

GREED 951

Chapter 951 Sharing Problem.

Ragnarok chomped down on the smaller head and swallowed it whole. Pleasure like no other courses through his body. He is thrilled and he is excited. He opened his mouth and howled at the moon.

"Awoooooooooo."

His howl rang out through the valley. It echoed off the mountain walls and reverberated within the bones of everyone within the valley.

That howl was pleasurable. It is a howl of victory. He announced his victory after being cooped up for so long. He finally put down Sauron who has been hanging over his head after a hundred years of lying in wait. But that isn't enough for his inner beast. It wants to fight and kill more but he shut down his impulse immediately.

He looked around to find that the fighting had stopped. Everyone is watching him with their eyes fixed on him. Even the Vampires are looking at him. They have stopped fighting each other. The Warrogs have the Vampires surrounded so they can't escape after the death of their leader.

A Warrog suddenly stepped forth. She is currently in her beast form so it is not easy to recognize her but Ragnarok did. She is Tesrat. He can smell her identity from her and he knows her eyes even in her beast form.

She stepped forward and bowed to him. Then she said, "All hail Lord Executioner."

Every other Warrog bowed down too and gave him their respect. They have to. The rules of hierarchy dictate it. Ragnarok killed Sauron fair and square without any tricks. He is stronger. He is also a future Executioner. Their opinions of him and their previous allegiance don't matter. He deserves their respect and so they will give it to him.

Ragnarok stared at her intently. She is the one who brought him to the Iron Fur pack. She has gotten closer to him over the years. She is also the first one to acknowledge him after he killed Sauron. She has shown her loyalty to him. But all of that doesn't concern him. He is more concerned about the power vacuum and what it means for the Iron Fur pack.

Sauron is gone. The iron fur pack is without a leader. A vacuum has been created. Nature abhors vacuums. A vacuum will be filled up soon. A pack that has tens of thousands of Paragons and up to a million nameless will have a very large Vacuum. That means Nature will seek to fill up that vacuum as soon as possible. That means there will be a new leader for the Iron Fur pack very soon.

There are two options for Nature to use to fill up the Vacuum. The first is fragmentation. The iron fur pack will split up. Several new pack leaders will rise from the pack and divide the pack or some external pack leaders will come and divide the pack. The second option is the ascension of a new pack leader from within the pack that the pack will accept readily and unify with.

Ragnarok can sense that the second option is what will happen. There is a vacuum that creates pressure for a new pack leader to arise. This pressure is present within the connection that binds the entire pack. In the absence of a pack leader, any of the Alphas can be chosen and elevated to the position of pack leader.

The Alphas that are close to becoming Mana entities are more likely to be selected. That means that Tesrat is most likely to become the pack leader.

He grinned menacingly and said, "I can't have that now can I."

The fact that they hailed him doesn't mean he gets to become the pack leader. An Omega cannot become a pack leader. The new pack leader will be chosen from either of the two options. But he can't have that. It is the one thing that he and his inner beast that thirsts for violence can readily agree on.

The first option will break up the iron fur pack and destroy all the work that he has done to raise the iron fur pack to this level over a hundred years. While the second option will hand over a hundred years of his work to someone else. Either way, he won't benefit from it. He can't allow that to happen.

The red horn on his head broke apart into a cloud of red fragments. The cloud moved away from him and descended on the Warrogs around him. He cast a spell at the same time.

A Lance of fire shot forward from him and impaled Tasrot. It went through her chest, past her lungs, and out through her stomach burning every organ along the way. Her eyes widened in shock as she died.

"Why?" She managed to ask.

He answered without shame or guilt. "I don't like to share."

The Lance of fire had struck her in the chest. It tore a hole through her. That alone is a grievous injury but it didn't end there. The fire from the Lance began to burn her from within. It spread from her chest onto her entire body. She went up in flames. It was a painless death. She was already dead before the fire went to work on her.

Then he began to kill everyone around him. He used his spells for maximum damage output. The spells he used are produced instantaneously and have a wide range of attack. Plus he can cast more than 20 at a time.

He bombarded everywhere with fireballs. The Warrogs wailed as they died. That's the only thing that they can do. He is stronger than their pack leader so they are no match for him individually. He can also use spells that they have no way to resist with their numbers.

Chapter 952 You Reap What You Sow.

Everything descended into Chaos and Carnage then. He rose into the air to get a great view of the valley. Then he bombarded the valley efficiently with his aerial advantage. He killed them with spells while the red cloud of slaughter absorbed the death essence from his fresh kills.

Things got really hectic when he finally set up his magic arsenal. A magical structure made up of his divine sense created solely for the transformation of his spiritual energy into fireballs by fusing it readily with atmospheric mana. It was like Armageddon descended upon the valley. He stood above everything in the air while he rained down destruction on them.

He targeted the Alphas mostly. That incapacitated the Betas and stopped the pack from coming together as a whole. They couldn't work together and coordinate their actions due to the absence of their Alphas. That hampered their attempts to escape. He managed to kill thousands of them but many of them escaped. The Vampires also escaped in the Chaos.

"Just 6 thousand out of 9 thousand. That's barely passable for a massacre."

He fought the remaining warriors who are 9 thousand and he managed to kill 6 thousand of them in 10 minutes. Other mana entities will feel pride that killed 10 vitality core stage refiners every second. But he holds himself to a higher standard. The only thing that makes him feel refreshed and pleasurable is the fact that the Warrogs howled in misery and pain as they were slaughtered.

