

## Vampire 1061

Chapter 1061 Lizbeth's Heaven And Hell

SLAM!

A large metallic door of an unknown room in the outer circle was slammed open by a significantly harmless human.

With great strides, this human walked into a brightly lit hall with an opening ceiling.

Tens of furnaces with fierce flames under them were lined in a circle in the middle of the room, right at the place where the crimson moonlight seeped in.

One couldn't make out whether the red hue in the room came from the flames or the moonlight.

A strong medicinal scent lingered in the room despite there being proper ventilation facilities.

Lizbeth, smelling this scent, felt herself melt in its glory.

It was so pleasant, so warm, so floral! She was on cloud nine!

As if possessed, Lizbeth dashed in the room and checked up each furnace one by one.

"Wow, the flames are not ordinary!"

"What the— these are not flames but the pure Fire element?!"

"Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god! These aren't blue flames but the Water element mixed with Lightning that's producing continuous sparks! How is this possible!?"

In just ten minutes, Lizbeth finished analyzing every furnace and her gaze then fell on the rows of shelves lined at one side of the hall. There was an arched passageway at the other side and it was giving off a thick scent of freshly cut grass and wet soil after the first rain.

Lizbeth was momentarily baffled and wondered where she should go. It didn't take her long to come to a decision and she chose the passage as it was closer to her.

She ran towards it and in the next few moments...

"Wooaaaaahhhh~!"

"Hahahahaha! I'm in heaven! Heaven!"

Lith and the butlers behind him heard her loud voice.

Unlike the maids in the inner circle who were informed to greet the masters and move on, the butlers of the outer circle were left in the dark. They did not know that they weren't supposed to follow Lith.

It was for this fact that a row of butlers were standing behind him, their expressions tense. The aura coming from Lith was similar to the one they felt from their Madam.

With his wide back facing them and the domineering stance he stood at, the butlers all had a thought.

'Oh how strong His Highness has become...'

'In the blink of an eye, he isn't the same cute child that roamed around the castle with no care in the world.'

The butlers... despite feeling an aura that could kill them ten times over in an instant, were actually having thoughts like that of an uncle.

They couldn't help it. They had been with him ever since he was a child.

The Princess was not as socializing as the Prince when she was his age. She was a bit cold and reserved, hence the maidservants did not have much interaction with her. They did have similar feelings for her, but not as intense as they were for Lith.

Like Lilith, the Royal Servants too loved both Lith and Lucy equally. However, there were times such as these when they couldn't help themselves from adoring one more.

If Lith knew the thoughts these butlers were having, his cultivation in the dao of shamelessness would shatter, giving him a heart demon of embarrassment.

Thankfully, the Royal Servants did not look like they were going to speak about it and stood calmly in their spots with a professional, neutral look on their faces, ready to follow any command Lith had for them.

It had only been a few seconds since Lizbeth went in, but there was a continuous stream of cheerful noises from inside.

Lith thought of not following her inside because he had a hunch on how she would react, but curiosity still got the best of him and he walked inside.

The passage led to a thick white-colored barrier which was actually a gate that led to another dimension.

Liz sure had balls to barge into a gate like that without thinking twice.

Lith walked in and found himself in a tiny world full of multicolored plants and trees.

The trees were neatly lined in rows, in between were the medicinal plants.

As the world was tiny, walking for thirty minutes would have Lith complete a full circle. The trees and plants could be seen curving and disappearing in the horizon through naked eyes.

In front of him, Liz was sinking in the medicinal plants and rolling around, having the time of her life.

This place was definitely her wonderland.

As Lith walked close to her, Lizbeth noticed him and got up to see him. There was a big smile on her face while dirt covered her lab coat and some leaves could be seen camouflaged into her hair. If the leaves weren't a shade darker, noticing them through the naked eyes would be difficult.

"Go— Your Highness!" Lizbeth walked up to Lith and exclaimed while holding both his hands.

"What place is this? Where are we? Is this heaven? Have I died? Did you bring me to the afterlife?"

One after another, Liz shot an array of questions at Lith without taking a single breath.

Lith let her ask many questions as she wanted and didn't interrupt. Only when she stopped did he say calmly, "You're not dead, but you will be if you keep asking so many questions."

"Heh." Liz smirked and extended her hand out in a T pose.

She fell down freely on the soft plant bed and rolled around again, giggling like a child.

"..."

Was it just him or was understanding Liz getting harder by the day? Or was it just her getting stupider and infecting Lith with her stupidity?

Even Alea wasn't this troublesome despite being mischievous.

Lith squatted down to have a proper eye level. "Why are you laughing?"

"Hehehe," Liz giggled again. "You said you'd kill me."

"Yeah, and? Shouldn't that concern you?"

Liz rolled around and chomped on some blue-colored plant, munching on it like an animal.

Girl... are you a cow?

Lith had black lines form on his forehead.

Even cows weren't this inelegant while eating.

"Hehe," Liz first giggled, then continued while looking into Lith's amethyst eyes and munching on the plant, "If Hiff haiffness—"

Bonk!

"Oomfff!"

Lith couldn't watch her speak with her mouth stuffed with plants.

Liz clutched her head and rolled around, this time in pain as it hurt! Damn god! Why would he hurt her like that!?

As if reading her thoughts, Lith said, "Stop being naughty and don't cause trouble. If you're not afraid of getting killed by me then be afraid of your humanity getting stolen."

"...eh?"

The blue plant fell out of Liz's mouth as she heard that.

"Humanity? What?"

This was the first time she had heard such a threat.

Still in the same squatting position, Lith looked down at Lizbeth who was lying down on the ground, casting a shadow over her face.

"Do you not know who I am? I'm the Prince of Vampires and you're a human. You or your bloodline aren't strong enough to even put up resistance against me. I can turn you into a vampire anytime I want."

"W-w-what..."

This time Liz was scared and rolled to the side to get up.

She took a step back from her position and looking at Lith, said, "God... please don't show me such a scary face... I like it when you look at me indifferently."

Lith blinked in bafflement and got up. He didn't move from his place and stared at her.

Lizbeth took a deep breath and nudged her glasses up as she saw his reaction.

"It seems you're serious about this."

"Yes. Very much so."

"Okay..." Liz said and walked close to Lith, until she was standing a step's distance away from him. Being short, with her head reaching Lith's shoulder, she had to look up to see him eye to eye.

"...I would've died back there had it not been for you," Liz started speaking. "I offered you whatever I had because I was desperate to live. This time, it's no different."

'Hm? What is she talking about?' Lith's eyebrow slightly raised in interest.

Lizbeth's eyes were calm, serious. They did not have the bright playful twinkle in them anymore.

"If my humanity is what you seek, I'll give it to you. You only have to promise me that I won't lose my mind and stop researching."

Lith's brows slightly knitted themselves. He did not like what she just said.

His annoyed expression made Lizbeth take a deep breath and nudge her glasses up. "Right, by taking my humanity, do you mean to say you'll force yourself on me and defile me? No, that's not right."

Lizbeth corrected herself and shook her head as she realized something.

Looking up again, she continued, "You are the Vampire Prince, a vampire. And in that context, are you referring to turning me into a vampire by biting me?"

Lizbeth then shook her head again and looked at Lith.

"Sorry to say, God, it's a futile effort. I am not a pure virgin to get turned into a vampire. And even if you try to defile me, I most probably won't lose my humanity because it's not the first time—"

SLAP!

Lith couldn't bear to watch it anymore and slapped Lizbeth. He controlled his strength and only her glasses flew away while her cheeks turned red and somewhat swelled up instantly.

Grasping Lizbeth's face by his fingertips and squeezing her cheeks, Lith made her look him in the eyes.



Lizabeth's clear green eyes stared at Lith with a flickering gaze.

For the first time, Lith could see fear in her eyes. It was almost on the same level as when he first met Meryl.

Despite knowing her state of mind, Lith knew had to make things clear, lest some fuck up happened in the future.

With his eyes slightly squinted, Lith said, "Lizabeth... I asked you to not be naughty and cause trouble."

Liz's body trembled. She couldn't see Lith's face due to her blurry vision, but she could instinctively feel a scary aura.

It was natural. She was the human prey and Lith was the apex vampire predator in the truest sense.

Squinting his eyes further, Lith continued:

"And... I don't remember giving you permission to lie."

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"...permission to lie."

The words echoed in Lizabeth's ears.

Drip. Drip. Drip.

Tears streamed down her face as she stared at Lith with hollow eyes. She was so scared right now that in her blurred vision, she saw a flash of bright light, then everything went dark as if she had shut her eyes.

The darkness slowly faded and Lizbeth saw a toddler with green hair and pretty green eyes, holding the skirt of a lady whose face was cast in a shadow. The two were in a hallway of some castle.

"Mommy! Mommy! Mommy don't go!"

The toddler bawled her eyes out and pulled the skirt of the woman with as much strength as she could muster.

The woman did not look at the child and continued to walk, dragging the child along.

The crying toddler and the lady reached the gate of some place, front of which was an open carriage.

A man in a suit was waiting for the lady whose face was unknown.

As Lizbeth turned to have a look at the man, even his face was unknown.

"Mommy! Daddy! Don't go! Don't go!"

The toddler wailed and pulled the woman's skirt as hard as she could.

This time, the woman turned around and looked at the girl.

Lizbeth could not see whether she was actually looking or not, but with her body language, she could make this much out.

"Mommy?"

The toddler somewhat stopped crying as a glimmer of hope flashed in her innocent heart.

"Live," said the woman in an indifferent voice. "If you live long enough, you'll find us one day."

With that, the woman pulled her skirt and the toddler lost her grip on it. The force with which she had pulled caused the child to fall face down.

