

Worlds Plot 951

Chapter 951 15.13 Vearth – Nether System: 12 Worlds

When Ye Xiajie spiraled out of control and the Abyss nearly went wild, a lot of issues arose. Many inmates had fled, including some of the most vicious criminals. His sense of reason returned to Ye Xiajie. He closed down the whole Netherworld and governed the entire Nether System. Since a significant portion of the captives' qi has been trapped by the Nether Chains, they are unable to employ their natural strength, which prevents them from fleeing.

Without the key, taking off the Nether Chains is practically impossible. Also, the blood of Ye Xiajie and Hei Anjing was used to create the key that would open the chain. It would be nearly hard to take this couple's blood. They were seriously taken into account as Sovereign Gods.

Ye Xiajie commanded, "Warden Lou, Warden Yun, Zhi Yang, and Zhi Yue, go ahead and recapture the prisoners that haven't left the vicinity of the Nether Prison yet. I had put it on lockdown. A'Liang guide them with the routes."

"Yes, My Lord!"

Those who were mentioned collectively saluted Ye Xiajie. Regardless of their relationship, he is still their Lord after all. Hei Jue also left to follow his husband. Before he leaves the hall he glances at Hei Anjing in Ye Xiajie's arms. He had thousands of words of complaints but chose to bear it for now as the situation didn't allow him to act selfishly.

The throne hall was left with only Mo Baojun, Shen Siwang, the God of End, the God of Origin, and the couple that rules the Netherworld.

Ye Xiajie was the first one to speak among the group and said, "Follow me. I need to put Jing'er to rest. We can continue our conversation in the central region of the Nether System."

The other two couples followed Ye Xiajie to the core region of the Nether System. This is the safest and most important location in the Netherworld.

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At the Core Region of the Nether System...

The floor was made of water but everyone was able to step on it without drowning. Each of their footsteps caused ripples as they walked. They followed the owner of the place towards the large tree with silver leaves. This is a sapling of the World Tree or the Tree of Life. Under the tree is a soft bed made of clouds, it used to lay down Hei Anjing's former body which now had turned into a pile of snow.

As soon as Ye Xiajie approached the Tree of Life two huge dragons descended from the nest above. A black dragon with an Emperor bloodline and a phoenix-dragon hybrid. They are Roi and Reine. They encircled Ye Xiajie who was holding Hei Anjing's real vessel, growling excitedly at their return.

Roar~ Caws~

Roi looked at his owner with joy, as if a husky meeting his master. He tried to rub his face on Ye Xiajie. Meanwhile, Reine was nudging his master gently but no matter what he did, there was no reaction from Hei Anjing. Reine whimpers in such situations. He knew there was something weird going on with his master.

CAWS!!! *novelusbdotc\o\m*

Ye Xiajie spoke, "Silence! He is just asleep!"

Caws?

"Yes, he is just sleeping but... it would take a while for him to wake up. So protect him for me while I'm away. Would you two do that?" Ye Xijaie asked.

He received a roar and a caw from Roi and Reine, an agreement to his request. He knew that he wouldn't be able to accompany his wife in the Nether System for a long period of time as he needed to look for his soul fragments and bring him home like how he did for him.

With a wave of his hand, a couch sprouted from the water under their feet allowing the guests to take their seats. He took the only single-seater couch and allowed the other two pairs to sit with their partners. A set of cups, tea, and coffee were served on the table. But Ye Xijaie didn't serve the guests and only took one for himself.

Shen Siwang and Mo Baojun were used to it. This man would only serve his wife but ignore all others with indifference. They can only serve themselves if they want a drink.

Ye Xiajie spoke, "You were cut off abruptly just now. What are you about to say about Jing'er?"

The God of Origin whose hand was holding a cup of coffee shook a bit. But he still responded to Ye Xiajie's inquiries.

"T can beest hath said yond snoweth is. Our son, Hunluan's reincarnation. The God of Chaos."

Translation: [It can be said that Snow is... Our son, Hunluan's reincarnation. The God of Chaos.]

The God of End added, "I've checked the birthplace of snoweth. That gent. That gent did wake up in the temple wh're we did place hunluan's remains. I've did check even but now and his corse which wast did suppose to beest soulless and dead to beest gone. The birthmark on thy jointress sayeth t all."

Translation: [I've checked the birthplace of Snow. He... He woke up in the temple where we placed Hunluan's remains. I've checked just now and his body which was supposed to be soulless and dead is gone. The birthmark on your wife says it all.]

Ye Xiajie sneered at them, "Isn't this amazing? To think that the one who had destroyed the life of Jing'er happens to be one of his parents!?"

The God of End and the God of Origin felt too guilty upon learning about Hei Anjing's real identity. When Hei Anjing first comes to the castle of clouds, the God of Origin came to meet him himself but he didn't recognize him at all and even allowed his other half, the God of End to interfere with the couple during the trial. How else would Ye Mo and his minion be able to enter the worlds they were in?

Ye Xiajie spoke, “You were the ones that allowed Ye Mo, his race, and the traitors of the Hei Clan to enter the worlds we are in right? Also, the one who informed Hei Jue of the same information about me. I had been wondering how those guys who had no connection to either the God System or the Nether System were able to enter the exact lower worlds where my soul fragments will be born. But if there is an interference of a higher being then it is understandable.”

“Did you not know how many times Jing’er died in those lower worlds because of those outsiders? Of course, I am also at fault since he needs to protect me but if those guys didn’t come the soul of Jing’er wouldn’t be that broken so that he couldn’t merge with his other soul fragments.”

As Ye Xiajie continues to speak, his voice turns colder and sharper which shows his rage. Who wouldn’t be pissed knowing a simple trial to enter hell mode because of someone’s selfishness.

The God of Origin and God of End confessed, “We art at fault. Ev’rything is our wrongdoings.”

Translation: [We are at fault. Everything is our wrongdoings.]

Qiyuan, the God of Origin said, “I gage. We shall nay longeth’r int’rf’re. But i wanteth thee to promiseth yond thee wouldst bringeth our issue backeth alive.”

Translation: [I promise. We will no longer interfere. But I want you to promise that you would bring our child back alive.]

Ye Xiajie said, “Even without promising you, I will definitely bring my wife home.”

The God of End and the God of Origin knew they could not stay here any longer. Not only were they not welcome, but because of everything that had happened.

Qiyuan gave them the worlds which possessed the light of Hei Anjing’s soul. More than half of them were high-tier worlds while the other half were mid and lower-level worlds. There are at least 12 worlds of various colors and sizes floated around that came from the God of Origin.

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Star Rankings (low to high)

F: White

E: Gray

D: Blue

C: Green

B: Violet

A: Red

S: Black

SS: Silver

SSS: Gold

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Among the 12 worlds which the God of Origin had passed to Ye Xiajie. There is at least one silver star, two black stars, three red stars, two violet stars, one green star, one blue star, and two gray stars.

The God of Origin spoke, "These w're the w'rlds I prophesi'd which house the soul fragments of Jing'r. I shall anon passeth those folk to thee."

Translation: [These were the worlds I prophesied which house the soul fragments of Jing'er. I will now pass them to you.]

The God of End whispered to his other half, "Shouldst I bid that gent. About yond 'r not?"

Translation: [Should I tell him. About that or not?]

The God of Origin smacked the God of End's head and said, "If 't be true thee bid not that gent, thee wanteth that gent to beest did stick in a w'rld f'rev'r?"

Translation: [If you don't tell him, you want him to be stuck in a world forever?]

Tsk! "So what if 't be true that gent gets stuck!? wherefore didst our son chooseth this brat as his oth'r half concluded, be it!?" said Jiewei to his other half.

[So what if he gets stuck!? Why did our son choose this brat as his other half anyway!?!]

SIGH~

The God of Origin sighed, "Thee hath used to liketh the peat so much yond thee wanteth that gent to beest thy apostle, how cometh thee suddenly liketh not that gent anym're?"

Translation: [You used to like the kid so much that you want him to be your Apostle, how come you suddenly don't like him anymore?]

The God of End mumbled while moving a hand around his robe sleeves as if looking for something, "Who is't wouldst liketh a pig yond did steal mine own cabbage? tsk! dammit! h're, brat! useth t wisely. T can only beest hath used three times."

Translation: [Who would like a pig that stole my cabbage? Tsk! Dammit! Here, brat! Use it wisely. It can only be used three times.]

Upon hearing his mumbling Mo Baojun who understands his feelings too well couldn't help but nod his head in agreement with his words about Ye Xiajie being the pig.

Ye Xiajie received a switch-like thing that looked like a switch button for a bomb. It fits his hand and thumb well.

"A bomb switch? Which world do you want to destroy, Old Man!?" Ye Xiajie said.

The God of End shouted, "Bombeth switcheth thy rampallian! yond's a w'rld did reset'r. An special item yond f'rcefully did reset a w'rld. T hadst nay restrictions and coequal us can't stand ho the did reset if 't be true thee hath used yond. T can only beest ua'd three timeth. So useth t wisely! didst thee bethink the god of chaos is simple. Coequal if 't be true that gent is thy jointress that gent didn't has't any

mem'ries of thee and coequal if 't be true has't. His feelings f'r thee scatt'r'd at which hour. At which hour his main soul shatt'r'd even but now."

Translation: [Bomb Switch your ass! That's a World Resetter. A Special Item that forcefully resets a world. It had no restrictions and even we can't stop the reset if you used that. It can only be used three times. So use it wisely! Did you think the God of Chaos is simple? Even if he is your wife he didn't have any memories of you and even if have... his feelings for you scattered when... when his main soul shattered just now.]

The God of Origin says, "Keepeth t lest. Did compare to us, the god of chaos hadst absolute auth'ry in all w'rlds. That gent possess'd all elements und'r his controleth. T wouldst beest especially true if 't be true that gent hadst mem'ries of his real identity. That gent can sealet a w'rd and locketh thee up th're f'rev'r if 't be true that gent doth feel liketh t. Yond item can holp thee f'r the times thee can't moveth that gent by w'rds 'r actions. Thee wouldst forsooth needeth t f'r these w'rlds."

Translation: [Keep it just in case. Compared to us, the God of Chaos had Absolute Authority in all worlds. He possessed all elements under his control. It would be especially true if he had memories of his real identity. He can seal a world and lock you up there forever if he feels like it. That item can help you for the times you can't move him by words or actions. You would definitely need it for these worlds.]

A silver star and two black stars float in front of the God of Origin before pushing them back to Ye Xiajie. The latter didn't say a word of thanks and kept the item as he was told. He waited for further instructions about the trial which he needs to fulfill.

Ye Xiajie asked, "Anything else that needs to be kept in mind? Other instructions or something?"

The God of Origin said, "I shall did remove all restrictions f'r thee. Since thee did complete the trial of feather-bed with Jing'r, thee eke somewhat possess'd his auth'ry ov'r the w'rlds' laws. Just keepeth in mind yond thee might not but not killeth too much ab'rigines. If 't be true th're art outsid'rs. Doth as thee shall. I only asketh thee to prithe bringeth that gent backeth. I didn't coequal knoweth mine own issue wast in the same w'rd all 'long."

Translation: [I will remove all restrictions for you. Since you completed the Trial of Marriage with Jing'er, you also somewhat possessed his authority over the world's heavenly laws. Just keep in mind that you must not kill too many aborigines. If there are outsiders... do as you will. I only ask you to please bring him back. I didn't even know my child was in the same world all along.]

He covered his face in guilt, regret, and immense sadness. How happy would they have been if only they knew that their child was supposed to be dead because of them to be reborn? Even if he didn't have any memories of his past life, it would be better if they had recognized him in the first place. Then I know it was him after he died before their eyes once again.