He shrugged. "I tried my best. They are not the main course anyway."

His inner beast is practically skipping in excitement and anticipation at the prospect of the main course. The slaughter that just took place has only wet its appetite despite drinking deeply of the death essence of the slain Warrogs.

"Let's go harvest what we have planted." He said.

Then he flew into the mountain range and began killing the unsuspecting Nameless. They are his main course. He has fattened them up nicely over these hundred years. He has sowed for so long. It is high time he reaped what he sowed.

The Nameless were not worried despite the sound of fighting and destruction that they heard. They are not involved in conflicts so they felt safe. After all, nameless are blameless. They were wrong to think that. Ragnarok doesn't care about some rules of warfare. He only cares about power. Killing them will give him that power so he will kill them.

The poor Warrogs cried and screamed. They didn't even beg because they didn't know who was killing them. All they know is that fire is falling from the sky. To these weaklings who have always been sheltered by the pack and have always loved in peace even when their packs were defeated, they can't fathom that a Warrog will hurt them and their eyesight is too weak to see the figure in the sky producing the flames that is sending them to the afterlife in large numbers.

Disaster visited the Iron Fur pack that day. Ragnarok killed to his heart's content. He killed everything that he could kill, even infant Warrogs and pregnant mothers. He killed both the aged and the young. He showed no mercy at all. The entire mountain range was demolished with fireballs and the ice turned red from all the blood that was spilled.

Those are the only signs of his massacre. His red cloud didn't leave any dead bodies behind. So the once prosperous mountain range became a desolate landscape of destroyed shelters, collapsed caves, and

blood-soaked ice. There was no dead in sight. He only stopped when the pack became too scattered for him to chase.

About 700 thousand Warrogs died that night. They provided fresh death essence for him. He got a boost of 2900% from the killing. It is more than the 100 years' worth of offerings that he received. He received millions of offerings but they can't compare to the killing that he did over one night. It makes the total boost from his POWER stat reach 14,500%

He grinned and said, "I like plan B very much."

Plan A was to do nothing if Sauron had everything under control. He would have waited patiently for a chance to come. And a chance will come too.

Sauron can't kill Xigger permanently so Xigger will always come back. His opportunity to take the totem pole will certainly come. Plan C was to take the totem pole and escape immediately. He would have done that if Xigger was massively more powerful than Sauron. His chances of beating Xigger will be too low for him to risk it. So he better escape.

Plan B is the best of both worlds. He got to eat an ancestral vampire and a pack leader. He also got to harvest the farm that he had been growing for a hundred years. The conditions were right for him to take advantage of it.

If he had taken the totem pole to strengthen himself but it turned out that he was wrong about the effect it would have on him then he would have had a way out of the tricky situation.

He will be able to explain to Sauron that he did it to help and save the pack if the totem pole didn't make him stronger than Sauron. Unfortunately for Sauron, he was right and he became stronger than Sauron. So he didn't need to fear Sauron anymore.

He could have chosen to help Xigger but he is not one to put his life in the hands of someone else. Especially not when that person is the lackey of a demon God.

There is no guarantee that Xigger will listen to him or help him. Even if Xigger wants to, there is no guarantee that Xigger will be able to protect him. He can only rely on his strength and that of Legion. Those are the only things he can completely rely on for his safety.

Chapter 953 Fugitive Warrog.

Things are not guaranteed to be good for him even if Xigger agrees to help him and the demon god is amenable to a cooperation between the two of them. It will just be a repeat of his stay in the Iron Fur pack. He will be replacing Sauron with the demon god and working hard for the Vampires instead of the pack.

It is all because he doesn't have the qualifications to be treated as an equal by the demon god. At best, he will be a desperate and weak Warrog seeking favours.

So he decided to get rid of everyone else and take the entire pie for himself. He did what would give him the strength to protect himself and only that. He knows that when you need to rely on someone for safety, then you are weak and your fate is not in your hands. He doesn't like to live under someone else's grace or thumb.

"I am a fugitive now. It is best to escape." He said after taking one last look at the mess he has created.

His inner beast wants to chase after those who escaped. It wants him to hunt them down till the ends of the earth. Then it wants him to relish the chase by crushing them in his jaws with a single bite.

Unfortunately for his inner beast, that is a stupid idea. The plane is not his to do whatever he wants to do or just to run about in freedom. He ignored the compulsion for violence. Then he chose a direction and flew away from the scene of the crime.

His life is in his hands now. He has to take care of it because no one else will. That's how he likes it anyway. But no one will want to take care of him after what he has done. They will be more inclined to do the opposite.

He has offended a lot of people with the massacre he just performed. He doesn't regret his actions but he understands that a lot of people will not be pleased with what he did. The most important one of them is Xigger. But there's also the paragons that escaped. They are weak but they are not inconsequential. They witnessed what he did and have information about him. That is going to give him trouble.

"Things would have been smoother if only Sauron and Xigger didn't separate." He complained a little.

He used the Doom Chomp because he wanted to get both Sauron and Xigger. They were intertwined together in their fight. He was hoping to take out both of them at once. But they were suspicious of him and decided to separate at the last moment.

That saved Sauron's life but he didn't know what's good for himself. He should have escaped when he had the chance. But he didn't. Then he even had the gall to announce that Ragnarok is the future Executioner before dying.

