

## **GREED 991**

### Chapter 991 Carrot And Stick.

He is certain that time will not change his mind about servitude to the demon god of Carnage.

It was the demon god's turn to snicker. "Don't pretend to act tough. We both know that you want to live. If you didn't then you wouldn't have stood up to run away after I bestowed my blessing of Carnage upon you. If you didn't care about your life then you wouldn't have agreed with me about your safety and choose to hide now. And this happened after you displayed a willingness to die. It shows that you can change your mind in the right circumstances."

The tone of CARNAGE became harsh. It had tried to be understanding. It dangled the carrot which are the benefits of being a vampire. But now it is bringing out the stick.

"You want to live and that's fine. But we are joined together now whether you like it or not. Your body is mine till eternity. And through it, I have a hold on your soul. I can't do anything to your soul right now, but I can kill you by simply taking away my blessing. It is mine after all."

"You will die without my help. Then I can have your soul in death. It will be fragmented and you will have lost your will but it will be mine to do whatever I please. You are at my mercy. Without my permission, you will never be able to become a transcendent."

It made sure to show just how big and powerful the stick is. Death, eternal servitude as a drone, and stagnation in strength for as long as he remains stubborn while being alive.

"And even if you become a transcendent, you will have to accept the mark of Carnage and fuse with your modified body. You have no future in sight without me being in the picture. Your stubbornness is admirable but we'll see how far that takes you."

The demon god fell silent after fully displaying his stick. He has spoken about the carrot and now the stick is known. It doesn't plan to use the stick yet, but it will have to if Ragnarok remains stubborn. It understands Ragnarok to be smart so it laid down its cards so that Ragnarok can get the full picture and make the smart decision.

Ragnarok sighed. He doesn't have anything to say about what the Demon god said. He can't refute anything about it. He suspects that it is all true. He isn't certain about the repercussions of dying while in contact with a supreme law. After all, he is the first Legion to experience this. If he is certain that it won't affect Legion, then he will try his best to die.

But if it will affect Legion as CARNAGE said, then his death will be problematic for Legion. CARNAGE might be lying about its grasp on his soul. CARNAGE might be lying about a whole lot of things and his worries might be unnecessary. But he doesn't know. So he must live.

"At least now, No Legion will take the risk of coming into contact with a demon god."

He truly wants to live so that he can play his part in helping Legion achieve perfection. As a clone with that obsession, he can only take solace in the fact that his current situation is not a total waste and that he has increased Legion's knowledge of the power of supreme laws.

He would like to do more, but he is currently shackled together with the demon god. He won't be able to help Legion in his situation despite being alive. Only a miracle can save him.

He doesn't believe in miracles normally. He believes that only strength reigns supreme. But in this situation, the power of a world god is the minimum needed to save him. Legion currently doesn't have that kind of power. That doesn't mean that he will give up though. He will continue to strive for perfection. When there is a will, there could be a way. And when there is life, there is hope.

He found a cave in the mountains just as the sun was about to come up. He entered the cave and collapsed it on himself. Then he took a look at his stats.

NAME: RAGNAROK (Legion-6)

RACE: ???

BLOODLINE: ???

TITLE: CHILD OF THE VIRUT PLANE

POWER LEVEL (BODY): ???

POWER LEVEL (SOUL): ???

PHYSIQUE: ???

HP: 100%

STAMINA: 100%

ENERGY LEVEL (BODY ): ???

ENERGY LEVEL (SOUL): ???

VITALITY: 1,000,000

ENDURANCE: 1,000,000

STRENGTH: 1,000,000

AGILITY: 1,000,000

POWER (DEATH ESSENCE): 0

PERCEPTION: 1,000,000,000

SPIRIT: ???

LIMITER (BODY): 0%

LIMITER (SOUL): ???

DIVINE SENSE (GRADE): ???

OTHERS

MANA AFFINITY: 0%

LAW AFFINITY: ???

ELEMENTAL AFFINITY (GRADE): BLOOD (DIVINE), DEVOUR (DIVINE), SLAUGHTER (DIVINE).

STATUS: Scrambled Existence.

He muttered to himself, "This is not an encouraging sight. This is not encouraging at all."

His situation can be surmised as a Scrambled Existence. His body is essentially corrupted while his soul is refusing to fuse with it during the process of becoming a transcendent.

There is a lot of unknown because of his scrambled existence. The system can't work well when his soul and body are so in disassociation. Through it all, there is good and bad news.

The good news is that the limiter on his body has been removed. It is probably because of the heart of Carnage or because he is partially a transcendent. He can finally use the full power of his soul. Unfortunately, he can't use any power of his soul right now because of his scrambled existence.

Another good news is that his physical stats have all reached 1,000,000. This is also mostly due to the heart of Carnage. All the paragons that he ate wouldn't have helped him much after gaining 100,000 stat

points in each of his attributes. The heart of Carnage then pushed it further. It could have been higher if his existence was not out of balance.

Chapter 992 Patience Tempers Greed.

Ragnarok said with a sigh, "Power corrupts and great power corrupts greatly."

His body has gained a lot of power but it is power that came through a shortcut and requires a sacrifice of his soul to wield. It is not a rare situation in the void universe for a great being to grant weaker beings power but it always comes with a disadvantage.

This kind of power will corrupt him so he won't have any of it. The fact that a mana entity like him has stats that rival lords of law and he can gain more doesn't tempt him at all. He is not happy about it. Even his greediness knows its bounds.

He thought back to the last time he was greedy and where it led him and he couldn't help but chuckle. It brought back memories of the taste of powerful flesh in his mouth.

