

Vampire 1171

Chapter 1171: A Third Strategy

A week later.

Qing Mei Sect.

Staareee~

Fanny was giving her mother weird glances as she sat beside her around a round table, drinking tea.

Joining them were Qingshan, Wang Wei, Fei, Sylvia, and the three supreme ancestors of the Qing Mei Sect—Jiang Yi, Wu Yan, and Xuan Lan.

Lith sat between Qingshan and Sylvia and was discussing a few important matters related to the ongoing war.

'Why does it look like something major has happened...'

Fanny thought to herself while blatantly staring at her mother's pristine face.

Keith could feel her gaze, and she knew she was guilty of charge, but she maintained composure and talked to the third redhead beside them, giving one-line responses as usual.

She talked about Qingshan's role in stopping the rebellions and finding out the spies in concise statements that Yi had to work hard to decipher and decode.

Her one line had many meanings, but thanks to being a Legendary Rank, she could comprehend everything easily.

"...the Evure God Clan has been weakened to a good degree by the Asuras. They've eaten them from the inside like termites." Qingshan reported.

"There's a similar situation going on in the Asura God Clan, however they've yet to find out who's the one responsible for it." Fei stated.

"Good." Lith said and unfurled a map on the table. It had a holographic projection of the star system and was enclosed within a rectangular area.

Swiping his hand, the star system got divided into three regions.

On the left and right side of the rectangular map, flaf pyramid-shaped outlines pointed inwardly. These two areas were the territories of the Asura God Clan and Evure God Clan.

Between them, whatever area was left belonged to the rest of Shen Ze's population, that is, the central alliance.

At the very center of them all was Qing Mei Sect, in a circular area surrounded by their allies, far from the reach of the two major powerhouses.

Or one could say, the three major clans of Shen Ze stayed at a proper distance from each other to avoid any conflicts and meaningless power struggle.

Lith swiped his hand again and the Asura territory's outline got colored in red, while the EGC's got colored in blue.

In the middle, the Qing Mei Sect was colored pink while the allies were colored green.

All the ladies turned their attention to this map, and momentarily, Fanny placed the topic regarding her mother to the back of her mind, making her heave a sigh of relief internally.

"Originally, it was like this, yes?" Lith asked the ladies.

"That's right, Master." Jiang Yi answered.

Lith nodded and snapped his fingers.

From within the pink territory, pink dots rushed out and charged at the edges of the blue territory, making a hole in the outline, and getting fixed there.

Then, from the red territory, red dots rushed out and flowed inside the blue territory via the pink spot. They spread like infection and made their place at multiple spots within the blue area like fungal spores.

Next, from the pink territory, more pink dots emerged and this time they rushed to the red territory, making tiny holes at multiple places on the outline.

From the central area, some green dots entered the red area and fixed themselves in a few places.

When they were in place, the pink dots broke free and went back to the pink territory.

After a monetary standstill, blue dots from the blue territory made their way to the red territory through the green spots. They spread inside like spores too, and covered roughly one-sixth of the area.

"This is the present situation." Lith said. "The Evure God Clan is damaged by roughly 25% while the Asuras are at around 17%."

The ladies nodded in unison.

Lith extended his hand and tapped on the pink territory in the center.

"We now have two options. It's either this..."

Pink dots spread out with the green and red dots, then slowly ate away the blue triangular territory.

"...or this..."

A reset occurred and this time, the pink dots spread both directions along with the green dots.

The rate at which they ate up the two territories was slower than the previous version.

"Master, many lives would be lost in this process." Fei commented. "A repeat of what occurred in your own world would occur here. You would gain immense bad karma and have a karmic halo on your head again."

Fei wasn't wrong about this and Lith didn't deny her words.

"Yes, you're right. And that's why, I'm thinking of a different strategy. We reject both these options and go for a third one."

"Third?" Keith asked. Her one word meant: 'What third option are you talking about?'

Lith tapped in a corner at the Asura red region. "This place..."

He pinched the map from the corner and slowly pulled it in a diagonal direction up.

"...the spies of the sect have found out about a secret dimension present between the two territories that connect them like this..."

The Asura corner was rolled and attached to the corner of the Evure God Clan.

The whole projections became enclosed due to the sudden change and the Asura and Evure God Clan territories were closer than ever before.

"...a dimension that both of them are aware about yet never dare touch."

The ladies were fascinated by the sudden change in events and listened to Lith's explanation with even more focus.

Space and Time weren't linear like a sheet of paper. They were twisted and folded in weird ways like crumpled paper, the understanding of which was something only Legendary level Space and Time Path experts had.

It was due to such property that the two distant places were so easily connected, and also the reason why gates or portals existed.

This information was not known to even the high ranking officials of the two clans and was deeply guarded.

Lith was able to find it out because of Roy. His sister was apparently one of the Three Greats, and had given this information to him for some secret task.

Roy wouldn't have exposed such a big thing, but he did so in exchange for his, his sister's, and Jacqueline's lives.

The Qing Mei Sect spies then went ahead to cross check the information and indeed found the existence of such a dimension.

When Lith said all of this, Fanny interrupted and asked, "Why's this risky then? It's just a dimensional gate, what could pose a threat in this?"

Lith smiled. "I'm glad you asked."

The dimension was where the whole risk was at.

It was a chaotic space filled with unknown, uncharted realms. There were lots of wild creatures and bizarre natural phenomena that could be used to their advantage.

"The third strategy is where two groups will attack both the parties, and one group will go through this dimension and unleash its chaos onto the two. When they're engaged in suppressing these things, we'll move to destroy their territories, and then attack them again."

