mansion again with challenging eyes.

"Fine then.. Let's see who outsmarts who."

Chapter 105: That Smile.. That damned Smile!

The entire mansion was full of hundreds of guards and mages at every corner. This scene appeared no different than a Fortress being on defense against an army of enemies.. But in this case, the enemy was actually just one guy.

Kahn who was now in his other persona of Azrael thought of a viable plan on how to infiltrate inside this heavily guarded mansion.

['Get help' won't work here..] thought Kahn.

[Distraction won't work either. They're not that stupid to not see through it. Plus the numbers are too many. So how do I enter..] he thought about his viable options given the circumstances as how he was all alone on this task.

His thought process was already 3 times faster than a normal person. Kahn's gaze landed on two elven soldiers who were out of the formation and also at the main entrance of this mansion.

He quickly adapted to this current situation and made his move. His figure mixed in the dark shadows as he used Shadow Walk and disappeared from the spot.

10 MINUTES LATER

BOOM!!!

An ear-deafening and groundbreaking explosion happened at the main gates of the estate. A 500 meters radius was blown up and more than 60 guards who were stationed around this area were incinerated and obliterated as the destructive explosion shook the ground and the shockwaves alone broke all the windows of the mansion.

Hundreds of guards fell on the ground from the tremors and many were left gobsmacked.

All the protection barriers were destroyed on the front side of the mansion. And all the detection magic formations were now on red alert.

"Enemy attack!" shouted a mage.

"Be on alert, don't let anyone escape!" commanded the head of the clan who was sitting in a balcony and overlooking at the security with his Eagle Viewpoint.

Never had this Elven mage expected that Azrael would come banging on the front door instead of trying to sneak in.

"Stop the fire! Look for the wounded!" he ordered and 50 Mages and Healers ran towards the site of the explosion. Just this unexpected huge explosion had completely put their defense line out of formation.

"Mana bombs! He's using mana bombs!" shouted one of the mages.

Five dozen guards died just like that and the clan head had to send the same numbers to guard and defend this side.

"This.. Is just a distraction!" spoke the clan head.

"Help!!" a loud and pleading voice fell on the clan head's ears from the left side of the estate. An elven guard who was drenched in blood and had half of his face cut with a sharp weapon was running haphazardly towards the left entrance while carrying another guard on his shoulder.

"He's here! He tried to kill us in the woods!" warned the guard and informed about Azrael's location.

"Everyone! Charge and find him. Kill him on the spot!" ordered the clan head.

"Get them inside!" commanded a team leader as 200 guards and mages charged towards the tree lines where the wounded guard came from.

While the guards were charging towards this area and started looking for the traces of Azrael; the elven soldier who had a big gash on his face slowly walked inside the gates. The body on his shoulders wasn't even moving anymore.

"Go to the apothecary!" said an elven warrior and ran towards the forested area.

In just 5 minutes, 70% of the forces were led in different directions. Only those who were stationed inside the mansion hadn't left their positions.

The Elven guard walked inside the mansion and headed towards the room where previously injured people were brought inside in bulks.

A Healer checked the pulse of the guard who was brought in.

"He's dead." said the healer and moved to the next patient.

The Elven soldiers slumped down his body next to a wall as if suffering through a great loss and he covered his face under his palm.

But the next second.. All the wounds on his face were completely healed and his countenance no longer looked to be full of sorrow.

The next second however, this elf disappeared as if he had entered Stealth and he wasn't a swordsman but an assassin.

It was none other than Kahn who had created a distraction with the mana bomb after he killed both the elven guards, took the form of one of them using the Metamorphosis ability. He had taken their armors and clothes as he took the getup of the elven guard. Then he used the blood from the other elf to cover his body and made a big gash on his face using his own dagger.

And now that he had infiltrated inside, there was no need to waste time. He entered Stealth, the assassin's exclusive skill that turns them invisible for 15 seconds. In Kahn's case, it would be active for 40 seconds because of his mastery & efficiency.

"Where is he.." murmured Kahn under his breath.

He then started looking for highly guarded rooms.

Given his speed, he quickly covered the ground floor and dashed to the second floor. His footsteps didn't even make a sound.

