

Vampire 1021

Chapter 1021 Meryl

It was dark. As far Meryl could remember, ever since that portentous day, she was unable to see a single ray of light.

Days passed with her wandering around aimlessly " stumbling at every second step and banging her head against random things.

Had it not been for her kind Master, by whom she was saved from drowning, Meryl would've never been able to 'see' again.

What cultivation was, Meryl did not know back then. She did not even know who she was and what power she held, until her Master told her.

She was a beautiful young lady with ginger hair. Although she had freckles back then, it only served to add to her innocent charms.

Meryl could only take her Master's words at face value, for she had no means to picture herself or even see.

That however, changed. It changed after a hundred years when Meryl ascended to immortality and could make good use of her spiritual sense.

Even though she could not see through her eyes, she could perceive everything around her. The sound of birds chirping, the stepping of her foot on the wet mud, the gurgling sound of her stomach when she was hungry; all such things were one of the first few experiences of her perception.

Days passed and a disastrous plague struck Meryl's place. Her Master and her tried to run away, but the whole world was swept in the plague, and it even reached her Master.

"Live.. well...my... child."

Those were her Masters final words before she pushed her into an unknown gate. Space warped around Meryl and where she had arrived after that, she had no recollection.

Initially she felt nothing and wandered around in a rat form as there were people nearby and appearing in front of them would be suspicious, but as she moved some more, she realized that she was unable to shift back!

Not being able to shift back meant not being able to see. Her spiritual powers were not working either and she couldn't do anything about it. She was basically a normal rat at this point!

This horrified Meryl to no end and she ran around in panic, only to get sucked into a dungeon.

Here, she was met with some unruly beasts, but with her skills, she avoided them easily and stayed huddled in a corner.

This was until she felt a scary aura, and also a repulsive, demonic one.

The demonic one felt like Meryl was looking at a bloodthirsty killer. Even in her own place she had never felt such an aura. Hiding from this person was the best choice, so she ran in the opposite direction.

Meryl couldn't see or perceive the place she was in. Hence her only sense of direction was the aura. However, that soon changed as the aura suddenly disappeared. Where it had gone, she didn't know. Even the scary aura had vanished.

Meryl's panic had slowly settled down and she moved around in hopes of finding an exit, but much to her dismay, she soon entered a place where she could feel the two scary auras.

This made her panic again and she ran around, only to get crushed by something heavy. Thankfully, that something hadn't stopped itself from crushing her to death.

When that something walked away, Meryl realized the weight belonged to the person with the demonic aura.

So... she ran.

She ran, and ran, and ran.

It was an endless darkness all around her. She did not know where she was going, but the repulsive aura had vanished again.

After catching her breath, she once again ran to find an exit.

But this time around, she once again got crushed. And it was by the person with the demonic aura!

Meryl was scared to death and ran again when the person let her go.

But curse the heavens! She got found out by someone.

The next thing she knew, everything turned dark again.

Where she was, what she was doing, nothing was felt.

It should be scary like she had hoped, but for some reason, she felt warm.

It was warm, comfortable, and so cozy that Meryl felt herself covered in a bed of flowers.

She had a lucid dream about her experiences and was still living through them. After a long chase, she finally went through some rest.

However, there was something off about this.

Sniff... Sniff...

Meryl could smell a savory aroma in the air. There was also the scent of freshly brewing coffee, and this made her wonder, was her lucid dream so lucid that she could even smell things?

If such was the case, shouldn't she be able to see the things happening in the dream?

Currently, everything was black in her vision. The only thing she could sense was the aroma of food and coffee.

Seconds passed into minutes and this aroma got denser. It was to the point that Meryl felt choked.

"Huwaaa!"

Meryl woke up in shock trying to catch her breath.

Suddenly, in her spiritual vision, she saw three pairs of eyes staring at her.

All three made her sweat and gulp in fear.

The lady with dark eyes and horns on her head, she was scary!

The lady with gray and no look on her face was double scary!

And that...

The man with purple eyes...

Heavens...

Who was this man!? What was that halo on his head?! How demonic was he!?

Meryl finally understood the situation she was in and a sense of dread took over her.

'It's over. My life's over. Sorry Master... I couldn't survive for longer...'

.....

Lith, Mayzin, and Sylvia looked at the ginger-haired girl with visible surprise.

She was so startled as if she had seen her parents' killers.

"I-I-I..."

"Don't be so scared." Mayzin said in a calm tone. "We're not trying to harm you."

The girl gulped again and tried to crawl away from the three, only to hit the wall behind her.

Lith rubbed his chin and asked with a thoughtful gaze, "Do we look like bad guys to you?"

Just like how others could perceive Lith as someone with a high amount of negative energy, he too could do the same, but with people possessing positive and virtuous energy.

He didn't know about it until the Druid girl in front manifested in her real self.

This was a really pure soul. Untainted, unblemished, and there wasn't a single speck of corruption within her.

If there was a halo for positive energy, the complete opposite to what Lith had, this girl would definitely possess an angelic white ring on her head.

Her soul was as pure as Emilia's. No, it was even more pure.

Emilia killed people she felt were bad. She may be an angel, but she had blood on her hands.

This girl, however, possessed nothing of sort.

He could understand why she must be scared. If Lith could sense her as pure, she could sense him as the worst scum in the world.

'What a headache...'

Meryl closed her eyes in fear and whimpered like a puppy. Tears soon trickled down her eyes, making Lith and Mayzin frown even harder.

"She'll be scared if we stay here for longer. It's best if we find someone with a holy and sacred aura."

Mayzin said softly while brushing her purple hair behind her ears.

'Holy and sacred...'

Lith only knew of one person. It was his cute angel Emilia. However, she had gone MIA for a while and he couldn't contact her.

'Who else could there be who hasn't killed anybody and is a virtuous so..ul... hm? What about her?'

Lith suddenly remembered someone who, if he wasn't wrong, hadn't killed people yet. Or was he wrong?

Lith couldn't properly remember.

"I know someone. Let me give her a call." Lith said and dialed a number.

Soon, after a short talk, space fluctuated around him and out of thin air a dignified lady with shoulder length blonde hair appeared out.

Unlike before, she wore high waist black trousers with her white shirt tucked inside it.

Her trousers gave an appearance that she had long legs, which may be true compared to her height, but she was really as short as Miwa, and also petite.

This was the cute Yellow Phantom, Fei, and she was someone with a clean kill history.

She was sealed for most of her life in a dungeon. Even after waking up, she was taken directly under Lith. Ever since then, Lith didn't really remember asking her to kill anybody.

'Maybe she might've killed someone, but her kill count should be less than even Emilia's.'

Lith thought as he saw Fei.

Fei bowed as she saw Lith. "How may I help, Master?"

Lith pointed at the trembling girl and said, "Can you calm her down?"

Fei turned to look at the girl. She saw a ginger-haired girl with gentle bearings. However, that only lasted for a second as a splitting pain shot through her head.

"Ouch!"

Chapter 1022 Ambushed

"Ouch!"

Fei stumbled backwards while covering her eyes as blood trickled down from the gaps of her palm and fingers.

"Fei!"

Lith caught her from falling and held her.

"I'm sorry..."

Fei said apologetically while composing her bearings.

"What happened?"

Just a look at the Druid girl caused such a strong reaction in Fei. To hurt a Supreme Rank like that, what must've taken place?

Fei rubbed her eyes and blinked repeatedly to clear off the blurry red vision she was looking at. Her eyes healed in a few seconds and she turned to look at Lith.

"My abilities were running. I pried into her destiny and suffered a backlash."

"Why would you do that?"

Lith sighed and shook his head. This was probably one of the dumbest things Fei had done ever since she became his maid.

"I was careless."

Fei looked down. She should've first checked what the level of the person in front was and not simply charged ahead to pry into things like a wild boar.

In the back of her mind, she thought there were only a handful of people in this world whose destiny she couldn't pry into. This world had Supreme Ranks at the highest stage, so she naturally had an opinion like that.

Who would've thought that out of the handful, she was going to meet one here.

It was really an unfortunate accident.

Looking at Fei, who seemed apologetic and also knew the thing she had done, Lith let the matter go. He patted her shoulder and said, "Be more careful from here onwards. Anyway, we'll leave you to the girl, please have a chat with her and get to know who she is. Don't use any force, be gentle."

With that, Lith left the room with Sylvia and Mayzin.

He had faith in Fei's abilities and wasn't worried that the Druid might escape. Even if she tried to, there was nowhere to hide in this world. It was his turf.

He made his way towards Gunther's cave while leaving Mayzin in Sylvia's care. She wanted to drink, and was in an Inn that sold good liquor. With Sylvia around, she wouldn't need to worry about anything and could drink to heart's content.

With teleportation, it took a few minutes to reach Gunther's cave.

In the same training hall he visited on the first day, Lith saw Ojas sitting around a round table with a demon teen and a werewolf teen. Gunther was nowhere to be seen.

Walking close to them, Lith saw Sheng turn to look at him.

Like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, he jumped in his seat and had all his hair stood out on their ends.

Such a strong reaction alerted Ojas and Ji, but noticing the intruder, they relaxed their guard.

"Sheng, stop showing such unsightly behavior."

"It's disrespectful and also not nice."

The two reprimanded Sheng.

"Ahem. Sorry."

Sheng forced himself to calm down and sat on the chair. He was lectured quite a lot by Ojas and Ji after the last interaction he had with Lith.

Lith ignored Sheng's outburst and took a seat around the three. His disposition was calm.

"What's the situation?"

Ojas handed a tablet to Lith. He then pinched his brows and replied, "It's not going good. Hardly three days are left, and we are in a really difficult spot."

"Hm...!?" Lith frowned as he went through the tablet. "Someone tried to assassinate Gunther?"