The ladies frowned at the plan, and noticing their looks, Lith shook his head and said, "That's why I said it's much riskier. We could do it the normal way but it would take decades and endless resources. Remember, if there's a battle of attrition, there will be no winner or loser as everyone will slowly be depleted and eroded, incurring mutual losses."

His words made sense, however...

Staring at the folded map, the usually quiet blue-haired ice beauty, Xuan Lan, asked,

"What if we aren't able to harness the phenomena and unleash it on the two?"

Chapter 1172: Nerve-Wracking Peace

Xuan Lan's question raised everyone's curiosity.

Lith stared at the map and answered calmly, "If we aren't able to harness the phenomena, then we slowly fight the two and drag this out over the course of a few thousand years."

There was not the slightest possibility of the war stopping even if the plan failed. The enmity was deep and wouldn't be over until one or the other perished.

Blood had to be paid by blood.

Lan had a thoughtful look on her face and said, "Is there no other way?"

Lith shook his head. "Arya put me through multiple simulations discussing various strategies and this seemed to be the best. We don't need much resources and there wouldn't be a lot of bloodshed on our part either."

This strategy was crucial as it was the last and final one.

Lith was going all out.

The ladies around the table were the top dogs of the star system. There wasn't anyone above them, and discussing this with them was necessary as their opinion was valuable.

If they felt that it wouldn't work and needed some change, Lith would happily do it.

However, as he had expected, Arya was truly a master strategist, and there wasn't any correction or modification from the ladies' part as it was the best course of action they could take.

Starting from today, groups would be formed and sent to attack both the clans while Lith would personally leave for the strange dimension with the third group.

The new butler Lucas knew the Evure God Clan well so he was going to assist the leader of the group attacking them.

Roy and Jacqueline had lots of information on the Asuras and would assist the leader of the group attacking them.

To keep an eye on Roy and Jacqueline, Fei, Fanny, and Sylvia would be joining them.

The three were Supremes, but were going to ascend to Legendary Rank soon. It might happen before they start attacking the Asuras, so Lith wasn't very worried about their safety.

As for Lith's team, it would consist of Keith, Qingshan, Luna, and his disciple Hyunsuk along with a few legends from the central alliance.

Lith thought of taking Wang Wei together, but the sect would be without a Sect Master which was a problem.

Lizbeth would roam around with Fei while Shi was sent with Lucas to the Evure God Clan. His job was to live a normal life in the Evure God Clan territory, and everything else would eventually fall into place.

There were people to keep a watch on him so he shouldn't die.

Other than that, there were a few more menial tasks Lith had to take care of before leaving for the new dimension.

Six months passed while taking care of them and wrapping everything up.

On the darkest night of the year, during the winter solstice, all three groups left from the Qing Mei Sect and ventured into the final phase to trigger the upcoming apocalypse.

For the next six months, an unexpected peace settled between the Asura God Clan and the Evure God Clan. There were no battles, no disputes—just a rare moment of calm that allowed everyone to catch their breath.

This was how the common folk saw it. However, the higher-ups in both clans remained on edge, as though navigating a dense forest tangled with thorny vines and lurking snakes. At any moment, a vine could turn into a snake, striking without warning.

Ten years later.

The nerve-wracking peace continued.

Legendary Ranks were true gods—beings sensitive to danger as they were deeply connected to the celestial laws of the cosmos along with the elemental laws.

In the past decade, none but these folks felt a sense of danger loom closer. The common populace by now was starting to get used to the peace, but the Legendaries were edging closer to losing their minds from the suspense.

The Asura God Clan and the Evure God Clan had recalled all their members and asked them to prepare for war.

The ones below Legendary Rank did not know what was going on, but they continued to stay in shape and sharpen themselves for whatever was to come.

Another decade passed just like that.

Finally, the two clans saw some changes.

In different worlds within their territories, chaos was frequently erupting out.

The general population was riled up and getting aggressive, as if they were mad dogs, and fought with each other.

Invasive internal war became a common occurrence in every world within the two powerhouses' territories, and this continued for another decade, which finally made the top officials move.

Things were spiraling out of control by now in these worlds.

A topic of talk in every place of commerce within Shen Ze was the destruction of three worlds in the last ten years.

Two of three belonged to the Evure God Clan while the other belonged to the Asura God Clan.

A world being destroyed was a rare occurrence, and to have three happen in such a short time was a truly concerning matter.

Squads with powerful officials from both the clans were sent out to investigate, and the higher ups from both places were carefully keeping an eye out on everything.

Meanwhile, at another corner of Shen Ze, a world not involved in any of this power struggle, was undergoing a massive change.

Lith's home world saw a few major changes after the ascension of his aunts.

At the heart of the Elven Continent, in Alfheim stood the colossal World Tree. Its branches stretched so high that they seemed to touch the heavens while the trunk was wide enough to contain entire cities within. It pulsed with ancient magic and its bark glowed with hues of green and gold.

For eons, the tree had been deeply rooted with the native elves, and now, a massive change had occurred to it.

Large oval fruits hung from the many branches of this towering tree.

Within these fruits was not flesh one would think of consuming, rather, they contained mystical gates to other worlds. Portals with a deep blue, purple, red, black, white, and a multitude of colors were what lay within these fruits.

From these fruits, many elves in flowing robes walked to and fro, as if it were a natural thing to do.

The Elf Queen Agalea Grace had successfully ascended and achieved a God status.

Doing so required her to refine a fragment of the celestial Yggdrasil—a mythical tree that was only ever seen or found in folklore.

Its fragment was actually present in the World Tree in Alfheim, and refining it caused the tree to be connected to all the worlds containing elves within the same realm.

