

The Witch 721

Chapter 721: Princess Dana

As panic, death, and fear spread throughout the imperial capital of the Great Ratholos Empire, brave warriors desperately fought to protect their families and guide them away from the crimson light domain.

After the black bats suddenly ignored them and flew away to a concentrated location, their hearts ignited with hope and joy.

"The bats are leaving? Quick! Let us depart this place immediately!" a bald warrior urged his wife and children to leave the house and follow him.

Shortly after they came out, the bald warrior picked up one of his sons to unburden his wife before he grabbed his wife's hand and pulled her along as they fled the area.

"Why are the bats all going over there, Daddy?" the bald warrior's son asked while getting carried.

However, the bald warrior didn't have an accurate answer to provide.

"I don't know, Son. However, it's probably not something good. We better leave as far as we can from the danger," the bald warrior stated with a grave look.

Meanwhile, screams and shouts from other families in the residential area could be heard in the background.

"The bats are gone! Come on! We have to hurry and leave! They might come back anytime!"

"That's right! This place isn't safe! It's too close to that wall of red light! But where can we go?!"

Rumble...!

Just as the people were lost and confused, the tremors caused by numerous heavy footsteps were shortly heard.

Moments later, a large group of imperial soldiers arrived in the residential district.

"The imperial army is here! Everyone should head south to the Martial Hall for shelter and safety. The Martial Hall's doors are open to all women, children, and elderlies!"

"Please follow the instructions of the imperial soldiers along the way and move in a quick but orderly fashion! Do not push or shove the people beside or in front of you! Anyone failing to follow orders will be punished!"

Many people wished to jump the queue and get ahead of everyone else. After all, the lives of other people were never as important as their own.

However, the imperial soldiers' intimidating auras forced the ordinary people to comply. Order was enforced and preserved with force and pressure.

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Meanwhile, the Martial Hall welcomed countless streams of people who had fled their homes near the crimson light domain.

The Martial Hall was one of the few places with magical enchantments and formations to protect it from outside threats. Moreover, it had a large gathering of warriors. Thus, it was one of the safest places to be.

Weak creatures of darkness like the Vampiric Demon Bats could not break its protective barrier.

Alas, although the Martial Hall occupied vast lands, it was quickly filled when millions of people flocked towards it. People pushed and squeezed through even after the Martial Hall hit its capacity limit.

Order quickly declined, and chaos spread like wildfire within moments.

"Everyone, please stop! The Martial Hall is full. Please head to the next emergency shelter to find refuge from the disaster," a melodious, charming voice said amidst the chaos, informing everyone of the Martial Hall's situation.

However, it was quickly disregarded and drowned in the sea of desperation and outrage.

"What do you mean the Martial Hall is full?! The Martial Hall is so big! How can there be no more room?!"

"That's right! There will be a lot more room if we all squeeze in together! Don't listen to this person's nonsense! Others can enter, but we can't? I don't buy it!"

"Keep pushing, everyone! We will surely get in!"

Even with imperial soldiers around, the imperial capital was littered with death and danger. Even if other places could act as emergency shelters, people would rather squeeze into the one in front of them than head to the next one.

After all, who knew how long they would have to travel to reach the next one?

Furthermore, no one knew what danger awaited them on the road either. They could be potentially killed along the way.

"Please listen to me, everyone! There really is no more room! You are hurting the people inside if you keep pushing!" the melodious, charming voice became more frantic as a beautiful young lady of high status tried to convince the people outside the Martial Hall's entrance.

"I don't believe you! Why are you trying to stop us? Do you want to watch us die outside?!"

"That's right! What right do you have to stop us from trying to get to safety?!"

People in the rear with no hopes of getting inside the Martial Hall started accusing the beautiful young lady, causing the imperial soldiers and martial warriors surrounding her to erupt angrily.

"Ridiculous! You are in the presence of the Third Imperial Princess, Princess Dana! Show some respect, Peasant! Such insolence can get you beheaded!" a captain-level imperial soldier barked.

Meanwhile, the male martial students at the Martial Hall were even more furiously.

"What kind of rubbish thing are you?! How dare you disregard our goddess like so?! Do you think the Martial Hall's doors are open to just anyone?"

"Hmph! You can forget about entering! You are banned from ever setting foot into the sacred grounds of the Martial Hall! Either you all fuck off right this instance, or eat my fist and get sent off by me!"

"Ha, Second Martial Brother, you are too kind. These insects from god-knows-where were so brazen to our respectable Third Princess. Even if we break their legs, it wouldn't be enough!"

As the belligerent, thug-like group of martial students furiously spoke with threats of violence, the disorderly crowd cowered in fear.

"Forget it... Let us leave," an intimidated woman said to her husband with a helpless sigh before quietly adding, "It's best if we don't get involved with the Third Princess."

Among the seven imperial princesses, Princess Dana possessed the most infamy despite her angelic-like, kind, and gentle half-Solaran beauty.

Princess Dana had an appearance that could melt frozen hearts and a voice that could soothe one's soul. However, she also possessed inhuman brute strength capable of cowing stubborn warriors into submission.

She was a witch, but she trained in the martial way and was even quite accomplished in it.

That was why the martial students respected her.

"This... Alright," the woman's husband consented after recalling the rumors about Princess Dana.

Chapter 722: Princess Dana (2)

Shortly after the crowd recognized Princess Dana's status, the disorder and chaos quickly died.

No one had the courage to continue causing trouble in her presence, especially not after the imperial soldiers and martial students made their stances clear to them. Anyone with their brain screwed on properly wouldn't do so.

After all, disrespecting Princess Dana even after her status was made clear was equivalent to challenging imperial authority.

The normal punishment for challenging imperial authority was death by beheading. In the most severe cases, it was the execution of one's entire family and relatives. This was to reinforce imperial authority and quell rebellious hearts.

Nevertheless, Princess Dana was kind and reasonable as she appeared to those who knew her. Her infamy only came from her choice to pursue the martial way against all opposing views on the matter.

After all, the martial way was the warrior's path – the path of men.

Women who awakened their witch powers should join the Sacred Tirtha and learn the art of healing and treating diseases. At the very least, that was the norm for women until the imperial capital turned into a shithole due to the vampire outbreak.

Nevertheless, contrary to expectations, Princess Dana did not become unsightly from training the martial way; she did not become a muscular giant like most warriors.

In fact, she retained a slender body with toned muscles and silky-smooth skin. One could even argue that pursuing the martial way had enhanced her beauty instead.

Despite that, men also considered Princess Dana undesirable. As such, Princess Dana was still unwedded at a hundred years of age.

After all, she was a Peak-stage Senior Witch with a body comparable to Mid-Rank 4 Body Refiners. Furthermore, the combination of magic and brute strength made her power comparable to Peak Rank 4 Body Refiners.

If not for the limitation of magic development in the Great Ratholos Empire, she could have been even more powerful.

No warrior wanted to have a wife more powerful than them, as doing so would make them the joke of the city. People would belittle their strength and question their masculinity at home.

Such disgrace and humiliation wasn't something a proud warrior could endure, nor were they willing to experience.

On the other hand, the few men who actually desired Princess Dana for her strength and beauty lacked the qualifications to enter her eyes or win her hand in marriage. They were mostly weak men without prospects.

"Since everyone has become cooperative, please follow the instructions of the soldiers. They will point you to the next closest emergency shelter and escort you there," Princess Dana directed with a sweet smile.

Many unmarried men were immediately charmed by her. However, they quickly shook their heads as they recalled who she was.