"Yes. We already had an idea that they would do such a thing after the banishment, but didn't think they would get impatient and do such a reckless thing. Cimir's faction is truly wicked."

"I can vouch for that."

Ji leaned forwards and placed a crest on the table.

"The assassins fled after the failed attempt, but during the fight, someone's shirt was torn apart and this thing was present with it."

"N-not only that... there has been a lot of trouble popping up left and right." Sheng stuttered initially, but tried his best to remain composed and confident.

"Two days ago, a conflict broke out in a small town at the outskirts of Semohr. The church officials labeled a group of farmers as heretics because that group questioned Mother Helvia."

"The said group were devout believers of her, but for the past few years, there had not been a single good harvest and they didn't understand why the Goddess was not giving them their blessing. They questioned the church whether Mother Helvia had abandoned them. If such was the case, they would go worship Mother Seia."

"Hm." Lith listened keenly. "That's a harsh reaction from the church."

"Yes. But the people's shaking faith is also a point of concern."

The higher one's rank was, the stronger their faith would be to the higher deity.

If the farmers were of a low rank, it would be easy to shake them. They were easy targets. However, for such a thing to not happen, churches were there to keep the people on the right path.

For the church to go out of their way and call the already wavering believers as heretics... it was quite fishy.

"There's also..."

Few minutes passed as the group began their discussion.

It was stopped when Lith raised his hand after feeling spatial fluctuations near him.

Thud!

Like a boulder crashing down, a blonde Giant fell in the training hall from mid air.

"Gunther!"

Ojas yelled when he noticed Gunther's bloodied face and twisted limbs.

Lith's brows tightened up when he noticed that.

Something was wrong.

This was a secret base. Teleportation was forbidden. Even Gunther followed that rule and had requested Lith to do the same.

"Guntherrrr!" Sheng yelled and dashed towards him.

"Be careful!"

Lith dashed with them and tried to warn them, but it was a second too late as spatial fluctuations occurred in quick succession everywhere around them.

It only took the blink of an eye to have ten portals spread out around them.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Sharp metallic ropes shot from the portals and moved into other ones, making a net.

Lith felt the elemental energy within the net's space to gradually lower and diminish.

'Not good!'

He didn't wait and took out his sword, casting it with Space and Dark elemental energy. A black sheen shimmered on the sword's blade and taking a single step ahead which was equivalent to ten steps, Lith appeared right before a metallic rope.

CLANG—!

A strong current waved through Lith's body and spread outwards. His clothes fluttered wildly, his hands turned numb, and the after-effect of the attack even made Ojas, Sheng, and Ji stumble a few steps back and groan.

CLANG—!

Lith hit the rope again. His hands going numb were the least of his concerns. As long as he could move his body, he would do it!

CLANG—!

"Don't bother, boy. It's made of the toughest King grade Vinalium. It adjusts its flexural strength and resistance as per the applied force, hohoho!"

Lith stopped uselessly hitting the rope and took a step back. He wasn't a stubborn meathead who only knew to strike. Knowing when to retreat was a big sign of intelligence.

Those who thought of it as being cowardly and didn't retreat...

Heaven and hell warmly welcomed them with open arms.

"Smart. Hohoho!" The Giant stroked his rough beard and laughed out loud.

Having a proper look at him, Lith raised his eyebrow in surprise.

"Baldur?"

"Hoh? You know of me?" The Giant was with a somewhat protruding belly asked with interest.

Lith didn't know this guy, but he had seen him once. Back in the tavern when his aunt was drinking for the first time.

There were a lot of noisy and loud people there. Lith didn't bother to glance at them, but with his exceptional observational skills, he was aware of his surroundings.

"No." Lith replied flatly. "But I do know you were having quite fun in the tavern a few days back, chatting with your friends, drinking, and cracking jokes."

"Hohohoho! What an amusing comment!"

Baldur felt it was the funniest joke he had ever heard and clutched his belly while laughing.

"Never knew I had fans watching me!"

"Fans? Ptui!"

Lith spat, something which he had never done before. It was too disgusting to hear an alcoholic, pot-bellied, old man say such a thing.

"You should take a look in the mirror before speaking."

Baldur only laughed again.

Ojas, Sheng, and Ji wondered what the Prince wanted to achieve by having such a conversation.

"Intresting young man you are. But don't know, stalling for time doesn't work?"

Baldur misunderstood and thought Lith was stalling for time. When in reality, he was really just disgusted.

"Do you want to know why? It's because..."

Baldur shoved his middle and ring finger in his mouth, rolling his tongue, and whistled loudly.

Along with the thunder, even rain poured down, which Lith swiftly avoided by taking ten steps back.

"Can you stop being disgusting!?" Lith yelled. "Your spit almost landed on my pristine face."

"..."

"..."

"..."

Only the sound of passing wind was heard as everyone stared at Lith.

The narcissism was on next level!

"...quite fascinating. Let's see if you can keep making such comments, hoho."

Baldur still let out a chuckle, but this time, he wasn't really laughing.

Chapter 1023 Ripple In The Soul

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.

With each second passed, a Giant rumbled their way out of the many portals in the training hall.

The spacious and large room which could house a small town did not have room for a single extra pair of feet after a minute.

Imprisoned in metallic ropes, it felt as if ants in an anthill were surrounded by a bunch of anteaters. The size difference was astounding..

"Morgur, this guy's tongue is quite sharp. I need it to make a blade."

The old Giant Baldur squinted his eyes and said while stroking his rough beard.

'What a polite way to order someone to kill.'

It was Lith's first time hearing such a thing, making him think, 'Adventures are great. Not only do you obtain great experiences, even your vocabulary, and treasure stash would increase exponentially.'

'Heh. I can have a better vocabulary to curse people and enough treasures to even woo aunt. What a win-win situation.'

CLANG—!

Some restless Giants didn't know the immensity of heaven and earth. Despite having eyes as big as wine barrels, they failed to see the silverhead standing calmly and watching them.

They hit the ropes and broke it, then charged right at Lith.

The hall rumbled and the cavern shook as if there was a magnitude six earthquake.

"Shit!"

"These bastards!"

"Cover Gunther!"

Sheng, Ji, and Ojas yelled respectively.

Their life flashed in front of their eyes as the Giants unfurled their attacks, but true to their camaraderie, they erected a barrier around Gunther and themselves, in hopes of protecting everyone.

Lith was enveloped in this barrier too.

'Touching.'

Lith appreciated the guys in his heart, but the barrier would only hinder him. He used his extensively used spell Short Jump and moved out of the barrier, standing right above the heads of the four guys.

BOOM—!

A rainfall of gigantic weapons first shadowed over Lith, then crashed down at him.

A pitch black blocked the attacks. Lith didn't move even an inch from his spot, as if the attack wasn't powerful and it wasn't air by rock hard ground he was standing on.

"Ablaze."

Lith said one single word in a soft voice.

Magenta-colored flames erupted from his sword and engulfed the entirety of the room like the aftermath of a lighter being thrown into a room full of gasoline.

"Ahhhhhh!"

"My hand! My hand! My hand!"

"My hair!"

"My eyes!"

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Ear-piercing shouts resonated in the room as pure Destruction energy devoured the many Giants.

Due to restraining himself, Lith only burned the outer layer of the Giants' skins and did not do life threatening damage to them.

Their clothes were burnt to a crisp while their skin was charred black.

Some weak-minded Giants ran in panic while some failed to make heads about their current predicament.

Baldur, the one who had sneered at Lith, was now staring at him with wide-opened eyes.

"Y-y-you!"

His alcoholic state was nowhere to be seen, neither was his unkempt beard or tanned skin as he looked like one of those Ink Death fellas that had once attacked him.

"Unsightly."

Lith said with a disgusted look as he looked at the naked, burnt man.

"Reverse."

Lith swung his sword as he said one word.

A faint white arc of light shot from it and covered the whole room. It disappeared just as quickly as it had appeared.

"Huh?"

The Giants gasped in surprise as they looked around and at themselves.

"What happened? My body... my clothes..."

It was all back. They were back to their normal health.

Baldur was dumbfounded and looked all over himself like others. He patted everywhere like he was searching for keys in his clothes' pockets.

"I have no such kinks as watching naked, burnt, macho men despairing. My interests only lie in beauties who have nothing hanging beneath their waist."

As shameless as ever, Lith made full use of the fact that nobody recognized him as the Vampire Prince. Gunther and his group did, but that didn't matter much.

"..."

"..."

"..."

Silence descended down in the room after Lith's statement. Only the sound of small rocks chipping off from the ceiling and hitting the ground were heard by all.

Lith placed his hand on the side of his neck and cracked it.

"Why are you so silent, Baldur? Did you not want my sharp tongue?"

The silence became heavier, but the faint sound of Baldur clenching his fists and many Giants gnashing their teeth didn't go unheard by Lith.

"Heh. The deflated balloon look is so shitty to look at." Lith said honestly. "I hoped to have gotten some challenge here, but you all idiots are around Saint Rank or Half King in strength at best."

"If you were planning an ambush, you should've at least bought a few high ranking people. This is a big base, you know? There are stronger Giants in the vicinity who could come and crush you at any time."

Lith said his honest thoughts. Why stupidly come unprepared like that? He knew this race was full of muscle heads, but there wasn't even a single person who could use their brain? Seriously?

Even Dennis could figure out that when you're trying to ambush somebody, always go all out!

Lith's words were a sharp knife that stabbed at everyone present. Some closed their eyes as their hands trembled while Baldur too clenched his fist hard enough to have blood drip out.

Bastard! If they knew there was a monster like that here, they would've brought some high ranking elder!

All the elders of Malros's faction were away from this shithole. Baldur and his group had come prepared!