Elves were a species that were said to have originated from the celestial Yggdrasil.

There were many ways to ascend to Legendary Rank, but Agalea chose this as she was in luck.

A fragment of the mythical tree was unheard of, and the one here was probably the only one throughout this realm.

Many would kill to have their hands on it, and if it wasn't for Lilith's intervention, Agalea would've never known about it.

The elven beauty was more connected to the celestial order than ever after this refinement. So many new things were known to her, and comprehending them all took most of her time.

She was still busy going through them and was meditating in a secluded chamber of her castle, consolidating her cultivation.

Meanwhile, the other continents saw a magnitude of changes as well with the ascensions of Alex Paladin, Lucifer, Mayzin, and Bella.

Ever since the revival of the fairy race, Bella's growth had been exponentially accelerated. She was so busy with her own cultivation that Lucifer was left without a maid.

All her menial tasks were dumped onto her secretary Adriel, and the poor lass with tattoos and piercings was as busy as ever.

For a change, Lucifer was not slacking after her ascension. She had left the world with her three daughters and had gone somewhere out for exploration.

On the other hand, Mayzin's ascension led to her discovering a treasure that was forever going to change her life. She had ventured out to go through this treasure and her vital status was unknown.

All of Lith's ladies were away from their home world except Agalea and everyone was quite busy doing their own things.

For now, everything was calm and peaceful.

Chapter 1173 100 Years Later

Sprawling thunderstorms rolled under the dark skies, lighting up the world with a flashy purple. Standing beneath a gigantic red vortex was a figure clad in torn leather armor, his pale face covered in dried blood and long silver hair swaying wildly with the winds. A pitch black sword's edge dripped with fresh blue blood as he stood atop a pile of monster corpses, staring at the very red vortex.

BOOM!* *BOOM!* *BOOM!

Lightning cascaded from the churning vortex above, yet Lith stood unmoved, his gaze locked and intent.

The heavens roared, splitting as a colossal Sea King emerged from the depths, his mighty golden trident gleaming like a god's decree.

Thunderstorms spiraled around him, and the storm-laden waves sliced through the air like icy shards, cutting everything in their path.

Lith drew a sharp breath and, with a fierce swing of his sword, shattered the earth beneath him, a jagged crack yawning wide.

"The Sea King..." he murmured, voice barely above a whisper.

As if answering his call, the Sea King let out a piercing cry, its gaze bearing down on Lith with cold ferocity.

The already grim sky darkened further, thick with a menacing weight.

Seething as if bound by ancient blood feud, the Sea King lunged, brandishing his trident with relentless fury.

Lith, hardened by countless battles, gripped his sword tightly and surged forward, unwavering.

"ROAAAAARRRRR!"

BOOOOOOOM—!

Their weapons collided, Lith's shadowed blade clashing against the divine trident, sending shockwaves ripping through the battlefield.

His figure soon turned blurry, and after a few instances, only bright flashes of purple could be seen around the Sea King. The Sea King's initial roars of anger soon turned into cries of despair as parts of its body kept disappearing from existence as Lith slashed his sword at it. After a series of bright purple flashes, the Sea King's body disappeared completely.

Lith stood atop the pile of corpses, like a shadow brought to life. With a swift swing of his sword, he tore through the air, leaving a jagged rift in the void. From it, a thick, dark aura began to pour out, slow and ominous.

Near his wrist, under his thumb, a teal trident started to carve itself into his skin, forming a glowing tattoo.

It wasn't his only one. The underside of his arm was covered in pine trees, their shapes curling around a halo of lightning and shadows. On the base of his palm were skull tattoos, each one different. Their eye sockets glowed with colors, and some even had strange designs inside—twisting vines, sharp thorns, faint stars, and other odd patterns.

Lith didn't even glance at the new tattoo. His focus was locked on the dark aura leaking from the tear.

A few tense moments passed. Then, from deep within the rift, a massive hand emerged, radiating an overwhelming, demonic energy.

The hand gripped the edges of the tear, bending it like it was made of paper. Slowly, a pitch-black face with glowing red eyes began to push through the gap.

Lith stood there, calm and unmoving.

A demonic screech ripped through the realm, shaking the air and sending Lith's clothes whipping around him like wild banners. Blood trickled from his eyes, nose, and ears, but he didn't move. He stood firm, his gaze locked on the towering figure before him.

"@&\$!***#" The figure screeched. 'You will fail...'

"I know." Lith said. "#%***!" The figure's bright red eyes shone as it screeched again. 'Is it worth it?'

"I don't know," Lith said, his deep purple eyes locked on the figure, steady and unshaken.

Even as he admitted his uncertainty, his gaze held a calm, unyielding conviction—like he wouldn't flinch, even if the world itself came crashing down around him.

The two powerhouses silently had a stare down. After a moment, something bright shot towards Lith and the pitch black figure slowly disappeared into the void. Before he left however, its demonic screech echoed in the air and conveyed:

'I am watching...'

As Lith heard that, something hit his body, and moments after, he heard a loud hissing sound. Unfazed, Lith looked down to see a silver serpent coiled tightly around his neck, its semi-transparent body revealing the intricate cogs and wheels of time turning within. It hissed again, softly this time, its red eyes glowing as it slowly uncoiled, slithering down his arm.

Wrapping itself around his wrist, the serpent bit its own tail, solidifying into an inanimate bracelet. The faint ticking of unseen gears lingered in the air before fading into silence.

The void tear vanished and everything settled down as peace returned to the realm.

Standing still, Lith looked down at his new bracelet and took a deep breath. "A hundred years..."