Sauron confirmed his identity so a lot of Warrogs know about the future Executioner. It will make some very angry wood elves come looking for him. That's why he will escape now and try to hide.

The repercussions of Ragnarok's actions are widespread. Wood elves were already sniffing about the mountain range. They found the wreckage he left behind after he was gone. A preliminary investigation pointed out that the destruction was not caused by vampires. They determined that it was caused by a spell caster of fire. That itself is perplexing.

Vampires don't use Mana spells and they are definitely afraid of flames. So it can't be vampires. It also couldn't be Warrogs. Warrogs don't have the spell heritage to use spells.

It isn't wood elves either. Tree elves can use spells but they don't like to use basic Mana spells. They prefer to use spells fueled with their nature Mana. Wood elves also hate fire spells the most. It harms them and their trees.

So they were very confused about the cause of the destruction. Then they interrogated some warriors of the Iron Fur pack. The information that they gained shed a lot of light on the situation. But they still couldn't believe that a Warrog did it.

"You mean to tell me that a Warrog of a backward pack like yours created hundreds and thousands of balls of fire in a minute?" A wood elf asked.

The Warrog replied in agitation, "Yes. Yes. He did."

The wood elves didn't believe it one bit. Even they can't cast spells that rapidly and they are to believe that some ignorant Warrog managed to do so. The reliability of the information was put into question when they heard the warriors saying that the Warrog responsible for the Carnage is also a future Executioner. They laughed off the rantings of the warriors as derision.

The tree elves decided not to believe the warriors at all. It is a decision that was made after considering the presence of vampires. They found Vampires and they also saw signs of the use of blood spells. That means that a vampire that is at least a viscount was there. Which also explains the sightings of many vampires. Such a powerful vampire can also compel the minds of weaker beings to make them believe wrong information.

The viscount probably hypnotized the warriors so that they could give false information to the wood elves and misdirect the wood elves. The lack of dead bodies is also something that a vampire is capable of doing.

The craters all over the mountain range and the fire damage can be caused by dropping flaming rocks all over the mountain range to mask the traces of the Vampires. It is elaborate but it is possible.

The wood elves thought they had figured everything out. Their train of thought is very reasonable. Besides, things like this have happened before. Vampires do it to mislead pursuers. But this vampire went too far. It made a mistake by fooling the Warrogs into believing that all of the damage was caused by an Executioner.

Chapter 954 Mighty Suspicious.

An Emperor or Executioner has not been seen since the curse of the Warrogs by the fountain of life. The wood elves will be foolish to believe that one appeared here after many Origin cycles of absence and killed members of his own pack at the exact same time that a viscount is roaming around the mountain range with its fledglings. That is very suspicious.

Besides, the representative of the fountain of life has not informed them of the appearance of an Emperor or Executioner. Such a thing cannot escape the notice of the fountain of life. The wood elves would have been notified of the existence of the Executioner just as they are notified of the existence of transcendent Warrogs. The debut release happened at N0v3lBiin.

This so-called Executioner can also cast spells. That is already enough for the wood elves to know that there is something fishy about this fictional Executioner. Since the fountain of life has not said anything, then all of these must be bogus without a doubt. So they laughed off the news of an Executioner and focused on the traces of the Vampires.

The wood elves pursued the Vampires with a determination to eradicate every one of them. They have lost a lot of their members recently so they have a score to settle with this viscount that is causing trouble around.

The chase also became very urgent. The representative of the fountain of life warned them to protect the Warrogs so that something like this wouldn't happen. They failed and allowed the Vampires to engorge themselves on the blood of hundreds of thousands. Which means that they will be getting stronger and more difficult to deal with.

So they sent lords of law and even kings of law after the Vampires. They are very serious about the hunt this time.

The vampire in question who is responsible for the atrocious acts against the Warrogs is still in slumber. Ragnarok's bites weakened him more than normal. It will take more than a day before he can hijack a fledgling of his to resurrect. In the meantime, the three main forces that witnessed the atrocious event had different reactions to it.

The fountain of life didn't do anything. It didn't tell the wood elves about what it saw. It kept mute because the death of hundreds of thousands of its property doesn't matter in the long run. It is just glad that Ragnarok didn't fall into the hands of the Vampires. Besides, it has a lot of assets. The entire surface of the plane is its. It can trade in a few of them just to strengthen Ragnarok.

The will of the plane couldn't do anything even if wanted to. It has done all it can do by selecting a protector. But it too gave a sigh of relief that Ragnarok is safe. It cares because it doesn't want Ragnarok to fall into the grasp of the demon God and because it still has a use for Ragnarok.

An Emperor is not complete without its Executioner and neither is an Executioner complete without an Emperor. Life and Death must become one to bring out their full power. So Ragnarok is still important to

the will of the plane and it was relieved that he managed to get away. Only the demon God of Carnage is very bitter and anxious.

The demon God of Carnage's sight is not as clear as the fountain of life's and the will of the plane's so it has to rely on what the Vampires saw to get a vivid image of the events that transpired that night. What it saw made it very excited and also very frustrated.

"I can't believe it. It is an Executioner in the flesh. What are the odds of finding him? I knew one should exist because of that Emperor but who would have thought that Xigger's useless obsession would lead me to him? This is too good to be true. This is just too good to be true. I must get my hands on him. He must be welcomed into the fold of CARNAGE." The demon God ranted to itself.