There wasn't supposed to be anybody present, yet how did they miscalculate the presence of such a strong being?

Who was this amethyst-eyed bastard!?

Baldur felt such rage that he felt like gauging Lith's amethyst eyes and paying them in a brothel as amethyst coins to buy some prostitutes.

His hatred from him was so strong that...

Lith caught on.

Lith literally felt a ripple in his soul when Baldur stared at him with complete hatred. It was the same as someone throwing a stone in a calm lake. In this context, the stone came from Baldur.

"You know..."

Lith took a step ahead.

The metallic ropes were destroyed by the opposing Giants themselves so he was free to move.

"...I am starting to hate you."

BAM!

"Keuhkk!"

Lith slammed the flat side of his sword on Baldur's head, making him fall on his knees and throw up a mouthful of blood.

"Senior!"

"Senior!"

The Giants that were in a daze for so long finally reacted when they saw Baldur on his knees.

"Stand where you are if you want to leave this place in one piece."

Lith wasn't in a good mood. It felt as if he had eaten something bitter. It was strange because he hadn't felt something like this before just from someone's hateful gaze.

Mouths were shut, feet were stuck, and the Giants remained unmoving as they felt Lith's explosive King Rank aura.

It wasn't that the ones in this room hadn't seen a King Rank before, but the aura of Lith's was... it was even scarier than the Chief. They may lie about not fearing him, but their bodies were true to its instinct.

Lith looked down at Baldur, who had blood coming out of his eyes and a few broken teeth.

He tried to not hit him hard, but the annoyance he felt was too much.

"Baldur. I'll forget everything and leave this place to let you do what you want."

"Huh?" Sheng's confused voice came out from the barrier.

Him and the rest were watching Lith's every move. Initially they were shocked to find him having such an easy time, but then they thought it was the Vampire Prince. There was no way he didn't have any artifact to protect himself!

The shock had then intensified when they saw Lith subdue Baldur in one swift hit. Still, they thought it had something to do with an artifact.

Despite all the shock, the biggest one so far they experienced was from the comment he made just now.

'...will forget everything and leave...'

They thought of the same thing.

Was the Prince going to betray them like this? Was there no significance to the bond they had?

Oblivious to their thoughts, Lith waited for Baldur's response.

When he heard nothing, Lith rubbed his eyes in disappointment.

"Baldur, don't make me do this." Lith didn't want to do something cruel today. "I am trying my best to walk on the path of virtue. I'm trying to get away from killing and stuff. If you tell me exactly what you were thinking a while ago, I would go away."

Baldur didn't respond and stared at Lith with his bloodshot eyes.

With his barrel-like eyes, he tried to find the true nature of Lith's words while staring right into his amethyst ones.

"Baldur. Last chance. Will you speak or not?"

Lith knitted his brows and said dangerously.

"Contr..act... sign a contract... I'll speak."

Baldur wasn't a fool to take the other party's words at face value.

"Okay." Lith accepted immediately. He snapped his fingers and a golden scroll came out of his space ring and unfolded itself in front of Baldur.

"Say the terms. I'll accept it. But remember..."

Lith thrust the tip of his sword at Baldur's neck, making him feel a prickling sensation.

"...If you fail to say the truth or speak of half truths and hide something... I'll make sure..."

The sword pierced deeper into Baldur's throat, making blood leak out and having him suffocate.

"...not only you, your entire bloodline is wiped out."

Chapter 1024 Placing Bets

The entire training hall was silent.

It was because of one man.

A Giant with disheveled hair and burnt marks on his body that was now foaming and lying on the floor.

Baldur didn't give in to Lith's provocation initially and suffered immaculately.

Lith didn't want to torture him and wanted to end things on a peaceful note, but Baldur wasn't cooperating whatsoever. With diplomacy not working, fists had to be brought in.

Sitting cross-legged atop the foaming Baldur's bulging belly, Lith held his chin and looked at Ojas and party.

"Did you hear what he said?"

Ojas, having watched his life's most horrifying torture, gulped and nodded his head.

"Do you know what to do?"

Ojas nodded again. He would be a fool if he didn't know what to do!

"Good. Then start acting on it and let me know if you need some help."

Lith then turned to the remaining Giants of Cimir's faction in the room.

"You lot shall stay here until the end of the week. If even a single person moves..."

Lith didn't continue further. Threats were not needed after the torture that happened a few minutes ago.

Baldur was electrocuted, beaten black and blue to cough up whatever information he had. When he endured that as well, Lith attacked his soul and inflicted severe pain, causing him to break and answer.

Malros's faction was as good as gone. With this belief, the leader Cimir instructed these guys to begin wiping out whatever remained of Malros.

Even though there were a few days remaining, it mattered not to him as he wholeheartedly believed Malros would be gone.

He had no association to the Giants here as they were all mercenaries. Everything was kept under wraps to maintain anonymity. The only exception to this was Baldur, who was supposed to lead these mercenaries on orders from Cimir.

Baldur was a strong, old Giant. There weren't many who could compare to him. Those that could, they were taken care of and weren't in this cavern, making him the strongest Giant in this place.

Cimir's plan was perfect.

Well, almost perfect.

Malros had messed up big time by losing his temper multiple times in the court. The worshippers of Helvia were turning against her, which meant people were leaving Malros's side as well.

Malros was as good as banished at this point and the only reason for his continued stay was the final week he was given by the Chief.

Facts didn't lie and Cimir's calculations weren't wrong.

'The only thing this guy was unable to calculate was my appearance.'

Indeed.

Lith's intervention was unexpected.

Only someone at the level of a Supreme Rank or above could guess if an anomaly had popped up or not in their race.

Lith held his chin and looked at the mercenaries in the hall.

"What do I do about you guys?"

The mercenaries flinched. They dared not even breathe loudly in front of Lith.

Baldur was the strongest in the room, with him being beaten to such a degree, the mercenaries naturally knew whom to obey and listen to.

The strongest fist reigns was a rule that applied in most cases. This being no exception to it.

"How much were you getting paid?" Lith asked, interested.

A Giant stepped forward and said with a slight bow, "Ten low grade magic stones an hour, Sir."

For ten low grade magic stones these guys tried to do an evil deed. Not that it mattered to Lith, who was an outsider to this situation.

Good and evil, sin and virtue — these concepts were subjective. If seen from Gunther's point of view, Cimir's side would seem evil, and the vice-versa might be true as well.

People didn't go after each other's throat without any reason. These things were taught to Lith by Mayzin during his training, and it was being applied properly in this situation.

'Although things could get done without me joining a faction, I'll do my batchmates a favor. I anyway need someone to coax the Giants into joining aunt.'

A plan formulated in Lith's mind as he watched the mercenaries here. The day when the Giants would stop their infighting wasn't long ahead.

"Ten low grade magic stones, was it? I'll give you guys ten medium grade— no scratch that, I'll give you ten high grade magic stones an hour. All you have to do is a few simple things for me."

Lith's voice was like a devil's seductive whisper to these money hungry mercenaries.

They almost began drooling after hearing the amount and forgot all about the torture taken place in the room a few minutes ago.

"Sir, what would you like us to do?" The man that had spoken to Lith before asked cautiously, but was also secretly rubbing his hands behind his back.

Lith shook his head with a smile. Only loyal to money, these people would even sell their souls if given a big amount.

"I want you to pretend the job was done well. However, Baldur and a few others were injured and are now recuperating. The injuries weren't severe, so there's nothing to worry about. Say all of this to Cimir and ask him what next he wants you guys to do. Report to me after you're done. Take a few souvenirs from this place if you want to show Cimir some proof."

"Understood!" The Giant saluted, bowed, and began instructing his fellow mercenaries.

He didn't even bring up the payment to Lith. It was either he was confident that Lith wouldn't back on his words or he probably wanted to avoid offending him. Whichever it was, it didn't matter.

"Get going then."

Lith chased the guys away, then got off Baldur and had a small chat with Ojas and his group.

These guys had resentment blooming over their faces as they saw him, but soon got over it and listened intently as Lith gave them a plan to work with.

Once finished, he walked out of the cavern and made his way towards the Inn Fei was at.

While on the way, Lith took out his phone and dialed a number.

Ringgg... Ringgg...

.....

On a rooftop bar, big TV screens lay everywhere and played the same loud scene.

Masked individuals stared at them intently while sipping on alcohol and chatting amongst their peers.

In a corner of the bar, a masked, blonde-haired individual was seated on a high chair, holding a microphone. By his sides, there were two black screens showing some numbers in red.

"Haha, ladies and gentleman, now who will you bet on?"

Behind the individual was a big screen. On it, two groups of people were clashing with each other.

"The Free Adventurer's Association or the World Adventurer's Association?" The blonde individual asked in a cheerful tone.

An individual seated close to the blonde guy raised a placard that had WAA written on it.

"1000 peak grade magic stones."

He took a sip of his drink and said unhurriedly.

"Hoho, that's quite the sum from table number 21!"

Beside the blonde guy, on the black screen, numbers in red flashed once.

+

1000P — TN 21

+

Looking at that, a person from table number 11 sneered. "Anyone can place a bet on the WAA. It's not going to fall whatsoever and is safe to do so. But this one... this one will be betting on the FAA, just watch, you idiots."

Provoking everybody in the air, a man in red robes from table number 11 said and raised a placard that had the letters FAA written on it.

"1000 medium grade magic stones!"

The masked blondie laughed heartily. "Here I was worried that there wouldn't be any supporters for the Free Adventurer's Association!"

A lady in blue sparkling robes from table number 2 scoffed and put her champagne down.

"This prick from table 11 just wants to have attention to himself. I am sure he knows that the FAA can't hold a candle to the WAA which is made by none other than the main eight."