The rough ground with fine rock particles grazed her skin and created many small cuts and scratches.

Lying face down on the ground, the toddler began wailing once again and called for her mother, but alas, the carriage had left already.

"Mommy... mommy... mommy..."

The girl mumbled while on the ground. She had no more tears left to shed, and energy to cry or make any sound.

She slowly started losing consciousness.

Before she fell unconscious, a pair of tattered shoes could be seen by the toddler.

"Sigh... to be this cruel to your own child..."

Those were the last words the toddler heard before she passed out.

Lizbeth, looking at the scene, was in absolute shock. It was to the point she couldn't make heads or tails of the situation.

Her life... her life's memories were flashing past her eyes!

"Caretaker..." Lizbeth said softly as tears trickled down her eyes.

When she was a toddler, she could only see her tattered shoes. However, right now she could see the whole body of the middle-aged lady except for her face.

The scene in front of Lizbeth changed as the caretaker carried the toddler with her.

In the blink of an eye, the scene in front of Lizbeth changed.

"...I am sorry, child. You have to save half of that food for dinner or you'll be starving and won't be able to sleep."

The toddler was crying as the middle-aged lady took a bowl of boiled water with some lentils in it away from the child.

It could barely be called a meal with how watery it was. However, it was still somewhat filling due to the water. It had certain magical properties that somewhat satiated one's hunger.

However, to a growing toddler who needed a lot of nutrients, this much wasn't enough. She needed more, but there wasn't a surplus available.

The middle-aged lady hugged the wailing toddler and rubbed her back.

"Please don't cry. I will try to help you as much as I can."

After saying so, the caretaker broke the hug and looked at the toddler who had somewhat stopped crying.

She wiped the tears off her face and said with a smile, "Since you have been a good girl until now, it is only right that you get rewarded, right?"

This time, Lizbeth could see the middle-aged woman's chapped lips and her sad smile. Only this much was uncovered from the hidden face.

The woman took out a dusty book from a shelf nearby. The house was small with the room having only a table, chair, and shelf.

The shelf had the woman's clothes and everything the woman could find like books, hairpins, scrap metals, and so on.

There was no kitchen. Just a stove in the corner of the room with some utensils.

There wasn't a bathroom either, and to shower was a privilege they couldn't afford. Going for number one or two had to be in the open, in a forest ten minutes away from the settlement they were in.

Thanks to there being barely any food, going for number two would happen only once or twice in a week.

A normal person peed quite frequently and a toddler could not cover a great distance for such a thing. Thankfully, there was a boulder just a couple of steps away.

The toddler could hide behind it and do her thing, no one would be able to notice her.

The caretaker was truly a kind woman who did whatever she could in her power to raise her.

This particular day, where she had just taken her in, and talked about the reward, was the day Lizbeth's life took a complete turn.

The caretaker dusted off the dirt from the book and opened it. She showed it to Lizbeth and pointed at the illustrations in it.

"See, this is a story book. And not just any story book, but one that will teach you a thing or two about magic."

The caretaker then placed the toddler on her lap and put the storybook in front of her.

"Since you can't read, I'll narrate it to you. One fine day..."

Lizbeth closed her eyes and listened to the story the caretaker was narrating. It was still vivid in her memories.

The story was about a boy's adventure to become the king. He was naive and thirteen years old. One day, he accidentally ate a strange root and that awakened his powers. This was the awakening root that awakened one's magic core.

This story was a simple introduction to the world of magic and cultivation. The books having these stories were everywhere and the cost to buy them was less than a pound of bread, meaning anyone could afford them.

The caretaker had not bought this story. She got it from a fellow scrap collector lady. The lady did not know how to read, but the illustrations seemed nice so she wanted to show it to her friend, who was the caretaker.

The scrap collector lady eventually forgot about this book and it stayed with the caretaker, collecting dust in her shelf, until this day.

Lizbeth learnt of awakening through this story. There were also the names of a few herbs in it that had minor medicinal properties to treat wounds.

"...and you see, I happen to have the same thing present in this book!"

The caretaker said cheerfully and showed the toddler Lizbeth the herbs present in the book. They grew like weed and were really common to find.

The toddler Lizbeth was amazed. It was as if her worldview—

which wasn't even made—had totally shattered. This was magic!

The caretaker then made a paste from those herbs and applied it on Lizbeth's injured face and arms. She was narrating the story of the boy side by side while doing so.

This way, Lizbeth got her wounds treated and learnt of alchemy for the very first time, which changed her life later on completely.

Lizbeth blinked. The scene changed.

She was eight years old in this scene and wore rags for clothes. Her green hair was messy and dirty, rough and brittle. It didn't even look green.

"Caretaker... please... drink this... you should be fine with this..."

The eight year old pleaded to the sickly woman lying down on the floor.

All the years of hard work with barely any nutrition had taken a toll on her mortal body. She could not continue anymore.

With her trembling hands, the caretaker touched eight year old Lizbeth's face.

"Child... you don't need to give me your portion of food. You don't need to go to sleep hungry everyday..."

The woman's hands were rough and full of calluses, a testament to the years of hard labor.

Despite being rough, to the eight year old and the current Lizbeth, they were the gentlest and warmest hands she had ever felt.

The current Lizbeth still couldn't forget this feeling.

The woman on her deathbed smiled. "Haha... as a matter of fact... you can now have my portion too..."

"Don't say that."



The eight year old held the caretaker's hand and tried not to cry.

The caretaker moved her hand and gently rubbed the girl's head.

Lizbeth could not see her face, but she had a soft smile as she looked at the eight year old.

"Live, child. You must live. Remember... somewhere... someone... is watching. They are watching over you and would not let you fall... as long as you don't give up..."

At that time, Lizbeth did not understand much of what the woman was rambling. But, the words stuck to her.

The caretaker's smile turned even gentler than before.

"God... god is real... they are watching you... so don't be afraid of anything..."

The woman then rubbed the girl's head again.

"Haha... you know... that day when I saw you... I had lost all hope and was going to give up... but then I met you... God gave me the duty to take care of you... you became my will to live... you..."

"Sniff... sniff..."

The eight year old child did her best to hold herself back from crying and tried to listen to the woman's story.

Even though she was a child, she could sort of comprehend that the caretaker was trying to say she would've died, had she not met her.

The child only understood bits and pieces, but few years down the line, everything would become clear.

While the girl sobbed, tears leaked down the caretaker's eyes. She ignored them and continued, "... you were the best thing that happened to me."

"Child... don't give up..."

"...and please..."

"...live."

Chapter 1063 Lizbeth's Heaven And Hell (3)

Time passed.

The eight year old child that looked like a beggar roamed the streets collecting scraps and selling them for even less than what their value was.

After the caretaker's death, officials had come to collect her body, and the house she owned now belonged to the eight year old child.

Fortune may have sided with the child this time as nobody coveted this house and did not give the child a hard time.

The house was really just four walls of bricks on a small piece of land. Even the land was worthless as it was in a place nobody would want to come at.

The child had a roof over her head. She did not have clothes to protect her from the rain or the winter, but she had the woman's stove.

This stove had a red rock in the middle of it, which could be ignited by a small spark. This could be created by rubbing two rocks over it.

This red rock gave out a continuous warmth and the flames did not rise or die down. This was a common fire rock that could be bought for a few nickels, nothing too expensive.

Although the current Lizbeth knew it was a common rock right now, back then, this was the most valuable thing to have ever existed for her. It kept her warm in the cold rain and winter. The rock was her best friend in her darkest times.

Time passed once again as Lizbeth blinked.

She was thirteen years old now.

She had grown, but not by much. Her body was scrawny and her appearance really was that of a beggar. Her hair was disheveled and she did not look like a girl in any sense whatsoever.

Being thirteen now, she decided it was time she turned her life around for the better.

She made a journey towards a nearby pond. There, the awakening root was growing in abundance.

Before consuming that, she decided to clean herself up a bit.

Dirt was washed away, but her hair was still brittle and dirty green with her clothes seeing no change in appearance.

Her face was clean though, and she did somewhat resemble a girl.

On this day, the thirteen year old consumed the awakening root.

Barely any change happened to her. There was no tribulation, no instability in the core, no nothing.

The core was just formed without a hitch.

Lizbeth could feel the presence of elements around her from this day onwards. She could just sense that they were there, not use them.

Being a beggar, she had no one to teach her spells or magic or get her on the cultivation path.

Still, Lizbeth knew she shouldn't be disheartened and give up.

She was a lonely child, but one full of hope. She used to pray to the unknown person watching over her and even talk to them.

There was nobody to listen to her, but Lizbeth still spoke things out loud in the air, as if someone would hear it.

It was lonely, but she wasn't depressed or sad. She was filled with hope. Hope that, one day, things will change for the better.

Time passed as Lizbeth blinked.

The newly awakened Lizbeth found out that many people did not know the basics of treatments to their injuries. Since she had some knowledge, she monopolized it and helped the people in the settlement. She charged them some money for it too, but it wasn't more than a few nickels.

Few days later, someone heard that there was a person treating everyone's wounds. It was a group of men who couldn't watch others profit from their livestock.

Lizbeth went to her and tried to hide from them. She was cowering in a corner, covered by a ragged blanket, and prayed to the unknown person above and hoped for the best.

For the past few days, she had been overworking to amass nickels. There was this one medicine book she saw in the market and its cost was twenty copper coins. It was a big amount for her and hence she worked really hard. This was what gathered the group of men's attention.

The awakened Lizbeth had burned herself out by overworking. At this moment, the fear was starting to be replaced by drowsiness.

Moments before she fell asleep, she heard footsteps and the voices of a few men.