Only when he had checked the 2nd floor with his sense.. He finally sensed two presences on the 3rd floor. But for some reason.. There were no guards on this floor.

"Is he looking down on me?" asked Kahn since he felt a powerful aura of a Grandmaster coming from this floor.

If it was Kahn before he had Awakened the Hero of Darkness title, he'd have to be careful. But now, an Intermediate Grandmaster posed no threat to him.

He switched back into his clothes as the armor already made noises even under stealth skill. Completely unsuitable for assassination work. Kahn used shadow walk and covertly entered the 3rd floor avoiding the security personnel.

Then he finally reached inside this room using shadow walk again. For some reason, there were no detection formations on this floor.

He saw the Elven clan head who had entered the room after the previous fiasco as if he had expected Azrael to come inside this room already.

A sudden black figure appeared behind this Elven mage out of nowhere and attacked the elf's neck.

Thang!

An invisible barrier appeared between his dagger and this man's back.

"Fool.. Did you really think you could kill me with just these measly skills?" asked the Elven clan head as he turned around with a grin on his face.

"I have outsmarted you." he said and suddenly.. Visible red mana chains quickly grabbed Kahn's both arms and legs, lifting him in the air.

The elf made a gesture of hand and Kahn's body was pulled closer to the Elf.

He removed Azrael's hood and pulled the black mask out.

But before he could say anything in surprise.. Kahn replied in his cunning voice.

"You may have outsmarted me. But I outsmarted your outsmarting."

PHTWOO!!

Kahn who was already very close to the Elf's face spat his Poison Acid on the elven mage's face.

As soon as the elf was suddenly taken aback by this unexpected attack, his mana chains disappeared. Kahn quickly cast a Silence Barrier and didn't even let the Elf Clan head's screams out of the room as his face melted after the jetstream of Kahn's venom acid hit him.

Kahn had already anticipated the mage being able to sense his presence and naturally would have prepared for some lifesaving skill.

So he allowed himself to look like an overconfident assassin and then got caught by the enemy. Just so he could get close to the overjoyed clan head and then catch him by surprise to end the battle without any real fight.

Just in 10 seconds.. The Elf's body lied on the ground.. His face and skull melted by Kahn's venom acid.

Kahn then looked at the clan heir, Levi.

Levi who was overjoyed after Kahn had been caught instantly now had a horrified expression as he saw his father getting killed right in front of him.

Kahn gazed at the elven heir and gave him a sinister smile.

He looked no different than the masked main character of the movie V for Vendetta. He deactivated the silence barrier and spoke again.

"Now then.. Your turn."

Author's Note : Don't worry guys. The story isn't going downhill with this Hero of Justice plot. It's important for the Endgame of Arc 1. I know what I'm doing. So be patient.

Chapter 106: The Third Heir

The next morning when the inhabitants of the city started their day at the dawn of sunlight, another horrifying scene of a brutally tortured and cut down body was put on display in the same square of the city.

This time, it was a short and slim elf who was crucified on a metal pole. It was none other than Levi Strabrort who Azrael hunted down by infiltrating right inside his mansion under the protection of 400 people. The whole clan was in an uproar now because their clan head was dead & the successor also went missing.

The body of this elf who appeared very young because of his species characteristics was now hung up in the same square where the incident of powerful people publicly condemning a young woman to a fate worse than death and making her brother watch as they rap*d her happened four years ago.

Many people who had come to watch this body and had already heard of what happened 3 days ago felt nauseated after they saw the mangled body of this elf.

Many people in the crowd vomited after looking at the body and the onlookers belonging to the Elven race were enraged to the core after looking at how brutally Azrael had tortured this one.

Not because they felt sympathy towards this noble clan heir.. But because of how Azrael had trampled upon the pride of the elven race from the way he chose to kill this heir.

All the members of the Elven race always prided their intelligent minds and clever nature throughout history. But the body had the skull portion above the eyes cut off cleanly. His half-cut brain was on display for everyone to see.

The right side of this elf was melted down and his rib cage bones were visible as if he was tortured with some acid. The left side was burned up and had many claw marks on it.

This time, there was nothing left in the nether region. But what enraged these Elven onlookers was something else.