"And the Carnage that he wrought. It was so beautiful. It is the most beautiful thing that I have seen on this deary plane. He is already so talented. Imagine what he can do once he is in the fold of CARNAGE? He will be glorious."

"I must have him. He shall be mine. He will become a missionary for CARNAGE."

If there is a word that the demon God of Carnage can use to describe Ragnarok, it is that he is "perfect." Ragnarok is perfect simply for what he did that night. He killed his father, then he killed his pack leader. Then he visited destruction on his pack and even went further to massacre the Nameless of his pack.

He did all of this without the emotional gripes and whining that Xigger would go through. He did it all without being compelled to. He did it even when he didn't need to. He did it simply because he wanted to. To the demon God of Carnage, voluntary Carnage is the most beautiful form of art.

The demon God wants Ragnarok for more important reasons than his beautiful works of art. The will of the plane has found itself a champion. In the demon god's opinion, the will of the plane made a very good decision. They know that the Warrogs have more potential than the wood elves. The original tree people didn't have any divine ability. Their current divine ability was given to them by the fountain of life.

In a way, the fountain of life is the ancestor of the wood and dark elves. The tree people were supposed to lose the ancient world wars but the fountain of life chose them for its blessing. It chose the tree

people for the same reason that the demon God is after the tree elves. They were highly compatible. So they were blessed. The blessing turned ordinary plant spirits into a divine race.

Chapter 955 Infinite Patience.

The blessing of the fountain of life turned into a curse on the Warrogs because the original Warrogs had their own divine ability which wasn't compatible with the law fragments of life. The fountain of life had to curse the Warrogs because even with the blessings, the tree people were of no match to them.

So the will of the plane chose a Warrog as a good champion and the demon God also wants his own champion. The future Executioner will do nicely for that position of honor.

The demon God of Carnage was aware of the existence of the Emperor but it couldn't find her. It had no hopes of finding the Executioner even though it sent out vampires to attack the surface of the plane. So this is a lucky encounter for the demon God.

It is good news but the situation also made the demon God very frustrated.

CARNAGE complained, "What do I do now? How do I get him? This is so frustrating. I shouldn't have promised that Xigger anything."

There were multiple points of attack that the Vampires used to attack the surface but they were all futile. It was the new and hopeless Xigger that helped the demon god to find the Executioner. This is why the demon God is so excited. It is also why the demon God is frustrated.

Ragnarok isn't just any Warrog. He is a relative of Xigger. Xigger made a deal with the demon God that he would do the bidding of CARNAGE. In exchange, the demon God will give him power and won't do anything to those related to him by blood.

Xigger was reluctant when he took the offering of the blood crystal. He was not a young naive boy who hadn't seen the world. He was a pack leader who had gotten to an all-time low because someone sneakily bypassed the rules to cheat him. The offering of the blood crystal came to him when he needed it the most. But that didn't mean that he wouldn't be suspicious of free power.

He knew he would probably be losing his freedom. But he made sure that what he was fighting for would be safe. It will be of no use if he has power only for his loved ones to be taken from him by the

same thing that granted him that power. He might lose his power, but he made sure that the demon God would make the oath in their deal that he wouldn't go after his loved ones directly or indirectly.

The demon God of Carnage didn't think much of the promise back then. Xigger was the first Warrog that could hear him in the plane and the first race other than elves to hear him in any plane. The combination of his despair and the fragments of the law of life within him worked to make him become in tune with the demon God. It was a first and he represented an opportunity for the demon God to expand his sin into another race.

Getting access to another race within the plane would open more avenues of attacks for the demon God against the will of the plane. The safety of Xigger's useless and insignificant descendants, at that time, was a small price to pay for the demon God to get access to the Warrog race.

That was what the demon God thought back then. It turned out that one of Xigger's loved ones was not an insignificant Warrog in some backward pack. That insignificant promise has become the shackles holding back the demon God from going after Ragnarok now.

That doesn't mean the demon God is out of options. It just has to be smart about it. It can't give up because of a little technicality. Ragnarok is too good to be given up. The two of them are very compatible based on personality alone. Ragnarok will also help the demon God to resist the will of the plane. So the demon God schemed while waiting for Xigger to resurrect.

Xigger was resurrected two days after his death. That is one day later than the time it took him to resurrect after Sauron killed him. He took over the body of a fledgling and used it to recreate his body.

It was within a cave in the Underdark. He didn't do anything when he reincarnated. He just sat down on the ground and looked into the air without focusing on anything. He blacked out when Ragnarok killed him so he is just getting to sort through his emotions.

Xigger is very shocked. That's his foremost and most pertinent emotion. He can't believe what he saw. The fact that his son killed him didn't shock him. It was not a surprise to him at all. He suspected that something like that could happen when Ragnarok was rushing towards him and Sauron.

What he can't believe is what he saw Ragnarok used to attack him. The image of that black phantom jaws snapping shut on him kept playing in his mind. It is all he can see and think of.

"A penny for your thoughts?" The voice in his head interrupted his thoughts.

"Hmm? How long was I out?" He asked.

"Two days." The demon God answered.

"I see." He said then he became silent again.

The demon God waited patiently for him to speak. An eternal being has infinite patience. There's no need to rush Xigger. Rushing him can also be counterproductive. So the demon God waited patiently.

"Did I really see those black jaws?" Xigger asked after stewing in his thoughts for a while.

The demon God remained the ever-present companion in need. It replied, "Yeah. You did."

"What does it mean?"