'Oh no, they... caught... up...'

The awakened Lizbeth thought this before she collapsed.

Lack of nutrients, lack of water, lack of sleep, overworking... all of this has piled up and made her crash right now.

She did not get up until the next day's afternoon.

The current adult Lizbeth let out a sigh as she watched her awakened self wake up.

'It will happen any minute now...'

The awakened thirteen year old Lizbeth felt something warm at her lower body.

She touched the place down there and saw dark red thing on her fingers.

"Huh?"

She touched the place again and saw her hand.

"Huh? Huh? Huh?"

Lizbeth panicked and immediately took off her tattered clothes to check herself.

The current Lizbeth had a look at her younger self's body too.

Blood was leaking from her privates and trickled down her inner thighs. There was even dried up blood there.

In the main area, there was a lot of dried up lot and things were still leaking.

"Ouch!"

The awakened Lizbeth yelled and fell to the floor. She clutched her stomach and kept grunting as a sharp pain came from her lower abdomen region.

The pain was so much that it felt like someone was punching her from inside out.

The agonizing moment... the current Lizbeth could still not bear to watch it.

It was here, in this very place.

She lost it. She lost her purity and was defiled by the men while she was unconscious.

Even though she looked like a beggar, her one mistake to make a lot of money cost her dearly.

The awakened Lizbeth that was in pain kept yelling and screaming, but nobody came to her rescue.

She screamed for quite some time until her throat gave out from being sore.

After some time, when Lizbeth felt a bit better, she opened her eyes and decided to wear her clothes back and not be in a shameful state like this.

So what if bad things had happened? She shouldn't be disheartened or give up. There was still a lot more to look forward to in life. Like that medicinal book that cost twenty copper coins.

She had almost finished amassing the money. She can learn a lot about the new herbs. Maybe this will distract her from the painful events of last night too.

The current Lizbeth watched her younger self with eyes full of pity as she knew exactly what she was thinking.

'It hasn't hit her yet...'

The current Lizbeth saw the awakened Lizbeth nod her head, then get up to fetch her clothes and wear them. It was now...

"Huh?"

The awakened Lizbeth rubbed her eyes.

"Huh? What? Why are things blurry?"

She rubbed her eyes aggressively again.

"W-w-what's happening?! Why are things blurry?"

The awakened Lizbeth panicked and ran around the house like a headless chicken. She hit her head on the wall as the room wasn't too big and fell down.

"Ahhhh!"

She clutched her head and screamed in pain again.

The current Lizbeth sighed once again. It was at this moment in her life did she realize she could not see past a meter's length.



As she aged, the distance had shortened even further, and the current her could not even look at things ten centimeters away properly without her glasses. Everything was blurry.

Lizbeth blinked again. The scene changed once again.

The awakened Lizbeth had learnt that her vision could be fixed with glasses. Thankfully they weren't too expensive.

Although not expensive, it still cost her five copper coins, setting her back from her goal once again.

After getting her glasses, which were clear rectangular, black, and made of cheap material, she began working again with what little knowledge she had of medicine and eventually purchased the book.

Purchasing the book had exhausted all her savings. She had no money to even afford food and had to live on lentils soup.

Even after the caretaker's death, Lizbeth still had that soup only despite making some money. Her reasoning was that if it filled her stomach, then why bother to spend money on food?

'Sigh... if only I wasn't as foolish back then...'

The frugality bit her really hard. The reason for her poor vision was the lack of nutrients in her body. She was a growing child but never got the right food. Occasionally the caretaker would give her a piece of fruit, which was like once or twice in a year, but that's about it.

Things were nowhere near enough to satiate her body's need, hence the weak vision.

It took her some time to realize, but once she did, Lizbeth tried to make a food that would be balanced and give her proper nutrition.

This was when she came across porridge. She could cook lentils with rice and eat them. Both stuff were somewhat expensive, but Lizbeth thought she would literally die if she didn't eat, so she spent some money on it.

Lizbeth learned, Lizbeth applied, Lizbeth purchased, Lizbeth learned, and Lizbeth applied.

That's how things went on for a long time. She bought materials and resources to learn medicine, then applied them on people, made money, and purchased more materials. Most of her money was gone in this and with the leftovers, she purchased food.

A monotonous life eventually saw a change this one fine day when Lizbeth overheard someone saying:

11:39

"...hey... did you hear? The mansion's owners are back."

"What? Really? How long has it been since they left?"

"About a century."

"Shit, to come back after such a long time..."

Lizbeth's trembled when she heard this. The mansion that was being talked about was the place she had been in before her mother kicked her away.

Memories of the past returned to her and she remembered how her mother had said that she could see them one day if she lived long enough.

She had lived for a century, it was long enough now, right?

With that thought, Lizbeth decided to pay them a visit.

The current Lizbeth could only sigh tiredly. The memories were too painful to watch.

Still, this scene was something she was looking forward to. She did not remember much of it, so she was curious to see what happened here.

She knew there was a memory gap in her mind, and it should belong to this place if her guess was correct.

'I really hope I find the answer out...'

Lizbeth thought to herself and blinked.

The scene changed.

Chapter 1064 Lizbeth's Heaven And Hell (4)

Outside a classic aristocratic mansion, a girl in a lab coat wearing thin framed round glasses stood still.

Her hands inside the lab coat's pockets were trembling and her breathing was erratic.

A lingering fear loomed in her heart as she looked at the mansion.

–If you live long enough, you'll find us one day.

Words her mother had said the day before she left returned to her. Those words still hurt her, but they also gave her hope. Hope that one day she could return to them and have a normal life.

If she couldn't get that, she hoped to at least find an answer to why her parents abandoned her at such a young age.

The young Lizbeth walked towards the mansion's gates amidst the chattering noises of the people around.

As she reached it, she found herself surrounded by multiple gazes. She tried her best to ignore those and pushed the gate open, shocking the spectators.

"To think someone would barge in like that..."

"Are there no guards? To let such a thing happen, are they perhaps sleeping?"

The young Lizbeth could barge in because from her memories, she knew there weren't any guards in this big mansion. There were only a handful of servants and that was about it.

Lizbeth could remember those events because those were the only times she had somewhat of a peaceful life and did not need to struggle to have the basic necessities like food or clean water and toilets.

They were also the most traumatic ones ever as it was too taxing on the mind of a toddler. It was too heavy of a burden.

The current Lizbeth watched her past self walk into the mansion. A few servants spotted her but none stopped her.

Lizbeth found her way to her parents' study. That was the place she usually stayed at for most parts.

Standing in front of a wooden door, she took a deep breath and pushed it open.

A man and a woman could be seen sitting on a sofa in the luxurious study, reading books.

"So you have come, \*\*\*\*\*." The lady said.

The two people's faces were still hidden. The only thing different this time was their clothes. They weren't similar to aristocrats anymore and were instead those that mages wore.

Another thing was that Lizbeth's name was censored, which really ticked her off.

The young Lizbeth had an expressionless face, vastly different from the one she had when she was alone or when her caretaker was around her.

She stared at the two people and mustering up all the courage she had within her, she asked, "Why?"

The woman crossed her legs and asked back, "Why what?"

"Why did you... abandon me?" Lizbeth asked while feeling a lump in her throat. Her heart was racing wildly from the anxiety creeping up within her.

"Because I wanted you to feel the struggle we went through," said the lady. "We were broke when we were young and built up to this position through hard work. We did not want you to become a second generation spoiled brat and hence, left you on your own to survive."

"..."

The current Lizbeth frowned. She had no recollection of this whatsoever and was the first time she heard it.

The young Lizbeth, with her trembling hands, nudged her glasses up.

"I see. So you abandoned a child..."

Lizbeth's lips quivered and her voice was shaky. Still, she tried to keep herself composed and continued,

"...because you thought the child may turn out spoiled in future."

"Yes," said the man beside the lady. "We did not want you to turn into that."

"And what was the reason for saying live and that I could see you again?"

"It is exactly what it means," the lady answered. "With how naive and gullible you were as a child, we did not have hopes in you surviving. We planned to have another child in case you died, but it's good that you didn't."

The man beside her then added, "We had to spend money and hire a spy that kept a watch on you. His only job was to report if you had died or not. Since it's been a hundred years and you lived, we decided it should be enough time for you to have turned into a proper young lady."

The lady nodded. "You are the ripe age to get married now. Your looks aren't that good and you look like a cheap beggar, but with some investment in your looks, you should be good enough to be married off to a high ranking official's son."

"Your marriage will strengthen our power further in this kingdom. Now be a good girl and go get dressed. You should remember where your room is. In case you've forgotten, ask a servant. You'll go on dates from next week onwards."

The current Lizbeth and the young Lizbeth, both were going through a similar turmoil. There was so much rage in their hearts, so much grief, so much hatred... emotions which they had never felt before even during their most desperate and despairing times had started surfacing.

The young Lizbeth, after a century's worth of experience in this cruel world, was smart enough to assess the situation and deal with it.

No matter how angry she was, she kept herself calm and did not explode.

Her racing heart had slowed down once she learned her parents did not really abandon her because they were forced to or because their circumstances were dire.

Somewhere in her heart, she had thought that perhaps, perhaps her parents had abandoned her because there was no other choice. With how this world was, perhaps their lives were at risk and they abandoned her so that their enemies did not go after her.

It was a plausible explanation and had kept her going, giving her a lot of hope throughout the years. But now? Her parents had spectacularly shattered every little hope she held onto and made it completely clear on what their views were.

Right now, the young Lizbeth felt she had become a person who had lost everything. It couldn't get any lower than this.

This. This was the peak of despair.

All the raging emotions of hers had vanished because there was no point feeling any of them.

