

GREED 941

Chapter 941 Bad Luck.

The Fledglings understand more than he said. They understand that they are not to eat at all until the defenses of the pack in the mountain has been breached. They understand that if they allow themselves to be distracted during the process of clearing out the sentries, then they will taught a very painful lesson worse than death.

Xigger said to them. "Go now."

The five fledglings blurred away from him. They moved at speeds nearing the speed of sound. Their steps are also silent. Each one of them has the strength of Mana entities. The sentries were no match for them. They can kill any guard as easily as snapping the neck of a chicken with a single hand.

But they didn't go around killing the guards with reckless abandon. They aimed for the Alphas in each squad first and killed them silently. Then they killed the Betas as fast as possible. That is the most effective way to get rid of the sentries without alerting the pack.

It is very important for the Alphas to be killed first or the intrusion will be discovered quickly. As former Warrogs, they know that a squad is a close-knit group. They are closer to each other than family members. There's a bond between all of them so they will know when one of them dies.

The Alpha in the squad is the glue that binds them together. Getting rid of the Alpha will stun every member of the squad for a time. This will render the Betas vulnerable for a short period of them. It will allow the Vampires to eliminate the Betas before they can raise an alarm.

An Alpha is easily identifiable. They are bigger and stronger. They stand out in their squad. Their group also revolves around the Alpha. Each squad is spread around the mountainside. They are also camouflaged by the snow so it will be very difficult to notice them if one is not looking for them.

A divine sense will be able to sense them but that's only at a close distance. They will also be able to sense any intruder through their divine sense if they get within range of each other. After all, a divine sense works both ways unless there is a disparity in strength. If you can sense someone of your level, then they can surely sense you too.

The guards aren't relying on their divine senses to notice intruders. They stayed hidden while they use their sight to scan the mountainside. They have the advantage of being hidden and will be able to see unsuspecting Intruders.

Unfortunately for them, their advantage of sight did not work well against the fledglings. The five fledglings approached the squads individually and from upwind so that their scent would not give them away. They used their blood sense to spot the sentries no matter how well they camouflaged themselves. Then they struck the squads as quick as lightning after identifying the Alpha. Each Alpha glows brighter in their blood sense so they didn't make a mistake.

The fledglings moved well and quickly. They did a good job. Xigger followed their progress by monitoring the disappearing signals of life on the mountainside. He wants to get the Iron Nail pack off guard so that none of them will be able to escape from him. He doesn't want word of his activities reaching Sauron so soon. For that, he needs the element of surprise on his side despite being overwhelmingly stronger than his prey.

Things were going well until they didn't. A fresh Alpha was acting as a sentry. This Alpha has just awakened so he is weak. He isn't as strong as some Betas and doesn't have the blood vitality that makes Alphas stand out. He shouldn't be allowed out at all but he is talented enough to be able to make a Beta submit to him already so he was deemed ready for active duty. That's according to the culture of Warrogs.

He was with another squad when they were attacked. The Alpha in this squad was to teach him how things were done until he could be on his own. He was rightly overlooked during the initial attack to eliminate the Alpha because he is weaker. The stronger Alpha was eliminated while he remained standing. He wasn't stunned as Betas should be. It was a mistake and it cost them their element of surprise.

The young Alpha raised his snout into the air and howled. Air rushed out of his lungs and reverberated after leaving his lips. The sound of his howl echoed throughout the mountain. That is as clear as any alarm needs to be.

"They had one job." Xigger groaned and complained. "I guess it is my bad luck."

He rushed towards the mountain as fast as possible. He was noticed immediately after he got close enough to the mountain. The boundary of the territory of the pack is absent because of the muddled hierarchy of the Iron Nail pack. The pack doesn't belong to one person so no pack leader will know

about an intruder. That's why they had sentries outside. It worked out well. They were warned before the attack. Unfortunately, that didn't make them prepared for the attack.

The Iron Nail pack has been on edge because of Sauron. They expected Sauron to attack them any day and were prepared for him. It is their bad luck that it wasn't Sauron that attacked. There is a large rock at the entrance that Sarock would have needed to spend time on to break before gaining access to the mountain. Xigger doesn't need to break this rock.

There are holes along the mountainside where lookouts can see from. That's all Xigger needed. He locked his gaze with the frightened gaze of the lookouts. They became frozen and their eyes glazed over.

"Open the door." He compelled.

His voice entered their mind without resistance. Their will shattered under the intrusion of his order they obeyed. Xigger commanded 5 lookouts that way and they obeyed him immediately. They all began to turn the mechanism to lift the heavy boulder at the door.

Chapter 942 The Price Of Eternal Life.

Xigger smiled in appreciation. He appreciates them taking the initiative to grant their would-be murderer access to their secure fortress. It is moments like this that he appreciates that he is not a Warrog anymore.

The traitors were stopped by others before the door could be opened halfway. That is already enough for Xigger. His figure standing at the entrance collapsed into a puddle of blood. The blood slithered into the small gap that opened for him. Then he reformed within the mountain.

The voice in his mind said with giddy joy, "Let the Carnage begin."

He smiled too. "I am going to enjoy this."

He went straight for the pack leaders. They shine brightly in his vision so he can always find them. They are pitifully weak compared to Sauron so he was able to round them up easily. He would grab them and cut off their limbs so that they wouldn't resist. Then he goes and captures the others.

None of the pack leaders were able to escape him. It is mostly because they were not trying to escape. They wanted to resist so they rushed towards the gate. They thought they were up against Sauron. Their defenses should last a while against Sauron.