"Greediness is bad but it is certainly enjoyable when it is going well."

He certainly enjoyed eating Gator and the other Executioners so it wasn't bad that he succumbed to his greed. But killing those paragons seems like a waste now. Their death is clearly of little use to him now that he has the heart of Carnage. The heart of Carnage also helped him to gain 9 tails. That means his divine ability will be able to reach its full potential.

The next bad news is that he lost his boost from POWER because of the modifications to his body. His forceful evolution removed the runes of power from his body and destroyed the anchor in his horn. His scrambled existence has also made it impossible for him to gain any more boost from his POWER stat. At least not in his current state.

That isn't the most important bad news. He has also lost his affinity to Mana and probably his connection to Laws too. He already knew that it was likely. But to have it confirmed like this despite his scrambled existence indicates how certain it is. He can recover his POWER stat but he might never recover from the disconnection to mana.

"I am not even one yet but I already hate being a Vampire," He said with certainty.

He is in an unnatural state of transition between life and death. Going back means death while going forward means enslavement to a demon god. He doesn't know what to do. But for now, he will hide and take things one step at a time.

Aeternus might become a demon god and the others might become world gods too. They will be able to help him defeat the demon god. He will just have to be patient and survive till then. CARNAGE is not the only one that can be patient. Patience is an important quality to have if one is to be greedy and smart.

Somewhere In The Lumen Plane.

A group of Warrogs just came out of a forest. They are exactly 23 in number. They look tired and worn out. Most of them spot scars from healed injuries here and there. Some are missing horns, eyes, arms, or even ears. This group of Warrog dragged their hooven feet along. They just came out of the forest into a green plain.

"Are we there yet, Boss?" One of them asked.

Lamplard replied, "We are almost there. It should be just past this hill."

This group of Warrogs is a pack. Lamplard is their leader. He is not an Alpha anymore. He is a pack leader now. He became a pack leader during the journey to find the Emperor of fairy tales.

This group of avengers has changed a lot after they left the mountain range. It has been 100 years now. Many of them have died. Some to old age. But that isn't the reason why their number which used to reach a thousand has fallen to 23 in number.

Warrogs are a social people with a strict social hierarchy. It is not natural to move around even in a pack. They will face several challenges and dangers that will weaken them and kill them. They also have low morale. Death is normal, but it has to count for something for it to be honorable or it will be a wasteful death.

These remaining Warrogs are not sure if all the deaths that they have witnessed will amount to anything. It is difficult to be excited when there is no substantial thing, be it a home or a family to fight

for. They set out to avenge the death of their loved ones but many people that should have lived have died for their aim of vengeance. Was it really worth it? That's what is on their minds.

All except Lamplard. He is a Warrog of unparalleled determination if there ever was one. The years of suffering and witnessing death have not cowered his bravery. It has only made him stronger. He is also sure that he will soon achieve his aim. They have gotten several misleading information that led them to a dead end but this particular attempt will surely work.

Lamplard said to himself, "I can feel that I am getting closer to the Emperor. Just a little more and I will meet them. Then Tesrat will be avenged."

He can feel himself getting closer to an Emperor or something that feels like an Emperor. The others can't feel it because they are not pack leaders like him. It is a special sense that seems to indicate something pulling him towards a more powerful variant of his race.

"Don't worry. We will certainly meet the Emperor this time." He said to his pack.

Someone grumbled. "You have been saying that for quite a while now."

Another one joined in. "You have said that several times and you were wrong."

He assured them. "I promise to let you go if you want to go after we look at the city. You don't need to continue looking if you are tired."

He is very sure that this settlement is where the Emperor can be found so he feels confident enough to promise them freedom and safety in the city. The group of Warrogs continued to walk despite their weariness. The promise of finally locating the Emperor and peace spurred them on.

Chapter 993 Routine Search.

They crest the hill past the plains and sighted a small city. They can see several Warrogs milling about both young and old. It seems to them that this city is a settlement for Warrogs. The group became excited immediately.

"I can feel it. We are very close." Lamplard said in excitement.

The others are also happy but they are happy for other reasons. They are happy that they have finally found a Warrog settlement where they can stay for a long time. It is good that they are finally reaching the Emperor here but they don't intend to leave this settlement no matter the outcome. This place will be their last stop no matter what.

Lamplard led his group into the city. Then they scattered to search for traces of the Emperor. They spent the entire day looking but they couldn't find any traces. The Warrogs of the city don't know about any Emperor. They have never heard any news or felt any indication of there being an Emperor amongst them.

So Lamplard was disappointed. It didn't help that he lost the sensation of the Emperor as soon as he entered the City. The same thing has happened every time he gets close to the Emperor. Unfortunately, there is nothing he can do about it. He decided to sleep over for the night and try to convince the others to continue the search the following day.

The dim day darkened into total darkness at night. Nighttime is the time for abominations and depravity. The forces of darkness came out to play in the night. A particular contingent of Vampires dug themselves out from the ground like the unnatural undead that they are. Then they moved wordlessly as one.

They have been doing what they are currently doing for years now. It is a routine at this point so there's no need to talk or waste time. They followed the trail left by Lamplard and his group of Warrogs. The light of the red moon and their excellent eyesight made the night as clear as day to them.

They are about 100 of them in number and they are being led by a Count. That's a powerhouse at the level of a king of law. The rest of the vampires are at least transcendent. That means none of them are fledglings.

This kind of force which has a minimum of 100 Barons, is orders of magnitude stronger than Lamplard and his rag-tag group of tired Warrogs. So it didn't take them an hour to cover up the distance that the Warrogs traveled in the whole day.