The young Lizbeth nudged her glasses again. This time, her hands weren't trembling.

"I see..."

She turned her head up and locked her gaze with the two people in front.

"...if that's the case, I'd like to leave. I don't want to get married, I've got things to do."

The lady tilted her head and propped her head on her fist. "What makes you think you've got an option?"

"Hm?" Lizbeth raised her eyebrow.

The man leaned forwards, his aura turning fierce and putting pressure on Lizbeth. "We raised you, and it's about time you become useful to us."

"I see." The young Lizbeth was still calm. "So I don't have a say in this either. Back then, I was abandoned against my wish and now, I am still being forced against my wish."



Lizbeth nudged her glasses and looked up. She could only see the roof of the ceiling, but her gaze was focusing on something beyond that.

"Is this how it is? Is this how my end is going to be?"

Lizbeth's parents were confused and wondered whom she was talking to.

"\*\*\*\*\*, go back to your room. You seem unwell."

"She said there's someone, somewhere, who is always watching. Everything will turn out good since they're watching and one shouldn't lose hope. But why is it that... things are so bad? Why is my bad end so... shitty?"

The woman couldn't bear to watch it anymore. She got up and said, "What vulgar words! What nonsense are you spouting?!"

Something triggered the current Lizbeth's mind as she watched the scene. Soon, as she blinked, everything in front of was frozen.

As she blinked again, it was back to normal.

With another blink, things were frozen.

The repeated actions made the memory in front appear like someone had made a video out of pictures taken one second apart.

Some murmurs happened in front of the current Lizbeth, although she could not hear it, there were voices in her head that made her aware of what the people in front were saying.

"Go... to... your... room... now!"

This was what the lady was yelling. She was charging towards the young Lizbeth while the latter was murmuring something which the current Lizbeth could hear bits and pieces of.

Blink. With one blink, the whole scene shattered like broken glass.

This time as Lizbeth opened her eyes, she found herself standing in a field of medicinal plants under the warm sun.

In front of her was a tall silver-haired man, staring at her with his purple eyes.

Warm tears were running down her eyes while she felt a stinging sensation coming from her right cheek.

Clarity returned to her and her green eyes focused on Lith's purple ones.

"...somewhere... someone... is watching. They are watching over you and would not let you fall... as long as you don't give up..."

Lizbeth murmured and repeated the lines her caretaker had said as she saw Lith again.

Lith, watching Lizbeth be back to her senses in a few seconds, placed his hand on her shoulders and bent down to see her eye to eye.

"Lizbeth... you call me God... so why are you lying to your God and making false statements?"

"Huh?" Lizbeth tilted her head and asked in confusion.

To her, quite some time had passed as she was reliving her memory, but to Lith, only a few seconds had passed by.

Lizbeth had forgotten what was happening.

Lith stared at her, wondering why she was confused.

Bringing his face closer to hers with only a few inches of gap between them, Lith asked again, "Why did you lie about your purity being taken? Why did you say you weren't a pure virgin?"

"Huh?" Lizbeth was even more confused. "When did I lie?"

Her mood had flipped because of the memories she had seen. There was nothing worse than that day's interaction with her parents. Her God slapping her and asking her humanity was not as big of a matter.

Looking at her expression, Lith could tell she wasn't pretending or feigning ignorance.

He pulled himself back and stared at her.

Lizbeth could not see him again as everything turned blurry. When she had lost her vision, she could only see things a hand's distance away. Now, it was just ten centimeters.

Lizbeth squinted her eyes and walked forwards, then raised herself on her toes and brought her face close to Lith's, staring at him and having a proper look.

"Yeah, you're still the same God and not someone else."

She went back on her feet and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Okay, since it's you, you can take my humanity now."

Lith's eyes twitched. It went unnoticed by Lizbeth.

He turned his head to find her glasses and saw them to be intact and a few meters away, lying on the ground.

Using the Wind element, he pulled it in his hand and then put it on Lizbeth's eyes, making her vision return.

Lizbeth blinked and finally got to see properly again.

Lith placed his hand on her shoulders and asked, "Now, let's keep the humanity talk aside. First tell me what is it that's making you think you aren't a virgin."

"What?"

Lith sighed and continued, "Liz, do you think me, a royal vampire, can mistake a human's, as puny as you's, virginity? Are you aware of how sensitive vampires are to pure blooded humans? Do you think I'd buy your useless lie of you saying you aren't pure?"

"Huh?" Lizbeth knitted her brows. "When did I lie about this? I really am not pure. When I was a child, I was defiled by a group of men in my house. How can someone like me be pure?"

"Huh?" It was Lith's time to be confused. "What are you blabbering about? If such a thing had happened, you would smell foul. Currently you smell like fresh herbs that I would want on my pasta. I can literally use you as garnishing and have a good meal. Do you understand how pure you are?"

"..."

Lizabeth was speechless.

"..."

Lith was speechless too.

Did he just say what he just said?

'What the fuck...'

Chapter 1065 Lizabeth's Heaven And Hell (5)

The misunderstanding was cleared out.

Lizabeth stated what had transpired in her childhood. She also mentioned what had just happened after Lith had slapped her.

Lith came to an understanding that Lizabeth's memory was distorted or tampered with. It was for this reason that she did not even know her name or where she came from or who her parents were.

"Can I see your memories?" Lith asked Lizabeth.

There could be some clue in there that Lizbeth had missed saying or perhaps she was wrongly comprehending.

The most concerning matter wasn't about Lizbeth's parents, but her purity. Now, it may sound scummy to think about that, and checking it would make one seem like a pervert, but Lith had his reasons.

The first and foremost reason was that Lith had to make Lizbeth understand that she wasn't defiled. There was lingering trauma related to it and this would be solved if he proves it to her.

To prove, he needed evidence which could only be found in her memories.

"You don't have to ask me about that, God— Your Highness." Lizbeth said. "Do as you like."

The someone somewhere, that person, Lizbeth considered it to be Lith.

She had thought it was her end when she met her parents. It wasn't the case. Her destiny was entirely different.

She met Lith and ever since then, she's had some of her best times in her life.

She could eat whatever she wanted, sleep whenever without worrying about money or food, and on a comfy bed at that! Water that she got for drinking was clean, the room in the Inn had a nice aromatic smell of roasted coffee beans.

Then the most important and best thing, it was the toilet!

The toilet was attached to the room she was in. She did not need to go out in the open at all!

She also had all the time in the world to research and then she also met an orange cat, who was actually not a cat but a pretty lady. She was nice and gave off a warm feeling.

After all that, she was now in a place which was brimming with things related to medicine, alchemy.

In Lizbeth, alchemy was the only thing after her caretaker was gone. She did not know how old she was, but the time with her parents could roughly be two to four years and the time with the caretaker was similar.

She met her parents again when she was around 100 years old, which meant that she had spent 96 years of her life with alchemy.

After that incident with her parents, she did not know where she ended up and what was happening. She just knew she had to survive and that was what she was doing.

Heal sickly mortals > make money > buy alchemy resources > eat with leftover money > study alchemy > run out of money for food > heal sickly mortals.

This was the cycle that she was repeating. She was really frugal about food as it was expensive and could make her go broke.

She also did not buy clothes or jewelry or anything that a normal lady usually would other than some hygiene items like waxing strips, sanitary pads, facewash, moisturizer, and so on.

All in all, it was all thanks to Lith that she had such a life now. It was a good ending, she thought.

Lith was too big of a person in her life than what Lith even estimated himself to be. She was thus fine to share memories.

Getting her consent, Lith touched his forehead with hers, making her have a slight blush on her face.

He had two abilities that could help him read minds. One was inherited from his mother and the other was a technique from Grand Lust Sovereign's inheritance.

Seriously, that guy's inheritance had everything when it came to women and sex.

Reading a woman's mind was not easy, so he developed a technique to do just that.

It was so easy that all Lith had to do was chant some spells while touching his forehead with the girl's, and that was it. He would soon enter her mind and can browse through her memories.

This could only be applied to the women who were weaker than him. If they were strong, he could get reverse invaded and may possibly lose all his memories if the woman wanted him to.

At the end of the technique's description was a note that read:

P.S: This technique doesn't work. Even if you read the woman's mind, you can't truly tell what it is that she wants. Why? Because they themselves don't know what they want!

On the other hand, the skill inherited from his mother was something that could be used on anyone and not just women. It could be applied on animals too with consistent practice and mastery. The only catch was that Lith's strength had to be more than the other person's, and the difficulty of it.

Lith trusted his mother more than he trusted the lust sovereign. There also weren't many opportunities to use the skills he inherited from her. Letting go of the current one would be a big waste.



Lith and Lizbeth both felt warm on their foreheads as the memory reading started.

Lizbeth felt as if her head was getting swept by a powerful breeze as she shared the memories with Lith.

A few minutes passed and Lith was done going through Lizbeth's memories.

His mood was anything but good after watching the things she had gone through, and only now did he realize how heavy the matter was and why she was calling him God and said the things she had said in the past.

Taking a deep breath, Lith looked at Lizbeth.

She felt somewhat nervous with the gaze he was showing and didn't know what would happen next.

Contrary to what she was thinking, a big hand hit her head, softly, and she heard a ruffling sound.

"It's been hard on you, Liz. I'm sorry, I did not know how important the word God was for you."

"Ah..." Lizbeth looked up and saw Lith to be staring at her with a hint of sadness. His hand was on her head, caressing her.

Lith took a step ahead and wrapped his arm around Lizbeth, enclosing her in a hug.

She was short and her head only reached his chest while his hands were wrapped around her shoulders.