When Princess Dana smiled, she was like a saintly angel. But when she was angry, she was also different from an asura from hell. This illusion was especially vivid due to her blonde and scarlet hair, which gave her a wild and rebellious impression.

Strong men didn't want her, and weak men couldn't handle her.

As the excess crowd slowly dispersed from the Martial Hall's entrance, a small group of Wyvern Riders arrived to see Princess Dana.

"Your Highness, please come with us. His Imperial Majesty has instructed us to escort you to Dragon Palace for safety," the leading Wyvern Rider respectfully informed.

"Why do I need to be escorted to safety?" Princess Dana frowned, evidently unhappy with the arrangement. "Am I someone who needs to hide away in the comfort of safety? I can stay and fight!"

"Your Highness, please don't make things difficult for me," the Wyvern Rider pleaded, helplessly adding, "I am only following the will of your father, the emperor."

"Everyone is scared and afraid without knowing what is happening," Princess calmly mentioned before her gaze turned sharp with gloom and graveness. "Despite that, I've been doing my best to calm everyone and control the situation here."

"And yet, before I get to learn anything further about the situation, my father wants to send me away? How is that acceptable?" Princess Dana voiced her objection.

She was an imperial princess of the Great Ratholos Empire, the holy land of warriors. She could have lived a luxurious and simple life like her sisters. However, she had decided to pick up the sword and pursue the martial way—all to acquire strength to become a leading figure who could safeguard her country.

Now that the empire was experiencing a crisis unlike before, the strength she desperately pursued could finally show its worth in such a time of need.

To flee to safety at such a crucial time was equivalent to spitting on her sense of responsibility and everything she had worked for.

"This..." The Wyvern Rider didn't know how to respond as he experienced a dilemma.

Even if he really tried to carry out the emperor's will by force, he might not necessarily succeed since Princess Dana could rival him. He might even lose if he wasn't careful.

"I understand your position and difficulty, but you must also understand mine," Princess Dana calmly stated before adding, "You should know that it is also meaningless to try convincing me to leave with you. I will not shy away from danger and my responsibilities."

"However, you don't have to worry about failing my imperial father's orders. He will not fault you since I am the one defying his will. In any case, I have always been regarded as the rebellious child in the family. Since when have I not defied people's expectations?"

"If you know anything about the real situation, please tell me and enlighten us all. There's no point keeping me in the dark. I won't be able to help if I don't know anything," Princess Dana sincerely requested shortly after.

Her words quickly won the Wyvern Riders over, as they admired and respected her desire to fight for her country.

Even if she was a woman, she had the bearing of a true leader.

"Understood, Your Highness!"

The Wyvern Riders gave Princess Dana their most solemn salute as a sign of their respect and recognition.

Shortly after, the leading Wyvern Rider filled her in on the situation;

"The current situation is like this – Based on our current understanding, we know that the area covered by the crimson light has become part of Gehenna. Furthermore, it is connected to Evernight Domain, the territory of the Great Devil Abaddon."

"So far, most of us have only encountered the lowest-level creatures from the Evernight Domain. However, the situation is very dire. Our empire's experts are all locked in battle with powerful vampires, and they are losing."

"Moreover, we've received word that Great Devil Abaddon himself intends to descend on our world with his army of vampires. It's just a matter of time before the vampires overrun the city and take control of it."

"Although it all sounds unreal, and I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but this is most likely the worst possible event to have ever happened in the history of humankind, Your Highness."

Princess Dana's expression became unbelievably grim after she learned about the situation. She didn't think it was a reversible situation.

However, her eyes soon flashed with sharp killing intent.

Regardless of the final result, she was prepared to slaughter as many vampires as possible.

Chapter 723: Tenacious Will

Back in the Holy Knight Empire, Eniwse was prepared to leave after selecting her candidates for recruitment when Astoria suddenly received news of the Great Ratholos Empire's situation from Chaezi.

After Astoria relayed the news, Eniwse decisively dropped her original plans and decided to join the reinforcement army with Astoria.

In the Black Rose Kingdom, Henrietta soon finished mobilizing half of Blackthorn City's military force. She awaited word from the Red Dragon Clan to assist their deployment while Victoria recalled her search teams, intending to bring them into the upcoming battle.

Nevertheless, whether it was the Holy Knight Empire or the Black Rose Kingdom, their large-scale mobilization of troops quickly alerted the spies hidden within their countries.

Before long, even the neighboring countries were alarmed by their movements, prompting them to mobilize their own forces to guard against the potential invasion.

The Scarlet Flame Kingdom deployed five hundred thousand battle witches to the eastern borders.

On the other hand, the Divine League concentrated the forces of its twelve city-states in its northernmost territory, the Divine Sword City. Despite the short notice, it gathered a two-million-strong army to defend its borders.

However, their fears were unfounded.

The Divine League soon received words from their spies that the Holy Knight Empire's army had suddenly disappeared into thin air. Similar news from the spies in the Black Rose Kingdom was relayed to the Scarlet Flame Kingdom.

This buffer period of confusion gave the Divine League and the Scarlet Flame Kingdom a chance to consider their neighbors' real intentions.

If their neighboring countries were truly planning to launch sudden invasions on them, they would not have gathered their armies in their capital cities.

However, if those armies weren't mobilized for war against them, then what were they mobilized for?

More importantly, where did they go?

These questions prompted the Scarlet Flame Kingdom and the Divine League to investigate the matter seriously. The unknown gave birth to fear and unease. Thus, they had to know the reason.

Knowing nothing made them feel vulnerable.

During the vampire outbreak in the Great Ratholos Empire, the Black Rose Kingdom and the Holy Knight Empire were the first countries to learn about it despite being the most isolated from the Great Ratholos Empire.

However, it didn't take long before other countries started learning what was happening inside the Great Ratholos Empire.

Naturally, the first country to learn the truth besides the Black Rose Kingdom and the Holy Knight Empire was the Nine Kingdoms Alliance, situated south of the Great Ratholos Empire.

As its name suggested, the Nine Kingdoms Alliance was comprised of nine kingdoms that had allied with each other.

On the surface, they appeared to be an independent group with no other affiliations. But in truth, they were closer to the vassal kingdoms of the Great Ratholos Empire.

After all, they lost their talents to the Great Ratholos Empire all year round. Regardless of status, whether commoners or nobles, their talents rarely returned to their home kingdoms after heading there to train.

Nevertheless, after the Nine Kingdoms Alliance learned about the Great Ratholos Empire's situation, they did not choose to send support.

Instead, they cut off all routes to the Great Ratholos Empire and built blockades to prevent the potential threat from spreading to their lands. In their opinion, the Great Ratholos Empire was a lost cause; they were doomed to fall to ruin.

No existing power could possibly stop the Great Devil Abaddon and his army of vampires from overturning the Great Ratholos Empire.

Within the following twelve hours, the Nine Kingdoms Alliance quickly spread the news to the rest of Pangea like wildfire, hoping to receive aid in fortifying their border defenses.

After all, once the Great Ratholos Empire fell, they were likely next in line.

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As Emperor Varan was locked in battle with Kazamir, he did not know that the whole continent was already paying close attention to his country's situation.

However, he didn't have the spare energy to consider.

After fighting such a high-intensity battle with Kazamir for so long, he was exhausted in body and spirit. His sense of responsibility and willpower were the only things that kept him moving.

He couldn't fall; he wasn't allowed to fall.

His empire needed him.

"I think I've played around with you long enough, Human Emperor," Kazamir suddenly grinned and said, "I don't know what took the Blood Ancestor so long, but it seems he is finally about to descend since the rest of our people are coming."