They thought wrong. Sauron cannot stun them with a single gaze. Sauron's hands can't morph into a rad blade that is sharp enough to cut through flesh and the bone that lay beneath it. Sauron is not immune to the goring of their sharp horns. Sauron cannot weaken them through the single drop of blood that came out from their wound. It is safe to say that they underestimated Xigger severely.

It was until he captured all of the pack leaders that he allowed himself to indulge. First, he and his fledglings went on a rampage. They butchered and killed every person they saw in the pack. A bloody battle was fought within the mountain. It was more of an all-you-can-eat buffet dinner for the Vampires.

Blood flowed freely. It was spilled and it was drunk. Blood should be constrained within vessels in the body. That's the safe option necessary for living but it was made to flow freely into the environment. The Vampires wine and dined that night. They lost themselves to the reverie of abundant blood.

Xigger returned to the disabled pack leaders after feasting. He was intoxicated so he stumbled a bit. He found them sound and safe. They are already healing. All he did was cut off their limbs. It is not enough to kill them. They would be able to heal their injuries in time.

Fortunately for them, Xigger has something to help them heal faster. He clamped his jaws down on their necks and drank from their life force. Then he cut himself and made them drink his blood.

He said to them. "What is taken should be returned. But I suppose my blood is more valuable than yours. Just take it as a gift."

Then he smiled wickedly. "It is a gift that you will have time to repay with your eternal life."

They didn't hear a word he said because they began to convulse as soon as his blood entered their body. He was speaking with disoriented and incoherent Warrogs but he didn't mind. He looked on in anticipation to see what would come of his generosity.

The blood that he made them drink began to shine within them. It spread throughout their body creating glowing lines as it traveled within their blood vessels. The blood eventually permeated their entire bodies. It made them glow a dull red color.

They convulsed and thrashed about throughout the process. Their bodies tried to resist the foreign influence invading their existence. But their resistance failed. The invasion is from a higher existence after all. Their resistance is bound to end in failure. Their body stilled after being fully invaded by the blood. Xigger waited expectantly.

The voice in his head said, "This is the moment of Truth. Will they accept CARNAGE and evolve or will they reject the blessing and be destroyed?"

If it were any other race then the conversion into vampires will certainly fail. But the Warrogs have fragments of the law of life within them. So there's now a chance of success in the transformation. That chance will determine if they die or become pseudo-eternal beings.

Xigger didn't have to wait for long. 5 out of the 11 pack leaders rejected the blessing of Carnage. They couldn't resist it but they were not willing to succumb to the invasion so they broke down into puddles of blood. The other 6 began to change. Their fur fell off from their skin as if they were shedding. Their bodies became bare, but not for long. A new fur grew over their bodies and covered them.

This fur is red in color. It is fine and smooth as opposed to the previous coarse one. They underwent other changes but the sight of the red fur signifies their assimilation into CARNAGE. Xigger watched on with interest.

This sort of change that he is witnessing shows him just how powerful his patron is. A being that can create this sort of change without even being around must be very powerful. He only has to look inward into his body to know how powerful the voice in his head is. But it is these external changes that really drive the point home.

The voice marveled at the sight. "I have never thought that there is another race that can be brought into the fold of CARNAGE. I have to thank that white bitch. She did a nice work on your race. If only she will work for me. But she is too proud. Am I, a demon God, the Supreme of Carnage, not worthy enough to be served? Imagine the good we can do together. Together, we can spread CARNAGE to every race. I hate that White Bitch."

The demon God began to rant again. Xigger didn't say anything. He just listened while he waited for his new fledglings to be created. They greeted him after awakening.

Chapter 943 The Notion Of Good And Evil.

The 6 of them bowed and said, "We greet Count Xigger."

Their greeting was respectful and deferential despite them knowing that he killed their family and friends and everyone that they cared about. He looked at them with a sneer. He can see the hatred hidden deep within their eyes. He doesn't need to use his authority over them to know what they truly think of him. He has been in their shoes in the past so he is intimately familiar with their loss.

He briefly entertained a show of strength to discipline them and put them in their place. It is not needed since they will obey him absolutely regardless. But he is still giddy from his earlier indulgence. He wants to shed more blood.

"Maybe just a little." He thought to himself. "It doesn't hurt to show them that planning for revenge is futile."

The voice in his head chuckled and said to him, "You have become the devil that you hate."

Scenes of what he just did flashed in his mind. The sounds of the cries of pain and the sights of grisly injuries that he caused suddenly bombarded his mind. His exhilaration fell immediately. He suddenly felt the impact of what he had just done.

"It is for the greater good." He replied.

He didn't let guilt or regret influence him at all. He tried to convince himself of his motive.

"If you say so." The voice is clearly not convinced.

The voice knows that he enjoyed it. He doesn't want to admit it as he should but the voice is not going to call him on his hypocrisy. Instead, the voice offered him advice.

"Know this, there is no good or evil. They are just social constructs meant to keep a society together. It is a notion used to herd sheep. If you are not part of a society, then it is right for you not to obey the rules of that society."

"What do you mean?" Xigger asked.

"Is it bad to kill? Society will say that it is bad. But that same society will kill members of another society and honor the act. Soldiers are honored for their actions of killing other soldiers. The society does so that more of them will be encouraged to risk themselves in service of that society."

"The ties of the society bind mortals together but also divide them. Everyone is selfish. They can care about the ones that are close to them or members of their own society but another society is fair game. So don't be burdened by the concepts of good and bad. Concern yourself with what you want to protect and what you will kill in order to protect what you love or care about."

Xigger listened and he was surprised. The voice in his head is usually edging him on to kill and murder everything and everyone. This is the first time that it is saying something logical and reasonable. It is surprising to hear something other than the requests for Carnage or the ranting about the disrespectful white bitch.