Laughters rang out in the rooftop bar as the sun set and cast a golden glow on everybody present.

"Aah... young miss from table 2, you shouldn't worry about me. I'm just throwing some leftover nickels, nothing much. And as for grabbing attention, I don't need to do that, but let's say I was doing it. There's one thing about me that I don't need to show a lot of skin to do that."

The man threw a jab at the lady whose gown had a heart-

shaped bodice that was at such a height that even a centimeter's slip down could result in the lady's pink pearls being out in the open for everybody to feast upon.

The lady frowned hearing such a comment. "That's quite an unsightly comment. I expected nothing less from second generation young masters."

It was the man's time to frown now. "Who are you calling a second generation young master, young miss?"

It looked like a fight would erupt soon in the bar if the situation wasn't resolved.

The blonde masked individual was about to say something to stop them, but his phone began vibrating in his pockets.

Calls were put on priority, so whoever must've called was probably someone important.

He cut off the mic's connection and picked up the call, ignoring the problems in the bar.

"Yuwen, it's me."

It didn't take him long to know who it was on the other side.

Yuwen hurriedly said, "Ah, Your Highness. How may I be of help?"

"What bets are currently going on?"

"It's the World Adventurer's Association and the—"

"Place a million peak grade magic stones on the FAA for me. You have my card, do it."

"Ah..."

Yuwen was surprised by the sudden comment.

"Is His Highness sure?"

It was not his job to advise, but this was going to be really risky. There's no way the WAA was going to lose to the FAA!

"Yes. And while you are at it, start the betting session on the war between Angels and Demons."

Yuwen was surprised once again when he heard that. The war between the Angels and Demons didn't look like it would end soon so the betting was going to be there after a while. But now that the Prince had said it...

Yeah, he definitely knew a lot of things that Yuwen could never imagine.

Smiling and bowing subserviently even though Lith couldn't see him, he said, "It will be done at the earliest then, Your Highness. Anything else I can help you with? "

"That's all."

Beep.

The call was disconnected.

'His Highness definitely wouldn't make such bets without reason. I wonder what's going on behind the scenes...'

"You son of a bitch!"

Yuwen's thoughts were soon broken by a shrill voice.

Turning his head to look at the source, Yüwen gasped.

A lady in blue robes was running at a man in red while holding a chair in her hand.

"Ah— dear guests! Please calm down!"

Before the bets, there were some bigger issues Yuwen had to resolve.

Being a son-in-law of the World Merchant Association's President really wasn't fun...

Chapter 1025 Drunk Dragon

Back in the Inn, Lith met his aunt and Sylvia in the cafeteria.

The purple dragon was strangling the platinum-haired witch with her aggressive hug and chugging down cheap liquor with a happy smile on her face.

"Milady, please collect yourself."

"Bah! You shan't be so rigid, ya know?" Mayzin said with her dreamy eyes locked onto Sylvia's calm gray ones. "One drink, hic—, never hurt'n't nobody!"

"Milady, please..."

What Sylvia was doing wasn't requesting Mayzin, but negotiating. That's right, a drunkard couldn't be managed with common sense, especially not the one who ruled over all dragons and had a hobby of sleeping on a mountain of gold.

Lith watched the scene with an amused smile. He had no thoughts of interfering in the affairs of these two and calmly sipped on his ginger ale.

Tearing down on a juicy piece of sizzling meat while continuing to strangle Sylvia with a hug, Mayzin said, "Yuf shufd dfry fis!"

"Milady..."

Sylvia, who had always been indifferent, suddenly had an urge to cry. She just couldn't handle the situation this time — it was beyond her capabilities.

Although she felt such things internally, her facial muscles only contorted slightly in grimace. The indifference of hers wasn't something that could change in one single day.

She turned to look at Lith, her Master, and pleaded with her calm, flickering gray eyes.

Lith smiled and took a sip of his ginger ale. "Is something the matter, my maid?"

Before Sylvia could respond, Mayzin slammed down her wooden beer jug on the table, grabbing the two's attention.

"Waitaah! Tshu moaaar-!"

"..."

The entire cafeteria turned to look at her as she said that. After all, why would they not?

Mayzin's words were less of a drunkard's order and more of a dragon's roar!

Sylvia suppressed her urge to facepalm at this while Lith tried his best to not break into fits of laughter.

The waiters in the cafeteria were startled by Mayzin's explosive voice and hurried towards her with two jugs of foamy, yellowy beer made from the finest malt in the kingdom.

"Good! Go, hic-, good!" Mayzin said after chugging down a pint of beer in one go. She got back to chewing on the tough, gamey meat and her focus was gone from Sylvia, who finally got a breather.

"It's fun, isn't it?" Lith asked with a teasing smile.

Sylvia practiced her right to remain silent and didn't reply.

Lith chuckled and indulged in drinking the ginger ale, awaiting Fei's arrival, who appeared in the cafeteria a few minutes later while holding the hand of a ginger-haired girl.

Under the soft light of the cafeteria, the blonde and the ginger looked like walking sunrise and sunset as they made their way towards Lith.

They attracted quite the gazes, but with both being Supremes and exuding a scary aura, none dared to approach them.

"Master." Fei bowed and greeted Lith as she stood before him.

Lith patted the seat beside him, gesturing her to sit.

Fei did and she gestured to the ginger head that it was fine to sit here.

Hesitantly, the ginger sat down beside Fei.

"Oooh~... what a cutie..."

Mayzin said in her drunken state and tried to pinch the ginger's cheek from across the table.

"Milady, please control."

Sylvia grabbed her waist and stopped her moving across the table to do so.

"Chuuu, don't be like this..."

Mayzin blew raspberries and said with a pouty look.

'Where is her pride?' Lith thought to himself. 'Aunt Lucifer warned me so much to not hurt her pride... but does she even have it?'

Smiling and shaking his head, Lith dropped the thought and turned to look at the ginger-haired girl.

"Hello~"

Lith smiled and waved at her.

The girl shrank in her seat and tried to hide behind Fei's small back.

Fei turned towards her and grabbed her hand. Rubbing the back of it gently, she looked her in the eyes and said, "We talked over this, right? There's nothing to be afraid about."

The girl bit her lower lip and nodded with a forced expression.

She looked past Fei's shoulder, at Lith's smiling face, and said, "H, hello... "

The girl that was scared to even look at him could now sit near him and hold a conversation. This was quite the improvement. Lith knew Fei wouldn't disappoint.

"I'm Lith, pleased to make your acquaintance."

It was a formal greeting from Lith's side. He didn't want to make the girl uncomfortable, hence he didn't speak informally in his usual tone this time.

The girl did a slight nod. "Likewise."

Fei, still grasping the girl's hand, said, "Meryl, that's my Master, as I mentioned before. Eyes and perception can be misguided at times, so please try to look through your heart when conversing. You'll understand what sort of man my Master is. Okay?"

"Okay..." Meryl said with her head lowered.

It was a lot of pain conversing with this girl who was scared like a toddler lost in a carnival. It was by far the most difficult task she had ever gotten.

Who would've thought that talking was more difficult than going against heavens?

Initially, Meryl was scared to even let out her spiritual sense to see who was near her. Add to that, she was blind. She couldn't see the faces of people and cowered in fear because of the high amounts of negative energy coming from them.

Meryl perceived everybody as killers, someone who she must avoid. Fei didn't have blood on her hands and thus let her have some room to talk to her.

Fei didn't directly jump the gun. She first settled down and stayed quiet, letting Meryl get used to her company.

Then, she requested Meryl to see her through her spiritual sense and listen to her.

When Meryl saw how harmless Fei looked, and also cute, she lowered her guard.

Fei wasn't pretending to be cute. There was no mask or disguise on her. There also wasn't any form of malice or deception Meryl could feel from her, hence she listens quietly.

Slowly and surely, Fei made Meryl open up and talk to her. By the end of their convo, she hugged Fei and wailed in her embrace.

It took a lot of effort to calm her down, but Fei succeeded in doing so.

Meryl and her weren't so different.

Like Fei, Meryl lost everyone dear to her and somehow arrived in this world.

Fei sympathized with her and comforted her to the best of her abilities while slowly letting her know that Lith was harmless.

Things took time, but the efforts came to fruition with the conversation currently happening in the cafeteria.

Despite the loud noise, Meryl conversed with Lith. Yes, Fei may be in between the two acting like a protective wall for Meryl, but the wheel was rolling.

During their conversation, the drunk dragon ordered fried squid rings. It came to her in a minute and when she had her first bite, she felt like throwing up.

Sylvia was quick to take her away, and with her gone, Lith had a proper chat with Meryl and got to know her.

From Meryl's backstory, he realized she was from another world and came here through a spatial rift.

She didn't know her way back home and even if she did, there was nobody back there whom she could meet.

Lith didn't ask for sensitive information. He didn't even ask her about her past, but Meryl opened up on her own.

There was a point when she broke down and began sobbing. Fei hugged her and comforted her, saying everything was okay, and that she was in a safe place now.

Fei then skillfully diverted the topic and steered the convo to a more casual tone where Lith, her, and Meryl talked about things such as "do you like it here?" "Are you finding the place to your liking?" "Do you know we have phones and all..."

And finally, the conversation came to an end when Lith introduced music to Meryl.

Fei gave her phone and a pair of earphones to Meryl. She plugged in and began listening to classics such as Beethoven and Mozart.

Her clouded green eyes may not help her see, but her auditory perception opened up an entirely new world for her.

Meryl began shaking while listening to music, clearly enjoying herself.

Lith watched her with interest and Fei too did the same.

"I didn't know my butler had a talent for diplomacy." Lith teased.

Fei rolled her eyes and said, "Thank you for your kind words, Master."

Lith smiled at Fei's visible displeasure.

"By the way, did she tell you why she went blind?"