For Elves, their biggest pride was long and sharp ears. In their culture and customs, their ears were treated as the most sacred part of the body. It was what differentiated them from normal humans. Their ears were what established their identity and their existence in this world.

But on the body of this dead elf.. His ears were cut down. They were cut down in a way that made them look exactly like a normal human ears.

Azrael had kicked down the very pride of the Elven race with this public display. He had gained the misgivings of every elf who came to watch this body.

The whole incident with his declaration of war with the noble clan heirs had already garnered the attention of everyone in the city and had been a talking subject no matter where one went.

Plenty of the masses who still remembered the incident that happened 4 years ago had thoroughly supported his actions and to them, he was now their hero. To them, he was someone worthy of worship.

Although many were doubtful of his capabilities because it was a different thing when you ambushed someone and when your enemies knew that you were coming, the majority still sided with Azrael.

But by today's display.. It was made very clear that Azrael was someone who could face an entire noble clan by himself. Otherwise, the heir of the 3rd most powerful noble clan in the city would not be hanged right in the middle of the city.

This would definitely make Azrael an unforgettable figure in the history of this city.

At this moment, Kahn was having his breakfast in his house and ate as if nothing had happened yesterday night.

"Alright, I'm full. I'll be reading in my room. Don't disturb me." informed Kahn to Jerome.

"Sir, aren't you going to partake in the war against those monster hordes that are coming out of the Bromnir dungeon?" asked Jerome.

"Not my problem. The military & the adventurer association can deal with it. Besides, no one has come asking for my help or tried to hire me either." replied Kahn.

His hands were already full with gathering information and doing reconnaissance on the capabilities and reach of these noble clans & their heirs, he was in no mood of getting mixed in with these affairs even though it was him who cleared the dungeon and caused the outbreak.

If Kahn were to partake in the forces who were repelling these monsters, many watchful eyes would be glued to him and he won't be able to properly execute his plans and hunt down these noble heirs.

After the second heir was put on a display.. It would be a matter of the prestige of the clan. If they couldn't even protect their heirs from Azrael, they would no longer be seen as strong and powerful people but posers who were scared of just one man.

On the western end the Flavot city, there was a mansion made of black and hard stones which gave it a similar look to a fortress. A meeting was currently being held in the main hall of this mansion and more than two dozen respected members who ran the clan were having heated discussions with each other.

All these members belonged to the Tigerkin species and the colors of their furs varied like a rainbow.

"No! I'm against it. We can't act like we're scared of just one man!" an elder of the clan spoke.

"Are you out of your mind?! Azrael entered right inside their house and took the boy out. He even killed their clan head despite being surrounded by the army of mages which even we had to be wary of in the past. Do you still think he can't do anything against us because he's just a single person? Use your little brain for once!" rebuked another elder.

"Silence!!" a domineering and authoritative voice shut all noises up.

At the end of this hall, a 4 meter tall green tigerkin was sitting on the seat of the clan leader.

"The House of Odelschwanck has never cowered against anyone. Even those bastard Elves had to surrender us against our numbers in the past. So why do we care if some nutjob thinks he can come and kill one of our own?" the clan head's voice resounded in this tall and wide hall.

His gaze then landed on a red tigerkin man who was 3 meters tall and was named as the successor for the clan head's position.

"Tell me what do you think of this, Reiner?" he asked the red tigerkin.

Reiner Tu Odelschwanck, an intermediate master rank warrior who was extremely talented in hand-to-hand combat and was also seen as the guy you shouldn't provoke because of his body full of bulging muscles.

Reiner stood in response and spoke.

"I would like to propose relocating me. It's clear that this Azrael has the means to infiltrate the most guarded places easily. Compared to us, those elves are far better at using detection spells and magic formations. But they still failed to guard against him. Even someone as strong as their clan head also died by his hands." said Reiner. And continued his words again.

"What I mean is keeping me out of his sight. Since he won't be able to find me here, there would be no reason for him to fight against our clan. That way, we won't lose unnecessary manpower either. And in the meantime, we can search for his real identity or the whereabouts of that blacksmith.

This is not us being afraid of Azrael.. It's called making a tactical retreat till we have an opportunity to find and kill our enemy." said Reiner.

