

Vampire 1180

Chapter 1180 Asura Queen and the Crown Prince

Like a nervously pulsating heart, the atmosphere was heavy as the Asura Queen quietly gazed at the ministers without saying a word. The ministers within the court clutched their armrests in wait, each second raising their anxiety. "First." The Queen said, her voice slicing through the stillness like a blade. All eyes turned to her. "How far have the Asuras fallen, to dress failure in the perfume of flowery words."

The ministers felt their breath shorten. 'Nothing goes past the keen eyes of the Queen.' They thought and tried to calm their nerves. The Asura Queen continued, "Octavia was our well-kept secret. To have three of the strongholds revealed expresses the incompetence of everyone present."

The ministers looked down, daring not to see the Queen. "Never try to mask failures. And never think that it would be overlooked." The ministers were silent, more tense than ever. "Second. Octavia is our last line of defense. If it falls, the Asuras fall."

The ministers were aware of it. Their previous comments were a mask of assurance that hid the raging concerns. They knew full well that if Octavia fell, the Evures would have no problem completely wiping them out. The Queen tapped on the armrest, bringing everyone's attention back to the topic. "Initially, we were testing. As time passed, the EGC was swifter in taking action and we were lacking and fell. This was our incompetence. As the King mentions, understanding one's failures is what decides a great victory. The enemies have breached our last line of defense, but our clan is not a three-legged horse, blindly running in a losing race." The ministers looked up, staring at the Queen. They had no clue that there was still some hope left. There was a major problem that slowly ate them, rendering them helpless and unable to find winning outcomes. The problem was...

"The enemy should not have been able to reach so close to our home. This is only possible because someone helped them. Before the King left, he gave us a message..."

The atmosphere was heavy. The ministers knew what was coming. Heads turned in the Queen's directions, and with a face as calm as a still lake, she said, "There are traitors in the clan." Boom—!

A few heads exploded, but not a single gasp was heard. The ministers were all Legendary Rank beings, scheming and calculative. Such a scene was within their estimations and did not faze them. "Eliminate the traitors outside and protect Octavia. We cannot have an all out war with the Evures until our internal situation stabilizes."

With that, the meeting was adjourned. When every minister left, the court fell silent. Moonlight shone upon the only two people in the room. "Something is not adding up." The Crown Prince finally spoke. "I feel it too." The Queen poured herself a glass of wine and laid back. The Crown Prince extended his muscular arm at the front and pulled a scroll from empty space. Opening it, scenes of unknown people flashed on it and disappeared, leaving behind a single word in deep black ink, inscribed in the most ancient writings. Destiny. The Crown Prince's sharp eyebrows knitted. "The Scroll of Providence is giving an ambiguous answer. Even the scenes are random." The Queen wasn't shocked. She closed her eyes and took a sip of her rich wine. "It means a force we cannot fathom is in the play." "Throughout Shen Ze, there's no force that can threaten us, including the Evures. Has an ancient power come out from the grave?" "Perhaps. Perhaps not." The Queen shook her head. "The ones high above could have taken an interest in our affairs."

"Why now of all times?" The Crown Prince crossed his legs as he leaned back. The two did not speak further, letting their thoughts settle down. "...without father it's going to be difficult." The Crown Prince tapped his heels against the velvet carpet. The Queen turned her gaze in a certain direction and grit her teeth causing a faint twitch to ripple along her jawline. "His Majesty is away for an important task. We must go through this predicament on our own."

The Crown Prince knitted his brows. "If father doesn't help, there's a high chance we will be wiped out."

"Then so be it." The Queen's response was swift as she locked eyes with the Crown Prince. "His Majesty cannot be disturbed. It's time we go all out and pass this predicament."

The Crown Prince stood up and clasped his hands behind his back as he gazed at the moonlit sky. Taking a deep breath, he said, "When returns, I hope he gets to see an intact Asura God Clan."

The Queen did not comment. The two fell silent, each absorbed in their own thoughts.
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A week passed. "Attention! Attention! Attention!"