It had been a hundred years since Lith left for this new realm. The day he set foot was the day calamity descended on everyone. Not a moment had passed when Lith got separated from everyone else. His wives, lovers, maids, nobody was there and the entire century was spent on solitude, grinding to become the best version of himself and accumulate tribulations for the war.

Where everyone was, he had no idea. What he did know was that they were safe and not in any danger. Being a Royal Vampire, the blood connection he shared with everyone was intact and not fluctuating. Lith was thankful for that, and kept working on himself to put an end to what he started. Hundred years ago was the beginning to the end, and today marked the first day of the end climax, that was the war with the two major clans of the vast starry system. As Lith had predicted before, this world was filled with tribulations. It possessed a lot of risk, but where there was risk, there were rewards. The power levels of the creatures in this world was chaotic. An ant could be stronger than an elephant, and a sloth could be faster than Lith himself. Anything and everything was possible here. This realm was a sanctuary, sort of like a trial area giving a clue to what the higher realm could look like. Clearing certain objectives in this place could open doors for the higher realm but that was talk for another day. Lith got what he came here for, and it was time to exit. Everything that occurred in this place was a fleeting memory. Lith's mind was hazy ever since the day he got separated. He merely killed monsters, almost died from them as well, and kept on repeating the process until he met their Lords, who were like the final boss in video games. Killing the final bosses resulted in him getting a tattoo. This tattoo was actually their soul and could be used to summon them. Lith was proficient in the Death element, all thanks to his lover Lucifer. Necromancy came under this element, and using these skills, he could summon the Lords. The mysterious entity that Lith met was the guardian of this sanctuary. How and why he was able to come across that thing was a mystery.

There were far too many mysteries related to this tribulation place, and everything seemed too fast paced. He barely had any recollection of the things he did in the past 100 years. The only thing Lith could remember was the current moment, and he failed to understand why was such the case. Nevertheless, he was far too exhausted to think about anything. He just wanted to go back, exact revenge on the two clans, put an end to the war, and finally get back together with his family and relax. Wherever his ladies were, Lith prayed that they continued to stay safe. Time was of essence. It took a lot of years and effort to set everything up. If Lith did not take the chance now, it would be impossible to defeat the two clans. If the two clans were to realize Lith was the mastermind behind everything, things would be dire and the situation would take a massive flip.

Thus, he had to steel his heart and focus on the war instead of his ladies.

This was the first time Lith was putting something above his family, and although it sounded sad, the thing he was doing was also for his own family. This was a dilemma, a conflict about which Lith didn't want to bother thinking about much as there was no correct answer to the problem. A hundred years of solidarity had left him depressed and lonely. It made him a great warrior, but also made him understand that there was more to life than just grind. Shaking his head and letting out a sigh, Lith sheathed his sword and looked in the distance, ready to leave this realm. For now.

Chapter 1174: The War - From The Ground Level

Shen Ze, the star system housing some of the mighty Legendary Rank powerhouses that once had an orderly and peaceful civil war, was now in absolute chaos.

There were three major zones in Shen Ze. One belonged to the Evure God Clan, another to the Central Alliance, and the last to the Asura God Clan.

The center was neutral, but due to the escalation of the civil war between the Evures and the Asuras, they were now involved.

The death of Lysander, the second prince of the Asuras, was of utmost significance, as it sparked the entire conflict.

The Asuras, angered by his death, invaded the Evure God Clan.

Then, two important members of the Evure God Clan—the rebel Jacqueline and one of the major pillars, Roy—were kidnapped.

The Evure God Clan believed the Asuras were responsible and demanded their return, offering to stop the war in exchange. However, the Asuras denied any involvement.

Furious, the Evure God Clan launched a full-scale attack, and the Asuras retaliated.

This prompted the recruitment of members from the Central Alliance, as both powerhouses were wary of an attack from the Alliance while they were at their weakest.

For a period, both sides used assassination, trickery, deceit, and force to recruit Central Alliance members.

If the center attempted retaliation, both clans would simultaneously attack, resulting in mutual destruction.

Thus, the leader of the Central Alliance, the Qing Mei Sect, issued a notice allowing the major houses to join either of the two clans as they wished.

The Qing Mei Sect did not involve itself in the war between the Asuras and Evures. Instead, it gathered the smaller houses of the alliance for protection. The Asuras and Evures were fine with this arrangement, as they did not see the Qing Mei Sect and the smaller houses as a significant threat—at least, that was their opinion. They were unaware of the true situation.

More than a century had passed, and Jacqueline and Roy's whereabouts were still unknown. Their life tablets showed they were alive, but their location remained a mystery.

The Evure God Clan was furious, and the Asura God Clan bore the brunt of their anger, as evidenced by the destruction of nearly 30% of their territory.

Both powerhouses were on equal footing, unable to claim the other's territory. They could only destroy and retreat. Once a territory was destroyed, it could not be restored.

On a larger scale, this was the state of the war. Anyone could discern this much, and even the Qing Mei Sect had given Lith similar information.

However, this wasn't enough.

Having experienced multiple situations, Lith wanted information from the ground level.

As a result, he didn't go straight to the Qing Mei Sect upon arriving in Shen Ze. Instead, he entered Asura territory and decided to visit the nearest world to assess the situation firsthand.

Currently, he was in a desert, walking toward the nearest settlement. His clothes, resembling those of a wandering nomad, were dusty from the sand in the air.

The sun blazed in the bright sky, and in a world bathed in yellow, the King Rank Vampire could feel his melanin-deprived skin begin to burn.

Lith could fly to the settlement whenever he wished, and judging by the surroundings, there were no immortals living in this world. However, he wanted to stay low and experience life as a common man.

After walking for thirty minutes in the scorching heat, Lith finally reached the settlement.