Chapter 952 15.14 Vearth – Nether System: The First world, the Jade Token and the Crest of Abyss.

After their talk, the God of End and the God of Origin parted ways. They just request that Ye Xiajie bring their son back safely home. They didn't say anything further after that since Shen Siwang and Mo Baojun were there to guide him through the remaining instructions. There is no better instructor than the two of them when it comes to it than those who have successfully undergone the same trial.

Mo Baojun said, "So they finally left... Aren't you going to say goodbye to your children before you leave?"

"... I've already bid my farewell to Jing'er this morning. They already know that we will be gone for quite a long time. There were no problems with Xiao Jing but Jing'er sealed the memories of the twins just in case." Ye Xiajie said.

System Yue and System Yang returned after their mission to capture the Escapees from the Lower Hell Prison. An Liang was there to report while Hei Jue came over to look at his cousin's real vessel.

An Liang reported, "200 sinners had escaped from the Lower Hell. 190 were captured and placed back to their respective prisons. There are other 10 whom we can't find no matter what. They might have escaped as fast as possible before the fissures in space appeared."

"We've checked Vearth and didn't find them. Though there are at least two who cut off their limbs to free themselves completely from the Nether Chains. We don't know if they are alive or dead. They might have left Vearth and escaped to worlds below."

Ye Xiajie asked, "Who are these two prisoners?"

"They are Ye Yan and Hei Suyu. Tsk! I knew we should have just killed them. How can they still be alive after getting their neck cut off!?" An Liang complains.

Ye Xiajie understood something and said, "The Nether Chain might have malfunctioned. They have a bit of our bloodlines after all. If I didn't lose control they wouldn't have the opportunity to escape. Make sure to keep an eye on them."

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"Okay. I will send the word to all Wardens in the Nether System." An Liang said.

Shen Siwang said, "I will also ask the staff in the God System to watch over them. Send their Profile to Cao Xincheng."

"I will, Lord Shen." An Liang said.

Mo Baojun who didn't want to talk to Ye Xiajie finally spoke, "I normally don't care about you but since you need to gather my nephew's soul then I will give you one warning as someone from the same bloodline as him."

"As soon as you enter the world, get ready either your immortality or Time Related spell for resurrection. A member of the Mo Family without any memories or feelings towards you would treat you as an enemy regardless of who you are. Prepare to die multiple times."

"You are not joking?" asked Ye Xiajie in disbelief.

Mo Baojun snorted, "He doesn't remember you nor have feelings for you. Just because you haven't been treated differently by the Mo Family thanks to your relationship with Xiao Jing'er, it does not mean the rumors about our cursed bloodline are real. Now you have the opportunity to experience it first hand. Good Luck~"

“Zhi Yue, make sure to record his death count and death video for us to watch~” Shen Siwang said.

Zhi Yue didn't agree on the spot but he decided to record this as requested. He was interested in how many times his lord would suffer under Lord Hei's hands.

Ye Xiajie clicked his tongue and said, “Stop cursing me!”

“So~ how will you choose a world, A'Ye?” An Liang asked his friend. “Do you want to do it randomly? Either way you are destined to die no matter what word?”

“Shut up! Tsk! Do it randomly.” Ye Xiajie said.

An Liang brought out a box with one hole and gathered all the 12 worlds inside. He said, “Let's do it the old way~ Pick one!”

Shen Siwang commented, “If you have bad luck, you might pull the only SS rank world and die more than a hundred or so. That will be funny on its own.”

“Just pick. You can't avoid not dying anyway.” Mo Baojun said.

Ye Xiajie, a bit pissed, pushed his right-hand into the hole of the box while shouting, “Can't you guys stop cursing me!?”

Everyone turned to face the Crimson orb when he pulled his hand out of the box. There are three people within the box, and this is an A-ranked World. The God of Void was unlucky to have selected this elite world first.

An Liang commented, “A'Ye... You really suck at this kind of game aren't you?”

“Turn mute, idiot!” rebuked Ye Xiajie.

Mo Baojun had a rare smile at the corner of his lips. It is more like a sneer as he glances at Ye Xiajie. He looked like he was dissing him quietly as if he deserved it.

“You better get ready as soon as you enter the world. It would be surprising if you died as soon as you opened your eyes in that star.” Mo Baojun taunted.

Ye Xiajie looked annoyed, “Just don't turn your mouth into that of a crow.” This is an idiom saying that something with a crow's beak or mouth gives someone a prediction of unluckiness that cannot be avoided.

Hmp!

Shen Siwang felt helpless at his brother's luck and couldn't help but ask, “What kind of A-ranked world you had picked, Xia? Check the plot. It would be better if you don't get a protagonist role or it would be harder to avoid accidents than cause deaths. You wouldn't received a halo as one even if you become the protagonist.”

The God of Void felt that his brother's words seemed possible. This was not like before. These are worlds that involve his wife's soul, not his. He wasn't in control of the plot in this world.

“Zhi Yue go and check the plot of this star.” Ye Xiajie as he threw the red star towards him. Only systems are capable of reading through world plots and telling them, the hosts, about it.

[World Plot of the First Red Star:

Heroine, Amber Dawn, is a high school student with a mysterious past. She is a transmigrator from a modern world in which she used to work as a killer. After being transmigrated as an ordinary high school student, she didn't expect that the world she is in now is different from before. There are three factions that exist in this world. The Vladimir Clan, the Fenrir Tribe and the Templar Tower.]

[The Vladimir Clan are the factions of the Vampire Race. They were led by the King of Vampires, Athan Vladimir. The only and highest noble class Vampire in existence.]

[The Fenrir Tribe is the exclusive race of Werewolves. They were led by the King of Wolves, Conri Lycaon. He is the strongest Alpha Wolf which is said to possess a fur that signifies the color of the dark sea and emerald eyes that highlighted his aggressive nature.]

[Last is the Templar Tower. This is a religious building that is composed of unique individuals who called themselves as Slayers. They are the protector of the human race and Awakened special talents to fight against the first two factions. The leader of this faction is the Kenan Light. He is the highest light priest and was considered Pope that leads the Templar. His foster son and disciple, Asher Light is the protagonist of this world.]

[Asher Light fell in love at first sight with Thana Dawn when she saved him one night as he was badly injured after fighting against Athan Vladimir. This interest of his cause the King of Vampires, Athan Vladimir and King of Fenrir, Conri Lycaon become interested with Amber.]

[Then a three way route love entanglement happened in Genus Academy. In which the Kings of both the Vampire and Werewolf race, as well as the Heir of the Templar Tower had all gathered for a lady named Amber Dawn. Which almost overturned the world because of the love between different races.]

After hearing the world plot, Ye Xiajie couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. Shen Siwang and the rest were dumbfounded by such information and they couldn't help but give their own comments.

Shen Siwang says, “If you become one of the male leads, it wouldn't be surprising to die in this world.”

“Vampires, Werewolves, Slayers and Humans. Very Typical. At least your immortal body wouldn't be so conspicuous in this world,” stated An Liang.

“Three Power Factions. Regardless of what category Xiao Jing'er falls into, he can kill you so easily. Just prepare to fake deaths and revive yourself.” Mo Baojun commented.

Hei Jue said, “Why don't you bring Warden Lou and Warden Yun to cover up your lazy ass? To prevent you from destroying the plot as soon as you enter the world.”

“That... That might be the most useful comment about this group. Lou Wuye, Yun Ming, entered the world with me. Just get a subsystem connected to Zhi Yue and Zhi Yang. Support me if the situation needs to.” Ye Xiajie said.

Warden Lou and Warden Yun smiled at each other. At least they were still allowed to accompany their lords in these following journeys.

“Yes, Milord (Lord God Ye)!” said the two Wardens.

Under the cover of two divine creatures and the aegis of the tree of life, Ye Xiajie approached his slumbering wife. He lowered himself to the point where he was kneeling next to his cloud bed and tenderly clasped Hei Anjing’s hand. Ye Xiajie kissed the back of Hei Anjing’s right hand and laid it on his forehead as if in prayer after spending enough time with his sweetheart.

The others simply observe him carrying out these actions as though it were a rite to honor the sleeping beauty beneath the white leaf tree. His stance suggests that he is crazy about his God. Yet everyone is aware of how difficult it is for him to be apart from Hei Anjing. Regrettably, there is no longer a method to postpone the Trial of Resurrection, which is the only means to bring his wife back to life.

Ye Xiajie whispered, “Jing’er, my beloved... I will be back soon. Sleep well, baby~” his expression at this moment is full of love and gentleness.

Nevertheless, as soon as he got to his feet and released his sleeping wife’s hand, his countenance took on an air of apathy. He has lifeless almond-shaped crimson eyes that are downcast as though nothing could capture their attention, as well as a dangerous aura that belies his seeming lack of concern for the outside world.

He lost the sole thing that gave his world life and joy. Why would he care about those who are still alive when he would never care? Ye Xiajie will always place Hei Anjing as his first priority over his children and his spouse. This is due to the fact that for his whole existence, inside the lonely abyss known as the Abyss, he was the only source of light.

Ye Xiajie looked at his brother and Mo Baojun. “The whole Nether System would be covered by the Abyss while I am away. With that others wouldn’t be able to stay in here for quite a long time else you would turn insane the longer you stay. Prisoners staying in the Abyss is not a problem. It can be considered a part of their punishment to stay in here.”

“Use this Jade token if you ever want to enter the Nether System. It would allow you to stay for 6 hours every day without being attacked by the madness in the Void.”

The God of Void hurled a token with red “Jing” writing on a backdrop of black snowflakes. He created this with his own hands in the Abyss using only components of pure darkness. Just three tokens were produced, and they were entrusted to Hei Jue, Mo Baojun, and Shen Siwang.

“For A’Liang and the Wardens I will give you a crest of subordination. It will prevent the Abyss from harming you as it would consider you as my people. An Liang would be provided Authority to order the entities in the Abyss under your command but only within the Void. They cannot leave the Netherworld without my permission. Lower class soldiers can be ordered by the wardens as subordinates as well. Make sure to record all visitors in the Abyss. Since there are only three tokens, it should be easy to keep records.” Ye Xiajie instructed.

On the back of An Liang’s right hand, a mark with the same form as a crest was engraved. The similar imprint was likewise placed on the arms of Wardens Lou and Yun. The distinction between the crest and the jade token is that those who have crests in their bodies are able to remain constantly inside the Void and are regarded as subordinate of the God of Void.

Chapter 953 15.15 Vearth – Nether System: Entering the First Red Star.

Ye Xiajie made a lot of plans for what may happen while he was out in the Nether System.
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He utilized his own property and forbade uninvited guests from entering. Only those who possess his jade token, the Crest of Abyss, or are far more powerful than he is are permitted entry inside his dominion.

He developed a cautious attitude toward anything outside of his control after killing his wife as the Second Trial's final stage. The Abyss entry was restricted in some way even for Shen Siwang. After all, unless you have the ruler's consent, the Abyss is not a pleasant place to remain. Even a Sovereign Ruler God like Shen Siwang would consider the Void not a good place to stay into.

Normally, based on his possessiveness, Ye Xiajie would most likely bring his wife's vessel with him wherever he is. Sadly, the void's throne cannot be left empty. Hei Anjing's vessel must continue to be present, as it was before, so he can go. The ramifications of being in his domain on the inmates of the Nether Prison began to slowly become apparent as his abysmal dominion merged with the Netherworld.

The God of Light mumbled, "This is quite... Practical."