"No. I didn't ask her. When the time comes, she will open up on her own. It's best if we don't rush things."

"No issues. Let things flow slowly."

Fei nodded her head and the two turned quiet.

Meryl swayed her head side to side while listening to music. It was slow at first, then turned intense.

"Hoof!"

Meryl raised her hands and began moving them as if she was orchestrating a choir.

This intensified further. Her body trembled in amusement and finally...

"Meow~!"

"..."

Chapter 1026 Foul Play

"Meow~!"

A ginger cat, wearing earphones, stretched in Fei's lap and meowed in happiness.

"Meoowwww..."

The cat rubbed its face on Fei's abdomen and rolled around.

"..."

"Is that normal?" Lith couldn't help but ask the speechless Fei.

Instead of answering, Fei looked down at the orange cat. It was still rolling in her lap, as if having the best time of her life.

"Meew..."

The cat got up and stretched itself. Then, it looked up at Fei with her dreamy faint green eyes.

Fei wondered whether it could see her. Was the girl's blindness cured?

"Meowww~"

The cat raised both its paws and stretched over Fei's body, demanding to be picked up.

Lil cat, you're currently on me. Fei wanted to say this, but gave up as she was sure the cat wouldn't understand anything.

"Meowww~"

It lightly jumped on its back feet, demanding Fei to hurry up.

Shaking her head, Fei held the cat and hugged it like how a mother would to her toddler.

"Rrrrrr..."

The cat purred happily around Fei's neck, tickling her.

"That's quite the spoiled cat. Does Meryl lose intelligence when she transforms?"

"No." Fei shook her head. "Her intelligence should be normal, but I don't know why she's acting like this suddenly."

Such strange behavior. Supreme Ranks sure were troublesome.

"Your Highness..."

Sylvia's voice rang out in Lith's ears.

She was walking towards him while supporting Mayzin by the shoulder, who now had her cheeks caved in and possessed a sickly complexion.

Sylvia stopped before Lith's table and said, "Milady needs to retire for the day. If there's anything His Highness needs, please let me know."

"Yes, please take care of her."

Mayzin had suppressed her body to be a mortal and enjoy the booze. It had clearly backfired.

Sylvia bowed and left the place, taking Mayzin away.

The orange cat continued to play with Fei, making Lith wonder, 'I should probably leave them alone.'

Clearly, Meryl was not in the right state of mind. It won't do him any good by talking to her.

"Fei, continue talking to her and understand her. I'll summon you if I need anything."

Fei nodded in understanding and bowed.

Lith patted her head. "I'll see you then."

With that, he left the Inn and moved around Semohr, in search of the mercenaries.

.....

Within a serious office room where only the fluttering of papers caused any noise, a roughly looming, burly Giant stared at another Giant with a relatively smaller stature in front of him.

"So you're saying there's some problem?"

The burly Giant asked in a calm tone that chilled the other Giant's heart.

"Y-yes, Chief."

"And that you sent a group of mercenaries after Malros?"

Cimir's body trembled.

"...Yes."

The Chief of Giants lowered his gaze at the kneeling Cimir. "How unsightly."

"You couldn't wait three more days, Cimir?"

Cimir trembled again. He touched his forehead to the ground while kneeling and said, "I-I apologize for my actions, Chief. It was an honest mistake."

"Honest mistake, you say?" The Chief repeated. "Defying my orders is an honest mistake?"

"N-, no..."

Cimir stopped himself from speaking and lay prostrated. Saying anything would only worsen the damage.

"Is that all?"

"No..."

"Speak."

"...There... there has been an anomaly..."

"Hm?"

Cimir gulped. "Chief, the mercenaries I sent out, there's something wrong with them."

"Something wrong?"

"Yes." Cimir turned to look up. "The mercenaries have rebelled. I caught a few spying on me a while ago and there had also been a few instances of them snooping around the court."

The Chief's unfazed expression finally had some fluctuations on it as he heard that.

"What happened?"

"The few mercenaries I caught said they got better pay from the opposite party. When asked how much, he said ten high grade magic stones..."

The Chief's frown deepened. "Such money... it couldn't be Malros."

They were well aware of the financial condition of the people within the kingdom. Ten high grade magic stones was not something anyone could afford to splurge on some mere mercenaries.

"This is bad."

The Chief quickly came to a realization.

"There's external forces meddling with our internal affairs."

Cimir stayed silent and let the Chief continue.

"Who could it be...?"

Silence descended down the room once again.

The Giants did not have any enmity with other races. And the Giants also did not have people who had affiliation with someone who could spend such exorbitant money.

Then who?

The question made the Chief frown harder with each passing second. The unknown was always agonizing.

Tapping on the armrest of his chair, the Chief said, "For now, pretend that you are clueless about the traitors and do things normally. If the other party is restless, they should make their move."

"As the Chief commands."

"You may leave."

The short conversation between the two came to an end, but the Chief's worries were still lingering.

Looking out of the window, he thought, 'Three more days...'

.....

Time passed.

Two days were left for the court hearing.

Gunther and his faction could not find any dirt on Cimir yet. There was nothing that could save them from the banishment and each passing second made everyone restless.

Ojas was running everywhere to get things done with Sheng and Ji following him.

Lith expected them to do better, but they hadn't found any new lead in his absence. The responsibility now lay on his shoulders.

Lith gathered everyone for a meeting. Including Ojas and gang, there was Gunther, his uncle, father, and a few other relatives in the room.

After some chat with them, Lith was made aware that Cimir's side had hidden everything really well. There were no traces of anything, and in the court where unjust things had happened, the Chief showed some bias and did not defend Malros's side.

It was known to Lith again that the Chief was siding with Cimir.

"Since there's no dirt available on them," Lith said to the men in the room. "We have to create it on our own."

"What..."

With the same serious tone as before, Lith continued, "Yes. You lot shall create some dirt on Cimir and start a propaganda in the kingdom that'll cause him trouble. Ensure the Chief's name is also taken, but the Chief is not completely associated with Cimir."

The room fell silent as Lith finished.

"That's... that's really not noble."

Kruger, Gunther's uncle, said.

Lith shot him a look and replied, "Do you have the privilege to think about such things?"

Kruger shut his mouth and lowered his head. As much as he wanted to refute, Lith was right. They were in no position to play virtuously.

"Ojas, what's Cimir's marital status?" Lith asked.

"Marital status?" Malros, sitting at the end of a long rectangular table asked. "Why would you need that?"

"You'll know." Lith said and continued to stare at Ojas.

In a hurry, Ojas went through a few tablets in his space ring and after finding the right answer, said, "He's... married."

"And?"

"And?" The Giants questioned.

Lith ignored them and stared at Ojas.

Ojas frowned. What more did the Vampire Prince want to... know...

'Huh?'

Ojas rubbed his eyes as he stared at a tablet screen.

'Is this for real?'

"...Cimir is married, but..."

The people's ears perked up as they heard the 'but'.

"...but he visits one of the elder's place every week. No... that's not right. He visits many elders throughout the week. Huh... is he having an affair with everybody?"

The Giants were taken aback with such a statement while Lith smiled.

He didn't really have hope in what he was planning to do as the Giants were loyal to their partners, but with Cimir, things might not be the same.

Yes, it could be just proper business talks, but judging from how he's the one who visits everybody continuously, that too alone, there could be something going on behind the scenes.

"Ojas, find a good looking Giantess and get her to mingle with Cimir. If he's having an affair or if he's a bad personality, he'll definitely take advantage of that beauty. You could profit from it. In case this doesn't work, contact me quickly and I'll tell you what else to do."

"With this being an example, I want everyone in the room to gather information on people from Cimir's side. Their hobbies, what they eat, do, wives, and so on. Once you have it, formulate a plan that could make them lose face. If you can't, let me know."

Gunther had a difficult expression. He wanted to say something to Lith, but couldn't.

Lith was right. They didn't have the privilege to play fairly and had to resort to cheap tactics. Time was really running out.

Lith guided these guys for a while and prepared backup plans in case things go south.

Once finished, he left the room and went to see Nika. He did tell her would visit soon, and today was the day.

Her aunt was a clue to solving the problem the Giants were facing. He wasn't fully sure, but he had faith in it. His own aunt wouldn't give him a random quest to complete after all. There could be deeper meanings to it and uncovering them was an urgent matter.

Chapter 1027 Times Were Changing

"...Truly, we are grateful for your grace from the bottom of our hearts."

In front of Lith, four Giants were kneeling, with two being ladies and two men.

Watching such a scene, anyone would be embarrassed and ask the elders to not bow like that.

Humility and modesty were virtues most people with common sense had. Lith wasn't an exception to it, but being of nobility, he was trained to not feel embarrassed over such matters.

"Please lift your heads," Lith said in a calm tone and got the formalities over with.

Nika, her aunt, her father, and grandfather stopped kneeling and got up to see Lith.

They were all smiles and felt not the slightest bit of shame for thanking him like that.

Lith was in the living room of Nika's house. The size of it was as much as a five-storey tall building. It's no wonder why the Giants made everything out of stone cheap materials.

Making shelters as big as these with expensive materials was surely not the way. Being frugal in such matters took off some economic burden from everybody.

Everyone sat around a round table with Lith sitting on a high chair to match these guys' height.

He made use of Earth element and made a temporary chair.

Nika's aunt had golden locks like her while her face radiated as bright as a lily. Her complexion was much better than the last time Lith saw her.

"...So, savior, what brings you to our humble abode?"

A man with a long beard and bald head asked. There was a scar on his face and he appeared more like a Giant-sized dwarf with all those muscles on him than a Giant.

This was Nika's father.

"Just to have a chat." Lith said casually and turned to look at Nika's aunt.