Actually, Kazamir wasn't sure if Great Devil Abaddon was coming. However, he could sense many vampires emerging from the crimson light domain.

"Kekeke, our main vampire army is here," Kazamir rejoiced.

In fact, Kazamir wasted so much time on Emperor Varan because he didn't dare go anywhere else—at least not after seeing Vaan kill a high-ranking vampire with a single touch.

As such, Kazamir could only use Emperor Varan to bide his time until reinforcements arrived. Now that they did, he didn't need to play with Emperor Varan any further.

Peng!

Kazamir stopped pulling his punches and suddenly used more force, sending Emperor Varan smashing into the ground with a strong smack.

Given Emperor Varan's weakened state, the strong smack almost robbed his life. However, he persistently clung to life.

"Hmm..." Kazamir glanced at Emperor Varan thoughtfully before saying, "Alas, we did fight for so long, after all. Maybe I have grown attached, but it does seem like a pity to kill you now."

"I guess I'll let you live a bit longer to witness the fate of your empire, Human Emperor," Kazamir said magnanimously with a cruel smile.

Just as Kazamir turned to leave, he felt his ankle grabbed by Emperor Varan's dirty and bloody hands.

"Let go of your filthy hands, Human! I said, let go! Let go! Do you hear me?!" Kazamir said with disgust, stomping down on Emperor Varan's hands with his spare leg.

However, no matter how many times he stepped on Emperor Varan, the latter refused to let go, even when his hands turned into mangled flesh.

"Our fight isn't... over!" Emperor Varan spat with determination.

Kazamir was suddenly shocked by Emperor Varan's tenacity and strength.

"How could you still have this much strength? Where is this strength coming from?!" Kazamir exclaimed with disbelief, finding it unreal to see a half-dead human burst with greater strength than before.

At the same time, he could hear Emperor Varan's heartbeat becoming louder and more powerful!

Ba-dump! Ba-dump!

Chapter 724: Awakened Bloodline

As Emperor Varan's heartbeat grew louder, the blood coursing through his body became increasingly potent and violent. His skin turned red and hot as his physical strength soared with each beating moment.

At the same time, the texture of his skin changed as it became more rough and uneven, almost like scales were trying to protrude out of it. The skin color of these affected areas also turned brownish-red.

Suddenly, a burst of strength flooded Emperor Varan's body, prompting him to grab Kazamir's ankle with more force.

Roar!

In the next instant, Emperor Varan suddenly shot up to his feet. He hurled Kazamir away like tossing out the trash before letting out a mighty, inhuman roar.

Boom!

Kazamir crashlanded into an unstable building with incredible force before the entire structure crumbled to the ground, burying him underneath it.

Moments later, Kazamir burst out from the broken ruins and debris and locked onto Emperor Varan's altered figure with a solemn yet ugly expression as he studied the human's transformation.

The crash didn't particularly injure him, but it did cause him greater psychological damage.

To think he would be thrown away like garbage by a mere human...!

Hm?

"So that's how it is," Kazamir suddenly understood Emperor Varan's unexpected increase in strength. "No wonder you are a little stronger than the other humans I have seen. You've actually been transplanted with a wyvern bloodline!"

However, Emperor Varan didn't just transplant a wyvern bloodline into his body; he even awakened it!

The chance of that happening was even lower than the Red Wyverns awakening their bloodline! Even the Red Wyvern Ancestor had yet to awaken his ancestral bloodline of the dragons.

And yet, Emperor Varan managed to do it!

"Kekeke, this is so ridiculous!" Kazamir suddenly started laughing after recognizing his folly. "I was only playing around with you, but the act of forcing you to overcome your body's limits repeatedly ended up benefiting you!"

"Your luck is truly outrageous, Human Emperor!" Kazamir spat with envy.

However, upon further thought, Kazamir figured it might not necessarily be a bad thing that Emperor Varan awakened his wyvern bloodline.

After all, his blood had become more potent and desirable.

"Why don't you swear your loyalty to me and become my Blood Servant, Human Emperor? I will permit you to live under my wing," Kazamir offered, suddenly becoming amicable and friendly despite their earlier conflict.

Emperor Varan responded to Kazamir's offer with a fist to the face.

Although Kazamir saw Emperor Varan's incoming fist, his Blood Wall failed to block the attack. In the end, his Blood Wall shattered like glass, and the fist cleanly landed on his face.

Bam!

Kazamir was sent flying as his face caved in under the brute force.

Before Kazamir could recover mid-flight, Emperor Varan chased him like a raging mad bull and caught up, then smashed him into the ground with a powerful hammer kick.

The ground turned into a small crater under the impact.

However, that wasn't the end of Emperor Varan's attacks as he pounced on Kazamir's body at the crater's center. He brutalized the vampire with a barrage of fists that greatly deformed his face with every blow.

Emperor Varan didn't intend to stop his relentless assault until Kazamir's head burst beyond recovery. Every fist was packed with his full strength and aura, and the interval between his punches grew shorter as they became faster.

It was like Emperor Varan was on stimulants; he did not dare to rest or stop until he slaughtered his foe—for he did not know how long he could last with such strength.

After all, he may have awakened the wyvern bloodline, but he didn't recover from his accumulated injuries.

Although Kazamir wanted to fight back, he wasn't given a single chance to break free from the stun lock created by Emperor Varan's increasingly swift, concussive blows.

Fear and regret slowly seeped into his heart as Kazamir thought he might die.

With his vocal cords repeatedly destroyed by Emperor Varan's brutal fists, he couldn't even plead for his life. He could only convey the thought through his blood-soaked eyes, which painted his vision red.

Emperor Varan noticed Kazamir's pleading gaze, but his onslaught remained ruthless and relentless.

"Sorry, but you have to die. You fight the domination of your race while I fight for the survival of mine. We are not the same. Underestimating me is a mistake you will have to take to the grave with you," Emperor Varan said hoarsely.

The hope in Kazamir's eyes immediately dulled.

Sometime later, Kazamir stopped recovering from his wounds after Emperor Varan bashed his head in for the last time. He was killed in the most violent way possible.

Nevertheless, after confirming Kazamir's death, Emperor Varan immediately roared victoriously at the heavens.

'Finally dead!'

Emperor Varan thought before collapsing to the ground after using the last ounce of energy in his roar.

"Your Majesty!"

Imperial soldiers quickly rushed forward to secure his body and tend his wounds to the best of their abilities.

...

Meanwhile, Vaan continued to explore the effectiveness of his Boundless Sea and Sky Aura. Unfortunately, it was not as powerful as it used to be in the memories of his earliest past lives.

The endless cycles of reincarnations had chipped away at its power and reduced it to a meager fraction of its peak.

Whether the Boundless Sea and Sky Aura could be recovered to its peak was something Vaan had yet to figure out.

However, he could confirm that he shared an intimate relationship with all flying and sea-based life forms; they would not be hostile to him without a proper reason, regardless of their sentience level.

Furthermore, although he couldn't control them, it was still possible to tame them through effort.

In fact, anyone could tame wild creatures and beasts if they used the right method and put in the effort.

However, the difficulty and time were just greatly reduced for him.

'Any sky or sea regions considered dangerous in the past will just be a stroll in the backyard for me now,' Vaan mused.

Furthermore, the current Boundless Sea and Sky Aura was still a frightening summoning ability.

With the right conditions, it could start beast tides.

Chapter 725: The Vampire Army Arrives

Ding!