When his brother presented him with a Jade Token, Shen Siwang didn't say anything. He was aware of the terrifying consequences the Abyss has on individuals who were not originally born there. He sensed the evil energy of the Abyss avoiding him as he held the Jade Token in the form of a snowflake. He could thus see the value of his brother's Jade Token.

Mo Baojun, on the other hand, wasn't thrilled. Looking at the token and at the Nether System which is now covered with The God of Void's domain, he felt that the restrictions given to him were unfair. After all, he is from Hei Anjing's family, why can he only visit his own nephew for only 6 hours everyday!?

Mo Baojun's face turned cold and said, "I am the biological uncle of Xiao Jing'er. Why do you limit the time for me to visit?!"

Ye Xiajie looked unmoved and his face remained expressionless but when he heard Mo Baojun's words the depths of his crimson eyes turned murderous and cold. He looked at Mo Baojun icily.

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"You are my wife's family, that's why I allow you to stay with him for a quarter each day even while I am away. If I am here the restrictions on the Jade Token are released so you can come whenever you want but... Since I will be away no matter who they are or who he is... No one is allowed to stay at the Central Core of the Nether System while I am not around! This is final!" declared Ye Xiajie.

Mo Baojun was about to flare in anger when his husband gently coaxed and explained things to him.

Shen Siwang said, "Wifey~ the Abyss is extremely dangerous. Even I, his alter ego, is not capable of staying in this domain for a long time without him around. Because the ruler is away, all the negativity and Yin in this place would surge and become active wanting to destroy any elements not rightfully born in it."

"I don't believe it!" Mo Baojun retorted.

Shen Siwang glanced at his brother and saw him nod. Suddenly Ye Xiajie left the Abyss while the former took away the Jade Token given to Mo Baojun by his brother then let the latter feel the coercion of the Abyss for himself.

“Wifey~ it is better to experience it for yourself,” Shen Siwang said.

Mo Baojun waited for the repercussions of the abyss to affect him since he didn’t believe the brothers. The Abyss had completely blended with the Nether System by the time Ye Xiajie himself took his leave. The Tyrant God, maintaining his icy attitude, noticed something strange happening all around him. The darkness in the throne room suddenly became more active and started to concentrate on Mo Baojun.

Mo Baojun was surrounded by tentacles formed of darkness-related energies as they came from all sides, making him grimace in distaste. He attempted to freeze it with ice elements, but the impact was brief and was followed by an even stronger and more aggressive rush of darkness elements that encircled and assaulted Mo Baojun.

The Tyrant God, Mo Baojun didn’t have to think about how powerless he felt for very long before the darkness immediately affected him. The abyss itself attempted to corrupt Mo Baojun by inflicting upon him an agonizing suffering that tore into both his body and spirit. Ordinarily, an individual from the Mo Family would be immune to these kinds of pain. Hei Anpainjing, however, is regrettably seen as a monarch inside the abyss. Hence, any assault launched by the abyss is seen as originated from Hei Anjing.

AAGHHH!

The darkness sought to pierce Mo Baojun’s flesh, and since only their chosen other half and family can cause agony to the Mo Family, the anguish was severe and intolerable. Even the corner of his eyes grew crimson, and he nearly let out a scream.

When Shen Siwang finally lost his patience with the situation, he embraced his wife and gave him the jade token. Only then did Mo Baojun feel freed from the excruciating torment, which even directly affected his soul as the darkness that besiege him suddenly disappeared.

“Enough! Xia!!!” Shen Siwang exclaimed.

Ye Xiajie sneered at Mo Baojun and said, “You are weaker than Jing’er. My wife didn’t even utter a sound when I passed my throne to him.” The God of Void said.

Mo Baojun was panting in his husband’s embrace while glaring at Ye Xiajie who suddenly reappeared.

“You made him suffer that kind of pain!? Are you insane?! How long had he stayed in the abyss for him to feel numbed about it!? Is that something to be proud of? Arrogant bastard!”

Mo Baojun yelled at Ye Xiajie before departing indignantly and humiliated. How could he not be incensed by Ye Xiajie’s arrogant statements given the sudden, unfathomable anguish he experienced and the knowledge that his Ancestor spent a million times longer in the Abyss than he does?

Ye Xiajie said to his brother, “Brother, I overdid it. Apologies to him for me.”

“Um~, it would be a bit hard to coax your Saozi. You should be careful on your way.” Shen Siwang said.

“I’m leaving, brother.” Ye Xiajie said as everyone in the hall watched Shen Siwang disappear. Obviously, wanting to follow Mo Baojun, his wife who took his leave in anger.

Hei Jue, who was visibly pale after seeing that even a Sovereign God like Lord Mo suffered in the Abyss in the absence of the Jade Token, caught his attention. Like Mo Baojun, he believed Ye Xiajie was being rather selfish by attempting to limit the amount of time they could spend together and didn’t believe the so called consequence he is spouting until he witness the scene of Mo Baojun’s helplessness in the Abyss.

Yet, he became terrified after seeing the incident in which the person who remained in the abyss without the Jade Token endured such agony even for that brief period. He only realized how weak he was compared to an Ancient blooded God like Ye Xiajie now.

An Liang comforted his partner and said, “Don’t worry, Jue’er. Things would be fine. I’m here.”

“Nothing unexpected would happen as long as you follow the rules in this domain.” Ye Xiajie said. “A’Liang, we are leaving. The things here in the Nether System will be under your control.”

“I will keep the place safe.” An Liang vowed.

Ye Xiajie glanced at his wife for the last time before opening a portal that connects to the world within his hands. The Crimson Star in his hand opened an entrance using Spatial techniques.

“Zhi Yang, Zhi Yue go ahead and enter first to secure three roles for me, Warden Lou and Warden Yun. Avoid the protagonist roles for me no matter what.” commanded the God of Void, Ye Xiajie.

Shaking in compliance with the commands they had received, Zhi Yue and Zhi Yang, who were in their System avatar forms, complied. Warden Lou and Warden Yun Ming entered the space fissure after a little moon and a small sun. Ye Xiajie was the one who entered the spatial fissure last and it closed after he entered the space.

Those who entered the rift just felt that they were pulled by some unknown force towards the red star Ye Xiajie had picked. They could only watch as their souls finally entered an A-class world for their first journey in the Final Trial of the Resurrection.

Somewhere in Vearth...

The God of Origin, Qiyuan and Jiwei, the God of End watched Ye Xiajie and his people enter the first world where Hei Anjing’s soul fragment was first detected. The Red star was an A-Class Supernatural World that involves a transmigrator, unique races and Supernatural abilities. It wasn’t an ordinary world and can be considered a dangerous star among A-class worlds.

The God of end spoke, “Yond brat’s luck sucks as at each moment. That gent pick’d an A-class star right hence. But with how unlucky that gent is, I wouldn’t coequal beest surpris’d is that gent accidentally did pull out the only SS-class w’rld and did get himself lock’d in.”

Translation: [That brat’s luck sucks as always. He picked an A-class Star right away. But with how unlucky he is, I wouldn’t even be surprised if he accidentally pulled out the only SS-class world and got himself locked in.]

The God of Origin said, "Sayeth not unlucky things. In the endeth that gent wouldst entr'd those w'rlds regardless of choice if 't be true that gent did want to gath'r all of our son's soul fragments. Instead, help me thing of a way to help those folk to has't a clos'r relationship to maketh this trial easi'r."

Translation: [Don't say unlucky things. In the end, he would enter those worlds regardless of choice if he wanted to gather all of our son's soul fragments. Instead, help me think of a way to help them to have a closer relationship to make this trial easier.]

"Actually, at which hour our son's main soul fragment wast fading I gath'r'd a few things from t. But I wasn't sure what t wast. T behold liketh a snowflakes but I an not the sens'ry typeth so I knoweth not what those gents w're in the endeth." Jiewei said.

Translation: [Actually, when our son's main soul fragment was fading, I gathered a few things from it. But I wasn't sure what it was. It looks like a snowflake but I am not the sensory type so I don't know what they were in the end.]

Qiyuan, the God of Origin checked the snowflakes with his Heavenly Eyes and saw that imprinted in these snowflakes were memories Hei Anjing copied himself and broke into pieces. Unfortunately, Ye Xiajie didn't notice the uniqueness of these snowflakes and Jiewei gathered them for no reason. Such carelessness, Jiewei and Ye Xiajie is the same for this case.

"Alloweth me seeth. Hm? these art mem'ry fragments of our son, jing'r. That gent madeth t in preparation f'r the final trial. This is to at least lessen the death possibilities of his chosen oth'r half. F'r some reasoneth, our son hath grown up a did bite manipulative 'r shouldst i sayeth too intelligent yond arts coequal did allow that gent to predicteth and prepareth f'r the future. Alloweth's help that gent sendeth these mem'ry to hia soul fragments of each w'rlds. At the v'ry least help maketh a connection between the couple coequal if 't be true t is a did bite vague." The God of Origin said.

Translation: [Let me see. Hm? These are memory fragments of our son, Jing'er. He made it in preparation for the Final Trial. This is to at least lessen the death possibilities of his chosen other half. For some reason, our son grew up a bit manipulative or should I say too Intelligent that skills even allowed him to predict and prepare for the future. Let's help him send these memories to his soul fragments of each world. At the very least help make a connection between the couple even if it is a bit vague.]

With a wave of his hands, the God of End caused 12 space fissures to appear in front of the two of them. The memories were divided by the God of Origin, who also gave permission for it to exist. It would infiltrate each universe, locate the soul fragments belonging to their son, and then bring these fractured memories into their souls in the form of dreams. It would depend only on him whether they thought it was simply a simple dream or anything else.

The God of End, Jiewei said, "This is the lasteth help we can giveth thee. I desire thee wasteth not t, God of Void."

Chapter 954 16.0 First Red Star – Garnet is my favorite gemstone. What a pity...

Finally, Ye Xiajie entered the red star. He opened his eyes in a plush top-floor presidential room wearing a loose, half-buttoned black short that revealed his tight chest and gorgeous 8-pack abs. Although holding a whiskey glass in his hands, he felt unusually exhausted. Instead of finding System Yue and

System Yang as he had expected, he frowned and became aware of someone else's aura in the vicinity around the large window of his suite room.

"An unwelcome guest, I see. What would this visitor come here for?" he asked.

Ye Xiajie had only witnessed the shadows within his dark suite room growing towards him. Until this shadow materialized in front of him, resembling a human figure with long silver hair and a pair of Phoenix-shaped eyes encasing the silver irises that sparkle like a bright moon in the night.

The moment the God of Void laid eyes on this person, he was overcome with an uncontrollable heartbeat. His eyes were brimming with unmet longing, and his throat was burning with desire. His bloodshot eyes took on the appearance of a beast's, becoming keen and ferocious. His wife's phoenix-shaped eyes and aloof temperament were a signature for him to recognize his adored no matter the world they inhabited.

In contrast to Ye Xiajie's expression of yearning, the man in the elegant black suit emitting elegance only found in royalty maintains a neutral expression but slightly widens his eyes as if he didn't anticipate the person's response and is perplexed as to why such emotions would manifest within those garnet gemstone-like irises.

The unwanted visitor who emerged abruptly in the shadow of the night and the gloom of the dimly lit room resounded in the calm chamber with an icy voice.

"Garnet is my favorite gemstone. What a pity..."

The utterances of this man, who reflected numerous of his wife's physical features, left Ye Xiajie perplexed. He didn't fully get the meaning of the man's words until he suddenly experienced a severe ache in his chest and the sudden chill of having his blood drained. He observed a beating heart being held in front of him by long, thin fingers and immaculate fingers.