The demon God chuckled. "You know what it means."

Xigger sighed. "I was hoping I was wrong."

He knows what it means. He just didn't want to accept it.

He muttered as he reminiscenced, "The jaws of doom. The Doom Chomp."

Chapter 956 A Father's Love.

Then Xigger laughed depreciatingly. "Can you imagine it? My own son is an Executioner. He is the hope of the Warrogs. I am so shocked and surprised."

The demon God grumbled to itself, "You can't imagine my own shock and surprise. How I wish he was not your son."

The demon god made sure to keep that thought to itself.

Xigger stopped laughing. He said mournfully, "His mother would be so proud. Who is even his mother? I don't know which one of my mates bore him. His mother is probably dead. Maybe that's why he hates me. I didn't protect him and his mother. I would hate myself too."

The demon God quickly interfered before he went down a spiral of regret and depression. "So what now." It asked.

It doesn't want to rush Xigger but some things can't be allowed to happen either or it will be detrimental to the demon god's plans.

Xigger stood up immediately when he heard that question. "I must protect him. He is not just my son anymore. He is the hope of the race. He is made for great things. It is his destiny to save the race."

"And how do you intend to protect him? You're weaker than ever." The demon God dashed his hopes.

"Ah. That's true." He said.

His strength has fallen to the level he was before he fought Sauron for the first time. It is what caused the delay in his resurrection.

He smiled and said, "That boy of mine really took a bite out of me."

He feels pride that Ragnarok did a good job in killing him. It means Ragnarok will be a good Executioner.

The demon God interrupted again. "I'm sure you must be proud. But forget about protecting him. You are weak. You can't even protect yourself. The wood elves caught up to the iron fur pack. They are on to you right now. They are chasing down every one of your fledglings. There are lords of law and kings of

law among them. They won't come down into the Underdark but they will collapse the tunnels and seal the entrances and monitor the surface for the next few years."

Xigger became aghast. "What about Ragnarok. Did they kill him?"

"I am telling you to worry about yourself. You will have to dig another tunnel if you want to get to the surface. There's no way that they won't notice you doing that. They will attack you as soon as you reach the surface. There's no way to protect him now. They might even summon up the courage to descend down the tunnels after you. You did kill a lot of their members and they think that you massacred the whole iron fur pack. They are really mad at you."

The original tree people are capable of communicating with trees and the wood elves still possess that ability. They will be able to use the tree roots in the ground to monitor the surroundings so they will know when a tunnel is forming. Things are not good for Xigger right now. The demon God made sure to emphasize that Xigger is not safe while ignoring Ragnarok.

To an unsuspecting person, it will seem like Xigger is more important to the demon God than Ragnarok. But Xigger doesn't care about his own situation right now. He cares about Ragnarok and he is only becoming more anxious the more Ragnarok's situation is glossed over like that.

Xigger's immortal heart skipped. "What did you say happened to the Iron Fur pack? They were massacred? Is Ragnarok safe?"

The demon God sighed like an unwilling partner. It reluctantly gave up information about Ragnarok. "Don't worry about him. He was the one who massacred the pack. He killed them all. Your fledglings saw it happen. Then he ran away. The wood elves think that you did it. They are after you for it. So your precious son is safe for now."

Xigger was shocked. "Why did he do that?" The debut release occurred at N-ov3l-Bin.

"It is an Executioner thing. Have you forgotten? Executioners gain strength from the dead. He killed the pack leader and as many other pack members as he could kill. Then he ran away. It is obvious that he did it because he needed the strength. After all, there is an immortal vampire coming after him and there's the hunt of the wood elves to worry about. They will hunt him if they find out about his existence which he had to expose to kill you."

"You claimed to be his father but he doesn't know that and Vampires are liars so he doesn't have any reason to believe you. What matters now is that he is safe despite the amount of trouble that you have put him into."

All Xigger heard is that Ragnarok is in a lot of trouble. He doesn't care that he killed so many Warrogs. It was his fault for attacking their pack in the first place. If he hadn't attacked the iron fur pack, Ragnarok would have lived his life in peace. But he brought in problems for Ragnarok and Ragnarok did what he had to do for strength.

The love of a father well up from within him and it brought fought pain. He is no stranger to this pain. It is the pain he felt while running away from Sauron as the guilt of his failure to protect his family and his pack knawed at him.

"I must save him," Xigger said anxiously. "It is just a matter of time before the wood elves find out about him. I am his father and I can not sit back and watch him die. Not again. I will go looking for him even if you don't help me."

The demon God sighed again. "Fine. I will help you. You're pushing my hand. Have I mentioned that I don't like you doing all these irrelevant things? This is just a waste of time. Forget your family. Let go of your mortal shackles. Aim for greatness." The demon god advised sincerely.

Chapter 957 A Mourning.

Xigger insisted with determination. "Greatness is of no use to me if I don't have my loved ones to share it with."

"What a fool." The demon god said.

But it went on. "You won't listen to me but I will help. First, you need strength. He is stronger than you so you can't help him now even if you manage to get past the wood elves and find him. You will also lead the wood elves to him if you don't get rid of them before going after him. So don't worry for now. Your son is safe right now. I swear it on my Sin as the demon God of Carnage."

Xigger calmed down after hearing what the demon God said. The demon God laid out a pretty convincing case. He is too weak to be of any help to Ragnarok and the most help he can offer Ragnarok

is to eliminate the wood elves and keep his location secret. Plus the oath that the demon God made assured him of the safety of Ragnarok.