"If you don't want to, then don't call me Your Highness. But you should know, I am no God..."

Lith took a pause, then looking into the emerald abyss, continued, "...at least as of now."

Lizbeth's eyes flickered. She was quick to catch onto the meaning and smiled softly.

Hugging her again and patting her back, Lith put his chin on her head, making her grunt.

'Too sharp...'

Lith's jawline was sharp and it stung a bit when he applied force on her head with his chin.

It was intentional on Lith's part to grab her attention and to make her aware of the affection he was pouring out.

"Liz... your claim..."

"Hm?" Lizbeth was listening.

"...why are you so stupid?"

"..."

Lizbeth didn't know where Lith was getting at, but she used her right to remain silent on that question.

Lith continued, "You're smart when it comes to alchemy but that's it. This thing is probably filled with medicinal herbs and has nothing more in it."

Lith tapped on Liz's head with his chin a few times.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

'It hurt! God, why!?'

Lizbeth tried to break free and failed successfully, as a result of which got her some more knocks on the head by Lith's sharp chin.

Lith stopped tormenting her after she let out a few grunts of pain.

Breaking the hug, he looked at her and said, "I'll get to the point now. You are pure, that's the conclusion. As for how I came to that conclusion, let's go back into the flashback..."

With that, Lith guided her to think about the time when there were goons outside her house, searching for her.

Lizbeth was exhausted that day and fell asleep. When she woke up, she had blood all over her lower body and her abdomen was hurting too.

So far, Lizbeth did not find anything wrong in this as those were accurate statements.

"Now, let me ask you," Lith took a pause as he stared at her.

"What was your age back then?"

"What?" Lizbeth did not understand why Lith was asking her that.

"Your age. What was it?" Lith repeated himself.

Lizbeth thought about it and said, "I had awakened not long ago. So it should be around... thirteen? Fourteen?"

Lith nodded. "That's correct. And what do humans go through at that age?"

"What?"

Lith flicked her forehead as she asked an annoying question again without giving what he said a single thought.

"Humans go through puberty. That time and that age, it properly aligns. That blood and pain could be the result of your first menstruation."

"..."

Lizbeth frowned hearing that.

Lith continued, "If those guys had done something to you, your clothes would have signs of tampering. There were none. And with how your smell is to me right now, I can say with a 100% assurance that nothing had happened to you back then. You just got scared because of the exhaustion and the sudden trouble thrown at you."

"...what?"

Lith's eyes twitched. This was the third what in a row.

"Come here..."

"What? No!" Lizbeth tried to run away, but it was futile.

A forehead flick came her way, this time with added strength for maximum pain and minimum damage.

"Ow! Owww! Owwwww!

## Chapter 1066 Lizbeth's Heaven And Hell (6)

Lizabeth sat on the bed of herbs, hugging her knees and staring at the distance.

Lith sat cross-legged beside her, his posture erect, and stared at the distance as well.

The two had finished their talks and were currently reflecting.

The memories Lizbeth saw and the reason why she saw them distorted and even censored was due to her own self.

Lizbeth remembered bits and pieces, going through them, Lith that saw the things she had done at the end.

From the Human Continent, she came all the way to the Giant Kingdom. This place was not easily accessible and there was no recollection of how she arrived here in her memories.

There was a major memory gap and recovering those wasn't possible. However, Lith did find out the reason for the gap.

During her interaction with her parents, she was complaining about her life to God, having a monologue. It was at that time did she realize she could break free from her parents' shackles and had a choice.

Her alchemy skills were great and she had made a pill that would explode if injected with spiritual power. The explosion would create a colorless gas and make everyone in the room be in a mindless state.

Since Lizbeth was the one that created it, she had some form of protection against it. The protection kept her rational but did not let her retain her memories during that period of time.

How she ended up from her parents' mansion to the Giant Kingdom was still a big mystery. How long it had happened was another one.

Whatever the case be, Lizbeth was now an immortal, a Saint Rank.

The reason why she required food, sleep, and water to survive despite being an immortal had something to do with her teachings.

Being dirt poor since young, she had no access to resources or a master who would guide her.

The books she purchased only talked about alchemy related things and were barely about cultivation.

Her cultivation shot up purely because of her efforts in alchemy. Each understanding in this field led to breakthroughs in all the elemental affinities she possessed.

Although the attainment was high, the lack of guidance and blind charging ahead caused her a lot of trouble.

Her eyes... she was almost blind without her glasses. At present, she could not see past ten centimeters. Her vision was so messed up due to the lack of nutrition in her growth years.

Her menstrual cycle was also irregular and painful even till this day. Lith wouldn't be surprised if he found out she couldn't conceive any children.

This topic was better left untouched. All such things were a hundred percent curable and Lith himself could do it with the help of Life element.

There was no need for him to let Liz know about this and have her panic and suffer. He could silently cure her while she was asleep.

Also, the reason why she required food, sleep, and water had to do with her lack of knowledge on elemental energies' effects on the body.

She did not know that one could use those to nourish their bodies and can go without eating, drinking, or sleeping.

Lith could tell her about it right now, but he chose not to.

This poor girl had never eaten properly in her life. It was best to let her have some good food and enjoy this joy of life.

The pill she had made and used that day that caused all the memory issues was an entry level pill related to the soul. Despite being entry level, it had serious potency and effects. The people of this world weren't as versed in soul cultivation and could not take even the easiest attacks on their souls.

If an outsider that was proficient in it would come and attack, most of the people in this world wouldn't survive. It would be a massacre.

To develop such a pill with the limited knowledge from cheap alchemy books was almost an impossible task. It just went on to show how much of a genius Liz actually was.

To have her come to him... was it really just a coincidence? A stroke of luck? Fate?

It couldn't be the case.

Staring at the gently swaying white herbal plants, Lith thought to himself, 'There's something seriously suspicious going on around me. Before, I tried not to give it much thought, but now things have become too much.'

'Going all the way back... I became a Chosen One. While this is true, that group... everyone there has a tragic backstory except me. I don't know everyone's story, but I do know that they've suffered to the degree where death was their only sweet relief.'

'To not kill themselves even under such circumstances, they were worthy to be the Chosen Ones.'

'As for me... was I chosen because a group of depressed children could not be managed or led by another depressed child?'

Lith did not know. He could only guess.

After them, he had the encounter with Fei, then Keith and Fanny, then Sylvia, then Hyunsuk and Shi, and at last Lizbeth.



One thing common about all these people, except Hyunsuk, was how tragic their past was.

Keith's topped all, and she was the one that got a new body and reincarnated, leaving her human past behind. She was blessed by the one called Almighty Devil with the blessing being that she could lead a normal, peaceful life at last.

Keith was then bonded with Lith and was now living her life peacefully like the devil had blessed her to.

Fei and Sylvia, these two who shared a long history of tragedy also had it end and were leading a peaceful life under Lith.

Hyunsuk was a Charm, someone with a physique that had god tier luck. He was fated to have all the good luck in the world, and in the end, he ended up getting scammed by Lith and becoming his disciple.

He was now living a good and peaceful life, training under Neo — Lith's avatar — in the outer ring of the castle.

Polar opposite to him, Shi was a Jinx and was doomed to have all the bad luck. He was in the midst of suffering through major tragedies when Lith found him.

Like Hyunsuk, he too was living a relatively peaceful life alongside him, training under Neo.

He would definitely have his Jinx nature flare up and get his ass whooped, but there was no real danger to his life after meeting Lith.

At last, Lizbeth's years of prayers were heard. She too had suffered massively and had now found peace under Lith.

'This definitely is no coincidence. Once or twice, it was understandable. But all the depressed ones are coming under me.'

When pondering more on this, Lith realized that things way back than Fei's case.

The prime example of it was Arya. Her ability to love was sealed and this woman had lived all her life without knowing what a friend's love, a sibling's love, a parent's love, and a lover's love was.

She could not show affection and neither could understand it.

It was really tragic.

After her, he met his wife Alexandra. Her whole clan was wiped out and she was struggling and doing her best to survive against so many assassins after her. She had almost lost her parents too.

Lith was considered a source of peace for everyone involved. This was one thing common amongst everyone present.

Now why was such the case was a big mystery.

Lith did feel like asking his mother on this, but after some thinking, he realized she too was like his wives and maids.

Her past was tragic too. But now? There couldn't be anyone more laid back and relaxed than her.

'Just...'

Lith sighed and closed his eyes.

'...just what sort of power do I have?'

He laid down on the ground and began thinking of things deeply.

'How exactly is living near me peaceful? How exactly is associating oneself with me considered the pinnacle of peace? I don't even do anything or have anything that could be—'

'Huh!?'

Lith suddenly got up and sat straight, startling Lizbeth beside him.

'Wait... all the reincarnators from Earth get one unique skill after they cross over. Could this be...'

The hair on Lith's body stood up as a chill went down his spine and made him tremble.

'It can't be... haha... such a thing can't be my...'

Lith's body trembled and he turned to look at Lizbeth.

'...it can't be my unique skill... right?'

Noticing him staring, Lizbeth tilted her head and asked, "God, is something the matter?"

Calling God as Your Highness felt weird to her. She had been calling God as God for so many years now, suddenly changing it definitely didn't feel right.

Lizabeth thus went back to calling Lith as such since he gave her permission.

Lith smiled awkwardly and shook his head. "Nothing. Just thought of something."

Lizabeth nodded her head. "If there's anything you wish to say, please feel free to do so."

Lith nodded back and returned to staring at the swaying white plants.

'Shit... is this really not a coincidence? Is this really my unique skill? And everything this girl has suffered so far...'

Lith turned to look at Liz again. Her lush green hair swayed with the wind.