They came upon the settlement of Warrogs. It is less active now that it is nighttime. There are fewer Warrogs moving about. Most of them are sleeping. A few light sources can be seen here and there.



The leader said to the group, "You know the drill. Fan out and search the city. Report if you find anything suspicious. I want you back here in 10 minutes."

They indeed know the drill. So they scattered immediately and searched for their prey. The divine sense of each one of them is capable of covering most of the settlement since they are at least transcendents so one of them can search the city on their own. But they didn't do that. The settlement was separated into segments for each one of them to search and each segment was searched meticulously.

The Vampires used their sense for life to spot every living thing and they used their sense for vitality to search for any Warrog that might be special, unique, or extraordinary in any way. Powerful or special beings will have a lot of vitality due to the power that they are hiding within them.

It didn't take them 10 minutes to search the entire city even though they were slowed down by being careful. They moved like thieves, silent and unnoticed through the city. Each house was examined and searched without the inhabitants being any wiser for the breach of privacy. Then they returned to report their findings to their leader.

The leader of a squad of 10, a viscount said to their leader, "Count Desmond, we can't find anyone that might look an Emperor."

More Viscounts came forward with their reports. It was all the same thing. None of them found the Emperor. Others might think the Emperor is a fairy tale but they believe that it exists. So they have been searching for it. The failure to find it did not come as a surprise to the only count here. This failure has occurred several times in the past so they are somewhat numb to it.

Count Desmond asked the Viscounts, "Hmm. I must ask you this. Are you sure the entire city was searched carefully without any omission or mistake?"

He knows that he has been sent on a wild goose chase. He isn't the only team searching for the Emperor. The odds that he will find the Emperor are low even though the group that he is tailing is promising. Still, he has to ask to make sure that the entire city was searched so that he can report to his superior after doing his due diligence.

The Viscounts answered in the affirmative. They searched everywhere including the sewers. Basements and secret compartments didn't elude them. There is nothing stronger than a normal mana entity in the city. And that's the pack leader who they can snap in two like a twig. She is not Sauron by any means.

Count Desmond went on to report their findings as he has always done every night for the past 5 decades. He reported to his superior, a Marquis. The Marquis reported to a Duke and the Duke reported to the Primogenitor of their lineage.

He received a reply from his superior immediately which is quite odd. He became agitated because of the oddity but the message he received made him feel relief. He can even admit to being a little happy.

Chapter 994 Celebration Night.

It is a rarity for a vampire as old as him to be happy. Happiness is so rare to come by since his emotions have been dulled. The message is so good that he can smile right now but he kept his face devoid of any emotions. He remained calm as he addressed the Vampires waiting for him.

He said to his subordinates, "I have good news and great news. The good news is that tonight will be the last night of our mission. Word has passed down from the primogenitors to stop looking for the Emperor. Our mission is over."

Then he allowed himself to smile a little, "As for the great news, we are to wipe out this settlement and be on our way."

The Viscounts and the Baron couldn't help the smile that appeared on their face. It really is great news. They have immortal lives but it is not good to spend it on fruitless endeavors. Count Desmond saw the expression of happiness on their faces.

He thought to himself, "Ha, the excitement of youth. How I long to be young. I wish I wasn't a Secula."

He was selected for this mission because he is of the lineage of the Secula. Every vampire here is of the same lineage. They have the ability to remain intensely focused and attentive to a single activity for a period of years. Those of the Lineage of Secula have unparalleled determination. They never give up. But it also affects their other emotions. It causes their repertoire of emotions to deaden faster than the other vampires.

Their lineage makes them immune to pain and torture. And it makes them completely reliable when bestowed with a task. You can trust that they won't be distracted during a mission, become bored, or lose control over their thirst for blood. They will be faithful hound dogs that you can always count on. Tonight, these hound dogs will finally be let loose. It is a long time coming.

He said to them, "Let us feast gentlemen and ladies. Tonight we celebrate."

The Vampires returned to the city in glee. They remained silent as they crept into the houses. Some entered through windows and others through openings in the roof. They didn't need to but they did to maximize the utility of food. They have found out that the more work is put in to acquire food, the more satisfying it is.

The Vampires crept up to their oblivious prey and sank their fangs into them. Everyone they bite becomes alert immediately. No amount of sleep can mask that stab of pain. But their prey can't do anything but struggle uselessly.

The awakened Warrogs will feel too weak to move their limbs much less fight back. So they have to watch completely aware and in pain as life is drained out of them. The initial weakness increases slowly until it becomes too much for them to remain awake. They will then fall asleep again. The feeding on their life force will forcefully lull them back to sleep and further into the embrace of sweet death.

As for the Vampires, they savored the feeling of life-rich blood swirling in their mouth and swallowed it down their throat. They could have dulled the pain of their victims and even made the bite pleasurable. But they didn't. They wanted to feed on both the pleasure of their blood and the pain in their prey.

It is a joy unlike any other to drain the sweet life out of someone and watch them die. Many vampires lose themselves to it. They become ravenous beasts with unlimited cravings for blood. But never the vampires of the Secula. Control and focus is the advantage of their lineage. Their focus is so sharp that it can cut everything in their path if given form. Even their fledglings don't have any problems controlling their thirst.

So this Baron can surely stop anytime she wants. She can decide not to kill the person that she is feeding on. But she didn't stop at all because tonight is the night of celebration. She fed on blood until the last drop just as she had always done to the inhabitants of the settlements that Lamplard has visited in the past. This will be the last settlement so there is even less need to spare the lives of the inhabitants.