Nika's aunt, as if knowing what Lith wanted to ask, nodded her head.

"If it's the backstory you want to know, then it went like this..."

Nika's aunt began narrating the past events. There were a lot of details in it, but the notable information was highlighted in Lith's brain.

There were cloaked figures that attacked them. One of them had burn marks like snake scales on their hands, and one possessed a helical inflamed bump, as if something was underneath their skin.

That's all the lady knew of.

Lith chatted with them some more and the conversation steered from their past to their current occupation.

These guys were apothecaries. It was like alchemy but more magic oriented and less cultivation type.

Potions and magic spells were their main elements, and the only cultivation related thing they followed was the grading system. Saint grade, King grade, and so on.

When the conversation came to an end, Lith was given a few potions by Nika's family as a token of thanks and sent off.

Lith appreciated them for it, and after leaving their place, went straight for the hunt of the cloaked figures.

.....

"Yes, Your Highness. I can see her."

Sitting on a bench by a cobblestone path, Sylvia said softly on the phone while staring at a Giant sitting under a tree and writing.

Sylvia appeared no less than a small bug on this big bench and her aura was retracted, making her appear harmless and invisible to everyone around.

The person she had just described was a lady wearing a plain white and blue tunic, typical for adventurers and the people of the Giant kingdom. Nothing particularly stood out about her, except for her arms which were covered in burn marks.

-Continue to keep a watch on her and let me know if something suspicious happens.

Lith's voice rang in Sylvia's ears.

"Is His Highness not coming?"

-No. I'm in a bit of a—

-BANG—!

-Tch. I'll call you later.

Beep.

Sylvia stared at her phone as Lith hung up and wondered what trouble her Prince had gotten himself into.

.....

BANG—!

An earth-shell shot towards Lith like a bullet. It was one at first, but halfway through, split into two, then four, and by the time it reached Lith, the numbers reached in hundreds.

With his magenta-flamed dark sword, Lith cut the shells as if it were tofu and charged towards the person caster, a Giant with helical marks on his hands.

"Mother's embrace — descend!"

Ripples in space formed due to the Giant's roar, and a black aura rained down at Lith, crushing him.

He may have evaded the shells, but this aura was unavoidable.

The Giant ran towards Lith after pinning him down. The ground rumbled but there was not the slightest crack on it, making it evident just how proficient the other party was in Earth Path.

The pressure on Lith was heavy. The power did not belong to this world!

Clicking his tongue, Lith willed the Space elements around him to cast Short Jump.

It was met with failure.

There was no Space element near him.

Not just Space, no elements could be felt, and Lith was completely blocked from them.

'This is bad.'

The situation was dire. Lately, more and more enemies were using the ability to cut off elemental energies, rendering one hopeless.

What use were all elemental affinities when one couldn't even feel them? This was a clear weakness.

But so what?

It wasn't the end of the world!

"Psych Puppetry!"

Ancient red sigils spiraled into Lith's amethyst pupils and began rotating.

His vision distorted and the charging Giant turned blurry, only to be replaced with a scene of a silverhead pressed on the ground.

"Kill!"

Lith said out loud, but instead of his mouth, the words were spoken by the charging Giant, who's eyes had lost their color.

SLASH—!

The Giant cut his own neck with his dagger and fell down with a loud thud.

The aura on Lith vanished and the elemental energies could be felt again.

Instead of rejoicing, Lith dashed towards the almost dead Giant and yelled out, "Blanket of Vitality!"

A green-colored light enveloped the Giant and cocooned him within. The bleeding stopped and the fast appearing pale color of his skin turned back to a healthy wheat shade.

The Giant was unconscious, but alive.

The fight just now was intense. It seemed simple, but everything had happened within ten seconds.

If Lith was late by even a millisecond, he would've been resurrected back in the Royal Castle. It would've been really shameful to have his first death be like that.

Walking towards the Giant, Lith stared at him as he lay inside a transparent green-hued cocoon.

Finding him was a hassle. If not for Fei and Meryl's help, it would've been really troublesome.

At first, there had been problems that arose on Gunther's side with Cimir suddenly launching an attack that shook the whole kingdom.

There was a massacre in a nearby village to Semohr and all attention was diverted from Cimir to that place.

It was said that the Chief was really angry and he had personally made a claim by swearing in another Seia's name that the culprit would be punished.

The Chief along with Cimir personally went to visit the village and took a big army with them. The event was being live streamed everywhere in the kingdom.

Lith's strategy to tarnish Cimir's name had failed as all the attention was shifted to the massacre.

The massacre was wrong. Really very wrong. And Lith had to bear the brunt of it too due to the cause and effect principle.

The halo in his ring had become thicker and he had a feeling that the massacre in the village was going to haunt him later if he didn't do something about it.

Secretly, Lith called for reinforcements from home. It was Noman along with his subordinate Helen that came to him.

The two were tasked with secretly bringing all the people to life and not letting a single soul slip out.

They happily accepted the task and went to get things done.

To have the Chief get away from the village with his army, firstly, another explosion was made. This time it was right in the heart of Semohr, at the noble center of the city.

The explosion shook the entirety of the kingdom and made everyone understand just how unsafe times had gotten.

The Chief along with Cimir were restless when they noticed it and ran back to the capital.

Noman and Helen got the needed time and got to work.

It was around this time that Lith got an urgent call from Fei, who said that she found the person Lith was looking for.

The Giant was in the midst of committing some heinous acts, and although didn't like being that person, he had become a knight in shining armor for the people in distress.

The people were rescued from the Giant, but enraged, he shot the Earth shells at Lith.

The fight ended with Lith winning, but this interaction served as a warning for him.

Times were changing.

The unsealing of the world had caused lots of unrest and it was only going to worsen from here onwards.

If this Giant could summon otherworldly power like this, what could the people from the Evure God Clan be capable of?

Lith didn't dare to think for long. He had to hasten whatever he was planning and get things done at the earliest. Otherwise this world— no, his home, was doomed.

Lith flew over the Giant's body and stared at his unconscious face.

'A soul search should give me all the answers. Let's see what all secrets this thing possesses...'

Chapter 1028 Cruel World

"Noooooooo!"

A young Giant screamed on top of his lungs as he rushed into a pile of ruins.

"No! No! No!"

The young Giant pushed apart the shattered rocks and debris, searching for something.

"Noooooooooooo!"

Tears streamed down his eyes while his heart seemed to be clutched tightly by vines of thorns.

Rummaging through the debris with tearful eyes, the young Giant soon found a hand.

"Lula! Lula! Lula!"

As if cast with a booster spell, the young Giant's strength increase many folds as he saw the scarred hand, bloody hand.

All the debris around it was cleared in just a few seconds and the sight he saw made his heart stop.

A woman lay with her eyes open, and mouth agape, staring at the sky. Her eyes were lifeless, face scarred as much as her hands, and she did not seem to be breathing.

The young Giant could not process what he was looking at.

Only after a solid few minutes, did the reality sink in.

"Lu..la..."

The young Giant felt a big lump form in his throat and was unable to speak. Even if no words came out, his body, which was now trembling, and eyes which were flooded by salty tears expressed his grief.

"Lula... Lula. Lula! Lula! LulaLulaLulaLula!"

The young Giant slammed the ground beside the dead lady and went into a state of madness.

"Why? Why? Why?"

"Why did this happen? What wrong did we ever do!?"

"Why you and not me?!"

"Whyyyyyy... Whyyyyyy..."

The young Giant descended into madness as he smashed all the debris around him. Even in his crazed state, his arms never hit the lifeless body of the girl called Lula.

The young Giant stood up after a while and distanced himself from Lula, trying not to hurt her.

"WhyWhyWhyWhyWhyWhyWhyWhyWhy!?!?!"

The young Giant kicked, smashed, and threw whatever he could around him.

"Aaaaaahhhhh! Why??? What wrong did Lula ever do? What wrong did I ever do to deserve this?"

The young Giant continued to scream as memories of past flashed in front of his eyes.

+

-Hey Yudor, I-I-I...

-You...?

-I..I want to say something, Yudor.

-Hm, it sounds serious. Haven't seen you this serious in a while.

-S, shut up... let me speak...

-Heh... are you going to propose to me, Lula, with that blushing face of yours?

-...

-haha... it's a jok..e... huh? Why are you crying?

-...

-...wait, what...

-Y-you idiot! You bastard! You ruined it!

-Ah... I'm so sorry...

-Hmph! Don't talk to me anymore!

+

Yudor was bawling as he remembered the day where he started dating his dead wife Lula.

Their confession story wasn't the best, but those were one of the happiest days of his life.

+

-Yudor, you bastard! You ruined the confession, but don't ruin the vows!

-Why would I do that? Have some faith in your husband!

-You're not my husband yet.

-Have some faith in your handsome fiancé.

-You're not handsome.

-...

-Shoo! Get out of my room and go prepare the vows properly. I'm busy.

+

Yudor was the happiest after Lula came into his life. Even if she used to scold him sometimes, the love she would pour out throughout the day was unconditional and unparalleled.

+

-Yudor... we'll have four kids!

-What? Four? Isn't that a lot, Lula?

-Mister husband, I am the one popping them out. You don't have a say in the quantity. Now get here and fertilize my eggs.

-...Lu-L-Lula... what sort of wording is tha— oomph!

+

Days passed and Lula got pregnant.

Yudor got a job in a guild on the outskirts of Semohr. The pay was well and they were making a decent living out of it.

Being a Giant, pregnancy and delivery took a long time. But Lula and Yudor were patient. Someday, the baby will surely come out.

Day by day, Lula's belly was swelling up. The two were at the peak of their happiness.

The swelling wasn't much as it was in the initial period, but they were very happy with anticipation of their young one.