Ye Xiajie didn't realize this man was real until he realized the throbbing heart in front of him was his own heart. A person who came for his life and was his antagonist.

.....

"Your eyes are lovely. I like it quite a bit. But... That is all." The cold voice once again resounded in Ye Xiajie's ears as he saw his heart crushed by the white hand the man possessed. "Vampires and werewolves would never get along. As long as old relics like us exist."

Ye Xiajie saw a man in a tight black suit that accentuated his slim waist and full butt dissolve into a blood mist and then vanishes from view once again in the blurry vision.

Ye Xiajie's thoughts before he took his last breath, 'I want to press him on the bed and fuck him hard!'

Even while facing death, the perverse man's ideas wouldn't be corrected. When his beloved is taken into account, Ye Xiajie will never alter his feelings or desires. He was reflecting on how unfortunate it had been to select this world initially. Who would have imagined that the moment he entered the world, his wife would appear before him? He also didn't anticipate being slain immediately away, though.

The killer left for a short while, and then System Yue and System Yang eventually appeared.

As the man in the black suit came, they were frozen in place for some reason. Above Ye Xiajie's body, a miniature sun and a miniature moon are visible.

System Yue spoke, [Woa~ death as soon as we arrived in the world, this star is not simple at all. A'Yang was that man just now the soul fragment of Lord Hei?]

[...Hm? For some reason it was him but I am unsure of it. I'll check on the two wardens and learn their situations. You handle the rest with the Lord God.] Syst Yang said before disappearing somewhere.

System Yue understood that having two high-level systems like these together was a waste of effort. They can handle the issues better if they work in many sectors. The Lord God of the Nether System could subsist himself with just Zhi Yue.

System Yue had recorded his lord's death scene and even his resurrection as instructed. The Mo Family is unmatched in its Immortality Physique. Any prior weakness for couples who successfully survived the Trials of Marriage is now gone. Hence, it would no longer be a real death even if Hei Anjing and Ye Xiajie killed one another. They would only die naturally if they both committed suicide at the same time. After all, their life is already considered as one.

System Yue mumbled to himself, [Look at that hole. It was cleanly done. There were many other parts that were affected and the heart was drugged out while the Lord God is still alive. He was able to see his own heart with his eyes beating in front of him. Lord Hei's skills in the killing are beautiful and clean as always.]

System Yue saw the blood spreading beneath the Lord God suddenly begin to move, and his heart immediately began to rebuild and beat once again. Ye Xiajie's chest hole quickly closed, allowing him to regain consciousness and open his eyes once again.

Gasp!

Ye Xiajie gasped the moment his heart started beating once again. The oxygen in his body was abruptly released causing him to almost choke with air.

"The Immortality of the Mo Clan is truly heavenly defying. It's a hundred times faster than my original regeneration." Ye Xiajie as he saw that the hole in his chest closed up and the slight sound of the beating from within cannot be ignored.

The God of Void got up and swept the area. He went to the bathroom to take a shower after ripping off his garments with a hole. He poured another glass for himself after exiting his bath and reaching for the opened wine bottle. He simply had a towel around his waist, which allowed his well-defined, firm muscles to be seen in full view.

is vessel was changed into one that fitted him when a God like Ye Xiajie assumed control of the body. He no longer seems to be a muscular man but rather a hottie with a delectable figure that may make both men and women fall in love with him. His body muscles diminish to beautiful proportions. He himself is a walking pheromone.

Ye Xiajie spoke, "Yue, give me my profile and the current timeline."

Although System Yang was not present, he avoided asking. He designed the system so that it would solely follow his wife's instructions. It seems sensible that he would want to track down the man who had just entered his room to determine whether or not he was his wife's soul piece. At the same time, they made sure their other comrades had entered their vessels securely and informed them of their safety.

System Yue instantly sent the bits of data to this world's database and discovered the profile of his lord's present vessel.

[Skoll Fenrir, the last surviving Gamma Werewolf. He was adored by his species as their Ancestor or their Beast God and is the strongest werewolf in existence. He had lived for as long as races with a lengthy lifespan, such as vampires. Nobody is aware of the cause of his prolonged existence. Yet his only reason for existing is to locate Luna, a female alpha who was meant to be his mate. He has been looking for it for centuries and still hasn't discovered it.]

[He assigned an alpha werewolf with dark blue fur to be the pack leader. This young man was referred to as the Werewolf King. Conri Lycaon is the forename. He was regarded as the strongest individual after the ancestor of their Fenrir Tribe because of his dark-shade fur. He is one of the male leads in this world.]

[The night after Conri Lycaon was crowned king, Fenrir Skoll, the ancestor of werewolves, passed away. Several wolf pack leaders believed that Conri Lycaon had conspired to kill their ancestor, which caused the tribe's internal structure to further split into smaller groupings.]

[Conri Lycaon was aided by the Dark Red Wolfpack, which was commanded by the Ruid twins. This is so that his sister, the sole omega female wolf in their pack, wouldn't end up becoming the Fenrir Tribe's Luna out of love for Conri Lycaon.]

[The packs of brown and light gray wolves converged. They devotedly backed their Beast God, Fenrir Skoll. They no longer had confidence in the tribe after his passing, and they desired to go with them. Due to the Vampires, their arch-enemy, becoming more powerful, some tribal leaders persuaded them to remain. Therefore there is a risk of getting cut off. The main tribe makes it clear that this sizable pack chose to remain, but they had no desire to submit to the reigning king of werewolves since they do not value him.]

Ye Xiajie will now be called Fenrir Skoll.

Fenrir Skoll's crimson eyes slightly narrowed as he thought of a possibility. He asked System Yue,

"Is my death something Conri Lycaon had a hand on?" asked Fenrir Skoll.

System Yue checked the database and answered his Lord's question, [Yes. He sold the information of the lord's schedule for tonight's banquet to the Vampires. He wanted to possess the full strength of the wolf tribes as his sole power so he wanted the lord gone.]

The vampire who ripped out his heart and shattered it before his eyes were in Fenrir Skoll's mind. He discovered his mateship crest had re-emerged in the corner of his right eye while he was having a bath a short while ago. As evidence that his destined partner resides in this world, a black snowflake made an appearance of being alive.

“Check the information about the fated pair in the Werewolf Tribe. The meaning of the crest and its significance. Also, contact Yang, ask him if he found Warden Lou, and tell him to come over and see this lord.” Fenrir Skoll commanded.

System Yue treated the Lord God with the utmost respect. Though he is quite silly and playful, during times when he needs to work, he is serious about his duties.

[As you ordered, my lord!]

—

Werewolf Tribe’s Hierarchy:

[Gamma] Ancestor: Fenrir Skoll (Black)

Descendants:

[Alpha] King of Werewolf: Conri Lycaon (Dark Blue)

6 Elder Werewolves: They listen only to their Ancestor’s commands. After the sad death of their Ancestor, they supported Conri Lycaon as the new king. There is nothing else that can be done as he is the only heir left behind by the Ancestor though they were not connected by blood.

Subordinates:

Dark Red Wolf: [B] Randall Ruid, [B] Mayun Ruid, [O] Ashina Ruid – 6 wolves

Brown Wolf: [B] Reika Louve, [B] Lyall Louve – 15 wolves

Light Gray Wolf: [B] Ralph Hemming – 20 wolves

[Note: The darker the fur color is the more powerful a wolf is. Female Werewolf is rare, especially pureblood ones.]

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Meanwhile, at an ancient castle of old times...

From the blood mist that had returned to this location, a guy in a black suit emerged. He makes a rhythmic approach to the vacant throne room on his long, lean legs. Such a cool and collected step echoes around the massive fortress. The moonlight shone on him as he made his way toward the sole throne in the room.

He was unaware of the abrupt arrival of the impression of a black snowflake in the outer corner of his left eye. observing the deserted castle with its atmosphere of desolation and its dead silver irises. He appears so disinterested as if he had nothing to look forward to.

He observed his right hand in silence. The scent of that werewolf’s blood still lingers in it making him unable to hold back licking his pale thin lips as if he couldn’t hold back his thirst.

“This is the first time in hundreds of years to feel what hunger is... But that prey is dead. Where can I find the one that might be able to calm this uncontrollable hunger...”

When he slowly closed his eyes to appear to be asleep, his beautiful silver eyelashes fluttered like butterfly wings. The most idyllic and loneliest scenario that might have existed appeared to be depicted by his sleeping figure at the same moment. Nothing in this world could pique his attention other than death and destruction since he had grown too accustomed to being alone. The lonely monster had once again slept off in pitch black.

Chapter 955 16.1 First Red Star – Warden Lou and Yun Ming's Vessels.

Somewhere within the territory of the werewolves...

The Death Mountain Range served as the werewolves' primary territory. It was among the most perilous locations in the world. It was on the list of the most hazardous places that have ever existed. The death toll exceeded hundreds because of the mountain range's treacherous cliffs.

Even so, many of these daring men and women perished on this precipice, but the Death Mountain Range is also said to be a place where brave individuals traveled. They said that it was banned to go into these mountains while the moon was full because anyone who did so would never survive leaving this mountain range. Unbeknownst to common people, one of the world's most powerful races inhabits this mountain region. The lycanthrope or Fenrir race.

The werewolves reside in a secret old house at the center of this mountain range. The main mansion, where the King resides, is attached to two smaller ones, where the other wolf packs are housed. The North Mansion is home to wolves with dark red fur. Whereas the light gray wolves pack in the west, the brown wolves pack in the east. All werewolves were permitted to go to the south, which the tribe regarded as a hunting ground. The Fenrir Tribe's secret residence's primary entrance is also here.

In the Master's bedroom in the North Mansion. A man with medium-length dark red hair and brilliant eyes opened his mouth, but his body felt heaving. Human girls who are nearly entirely bare-chested and exposing all of their curves and private parts are all around him. They appeared to be full of delight and sleeping soundly next to the red-haired man.

This man is the leader of the red-furred werewolf as well as one of the wolf pack leaders. His name was Randall Ruid, but another soul by the name of Lou Wuye took his place. The God of Void's most devoted vassal inside his dominion, and the strongest warden in the Nether System.

A subsystem with the avatar of a small black snake slithers from his neck and a light hissing sound can be heard near Randall Ruid's ears.

Subsystem 001 spoke with a monotonic robot voice which only Randall Ruid can hear.

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[Ding! Vessel Profile introduction. Please listen to the information about this world. Warden Lou, you have successfully entered the body of the man (Werewolf) named Randall Ruid. He is one of the leaders of the Wolf packs under the Fenrir Tribe. You are from the Red furred Wolf Pack and the leader of this group.

.....

You are said to be loyal to power and after the said Ancestor of the Fenrir Tribe had died that you change your target of loyalty and choose to serve the next King of the werewolf race. The only pureblood werewolf after the Beast God, Conri Lycaon.]

[Notes: Randall Ruid is a lascivious man. He sleeps with countless women and loves human females the most especially those who were between the ages of 18 to 25. Conri Lycaon used this bad habit of yours to bribe you into joining his side instead of the other elders that wish to look for another king of the tribe.]

Upon hearing his vessel's profile, Randall Ruid's head throbs from stress. He couldn't believe he would enter a vessel that is even less than trash. He needs to clean up these women, if his lover learns about it I am dead.

Randall Ruid shouted from his room calling the servants waiting outside.

"Someone comes in and gets these women out of my room. Prepare a spare of my clothes as I want to show. Clean up my whole room and remove unnecessary scent lingering. I want everything cleaned up before I finish my bath!!"