He finds that he agrees with what the voice said. Then he realized that he has been swayed by the words of a demon. Demons are present in every culture. They are said to be very cunning and persuasive. Their sweet tongue can talk a saint down the path to the abyss.

So he said, "Nice try. But I don't agree. I killed members of my race for my own selfish benefit. What I did was wrong. I will make sure to atone for my sins."

The voice snorted. "The notions of wrong and right are but shackles for the weak. Break out of your limit. Pursue greatness and only greatness."

Xigger refused. "I like the way I am. It is the notions of wrong and right that help me keep my humanity and restrain my impulses. Without it, I would be a wild animal."

"I have seen it again and again. Power without an evolution of the mind is nonsense. A fool with power is just a powerful fool. Power doesn't make one great. You are still a fool."

CARNAGE has seen this situation several times. Because of its blessings and deals, mortals gain power and immortality quickly. It is a power that they didn't work for and they shouldn't have in a normal situation. This power corrupts but it doesn't change who the mortals really are. It just makes them reveal their true self and indulge in the reverie of pleasure. Unfortunately, they remain the same weak-minded naive fools that they are despite the power that they possess.

Xigger didn't retort. He believes in his moral superiority and he believes that his stance on right and wrong, good and bad, will help him from falling deeper into the clutches of the evil being in his head.

"As long as I make up for my evil, everything will be alright."

"How do you propose to do that?" The Voice asked.

Xigger answered with determination. "I will unite the Warrogs and fight back against the oppression of the wood elves. Then I will find a way to free my race from their curse."

The voice laughed. "What a fool! Then again, I like working with fools."

Xigger ignored the comment on his intelligence. He left the mountain with all his fledglings.

"Too late now. You have enemies incoming. The wood elves have caught up to you. They seem to be transcendents." The voice in his head warned him.

"How many?" He asked.

"Just two." The voice replied.

"Perfect. Just perfect." He said while grinning. "It seems that my luck has turned."

He did not gain much strength from snacking on Mana entities and weak Vitality core refiners despite the amount that he killed. The quality of the blood matters more than the quantity to a vampire. He

needs worthy prey if he wants to grow stronger as a predator. He is a lion. He is not a cat. He can not grow fatter by living on mice.

Chapter 944 A Baron Or A Viscount.

The problem of finding worthy prey is a problem that he won't be able to solve on this mountain range. He was thinking of making his way to other settlements or cities occupied by other races for his meal. So it is a fortune that appropriate prey came readily to him.

He told his fledglings. "Wait here for me."

Then he bolted forward to meet the wood elves. The two wood elves noticed him with their divine sense before he reached them. They became surprised despite expecting to meet a vampire.

"It is really a vampire." One of them said in surprise.

The other one shouted at him. "Quick prepare for it. You know the drill."

The first one snapped back. "I know the drill. It is just one so we fight."

The two of them are young. They have never encountered vampires in their life. Vampires are abominations that have not been seen on the surface for a long time. So seeing a Vampire is a novel experience for them.

The two of them are just scouts meant to check out this Warrog settlement for sightings of vampires. They are not to engage the vampires if they find one. They are to return and report as soon as they come upon vampires. But they can fight and capture a single vampire for questioning if they find one that they can handle.

One of them recited what they were taught about Vampires after sensing Xigger's strength. "It is just a baron which is the equivalent of a transcendent. That means it is a mature vampire. It will be strong but it won't be able to use blood spells yet. We can take it on."

His partner rolled his eyes and said, "Yes. I know this. A vampire needs to be a viscount before it can use blood spells." Then he said in excitement, "This should be easy."

They stood together with their backs against each other and began reviewing the knowledge that they have about Vampires. Vampires have ranks and strengths. Each rank comes with different abilities that empower them. By preparing for what to expect, they will be able to easily overcome the vampire. They are confident that they will be able to overcome any vampire that cannot use blood spells.

Vampires that can use blood spells are very dangerous. They have more than brute strength in their arsenal. Vampires can't use Mana at all. They have lost access to it so they can't cast spells. That has left them with only their enhanced physical strength to fight with. Blood spells rectify that weakness. It grants them a means for ranged attacks.

Vampires that use blood spells are more dangerous than that. The ability to manipulate their blood also grants them the ability to create more of them. That means a viscount is not only dangerous because of their blood spells but because they are rarely alone. They usually have a coven of lesser vampires that obey their every order. But this vampire is just a transcendent and is also alone. So they believe that there is nothing to fear.

"Remember, we are not to kill it. We are to capture it for interrogation." The second one warned.

The first one smirked. "It's not as if it will be easy to kill a vampire. They regenerate very well like us. It should be fine as long as I don't stab its heart."

Vampires used to be feared when they appeared in the plane. They were unknown abominations created from wood elves. It was difficult to tell them apart from normal wood elves at first. But that has changed. The fear of the unknown is great. Vampires are not unknown anymore. So they are not feared.

Vampires have a heart of blood that is very similar to the heart of nature that wood elves have. This heart is the source of the divine ability of wood elves and most elves. But elves lose their weakness when they become transcentents. That is not so for vampires. Their heart remains until they become Marquises which are the equivalent of titans of law. It is a weakness that makes them easily killable.

The two brown-skinned elves waited vigilantly. Their green hair flowed freely in the wind. And their green armor filled them with confidence. They were not cowered at all that a vampire was running straight for them. They responded immediately after Xigger entered their attack range. They waved their hands and the trees in the surroundings obeyed their will.

Roots erupted from the ground to ensnare Xigger. Branches fell from the sky to beat him and restrict his path of retreat. Vines suddenly grew out of the ground all around them to form a domain of plants. All the plants in the domain turned into dangerous weapons meant to kill efficiently.