"What should I do then?" He asked.

"You will use the brief period of time that your son is safe to strengthen yourself. That means you need blood from powerful organisms. You won't get that in this mountain range. That's why you should join the attack on the surface. Take another tunnel through the Underdark and join up with the Vampires attacking the wood elves."

Xigger agreed. "Yes. I am an ancestral vampire so I will grow stronger very fast."

The demon God continued. "Leaving the mountain range will also draw the wood elves away from here. It will make it easier for your son to escape unnoticed. Then you can return when you have the strength to protect him. Don't worry. I can help you find him."

Xigger sighed. "You're right. I was being hasty. The most important thing for me to do now is to acquire strength. Let's go and attack the wood elves."

Xigger gave orders to his fledglings through their connection. They all scattered into the Underdark and met at a rendezvous point. Then they went to the surface together to join the attack on the surface. Xigger became stronger and also amassed more fledglings. He increased in both quality and quantity.

The demon God smiled to itself. "I have successfully wound him up. I just need him to explode next."

The demon God convinced Xigger to let Ragnarok go for now. If there is someone that wants to lay their hands on Ragnarok the most then it will be the demon God. But the demon God convinced the only person who could let it have Ragnarok to do otherwise.

The demon God can't act against Ragnarok personally and neither can it make some other vampire go after him. The only one who can act against Ragnarok is his father himself. So the demon God will use Xigger to get Ragnarok.

It would have been impossible to reach Ragnarok through Xigger if Xigger had the good sense not to stubbornly and willingly shackle himself with the burden of familiar obligations. He has great power and

the potential to be great but he allows himself to be led about by his emotions and his perceived responsibility to his loved ones. This is why the demon god called him a fool.

It is as the demon god once said, power doesn't make a fool smart. Xigger is foolish so he will be used as a tool. But the demon has to be patient so that everything will go without a hitch.

Everything it said about Xigger's situation is true. It never lied to Xigger. But it didn't need to lie. It can twist the truth to its purpose very well. Xigger is currently too weak to save or apprehend Ragnarok. The demon God on the other hand has infinite patience. It will wait for Xigger to become stronger and lead him to Ragnarok. Then its plan will unfold.

"I will have him. He will be mine." The demon God said and laughed sinisterly to itself.

The entire race of wood elves was under attack. The ones looking for Xigger searched the mountain range but couldn't find any vampires. They stationed some scouts while the rest returned to defend their cities. The mountain range regained its peace again after they left. The survivors of the iron fur pack returned to the location of their devastated pack.

A few thousand Warrogs met in the valley where Sauron and thousands of their fellow Warriors died. They came together for his burial and the burial of all the warriors who died there that night. There are no bodies to bury but then again, a burial is useless even if there are bodies to bury. A burial is a useless affair to the dead. It is only useful to the living so the lack of a body doesn't matter much.

The atmosphere is mournful as a burial should be. There are even some warriors crying. Others are not crying because they can't cry anymore. They have cried all the tears that they can produce. All of them have shed tears at one point in time since that dreadful event.

This burial is highly significant to them. They are not crying because of the severe injuries on many of them. Some of them are even missing limbs. But they miss Sauron the most. They feel the pain of his absence and the pack far more than the pain of some missing body parts.

Sauron was the greatest pack leader in recent thousands of years. He managed to unite most of the mountain range. He was strict and he was powerful. His warriors could rely on him and the Nameless under his reign prospered. They didn't have to change packs often so they were very stable. The pack was very successful for a hundred years. But it is all gone now. It is a terrible thing. It is a tragedy.

Chapter 958 What Next?

A pack leader is an integral part of the hierarchy. The death of one should be mourned. The death of one who tried to fight off the Executioner is even more tragic. Sauron tried to save them when he found out that Ragnarok was an Executioner. They didn't understand why he fought a future Executioner until he died and the Executioner turned on them.

Sauron did his job as the pack leader until his last moment. He wouldn't give up an inch for the interest of his pack. But now he is gone. It is an understatement to say that he will be missed. They can heal broken limbs, but they can not heal detached limbs. Just like detached limbs, they may never recover from the loss of Sauron.

The Alphas present stepped forward one after the other to say some words about him.

"I remember when he defeated my former pack leader. He did it with a grin on his face throughout the entire fight. Sauron was strong. He believed in strength and he did right with the strength he had. He can be hard on others in another pack but he is kind to those he considers his. And we were his. We were his family. He protected us. He was always there for us. We could always count on him. But now. He is gone."

The speaker paused to choke back a sob. She wiped away a tear from her face and continued. "He is no more. We have lost a tyrant and a protector. He will be missed."

Another Alpha spoke. "He was great. He did great things. It felt great to be in his pack. We could feel his greatness across our bond when we ran with him. He was the best commander that you want to lead you to battle. He made us feel great. With him at the head of the pack, we were part of something great. But now we are mundane again. Sauron will be missed."

The burial continued for days. Every Alpha said something about him. Most of them said nice things about him. They are not lying about those nice things. They truly believe he is good and kind. They are not just saying so because he is dead. Other people such as the defeated pack leaders and one very disgruntled ancestral Vampire might only have bad things to say about Sauron but not them.

They bid their farewell to an icon. Then they huddled together in silence for hours. Some comforted the others that were crying while others remained silent for days.