"I agree. This is far better than losing hundreds of our warriors just to catch one guy." suddenly, a black tigerkin spoke who was seated the closest to the clan head. It was the main advisor of the leader.

In the next second, the clan responded in his majestic voice.

"Fine. If both of you propose this approach, then I leave it to you. Now, let's create a plan on how we kill this Azrael."

Chapter 107: Ignorance is bliss

Another two days had passed since Azrael had put another noble clan heir on display in the same square. His actions not only had questioned the strength of these once powerful and untouchables noble clans, but had also raised many questions on the capabilities of the city security who failed to catch him both times when he hung their bodies there.

At this exact moment, Kahn was looking through the intel he had bought and gathered from various places regarding the Odelschwanck clan.

It was completely comprised of Tigerkin. And as per his information, there were a total of 15 thousand clan members. A total of 4 thousand were trained soldiers who would be ready to fight at any moment's notice. Far more powerful than the Elven clan and it was currently the 2nd most strongest clan in the city.

But amongst all the powerful clans, this one didn't restrict their members to just study one form of profession or forced them to learn on melee or magical classes. Their motto was straight and simple.

'The Clan comes first, everything else later.'

And with their advantage in population & the variations of classes in their ranks, this was a force to be reckoned with. They had everyone, from healers to long-range archers, from melee class fighters to long-range attacking mages.

And their headquarters was something that could stand against a siege for weeks without falling. Even the Mana Bombs he had left would not help him easily breach their walls and infiltrate their fortress-like mansion.

"Bayek, stop slacking! Don't you know we have to leave in the evening? The clan elders and the head have tasked us with protecting master Reiner." a black tigerkin with blue stripes yelled at the white tigerkin with orange stripes.

"Yeah, yeah.. I'm coming. I just don't understand why are we even running in secret. That Azrael wouldn't dare to infiltrate our headquarters anyway." replied this 4 meter tall tigerkin who put some documents in a leather pouch he had on him.

"Since when you have been getting curious about our orders? You always follow them without asking questions." asked the other tigerkin.

"It's just that I don't see a point in taking master Reiner away for a safehouse. This is just unnecessary." spoke Bayek.

"Don't tell anyone yet, but I heard one of the elders say that they're planning on letting Azrael right into a trap using master Reiner as a bait. Not only they won't fight him, but they'll also let him enter close to master Reiner's house which will have entrapment magic barriers & formations. I hear the plan is pitch-perfect. The reason we're hiding master Reiner is that the clan head doesn't want to take any chances as those puny Elves did." replied the black tigerkin.

"Better be safe than sorry." he said again and started packing his weapons and necessary items.

The Odelschwanck clan had already orchestrated a plan to trap Azrael.

Soon, a small and hardly polished carriage was brought in and 4 fighters including Bayek and the black tigerkin were standing next to it.

A red tigerkin dressed in high-grade and dashing martial artist-style clothes walked towards them. All the assigned guards bowed in front of this new addition.

"Master Reiner, it's about time we leave." spoke one of the guards.

"What's with this carriage?" asked Reiner.

"Clan Adviser ordered us to keep it low-key and not raise any suspicions. Even Azrael won't expect our esteemed master Reiner to travel inside a cheap-looking carriage. He won't even know when we left the property and will walk inside the trap as planned by the elders & the clan head." replied the guard.

"I see. Let's quickly leave then. I want to reach the safehouse before nightfall." said Reiner and sat inside the carriage as they departed out of the headquarters.

Yesterday, he had proposed about relocating himself and biding time. But then, the clan head and the elders decided to use it to lure Azrael while he'd be hidden away in a safehouse. That way, his life won't be put in jeopardy.

As the dark sky engulfed the city and the sun had departed, the small group had finally stopped in front of a small bungalow which would be Reiner's temporary residence until Azrael was dealt with.

When everyone had finally settled in, the four guards along with the 20 guards who had already reached this safehouse a day before and we're now guarding it, took their respective entrances & patrol routes for lookout.

A dark blur suddenly passed by one of the guards. This guard was none other than the black tigerkin.

Stab!