The servants who ran inside the room after being summoned whimpered in fear. After all, their master is also well-known for his grumpy temperament. He can be happy in the morning and would be mad in split seconds of time. In short, he is moody as hell.

"Yes, Lord Randall!!!" responded collectively by the servants.

Notwithstanding the fact that the lady fell off the bed, Randall Ruid aggressively shoved the person obstructing his path off the bed and quickly made his way to the shower room. He didn't even bother to give a few women who woke up at his yell a quick glance.

Snorts!

Some servants who witnessed the scene whispered to one another. A bold one said, "What's wrong with Lord Randall? Is he being moody again? He just pushed away his favorite lady and just told us to clean up his room and send away all the women. Is he maybe in his menopausal phase?"

"Menopausal Phase your ass! If you want to die don't get me involved!"

"I'm sorry. I apologize. I won't talk about it anymore!"

"Help me call the others. We need to clean up the whole room as fast as we can. Tell them to bring new bed sheets, pillowcases, blankets, carpet, and as many air fresheners as we have!"

"Air freshener for what?"

"Stupid! The Lord wanted a brand new room. So remove all the lingering scent and bring away the ladies. Remove their memories and send them away."

"Yes, leader!"

The entire room cleanup was started by the servants. They move quickly as though they are remodeling the entire facility. The women obeyed orders and were dispatched. Yet, if their king gets even moodier, they will be the ones who suffer.

Randall Ruid is in the restroom at the same time. took a warm bath as opposed to a shower.

He intended to give the servants a little extra time to do the tasks he gave them. In order to prevent himself from losing control and exploding in rage, he even repeatedly cleaned himself to get rid of the smell of feminine perfume and other strange odors.

Randal Ruid asked, "Subsystem 001. Do you have contact with System Yue and System Yang?"

[Yes. The connection for communication had been secured. The respectable Lord God had also woken up in his new vessel and was ordering the host to come over and see him.] Subsystem 001 answered.

Randall Ruid asked, "Where is the Lord staying?"

[Imperial Crowned Hotel in the main city of the human territory.] Subsystem 001 responded.

"Send a message to System Yue or System Yang. 'I'm on my way.'" said Randall Ruid as he finished his bath and prepared to leave his mansion.

After bathing his servants haven't finished cleaning his room yet and he looks a bit dissatisfied with it. He had an icy look on his face and disdain couldn't be ignored from his gold eyes.

Randall Ruid said to his servants, "I will be out for a day. Clean the whole mansion. Send all those female humans away. You are not to accept humans as a gift no matter whom it came from."

"Yes, my lord. Please have a good day." The head servant said as he saw his lord out of the mansion.

Randall Ruid rode his black Ferrari 812 GTS and drove away like he was flying as he left the mansion looking like a second-generation playboy. Somewhere from the Central Ancient Main Mansion, Conri Lycaon received a report from his butler.

The butler reported, "Lord Randall had been summoned by the Elders from the other side. As expected, it seems that the plan of the King is successful. What should be done next, King?"

"...Wait for the news and gather everyone. Tell them... Prepare for the funeral of the Ancestor." Conri Lycaon said.

His green eyes are dazedly gazing out the window, and he has short, navy blue hair with a hint of silver at the ends. Nobody is aware of his thoughts. Nonetheless, it appears that he was not at all amused by his butler's remarks. In comparison to the other adults in the trial, this young man had just recently attained maturity, making him a young cub with the Fenrir Tribe's purest lineage. Even still, unless a newborn young cub possessed actual strength, nobody would really pay attention to him.

Conri Lycaon mumbles, "I don't believe that my foster father would be defeated by the Vampires."

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Meanwhile at the Main City in the Human Territory...

The new moon was hidden by the dark blanket of stars above as night had long since set. Now, as dawn approaches in the distance, light begins to gradually increase. The majority of people were still asleep at this time, but a supernatural battle was taking place in secret. A young man with injuries all over his body and who was nearly out of breath was running around the building in a scarlet robe with a golden sun on it.

This young guy was Asher Light, the holy son of the Templar Temple. His blood had changed to a hue of scarlet, staining his beautiful platinum gold hair. His irises were orange with a golden ring that appeared to be the sun itself. He has a really attractive appearance and exudes heavenly energy.

It's as if a saint who has never experienced the material world couldn't pique his attention.

He is currently quite a mess and bleeding from his wounds, which is unfortunate. If this keeps happening, he would lose consciousness and fall into great danger. He decided to persevere.

Several young males in formal clothes of various patterns were bouncing about the structure behind him. They behaved like bloodthirsty creatures with sharp fangs while pursuing the scent of the young man in the crimson robe's dripping blood. Asher Light was sent on a mission to explore the Dark Forest's secret vampire lair. As a result of his successful espionage, he was permitted to meet with Athan Vladimir, the reigning vampire king.

They had been at odds for a time. Asher was born with holy or light aspects, which are weak against vampires. Athan Vladimir was severely hurt, but he was unable to kill him. Asher Light was surrounded by vampires on all sides and almost went out of existence. He wouldn't have survived and fled from the Dark Forest if it weren't for the blessing of the Holy God in his body.

The vampires chasing him cannot be considered those of noble birth. They were once people who gave in to the darkness and became lower-class vampires who served the noble-rank vampires, the aristocrats. They are known as Ex or Ghouls, these low-level vampires.

The smell of blood impairs the senses of these Ex or Ghouls, low-level vampires. They consume both flesh and blood as food. They had several flaws. Blood can not be consumed by them daily. To make a living and stay sane, they must drink at least once. They can't leave in the sun because doing so would cause them to burn up. They are vulnerable to holy water and garlic.

Their extended lifespan, quick regenerative abilities, and strength beyond that of humans are the only things that set them apart from regular people. But against the special type of humans like slayers or hunters, they were not much different from prey that can be hunted down with a lift of a hand.

"Move faster! It's almost daybreak! We must find that bastard!"

"The scent of blood is coming this way. Let's go."

"Ah, ~ Master wouldn't be happy if he lost him."

"Fuck! It's raining. The scent would be flushed away if this continues..."

"FIND HIM!!!"

On the other side, a man in a form-fitting dark gray suit was observing the pursuit between the holy son and the minions of Earl Elena from the top of the city's tallest structure. This man appears to be

observing the facade in front of him from a distance. He wasn't even eager to provide assistance. in capturing the Templar Temple's Holy Son.

His long, dark brown hair was plaited in the shape of a waterfall with a half-braid. His under-eye landscape is the subject of his cold, purple eyes. Luther D'Arcy is the only existing Duke-rank Aristocrat Vampire. Also, he is the only noble who is aware of Lord Cassius Ambrosia, the Progenitor of the Vampire Race.

Luther D'Arcy mumbled, "Lord Cassius said that Athan Vladimir failed to reach his expectations. He couldn't even defeat the Holy Son. So useless... This holy son still had some uses, the Lord says not to get it killed." With a spell scroll in his hand, a rain was suddenly called, washing away the scent of Asher Light's blood and leaving the ghouls to lose their prey.

A small white snake slithers from Luther's hair. This is a subsystem connected to the. Top systems like Zhi Yue and Zhi Yang.

Subsystem 002 spoke, [Ding! Congratulations on completing the mission the Vampire Progenitor had issued. His trust level in you had increased from 5 to 10. Please do your best to get the loyalty of the target, Host!]

This Luther D'Arcy is Yun Ming. He had awoken before everyone else. He reacted with the deepest allegiance to the other since he was already in front of the man who so remarkably resembles Lord Hei. Hei Anjing originally made him a subordinate, after all. Yun Ming would unquestionably pick Lord Hei if comparing Lord God Ye and Lord Hei.

Luther D'Arcy said, "Give me the profile of this vessel and find System Yang's coordinate."

[Yes, Warden Yun!] responded Subsystem 002.

Chapter 956 16.2 First Red Star – Heroine and her Male leads.

At Daybreak

Human Territory's Main City

Rain had quickly descended from the sky above before the sunlight was fully visible, as usual. Asher Light, however, had no other chance to survive than during this downpour. He escaped his pursuers by running. But, his deteriorating physique could scarcely hold him up at all. He suddenly collapsed at a little gap between two buildings next to the rear alley. He had severe wounds and lost consciousness owing to a loss of blood and a fast decrease in temperature brought on by rain.

The following day being the weekend, so a female student slept up late and then went to the nearby convenience store to get some snacks. She was carrying a small plastic umbrella to shield her from the rain when she noticed a man who was not conscious at the entrance to the back alleyways. He appeared to be an actor who had run away from his theatrical profession since he was dressed strangely in expensive-looking robes in some kind of cult.

This young lady is Amber Dawn. The 25-year-old assassin from another world who died there on a mission took the place of the original soul of this female high school student. After losing her father in an accident and having no other family, the original Amber committed suicide herself in her own house.

She walked bravely up to the man on the damp ground, her black hair in a high ponytail. She was sporting a pair of jerseys that could conceal her curves since the original was extremely fortunate to be born at the immature age of 17 with such an attractive figure. Her pink eyes sparkled with pleasure and amusement, especially after seeing the face of the Asher Light. She was formerly a notorious facecon in a prior life.

Amber Dawn squatted down and poked the unconscious Asher Light with interest and mumbled, "Not bad. He is quite handsome. 90 out of 100. He would be 95 if not for his injuries. Well~ to save or not to save? Yosh! Let's leave it to fate. I will bring him home if it's a tail~"

This young lady left the decision of saving the male protagonist in fate. She flipped a coin which he dug from her pocket and caught it before it fell. Once she opened her palm the coin was on tails and the decision was made.

Amber Dawn said, "What a fortunate fellow~"

.....

The female protagonist casually pulled Asher Light toward her by grabbing the rear collar of his clothing. She omits the typical scenario in which the protagonist and his heroine fall in love at first sight. Amber Dawn looks like the kind of lady who would save anyone as long as they were attractive or gorgeous, regardless of who they were. She is, after all, a facecon.

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Imperial Crown Hotel

Presidential Suite Room

Finally, Randal Ruid arrived at the chamber to which the subsystem had sent him. Lord God You was waiting for him at this location. He checked himself for unpresentable items and then tapped gently on the door.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

A languid yet cold voice can be heard from inside the Presidential Suite, "Come in by yourself."

"Please pardon this one's rudeness." Randal Ruid said as he entered the room.

He enters the room and immediately detects the overpowering stench of blood. Randall Ruid scowled a little but held his tongue until he was instructed to speak. On his own, Fenrir Skoll had consumed many whiskey bottles. As soon as he opened his eyes to the outside world, he told his vassal what had transpired. The Ancestor of the Fenrir Tribe is exceedingly happy for a reason despite the overpowering odor of rust that permeates the room.

"I met my wife's soul fragmented in this world. He is absolutely beautiful as always. But it seems he is my enemy in this world or should I say the enemy of this vessel I am right now. What do you think we should do, Warden Lou?" asked Fenrir Skoll.

System Yue spoke, [Milord, please don't call their real names directly. The world is unfriendly towards outsiders especially for a high tier world like this one. Warden Lou's identity is Randall Ruid. He is the

leader of the Red furred Werewolves. According to this world's information, he is supposed to follow the lead of your fake son after your death tonight, Milord.]

Fenrir Skoll shook the cup of whiskey in his hand and commented, "To think I have a fake son in this world... I don't like it at all~"

"Milord, is Milord's wife a vampire? But if he is based on his strength alone then he shouldn't be an ordinary vampire. Did... Did you get killed by Sire?" asked Randall Ruid.