Xigger was within the domain but he wasn't scared. Both of his hands shone and a blood-red saber came out of them. He whirled the sabers around and cut through every obstacle on his path.

The duo of wood elves saw his actions and exclaimed at the same time, "Blood spells."

They didn't even look at each other before turning and running. They chose to escape immediately because they were wrong about who they were fighting. Xigger is not a baron even though he seems to be a transcendent.

They would be correct to call him a baron were he a normal vampire. But he is not a normal vampire. He is an ancestral vampire. As the origin of his lineage, he possesses the ability to wield blood spells that viscounts can wield and he can also use the ability of a count.

He used the ability of a count now and it sealed the wood elves' fate. These are transcendents like him so he has to be serious in fighting them. They are not the mana entities that he can bully. He has to be careful not to be injured at all or it will slow down his progress. Fortunately, they are not like Sauron who didn't give him the chance to spare enough blood for a domain.

Chapter 945 Over My Dead Body.

He has entered within the range of their domain and they are also close enough to him to be within his domain. He decided to end the fight quickly. A blood ocean erupted out from him and enveloped the surroundings. The escaping wood elves were surrounded immediately.

"We are doomed. It is a blood domain." The first wood elf lamented.

A blood domain signifies a strength that is at least a Count. The sight of one struck this wood elf with hopelessness. His mind and body froze in fear. It is not involuntary. He has simply given up. A voice in his head said he should give up and he did willingly.

"Snap out of it." His partner shouted at him.

But he didn't snap out of it. He remained frozen in despair and didn't dodge so a blood spear impaled him right through his chest. The blood grew within him. It sprouted several spikes that protruded out of him. Then he was consumed by the blood. His body shriveled up as it was sucked dry by the spike. The remaining wood elf was captured so that he would be brought into the fold of CARNAGE.

"This is good. My very first wood elf fledgling. You will be strong and you will be useful to me." Xigger said to the frightened wood elf.

The voice in Xigger's head agreed. "Yes. The will of CARNAGE will be fulfilled."

The wood elf struggled within the ocean of blood but it held onto him like tar. His movement was restricted. He had to jerk about just to move but the blood restored him to his previous position by snapping back like elastic rubber. His efforts to escape were futile.

He was finally able to get a good look at Xigger as he approached. He saw a Warrog with red fur. This Warrog has a mouthful of red, sharp but jagged teeth. It is a sharp contrast to the neat and orderly fangs that vampires usually have.

"What are you? You're not a normal vampire. You don't look like one and you can use blood spells. You're not supposed to be able to use blood spells." He asked again in panic and confusion, "What are you?"

Xigger declared. "I will be your new master."

"Over my dead body." The wood elf said and willed a mechanism within his armor.

The mechanism came alive and the green armour exploded. The wood elf within the armor was scattered into the blood ocean.

The voice in Xigger's head said in disdain, "Looks like he would rather die than become a vampire. What a disappointment. These wood elves don't know what they are missing out on. Maybe it is your fault. Your looks must have scared him off. He doesn't want to turn out like you. Other vampires are handsome and beautiful but you're an ugly mutt."

Xigger shrugged. "I would have preferred a stronger fledgling. But this is good too."

The death of the wood elf benefits him. His blood domain absorbed the fragments of the wood elves. It strengthened him so the wood elf did not turn out to be a waste.

Then he returned to his fledglings and continued to roam the mountain range for prey. He found some roaming packs and other packs on the outskirts of the mountain range. He also found more scouts that he fed on. But he couldn't turn anyone of the wood elf scouts into Vampires. They would rather die than submit to him.

His hunting occurred over a period of weeks. It was a period of engorgement for Xigger. He grew stronger rapidly. Then he returned to Sauron when he became confident of his strength

And so it was that Xigger returned to the iron fur pack. He didn't come alone either. He came with hired help in the form of many Mana stage fledglings. He appeared with his group at the same location of his previous defeat.

Then he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Come and face me dishonorable Sauron."

The shout echoed over a large distance throughout the mountain range. Xigger didn't wait for Sauron to find him. He announced his presence grandly. He needn't have bothered. Sauron came over as soon as he sensed the intruder. He was understandably confused and surprised that Xigger was the intruder.

"Didn't I kill you?" Sauron asked.

"I am immortal. I can never die." Xigger replied smugly.

Sauron didn't make any snide comments this time. He can sense the change in Xigger and in the situation. Xigger is much stronger than before. Xigger is also here with more enemies.

"Maybe I didn't kill you very well last time. I will make sure to rectify the situation this time around." He said to Xigger.

Then he howled to the night sky. His howl is different from other Alphas. It is heavy and baritone. It causes a deep reverberation that can be felt within the bones. It caused a thrumming within those who heard it.

Sauron's howl originated from deep within his chest before it came out from his mouth. It formed visible soundwaves as it spread out from his mouth. Every warrior who heard the howl became agitated immediately. They have been summoned by the Alpha of the pack and they must obey.

The first thing that they did was to howl to signify that they heard the call and that they were on their way. So howls resounded throughout the mountain range. The night became alive with howls and growls.

Then the warriors began to shift after howling. They unleashed their inner beasts. Their form enlarged while they became bent so that they now run on all fours.

Next, they began running toward the pack leader. Betas followed their Alphas and the Alphas led the way to the Alpha of Alphas. The march of footsteps began to rise. Thousands of heavy paws struck the mountain as the warriors converged on the valley. Loose rocks and sand began to shake and vibrate. It is as if a group of migrating animals were stampeding.

Chapter 946 Run With The Pack.

Sauron grinned a wide grin. He felt power fill him in abundance. It comes from the acknowledgment of his warriors. Their respect and their courage infused him with Strength. Their unwavering loyalty and undeniable trust in him filled him with pride. It is enough for him to swell. And he did. He began to swell as he transformed.