A sharp dagger had stabbed the vigilant black tigerkin in his back who was actually an assassin. But even with his skills & senses, he had completely failed to feel the presence of this figure that suddenly appeared behind him.

"Ack!" he clutched his hand on his chest where the dagger had exited out from as his body fell on the ground with a look of bewilderment. He turned around and finally saw the assailant..

"You.. Why?.." he said but before he could continue, his head was stabbed by another dagger and the black tigerkin lost his life on the spot.

At this moment, all the other guards were already dead and lied on the cold ground just like this black tigerkin.

Inside the mansion, Reiner was sleeping peacefully after having a hearty meal.

Crink..

The door of his room was suddenly opened and it woke the Reiner.

But the next second.. His eyes widened with disbelief as he saw a familiar figure standing in front of him.

But unlike his previous encounters, this figure's hands were bloodied and in both of them held two red epic rank daggers. Both of them were dripping fresh blood on the floor carpet.

Reiner who was completely baffled asked the figure that stood in front of him.

"W.. What's the meaning of this.. Bayek?!"

The figure who stood in front of Reiner was none other than the white tigerkin who was tasked to protect the clan heir.

"Oh.. Bayek isn't here.. He never came here in the first place. He's been dead for 3 days already." replied Bayek.. not Bayek.

While the clan head & their top members were expecting Azrael to attack their headquarters.. Little did they knew that Kahn had already infiltrated their ranks on the very same day when he put Levi's body in the central square.

He observed three of their members who were one of the top guards and were part of the inner circle of the clan. Kahn ambushed them and absorbed their bloodlines. He then took the getup of this tigerkin and had been impersonating him for the past two days.

Although he did need some time to perfectly fit inside the persona of this tigerkin named Bayek, given how quick he was adapting to situations and extracting information about Bayek by leading the conversations; he adjusted himself and got mixed in the group who was supposed to protect the noble heir.

Kahn had no problem taking out all guards on duty with this help of his grappling extensions and his speed which was tripled at nighttime.

Kahn's eyes flickered yellow and paralyzed Reiner on the spot with his Executioner's Gaze skill. He walked closer to the red tigerkin and asked.

"Tell me, Reiner.. How do you want to be tortured?"

Chapter 108: The Instigator

The young heir of the 2nd most strongest clan couldn't even move under Kahn's Executioner's Gaze.

But before the skill effect time ended, Kahn punched him in the face and knocked him out.

SLAP!

"Wake up, Snow White." a grim voice and intense pain suddenly woke him up.

"Ugh.."

Reiner woke up again after time unknown and finally saw his surrounding. He was currently inside a rundown warehouse and was currently tied to a strong metallic chair that was big enough to tie up his 4 meter tall body. His tendons and ligaments were cut off and he could barely move.

Just then, Reiner noticed the blood and pieces of flesh on the floor, his body shivered in fear.

This was the same warehouse where Kahn had tortured Erwin & Levi.

Kahn had transformed back into his original human appearance. Now he was donned in his other persona of Azrael.

"Reiner Tu Odelschwanck.. You know what's about to happen. Make your last prayers to your ancestors. Because soon, you won't even get time to pray to any God. It's not he's listening anyway." Azrael's deathly tone scared the hell out of Reiner.

He took out his daggers and sharpened them against each other.

"NOOOO!!" screamed Reiner.

"Huh?.. Why are you screaming like a little girl? I haven't even started yet." spoke Azrael.

"No! Wait.. I can tell you everything I know. If you promise to let me go, I'll tell you everything about the whole incident." declared Reiner.

"Let's say that even if I were to accept your proposal.. what can you tell me that isn't already known?" asked Azrael under his head and mask.

"I can tell you exactly what happened behind the closed doors. It wasn't even us who planned it. It was the Volstov clan who planned it all!" shouted Reiner in hurry, trying to goad in his assailant before the torture even began.

"They're my next target anyways. So what difference does it make?" asked Azrael in return.

"What I know can not only help you take their heir down.. But also bring down their entire clan's reputation in the ground." he informed.

"I'm listening." spoke Azrael.

"The truth is.. The Vivaldi clan is the representative of Noble factions in the name only. It's actually the Volstov clan who pulls the strings from behind. And the whole public ra*e of that blacksmith's daughter was their plan. The other clans & the heirs were forced into this by them." said Reiner.