Randall Ruid asked a few questions, and System Yue enthusiastically took up the exchange and responded. He let the man see the entire scenario on the recording of Fenrir Skoll's murder. He shivered as he watched as a handsome, pale-skinned gentleman who resembled Lord Hei in real life pierced his lord's heart without hesitation or expression.

No signs of scheming or mischief. He was terrified of Lord Hei since he was so heartless in the video. The only aspect of this man's demeanor that resembles the Lord's wife is his looks. He briefly felt sorry for his lordship after witnessing the incident in which his own wife crushed his heart. *novebusdotcom*

Randall Ruid said, "Milord, Condolences.

"Fuck your condolences. I want to pretend to be dead for now. You arrange things for me." Fenrir Skoll said.

Randall Ruid respectfully accepted his task and said, "Please leave it to me."

"Yue, try to contact Yang. Tell him to contact us if he finds where my wife is staying." Fenrir Skoll said to his System.

System Yue responded, [I will contact him as soon as possible, Milord!]

"I'm going out for a while. You guys handle the rest." Fenrir Skoll said as he suddenly disappeared in the room and blended with the darkness.

As the Supreme Lord of Darkness, every dark element in existence is under his command. Which is why he noticed the approaching presence of his wife as he was using the shadow as his medium to move freely in the night. As a vampire, darkness is their territory, but that itself is his sole domain.

Instead of using darkness to escape the area, Fenrir Skoll made advantage of his wife's spatial prowess to teleport above the metropolis. He studied the view of the world from the sky above as he sailed above the illuminated buildings and homes. Yes, like a God he had always been.

The wind sweeps by him, causing his long, black hair to flutter. His hair was initially intended to be obsidian, but for some reason some of it had become silver. This has been the case ever since the night before his first death, when he first met his cherished person.

It was like in their real world. A section of his hair would become silver anytime he employed his wife's talents, and the roots of his hair would turn black if his Jing'er used the power of darkness. It appeared as though his own qi was entering their bodies directly and assimilating a feature of their other half as its own.

Fenrir Skoll overlooked the world indifferently in the heavens. He chose this location because he wanted to have an overview of the lands this world possessed and check which direction his wife's soul fragment was hiding.

"His aura is too thin. Is it because his soul is too weak for me to feel his qi directly?" mumbled the Ancestor of the Fenrir Tribe. "Soon I will find you... Capture you and chained you to my side once again. Baby, I shall find you soon."

Fenrir Skoll vanished from the skies once more after being let disappointed by the outcome of his efforts to track down his wife's traces. No one knows where he disappeared into.

On the other hand, back to the presidential suite room which used to be occupied by Fenrir Skoll, a corpse that looks exactly like the owner of the room appeared inside. System Yue and Randall Ruid replicated the death scene of their Lord before he regenerates his missing heart.

Randall Ruid commented, "This body is too real. Even though it was only a clone body, it looks not much different from the vessel the Lord God is using."

[Of course! Who do you think I am? Is it just simple cloning? I can do it as long there is blood left behind. I saved a bit when I was cleaning the room before. Or else with how sensitive the sense of scent you werewolves possessed it would be impossible to guide you with a lie without this proof.] System Yue said.

Subsystem 001 spoke, [Warning! Humanoid beings approaching. I repeat, Humanoid beings are approaching!]

"They are here!" said Randall Ruid and System Yue.

Immediately even before the room door was forcefully opened, System Yue and Subsystem 001 put themselves in invisibility mode. It is now impossible for aborigines of this world to see them. Well that is unless they are outsiders like they are.

BAM!

Once the door was opened a small group suddenly appeared at the door. The one in lead is another male lead in this world, Conri Lycaon. The current King of Werewolves. He was like a young master in the movies walking with an aura of nobility yet hidden aggressiveness fills his eyes. Behind him were the siblings of Randall Ruid, Ashina Ruid, his younger sister and Mayun Ruid, his younger brother. Escorting them were some elders from their Tribe.

His blue hair with silver ends was too eye-catching in his human form. Many female humans were attracted by his graceful appearance. Looking like a young man from a rich family. His emerald eyes narrowly looked at the scene inside the room. The strong and pungent scent of blood assaulted their noses the moment the door was opened.

Mayun Ruid whispered, "The stench of blood. Based on the scent alone, the deceased had just recently died and... Powerful aura of darkness! Only the Vampire race is capable of doing such a thing!"

Bewildered, "Who died?" asked Ashina Ruid.

"Foster Father?"

Conri Lycaon stumbles inside the room as he couldn't believe what he just saw inside the room. After getting in the interior of the Presidential Suite Room, the other also followed him inside. They all saw the corpse of their Tribe's Ancestor, Fenrir Skoll. The only Gamma Werewolf and the most powerful one among their race.

His eyes were wide open as he tragically died, and his alleged heart had long since left his chest. Everyone could clearly see a hole and an empty chest. They were all stunned and in a state of shock. How is it possible for the leader of their tribe to be murdered in his own bedroom?

Conri Lycaon began his act. First, he portrayed the scene of a loving son losing his father. After all, everyone in the tribe knew that he was the adopted son of Fenrir Skoll. But until the end, Fenrir Skoll didn't allow him to use his surname and named him Lycaon from the world Lycanthrope.

"This can't be... Who in this world can... kill my foster father!?" Conri Lycaon asked as his face was full of incredulity, sadness and anger.

Ashina Ruid was astonished at this scene of death, "The Ancestor!? That's impossible. How can this happen!?" She was so shocked she fell asleep on the ground as if she had lost all her strength.

The tribe's elders, who just happened to be here, carefully examined the situation. The senior werewolves who served the Ancestor and gave him their full fealty included these two seniors. Elder Vilkas and Elder Lowell were their names.

They approached the ancestor's body and were horrified to see this. They were unable to believe what was taking place. They examined the dead body very carefully, as if they may discover anything that would prove that their ancestor didn't own this body. Regrettably, it was apparent that this person who had been slain before them was their Supreme Leader no matter how many times they had examined the corpse.

Elder Lowell instantly aged at the scene and mumbled, "The traces of dark elements in the room and the use of sharp nails to dig through the muscles of a werewolf. Without doubt that this is the work of a noble class vampire or above."

"There's nothing scent mixed in the blood of the Supreme Leader. He was drugged by something that saps his strength and gets easily killed by whoever it is. There is a traitor in the tribe!!!" Elder Vilkas declared after his investigation of the corpse.

His real thoughts are, 'This is a corpse indeed. A real body? But this is impossible... It is true that we've felt a sudden pain in the heart that is caused by the sudden cut of connection with the Leader. But for some reason I feel something is not correct about this scene.'

Elder Vilkas kept scanning the room, and when he eventually caught a glimpse of Randall Ruid's carefree reaction out of the corner of his eyes, he couldn't help but sense that something strange was going on. As he observed the overreacting next heir in the room start weeping as he held his foster father's dead body, he feigned to be shocked and heartbroken by the spectacle.

System Yue and Randall Ruid were watching the play before them. They watched and made observations at the situation while assuming the role of bystanders. They were conversing telepathically.

[What an exaggerated acting!?! I can't keep watching this. It looks so fake!] System Yue said.

Randall Ruid spoke, 'Not Everyone can flawlessly act like Lord Hei. This level of acting is already considered good in the Entertainment Industry.'

System Yue commented, [Hey~ watch your expressions. You might get caught faking it as you act so disinterested like that.]

Randall Ruid responded, 'No worries. No one was watching.'

Chapter 957 16.3 First Red Star – Vampires

Conri Lycaon performed admirably. You would have accepted his filial behavior toward the loss of his foster father if you didn't know his true personality or the tribe's secret intentions.

"Find the murderer!" Conri Lycaon said.

Randall Ruid acted his part and questioned him while he was supposed to be stunned in disbelief. But was beaten to it by his younger brother.

"Pardon. Sir?" Mayun Ruid asked in surprise.

Conri Lycaon turned harsh and serious, "I told you to find the murderer. We must avenge my foster father. This cannot end like this!?"

"That is right! We must take revenge. Since the vampires are involved they cannot be forgiven at all. Those bloodsucking monsters!!" exclaimed Elder Lowell. He was truly enraged at the death of his Supreme Leader.

Elder Vilkas, who had a dark expression, was the calmest among the group and said, "Calm down! For now... let's clean up the room and send the Supreme Lord to... final destination."

With these remarks, everyone became silent. This was the appropriate measure to take. They must tidy the room, transport their ancestor's body on its last voyage, and get ready for the burial. They were aware that everyone in the tribe needed to discover what had happened to their Beast God before they could take any sort of retaliation.

Elder Vilkas spoke, "Go get some people and arrange the funeral for the Ancestor. Elder Lowell, bring back Young Lord Conri and prepare for the coronation ceremony. I and the leader of the Dark Red Fur Pack will handle the cleanup here. The rest of you should prepare for the ceremony."

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As Conri Lycaon heard what Elder Vilkas had to say, his actions abruptly ceased and he lost all emotion. His objective was to hear these words, which he had been hoping to hear. All of his facades vanished once he got what he desired. Elder Lowell was left dumbfounded and startled.

Randall Ruid spoke, "Ashina, Mayun, help with the preparation for the ceremony."

Never questioning their older brother's orders were Ashina and Mayun's habit. After all, the pack members must obey the pack leader's orders without exception. similar to how the Werewolf Ancestor rules over the entire race. Conri Lycaon intended Fenrir Skoll to perish at that point. They wouldn't be

free until he died, and then he could do whatever he pleased. But, just though Conri Lycaon has no biological family, that doesn't mean he doesn't appreciate his foster father.

Conri Lycaon gently laid the corpse of his foster father and said, "I hope that Elder Vilkas will handle the foster father's remains well. If you don't... I will kill you..." He suddenly released a powerful coercion of bloodthirst which is something only their race possessed. The stronger the bloodline he has the more fear would be inflicted on the target.

Elder Vilkas frowned a bit but still stood on his ground. He didn't expect that the young wolf cub and all the elders didn't take seriously to group this much without them noticing.

"I will do as you wish." Elder Vilkas said but this time there are hints of politeness.

"We are leaving. There are lots of things to prepare for the ceremony."

Conri Lycaon refrained from using force and left, followed by the Ruid siblings. He had to get ready for the coronation. Anything he sought should be accomplished when he assumed the greatest throne in their tribe. He had been named the successor by the Fenrir Tribe in order to be free from the constraints. Being the greatest Alpha Werewolf in existence, he now has the power of the King of Werewolves and should be able to do whatever he wants.

As Conri Lycaon and his group had departed, Elder Vilkas, who had been bowing his head before the new leader, abruptly turned and stared at Randall Ruid.

Elder Vilkas spoke, "Speak! Where is the Ancestor!? This scent of blood is real but your reaction to his death is too calm. For someone like you who loves sticking to those who were strong, would never act so composed at the scene of the death of our Ancestor. It only means that the Supreme Lord is alive. Is the Lord injured?"

Randall Ruid looked at the old man and his expression looked bored and indifferent. Yet he still dutifully responds the same way as the original Randall Ruid would do though albeit languidly. He was so bored to even keep the original's character.

With a monotonous tone, Randall Ruid spoke, "What are you saying, Old man? The Supreme Lord is dead. Isn't his corpse still in this room, what are you talking about?"

"Tsk! Stupid brat! At least act like before! Acting stupid and cowardly! If you act so indifferent, what's the difference between you reading a script before this old man!" Elder Vilkas retorted.

Randall Ruid was never one to hold back his temper and said, "Yue, is this old man even important? Should we just kill him? The Lord says to keep it a secret!"