He said to Xigger, "Ha, what a feeling. It is the feeling of being a part of a pack. Immortal or not, this is a feeling that you will never have. You're not one of us anymore. You're an abomination. You are shunned."

Xigger's face fell. Sauron's words hit a nerve. It is true that he will never run with a pack ever again. He can hear them howling all over the mountain range. They have been called so they will answer. The noise of their howl rises in a crescendo like the beating of war drums. It is the sound of a pack that is about to ride forth. It reminded Xigger of what he used to have. And it brought back the pain of what he lost when he became a vampire.

Each member of the pack will be made stronger because of the bond between them. A lone Beta is not as strong as a Beta in a squad. A Beta in a squad of 4 is not as strong as a Beta in a squad of 6. The same goes for Alphas. But above a squad is a pack. No amount of bonds within a squad can compare to the bonds of a pack and the strength that it provides. And at the top of the pack is the pack leader.

Xigger used to be a pack leader. He used to always have his pack mates at his back. He used to always trust that they would follow him to hell and back. And they did. They died so that he could escape. They died so that he would avenge them. They never failed him. They were his brothers and sisters in arms. They were his family.

He used to instinctively know where each one of them was in their formation. He used to share in their pain and joy. He gave that up for the chance to become immortal. He will never experience that feeling of comradery ever again. He will never run with a pack ever again.

Heck, he can't even transform into his beast form anymore. He will never rest with his fallen brethren and bless the future generations even in death. Sauron is right. He is an abomination. And he has been forever shunned by the connection that binds every Warrog.

It is at this point that regret couldn't help but surface within him. Tears came unbidden from his eyes. He fell to his knees and he wept. He wept tears of blood for his loss.

"It is all your fault." He said between sobs.

He is an abomination now. And it is all Sauron's fault. It was also his fault. He was weak and he couldn't defend what he cared about. But it was Sauron that pushed him to where he is today.

He roared, "For that, you must die."

Then he howled and rushed towards Sauron. Sauron also roared and met him in combat. Vampire Warrog and Warrog Paragon clashed in the air. It was a flurry of action. They tore at each other. Blood spells carved into Sauron just as Sharp claws ripped into Xigger.

They sought to destroy each other. None of them gave up a single step. They fought with their claws and teeth to take the life of the other. It was violent. And it was beautiful.

Blood spells flashed red and claws flashed silver under the light of the red moon. The two of them became an intertwined bundle of physical exertion and violence. They howled and they growled. But none of them yipped or cried. They couldn't feel the pain of their bodies being rendered structurally compromised. They only felt boundless bloodlust and the need to protect what they care about.

Xigger had no blood to bleed no matter how injured he became. His rubbery form was ripped but it joined together soon after. As for Sauron, he is filled with boundless mana. The blood loss from his injuries didn't slow him down at all. He was regenerating more blood and healing his injuries just as fast as he was injured. By the looks of things, it seems both of them can go on fighting forever.

The pack soon joined their pack leader. Thousands of different predatory beasts on all fours emerged from the valley and the two mountains that flanked it. They rushed downwards into the valley. They are huge monstrosities with figures rippling with packed muscle fibers beneath their fur.

Their front two paws are as thick as bears' while their hind limbs have thick thighs and thin forelimbs that end in hooves. They also have sharp horns that gleamed in the night. These horns alone make them deadly. They can gore anything in their way. No cavalry can stand in their way. They run forth with the momentum to crush everything in their path.

They are in the tens of thousands. That is a force to be reckoned with. They were not rowdy and chaotic despite their numbers. They didn't collide with each other or block each other's path as they rushed forward. They moved like a single entity with each part working as a whole. They communicated with each other without even doing it consciously. The enemies that they will be facing are mighty but none of them feels fear.

The pack doesn't feel fear. Why feel fear when you're not alone? You're never alone in a pack. Everyone will give their life for the other. But the priority is always for the ones at the top of the hierarchy. Betas will protect their Alphas and Alphas will protect the pack leader. It is with this determination that they clashed with the numerous Mana stage vampires that Xigger brought.

Chapter 947 Revel In The Violence.

Xigger brought quite a number of fledglings with him to fight. They reach 100 in number. The Vampires are vastly outnumbered but they are also stronger individually. The two forces clashed with no one gaining an advantage.

The Vampires clustered around each other. It is pack behavior from their previous race. It is a habit that brings them no real benefit right now apart from preventing them from being overwhelmed. So the

Vampires formed a small stronghold within the tide of Warrogs that attacked them from every direction while Xigger and Sauron tore at each other in the air.

The will of the plane was watching this spectacular event. The fountain of life was also watching everything with interest. The two of them remained silent as they watched. The demon God of Carnage was not silent. It was clamoring for more Carnage and violence.

Its voice rang loudly in Xigger's mind as it egged him on, "Tear him apart. Rend his existence to pieces. Open up his insides to the chilling air of the night. Let his blood wet the earth and let the earth drink freely of it until it is drunk. He caused all your pain. He caused all your suffering. So make him feel pain. Make him suffer. Revel in the violence of it. Let there be CARNAGE.

There was Carnage. Blood was spilled everywhere. Life was made to make the transition to death. Life force turned to death force in large amounts. The soul was liberated from the shackles of the body. And it was beautiful.

The light of the moon seemed to shine brighter that night. Its light shone upon this grotesque beauty and made the blood seem to glow in the night. The world was covered in a red hue that was intensifying the more blood flowed into the earth. The aura of blood and death thickened in the valley. It permeated everything including the body and soul of everyone in the valley.