"Shifting the blame? I don't have time for this." spoke Azrael and quickly stabbed the dagger in Reiner's thigh.

"Aaaaahhhhh!!" screamed Reiner in pain.

"I'm telling the truth! At least listen to me first." pleaded Reiner and grunted as he tried to hold back his screams from the pain.

"Fine.. But any bullshit story and I'll make you beg me for a painless death." raged Azrael as he released his War Dominance aura.

"The truth is.. We didn't have any qualms with the blacksmith or his daughter. The other three families didn't even propose marriage to her. Only the Volstov clan did." replied the fear-stricken Reiner who was finding it hard to breathe.

"Ours and the Elves don't even allow marriages with other races to begin with. They only used us as scapegoats."

"And why would an extremely powerful clan which as you said, holds the strings of all the noble families would ask for marriage with Alberstro's daughter? He isn't even a Noble by birth or title." asked Azrael in his ghastly tone.

"To.. To hide the truth about their clan heir." replied Reiner.

"And what is that?"

"Their heir is actually.. He doesn't like women.. He likes men."

"Is that something so important? Noble clansmen fuck around with plenty of males and females anyway. Was it a good reason to make such an unnecessary public and brutal display of authority?" asked Azrael in a puzzled tone.

"In our circle.. It makes a lot of difference if you're the successor to the clan head's position. But since the Volstov clan couldn't force any of the noble clans to give up on their daughters and heiress as that would've even spread the news amongst top brass.. They wanted to use that blacksmith's daughter to cover up this fact. Even I heard about it by accident. The other two didn't even know about it." he said.

"But when the Blacksmith, who isn't even a noble or had the full backing of a single noble clan; outright refused saying that his daughter doesn't wish to get married to their heir.. It was like a slap in their face. All the other noble clans & government officials took it like a nobody challenging the Volstov clan's authority. And hence, they instigated this whole thing and promised many business deals to the three clans if we decided to go along with their narrative and made an example out of the daughter." elaborated Reiner.

"I see.. But does that make any difference? The girl is still dead.. And you partook in that crime anyway. The father still lives miserably and your so-called 'Noble' clans who don't even deserve to be called with

that word still keep tormenting the normal people like their playthings. When does it end?" asked Azrael.

"Whatever little information you gave me changes nothing." replied Azrael and his four extensions and Drake Claw were revealed.

"I hear that your kind takes a lot of pride in your skin and fur.. Right?" asked Azrael as he let out a sinister chuckle.

And when the morning arose, in the same square and the same street.. Was another body.

This time, the assassins from the noble clans and the guards from the city security were already awaiting there as if they had already expected him to bring the body of the Odelschwanck clan heir to hang.

In front of Kahn who was comparable to peak Grandmaster during nighttime, they didn't even see him coming.

Kahn as Azrael didn't kill any city guards who were just doing their job and were following orders and came here to catch him. But he didn't leave a single assassin or any other fighter from the noble clans alive because they were here to kill him.

All he had to do was use shadow walk and finish off the hidden enemies before they could even alert their allies or anyone else.

When the common populace saw the huge body of the Tigerkin... Many people retched after looking at the bleeding and shredded body.

The Tigerkin was... Skinned alive.

This time, Azrael had earnestly enraged the Beastkins who prided their skin and fur. Even the Bearkins and Demihumans with beastly ears and tails felt a cold shiver in their spine.

Reiner's body was melted on many spots, his skull was wide open from the middle.. And his own tail was what Azrael used as a rope to hang his dead body.

Another set of words written with blood were present there on a nearby wall.

"THREE DOWN. ONLY ONE REMAINS. PREPARE EVERYTHING YOU CAN... BECAUSE I'M COMING!"

Chapter 109: Self Reflection

After Azrael's open challenge and another one of the strongest noble clans failing to protect their heir had caused an uproar in the city of millions of people.

It was as if every person living inside Flavot city was now a spectator and wanted to see how Azrael would now kill the last heir and deliver upon his declaration of war.