System Yue's words rang in Randall Ruid's head, [Stop talking! If the divine laws of this world notice you I will not save you at all.]

"Tch! This old man had been staring at me and obviously noticed the changes in me. Can you ask the Lord if I should kill him?" Randall Ruid.

System Yue said, [I'll ask. Stop talking to be with words and speak with your thoughts you look insane to the old man.]

When Randall looked around, Elder Vilkas was staring at him with an insane look. If he wasn't a member of the Fenrir Tribe, the old man might bite his neck and murder him right there.

Elder Vilkas says, "What the hell are you doing? Have you gone crazy after all? Don't tell me.. did you kill..."

"Stop talking! As if someone like me can kill the Lord! Are you senile old man!?" Randall Ruid remarked.

As Elder Vilkas heard these statements, he became more composed. He looked intently at the red-haired man in front of him as though he couldn't believe how he was acting. In contrast to earlier, when he would constantly avoid the eyes of individuals he thought to be powerful, he confronted them confidently this time. The Randall Ruid he was familiar with was a timid werewolf who favored the mighty.

Yet the person in front of him has the impression of someone in authority who is haughty and arrogant. Even he, the tribe's elder, doesn't appear to fit the qualifications for being let inside is sight. He was the type to listen to a person that he respects instead of fear.

System Yue's voice rang in his head and said, [Orders of the Lord God. Keep the old man alive. He is useful. Make him watch over Conri Lycaon's movements. Send him to Genus Academy.]

After receiving his next orders from the Lord God, Randall Ruid stopped kidding around and suddenly turned serious as he looked at Elder Vilkas. Before he speaks, Fenrir Skoll's voice rang in their ears.

Fenrir Skoll's telepathic words, [Vilkas, follow the orders. Randall will give you the details.]

Elder Vilkas was extremely delighted to hear his Lord's voice. He didn't look around but respectfully responded by his own will.

"Your words are my command, Supreme Lord."

"Mission from the Lord arrived. Accept your task, Vilkas Enoch. You have three tasks to fulfill," Randall Ruid said. "Watch over all actions taken by Conri Lycaon. Keep him alive. Lastly, Send Conri Lycaon to Genus Academy. That's all!"

"This elder knows..."

Elder Vilkas and Randall Ruid cooperated to tidy the area and get ready for the burial of the false Fenrir Skoll after the latter had received his assignment from the Lord. Fenrir Skoll is a well-known character both in the Fenrir Tribe and in the human world, and his burial was so lavish that it even made the headlines. He is regarded as one of the city's billionaires.

The Fenrir Tribe had a lot going on. They must first plan the burial for their ancestor and then the ceremony to appoint the new head of their race, the Coronation Ceremony of Conri Lycaon.

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In the territory of the Vampire Race, novel *LuSb/C/o\m*

In the outskirts of the Dark Forest...

At the entrance to the forbidden forest stood a castle. The size of this castle is sufficient when compared to other buildings in the city, yet it is somewhat smaller than the old castle that is hidden deep in the shadowy forest. The current King of Vampires resides in this area.

But, the castle's owner, Athan Vladimir, was currently resting asleep inside of his coffin to heal his injuries. Blood smears and the smell of scorched skin are visible outside the casket. In addition, vampires from the aristocratic circle are on duty to protect Athan Vladimir from potential visitors.

Both Earl Thana Daybreak and Earl Elene Marcel were high-class vampires. Both were female earls descended from noble families. They were given the responsibility of looking after their monarch, Athan Vladimir, who had suffered greatly as a result of Asher Light's sneak attack when he invaded their land.

Thana Daybreak, a vampire with the Earl rank, has short, neck-length hair. She had a neat bob haircut that gave her the appearance of a wealthy and affluent lady. She has a queenly bearing and an expressionless yet lovely face that makes her seem like a female president.

The magenta in her eyes was deeper.

Elene Martel, on the other hand, has long blonde hair similar to that of the Western lineage.

Her eyes were a sapphire blue with a hint of green. She appeared as though she was going to a royal evening dance since she was dressed in a straight-cut evening white gown. She looks like a princess in that Mary Sue novel.

With a hand on her hips, Elena Martel is now scolding her minions who reported their mission failure.

"Master, because of the sudden rain we lost tracks of the Holy Son!"

"Please forgive us. Spare us!!"

Hmp! Elena Martel kicked the ghouls. She instantly killed them on the spot. A bit of blood drops on her white evening gown.

"Useless things! Can't even catch a mere human!" Elena Martel said. She turned sour at such a piece of bad news. "What should I do? I told Lord Athan that I would definitely catch the culprit!"

Now not only did their king almost die, the culprit behind it even survived. They weren't even able to catch the human who tried to kill Athan Vladimir.

"You shouldn't have declared that you can catch him. Now you are on your own." Thana Daybreak said. Her face is indifferent to her personality.

Elena Martel heard her comments and even angered them. Among all the noble clans in the Vampire Race, the Daybreak Family was left with only the Earl. She lost her husband from the Templar Temple and her child went missing after that event which caused her whole clan to perish. She was the only remaining person from the Daybreak Family.

Snorts~

“It’s already good that I have done something about it. I mean what can you, the Daybreak Family, do? Ah~ right. You are alone. No family, no partner, no children, and no servants. Just a loner. Hahaha~” Elena Martel said.

Thana Daybreak’s face turned black with wrath as she kept hearing the phrase “No family, no spouse, and no children.” She had always disliked hearing about the tragedy that had befallen his clan and family. She looks in Elena Martel’s direction and glares. She was so keen on killing that the other vampire was shocked. Elena could sense the woman’s sincere desire to murder her.

Thana Daybreak says, “You fucking wretch! How dare you mention my family!?”

A sudden, intense pressure from someone with a greater bloodline aura landed on the two as they prepared to combat. When they made every effort to gaze up to see the owner of the aura that had subdued them, they couldn’t help but collapse to their knees.

The two earls were shocked to see the sole vampire of the Duke class approaching them. After all, only the duke had the capacity and power to issue instructions from the Progenitor of their race. He is even more powerful than the vampires’ present ruler.

Luther D’Arcy spoke, “To fight in front of your own king, such nobles that had no hints of nobility at all... Such disgrace.”

Chapter 958 16.4 First Red Star – Second Death

The castle hall is filled with the sound of a cold, uncaring voice. A Pureblood with the title of Duke addressed the reigning King of the night, saying, “Such disgrace...”

Duke Luther looks down on the two female earls in front of him, and it is clear in his words that he disdains and despises them. Thana Dawn and Elena Martel quake in fear at the powerful aura coming from above them. The pressure on them barely subsided when Duke Luther stepped in front of the casket holding Athan Vladimir. They exhale since their respiration had been stiffly restricted by the previous oppressive aura state.

As Luther D’Arcy kicked the coffin, it tipped over, causing the person within to startle awake.

A young man with long burgundy hair and hazy gray eyes emerges from the damaged coffin while dressed in a silver suit. Vladimir Athan was the only remaining pureblood vampire. Because of his gray irises, some noble clans of their race considered him as a descendant of their progenitor. According to history, they knew only the Progenitor of their race possessed irises that signify the moonlight. This feature is unique only to their Progenitor.

When Athan exits the coffin, there are still some burn remnants on his arm and neck from when the holy son ambushed him. He gives the person who dares to kick his coffin a glare. Athan Vladimir was going to scream at the nasty trash that damaged his casket and disturbed his repose, but when he spotted Luther D’Arcy, he decided against it.

“D-Duke D’Arcy!? Why... Did he send you here?” Athan Vladimir asked.

Duke Luther D'Arcy looked down on Athan Vladimir and responded, "You failed your hidden mission to kill Asher Light. Did you really think a human could enter the Dark Forest without his permission?"
novelUSB/c/o\M

"I... I failed... W-What should I do? I don't... I don't want to die." Athan Vladimir mumbled in fear and shock.

As they overheard the exchange between the King and the Duke, Thana Dawn, and Elena Martel both began to shake. Only the Noble Clans were aware of their Progenitor's existence. The true ruler of their people.

.....

Duke Luther D'Arcy speaks, "You must show your worth in your next mission. This is a task from him. Genus Academy. You've heard of this place, right? In the next three months, a new semester will start. The Holy Son, Asher Light, and the new Beast King, Conri Lycaon would appear in this place. As long as you kill one of them, you will receive your reward. Another failure and you... shall be replaced." He turned into a group of bats and disappeared in place. He finished sending the message to Athan Vladimir and had no more intention of staying further.

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Main Cities Residential Area...

There is a district that divides from the inner to the outer region. The inner region is where rich people live the farther the house and lot are located the more it becomes less pricey. Only billionaires and millionaires live in the central region which is the closest to the city. The outermost region is considered the slums area where almost all evil things happened.

The Main City of the humans were located at the center of their land which was in a shape of a circle. There were gates at each region. With the center as the main city, the land around it is called the Inner Region, the next level will be the middle region, and the Outer region is the largest yet farthest land from the main city. Outside this land is the Forbidden Regions where the other races except for humans live.

Amber Dawn, the heroine, now resides in the middle region. This indicates that her family is moderately wealthy. She can be regarded as coming from a middle-class family, but only since she was the sole member of the family and sold the family's original mansion. The mansion was located in the inner region but it was too big for her own use and decided to sell it. Because she is an orphan with significant inheritances from both her deceased father and her unknown mother, she purchased a condominium apartment exclusively for her own usage.

Although the condominium she purchased is a modest penthouse, it is regarded to be rather spacious for a single woman. Asher Light is then brought to her place. She tossed him into the living room and began dressing and cleaning his wounds. She obviously didn't want his blood to make her house dirty with the smell of blood. She has some rudimentary surgical and medical skills from her days as an assassin. She took her time tending to Asher Light's wounds.

She wasn't prepared for a man to suddenly have a high fever. This is a result of his infected wounds, lack of blood, and several hours spent drenched in the chilly rain. He would have had a fried brain if he hadn't been a special human.

Amber Dawn clicked her tongue in annoyance. Though she already expected this man to be a pain, still made her do work she never felt like doing irritated her.

"Maybe I should have just thrown you in a clinic or something. But this robe isn't ordinary, he might be a special human from the templar. Tsk! I've never liked the Templar Temple at all. They are useless to exist." Amber Dawn mumbled as she could only soothe her mood swings with a cigarette. She went out of the balcony and enjoyed a few sticks.

She was unaware that Asher Light had seen her liberal mindset and friendliness when he was writhing in pain. In a normal situation, one wouldn't help someone in an alley without knowing who they were. After all, the back alley is a shortcut to the slums and the black market and is where only nasty people hang out.

This is the first time in Asher Light's life that he has been shown kindness from someone's wisps. He is revered by everyone in the Templar Temple on the surface. But they would all try to replace him the instant he collapsed and bring him to hell. In such a setting, he had to maintain constant awareness.

But, despite having a terrible personality, the young lady in front of her exudes an air of purity. She seemed so intriguing that Asher couldn't help but surreptitiously watch her from a distance. It seems as though he had discovered this place to be his only refuge.

Asher Light's thoughts, 'I wonder if she would tell me her name if I ask. But I felt like she was going to hit me instead and throw me to the police station.'

He couldn't help but laugh in his heart before passing out from the fever because he was aware of his own thoughts. Luckily, the cool patch on his body helps him regulate his body temperature, as does the cool air conditioning in the room. When he dozed off, he used his special ability to restore his body to normal.

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At the depths of the Forbidden Area at the core of the Dark forest...