As for Lamplard, he was taken alive for interrogation by Count Desmond. The rest of his party were slain in their sleep. Lamplard was sleeping when he felt a cold touch on his face. He opened his eyes to see a fair maiden with glowing blood-red eyes looking down on him.

Her eyes glowed with a mesmerizing radiance in the dark. She has golden hair the colour of wheat that reaches her feet. The black cloak she is wearing does not cover up the beauty of her form. She is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen. She also looks like a wood elf so he knows that he is in deep trouble.

His eyes shot wide open immediately. He tried to speak but his intentions suddenly disappeared. His mind blanked out. He couldn't form coherent thoughts anymore. Trying to think was like grasping at straws. He doesn't even know who he is or where he is anymore. All he can see are two beautiful glowing red eyes.

An intrusive force delved into the depths of his scattered mind and imposed an external will on it.

"Tell me, what is your name?" Count Desmond asked him.

He answered without hesitation. "I am Lamplard."

"Where are you from?"

"I am from the Warrog settlement of the ice mountain range close to the north."

Count Desmond went on to ask several more questions. Lamplard answered every one of them truthfully to the best of his ability without holding back or hesitating. The questions were harmless at first. They were about him and where he came from. He was glad to answer them. He would do anything to please this fair maiden. So he didn't notice the deviation of the questions in his eagerness to be obedient.

Chapter 995 A Discarded Pawn.

The questions shifted to areas of his goal. What he hoped to achieve. Where he has been these past few years. Who he spoke to. How he knew where to go. What he felt when he approached this settlement. How sure he is that it is an Emperor that he is sensing. Where he is heading next. Lamplard answered every question and Desmond relayed the answers to his superior.

Desmond said to him after the peaceful interrogation. "Thank you Lamplard. You have been very helpful."

"It is my pleasure to serve." He replied with a sincere smile.

He is not pretending. It truly is a pleasure to serve. His mind is no longer burdened by any other thoughts. He is carefree now since he has to focus on just one thing. And that's answering the questions of a fair maiden. Who wouldn't want that for themselves?

Desmond nodded. "Good. Now turn your head to the side and expose your neck to me."

A sharp spike of resistance swept up in Lamplard's mind. To expose his neck is a sign of submission and willingness to accept death. He is not willing to accept death. His dampened emotions surged then. He realized that he has so much he still wants to do and people he wants to avenge. All of that will go up in flames if he dies now and all his efforts will be for nothing.

He tried to speak, "Tesrat..."

He could only say one word because while admirable that he could resist at all, unfortunately for him, the spike of resistance was too weak to be of significant help. He is a mana entity. There is no way he can resist the mental manipulation of a count.

It doesn't matter how powerful his determination is, how strong his will is, or how strong his obsessions are. Power is ultimate and he is lacking in power to resist the mental influence of an entity the equivalent of a king of law. He is weak. The weak are to be prey to the strong. So he turned his neck after hesitating briefly.

Desmond's eyes shone brightly in elation when he saw the hesitation. "This is going to be good." He said in anticipation.

He bit down and drained him of all his life. He was not disappointed. Resistance made his meal more enjoyable. Something about the flare of the preservation instincts of the prey makes the blood of the prey richer and more vibrant.

Lamplard died that night. He died as a bloodsucker complimented his blood. His hopes and dreams died with him too. He will not be remembered for what he has done. It is because he is weak and insignificant. Even if he was remembered, he would only be remembered as a fool who went in search of a fairy tale.

Lamplard failed. He was a weak pawn that has outlived his usefulness so he is not needed anymore. His death didn't occur in obscurity though. There are several individuals who noticed it. Some of them overlooked it but one couldn't.

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Fenrir was staying in a cave on a mountain. He was using his connection with his race to monitor them. It is one of the perks of being an Emperor. The connections to those who believe him in are especially strong. After all, he was the greatest emperor. He has been elevated to a godlike figure in their minds. This ability made sure that he was never bored in prison.

He saw Lamplard's moments. He could have helped the poor Warrog resist the compelling of the Count but he didn't. It wouldn't have changed anything either way. Lamplard was too weak and Fenrir was too far away to help. But that doesn't mean he will take the death of such an honorable Warrog lying down. Especially since this has been happening for quite a while now. Many Warrogs have died unjustly and he has been made to witness their deaths.

"This can't go on." He said with irritation and anger.

He stood up from his crouching position. Then he left the cave. He appeared outside and was hit with a flood of bright light. It is currently night time but it is as bright as the day here. He felt the heat as the light shone on him. It looks and feels like he is underneath the glare of a particularly bright summer sun.

Any vampire that comes close to this area will meet their end. It is a good protective measure against the invasion of the bloodsuckers. Wood elves use sun crystals to create this kind of situation but the Warrogs don't have sun crystals. They had to find their own way to produce sunlight in this forsaken plane. Only this settlement was able to achieve it. The other settlements are not so lucky.

Fenrir looked toward the source of light and sighed. He doesn't want to do what he is about to do but he feels that he must. He feels he must take a stand after what he just witnessed. So he ascended the mountain.

He said to himself, "Honor is not tested when it is easy. Honor is displayed when there is resistance. Honor is glorified in the presence of fear."

Only warriors that remain brave and honorable when they should be afraid are glorified. He is afraid but he will go. His form expanded rapidly to his full size as he climbed the mountain. It took him a much shorter time to reach the mountain top because of the increase in his stride. His cave is also high up into the mountain so the distance he has to cover is short.

He reached the mountaintop in less than a minute to find a familiar scene. The mountain top has been shaved off into a flat and smooth surface. Floating some distance above the flat surface is a bright star. It is a small yellow star and it will be considered microscopic when compared to normal stars in the void but this star is big for a source of light in this plane.