Lith approached the settlement with slow, deliberate steps, his eyes scanning the area.

Dusty, makeshift houses scattered haphazardly across the barren land, constructed from crumbling stone and twisted metal. The buildings leaned against each other for support, as if struggling to stay upright against time and neglect.

The air was thick with the scent of rust and decay, a mixture of old stone and dry earth.

A few figures moved about in the distance, their clothes ragged and their faces hardened by years of struggle. Some shuffled through the market square, where a handful of stalls still stood, though the goods they offered were few and far between—sparse, half-rotten vegetables, dried meats, and a few other unrecognizable items.

The lively chatter of a typical market was long gone, replaced by a heavy silence that lingered in the air, as if the entire settlement was holding its breath.

Lith's gaze then shifted to the center of the village, where an old well stood.

The stone edges were cracked, and the water inside shimmered faintly, but it was clear that the source was running low. A group of people huddled near it, filling up containers with the last of the precious water, their movements quick and frantic. The sense of urgency was palpable, as though everyone knew that it wouldn't be long before the well dried up completely.

A few people walked by with strange, alien-like beasts at their sides—creatures with long, muscular limbs and eyes that seemed too intelligent for their wild appearance. The beasts were tamed, but they moved restlessly, as if even they could sense the impending disaster.

Their presence here felt like an attempt at survival, a last-ditch effort to hold on to something that still had some semblance of life.

The ruins spoke of a once-thriving community—there were remnants of old, grand buildings, now reduced to rubble, and streets that once bustled with life, now eerily quiet.

It was clear that something had ravaged this place before, and that something was about to strike again. Lith felt a weight in the air, the tension of a storm brewing on the horizon, one that would tear through what little remained. Despite the devastation, the people here weren't giving up. They moved with purpose, as if their stubborn will to survive could somehow keep the settlement alive a little longer.

But the signs were clear. The time they had left was running out.

The wind howled through the barren streets of the settlement, kicking up dust that stung the eyes and clung to the skin.

Lith wandered through the makeshift market, his eyes scanning the faces of the people as they went about their tasks.

It was there, by a broken cart where a few old crates were stacked, that he found them: a young boy, barely into his teens, an older man hunched over with a cane, and a middle-aged man sitting with his head bowed, his hands resting limply on his lap.

The boy's eyes were full of fire, brimming with a spark Lith hadn't seen in many of the others here. He was talking eagerly, almost desperately, to the older man, his voice full of hope, as though the world hadn't yet crushed it out of him.

"Grandpa, we can't just wait here! We need to do something!" the boy said, his small fists clenched in determination. "The others—they're coming! We have to be ready!"

The old man, leaning heavily on his cane, looked down at him with tired eyes. His once-sharp gaze now seemed clouded with years of struggle, of battles lost. "And what do you expect to do, boy?" he asked, his voice rough and tired. "What can any of us do? The world is broken. This place... it's a graveyard of dreams. It's too late."

"But we can't give up!" the boy's voice trembled slightly, but there was strength in it. He took a step forward, his eyes burning with a passionate fire. "We can still rebuild! We can take back what's ours!"

The old man gave a long, weary sigh. He slowly sank down to sit on a crate, his hand rubbing his forehead. "I've seen it all, boy. You're not the first to dream of a better world. You think you're the only one who's had hope? I've fought for this place, bled for it, lost everything for it. And here we are, still broken, still waiting for something that will never come." His voice cracked, the weight of his words heavy with years of disappointment.

The middle-aged man sitting a little ways off lifted his head slightly, his expression distant, as if the world around him no longer held any meaning. His clothes were tattered, and there was a hollow emptiness in his gaze that seemed to stare through everything.

"Don't waste your time, kid," the middle-aged man muttered, his voice low and bitter. "Hope doesn't fix anything. It doesn't change anything. It just hurts when it gets shattered." He looked up at the boy with a gaze that was both sad and resigned. "I was like you once. Full of dreams. But look at us.

Nothing changes. The world will come for us. And when it does, there won't be anything left to save."

The boy's face faltered for a moment, but the fire in his eyes refused to die. He stepped toward the middle-aged man, his voice shaking but determined. "But what if you're wrong? What if we can still fight back? We still have a chance to win, don't we?"

The old man snorted, shaking his head. "You really don't get it, do you? The fight is over. All that's left now is to survive as long as we can."

"No," the boy said, his voice rising, "We can't just survive. We have to live. We have to keep fighting, or what was the point of all this? What was the point of all the sacrifices?"

There was a long, heavy silence. The old man stared at the boy, his face a mixture of sadness and pity. The middle-aged man closed his eyes, his hands trembling slightly as he gripped the edge of his seat.

"You're wasting your breath, boy," the middle-aged man said, his voice soft but laced with exhaustion. "You'll see soon enough. The world doesn't care about you. It doesn't care about any of us."

The boy's eyes were wide, as if the words were sinking in, but they only made him more resolute. He turned back to the old man. "Grandpa, you've seen the worst of it, I know. But that doesn't mean it's all over. You didn't stop fighting, did you? Even when it seemed hopeless?"

The old man's face softened slightly. He didn't answer right away, as though the question had stirred something deep within him. Finally, he spoke in a quieter voice, more reflective. "Fighting... fighting is all I've ever done. But sometimes, you fight so long, so hard, that you forget why you started. You start to wonder if it was all worth it. And you start thinking maybe, just maybe... it's time to stop."

The boy shook his head, his voice stronger now. "I don't care how hard it gets. I'll fight. I'll fight for all of us. Because if we stop now, then it's really over."