<Your proficiency with the Fourth Dimensional Sense increased>

<Your proficiency with the Fourth Dimensional Sense increased>

<Your proficiency with the Fourth Dimensional Sense increased>

<Your understanding of the Vampiric Demon Bat's language increased>

<Your understanding of the Red Wyvern Clan's language increased>

<Your understanding of Black Crows increased>

<Your understanding of Thunder Eagles increased>

<Your understanding of Storm Falcons increased>

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While staying in the eye of the black tornado of flying creatures, Vaan continued receiving countless system notifications. The flying creatures attempted to communicate with him.

They cawed, shrieked, screeched, and squawked for his attention, but the language barrier made it impossible for them to understand each other.

Without spiritual wisdom like the Red Wyvern Ancestor, their native beast language would remain unsophisticated and structured. They relied on more than just the basic power of speech to communicate, such as body gestures.

Nevertheless, their intentions became increasingly clear to Vaan as he was ever learning. It was only a matter of time before he completely understood them.

Although the flying creatures didn't understand why they were attracted to his aura, they found it soothing to be around him, like how spirits enjoyed staying in environments that aligned with their elemental nature.

No...

Perhaps the soothing warmth was closer to that of a child returning to their mother's embrace.

The Lord of Boundless Seas and Skies earned his divine title after he created countless seas and skies across Chaos and nurtured many more sky and sea-based life forms over many chaos cycles.

Even though the Lord of Boundless Seas and Skies wasn't the origin of all sky and sea-based life, he was not different from one due to his accumulated karma. As such, his aura extended to even sky and sea-based life forms he didn't create and nurture.

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In another location, the Red Wyvern Ancestor swooped down from the sky and landed next to the recovering emperor after finishing a difficult battle.

"Varan Boy, what on earth is that black storm? Do you have an idea? Several members of the younger generation in my clan have ignored my commands, and all joined that unknown formation," the Red Wyvern Ancestor mentioned.

"You ask me, but who do I ask?" Emperor Varan helplessly replied while his wounds were getting dressed and wrapped in bandages. He glanced at the distant black tornado and added, "I don't know what's happening, but for now, it doesn't seem to be a bad thing."

The large swarm of bats was the main source of problems behind civilian casualties. As such, whatever attracted the bats had also saved a lot of lives.

"I see. Even you don't know..." the Red Wyvern Ancestor fell silent for a moment before saying, "Even I am tempted to fly over there. It feels like I am being summoned, and I don't have any guard or reservation towards this feeling either..."

"It's rather concerning," the Red Wyvern Ancestor added with a frown.

Emperor Varan was surprised to hear the Red Wyvern Ancestor wanted to join the flying formation.

What kind of power could produce such an effect that even Demigods weren't immune to it?

"Perhaps the Red Dragon might know something," Emperor Varan thought.

The Red Wyvern Ancestor couldn't help but agree. If anyone knew something, it would be the Red Dragon Clan.

Nevertheless, the flying formation wasn't their most pressing concern.

"What are your plans, Varan Boy?" the Red Wyvern Ancestor inquired.

Emperor Varan pondered for a moment before saying, "For the time being, evacuating all the citizens from the affected area and setting up a line of defense are our main objectives."

"Based on my understanding, we've only been hit with Great Devil Abaddon's scouting parties. I'd hate to imagine what would happen once he descends on our world with his main force," Emperor Varan said with a sigh.

"Most likely, the imperial capital will fall under their control," the Red Wyvern Ancestor casually said.

"Right," Emperor Varan solemnly acknowledged before saying, "However, we will still resist them with all we have, even if it kills us. We can't give Great Devil Abaddon a chance to establish his foothold in our world."

"His descent will plague this world in an endless dark cloud of death and fear," Emperor Varan stated with a heavy expression.

"In that case, I suggest you reach out to the Red Dragon Clan and plea for help with your full sincerity," the Red Wyvern Ancestor suggested.

"I have already pledged my allegiance to Young Lord Kuvat, so I am not in a position to ask for anything that may not benefit Young Lord Kuvat and his clan. However, you are in a different position from me; only you can ask them for help. Perhaps, in this world, only their god has the power to help us overcome this disaster."

"However, if they can't send any more help, you can only request help from the other countries on this continent, though I doubt they can do much," the Red Wyvern Ancestor honestly thought.

"I have also thought of that, Wyvern Ancestor. However, the Red Dragons are all locked in fierce battles right now. It's difficult to find a chance to talk to them," Emperor Varan sighed.

In fact, it was only thanks to the Red Dragons' help that they could resist the vampires until now. Asking them for more help was rather shameless.

Even so, Emperor Varan had no other choice.

"As for the other countries... Forget it," Emperor Varan shook his head and said, "They won't help us. Humans are selfish beings. Once the word spreads, they will be too busy setting up blockades to contain the threat in our empire."

"I'll be plenty happy if they don't try to stab us in the back during these trying times," Emperor Varan added, strongly distrusting other countries.

"Interesting..."

Kuvat's sudden voice surprised the Red Wyvern Ancestor and Emperor Varan as his majestic body descended the area.

"Young Lord Kuvat!" the Red Wyvern Ancestor humbly greeted.

Kuvat acknowledged him before turning to Emperor Varan. With a domineering flair, he asked, "The Red Dragon Clan can help, but what is the Great Ratholos Empire willing to offer for our full help?"

"Oh?" Emperor Varan was startled momentarily before seriously replying, "Rather than what we can offer, what does the Red Dragon Clan want from us, Venerable Dragon?"

"Our god seeks to unite the divided human countries under his rule to combat Gehenna's threat. What do you think our god wants from you?" Kuvat calmly replied back.

Emperor Varan immediately fell silent.

He was about to make the most important decision in his life and possibly betray the trust of his ancestors.

However, the Great Ratholos Empire's current predicament didn't give them the luxury to negotiate. Stubbornness in keeping their pride and independence would only result in countless more deaths.

Furthermore, they had no right to negotiate, especially not in front of Kuvat, who had already gained the allegiance of their guardian beast.

Generally speaking, a third to half of the Great Ratholos Empire was already under the Red Dragon Clan's control.

"I am willing to represent the entire Great Ratholos Empire and swear our allegiance to your god if your Red Dragon Clan is willing to help us tide over this disaster, Venerable Dragon," Emperor Varan decisively declared before suddenly, "However, since you speak for your god, does that mean your god intends to intervene personally?"

When Kuvat heard this question, he immediately laughed and said, "Our god is already helping you. Who do you think is currently stopping the bats from feasting on your people?"

"This..."

Emperor Varan and the Red Wyvern Ancestor glanced at the black tornado in the distance before staring at each other with dismay.

"That was the power of Kuvat's god? Just how strong was that being?" – They both wondered.

In their mind, the Red Dragon Clan's god became an even more unfathomable being. They started to see some hope in what they thought was a hopeless situation.

"Is there a chance I can speak with your god, Venerable Dragon?" Emperor Varan humbly inquired.

"Feel free to speak your mind, Emperor. Our god is entirely aware of our conversation," Kuvat calmly stated before adding, "Otherwise, how would I dare to represent our god and speak on his behalf?"

"Our god sees and hears all," Kuvat proudly boasted.

Although Emperor Varan really wanted to confirm how much of that was true, he didn't want to appear disrespectful or doubtful.

After all, his empire was at the mercy of the Red Dragon Clan.

Whether his empire could continue to exist or be left to rot in ruins could all be decided with a single word for the dragon god.

Just as Emperor Varan opened his mouth, an imperial messenger hastily scrambled over in horror.