Chapter 996 Admonish And Be Admonished.

This star is the source of light that brightens the surroundings for kilometers. It is the bane of Vampires. Its light secures this mountain range from the plague that is the bloodsuckers. It is the aim of Fenrir's visit.

He said to himself again, "Honor is glorified in the presence of fear."

Fenrir summed up his courage to get closer to the star. The star is not hot. It is just bright and difficult to look at. Its most intimidating feature is its size. Fenrir is already a great beast that stands at a height of 20 meters from his shoulder to his paws. But even he looks small compared to this star. This star is also stronger than him so he has more cogent reasons to be careful of his words other than a difference in size.

He started, "Greetings, Emperor..."

He was interrupted immediately. "Are you here about the death of Lamplard?"

The Emperor's voice was calm. It was smooth and without pressure. It is also feminine.

"Yes." He replied carefully. "I am here about his death. I am also here about the death of his group and the settlement he..."

He was cut off again.

"Do you think my methods unsavory?" The Emperor asked with the same calmness.

That question gave Fenrir pause. He does think her methods are unsavory. He thinks her methods are treacherous. He thinks she is dishonorable for what she did. He clearly has a lot to say about what she did but saying it out loud like that can be offensive so he restrained himself.

A smile tugged at his lips. "Look at me being all careful and cautious." He thought to himself.

He chuckled inwardly when he realized that he had paused for quite a while now. He has been silent while reviewing his options. It amused him that he could be so cautious because he was never one for being tactful and careful.

He has always been boisterous and outspoken, but his years in imprisonment have sobered him. It is not the years of imprisonment that did most of the work in tempering his temper. He is mostly careful now because he went through his imprisonment and the suffering of it because he was boisterous and incautious enough to open a gate that he was ignorant of its destination.

He, the greatest emperor of Warrogs, brought upon the Warrogs the calamity that almost wiped them out and relegated them to being a subdued race. That fact will always haunt him. Now he thinks things through before saying them.

He is also not the strongest Warrog anymore and he is nowhere close to being the strongest being in the plane so it is best to be humble. Hence his hesitation.

The star got impatient. He has been silent for too long so the Star said, "Don't mince your words with me Fenrir. Say whatever you want to say. I know what you think of me. You think that I am a disgrace to the race. You think that I have forsaken the interests of my people for the other races. You think I have no morals and that I am unscrupulous like an Executioner. Say your thoughts or be gone from me."



Fenrir sighed instead of lashing out. He felt a twinge of anger for being spoken to like that. But he reined it back. He would have certainly created a scene were he a young pompous Emperor.

Instead, he spoke calmly, "You know my thoughts on the matter. I don't think you should have done what you did. You are an Emperor. Your duty is to protect your people and make them prosper. But you're using them as bait and disposable pawn."

The star retorted, "You are wrong, old Fenrir. My duty is to the plane."

Fenrir finally snapped. He yelled at the star, "What about your people?"

His voice didn't calm down. He was still shouting as he spoke, "They suffer all over the plane but here you are doing nothing. Instead, you use people looking for salvation as bait. They had faith in you. They searched for you for over a hundred years but you led them on. Have you no pity? Have you no mercy? They suffered for you but you just discarded them like chewed-up bone."

The star didn't get angry because of his outburst.

She stated without remorse. "What I do, I do for the good of the plane. You can not understand. Your vision is limited and your perspective is skewed. I am the child of the plane and not just the Emperor of Warrogs. Everyone in the plane is my subject including the wood elves. I have to consider everyone equal."

"But," Fenrir tried to speak.

"I am not done." The Star interrupted him with a raised voice.

Her voice is raised but it is still delicate. It is like raising the loudness of a musical note. It is still pleasant on the ears and not grating to listen to. She said in that pleasing voice, "The fate of the many is greater than the fate of the few so I sacrificed the few to buy more time for the many. It is something that I must do in the face of the calamitous threat that we face. Even your patron, the fountain of life cannot hope to match the Supreme of Carnage. I do what must be done so that the entire plane can survive."

Fenrir finally got to say what he wanted to say, "But there is more to life than survival. There is honor and respect. Without those, then we are no different from rabid beasts."

The star retorted calmly, "All is fair in war, and make no mistake of it, we are at war."

That didn't sit right with Fenrir. It didn't sit right with him at all. It rubbed him in a very wrong way. So he started, "You are not worthy of..."

"SILENCE!" The star roared at him in anger.

Chapter 997 We Are At War.

Her voice is no longer pleasant to listen to. It is now chilling to the bone. The brightness of the star formed a sharp contrast to the chill that her presence was emitting.

The star continued to speak. "You better be ready for the full consequence of your next words because I shall not hold back if you say them. I shall not hold back to punish you for any disrespect to my person."

The star was changing as it spoke. First, it expanded. It seemed to balloon in size. Then it unfurled to reveal its true nature. The spherical covering around the star separated into 9 great tails.

The tails are so large that they give the impression that the star is very big. Those tails are attached to a smaller being. It is a giant yellow-furred fox about 50 meters tall but her tails are much longer.

Other Warrogs have rough and rugged forms like those of bulls but this one has the form of a fox. She also has two white great antlers on its head instead of horns and she has hooves for all four of her feet instead of paws on her front limbs to further differentiate her from other Warrogs.

This great beast was floating in the air and looking down on Fenrir as it rebuked him. Her 9 tails moved around as if moved by the wind. The light in the surroundings is coming out of her. That's why she looks like a star. She is a thing of ethereal beauty and form but none of that beauty can be seen now. Chilling anger is radiating outwards from her. The stern look in her glaring white eyes is very intimidating.