The old man's gaze softened, and for a brief moment, something in his eyes seemed to flicker—an old ember, still warm, still alive. He didn't say anything, but the silence between them carried a new weight. It wasn't agreement, but it was something else—a quiet understanding.

The middle-aged man looked at the boy, then at the old man. His lips parted, but he didn't speak. His eyes were lost, distant, as if he was trapped in the same place he'd been for too long, unable to escape the emptiness.

Lith watched the exchange from a distance, sensing the heaviness in the air. It was a struggle between the past, the present, and the future.

The old man, worn by time, was holding onto the remnants of a dream that had long since died.

The middle-aged man had already given up, his soul fractured by too many battles. But the boy—he still had fire. Still had hope. Still had something worth fighting for.

Lith approached the trio quietly, his footsteps barely stirring the sand beneath him.

The boy, standing on the ground, was drawing crude lines in the dirt with a stick, his face alight with youthful determination. The old man leaned against a crumbling wall, his weathered features heavy with exhaustion, while the middle-aged man sat hunched nearby, staring blankly ahead.

"It'll be fine," his calm, steady voice broke the tense quiet.

All three turned toward the source of the voice.

Lith stood a few feet away, his loose, dust-covered clothes masking the powerful build beneath. He stepped closer, his presence commanding yet unassuming.

The boy's sharp eyes followed Lith as he reached out and ruffled his hair without warning. "What makes you so sure?" the boy asked, his tone more curious than defiant.

The old man grunted, narrowing his eyes at Lith. "Words mean nothing here," he muttered, his voice rough with years of disappointment. "Not when he's coming."

Lith's gaze shifted to the old man, unflinching. "Who's 'he'?" he asked, his tone measured.

The old man sighed deeply, pointing a bony finger toward the altar in the center of the settlement.

"Wait long enough, and you'll see him for yourself," he said. "He comes for our souls. Always does."

At the mention of him, the middle-aged man began trembling visibly, his hands clutching at his knees.

"There's no stopping him," he muttered, his voice cracking. "No hope. He'll destroy everything. Like before. Like always."

"Shut up," the boy snapped, his small fists tightening. "We can fight back! We will fight back!"

The old man shook his head bitterly, his voice sharp and weary.

"You're young. You don't know the weight of losing everything over and over again. This isn't a story where the good guys win."

The boy's defiance wavered for a moment, but Lith spoke again, his voice calm and sure. "Stay strong," he said, glancing at the boy before looking at the two older men.

"Sometimes, that's enough."

The old man grumbled under his breath, but his sharp retort faded when Lith's attention shifted to the altar. Its weathered, cracked surface bore strange, foreboding symbols, glowing faintly as the sun began to set. The air around it seemed unnaturally still, heavy with an unspoken threat.

Lith moved closer, his broad figure cutting through the lingering tension. He stopped a few paces away from the altar, his bright purple eyes narrowing as he studied it.

Behind him, the trio fell silent, their fear and doubt palpable as they waited for whatever—or whoever—was coming.

Chapter 1175 The War - From The Ground Level (2)

The warm desert wind brushed past Lith's shoulder, swaying his loose cloak along. His hood cast a sharp shadow on the ground, but like a stone statue he stood still and waited.

Soon enough, the altar shook and after a dark flash, a heavy suppression made everyone in the settlement shudder.

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The surroundings turned dim, as if the sun never existed, and a lanky figure with flowing black hair, wearing loose white daoist robes, appeared.

Intense bloodlust seeped out from him along with an aura of death, as if the man was a decomposing corpse.

As Lith eyed him, the man's face turned in his direction. It was devoid of any nourishment and seemed almost skeletal.

"A King Rank in this dumpster?" The man cracked his neck. "Good. You will be a good material for refining."

The man's body disappeared in a flash.

Lith took his sword out and slashed the air beside his waist.

A loud clang made dust clouds erupt and pushed the onlookers behind.

"W-what's happening..."

Everyone's heart shuddered in fear, except for one boy who stared at the dusty scene with blazing eyes.

"Look!" He exclaimed as the dust settled.

A man with silver hair was holding a pitch black sword horizontally in front of his chest.

Holding this blade was the man in daoist robes, possessing a twisted expression.

"A mere King Rank is able to block my attack? Impossible."

The figure vanished with a flash.

A whistle of a wind resounded in everyone's ears, followed by another loud clanging sound.

The man in flowing robes was now behind the man with silver hair.

Lith placed the sword diagonally behind his back, which the man held again.

"Impossible! This is totally impossible!"

Intense bloodlust erupted from the man, one that couldn't be achieved with the sacrifice of millions.

His body flashed in and out of existence repeatedly, moving everywhere around Lith, trying to find an opening and pierce his body.

Lith wasn't allowing him to lay a single finger on him. This further shocked the monster as he could not fathom how a mere King Rank could defend himself from a god like him, so effortlessly!

"Whoever you are, you have been quite audacious. Your end won't be—"

"Quiet." Lith turned his head to the side and said coldly, his eyes gleaming with murderous intent.

The man in daoist robes shuddered.

Lith slashed his sword in empty air at another side and it cut through something fleshly.

"Uugh..."

The man had his throat slashed.

He clutched his neck, trying to stop the bleeding, but it didn't help.

Dark red blood sprayed out and he fell to his knees, suffocating and gasping for a breath of life.

The onlookers were shocked beyond wits.

They could not fathom how the monster that had terrorized their civilization for so long was brought to such a state so quickly!

Lith leisurely walked towards the man.

He hacked his sword onto his back and pierced his spine.

His eyes rolled back and his body underwent a seizure.

Just as he was on the verge of dying, Lith placed his hand on his head.