And because of this open challenge, the Volstov clan couldn't even relocate their clan heir or send him to another city. If they did, they'd be a laughingstock for generations to come.

But this time, no one would be looking down on him. He had already proven that he could even kill an Intermediate Grandmaster like the Elven clan head. So maybe, even the Peak Grandmaster rank fighters

of the clan would get involved because this whole incident would definitely put their pride at stake as well.

At this moment.. Kahn sat inside the hidden warehouse where he had kept Albestros since the whole battle against the nobles started.

"Kahn. I think you should stop." said the old blacksmith as he walked behind Kahn who was looking through the city maps and archives he had found on the Volstov clan. He wanted to use the best plan he could come up with to find the heir and leave out of their headquarters alive.

"Why did you say so? Getting cold feet?" asked Kahn to the Albestros who was standing behind him.

"No. You've done enough for me already. There's no need to carry this on." he said.

"You think I can't kill the last one?" asked Kahn.

"No, I didn't mean that. All I'm saying is the risk is too much even for someone as strong as you. As much as I'd love to see that bastard dead after everything you told me about the real truth and why they killed my daughter & son.. I can't have you get killed in the process either." said Albestros in a heavy and caring tone.

"Walking in there would be like entering a Dragon's lair. It's nothing but certain death." he said and put his left hand on Kahn's shoulder.

"Don't worry about it, I know what I'm doing. And let me be honest with you. This is no longer about just avenging your daughter and son. I'm doing it for my own reasons as well." he replied.

"And what are those reasons?" asked the old blacksmith.

Sigh.

Kahn sighed and replied, "A long time ago, I was exactly the opposite to the type of person I am now. Back then, I had control over my fate but I never actually made a change in my life. Not only was I a completely different person back in those times... I was also a complete failure. Someone who never took that first step.. Someone who never fought to better their own life, only using excuses and twisted logic to wallow in self-guilt and misery." he spoke with a solemn expression on his face.

After getting reincarnated.. He had seen that there was so much to life than just self loathing or acting like you were the victim of every wrong thing in the world. He had realized how other people's opinion and his personal insecurities mattered very little.

"But now.. I have the power to hold the leash on my fate and live life in a way I see fit. I promised myself that I will not get involved in someone else's problems and always be on my own. But after I heard about what happened to your children & how you've been enduring it all since all those years.. It made me realize how wrong I was when I thought it was only me who was suffering the most." said Kahn as he put away the old man's hand.

"Doing this.. Just feels right. It's like something inside me is telling me that I can't look away from this no matter what. That I must do something about it since the current me has the strength to do it. This isn't just about your children anymore. I need this.. I need to do this.. Not for anyone else but for myself.

Otherwise, I don't think I'll be able to look at myself in a mirror." said Kahn as he got up and put all the documents in his space ring.

His gaze drifted towards the eastern end of the city and his figure flickered.

Kahn had found something that resonated with him. Because even in this life.. He was still fighting on the battlefield set by God of Darkness.

What did he actually want for himself? He had no clue. He had no true motive even in his new life. He was just another reincarnated person dancing on the palm of those Gods.

Maybe it sounded like he was contradicting his own words.. But Kahn no longer cared. He would finish this task first and then see where it leads him in life.

Because for the first time in his new life.. Kahn felt like being himself.

Chapter 110: The Ploy

Azrael's open challenge had now put the entire Volstov clan on high alert. And now, even the hidden masters of this clan who had been away or no longer meddled in the clan affairs were forced to interfere.

In the 5 kilometers wide headquarters of the clan, a 5 story mansion that was built with the most dazzling and articulate designs had hundreds of Volstov clan gathering inside the main hall.

This clan was far bigger than the Odelschwanck clan as it was comprised of all different species and hybrids. It didn't matter if you were a halfbreed or your parents belonged to a different race. As long as you carried their blood, you were part of the clan.

And because of this rule, the clan had a total of 17 thousand members and 6 thousand of them were capable of fighting in a war. The rest were of different classes related to Alchemy, Craftsmanship, Architecture & even Historians.

This clan currently held control over most of the markets and barely had any notable rivals. The majority of the populace in the Flavot city didn't even know the strength of this clan because most of the businesses were done under fraud names and franchises and their members varied by species so much that no one could point out fingers at them.