'...if it was hell... is the current place heaven for her?'

## Chapter 1067 Taking Another Disciple

On a random rooftop of the castle, Lith sat down under a mushroom-shaped pearl white umbrella.

Sitting opposite to him on the round white table was Fei and beside her was Liz, reading a few books and sipping on bitter coffee.

There were many varieties of tea cakes in front of her. They were sweet and despite being told that eating them would elevate the bitterness of her coffee, she still insisted on eating them. Her reasoning? The more bitter the coffee, the more it'll keep her awake and alert to study!

Lith wanted to tell her that caffeine wouldn't work on her the same way it used to do when she was a mortal, but he refrained from doing so. If she liked drinking it, then so be it.

He asked Juan in the kitchen to get him a cup of freshly brewed coffee with enough caffeine content to keep a Saint Rank awake.

There were special types of coffee beans available for immortals and those were cultivated on immortal lands—distinct places present away from the places of mortals—with their potency being high enough to kill Rank 7s and 8s if consumed.

Along with Fei and Liz, there was another person around the table. It was a cute orange cat resting on Fei's lap.

This cat may look harmless but she was a Supreme Rank existence that could easily wipe out major cities of the world. She was not to be trifled with.

Meryl's forte was shape shifting. She could turn into anyone and anything, but resorted to turning into a cat so that she could snuggle up to Fei.

Meryl had been actively trying to avoid being near Lith and also did not roam around or mingle with the people of the castle. They made her nauseous as mostly everyone had quite some blood on their hands.

She thus stuck to being a cat and following her Master, Fei. If Fei was busy, then she was with Lizbeth.

Currently, Fei was free from work. The issue with Keith was resolved. Since there was nothing to do, all of Lith's personal maids were instructed to be around Lith or in the Royal Castle.

And since Fei was here, Meryl was here.

As for Lizbeth, things had changed with her.

A few hours ago...

"God!"

"God!"

"Gooooodddd...!"

"God, where are you?"

"God! God! God!"

"Godgodgodgodgod!"

Lith was tired of being called God. When he said it was alright to do so by Liz, he thought she would stick to using it a few times and might not address him as such consistently.

The situation was entirely opposite to what he had assumed. This girl was quite persistent and wouldn't stop even after being told repeatedly to do so.

Hence, Lith took matters into his own hands.

He confronted Lizbeth in the alchemy room of the castle and said,

"Liz, you are going to call me Master from here onwards."

"..." Lizbeth knitted her brows. She did not want to do it since Lith's alchemy skills—

"If you're wondering about my alchemy skills, let's have a match," said Lith in a serious tone. "We'll each make a [Smooth Foot] pill. I've never made it and I'm sure you've never done so either. Even if you are, we are still going with this one."

Lith took a step towards Liz and looked her in the eyes from his towering height.

"If the potency of my pill is ten times yours, you'll accept me as your Master. If it is any less than ten times, there's no need to do so."

Lith then brought out a few scrolls from his space ring and showed it to her.

"As a matter of fact, while you're making one pill, I'll make three different types of pill. Their level of difficulty would be the same as the [Smooth Foot] pill. If you end up making the pill given to you before I make all four of those pills, you don't have to call me Master."

Lizbeth's eyes flickered with excitement. "God, are you perhaps... trying to be my Master?"

"Yes," Lith said straightaway. "There's no alchemy masters around that I know of. Even if they are, none are at the Supreme Rank. With such scarcity, it's better if I step up myself."

Lizbeth looked at Lith with an amused expression.

Lith walked around the alchemy room and began setting up the furnaces to make the pills.

"I may not be a Master Alchemist and an unrivaled genius like you, but I have the potential to be one. For now, all I have to take care of is to be a few levels above you. In this way, my skills will be superior to yours, albeit just a bit, and this should be enough for you to call me Master."

Lith turned back to look at Liz.

"Isn't that right?"

Lizbeth nodded her head. "Yes. If God can be better than me, I'll gladly accept God as Master."

"Good. Let's get started then. I'll have another handicap by suppressing myself to your level and doing this. To keep things more fair, let's have a judge."

As soon as Lith said that, a pretty silver-haired lady in regal black gothic robes appeared out of thin air.

She waved at Lizbeth and said, "Hello~"

Lizbeth froze in her spot as she watched her.

'So... so beautiful!'

Her eyes were glued to Lilith and didn't wander off for even a split second.

Lilith covered her mouth as she watched Lizbeth's reaction and chuckled softly. "Fufufu... young lass, this lady here is taken. You can't have a crush on me, okay?"

"Huh?" Lizbeth snapped out of her stupor while Lith rolled his eyes at his mother's lame joke.



He walked up to Lilith and wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her close to his body.

As Lizbeth watched him, suddenly, she froze again.

'So... s-s-so hot!'

Lizbeth hadn't seen Lith clearly before as she looked up to him as God, but with Lilith in the picture, she naturally compared her beauty with Lith's.

It was so surprising to see that her God was such a handsome man!

Noticing this, Lilith said with visible surprise, "My, my~... did your crush change?"

Lilith looked at Lith and shook her head. "If you keep stealing everyone's attention like this, mama won't have any admirers anymore."

Lith rolled his eyes and hugged her more firmly. "Why do you need admirers? Is my admiration not enough?"

Lilith giggled. "Oh my... is someone jealous?"

Why would Lith be jealous of such a matter? He had the ability to charm any lady and get them to love him instead.

Although he hadn't tried it yet since it felt unethical, there was indeed a technique available in the lust sovereign's inheritance. That, coupled with his killer looks, was enough to have any beauty fall heads over heels for him.

If someone began liking his mother, he could use that technique. Then, they'll only love him, and he could even have a threesome with them and his mother without worries of them falling for his mother again.

That's the level of degeneracy at play here.

Lith wouldn't resort to it since he wasn't as big of a degenerate as the lust sovereign, but yes, if push comes to serve then...

'We're going off topic with this one...'

Lith pulled himself back to reality and turned to the awe-struck Liz.

"This here is my wife. Since she's someone so close to me, you might think I can cheat, and it is exactly due to this that I'll bring someone more neutral to judge us."

"..."

Lilith was taken aback.

She turned to look at Lith with her brows slightly knitted. "Do you think I will go easy on you? Have you cheat?"

Lith nodded his head. "Yes, absolutely. If not cheat, then there could be some bias, which I want to avoid. This should be fair for both me and Liz."

Lilith pouted like a wronged child while Liz blinked in befuddlement.

The level of talks going on here was way beyond her scope of understanding.

Clap! Clap!

With the clap of his hands, Fei arrived at the scene with an orange cat in her arms.

Lith introduced her to Liz by saying, "This here is my maid, Fei. You must be aware of her. She'll be the judge, and to make things fair-fair, Meryl will keep a watch on Fei and my mother. You've been with Meryl for a while right? You should know that she's truly neutral."

Lizbeth nodded her head, but then suddenly frowned as she realized something.

'Wait... did I hear that right?'

Lizbeth quickly shot Lith a look.

'Did God just say mother?'

'What?'

'Wasn't she his wife?'

'What's happening...'

"Alright, let's get started everyone!" Lith's statement interrupted Lizbeth's thoughts.

"Liz, here are you ingredients, get going! Good luck!"

Lith threw her a ring and then hurried towards a pill furnace.

"W-w-what!?"

"Wait! Wait! Wait! I am not ready!"

"Me neither, so start going through the pill recipe and do your best!" Lith shouted from the other side of the room.

Standing at the sidelines and watching Lith who had just dashed away, Lilih squinted her eyes thought,

'If there was someone available to judge... then why was I called?'

'Did my baby just call me to show that he could become a master alchemist easily? That he could easily subdued a genius alchemist and take her as his disciple?'

'Did he really just call me to... show off?'

Chapter 1068 Pill Making Failures

Drip.

A drop of sweat trickled down Liz's cute face and dropped on the ground.

The room had an orange tinge to it as flames erupted from the furnaces and reached all the way up towards the open ceiling.

Lith's expression was tense as his hands worked to stir two giant pots above the furnaces. An extra pair of invisible arms held materials beside him and moved at his discretion.

Giving Liz such a big handicap was taking a toll on him. He had no experience in alchemy and was currently making the pills based on the instructions provided.

Proper precision and timing was required to create these pills and even milliseconds delay could lead to the destruction of the pill.

Taking on such an arduous task was not on Lith's agenda today, but here he was.

'Just a bit more... hold it a bit more...'

Lith was sweating as he held a stalk of runny grass in his real left hand and stirred the pot.

Runny grass, as the name read, was literally grass that was trying to run, escape, vanish. It took a lot of strength to hold it still and use it to stir the contents within the pot.

The stalk of grass was living and felt pain. It was the main ingredient used to make a low level [Soul Cleanser] pill.

The pill was used to cleanse all the damages done on the soul. Since it was of a low level, it would only be able to take away minor cuts on the soul.

While it sounded cruel for the grass, there was nothing that could be done about it. The strong devoured the weak and that's how the food chain usually worked.

Normally, plants did not have pain receptors and weren't in a proper living state like animals or sentient beings. One would thus not feel anything while cutting them down, but what reaction the runny grass stalk was showing was what other plants would show if they were given pain receptors and the ability to scream.

Trying his best to ignore the stalk, Lith stirred the pot vigorously.

Two seconds later, it was time to add the white lotus root.

Lith willed the invisible hand holding the lotus root to throw it in the pot. It did as asked and...

POOF!

A puff of smoke arose. It was white initially, then turned charred black.

"Cough! Cough!" Lith let out fits of dry coughs as the smoke burnt his nose and back of his throat.

"Shit... cough!"