His amethyst eyes had black sigils appear on them, which then revolved and turned his pupils red.

'Psych Puppetry...'

Lith turned the man into his puppet and began reading his mind.

A few minutes later, he got everything he wanted to know.

Twisting his sword in the man's body, blue flames spread from his palms into the sword. It then enveloped the blade and set the body ablaze, turning it to ash in no time.

The poor spectators flinched at the sight and cowered in fear as they found this man with silver hair more dangerous than the previous one.

Lith turned to them and said, "The ones who are gone won't come back. Focus on yourselves and rebuild your civilization. There's an underground cave system five hundred miles west with plenty of resources. Go there."

This information came to him after reading the man's mind.

The man was called Ha Jiao. He was a minor member of the Asura God Clan.

He fled from the main territory after the Evure God Clan went all out.

He was an Emperor Rank being about to ascend to Supreme Rank. To do so, he was accumulating souls and trying to ascend via a forbidden necromancy spell.

Not everyone had limitless potential or talent like Lith's.

Normal people had tons of bottlenecks and overcoming them would require a lifetime's worth of hard work.

Many who wanted to see the sun for another day would resort to forbidden tactics, even if it messed them up.

This man was one of them.

He wanted to get stronger fast to be of use to the Asuras and achieve great things in the war.

However, his power wasn't enough, making him take such drastic measures.

The spell had severe side effects. His body was dead and decaying. He couldn't realize it due to the necromancy spell making him feel normal.

The sacrifices sustained him and after a few more years of killing mortals and immortals, he would've ascended for sure.

It was too bad that he met Lith.

Despite being two realms lower, Lith could defeat the man.

It wasn't because he was stronger than him, but because he could recognize attack patterns easily and deflect those.

The man, appearing egoistic and bloodthirsty, made Lith understand that he would go for his heart.

Lith hadn't given out his identity as a vampire, which would mean the man would assume him as a human. This was the second hint.

At higher levels, as everyone was an expert, prediction played a big role in fights and wars.

Lith's sword played another major role. It was made of some indestructible material and couldn't be broken by a Legendary Rank either.

In any case, Ha Jiao was killed.

The flames Lith had summoned were made of pure Destruction, Dark, and Fire elemental energies.

A highly weakened Emperor Rank had no way of resisting such a high level of spell or counter-powering it.

With the man dead and his memories searched, Lith got a rough idea that the Asuras were being pushed back.

Many in the Asura God Clan were torturing lower ranking beings and mortals. They were using underhanded methods to gain strength, and doing what they could to ensure their survival.

Now, Lith wouldn't be against this or as a matter of fact, care.

What anyone did was none of his business.

However, what the AGC or EGC did was completely his business.

Not hurting mortals or bullying lower ranking beings was an unsaid rule everywhere.

With power came responsibility, and the said responsibility wasn't borne, then in would come a heavenly tribulation.

'The Asuras must've not felt a heavenly tribulation in a long time. I am going to be magnanimous and let them experience one.' Lith thought to himself.

His job here was done and he was about to leave, but his gaze fell on the small boy he had met earlier.

The boy was looking in his direction with curious and eager eyes.

Lith walked up to the boy.

"If you wish to protect all like I did, eat this after five years. Until then, help around however you can."

Lith vanished from the boy's sight before he could ask any question.

The boy was more confused than ever, wondering what it was that Lith just gave him.

And what did he mean by eating this after five years?

Was there any such food out there that wouldn't be spoiled after five years? The boy couldn't tell.

What he could tell was that the warrior was strong and noble. He aspired to be like him.

The boy went to the old and middle aged men from before, praising himself for being right about not giving up.

Lith didn't see the aftermath of his actions. He solved this small civilization's problem simply because it felt nothing.

He was off to another Asura God Clan's territory to have a better overview of the situation from the ground up.

Chapter 1176 [Don't unlock]

Xuan Lan's question raised everyone's curiosity.

Lith stared at the map and answered calmly, "If we aren't able to harness the phenomena, then we slowly fight the two and drag this out over the course of a few thousand years."

There was not the slightest possibility of the war stopping even if the plan failed. The enmity was deep and wouldn't be over until one or the other perished.

Blood had to be paid by blood.

Lan had a thoughtful look on her face and said, "Is there no other way?"

Lith shook his head. "Arya put me through multiple simulations discussing various strategies and this seemed to be the best. We don't need much resources and there wouldn't be a lot of bloodshed on our part either."

This strategy was crucial as it was the last and final one.

Lith was going all out.

The ladies around the table were the top dogs of the star system. There wasn't anyone above them, and discussing this with them was necessary as their opinion was valuable.

If they felt that it wouldn't work and needed some change, Lith would happily do it.

However, as he had expected, Arya was truly a master strategist, and there wasn't any correction or modification from the ladies' part as it was the best course of action they could take.

Starting from today, groups would be formed and sent to attack both the clans while Lith would personally leave for the strange dimension with the third group.

The new butler Lucas knew the Evure God Clan well so he was going to assist the leader of the group attacking them.

Roy and Jacqueline had lots of information on the Asuras and would assist the leader of the group attacking them.

To keep an eye on Roy and Jacqueline, Fei, Fanny, and Sylvia would be joining them.

The three were Supremes, but were going to ascend to Legendary Rank soon. It might happen before they start attacking the Asuras, so Lith wasn't very worried about their safety.

As for Lith's team, it would consist of Keith, Qingshan, Luna, and his disciple Hyunsuk along with a few legends from the central alliance.

Lith thought of taking Wang Wei together, but the sect would be without a Sect Master which was a problem.