"Your Majesty, it's terrible! Vampires are emerging from the crimson light domain in large numbers! There are far too many of them! I don't think our defensive lines will hold for long!" the imperial messenger reported.

"What?!" Emperor Varan immediately turned grave as he barked, "What are the exact numbers and their strength?!"

The imperial messenger opened his mouth, but he couldn't reply. He was sent to alert the emperor the moment the vampire army emerged.

How could he know their exact numbers and strength?

However, not long after, another imperial messenger rushed over to report the latest news.

"Y-Your Majesty, a ten-thousand-strong army of vampires has emerged from the crimson light domain and launched an attack on our defensive line! Based on the preliminary clash, they are not as strong as the first vampire group!"

"However, they are tearing through our soldiers with great momentum! Commander Kandu is desperately requesting expert aid to resist them!"

Chapter 726: Walking Disaster

Ding!

<You have read the target's information with your Fourth Dimensional Sense>

<Your proficiency in perceiving hidden from the void has slightly increased>

<The Gehennan information has been translated and compiled>

=====

[Target's information]

Name: Vizra

Race: Vampire

Class: Halving

Age: 80 Gehennan Years

Position: lowest-ranking soldier in the vampire army

Existence level: Mid-level Rank 3 Vampiric Being (Suppressed to Peak-level Rank 2 Vampiric Being)

Abilities: [Blood Control]

=====

[Target's information]

Name: Devir

Race: Vampire

Class: Pureblood

Age: Over 500 Gehennan Years

Position: Commander-rank soldier in the vampire army

Existence level: High-level Rank 5 Vampiric Being (Suppressed to Low-level Rank 5 Vampiric Being)

Abilities: [Blood Control] [Shadow Manipulation] [Vampire Command]

=====

[Target's information]

Name: N/A

Race: Vampire

Class: Pseudo

Age: Less than 3 Gehennan Years (Estimate Lifespan: 5 Gehennan Years)

Position: Cannon fodder in the vampire army.

Existence level: Rank 0 Vampiric Being

Abilities: N/A

=====

[Target's information]

Name: Vinre

Race: Vampire

Class: True

Age: Over 200 Gehennan Years

Position: Captain-rank soldier in the vampire army

Existence level: High-level Rank 4 Vampiric Being (Suppressed to Low-level Rank 4 Vampiric Being)

Abilities: [Blood Control] [Shadow Manipulation]

=====

Shortly after the vampire army emerged from the crimson light domain, Vaan immediately studied their numbers and strength.

Countless pieces of information poured into his mind, allowing him to grasp their structure.

Ding!

<You have grasped a complete understanding of the vampire hierarchy>

<The information has been compiled>

=====

[Vampire Hierarchy]

Rank 0 – Pseudo Vampire

Rank 1 – Newborn Vampire/ Halving

Rank 2 – True Vampire

Rank 3 – Pureblood Vampire

Rank 4 – Noble Vampire

Rank 5 – Royal Vampire

Rank 6 – Vampire Lord

=====

[Pseudo Vampire]: A class of vampiric beings given to beings rejected and ruined by vampiric blood. They are bloodthirsty creatures whose spiritual wisdom has been destroyed and are short-lived.

They can be manipulated by higher-ranking vampires in the hierarchy and can only be regarded as slaves.

[Newborn Vampire/Halfing]: A class of vampiric beings given to vampires born through vampirization by ingesting vampiric blood. They are low-ranking vampires who can only be part of the servant class.

[True Vampire]: A class of vampiric beings given to vampires born from any two kinds of vampiric beings. Although better than servants, they can only be part of the commoner class.

[Pureblood Vampire]: A class of vampiric beings given to vampires without any non-vampiric bloodline. They are part of the middle class in the vampiric hierarchy.

[Noble Vampire]: A class of vampiric beings given to vampires born between a Royal Vampire parent and a Pureblood Vampire parent. They are mainly part of the middle class, but a few privileged births can be included in the upper class.

[Royal Vampire]: A class of vampiric beings given to direct descendants of Vampire Lords. They are the true upper-class beings in their vampirical society. They enjoy great power and authority.

[Vampire Lord]: A class of vampiric beings given to vampires who had evolved from their ancestral origins, the Vampiric Demon Bats. They are regarded as the true progenitor of blood and possess unfathomable powers.

The Great Devil Abaddon is history's oldest and most powerful Vampire Lord. As such, he is also called the Blood Ancestor.

=====

After Vaan compiled the vampires' information, it became clear that the vampires had only shown a small fraction of their full strength so far.

Great Devil Abaddon's Night Parade wasn't the next biggest threat after him. There were also Vampire Lords that had yet to make an appearance.

Furthermore, they did not know how many Vampire Lords existed or the height of their power either.

Reasons led Vaan to believe they were at least Divine-rank Vampiric Beings.

However, it was also strange for Gehenna to have so many Divine Beings—at least, according to Pangea's current understanding. After all, they had no idea of any Divine Beings besides the Seven Great Devils.

That said, given the peak power of the Seven Great Devils, it also made sense that Gehenna wasn't limited to seven Divine-rank beings.

Pangea learned a lot about Gehenna over three hundred years. But from another perspective, this level of understanding was also as good as nothing. After all, this knowledge was all hearsay – information obtained from the words of others, regardless of the means.

Without personally exploring Gehenna and seeing with one's eyes, hearing with one's ears, and feeling with one's hands, how could the information be validated?

Humans were indeed intelligent, but the foundation of several hundred years couldn't be compared to million-year-old monsters.

The schemes of the Great Devils ran deep.

Perhaps everything the world learned about Gehenna was only what the seven Great Devils wanted the world to know.

Until the truth was truly revealed, all speculations were only just that – mere speculations.

...

Nevertheless, as Vaan observed the vampire army, he noticed several major points of interest.

'This army of vampires has zero discipline; they are too disorderly. Moreover, they show signs of panic and desperation as they emerge from Gehenna. This isn't the behavior of people going to war. Instead, they are fleeing. But from what?'

As Vaan pondered the matter, he moved closer to the vampire army to assist the human resistance until their reinforcements arrived.

At the same time, the black tornado of flying creatures followed him, tearing apart everything in its path. The brick roads and stone buildings were all dismantled by sheer wind pressure.

The black tornado of flying creatures mainly comprised low-rank Vampiric Demon Bats, but their great numbers and coordination within the formation allowed them to generate power far beyond their limits.

Even Transcendents would have to be careful against such a powerful flying formation.

"Dammit! We can't last much longer! Why aren't our reinforcements here yet?!" an imperial soldier in the vanguard roared in desperation as he blocked the vampires' advancement with a giant black shield.

"The last messenger only departed mere moments ago! How could reinforcements arrive so quickly?" another shield-bearer cried anxiously before saying, "It's over! I can't hold on any longer —!"

Just as the imperial soldiers in the vanguard started drowning in despair, they noticed the vampires' pushing force weakening rapidly. As they hid behind their giant shields, they couldn't understand the reason.

However, those in the rear saw the situation clear.

"T-The bats are helping us!" an imperial soldier exclaimed with shock and disbelief, unable to comprehend why the bats turned on the vampires.

Meanwhile, Vaan continued to walk through the rear of the vampire army.

Countless Halflings, True Vampires, and even Pureblood Vampires were sucked into the great flying formation of black bats, torn apart and hurled away.

Vaan was akin to a walking disaster as destruction followed him.

"Argh, what are these stupid bats doing?! Someone tell them to stop—No, don't! Ahh!!" a Pureblood Vampire cried in fear as the great flying formation devoured him.