Ragnarok was watching. The stench of blood and death wafted up to him in his position at the top of a mountain.

He observed to himself. "Violence and demons truly go hand in hand."

The smell of blood and death reminded him of the first time he experienced something like this. It was with Gehaldirah when the Life plane was attacked by demons. His eyes were opened by that experience and his life was changed forever.

"How nostalgic." He murmured.

He has been watching right from the start of the battle and he witnessed the initial clash between Sauron and Xigger. What he saw allowed him to finally come to a decision.

He observed silently, "Sauron and Xigger are evenly matched. The Warrogs and the Vampires are also at a stalemate. The fight can go both ways. The Vampires are tireless. They can hold on for hours. The Warrogs will tire but they have the advantage of numbers. The Vampires will surely lose if the sun comes up. Even Xigger cannot bear the sun. He has to escape. Anything can happen between now and sunrise. If the Vampires don't win by sunrise then they will die. I think it is time to make a move."

The outcome of the battle is indeterminate. Anyone can win. He is screwed if the Vampires win. He doesn't care that Xigger is his father. The fact that Xigger seeded his mother doesn't mean that Xigger can't kill him. Parents eat their young all over the realm. Xigger is also a vampire that feeds on life. So he is practically food to his father. The only thing he can rely on is his strength.

He is weaker than Xigger so he is not safe at all with Xigger. But that will change if he has enough strength to defend himself. He will have the chance to negotiate with Xigger. Vampires are bad but it is not a problem for him. Strength is what reigns supreme. If you're as strong as a vampire, then you can speak on equal terms with one.

His situation doesn't get better even if the Warrogs win. Xigger was defeated and killed last time. Then he returned much stronger. The same thing can happen again. Xigger will only wear down the Iron Fur pack. That's what Vampires do. They spread like a disease and grow stronger over time unless they are permanently killed.

A viscount is already a serious problem. They can spread the vampirism plague. But they have to rest in between the creation of fledglings. They can't create fledglings wantonly. Each fledgling that they create will weaken them. That is not the same for an ancestral vampire. Xigger can create thousands of fledglings in a single night compared to a viscount that can probably create a new fledgling every month.

So the Iron Fur pack is in big trouble regardless of victory or defeat. An ancestral vampire is a terrible entity to be enemies with. He doesn't have a way to kill Xigger permanently. Even if he does, he won't do it because he will be risking the vengeance of every vampire in the plane. Ancestral vampires are sacred. Killing one is an unforgivable sin.

Every vampire in their lineage will die if an ancestral vampire dies. There's no way the other ancestral vampires will allow such a threat to them to exist. He will be hunted everywhere. He already has wood elves as enemies. He doesn't want to add Vampires to his list of enemies.

It is not even individual enemies. It is making enemies of an entire race. It is better to make an ally of a race so that they can protect him from the other race. An ancestral vampire is a good person to facilitate

gaining the help of vampires. The Vampires will be able to help him resist the wood elves. If he will suck up to someone, it is clear who he should suck up to.

His eyes glinted as he said, "I guess I will go with plan B."

Chapter 948 Plan B.

He knew something like this could happen after Xigger's last defeat. He expected it so he has already made plans for his actions when Xigger returns. He has three plans. Plan A is to run immediately if Xigger has an overwhelming advantage. Plan C is to stay and do nothing for now if Sauron has the advantage. Plan B is to tilt the chances of the battle in his favor. For that he needs strength.

He grinned evilly as he turned to look at the tall white totem on his peak. His golden eyes shined brightly in the dark. His black teeth and the darkness of the night made it very difficult to know that he has bared his teeth in a grin. A Warrog that sees the manner with which he bared his teeth will know that something bad is about to happen.

"I guess your world is about to end." He said to the occupants of the pillar.

Then he reached through the connection between them. His divine sense lit up like a flare within the totem. The remnants of the warriors flocked to this flare like moths to a flame. He waited until he had grasped every single remnant. Then he ripped the remnants of the dead warriors out of the totem pillar.

The totem pillar shined brightly as it tried to resist. But resistance is futile. It is but a rock standing in the way of an ocean. It will be eroded and ground down as time passes. That fate happened immediately. The totem began to turn to dust even as it shined brighter.

White motes of light were created from its wreck. These white notes of light formed a bright cloud in the dark of the night. The cloud swarmed eagerly toward him. They seem happy but they are actually sad. A sorrowful moaning fleeted through the wind without a source. It is the mourning of the spirits of the ancestors for the loss of their home.

Ragnarok could hear the moans but he didn't care about it. He activated his anchor immediately. His left horn fragmented into red flakes. The tattoos on his body glowed and removed themselves from his fur. They joined the red flakes to form a small red cloud.

The white motes of light met with the red cloud. The two clouds didn't clash at all. The white motes didn't resist so they were assimilated easily. He is the only shaman and Sauron is currently busy in a life-and-death fight. So there was no resistance at all. Even if there was resistance, it wouldn't help against the might of Ragnarok's soul.

The sound of mourning increased as the white lights succumbed. They didn't want to die so they begged him but it was futile. The red cloud absorbed the white motes and bludgeoned in size. It became 4 times bigger. The red cloud became so large that it obscured his figure. It is both a qualitative and quantitative improvement of his power tattoos. His boost jumped from 2660% to 10,600% immediately.

"Hmm, Power." He said as he felt the strength within him. "There's nothing quite like the feeling of power."

Then the red cloud converged on his body again. His left horn appeared on his head. It is redder than usual and his red tattoos are livelier than normal. They are shifting across his white fur. He moved his body around to practice some movements. He found his movements easier to accomplish and faster in execution.

"I like Plan B." He said before he began to shift.