"Asuras of the mighty Asura God Clan, pay attention!"

Seated on one of the roadside cafe's wooden chairs, Lith, disguised as Frey Woods, was sipping coffee and staring at the group of men on horses. A messenger clad in sharp, attention-grabbing colors, stood atop the central fountain, addressing the crowd with a voice that cut through the midday murmur.

The common Asuras paused whatever they were doing, sensing that the man bore a message from the Royal Family. The messenger declared that he had a message from the Queen, making the crowd more attentive. Catching their curious gazes, he unfurled the scroll in his hands and began to read: "My subjects! The Evure God Clan has long breached our borders and entered Octavia..."

A collective gasp rippled through the square as the crowd erupted in a frenzy. Unbothered, Lith, along with a few other Asuras nearby, calmly sipped his coffee,

watching as the armored men slammed their metal spears against the cobblestones, causing a harsh, rhythmic clang meant to drown out the panic. The crowd gradually fell silent. The messenger raised the scroll again and continued, "...we, the royals have long left the capital and stepped into the war..."

'Oh? The Queen's not in the capital?' Lith raised an eyebrow, amused, and kept listening. "...it is our sacred duty to..."

The next few lines were filled with patriotic pleasantries — words crafted to soothe the crowd and offer a ray of hope. All around, the common Asuras began to relax, some even nodding along to the Queen's message. But Lith knew better. From what he knew of the Asura Royals, there was no way any of them would have such a sweet tongue to speak with such eloquence or empathy. Those folks were coldblooded, merciless — the pinnacle of killers in Shen Ze. To someone like him — a royal by birth — the speech was painfully cringe. Still, he continued to listen, putting aside his disdain. A minute later. "...while we are on the frontlines, my dear subjects, I ask you... I ask you to stay united. United because there seem to be rats hiding amongst ourselves..."

There it came, the important part of the message. As the messenger went on, the crowd grew still, their attention locked. One by one, their eyes began to glow faint purple. Moments later, they began mumbling — senseless gibberish spilling from their mouths like a broken chant. Thump! Lith felt a hand press down on his shoulder. Instinct kicked in, his jaw tightened, his brows drew together, and his body readied for a fight. "I knew you weren't like those commoners, fellow nobleman." A man with youthful energy despite his gray hair appeared beside Lith. He has a neatly trimmed goatee and wore a white suit with red accents — crisp, expensive, and clearly out of place in the setting. He stared at Lith through tinted sunglasses and smiled, exhaling a slow puff of smoke. "...despite the ordinary clothes, your bearings gave you away. The way you sit — elegant. The way you sip those poor men's coffee — absolutely graceful."

Lith blinked. Was this man... flirting with him? He wondered whether he was gay or just had something off about himself. The man took another puff from his pipe and sat across from Lith, his gaze drifting to the crowd in the square. "What do you make of that?" He asked ambiguously as he crossed one leg over the other. Lith's mind went into overdrive, running through possible scenarios.

There was a slim chance this man was bluffing — probing for information. But the more likely possibility was that he truly didn't know of Lith being an outsider. Had he did, he wouldn't be so relaxed and striking a conversation. Lith loosened up, believing in this fact. He took a sip of his coffee and, staring at the crowd, said calmly, "Does it matter what we think? Our duty is to follow the royal decree and remain true to our nature — not meddling in other affairs."

Lith gave a generic answer, but it made the man straighten his back and somewhat tense up. There was a slight surprise in his eyes that did not go unnoticed. "I truly did not see wrong." The man chuckled softly. "Now that things are a little clearer, let's get to the point."

The testing phase was over. Lith has passed — or at least passed enough. The man now believed he was a noble Asura. Technically, he wasn't wrong. Asura blood did run through his veins, inherited from his grandfather. If he did not have that, the other party wouldn't have spoken to him, straightaway attacked. The stranger relaxed and took a puff again. "As you know, there are indeed some rats sniffing around..."