"You should know your place Fenrir. The world is bigger than what you think. Notions of honor and respect are for those who care about the opinions of others. The opinion of others does not matter right

now. We are on a sinking ship. I am doing everything I can to keep the ship afloat. That includes tossing over unnecessary cargo."

"You do not need to respect me or like me for it. I do not need that from you. But you will watch the words you speak to me. This world is bigger than you. I am bigger than you. Do you understand me?"

The two Emperors stared at each other for a while. None of them relented until Fenrir spoke.

"They had hope and you threw away their hope. They had faith in you but you disregarded their faith. Hope is precious and Faith is fragile. Remember that. To lose it is to become no different from your selfish Executioner. He also sacrificed members of his race for power. Look how that turned out for him?" Fenrir said. Then he turned away.

He turned away and left back the way he came. He has said all he can say without jeopardizing his life. Rinoz knew of Lamplard's existence. She knew of his hopes and dreams. She knew what Ragnarok did to Lamplad and what Lamplad wanted from her. And yet she led him and his group on a wild goose chase. She used her connection with him to fool him. She led him by the nose all over the plane. He didn't know that he was being tricked by the being he had faith in.

Rinoz did the same to many Warrogs looking for their Emperor who was to save them. She did it to fool the Vampires and keep herself hidden while she grew in peace. She didn't need to. The light she produces is enough to protect her from the Vampires. But she wanted to be extra sure of her safety. After all, Vampires wield more power than their undead selves. And those sources of power are not vulnerable to light.

It is a smart thing to prioritize personal safety. But that's not the only reason why she did what she did. She doesn't want to expose her ability yet so that the Vampires won't be able to find a way to counter her. So she sacrificed Lamplard for her protection.

It was not only Lamplard that was sacrificed. All the Warrog settlements that Lamplard passed by when searching for the Emperor were also raided by the Vampires. They too were killed. The Emperor who is supposed to save and protect them actually led predators to their doorstep so that they would be killed in their sleep.

Fenrir doesn't like what she did at all. Rinoz may be smart but she is dishonorable and wicked. Sacrifice is inevitable in war but she didn't need to make the sacrifice she did. She simply wanted to for assurance. That is not a trait that an Emperor should have.

He is rightly angry, but he can't stop the sacrifices from happening because he is not strong enough to sway her. And he is certainly not strong enough to stop her. That is despite not being a weakling himself.

He looked through this weird construct that appeared when he was in prison. It tells him his strength which is a good thing, but at first, he thought he was going mad. It is only now that he knows that it is not unique to him. Almost, everyone in the realm has it.

NAME: FENRIR

RACE: WARROG

BLOODLINE: NONE

TITLE: HERALD OF THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE

POWER LEVEL: KING OF LAW.

PHYSIQUE: SOUL-BODY

HP: INFINITE

STAMINA: INFINITE

ENERGY QUALITY: Origin Energy.

ENERGY QUANTITY: 12,831,512

VITALITY: 151,784,924

ENDURANCE: 133,435,619

STRENGTH: 174,725,771

AGILITY: 118,382,734

PERCEPTION: 109,298,451

SPIRIT: 111,843,293

POWER: 101,093%

AMPLIFICATION: 100

DIVINE SENSE (GRADE): 100,000 (C)

OTHERS

MANA AFFINITY: 60%

LAW AFFINITY: 10%

ELEMENTAL AFFINITY (GRADE): EARTH (RARE), DEVOUR (EPIC).

LAWS:

EARTH: 100%

DEVOUR: 41%

STATUS: Disappointed And Angry. The debut release happened at N0v3lBiin.

It is obvious that he is not the weak obsolete Emperor he made himself look to Ragnarok. He is a king of law and he could have released himself from the shackles in the prison without Ragnarok's help.

Chapter 998 Power Rating.

Fenrir is not the weak transcendent that he made himself out to be. He was also not in any danger when the mountain collapsed on him. He was alright after all, and he could have dug himself out had Xigger not saved him.

If Ragnarok knew the true depths of the Emperor's power, then he wouldn't want to be anywhere near him. Then they wouldn't be able to speak and the Emperor won't be able to sell him on the idea of becoming a herald to the fountain of life.

It is not Ragnarok's fault that he was fooled. He is cautious enough. But he relies on his perception and his perception can be fooled. Those who are proficient with the law of life are especially good at concealing the aura and signs of life. Ragnarok didn't know he was digging into the body of an ice golem and he didn't know that the Emperor he was speaking with was a king of law.

Legion is usually sensitive to such things but Ragnarok is up against a worthy foe this time around. His foe could even fool Xigger and the demon god so it is not his fault that his perception was fooled. He is just outmatched.

The difference in power rendered his caution and his knowledge about the ability to hide life signs irrelevant. He was oblivious to the trickery because they meant him no harm. There was no danger so his intuition didn't sense anything out of place. The fountain of life truly accounted for everything to fool him.

Gehaldirah used to mask his life aura too. It is a technique that he uses with his concept of life to imitate the ability to hide that those with the concept of darkness have. The tree father can do it too and he did

it to great effect in the Zargoth plane. Zernon was frustrated mightily by their antics. It is their turn to be frustrated now.

Ragnarok doesn't know who is watching him, only that he is being watched. The fountain of life can be very close to him and he wouldn't even know. If he couldn't determine the strength of the Emperor who was right in front of him, then he wouldn't be able to identify the fountain of life that hid the life aura of the Emperor even if he were looking right at it.