Lizbeth would roam around with Fei while Shi was sent with Lucas to the Evure God Clan. His job was to live a normal life in the Evure God Clan territory, and everything else would eventually fall into place. Your next read is at [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

There were people to keep a watch on him so he shouldn't die.

Other than that, there were a few more menial tasks Lith had to take care of before leaving for the new dimension.

Six months passed while taking care of them and wrapping everything up.

On the darkest night of the year, during the winter solstice, all three groups left from the Qing Mei Sect and ventured into the final phase to trigger the upcoming apocalypse.

For the next six months, an unexpected peace settled between the Asura God Clan and the Evure God Clan. There were no battles, no disputes—just a rare moment of calm that allowed everyone to catch their breath.

This was how the common folk saw it. However, the higher-ups in both clans remained on edge, as though navigating a dense forest tangled with thorny vines and lurking snakes. At any moment, a vine could turn into a snake, striking without warning.

Ten years later.

The nerve-wracking peace continued.

Legendary Ranks were true gods—beings sensitive to danger as they were deeply connected to the celestial laws of the cosmos along with the elemental laws.

In the past decade, none but these folks felt a sense of danger loom closer. The common populace by now was starting to get used to the peace, but the Legendaries were edging closer to losing their minds from the suspense.

The Asura God Clan and the Evure God Clan had recalled all their members and asked them to prepare for war.

The ones below Legendary Rank did not know what was going on, but they continued to stay in shape and sharpen themselves for whatever was to come.

Another decade passed just like that.

Finally, the two clans saw some changes.

In different worlds within their territories, chaos was frequently erupting out.

The general population was riled up and getting aggressive, as if they were mad dogs, and fought with each other.

Invasive internal war became a common occurrence in every world within the two powerhouses' territories, and this continued for another decade, which finally made the top officials move.

Things were spiraling out of control by now in these worlds.

A topic of talk in every place of commerce within Shen Ze was the destruction of three worlds in the last ten years.

Two of three belonged to the Evure God Clan while the other belonged to the Asura God Clan.

A world being destroyed was a rare occurrence, and to have three happen in such a short time was a truly concerning matter.

Squads with powerful officials from both the clans were sent out to investigate, and the higher ups from both places were carefully keeping an eye out on everything.

Meanwhile, at another corner of Shen Ze, a world not involved in any of this power struggle, was undergoing a massive change.

Lith's home world saw a few major changes after the ascension of his aunts.

At the heart of the Elven Continent, in Alfheim stood the colossal World Tree. Its branches stretched so high that they seemed to touch the heavens while the trunk was wide enough to contain entire cities within. It pulsed with ancient magic and its bark glowed with hues of green and gold.

For eons, the tree had been deeply rooted with the native elves, and now, a massive change had occurred to it.

Large oval fruits hung from the many branches of this towering tree.

Within these fruits was not flesh one would think of consuming, rather, they contained mystical gates to other worlds. Portals with a deep blue, purple, red, black, white, and a multitude of colors were what lay within these fruits.

From these fruits, many elves in flowing robes walked to and fro, as if it were a natural thing to do.

The Elf Queen Agalea Grace had successfully ascended and achieved a God status.

Doing so required her to refine a fragment of the celestial Yggdrasil—a mythical tree that was only ever seen or found in folklore.

Its fragment was actually present in the World Tree in Alfheim, and refining it caused the tree to be connected to all the worlds containing elves within the same realm.

Elves were a species that were said to have originated from the celestial Yggdrasil.

There were many ways to ascend to Legendary Rank, but Agalea chose this as she was in luck.

A fragment of the mythical tree was unheard of, and the one here was probably the only one throughout this realm.

Many would kill to have their hands on it, and if it wasn't for Lilith's intervention, Agalea would've never known about it.

The elven beauty was more connected to the celestial order than ever after this refinement. So many new things were known to her, and comprehending them all took most of her time.

She was still busy going through them and was meditating in a secluded chamber of her castle, consolidating her cultivation.

Meanwhile, the other continents saw a magnitude of changes as well with the ascensions of Alex Paladin, Lucifer, Mayzin, and Bella.

Ever since the revival of the fairy race, Bella's growth had been exponentially accelerated. She was so busy with her own cultivation that Lucifer was left without a maid.

All her menial tasks were dumped onto her secretary Adriel, and the poor lass with tattoos and piercings was as busy as ever.

For a change, Lucifer was not slacking after her ascension. She had left the world with her three daughters and had gone somewhere out for exploration.

On the other hand, Mayzin's ascension led to her discovering a treasure that was forever going to change her life. She had ventured out to go through this treasure and her vital status was unknown.

All of Lith's ladies were away from their home world except Agalea and everyone was quite busy doing their own things.

For now, everything was calm and peaceful.

Sprawling thunderstorms rolled under the dark skies, lighting up the world with a flashy purple.

Standing beneath a gigantic red vortex was a figure clad in torn leather armor, his pale face covered in dried blood and long silver hair swaying wildly with the winds.

A pitch black sword's edge dripped with fresh blue blood as he stood atop a pile of monster corpses, staring at the very red vortex.

Lightning cascaded from the churning vortex above, yet Lith stood unmoved, his gaze locked and intent.

The heavens roared, splitting as a colossal Sea King emerged from the depths, his mighty golden trident gleaming like a god's decree.

Thunderstorms spiraled around him, and the storm-laden waves sliced through the air like icy shards, cutting everything in their path.

Lith drew a sharp breath and, with a fierce swing of his sword, shattered the earth beneath him, a jagged crack yawning wide.

"The Sea King..." he murmured, voice barely above a whisper.

As if answering his call, the Sea King let out a piercing cry, its gaze bearing down on Lith with cold ferocity.