Chapter 727: Followers Arrive Like Thunder

"Insolence! Who is the stupid vampire controlling the bats to mess up our ranks?! Are you trying to rebel?!?" a Commander-rank Pureblood Vampire roared furiously.

In his mind, only a vampire could control the bats. Only high-ranking vampires had such abilities. As such, the possibility of other races controlling the bats did not cross his mind.

There must be a traitor in their ranks.

"Arghh!! Find that rat for me!" the Commander-rank Pureblood Vampire furiously demanded.

However, the vampires around him had no idea where to begin their search.

Looking around the perimeters of the flying formation was one thing, but searching inside it was pure suicide. They would be torn to shreds before they could pass the wind wall.

Chaos quickly swallowed the vampire army as commanding vampires gave mixed orders. One wanted to press the attack on the humans, while the other wanted to locate the vampire traitor despite there being none.

Suddenly, the vampire army found themselves at a great disadvantage.

With the imperial army putting pressure on their vanguard and Vaan cutting off their path of retreat with his black tornado of flying creatures, the vampire army was trapped and had nowhere to go.

At the same time, the imperial army noticed the opportunity to suppress the vampires.

"Now is the time to show off the pride and might of the imperial army's warriors, Vanguard! Push these blood-sucking fiends back to where they come from!" an imperial commander roared with his sword drawn.

Hu!

With a unified grunt, the shield-bearers in the vanguard gathered their strength and forced a step forward, shoving the cramped vampires back a step.

However, their power move did not come from their strength alone. They had their comrades behind them, supporting them.

If not for the support from the rear soldiers, the defensive line created by their shield-bearers would have already been toppled and broken with the vampires' first charge.

"Good!" the imperial commander exclaimed after seeing the first successful step forward. Then, he shouted, "Gather your strength and push again! We must show these blood-sucking fiends who own these lands—!"

Just as the imperial commander spoke, the ground rumbled with numerous heavy footsteps.

In that instant, joy quickly filled the hearts of every imperial soldier. They thought imperial reinforcements were arriving, and much quicker than they anticipated.

However...

"Let us go, Martial Brothers and Sisters! The proud supporters of Sir Pendragon mustn't be left behind! Let us lend a hand to our imperial brothers!"

Berucha's trembling and excited voice resounded in the distance as he lagged behind a large group of martial warriors from the Black Mountain.

Despite leading the martial group, Berucha simply lacked the ability to keep up with most of them. In fact, he only had the martial qualifications to be a grunt soldier if he wanted to participate in such a war.

Nevertheless, the Black Mountain's martial warriors still followed Berucha under his inciting words.

It didn't matter who led them. What mattered was who and what they represented.

"Hahaha! Lord Pendragon has already cut into the vampire army with his mysterious flying formation and messed up their already disorderly ranks! How can this Old Man possibly miss out on the chance to bathe in some of his glory?!" a Transcendent Elder loudly guffawed as he rushed ahead of the group.

The Transcendent Elder's overwhelming presence immediately attracted the attention of the imperial army ahead and the brave spectators in the area.

"Holy shit! Isn't that the Old Ancestor of the Brightglory Family? I thought he vowed never to leave the Black Mountain until he advanced to Mid-stage Transcendent? Did he succeed?" One of the brave spectators exclaimed with wide eyes.

"Bahahaha! Old Brightglory, I'm not letting you steal the thunder from me!" another Transcendent Elder heartily laughed as he tried to overtake the Brightglory Family's Old Ancestor.

His aura was even stronger than the Brightglory Family's Old Ancestor's.

"O-Old General! It's the retired Old General from thirty years ago! He also decided to leave the Black Mountain?" another brave spectator exclaimed with disbelief before muttering, "Am I hallucinating? I can't believe these old monsters actually left the Black Mountain together!"

"Hehe, when disaster strikes, humanity unites to resist it! I'm glad to be a proud citizen of this empire!"

While the distant spectators were awed by the emergence of the elderly martial warriors, Old Brightglory, Old General, and several other Transcendent Elders caught up to the imperial army and dived right into vampires' ranks fearlessly.

Boom!

The group of Transcendent Elders immediately dominated the battlefield with their superior brute strength before clashing with Transcendent-rank Pureblood Vampires.

Meanwhile, the imperial army blankly made way for the rest of the martial group to pass through after they took notice of their group. The martial group's sudden arrival didn't alarm them.

However, they were definitely bewildered.

As Berucha's group passed through the imperial army's rear, their momentum didn't slow despite the crowded rows of soldiers ahead. They were like an unstoppable stampede.

The martial warriors all jumped on the shoulders of the imperial soldiers with light footwork before leaping over their heads, diving straight into the vampire army like fearless madmen.

"Kill!" a Peak-level Rank 4 Martial Warrior roared as he joined the bloodbath.

KILL!!!

The martial group slaughtered their way into the ranks of vampires with reckless abandonment and frenzied excitement.

Their thunderous momentum and blood lust even instill fear in some vampires.

"Haa... Haa..." Berucha huffed and puffed as he caught his breath after catching up to the imperial army. Then, he greeted, "Hello, imperial brothers... Thanks for letting us through. Haa... We are here to help... Haa..."

"Thanks... Your group's arrival is most timely. We appreciate all the help we can get. However, I have to ask... Who the fuck are you guys?" the imperial commander asked, bewildered by Berucha's group.

Although the imperial commander could tell Berucha's group came from Black Mountain, it was odd to see them move as one.

Such a united movement suggested they were all part of some unknown group.

"Who are we?" Berucha grinned before patting his chest, confidently announcing, "We are Sir Pendragon's proud followers!"

Chapter 728: Emperor Varan's Mental Health

"Sir Pendragon's proud followers...?"

The imperial commander's lips twitched after he heard Berucha's answer. He vaguely recalled hearing such a name before.

Wasn't that the name of Duke Zaahir's hired candidate? Didn't this person arrive at the imperial capital just a few days ago? How did he get such a group of martial fanatics to become his diehard followers?

What was going on?

There had been so many problems within the imperial capital in the past few days that he had not paid much attention to the Black Mountain.

However, seeing how even the old monsters left the Black Mountain for this 'Pendragon,' something significant must have happened there.

Nevertheless, the imperial commander in charge of the defensive line didn't ponder for long before the rumbling footsteps of imperial reinforcements arrived.

When Emperor Varan and the Red Wyvern Ancestor led their forces over, they did not see the defense army's desperation as they expected. Instead, the defense army appeared more relaxed and resting.

On the other hand, a group of martial madmen were fighting with reckless abandonment in the vanguard.

What the fuck?

This is the so-called desperate need for help?

Emperor Varan shifted his gaze to the imperial messengers, but they could respond with looks of confusion and bewilderment.

Naturally, they had no idea what transpired at the front lines during their absence.

Swoosh!

Suddenly, several strong gusts of wind brushed past them as Piaro led a group of red dragons to join the battle. Each of them was battle-worn and ridden with wounds, but none shied away from the upcoming fight.

Piario was especially excited despite winning a battle against a vampire member of the Night Parade with much difficulty.

However, it was also through that battle that he had learned the true joy and excitement of life-or-death battles.

"Hahaha! Here I come, blood-sucking fiends! Who will be my next opponent?!" Piario roared excitedly.

Boom!

With a heavy impact, Piario crashlanded into a sea of Pseudo-Vampires, Halflings, and True Vampires. It sent out a shockwave that instantly blew away dozens of Pseudo-Vampires and Halflings.