Although the Vivaldi clan currently held the position of the leader of the noble faction in name, only the people in the inner circles were aware of the true might of this clan.

At this moment, a meeting was held inside the main hall of the mansion. Just this hall was as big a small football field and more than 600 hundred members with significant importance & positions in the clan were currently present. And while the majority of them were whispering amongst themselves, the top brasses of the clan were situated at the end of this hall.

Only 13 people were sitting on highly comfortable and regal-looking chairs in the end, each one looking different and belonging to different species. 7 of them were hybrids while the remaining 5 had the characteristics of a prominent species.

A tall and muscular demonkin with pale white skin and blonde hair was seated on a throne while there were other two seats, albeit smaller than his own were placed a level below it. And on those seats, a black wolfkin and a yellow snakekin were seated respectively.

"So what is the consensus?" asked the Clan head.

"It's as clan leader proposed.. It's not us who should be afraid of Azrael. It should be him. We already have gathered enough information on him to make sure that he will die a miserable death in case he dares to come to our headquarters." replied one of the core elders of the clan who was seated amongst the top 10 elders.

"Yes. From what we know so far, this Azrael is a Doppler. And it was the main reason why he could infiltrate into the Stabrort and Odelschwanck clan's headquarters without getting caught." said another elder.

"If we use the bloodline tracker formation and use detection barriers, we can easily find him as soon as he enters in the courtyard where master Eren will be kept hidden. And with 2 Peak Grandmasters including a Semi-Saint rank Swordsman such as the Clan leader, he can never escape out of this place alive." replied the main advisor who was seated on a red chair just below these 3 main fighters of this clan.

"But how do we make sure that anyone who isn't a part of our clan gets detected by this bloodline tracker formation?" asked the clan head in his majestic and domineering tone.

Dormammu Volstov was the current head of the clan who had reached the Semi-Saint rank under just 72 years of his life. A true talented powerhouse who was feared even by someone like the Magistrate of Flavot city.

If not for someone like Commander Straze Boltomir & Solomon Elfenheim present in this city, this man would be an absolute ruler who would be unrivaled unless a Saint Rank fighter showed up.

"With the use of these." Said the main advisor who was a mage and a small chest full of red amulets was placed in front of the elders and Big 3 of the clan.

"There are only 17 of these, each one carries the blood of our clan. We can use them as a conduit to keep a track of anyone entering and leaving. Anyone who isn't wearing them will be seen as an intruder by the bloodline tracker formation and we will be alerted." replied the main advisor.

"How are we going to distribute them, then?" asked one of the elders.

"The six peak master rank fighters of the clan who will be put on the security & the four mages in charge of the magical formations will be given each of them. The Clan leader, master Jean, master Connie and myself will get 4. As for the remaining three, they will be given to master Eren and master Bartholomew. The last one will be kept as a reserve." explained the main advisor.

"What do you think of this Bartholomew? It's your son whose life is in danger here. Do you accept this arrangement?" asked the clan head as he gazed at his right side and a blonde hair man who appeared to be in his fifties stood up from his chair.

"I have no problems, clan head." he replied with an obedient tone.

"And you Eren?" asked the Clan head again to a human male with blonde hair who looked like he had just entered his thirties.

"I have no problems as well, clan leader. I trust the capabilities of our clan & the might of our Grandmaster rank fighters." replied the handsome and elegant clan heir.

"Then it is settled. Now let's talk about complete security arrangements. I want this mongrel named Azrael caught before he even enters the inner areas of our headquarters." said the clan head and another heated discussion arose amongst the top brass of the clan.

When the night fell and all the arrangements were done on how to deal with Azrael, in a closed room inside the main mansion that was under an isolation barrier.. The father & son duo of Bartholomew & Eren were talking amongst themselves.

"It's too risky, father! What if we get caught? Even if I'm the successor to the clan head's position, we will be killed if they find out." said Eren with a serious tone.

"Don't worry son.. I know what I'm doing. We will use this Azrael as means to avoid any suspicion. And with the excuse of his attack on us..." the father stopped his words and let out a sinister smirk as he spoke again..

"We will kill the Clan Leader."