His fur rippled and the muscles underneath it shifted. His bone changed. They changed position and form. He got bigger but not as big as Sauron. Sauron's boost comes from the excess Mana tied to his existence through the connections he has. As for him, his boost is from death. Death doesn't go well with Mana so he doesn't increase exponentially in size.

So he just became 5 meters in eight instead of the 8 meters that Sauron is. He is not as big as Sauron but he has power. That's enough for him.

He activated his beast form and changed into a giant white beast with flashing red tattoos on his fur. He has black teeth and black claws. One of his horns is red while the other is black. His eyes shone a bright golden light from within. It is because of his immensely powerful soul.

His inner beast has been awakened. And it thrilled him to no end. He howled triumphantly to the sky because of it. It made him feel giddy and excited. He can feel a sort of thrill throughout his body. His beast is out in its full form and it is hungry. It is hungry for action and something more. Then he leaped down from the peak he was watching from towards the battlefield.

Both Sauron and Xigger noticed the incoming combatant. Sauron was shocked and furious. He was the first to sense the changes that just occurred. He had wanted to march over to Ragnarok and beat him up for what he did to the spiritual foundation of their pack.

Unfortunately, he is currently very busy. He has his hands full and he is fighting for his life. So he can't discipline Ragnarok right now. His mood changed when he noticed that Ragnarok was coming towards them.

"Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea." He grumbled inwardly.

What Ragnarok did isn't so bad anymore now that he is coming to help him. An Omega usually doesn't join the conflicts of the pack so he appreciates what Ragnarok is doing. Ragnarok's help will surely be instrumental in killing Xigger. He won't admit to needing the help though. And he will still punish Ragnarok. The punishment will just not be as severe.

He didn't think otherwise of Ragnarok's motive. There's no way that he suspects that Ragnarok will help the enemy, Xigger the abomination. That is just crazy and Ragnarok is not crazy. Ragnarok is the most level-headed and smartest Shaman he knows. There's no way he would do something so foolish.

Chapter 949 I Am Your Father.

Xigger was shocked too when he noticed the giant white beastly Warrog coming towards them. For a minute there he thought he was the one coming. Ragnarok's beast form reminded him of his own beast form. He used to have white fur too. His conversion to vampirism changed that for him.

But he didn't dwell on what he lost for too long. He is in a critical situation in which the addition of an extra combatant will cause a drastic impact.

He would like to believe that Ragnarok is coming to help him but he knows that it is highly unlikely. What are the chances that Ragnarok will know that he is the father and still have enough familial love for him despite his current look and assist him in his fight against Sauron?

So he shouted to Ragnarok, "I am your father. Don't help Sauron. I am your father."

The shout startled Sauron. His eyes of his beast form widened. He realized something then. It is that he has never seen Ragnarok's beast form and that his beast form is very similar to that of Xigger's. He realized that maybe Xigger is not lying about their relationship. A Warrog can help his father if that father is perceived to have been cheated and treated unjustly. And he did cheat Xigger out of his pack.

He began to suspect Ragnarok's real intentions for coming over. Besides, if Ragnarok wanted to help, he didn't need to destroy the totem. The assistance of any Mana entity no matter how weak is enough to tilt the scales of the battle. But if Ragnarok wanted to betray him, then destroying the totem is just appropriate.

So Sauron shouted at him, "Stay away Ragnarok. You're not needed here."

Ragnarok didn't stop because of the two shouts. He already knows that Xigger is his father. Sauron learning about it doesn't change the situation. He continued to approach steadily. He is going to do what he wants to do regardless of their opinions about it. His black teeth began to glow in preparation for his meddling. He infused it with as much Mana as he could.

Sauron and Xigger became flustered. They didn't know what to do. Their confusion wasn't enlightened when Ragnarok informed them of his intentions. He gave them a shout in return, "Don't worry, I am coming to help."

They became more confused. Who is he going to come and help? They don't know. But they can't give ground in their current fight or any weakness will be taken advantage of. If they are to separate, it has to be mutual. They both have to pause at the exact same time and take a step back. But are they going to do that? No, because they don't trust the other one to really pause and not take advantage of the other. So they continued to fight.

Ragnarok reached them. Mana has been infused into his teeth. He unleashed his divine ability immediately when he got close enough. A phantom of two black bony jaws complete with teeth flew out of his mouth. This phantom jaw is bigger than his head. It caused the two fighters to feel dread. They felt a trepidation of threat and danger when the jaw came close to them. It made running a very good idea.

They both decided at that point to pause and separate their fight. Unfortunately, the jaws were too fast and too close. The phantom jaws clamped shut on his target. It was too late for Xigger to dodge. There was an audible crack as the upper and lower jaw tore through flesh and crashed against each other. That

crack was followed by a cry of pain. The black phantom jaws took a large bite out of Xigger's side. So he cried out in pain.

The phantom jaws disappeared after finishing their malicious mission. The damage had been done. Xigger was given a deliberating injury in one move. Ragnarok is already bigger than him so the phantom jaws which are bigger than Ragnarok's head took a very large bite of him. He is missing more than half of his body because of the damage. He looks like a half-eaten snack that has been nibbled on.

Sauron was shocked into stupor. His mouth hung open. There are two reasons why he is shocked so much. The amount of damage that Ragnarok did caused him to marvel. The sight of the phantom jaws also evoked some understanding. He has heard tales of the exploits of ancient Alphas of Alphas and those of Emperors. There is something peculiar about those tales.

Many of the stories are not accurate anymore due to the passage of time. But what the stories are always consistent about is the mention of the biting power of those legendary figures. It is said that their mouth could expand and chomp down on their enemies. Sometimes, they are even capable of swallowing an enemy whole with a single bite. Such a thing has not been seen before until now.