Roar!

Piario followed up with a mighty dragon roar, instilling shock and terror into the hearts of the weak-minded vampires.

He was not interested in fighting weaklings.

Only another strong opponent like the members of the Night Parade could get his heart pumping from the thrills of danger.

Nevertheless, the trinary effect of Vaan's flying formation, the martial warrior group, and the dragons crushed the vampire army's momentum and morale into oblivion.

The imperial soldiers didn't expect their despairing situation to be overturned in a short instant. It left their jaws dropping in surprise and amazement.

However, none of these three newly arrived forces seemed to have anything to do with their imperial army.

"Holy... Which battalion does that group of battle maniacs belong to? They look unfamiliar... Wait, why is their morale so high? Did they take some potent stimulants or something?" a newly arrived imperial captain exclaimed in shock.

"They... don't belong to any imperial battalion, Sir. They are Martial Hall's warriors situated in the Black Mountain..." an imperial soldier corrected the imperial captain's misunderstanding.

However, his explanation gave the imperial captain and everyone else around him a greater shock.

"Huh? That makes even less sense. Why are they like that? Did the vampires murder their ancestors or something?" another imperial soldier from the reinforcement group spouted with disbelief.

Emperor Varan overheard the ongoing gossip within the imperial army, and his lips couldn't help but twitch.

It was the imperial army's duty to protect their country, and this was also their war. However, they couldn't keep up with it at all.

Other forces had stolen their spotlight.

"So, who is this person?" Emperor Varan shifted his attention after noticing Berucha, who looked pompous while watching the fierce battle from a safe spot.

"Uh... He claims to be Sir Pendragon's follower and appears to be the leader of the martial madmen, Your Majesty..." the defense commander replied.

"Sir Pendragon...?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," the defense commander nodded, adding, "Supposedly, the person controlling that big flying formation of bats, birds, and wyverns is called Sir Pendragon."

Emperor Varan immediately turned to Kuvat for answers.

However, Kuvat also gave him a seemingly confusing answer, "The one controlling that flying formation is also our god."

"Hold on... This isn't making any sense to me..." Emperor Varan failed to process the information.

He had been under the impression that the Red Dragon Clan's god was some mighty divine dragon. However, his soldier told him a person called Sir Pendragon was also controlling the flying formation.

Furthermore, Kuvat didn't deny they weren't the same person. In fact, he admitted they were indeed the same person.

In other words, the Red Dragon Clan's god wasn't a god, but a... human?!

Emperor Varan glanced in the direction of Vaan's flying formation with a mixture of severity and disbelief.

"You're telling me that is the power of a man?" Emperor Varan uttered.

"The Supreme Leader of Red Dragon Clan is indeed a young human male, but he isn't just any man... Mind you, he is our Dragon God and our sky," Kuvat corrected with a displeased look.

He found it insulting to compare the Supreme Leader to other human men.

Nevertheless, Emperor Varan's world and common sense appeared to be crashing. The strength he worked hard to obtain over countless years was easily surpassed by someone far younger than him.

Emperor Varan felt like he had lived his life in vain.

That said, he only dwelled in his dispiriting and depressing thoughts briefly before moving on. He was, after all, still the emperor of a great empire and had lived for two hundred years.

There was no setback he couldn't overcome.

More importantly, there was no need for him to compare himself to the Red Dragon Clan's Supreme Leader. They had different talents, luck, and destiny.

Forcing the comparison would only be bad for his mental health.

'Sigh, how envious... Ah, I shouldn't think about it. It will only make me feel more depressed and useless,' Emperor Varan silently thought with a sad smile that was uglier than crying.

Suddenly, strong discomfort welled up in his chest, causing him to cough violently.

Chapter 729: Second Progenitor

Gehenna Realm, Evernight Territory

After the battle between Abaddon and Hecate reached a conclusion, only half of Vladigold City remained standing. The other half had been destroyed beyond recognition, along with the loss of sixty million lives.

Such unprecedented destruction and death undoubtedly caused Vladigold City's development to regress significantly.

In fact, the death of sixty million livestock was a far greater loss than the destruction of the building infrastructures. After all, to the vampire, blood wasn't just food but currency. Sixty million lives was a tremendous amount of wealth.

Alas, it was all gone.

Of course, Vladigold City could recoup its losses by transferring sixty million livestock from other livestock cities in the Evernight Territory. However, doing so would also create a blood deficiency in those other cities.

Fortunately, a loss of sixty million livestock was far from breaking the vampires' blood sustainability. That said, a heavier blood consumption limit had been imposed on the city due to the loss, causing dissatisfaction among the local vampires.

Nevertheless, that also gave Abaddon all the more reason to invade Pangea.

Hecate's interference had greatly delayed and affected his plans, but she also strengthened his desire to conquer Pangea.

It was the only way to recoup his losses and more.

...

When Second-rank Melchior Albatroz returned to Vladigold City with the surviving members of the Night Parade, they were shocked by the state of the city.

At that time, Abaddon and Hecate's battle was still ongoing. Everyone could do nothing but flee or take shelter deep underground.

Ultimately, in the battle between the two Great Devils, Abaddon was forced to use his trump card against Hecate. Although Abaddon successfully forced Hecate to retreat, he still paid a hefty price.

Hecate got exactly what she demanded from him before she retreated—all ten thousand drops of divine blood essence from Abaddon's body and not a drop less.

Abaddon had originally thought his trump card, his third Transcendent Divine Power, could overpower Hecate since it was derived from higher law. However, he did not expect Hecate to have a trump card that wasn't inferior to his own.

Hecate had fused two Transcendent Divine Powers to create an even more powerful one.

The clash between Hecate's fused Transcendent Divine Power and Abaddon's higher-law Transcendent Divine Power surprisingly ended with Abaddon losing. Although they both suffered heavy injuries, Hecate made off with Abaddon's left arm.

Since then, Abaddon had been recuperating in his ancient floating castle. A hint of fear could be found in his eyes as he soaked in a blood pond.

He didn't expect Hecate's comprehensive ability to be so heaven-defying.

Hecate comprehended seven Transcendent Divine Powers and revealed she could fuse two to create a more powerful one. He didn't dare imagine if she had stronger trump cards, such as fusing three of her seven Transcendent Divine Powers.

If Hecate had such means, the power ranking of the Seven Great Devils had to be re-evaluated.

...

As Abaddon recuperated in the blood pond of his ancient floating castle, Melchior and the other surviving members of the Night Parade could only wait anxiously outside until he was done.

However, Abaddon discovered his injury was far more tricky to recover from. At the same time, he also knew Pangea's invasion couldn't be delayed further. As such, he was forced to wake up another Vampire Lord from their slumber to take over the reins in his stead.

Twelve hours after Vampire Lord Klaus Albatroz, the Second Progenitor, woke up, most of Vladigold City's matters were quickly settled, and multiple vampire armies had been organized.

Afterward, the first army was quickly deployed to Pangea to subjugate the Great Ratholos Empire's imperial capital.

"Ancestor, it's been an hour since the first army departed. However, it has not sent back any news since then. I'm afraid the first army had encountered some trouble," Melchior Albatroz mentioned on the side of the Second Progenitor.

Although he did his best to hide his anxiety and fear, they were still noticed by Klaus Albatroz.

However, Klaus Albatroz temporarily ignored it.

"Un," Klaus Albatroz calmly acknowledged Melchior's raise of concern and said, "If that human is as strong as you reported, it wouldn't be strange for the first army to fail. That said, war is a game of wits. It's not something that can be won with pure strength and certainly not by the strength of one man."