It is obvious now that the Emperor is not a weakling. He has stats that are at least 10 times the amount that a king of law who has only comprehended one law should have. He has the stats of the weakest Sovereigns of law. It would be accurate to say that he has done well for someone without a royal bloodline.

Other transcedents would have been stagnant all these while in a plane without Origin energy but he used all the time that he had to himself and the origin energy he got from the fountain of life to comprehend laws.

Ragnarok couldn't have suspected him of being a king of law. Someone without origin energy can't comprehend or use laws. He didn't know that the Emperor was already a representative of the fountain of life. The title of Heraldry granted the Emperor origin energy and life energy which boosted his Stats to an extraordinary level.

If not for Fenrir's poor talent and low connection to laws, he would be stronger as a result of the more than 100 origin cycles that he has lived. Poor connection to laws is not unusual in races with paragons. It is a detriment to having connections with other members of their race and getting a boost from it. That connection obscures their connection with the world.

Emperor Fenrir has the same amount of Authority one will see in a king of law who has comprehended one law. But he also has his boost from his POWER stat which normal kings of law don't have. As he is, he has a power rating of  $10^{13}$ . That is gotten from multiplying any of his stats, by his Authority, and his boost from his POWER stat.

A normal but talented Sovereign will have a stat around 1,000,000,000 and an Authority of 10,000 which will result in a power rating of  $10^{13}$ . That means it will take a fairly powerful Sovereign of law to match Fenrir in power. That is a spectacular amount of strength for a king of law. But he has to walk away from Emperor Rinoz, who is a transcendent, without initiating a fight because of the fear for his life.

Emperor Rinoz has been blessed. If there is such a thing as a child of destiny, or a child of heaven, or a child of blessing, then it would be Rinoz. Rinoz is a paragon so she has the power stat and gains power from connections.

She is also the child of the plane. She, therefore, has a connection to every being in the plane. That means she is lucky to have boosts from trillions of connections. That is a tremendous amount of boost and a tremendous source of power.

As if that isn't enough, the Will of the plane also made a deal with the fountain of life so that Rinoz would get access to origin energy to comprehend laws and life energy to grow her stats. So it is not a wonder that a king of law who is a paragon and backed down from a fight with a transcendent.

Fenrir may have been the greatest Emperor, and even though the Warrogs are dregs of what they used to be in their heyday both in terms of quantity and quality, he never stood a chance against someone as special as Rinoz.

He still wouldn't be able to match her if the population of Warrogs suddenly exploded from their meager numbers of a hundred million to billions and they formed an Empire with him. It is because Rinoz will grow stronger too with the increase in the population of Warrogs. It is but a losing game for anyone to compare to her.

Chapter 999 Enemies On Both Sides.

Emperor Rinoz snorted delicately after Fenrir left. Two streams of steam were ejected out of her nose.

"What an old coot set in his ways." She muttered to herself.

She is powerful and proud. She has the right to be. It is not baseless confidence or delusional arrogance. She is truly a force to be reckoned with. But she lied when she said she didn't care about the opinions of others. She doesn't care about the opinion of most people but she cares about those of two people. One of them is Fenrir.

The other person she admires is the fountain of life who gave her access to such a powerful energy and helped her to grow up faster. She is just a little over 200 years but she was able to become a transcendent while those born at the same time as her are mostly dead or dying because they have reached the end of their lifespan.



The best of her age mates are mana entities. That is nothing compared to her. This is thanks to the fountain of life. Fenrir may not have had such a large impact on her life but she admires him for what little he has done.

She is a child of the plane. But she is first and foremost, an Emperor of Warrogs. She grew up hearing about the tales and exploits of Emperors. It was Fenrir who raised her. He told her about the good old days of the Warrogs. He told her about how the plane belonged to them and about how they could trample anywhere.

The stories she heard were not diluted fairy tales. She heard them from someone who witnessed them firsthand. She also heard them from someone who is arguably the greatest Emperor of all time. Fenrir's feats are still being told to this day. The Warrogs still believe in him. She better than anyone knows that what he told her is true.

Fenrir is so great that he has not been forgotten even though he has not been seen in millions of years. That's partly due to the fact that he is still alive. Somehow, the Warrogs know deep down that he is still alive and that he will come to liberate them.

He failed them with his absence all these years. But then he trained her to be his protege. So all that expectation has now fallen onto her.

His feats might not be enough for her to respect and adore him. But the fact that he managed to acquire 8 tails certainly cemented her respect for him. She has had the best things possible just for her to have the maximum amount of tails. Fenrir didn't have the luxury she is enjoying but he still turned out extraordinary. So she cares a lot about what Fenrir thinks about her.

It might be the fact that she is still a young Warrog. She has not lived up to 300 years and she has spent most of that time hiding. The person she has met most of the time is Fenrir who trained and raised her. So her life experiences can be called lacking. It will certainly explain why she wants to make Fenrir proud of her.

And more than that, she wants the Warrogs to be proud of her. She wants to be renowned with tales of her feats being told across several generations. But she can't prioritize that wish. She is not only an Emperor. She can't just go about doing whatever she wants just for the sake of the Warrogs and their adoration for her.

The plane is in danger and the hope of the plane rests upon her shoulders. She has to think about the bigger picture. And that means prioritizing her life above everyone else. If she doesn't, then she will be risking the loss of hope for the liberation of the plane.

Her life is precious. It is certainly more precious than any Warrog, no matter how many years they spend looking for her and no matter how desperate they are in their search for her. She definitely can't let them find her. That will lead the Vampires to her.