Lith exclaimed as he saw the pot. It was a failure again.

This was the second time he had failed in making the [Soul Cleanser] pill.

'Where am I messing up?' Lith thought to himself while throwing away the pot and adding a new one in its place with fresh ingredients.

The runny grass had withered out in his hands. He had to hold a new stalk and try again.

'Such a hassle!'

Even a genius like Lith messed up. Despite having infinite potential, it required time, effort, and energy to reach the peak states of mastery in different fields.

Alchemy was the easiest to start in but the most difficult field to become a master in.

Lith was supposed to make four pills and he succeeded in one of them, but three were still left. He had messed up four times by now in making those three pills.

If he did not hurry, Lizbeth would finish making the [Smooth Foot] pill. The embarrassment he would suffer then would be way more as he would be seen as someone who's all talk and no substance.

'Where am I going wrong? Hurry... find the issue...'

Lith's eyes glowed a bright purple as he channeled his spiritual power into them to see better.

His brain worked in full capacity and with the help of thoughts acceleration spell, a thousand thoughts were going on his brain in the span of a second.

On the other side, Lizbeth was taking her time to make the pill. Not because of pity for Lith, but due to the amazing ingredients and recipe she was getting to work with.

There was a shard of glass in her hand that she was examining. It wasn't glass, it was a living algal creature that grew under the clear blue sky during warm summers of the Elven Continent.

Being dirt poor, Lizbeth had no way of coming across such materials. Even getting to look at them was a luxury as she didn't even have time to go to the major market places and see them.

This shard was the main ingredient of the [Smooth Foot] pill. It worked in stripping off the groovy prints on the bottom of the feet, making them smooth as silk.

"And this one here... it'll help even the ground! So amazing!"

Lizbeth said as she looked at a prickly black ball that looked like a sea urchin.

This was the carcass of a porcupine species found in the deserts of the Werewolf Continent.

Lizbeth had read about it in a book. To think that there would come a day when she would be able to hold it...

'Oof... is this heaven?'

Lizbeth was in bliss.

She knew she had to make the pill but the materials here were too amazing for her to ignore. They would turn into a small pill in a bit so she was taking her sweet time examining them.

On the other side...

Boom! Boom! Boom!



"Why are there explosions!? There wasn't even any heat used!" Lith exclaimed while looking at a pot on his left side and stirring on the runny grass in a pot on the other side.

Lith kicked the pot away that had explosions occur in it and made a fresh one appear with the snap of his finger.

"Water from the Treant Ocean's bottom... cloud dust from the skies of the Demon Continent... flames of the burning hedgehog..."

Lith repeated as he added the materials in the new pot.

"...wait, flames?" He suddenly realized the problem.

"Wasn't this supposed to be extinguished flames? Wait... is extinguished flames even flames at that point? What the fuck..."

Things were getting confusing and it was everything was starting to become a mess.

Even with his brain working at full capacity, Lith couldn't avoid some errors.

"Fuck it! I'll make the pills one by one!" Lith kicked the pot away once again.

Instead of making his attention split to make four pills, it was best if he focused on one pill at a time. If he couldn't finish making them before Lizbeth, then so be it. At least he tried!

Lizbeth was a genius with years of experience under her belt. She was destined to become a great alchemy master, and now that she was with Lith, she was destined to be the greatest alchemy master out there! Losing to her won't be as bad.

'Still, I have no plans on losing to her right now.'

With such a thought, Lith went all out to make the [Soul Cleanser] pill. This time he gave it his complete attention.

On the sidelines, spectating Lith and Liz, Meryl, who was standing beside Fei in her humanoid form, commented,

"One is joyfully looking at the materials while the other is stressing. What a contrast. Right, Master?"

"Yes." Fei replied. "If Master messes up a few more times, he won't be able to beat Liz."

"You two, no need to be on the edge so much. Come have tea and relax yourself. He won't cheat." Lilith said softly from the side, seated around a round table.

She had called Qingyue to arrange for the table and tea so that she could watch Lith comfortably.

Fei gave her a small bow and accepted the offer. She gestured to Meryl to do the same, who did so without hesitation.

"Bitter or sweet?" Qingyue asked the two as they sat down.

"Sweet," Meryl replied.

"Bitter," said Fei.

"..." Meryl blinked with a worried expression, then shook her head and said, "I'll take bitter too."

Fei raised her eyebrow and looked at her, but then shook her head and focused on the tea.

Meryl took a sip of the bitter tea and immediately made a disgusted expression.

'Why is this so bad!?' She questioned and turned to look at her Master to see how she could even drink this.

Fei had a calm expression on her face as if she wasn't drinking bitter tea but hot water.

Meryl's eyebrow twitched and she then turned to look at Lilith.

Lilith looked back at her and smiled softly, making her heart skip a beat.

'She...'

Meryl looked away, then back at her black-colored tea.

'...she really is beautiful.'

As this thought crossed her mind, Meryl suddenly realized, 'Huh? Wait a second... why did I not feel any bad energy from her?'

Meryl looked back up at Lilith. The latter was watching her son start to gain an upper hand in the duel.

'How...' Meryl had a thought. 'How is she radiating even more than Master? Isn't she a Vampire? Haven't Vampires killed people?'

Lilith seemed even better than Fei, who had apparently never killed anyone. Such tremendous amounts of positive energy was not something a Vampire could radiate.

Then how come... how come Lilith was letting out just that?

'An illusion? A trick? What is happening...'

"Stop staring like that. It's rude." Fei gently slapped Meryl's thigh and said, breaking her out of her stupor.

"Sorry..."

Meryl went back to staring at the tea and pondered over how such a thing could be possible.

Meanwhile, on the other side...

"Aha! The [Soul Cleanser] pill is made! Just two more to go now!"

Lith exclaimed joyfully and kicked the pot away, holding a transparent pill with greenish dust within it.

"It's now time to make the [Cell Degeneration] pill!"

Lith said and put the transparent pill away, bringing in another pot on the furnace.

"I've failed making this six times by now."

Lith poured in the water from the Treant ocean again in it and the other materials one by one.

"With the experience from six failures and the successful concoction of the [Soul Cleanser] pill, I shouldn't mess up this time around."

Lith was brimming with confidence and threw in all the materials in the pot once again, then began stirring them.

A few seconds later.

Sizzle...

"Sniff... sniff... why is there a burning sme—"

BOOM!

Chapter 1069 Someone's Ascending

Ten times.

Lith failed a total of ten times to make the [Soul Cleanser] pill.

At the eleventh time when he succeeded, he couldn't celebrate or rejoice as Lizbeth was close to finishing her [Smooth Foot] pill.

It was over for Lith from the get go if Lizbeth took things seriously, but with her doing things at her pace, he got a chance to learn, adapt, and master some of the basics of alchemy.

"Huff... huff..."

Lith breathed heavily as he sat on the ground with four pills in his hands.

Lizbeth walked over to him with a shiny silver pill and crouched down to be at Lith's level.

Her gaze fell on the four pills in his hands and sniffing them, she said, "I can't believe you could make something so potent in such a short time. That too four of them."

Initially, Lizbeth did not believe that her God was good at alchemy like her. It was fine to not excel in all fields, but he proved to her that he could do anything if he wanted to.

Lizbeth felt ashamed of her past self for doubting her God. Her faith in Lith had amplified and was at levels he couldn't even imagine.

"Ahem," Fei cleared her throat as she stood beside Lizbeth. "Master did not cheat."

"I can vouch for that," Meryl added.

Lizbeth nodded her head. "I know."

There was a strong stretch of burnt herbs coming from Lith along with pleasant ones. This could not be achieved without doing alchemy. There was also the fact that her God would not stoop so low to cheat.

Lith took a deep breath and corrected his breathing. Having calmed down, he looked at Lizbeth and showed her the four pills in his hands.

"Here, have a look."

Liz took the pills and analyzed them. Her eyebrows flickered with interest immediately as she felt the potency of the pills.

Lith smiled as a sense of accomplishment flooded over him. Getting up and dusting his hands, he said, "Master it is from here onwards."

Lizbeth turned her gaze up and stared at Lith for a few seconds.

This man... he went through this whole trouble because he didn't want to be called God.

Lizbeth wondered why he was so bent on not being called that, but with how much effort he had put in to appease her, her heart was moved.

Lizbeth kneeled in front of Lith and put her palm on her chest. "I'll accept God as my master from here onwards."

Lith blinked in befuddlement. He didn't expect Liz to suddenly kneel like that.

"However," Liz looked up at Lith. "Whenever I challenge God for an alchemy battle, God has to answer it. If I win, God won't be my master anymore."

Lizbeth was aware that Lith wasn't a true alchemy master. He wasn't proficient in it and did everything on a whim.

Lizabeth wasn't against this, and she was fine to call him Master as long as his skills were better than hers, and that he could add value to her life.

Lith found the clause fair and nodded his head. "I accept."

Lizabeth smiled brightly and bowed.

"Lizabeth pays her respect to Master."

.....

On the rooftop of the castle, as Lith reminisced the memories of taking Liz as his disciple, he couldn't help but sigh in exhaustion.

He had to raise his level in alchemy otherwise he would be beaten by Lizabeth. If this happened quickly, it would be quite embarrassing.

It wasn't about being called God or not anymore, but about face. He couldn't afford to lose face like that.

Apart from her, there were Hyunsuk and Shi too.

Unknowingly, Lith had taken three disciples who looked up to him.

He had to hone his skills and work hard otherwise he would fail as a Master.



The other important thing he had to take note of was that he needed to learn how to teach. He had to provide Hyunsuk, Shi, and Lizbeth with appropriate knowledge and raise them.