The loss of Sauron is very impactful to them because he was very impactful on their lives when he was alive. Sauron was great so they feel his absence greatly just as they feel the absence of Emperors that have not been seen for hundreds of thousands of years.

The connection between pack members goes both ways. They share strength and emotions. It was great running in a pack that was large because the boost from their numbers was great. Everything was good under Sauron's reign. Then they lost it. It is a loss that they feel deeply.

They felt their connection with him ripped apart and shredded when he died. It was a very painful experience. Then the Executioner damaged them further. He took the lives of their comrades after taking the life of their pack leader. They have a large piece of themselves missing now. The executioner maimed them in both body and mind. So now they mourn for all that they have lost.

The mourning did not continue forever. The Alphas met after the burial.

Someone asked everyone, "What do we do now?"

They are aimless and without a purpose without a leader. This above all else is disconcerting. Without a pack leader or an Alpha of Alphas, there can be no pack. Warrogs are not meant to be without a pack. Even Omegas work together with packs to achieve their aims.

"We need to avenge Sauron and every warrior that died?" Someone suggested immediately.

"Yes, let's do that."

The sentiment for vengeance got a lot of agreement from the Alphas. But not everyone thought it was a good idea.

Someone rebutted, "How do you suggest we do that? We are up against a future Executioner that killed Sauron. We are not even mana entities yet and even if we are, we are of no match to him. He will kill us all. Or were you not there when he rained down fire upon us."

This doused their enthusiasm for vengeance. The reality of the situation is that Ragnarok is too strong for them. Sauron was not nearly enough to defeat him. They are not Sauron so they will definitely not be enough to bring the Executioner to justice.

"Let's find the future Emperor. Only the Emperor can match and control the Executioner." Someone suggested.

"That's true. There is always an Emperor with an Executioner. The two of them come in pairs."

Another person shut down the idea. "That's just a myth. Even if it were true, how are we to find the Emperor?"

"We will spread around the plane and look for the Emperor. We will soon hear news of them if they exist."

"Are you senile? What do you mean we spread around? We are not meant to scatter around. I believe we should just stay together and rebuild."

"We should just rebuild. Looking for an Emperor that might not exist sounds like a waste of time. The Emperor might not exist and they might not help us even if they exist."

Another one shot back, "The Emperor will help us. Emperors are always against Executioners. The Emperor will certainly punish the Executioner for harming Warrogs. That's the way it has always been."

The Alphas began to argue. They kept their difference of opinions to just the clash of words, for now. They just mourned a loss so they are not keen to add more to their losses.

Chapter 959 Fairy Tales.

"What do you mean that's the way it has always been? Did you experience it yourself? Were you there when it happened? Stop spouting legends as facts."

"Then what do you want us to do? Should we give up on revenge because it seems impossible? Then the Executioner will get away with his crimes. The Emperor is our only hope."

Someone said with visible agitation, "Shut up your mouth. You said it seems impossible. That's an understatement. It is impossible. You want us to look for revenge through children's stories and fairy tales."

"Look at us." The agitated Alpha said with a yell. "We are not children anymore. We are adults and adults have to face reality. The reality of the situation is that we are weak and cannot do anything against the Executioner. It is a much better use of our time to rebuild than to chase after fairy tales."

It is a reasonable and rational argument not to base a decision on myths and legends. There are a lot of uncertainties concerning the plan to look for an Emperor. It is true that while they can't bring the Executioner to justice on their own, an Emperor should be able to. After all, according to the legends, the two are a pair and are usually of equal strength. But there are a lot of problems with that proposed solution.

An Emperor might not exist. If it does exist, there's no guarantee that they will find it. And so what if they find an Emperor? So what if they have equal strength with an Executor? So what that Emperors and Executioners are like fire and ice. So what if the Emperor and Executioner don't see face to face? What is the guarantee that this Emperor will help them?

Even being optimistic, this entire solution is based on fairy tales. They are not reliable and things might not work out even if they were. The whole thing might turn out to be a wild goose chase. Most importantly, revenge on the Executioner will not bring back what they have lost. Sauron and the rest are dead forever.

But this logical argument didn't hold complete sway over the Alphas. It certainly didn't hold sway over Lamplad who was courting Tesrat and hoping to make her his mate. She was the first to bow to the Executioner and she was rewarded for her loyalty with being the first to die. He can't let it go at all.

Unfortunately, Lamplad is not in charge of the pack. No one is. All the mana entities in the surroundings have been hunted by Xigger. So there is no pack leader yet. The Alphas have to vote and agree about something before a decision is made.

This decision about what to do needs a major consensus for it to be decided upon by the coalition of Alphas. So the Alphas voted. They cast their vote by dropping sticks into two different piles that represent the two options. Then the sticks were counted.

The result was known even before it was counted. One pile is bigger than the other so the option that will win is clearly visible. Still, someone counted the sticks in the presence of everyone and announced the result.

"It has been decided upon through public vote that the Coalition of Alphas will stay here and rebuild our pack."

The decision was not contested. The majority has spoken so it will be so, for now. There was no argument and no fight broke out. But it caused a silent rift to appear among the Warrogs. It is a rift that might eventually tear the pack apart.

On one side are those who want revenge. Lamplad is understandably among them. He has two options. The first and the best one is to become a mana entity very quickly and take over the pack. He would be able to use his authority as the new pack leader to do as he wishes. He will be able to order the pack to seek the Emperor so that revenge will be visited on Ragnarok. The second option is to leave the pack on his own to find the Emperor.