When they were at their happiest, as if the world couldn't bear to watch it anymore, tragedy struck.

Problems occurred in the guild Yudor worked at. After years of hard work, he had climbed higher and was at the position of a Vice-Guildmaster.

Someone in the guild offended a bigger guild's hero. It was a big problem.

Yudor's guild worked hard to compensate and apologize, but the one who was being a troublemaker didn't like things the way they were and tried to assassinate the hero of the other guild.

Enraged, the bigger guild started a guild war.

Needless to say, Yudor's guild was wiped out.

Things should've stopped here, but the bigger guild wasn't satisfied with just this. They targeted every individual present in that place and being the Vice-Guildmaster, Yudor's house was razed, and his wife was killed along with his unborn child.

Yudor tried to rush as fast as he could, but was late.

At last, after watching his wife's corpse, he completely descended into madness and thrashed around like a rogue beast.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh! Why her? Why her? Why her? Why not me!? Me!

Me!Me!Me!"

Yudor roared at the heavens while being in the vicinity of his dead wife.

"Aaaaahhhh! God's above! God's above, return my wife and my child to me!"

"God's above! Return her soul!"

Lula's soul had vanished, only the shell housing it remained. There was no resurrecting her. The people of the guild had thoroughly ensured to kill.

"God's above! God's above! Give me my wife!"

"God's above! I give up my life in exchange!"

"God's above! Take me, take me, take me!"

"God's above! God's above! God's above!"

"God's above, listen to me..."

"Mother Helvia... please listen..."

Yudor's rage subdued. What remained was utter grief.

"God's above... sob... God's above..."

"...please... just once... God's... above..."

Yudor's voice turned faint as time passed.

His hazy eyes dimmed and turned lifeless as he slowly lay beside his dead wife.

"Go..d... a..bo..v... e..."

He didn't stop mumbling even after his mind collapsed.

Soon, after who knows how long, light shone in front of Yudor's eyes.

His weakened state of mind recovered to full health and as the light dispersed, in his vision were a pair of deep crimson eyes, staring right at his very soul.

"That's a good resentment."

The unknown being said softly.

"Yudor, was it?"

The God spoke.

"From today, you shall be my apostle of the [— — —] world."

"Hm? Apostle of...?"

Yudor did not know what was happening, and unconsciously asked what the beeped out words meant.

The crimson-eyed God tilted her head in confusion.

"You don't know what [— — —] is?"

"No. I am only hearing 'beep beep beep' when you say that name."

The crimson-eyed God fell silent.

"It seems language now is too advanced for you. Let me speak in ancient Giant language."

"I want you to be the apostle of the [Origin] world."

"Origin?"

"Yes," said God softly. "Your world is infamous. There's not a single soul that does not know about it. However, half a million years ago, it vanished from everyone's eyes. But now, to luck would have it, you believers worshipping us has led to us taking notice of the [Origin]."

"What happened in your world to disappear and reappear like that?"

"I don't know." Yudor said flatly.

The God nodded and didn't dwell on it. Yudor seemed nothing but a small fry.

"From today, you shall be my, Mother Seia's, apostle. If you worship me, believe in me, listen to me, I will fulfill all your wishes."

"All my wishes? Can you bring my wife back?"

"Yes. And I can get your unborn child's soul back as well."

"Please tell me what I need to do!"

.....

The immersion broke and Lith rubbed his forehead as he stared at the Giant called Yudor cocooned on the ground.

'Why did it have to be a sad story?' Lith couldn't help but wonder.

'Why can't villains just be villains due to poor malice?'

'If these fuckers have backstories like this, killing them only just messes with my own morality. Fuck.'

Lith was not happy with this outcome. He felt pity and sympathy for the guy. What he had done was nothing wrong.

There were some things not in one's control.

This was a world of magic where the strongest fist ruled. Cannon fodders getting swept was inevitable in a place like this.

The war Lith had caused was one big example of it. Many had died due to him. There could be some like Yudor in the mix, and had he not been prepared beforehand, the cruel karma he would need to bear might take his own loved ones' life.

'It's risky. Very risky.'

One shouldn't kill unnecessarily unless one was strong enough to handle the karma. It is exactly due to this that not even the unaffiliated Supreme Ranks never caused any trouble.

Lith once again learnt about the harshness of this world in which he had found comfort due to the ones around him.

Sighing, Lith squatted down and touched the cocoon again.

'There's still a major chunk of memories remaining to be seen. Let's see what more is left. This time, I hope there isn't something as traumatic. Please... I can't bear to watch these tragedies...'

Chapter 1029 A Slight Change In Consciousness

-Find me a vassal, believer.

-A vassal with pure Earth and Dark element coursing through their veins.

"It will be done, mother goddess."

Yudor bowed and left to find a person the goddess had mentioned to him.

In a few days, he found the apothecary store called Jujuban's Jamaeis. It was quite famous and the items sold were of great quality and the prices weren't exorbitant either.

Yudor found the person the goddess had asked him to. It was a mature lady brewing potions behind the counter.

This was the last task the goddess had asked him to do. Prior to this, the tasks were quite challenging.

The goddess wanted the Giants to worship her. People had the doctrines of Mother Helvia deeply ingrained in their souls and couldn't part ways to worship someone else.

Hence, Yudor devised a plan to target young children, who still weren't used to these doctrines.

Yudor found a promising young man. It had been many decades ago.

He began interacting with this young man, and slowly instilled the doctrines of Mother Seia and replaced Mother Helvia's.

This sort of job was done on my kids at a young age. There were a lot of them and Yudor couldn't do everything himself. Thus, he gathered a few strong Giants with a dark past, brainwashed them into believing Helvia was evil, and coaxed them onto his side and made them extremists.

Born was a new organization working right under the nose of the Giant Chief.

With new members, Yudor created a new wave of religion. He then went to check up on the promising young man and found that he indeed had great talents.

However, his sword wasn't sharp enough. It needed refining.

Yudor put together a master plan of giving the young man a promising life and snatching it away from him.

A girl was secretly groomed by his organization into falling in love with the young man. She was not aware of being manipulated and poisoned slowly.

This girl then went on to become the young man's wife. The young man was doing well in life, had kids even, but then, tragedy struck as his wife got sick.

The young man did his best to help her heal, but it was all for naught.

It was then that this secret organization of Yudor's stepped in and helped him, showing a promising future and sweet whispers of encouragement and help for his sick wife.

The promising young man then went on to become the new Chief, who was now alone in this society with his sick wife.

This was the story of Khimav and Yvonne who lost their everything and were ignorant of being manipulated from a young age.

After making the young man a chief, Yudor took a breather. Most of the people had been converted to become Mother Seia's believers and only a few were remaining.

Making the young man the chief was the right call, and it had accelerated things greatly.

Only a few more steps were remaining and the entire Giant race would be worshiping Mother Seia.

It was at this point that Yudor got a final mission from the goddess.

She wanted a vassal for herself. He kidnapped Nika's aunt and killed her husband who was being a bother in the dungeon.

Had the lady and him not resisted, he wouldn't have died.

In any case, after turning the lady into the goddess' vassal, Yudor somewhat retired and led a slow life.

Until, this unfortunate day appeared in his life where he encountered Lith.

.....

'What a headache...'

Lith rubbed his temples. Too many conspiracies were happening in this Giant Kingdom. The political drama here was more as compared to the Humans, who Lith thought to be at the pinnacle of all.

Angels, Demons, Dragons, Elves, Vampires, Werewolves, Witches... all these races did not have such troubles in their societies.

Hierarchy in these races worked on the basis of merit and power.

The Vampire one was the simplest of them all. No one needs to conspire to rise higher in ranks. Just improve your cultivation, challenge a noble clan, defeat them, and voila, you are now at the top of Vampire Society.

The world was in a golden era of peace. Only the Humans caused trouble and this usually stayed within their own continent. They were their biggest enemies.

Speaking of this world, Lith was surprised to learn the name of this world being [Origin].

Names weren't given on a whim and it was especially rare to have a one word name for a world.

Names were usually four plus words long for an average planet. With this one being called [Origin] along with it being a one word, things were definitely suspicious.

Lith decided to check up on it later and find out why it was named as such.

Coming back to the present, Lith sighed once again as he looked at the Giant called Yudor.

Was he really a bad guy? Was he really to be blamed for doing what he had done?

If Lith was in his place, could he have done anything better?

There were many questions popping up in his mind and they weren't the least bit healthy.

The line between good and evil was thin. It was always a subjective matter when one looked at it.

Calling Yudor a villain, evil, wasn't right. But it also wasn't right to call him good.

Pitiful. This was what described him the best.

This Mother Seia gave her word to bring back his wife and unborn child to life. It had been many centuries since their death. Their soul might've dissipated already or they had been reincarnated into different people.

By no means was Lith a virtuous young man. He wasn't obliged to help this guy and he also had no reason to do so. Things happen. Life's hard. It's just what it is.

This was what Lith would chant and move on...

...had it been any other day in the past, that is.

The current Lith was not having the thoughts of letting Yudor be as is and moving on.

A slight change had occurred in his consciousness.

'Who am I?'

'I am the Vampire Prince — Lith Evure. Heir of the Vampire Royal Family; husband of the Vampire Queen, Regent Queen, Death Dragon Empress, Seraphim Principal of the world's biggest academy, ancient Vampire clan's last standing heir; lover of the Elven Queen, Elven Princess, Ruler of Demons and Devils; one chosen by the heavens; one who's the bearer of the Phoenix providence; Master of a Supreme Devil, the last Yellow Phantom, a Supreme Rank Witch, an otherworldly demon, a Jinx, a Charm, a Cerberus; a Legendary Chef, and the youngest King Rank to ever exist in history!'