Sauron looked at Ragnarok and said, "So that's why your teeth and claws are black."

It can be considered a coincidence that Ragnarok has black horns, teeth, and claws like the ancient Warrogs. But it can't be a coincidence that he can also do what ancient Warrogs have only been reported to be capable of doing. Ragnarok must be like the ancient Warrogs.

Ragnarok didn't pause after that attack. He pounced on Xigger and sought to finish what he started. Xigger didn't resist either. That bite injured both his mind and body. He could not gather any strength to plead, much less fight Ragnarok off. So Ragnarok took several more bites out of him with his teeth before he could regenerate. He ate him up faster than Xigger could regenerate.

Sauron watched the fight without interfering. He doesn't have the presence of mind to continue fighting. What he has experienced today has shocked him to his core. It was until Ragnarok finished that he found it in himself to talk.

Chapter 950 Hail The Executioner.

He asked Ragnarok. "Why can you use the Doom Chomp?"

Ragnarok was cleaning the blood off his fur by licking it. He didn't stop when he heard the question.

He replied without looking at Sauron, "I guess you saw that. Of course you did, you have eyes and you are not blind."

That wasn't the answer that Sauron wanted to hear and the way that Ragnarok spoke to him rankled him. He didn't feel an ounce of respect from the shaman of his tribe. Then he remembered the destruction of the totem pole and his displeasure turned into anger.

He growled at Ragnarok and yelled, "Stop what you're doing and answer me."

Ragnarok stopped licking himself. He turned his head towards Sauron and fixed his golden eyes on the pack leader of the Iron Fur pack. Sauron took a step back in fright. It was an involuntary movement that he regretted immediately. It caused his anger to rise further. He stepped forward and closer to Ragnarok. His form and posture became threatening.

"Answer the question." He demanded again with a growl.

Ragnarok's golden eyes twinkled in mirth. He is in his beast form so he can't laugh the way he would like. He can grin though. And he did. He raised his lips and grinned. All his teeth were bared at the pack leader in defiance.

It is a disrespectful gesture. It is also a threatening gesture. Sauron saw it so he pounced at Ragnarok. Ragnarok wasn't caught off guard. He was expecting it. That's why he grinned. He pounced in return and the two of them began to fight.

One small white-furred beastly Warrog faced off against a much bigger brown-furred beastly Warrog. It shouldn't happen in normal circumstances. An Omega and an Alpha have no reason to fight. But threatening gestures have been exchanged and neither one of them is willing to back down. So they must fight.

The two of them boosted agility first with their POWER stat. That made them very fast and have a high momentum. Then they switched the boost of power from agility to strength. They need strength to gain an advantage in the physical confrontation that is about to occur when they clash. Sauron has a boost of

12,840% with a stat of 1,000 in strength. Ragnarok has a boost of 10,600% and a strength stat of more than 2,000.

It is obvious who will win. But Ragnarok also has the expertise of the steps of momentum. The battle sage monkeys used the manipulation of momentum to beat stronger opponents. It is sufficient to say that Sauron never stood a chance.

He lost the acceleration behind his forward momentum when he switched his boost to strength. Ragnarok on the other hand maintained his momentum when he switched to amplifying strength. Then Ragnarok combined his high momentum with his higher strength to collide with the pack leader.

They knocked into each other Sauron was knocked down immediately. He was sent flying in shock. It is the umpteenth time that he will be shocked this night. It is also his last. Ragnarok accelerated further instead of being slowed down by the collision.

He didn't lose momentum during the flash. He used the momentum of the two of them to accelerate so he caught up to Sauron quickly. Then he bit down on his neck. His jaws crashed against each other like steel traps. They ripped through flesh as easily as snapping twigs. Then he tore off the head of the pack leader.

It was quite a sight to see. The smaller Warrog won the fight against the bigger Warrog in a single clash. But Sauron didn't give up without resistance. He tried to tear into Ragnarok when his neck was bitten. He succeeded with that much. His claws managed to make deadly contact with his opponent's body.

Ragnarok is strong but momentum cannot boost his physical defense and the boost from POWER cannot boost his physical defense right now because he is using it for strength. He has a barrier around him though. It stopped all of the damage. He didn't even feel the blunt force of the blow.

Sauron would have carved a terrible injury in his body were it not for that barrier. He did his best. It is unfortunate that he is outmatched in every way possible. Ragnarok is not only an Omega with an unprecedented amount of boost. He is also an Omega with fighting skills that have never been seen in the plane and spell-crafting skills that will make the best spell crafters in the plane shudder in shock.

It is very common for those on the path of the soul to have barriers. If they are like Ragnarok, they will have more than one barrier. Sauron breached the first barrier and failed to penetrate the second one with his claws. The fourth barrier up to the twentieth barrier remained fine.

On the other hand, Ragnarok overcame his defenses easily. He tore Sauron's neck apart and crushed his spine with a single bite. Then he separated the head by pulling it away from the body.

The damage was too much for Sauron to take. His body reverted back to its humanoid form. His form became smaller so Ragnarok towered over him. His body has been separated from his head but he is still very much alive. In fact, he can recover from his injuries if he doesn't lose too much Mana from blood loss.

He coughed blood as he struggled to speak. He said, "Hail the future Executioner."

He was not begging for mercy. He is simply acknowledging Ragnarok and giving his respects. He knew this when he decided to fight Ragnarok. But he went ahead to fight because he didn't want to bow to Ragnarok regardless of his potential as a future Executioner.

Ragnarok is still a Mana entity and Ragnarok disrespected him so they had to fight. His honor will not allow it any other way. But he lost. His loss and his respect for the ancient Warrogs made him offer his respects as his last breath.