It is true that she could have done nothing. She could have just watched as the vampires followed the clueless Warrogs searching for her. But she decided to take advantage of the situation. Rather than watch Lamplard waste his life away on a wild goose chase, she used him and the other Warrogs looking for her to lead the Vampires around. It is all so that there won't be any chance of her exposure right now.

Things have to be considered carefully before she can expose herself to the world. As things are right now, the wood elves have to be placated or they will turn on her if she reveals herself to the world.

Vampires consider Warrogs food and they consider her an enemy to their subjugation of the plane. Those are non-personal and logical reasons for their enmity. But Wood elves hate Warrogs with a passion.

Her enemies will be both the Vampires and the wood elves if she is exposed now. So the other representatives of the fountain of life have been working to convince the wood elves through the council of Sovereigns about the benefit of having an ally in a Warrog Emperor.

It might seem like a good idea to accept any help that they can get. But help from a hated enemy who is also strong enough to threaten them and make the Warrogs rise up is a very bitter pill for the wood elves to swallow.

The Heralds of the Fountain of Life have held a conclave to allow her to reveal herself. This conclave started when Fenrir escaped from his prison over a hundred years ago. The Vampires failed to catch him because they underestimated his strength. The wood elves that were in pursuit of the vampires also saw him and they failed to apprehend him. But his appearance revealed to them the existence of a hidden force of Warrogs. The debut release happened at NOv3lBiin.

## Chapter 1000 Keep Running.

The wood elves think that no Warrog paragons exist. They are angry with Warrogs and would like to harm them in one way or the other but they can't. They have to remain content with the knowledge that the Warrogs can never rise up again. Imagine their surprise when they found Fenrir.

The fact that Fenrir has existed since ancient times has not made the wood elves amendable to the cooperation of the two races. He was supposed to be dead. They were told by the representatives of the fountain of life that all the paragons of the Warrogs were dead. But it turned out that the wood elves were living a lie.

The trust of the wood elves in the fountain of life and its representative is at an all-time low. It doesn't help the Vampires claim that a lot of the ancient paragons were alive until recently. While there is no certain proof of that claim, the fact that an ancient Emperor is still alive, or worse the revelation that all the ancient paragons were alive until recently will invalidate the reason for the civil war among the wood elves.

The major reason why the dark elves seceded from the wood elves is that the dark elves wanted to use their divine ability to siphon life from the Warrogs. The dark elves couldn't devour power from anything like the Warrogs can but they can absorb power from living things. So they wanted to keep the paragons alive and use them as sources of power.

The ancient paragons were to be turned into living engines to farm power. But the Heralds of the Fountain of Life said that it wasn't allowed and that the paragons should be killed. The imposition of their moral views on the dark elves made them resist and separate from the surface.

So the revelation that the Heralds actually lied is not a good thing at all. The situation has only gotten worse when the fountain of life kept the existence of an Executioner secret only to reveal it now that the Executioner has fallen into the hands of the Supreme of Carnage.

She and Fenrir have been kept hidden for their safety since then. This mountain range has been hidden by the fountain of life so both the Vampires and the wood elves won't be able to find her easily. She won't be able to show herself until the issue with the wood elves has been resolved. So she and Fenrir continued to wait. They didn't receive this go-ahead until 12 years later.

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Back To Ragnarok.

He is running for his life. His clawed feet scrambled around the ground seeking purchase as multiple explosions rang around him. The ground beneath his feet is breaking up so it is difficult to run. He also can't run in a straight path or he will make it easy for him to be targeted. He has to zig-zag to avoid the vines erupting from the ground and trying to trap him.

The Vines are responsible for making the ground so perilous. Their forceful movement through it is breaking it apart. If they manage to snag him once, then he will be done for. He doesn't have a divine sense anymore so the best he can do is zig zag. But that's the least of his problems.

The threat of the Vines is slowing him down. It is making his pursuers catch up to him. There are plant soldier puppets with all sorts of weapons chasing after him. There are also green-skinned wood elves in the sky flying after him in pursuit. He is surrounded by danger on all sides. The Vines are the least of his problems.

"Keep running. They are almost here." The voice in his head yelled.

He kept quiet and kept running. He is running as fast and as carefully as he can. He would surely be able to escape faster if he could fly. Unfortunately, he can't. Not in his currently scrambled state. So the wood elves are gaining on him.

Kings of law are currently chasing him. He is nowhere fast enough to escape or strong enough to fight them. But he ran anyway because he didn't want to die.

Behind him is an ocean of weaponized plants. In the front lines of his pursuers are the Vines. There are so many of them that they look like a large wave rushing to submerge him. It might as well be a large moving forest of vines seeking to submerge him.

Each vine is as thick as a tree and they are surely strong enough to snap him in two if they get a hold of him. And there are thousands of them rushing after him. They tear up the ground and make the earth quake as they rush after him.

Behind the wave of vines are the plant soldier puppets. They are trees with limbs and wings that enable them to run or fly. There are tens of thousands of them. Each one is no more than 2 meters tall so they don't look intimidating to his 50-meter figure despite the shields and spears or swords that they are carrying with them. But their strength lay in their numbers. He will be doomed if they surround him.

Behind the plant soldiers are the wood elves themselves. They are very far away from the plant soldiers. The Vines and plant soldiers were created at the edge of their domain. The wood elves are very far from him so they created the Vines to attack him from afar. They wouldn't need the Vines soon because they are quickly catching up to him. But they still have the Vines and that's very bad for him because the closer they get to him, the closer the Vines are to him.

The demon god encouraged him again, "Just a little more and they will get here."

He didn't need to be told for him to notice when help finally arrived.