'I have suffered through the strongest tribulations and I have such a strong identity. I can kill anyone I want to without lifting a finger. I can erase anyone who dares to offend me. With such power at bay, there's no need to look at a speck of dust that lies in the cocoon beneath me.'

'I should chuuni as fuck, and like an edgy teen in his rebellious phase when thinking of things in such a manner. It's really shitty.'

'Three centuries have passed since my arrival in this world. I am not even an adult Vampire and yet, I've already forgotten most of my humanity and virtue.'

Lith slightly distanced himself from the cocoon and stared at the clear skies of this world. He raised his hand towards it, as if wanting to capture the sun in his palms.

'When and how did I become like this? Why does life not matter to me anymore? Why have I become so selfish? I chose to walk on the path of an anti-hero, but isn't it too cruel to leave things such as this?'

'Karma is a strong principle that works in this world and the entire universe. If I become a person who ignores the needy and looks at them with disgust... will there be a day when the same happens to me?'

'The likelihood of such a thing happening is really low, but not zero. My mother's a God, things such as poverty would never be known to the likes of me. She has achieved a lot in her life so that me and my sister could fly high. I don't need to care about mortals or pitiful people like Yudor. I have everything and helping them serves no benefit.'

'Yet... my heart aches.'

Lith clutched his shirt near his heart.

'If I do nothing and walk away, nothing will happen to me. There are no consequences to my actions due to my powerful background. However...'

'...Will I be able to live with it? Will I not feel some guilt later on in life that I didn't help this dude even though I had the power and it doesn't cost me anything?'

'What reason is there for me to not help? And what reason is there for me to help him?'

"If I am going to ignore him and let him die, why am I doing it? Didn't I feel great pity for Sylvia and Keith? Didn't I help them by taking them under me? Why did I do that? I had no reason to do so. I could have killed Sylvia on the spot for harming my favorite tomboy and live my leisurely life, but I didn't.'

'Sigh...'

Lith turned around to gaze back at the cocoon.

'If I don't help him now, there wouldn't be a bigger hypocrite than me. If I don't care about being a hypocrite and don't give two shits about what the world, the universe, the heavens thought of me... I could just walk away and nothing would happen.'

'Yet...'

Lith squatted down beside the cocoon which had shrunk to the size of Fei by now.

'...I want to help you...'

Chapter 1030 Art Of Capturing A Prideful Dragon

It was so easy to blame somebody if they did something evil, and kill them even. You could feel like a hero, have a sense of accomplishment, satisfaction, and would be revered by the people around you.

But what happens when you realize that not all villains were pure evil. It was the circumstances that forced them to be one. As the saying goes —

A child neglected by the village will burn it down to feel some warmth.

In Yudor's case, his wife died due to some external causes. And he wanted nothing but to bring the two dead people back.

Though, he did wrong others. Many families lost their members. Some lost their wives, some their husbands, and some even children. It was outrageous.

Should such a guy be really helped?

For the first time, Lith didn't know an answer.

However...

'I don't need a reason.'

That was right. There were times when one could simply shut their brain off and do things their heart desired or their instincts told them to.

So what if doing some things didn't have any benefit? As long as Lith was satisfied with the outcome and didn't have any regrets for doing so-and-so things, everything was acceptable.

Lith heaved a sigh and called for Sylvia to pick him up.

The cocoon couldn't be stored in a separate dimension or space ring. There was a genuine soul in it that was delicate to such things and might break.

Sylvia was a Supreme Rank. Her teleporting abilities would keep this guy safe while moving around.

In a second, Sylvia was at his service. Lith asked her to put this guy in some secluded place first. He would be needed later on.

Sylvia vanished with the cocoon and came back in a jiffy.

Lith then went to the Inn with her and checked up on his aunt, Fei, and Meryl.

Meryl was still in a cat form, purring happily in Fei's embrace, while Fei had a soft expression on her face and looked at the orange fluff ball with tenderness.

Lith didn't disturb their picturesque moment. He did click a picture though. Fei seemed really cute with that gaze. He would use it to tease her later and take some cheap advantage of her too.

Heh. He really was an evil prince. Tormenting innocent ladies and scamming them into his bed... truly a shameless, perverted act that didn't beseech a prince like him.

Leaving them to their things, Lith checked up on his aunt. She was sleeping on the bed comfortably on her sides.

It was evening and the moonlight from the window was the only thing illuminating the room. Under the moonlight, Mayzin appeared just like any ordinary young lady.

Nobody would be able to believe that she was almost half a million years old, let alone a Supreme Rank with such an appearance.

Stretching his hands overhead, Lith said lazily, "I think I should take a nap. Sylvia, make sure to wake me up by dawn."

"Understood, Your Highness." Sylvia said and sat down on a chair nearby.

Lith hadn't dismissed her so she wasn't allowed to leave the room. He forgot to do so, and that's because he considered his maids as actual people with feelings and not some golem that did things on command.

As Sylvia settled down, she suddenly realized something. The Prince said he wanted a nap, but there wasn't an extra bed in the room or beddings even to sleep on the floor.

What should she do? A problem crept up.

The problem didn't last for long as Sylvia saw Lith getting behind the Star Dragon Empress and laying on his sides while hugging her.

Mayzin was in deep sleep and didn't have an understanding of her surroundings. Since Sylvia was with her, she put her guard down and tried to sleep properly for the first time in a while.

Lith had no troubles getting behind her and cuddling.

Soon, without knowing, Lith dozed off as well.

Next morning.

Lith didn't wake up, but Mayzin did. She could feel the sun coming up and it was sort of like an alarm to wake her up from her power naps which usually lasted a day or two or a week at most.

Initially, Mayzin felt warm, but as her senses returned, she found the embarrassing position she was in.

A vein popped on Mayzin's head. 'If he wasn't my nephew... haha.. if he wasn't then...'

There were some things one mustn't do. One of which was to get intimate with a prideful Dragon quickly or at the start of their relationship.

It was clearly stated in the sacred books that were available publically.

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[Art Of Capturing A Prideful Dragon For Dummies]

(43rd edition)

Step 1: Do not touch the dragon.

Step 2: You really didn't touch the dragon, right?

Step 3: If you touched the dragon, you may burn this book. It's useless now, for you shall die.

Step 4: Congrats, you have succeeded in following step 1. You may now approach the dragon, but still do not touch it!

Step 5: Observe the dragon. Is it sleeping? Is it glaring? Is it snoring? Or is it pretending to sleep? Observe. Observe. Observe. And try staying alive for a while.

Step 6: Do you have something the dragon likes? It's better to offer it while its still sleeping.

Step 7: Wait until the dragon has woken up.

Step 8: If you hadn't killed yourself yet from the long wait, there's still time to do so now. What? You don't wanna? Too bad then. Keep waiting until the dragon wakes up. If it does, proceed to step 9.

Step 9: Negotiate. Dragons love themselves a good deal. You could ask a dragon's secret stash of treasure by offering it something of equivalent value. If you have the means, you could offer something big and can even ask the dragon out for marriage. Be warned though. All the steps written here may sometimes not align with the differing personalities of the dragons. You could even die. Negotiate in a safe manner.

Step 10: If you have impressed the dragon with your negotiation, you can now ask it to move out of its castle/

fortress/cave and follow you around the world. Chances of rejections are really high. (Not advised to try on female dragons.)

Step 11: If the dragon's following you, voila, you have now captured a dragon!

+

"..."

Mayzin was speechless in Lith's embrace. She could vividly recall the content of that cursed book that was available everywhere in the world for as low as a few nickels.

People were really shameless, thinking they could coax a dragon into becoming theirs with a simple few treasures. Did they think dragons only liked treasures and could be turned into their subordinates? Foolish thinking.

Dragons were smart. Really smart, and a mere treasure could never make them sway. It had to be something grand or big for it to be considered worthy for the dragons.

The book was flawed. Really flawed. It made dragons appear like they only knew how to gather treasure, sleep, be loud, and violent. That's it.

Mayzin had thought of burning every copy of this book before, but then she had a revolutionary idea.

She let the book stay as is because it painted the dragon in a domineering light. People around the world never learn and keep doing stupid things. It was better to have a book such as this talking about the consequences.

Dumb Ways To Die Magazine had profited greatly after the release of this book as people thought they could easily conquer a dragon — in its own territory; in the very Dragon Continent.

The magazine's list of stupid deaths was getting longer and longer with each passing day.

Anyway, all of this apart, Mayzin knitted her brows in annoyance.

This shameless fellow. This scoundrel of a nephew of hers... he truly did not know how to behave.

One of his hands was under Mayzin's top, resting on her flat abdomen while the other one was embracing her firmly.

The situation wasn't good. Mayzin wanted to beat this guy up, but he was her only nephew. And she was also supposedly dating him. She couldn't kill the only potential husband she had now, could she?

Since killing him was off the charts, Mayzin wondered in what ways she could torture him for his audacity.

While lost in thoughts and having her eyes closed, it appeared as if Mayzin was sleeping soundly.

Meanwhile, Lith's hand that was stationary suddenly began moving under her top.

Mayzin knit her brows. 'This nephew of mine... I can understand that he's growing up and his hormones are getting out of control... but isn't it too much now? Where did he get the courage to touch me like this?'

Although they had gone on two dates by now, there weren't major developments that could lead them to such a situation.

Others did not know it, including her best friend Lucifer, but Mayzin was secretly a romance fanatic. She had read a lot of novels and manga for that genre.

Slow burn was the best trope!

Although it's always quite shitty in the start as the protagonist and their partner would take almost a hundred chapters to just confess and hold hands, it was still the best!

Mayzin liked things developing slowly. There were still a lot of steps left before they reached the point of touching each other!

Mayzin felt Lith's cold hand slither upwards.

'This sneaky horny nephew of mine... tch...'