These three had enormous potential and could become great entities in future that would be capable of destroying worlds without even lifting their fingers.

It didn't hit him until now, but this feeling of raising powerful disciples wasn't so bad.

From saving children to raising disciples to fighting the Evure God Clan, Lith was starting to have ambitions in life. A long term goal he looked forward to achieving.

Previously he lived a carefree life without much thought. If one had to compare this feeling, it was similar to the state of mind one was in during the gap between graduating college and starting a job. There's no stress or any workload for a certain period of time. One is fully free to do whatever they want.

certain period of time. One is fully free to do whatever they want.

Taking a sip of tea, Lith looked at the ones sitting around the round table.

Lizbeth was reading and taking notes, studying about flames used in alchemy.

Fei was doing some work on her tablet while rubbing an orange cat's underbelly who was lazily resting on her lap.

Such moments of peace and quiet was what Lith enjoyed the most.

After finishing half a cup of tea, Lith took out his tablet and began working.

Lately, he was feeling a sense of crisis. It probably had to do with the Evure God Clan.

He wasn't ready to take on such a big clan yet. Even the world wasn't ready to take such a head-on challenge.

Sighing, Lith looked at his tablet and thought, 'I need to wind up the world war quickly. I have to venture outside soon.'

On the tablet, Lith was looking at scenes from around the world.

Taking out another tablet and tapping on them a few times, he saw scenes of gates. There were a variety of different colored gates that led to other worlds on the screen.

From these gates, creatures that did not belong to this world were coming out one after another. The energy they were emitting could be felt by Lith through the tablet screen.

The tablets were made through special materials that allowed for such a thing to take place. It was exclusive to the Royal Clan.

Lith spent the next half an hour staring at the two tablets in his hands. While he was absorbed in it, the sky suddenly turned crimson and thundered.

Lith, Liz, Fei, and Meryl all looked up to see the anomaly.

Drip. Drip. Drip.

Suddenly, red drops of rain fell down from the sky. It was as if the clouds were crying blood.

"Hm?" Lith tilted his head and wondered what was the cause for such a strange occurrence.

It didn't take him long to find an answer once he felt multiple strange fluctuations of elemental energies in the surroundings.

Meryl jumped from Fei's lap into another seat and appeared in her real form.

She looked at the sky and said, "Someone's ascending..."

#### Chapter 1070 Just A Little Bit More

It rained for a week straight. The phenomenon took place around the world and became the talk of the town. All conflicts had come to a halt due to this strange anomaly.

Levels of Dark, Death, Destruction, Fire, and Wind elemental energies were constantly rising along with a demonic aura.

The Demons were happy and celebrating as the weather was totally fine-tuned to their liking. They felt it was an auspicious occasion and were singing praises of their Queen and Demonkin.

Unknowingly, the Demons' celebrations weren't wrong as it was indeed their Queen that was ascending!

Lucifer was undergoing her ascension to Legendary Rank in the Angel Continent under her grandfather's care.

Her ascension was almost complete and the worldly phenomena that were occurring was the world's way of thanking Lucifer for her ascension.

Each ascension from the Supreme Rank onwards raised the elemental energies of the world. The energies that would rise would depend on the ascender's affinities.

Secondly, such high levels of elemental energies would cause mutations in the world's flora and fauna, resulting in the rise of new species. It would also invite otherworldly creatures and expand biodiversity.

Lith watched the changes around the world with interest. He wondered how the world would react when he ascended. Will it result in a rain of roses? Or will amethyst stones pop out like common rocks?

Whatever it may be, it surely would be fun.

'Wait, wait, wait, did I just raise a flag here?' Lith broke out in cold sweat. '...maybe not. I'm just overthinking, haha...'

Lith rubbed the back of his neck. There was no sweat but it felt colder than usual.

A week had passed since Lith sat down on the rooftop. No one except Lizbeth felt the passage of time.

Not knowing how to regulate her body's functions with elemental energies, Lizbeth had to make visits to the bathroom everyday, eat, drink water, and shower as well.

Fei and Meryl felt amused watching her. Those two were beings that had barely ever done such things as they were a completely different race compared to humans.

Lith had asked them to not say anything to Lizbeth on this. He too was having fun watching her leave the table every hour and a half to go pee.

She didn't have to walk all the way down from the rooftop. She had an artifact in her hand that let her freely teleport from one place to another. She was officially Lith's disciple so this was the most basic set of privilege she enjoyed.

Back to staring at two tablet screens, Lith found nothing of interest about the gates so he put that tablet away. Looking at the screen showing the people of the world, Lith found a few interesting things.

The dragons were recuperating and preparing for another major attack in the Witch Continent. The witches were having trouble fending them off even with their advanced technologies.

They could not figure out why the dragons were so powerful, and with how the present situation was, they did not have the capacity to do so either.

A sense of crisis and panic took over their entire race. All the witches were looking forward to what the Queens and Mother Queen would order them to do.

'Arya isn't there physically, but the changes she has brought are so immense that a portion of the dragons have an upper hand over the entirety of the Witch Race.'

Lith thought to himself while staring at the screen.

He tapped on the table beside him and a plate full of bite-sized varieties of pastries appeared on it.

Lith took it in his hands and forked a mango pastry, taking half a bite of the bite-sized little cake.

On the screen, he could see a witch with blue and red eyes in purple robes and pointy hat, sitting and calmly listening to what the other witches in the room had to say.

This was Hecate. She was assessing the situation and one of the major reasons why the witches were having such a hard time fending off the dragons.

Hecate had served the witches for so long that her loyalty went unquestioned. Thinking of her as the spy was next to impossible, which was what was leading them to their downfall.

'A little bit more and everything will end on a good note.'

There was still some time before the final showdown between the witches and the dragons. Things would work out just fine even without Lith's intervention from here onwards.

Shifting his attention from them to the Demon Continent, Lith found a pink-haired androgynous man sitting atop a flying bison, overlooking a huge army area and mapping things on his notepad.

Ralph was away from his home and was acting as the secondary strategist for the Demons, overlooking the holy war alongside his mother Avelyn.

The Lust Clan was known for their superior intellect. They weren't just lustful demons that thought with their lower body, but smart and seductive demons that held the power to control anyone they wished to.

Only the Envy Clan could rival them as they could copy their powers and use it against them.

The Lust Clan's contribution in the war was immense. They did not directly participate, but just stating who should attack who was enough to topple the tides and have them gain an upper hand.

Ralph's attainment was rising and he was benefitting a lot from this war. Lith was happy to see this development.

Moving onto the Dragon Continent, Mayzin's faction had gained the Giants. They had submitted to her and were living near the coastal areas of the continent, on their own island.

This news spread throughout the world and people were wondering whether the dragons were going through an internal war or something. The sudden intake of Giants was seen as a potential danger for the other two rulers.

No one in the world knew that Mayzin was the sole ruler of the dragons. Dagassi was an Emperor in name. He was more like a subordinate of Mayzin's while Arya ruled only on paper and not in real life.

Her influence was there on the territories she governed and the tribes she had under herself, but most of the everyday affairs of theirs was managed by Mayzin's administration.

Arya was a busy businesswoman. It was to the point that she did not even rule her own organization. Scelestus worked autonomously and managed the entire underworld. If there was anything that required input from Arya, Rain would come in and handle it.

After merging with the Dragons, the Giants gained a lot of benefits. The quality of their soil increased once they got the immensely fertile dragon soil mixed in with theirs.

Food was not an issue anymore and with better quality of diet, it was estimated that the Giant children would grow to even greater heights, quite literally.

Gunther was the new Chief and was being supported by Khimav. The latter was also acting as his teacher and teaching him many things about administration.

Next, it was the Vampire Continent.

Things have turned quiet for a while here. A lot of bloodshed had taken place and people were in a state of mourning, the plebes and the nobles alike.

The Dracula Clan that was majorly involved in military operations had lost a big chunk of their personnels. They also had the highest number of kills and were renowned throughout the world for their brave nature.

The heir of such a prestigious clan was fighting on the frontlines, leading battalions after battalions and killing whoever dared to challenge them.

The battlefield was where Dennis shined the best. Administration wasn't his thing. He did not like using his head. Following orders was best in his opinion as after he was finished with the given tasks, he was free to do whatever he wanted. He did not need to worry about anything else like the enemies attacking or internal friction. That was a headache that the strategist would need to handle, not him.

Due to the heavy losses, both sides were getting more diplomatic with their approach. They were thinking of ending the war and reverting back to how times were before all of this started.

The talks were still in the process and how long it would take to come into force was unknown.

In the Neutral Continent, things were heated. Really very heated.

Due to the strange phenomenon, everything was momentarily quiet, but a major trouble was brewing under the sheets.

The Free Adventurer's Association(FAA),, now being led by a Devil, was rising higher in ranks. It wasn't close to the World Adventurer's Association(WAA), but it could easily challenge the main branch of it in Lenz City and go unscathed.



The WAA was pissed and reinforcements were being called from other branches, but with Keith on the scene, all teleportation circles were blocked, and even the Space around the WAA's headquarters was showing signs of irregularities, not allowing anyone to teleport in or out.

Lith looked at this with interest. Keith sure was doing a good job managing the guild. How was she doing it, Lith thought it was best if he watched it himself.

Thinking so, he tapped on the area showing the Free Adventurer's Association's headquarters and zoomed in on it.

A redhead could be seen sitting in a spacious office, going through some papers with knitted brows.

She murmured something that Lith wasn't able to hear.

Replaying the scene and increasing the volume, he heard:

"...a peaceful life... is this what the Almighty Devil meant by having a peaceful life? Dealing with paperwork day and night every single day of the week?"

"Sigh..."