"I will try and become the pack leader first." He told himself. "I can always fall back on the second option if I fail to become an Alpha of Alphas and take over the pack."

The other side of the rift also knows about this glaring point. Their vote only counts until someone with enough authority arises from amidst them to render it invalid. So every Alpha tried their best in the coming days to break through.

But breaking through to become a mana entity is not easy. The switch of the cells from using internally produced vitality for metabolism to using externally supplied mana is not so easy to achieve. It is extra difficult when they are not even aware that mana exists.

The body is a stable system. Each part works together in harmony. They also resist external changes. The body does this to maintain the consistency of internal conditions. Not every condition is safe for the body. So the body fights against the changes of external influence. The body heats itself up in a cold environment or loses heat in a hot environment.

Switching to using mana will lead to radical changes all around the body so the resistance of the body to mana is very high. Still, Lamplad tried. It is a race that he doesn't want to lose. He needs to become a pack leader if he wants to have revenge for the love of his life. Unfortunately for him, wishes are not horses. Someone else became a mana entity before him.

He knew he had failed when he heard the howl. It is a deep resonating howl that struck him and pulled at him. The new pack leader is calling the paragons to him. He can resist now by running away. The pack leader won't be able to chase all of them so soon.

Chapter 960 The New Pack Leader.

Lamplad sighed in sadness. "Looks like I have to leave."

He had made up his mind to run away but he recognized the howl and who it belonged to. It belongs to someone on his side of the rift.

He smiled after the realization. "This is good too. I can still get my revenge."

He stood up from where he was meditating and left his cave. He found his Betas already waiting for him at the entrance. They heard the howl so they came to him for their orders. The four of them are looking at him intensely.

One of them asked him. "What are we doing boss? Should we make a run for it?"

Their allegiance remains with him. They listen to him for now, not the pack leader. That will only change when their Alpha submits to the new pack leader. Until then, they will run away with him as long as he says so.

He playfully rubbed the head of the one who asked him. He grinned and said to them. "I am glad that I can always count on you. You have always been there for me. But I have good news. We won't run today. Things are good for us."

His Betas cheered and laughed. They will run with him. But it is not a good idea to run. Warrogs are not meant to be alone from a pack. Becoming fugitives will be very difficult for them. Their strength will be weakened and they will be alone. Survival will be very hard for them. So it is good news that they don't need to run.

His smile waned as he watched their happy faces. They used to be 10 but now they are 4. 6 of them died that night when Ragnarok unleashed hell on them. 3 of them died to save him. That is half of the total that died. It is because Ragnarok specifically targeted the Alphas. He knew the Betas would protect the Alphas so he took advantage of their bond to kill more of them. The death of an Alpha will also stun the Betas and turn them into disarray.

"The Executioner took advantage of the bond that makes us stronger. For that, he will pay." He said to them. "Let us go and offer allegiance to the new pack leader."

He howled into the sky. His howl joined the howls of the other Alphas. Every Alpha that intends to answer the call will howl to show their willingness to do so. As for the others that don't want to, they will slip away silently. His Betas joined him in howling and joined him in transforming into their beast form. Then they ran in the direction of the howl of the pack leader.

The new pack leader has been howling for a long while She continued to howl even when Alphas brought their squads to her. The Squads sat on their haunches and waited for her. She stopped howling when she didn't receive a reply for a few minutes. Whoever was going to come will be here already. She looked around the squads that answered her call. It was not what she expected.

"I am pleasantly surprised. I didn't expect many of you to come when you heard my voice. I expected the majority of you to run away since it was the majority that voted against looking for an Emperor. I am impressed by your loyalty. The dedication that you have shown me is a sign of trust and I promise not to betray that trust. I swear that with your help, I will create a pack that will prosper. We shall not want for anything."

The Warrogs howled in agreement with what she said. There is more than 90% of the survivors here. She expected to see 30% since she is from the minority faction. It is understandable for the majority to refuse to heed her call. But they came and she understands why.

It is because while the majority wants to settle down, they also want a pack leader and want to be part of a pack. They miss being part of a pack. It is in their nature to aggregate towards a pack leader and they don't feel strongly negative against her to not let themselves obey her. So they came to her.

She made her promises and they agreed with her. A pact was made through that agreement. And the connection between them formed at that point. The pack became whole again.

The new pack leader spoke after the bonding ceremony. "I know that many of you have questions about the direction that I want to take the pack. You can step forward and speak your mind when I select you."

Lamplad stepped forward with the others. He has questions that he wants to ask. Unfortunately, he wasn't chosen first. Someone else was chosen.

That person is a female Alpha. She asked the question that everyone is concerned about. "So when do we go looking for the mythical Emperor."

This female emphasized the word "mythical." She would put air quotes to buttress her point if she could in her beast form and if it were not disrespectful to do so.

She smiled and replied. "I understand why you asked that question. You assumed that we are going to look for the Emperor because I belong to the minority faction."

Her words didn't make Lamplad feel good. He doesn't know where she is going but he doesn't like it all. So he blurted out, "But we are going to look for the Emperor right?"

The new pack leader growled and snapped at him, "Know your place. You are not to speak until allowed and neither are you to interrupt me. Do you understand?"

He shrunk down on himself and lay with his belly to the ground. It is both an apology and a showing of submission.

"I understand." He replied weakly. "I am sorry for interrupting you pack leader."