"Let that human waste his strength. It will become his undoing. Powerful as he may seem, he isn't invincible. After all, he is a mere human made of flesh and blood; he can be exhausted," Klaus Albatroz stated with disdain.

Nevertheless, the Blood Ancestor gave him a job to do. Thus, he had to do it well. He didn't want to displease the Blood Ancestor and be put back into forced sleep again.

How many years had it been since he was last awake? Ten thousand years? A hundred thousand years? Or even longer than that?

Regardless, he had to enjoy this opportunity to the fullest.

"Send in the second army to put pressure on the humans. We can't give them a chance to rest. Since you have entered the Divine Blood Realm, I will put you in charge of this second army," Klaus Albatroz instructed.

"I don't care how to lead the second army; I only care about the results. You have three objectives. Pressure the humans, understand their strengths, and, most importantly, report everything back to me."

"I don't know how information was collected before, but it is clear that the information I've read differs from what I've been told regarding Pangea's strengths. We need more accurate information. Do you understand?" Klaus Albatroz stressed.

"Understood, Ancestor!" Melchior solemnly answered.

"Wait," Klaus Albatroz suddenly stopped Melchior from leaving as he raised a question with a sharp look, "Where is your elder brother?"

"This..." Melchior broke into cold sweats.

He immediately understood the Second Progenitor was aware of the fratricide he had committed.

Nevertheless, he was truly unlucky.

How could he have known that the Blood Ancestor would wake up the Second Progenitor?

Fortunately for Melchior, the Second Progenitor didn't really care.

"Since you dare to kill your brother and steal his divinity. I expect better results from you. Don't disappoint me," Klaus Albatroz said strictly.

"Y-Yes, Ancestor! I will not!" Melchior vowed nervously.

Chapter 730: Waking of the Progenitors

Shortly after Melchior departed with the second army, the Second Progenitor's gaze flashed with unfathomable depth and seriousness.

He had heard different accounts of the battle from the members of the Blood Ancestor's Night Parade. However, they all shared the same view: They didn't want to mess with the Demigod-rank human with desirable blood.

Even Fergus Albatroz, a Divine Being, couldn't gain any advantages over that human in battle and was forced to flee.

Although Fergus's power was suppressed to Half-step Divine Being, he was still a vampire who had officially stepped into the Divine Blood Realm. He should have been more powerful than other Demigod-rank beings.

However, the reality was that he couldn't hold a candle to the Demigod-rank human being.

According to Melchior's understanding, that person's comprehension of multiple laws most likely surpassed his soul rank. Moreover, it was by a large degree, especially in the Spatial Law.

Furthermore, the Demigod-rank human being even used an unknown law capable of slaying vampires with a single touch – it was also what gave them the most dread.

'Normally, a Peak Demigod can only comprehend Peak Demigod-rank laws, a First-stage Divine Being can only comprehend First-stage Divine-rank laws, and so on. This is because one's soul is only at that level. They can't perceive laws beyond their level of perception. That is why one's soul rank and law comprehension are always directly related,' the Second Progenitor recalled.

However, there were always exceptions that were capable of breaking away from the standard beliefs.

For example, beings with very special Soul Constitutions were usually granted such superior perceptions above their soul rank. And those with the most special Soul Constitutions could even become Soul Masters.

'Soul Masters!' the Second Progenitor remembered with a heavy expression.

All Soul Masters were capable of defying the natural laws of the world and bending them to their own wills. They were beings with powerful destinies to stand above all other life forms and rule over them.

More importantly, the most frightening aspect of Soul Masters was their terrifying growth speed.

What could take others to accomplish in ten thousand years, they could achieve in one. This was especially true for young Soul Masters who have found experienced Soul Masters to guide them.

'When encountering a Soul Master, don't offend them. But if offended, eliminate at all costs.' – A wise sage once said.

It was a popular phrase throughout Chaos, and its meaning was pretty clear.

If a Soul Master were offended and allowed to live, they would definitely grow to a level of power capable of slaying their enemies. Thus, they had to be killed if they couldn't make peace.

Otherwise, only ruination and damnation awaited the offenders.

'Assuming that Demigod-rank human is truly a Soul Master, he should still be young and inexperienced. Moreover, he is from the new chaosverse. He hasn't set foot in Chaos and learned his true capabilities yet,' the Second Progenitor silently thought.

In other words, the Demigod-rank human had yet to grow his wings. He could still be killed if they couldn't make peace with him.

However, the war against Pangea had already started.

Moreover, millions of human lives were sacrificed to forcefully establish a connection between the two worlds. Thus, the chances of making peace were rather slim.

'However, this Demigod-rank human is already capable of contending with First-stage Divine Beings. There's too much risk for a Second-stage Divine Being like me to fight him in his homeworld,' the Second Progenitor also thought.

'I've only just woken up after many years. There's no way I'm risking my life fighting an unknown variable like that Demigod-rank human...'

'However, since the Blood Ancestor put me in charge of conquering the human country in Pangea, he shouldn't be picky with my means, especially if it involves a potential Soul Master...'

After pondering for a while, the Second Progenitor made a choice – he paid a trip to the Bathory family's forbidden ground.

"Stop! This is the forbidden ground of the Bathory family! Under the Blood Ancestor's orders, no one is allowed to enter without his permission!" a Bathory guard warned.

However, the Second Progenitor glared at the Bathory guard with a crimson gleam, causing the latter to feel endless fear and suppression.

The Bathory guard cowered shortly after.

"Ah, S-Second Progenitor! Have mercy! I'm just a lowly guard," the Bathory guard cried for leniency.

"Since you know who I am, open the gates and scam! I have the Blood Ancestor's permission to be here and wake up the Third Progenitor!" the Second Progenitor boldly announced.

"U-Understood, Second Progenitor!" the Bathory guard obediently fumbled through his keys to open the ancient stone gate. Then, he gestured for the Second Progenitor to enter. "P-Please!"

Although the Bathory guard couldn't confirm whether the Second Progenitor was telling the truth about receiving the Blood Ancestor's permission, he could only do as the Second Progenitor told him.

He had neither the power nor the authority to stop the Second Progenitor in order to validate the truth.

...

The Bathory family's forbidden ground was a dark region of dead trees filled with cold fog and freezing winds. Several dozens of coffins could be found in the center.

It was where the oldest generations of the Bathory family slumbered.

The Second Progenitor went straight to the central stone coffin and opened it up, revealing an icy-cold corpse devoid of blood and heat – the clear signs of one currently in forced sleep.

Vampires in forced sleep could not wake up on their own; they were damned to slumber for eternity until someone else woke them up.

Usually, only vampires who have committed crimes would be punished with forced sleep. Furthermore, their slumber period was determined by the severity of the crime they committed.

"It's time to wake up, Old Third," the Second Progenitor uttered as he sliced his finger, allowing a single warm drop of divine blood to fall on the cold, slumbering corpse's lips.

The drop of divine blood quickly melted away the thin layer of ice on the cold corpse before blending with the body. Afterward, the cold corpse thawed at a hasten rate, and some color returned to its pale skin.

Ba-dump! Ba-dump!

The corpse's heart started beating after the drop of divine blood fused with it. It revived its vital functions, allowing new blood to form and circulate throughout the body.

Moments later, the corpse's eyes snapped open.

"Welcome back to the world of the living, Old Third," the Second Progenitor casually said with a cold grin.

The Third Progenitor's gaze sharpened before he asked in a low, hoarse tone, "The Blood Ancestor... Is he dead?"