There is an old castle that is unspoiled by time. It maintains standing on its land without damage to its walls as if the castle itself was alive while sustaining itself. Only thoughts versed in the realm of formation would detect the peculiar mediums dispersed throughout the castle. There is a killing formation surrounding the castle which also maintains it clean and maintained.

In the throne room of the castle, a man with silver hair wearing a high-quality suit with finer embellishments than the ones offered in the city was asleep on his seat. The buttons of his outfit were crafted with diamonds. It was so huge that each piece might be sold for a few million. The laureate gold threads were fashioned from pure gold and even the material to build the garment is vicuna. The most expensive material to create suits. It is water-resistant, breathable, offers natural UV protection, and has a sumptuous feel.

Then this sleeping beauty opened his eyes and glanced in the direction of getting past his house barrier. A scent that he noticed previously once again assailed his nostrils. He woke up and stood up. One step was enough for him to travel the span distance from inside his castle to outside. Of the walls.

His fortress was buried beneath a formation. On the outside, nobody would see it. In the view of anyone not within his organization, there are just common clumps of trees in this region. But just now someone violently joined his formation. He stood in the place which generated tremors in his formation and was a bit shocked to see a giant black wolf covered in wounds and blood. Reportedly, it suffered from the killing formation that activated anytime an intruder violently entered it.

That wasn't actually the one that startled him. The reason is that this werewolf's blood has a strong resemblance to that of the Werewolf Ancestor he murdered a few days prior.

Unlike typical vampires who merely possess the powers of people with weaker lineage, Cassius Ambrosia might be called a deviant of his kind. There are no vulnerabilities in him. Not the light elements, the sunlight, and not even death can affect him. In summary, he is an Immortal creature who couldn't die at all. He imagined he would be the solitary being that would exist for all eternity which is why he never bothered about anything outside of his fortress. Yet he would occasionally amuse himself with the youngsters of his kind.

But at last, there appeared another creature just like him. Cassius Ambrosia was so certain that he had cruelly murdered that werewolf ancestor. He tore out his own heart with his own hands while he was still alive. Suddenly that entity was before him once again alive. So, I'm hardly living right now. This obsidian-furred werewolf was now dying from the lack of blood.

Cassius Ambrosia didn't do anything but only watch the black giant animal slowly expire before his gaze. He exudes such a lack of interest in the being in front of him as if it were completely unrelated to him.

At this sight, System Yue panicked in amazement while System Yang was as serene as always. These two were keeping an eye on the system area. They decided not to expose themselves only in case Lord Hei's soul fragment was also capable of seeing them, making the whole situation even crazier.

System Yue said, [Ah!! I can't believe this. Is this really Lord Hei?! How can he watch Milord die like this is in front of him!?! He was even watching him nonchalantly!]

[Calm down, Yue'er. This is normal. It is not like Lord Hei had any memories of his original identity. He is a new person born in this world and never knew about us. Moreover, Vampires and Werewolves are enemies, if he helps the Lord God then that would be even weirder.] System Yang explained.

System Yue mumbled, [Of course, I know that. It's just... I've always watched Lord Hei to always put Milord's life ahead of everything, even his own life. Now seeing him apathetic and indifferent towards the life and death of Milord, makes me feel uncomfortable.]

Cassius Ambrosia. The owner of the Old Castle in the heart of the Dark forest. There is just a guy living in this location. He didn't need to sleep in the coffin as the sun was harmless to him. He can sleep on the bed like regular people, but he thought it was pointless because he could sleep wherever. His life is still boring, so he occasionally wrecks things here and there to pass the time. Yet even that wouldn't continue for long before lost interest in it and decided to spend more time napping.

His life has now seen another intriguing development. His home was unexpectedly visited by this large, black werewolf. This one was obviously supposed to be the one he murdered, but it was now breathing in his sight. Though... It also appears to be dying. Cassius Ambrosia sensed something was wrong with him as the wolf's red irises met his silver irises with their murky rims.

Thump!

Then, his quiet heart began to beat. Even though it only happened once, he was nonetheless perplexed and uneasy. He had been living a routine existence, and this abrupt upheaval made him uneasy. His eyes abruptly became cold. This unease enraged him since he was someone who had complete control over everything. Their silver eyes sparkle with a malicious glare.

Cassius Ambrosia spoke, "I don't know what you are, but... you are making me uncomfortable so... you can only die again."

The roses next to them were manipulated by the monarch of the night, who sharpened their thorns and gave the order for them to stab the dying werewolf in front of his eyes. Directing its immediate death.

Yelps!!

Fenrir Skoll once more passed away in the hands of his beloved. Unable to speak as he was mercilessly murdered by the person he loves the most in the world. The life within the crimson eyes of the Werewolf Ancestor fades as it dies. Despite still, Cassius Ambrosia remained expressionless as he looked on as though the person he killed wasn't his destined partner. He turns around and prepares to enter his fortress again and sit on his throne.

Chapter 959 16.5 First Red Star – Wolf Packs Leaders

Once more, Fenrir Skoll was murdered by the one he loved. Despite yet, he was able to accept that his wife had no recollections of him, not even the memories of who he really is, so he didn't feel furious over the incident. He currently only knows that he was born in this world. As a progenitor of the vampire race, he controls the entirety of his kind.

Cassius Ambrosia, the Vampire Progenitor, never once turns to gaze at him. After being slain by him, he didn't think the werewolf would be able to survive again. He left Fenrir Skoll's body lying among the red rose bushes and went back to his castle. The nutrients the rose had gotten caused the blossoms to grow even larger than they typically do since they were fed by the powerful blood of a werewolf-like Fenrir Skoll. It gave a wonderful impression of beauty and death together in one moment.

A little moon and tiny sun materialized out of thin air when Cassius Ambrosia vanished within the palace. They linger over Lord God Ye's corpse while capturing the second scene of his death and then witness him experience a rebirth similar to the first.

Fenrir Skoll pushed the rose plants and earth over his body while feeling dizzy from the blood loss. He appears a little down in the dumps. Who would feel happy if his sweetheart murdered him twice in a row?

System Yue and System Yang looked at each other as they felt the flaunting in the Lord God's mood.

[Lord God Ye, can I make a suggestion?] System Yang asked.

Fenrir Skoll glanced at the talking tiny sun and said, "Do you have a way for my wife to let us stay by his side? If so... Speak clearly. I'm not in a good mood."

System Yang spoke, [There is a way. But first, we need to keep our distance from Lord Hei, who after all treats the Lord God as an enemy at this moment. Forcing our way in would just incur his distrust more.]

For the first time, Fenrir Skoll was willing to listen to someone other than his wife as to whether he would follow their words fully... that might be quite a tall order for this Sovereign.

.....

"Continue talking..." Fenrir Skoll said.

System Yue suggested, [For now why don't we change places, Milord? This location is still within the scope of Lord Hei's domain, he can most likely hear our conversation.]

Hmp! After snapping his fingers once, Fenrir Skoll vanished into thin air. He teleported straight beyond the walls of the old castle, yet he was still in the Dark Forest. As they witnessed Lord God Ye employing his wife's ability, System Yue and System Yang weren't taken aback. After all, this relationship is soul-related. Their whole existence, including their life and death, was shared.

Unknown to them, Cassius Ambrosia already noticed them when Fenrir Skoll revived for the second time. The weird black snowflake imprint on his lower left eye tingles the moment Fenrir comes back to life. He also noticed the same imprint under the right eye of the Werewolf Ancestor and wondered what kind of thing this imprint suddenly appeared on his face.

Without thinking, Cassius Ambrosia snarled at the flesh around his left eye. Even if it meant ripping his own face off, he intended to attempt removing it by force. The exquisiteness of his appearance was destroyed as the muscles and bones hidden behind the torn skin of his face came to the surface. The skinless portion of his face regains skin in a matter of seconds. The snowflake impression, though, is still visible on his freshly developed, spotless white skin.

"Hmm~ this is... a bit interesting. It looks fun~"

The night's monarch murmured. Even though his face is expressionless, those silver eyes have a hint of eagerness. He called the name of his one and only servant in this world.

"Luther D'Arcy"

A man with dark brown hair wrapped in a waterfall-style half-braid plait suddenly materialized among the assembled bats, holding one hand over his chest and the other behind his back. He bowed before the guy seated on the throne, lowering his back and lowering his head.

Luther D'Arcy appeared as he was summoned, "You called, my Lord."

"I wanted you to gather all the information about the werewolves, especially about the identity of the man outside this lordship." Cassius Ambrosia said.

Luther D'Arcy asked politely, "Would the Lord want me to clean up the person outside the house?"

“You wouldn’t be able to defeat that dog. He seems to have a special existence as I do. Let him be. Don’t care what he does but if he dares to bring other mutts into my territory then you can kill it. Go leave.” Cassius Ambrosia said as he looked out of the window in a certain direction where he could feel Fenrir Skoll’s aura. This time his eyes were languid but he didn’t choose to sleep. He finally found something that can entertain him for a few years.

Luther D’Arcy, the vampire from the Duke class, left without asking any more questions. Nevertheless, as he departs, he can hear a notification from his subsystem ringing in his brain. He once more changed into a swarm of bats and swooped out the open window to depart from the ancient fortress.

Subsystem 002 spoke, [Ding! Congratulations to the host. The Vampire Progenitor, Cassius Ambrosia’s trust level of you had increased from 10 to 15. Please do your best to get the loyalty of the target, Host!]

—

At the Death Mountain Range...

Today, every member of the Fenrir Tribe was there. They were instructed to go to two events that were required for each member of their race. The first is the funeral service for their ancestor, whom they all revered as their Beast God. Fenrir Skoll, a Werewolf Ancestor, was laid to rest. There were so many werewolves who were shocked and heartbroken by the untimely loss of their Ancestor. They found it difficult to absorb the news.

The second event is the coronation ceremony for Conri Lycaon, the adopted young cub of the Werewolf Ancestor himself and the new head of the Fenrir Tribe. His coronation as King of their race would take place on this day.

Certain pack leaders, such as the brown-furred pack led by Reika Louve and Ralph Hemming of the gray-furred pack, didn’t want to accept Conri Lycaon as the new king. As they went to the burial of the werewolf ancestor, these two were the ones who were the most depressed.

They believed that their progenitor was a beast god who had rescued them from hell. When they were young, the Templar Temple almost hunted their pack to extinction. They were saved and nurtured by Fenrir Skoll until they developed into their present state. Because of this, they were unable to accept Conri Lycaon’s opportune ascension and the abrupt death of their God.

Reika Louve and Ralph Hemming were standing next to each other, the woman with short permed light brown hair and orange eyes and the man with a light gray pixie cut and black eyes. They were dazed as they sat close to the coffin of the Werewolf Ancestor, Fenrir Skoll. Only a few individuals were still present, and the majority of them were present for the new king’s coronation.

Ralph Hemming said, “Reika, is it alright if you don’t attend the Coronation Ceremony?”

“Lyll will be enough for that place. Isn’t that why you sent only your subordinates to attend and stay here?” Reika Louve said.

Ralph Hemming asked, “What do you plan to do next?”

“... Leave the pack. I bought some houses in the middle region. I planned to mix with humans and live as one. I cannot stay in this place anymore. There is no one to return here for.” Reika Louve said as she looked at their Ancestor within the coffin. His eyes were closed as if he was only sleeping.

“Then... My pack and I will leave with yours. Though our numbers are a lot, compared to those with stronger bloodlines, we are weaker than them. Mixing with humans would be a better choice than staying here.” Ralph Hemming said.

The two pack leaders just made some decision when suddenly they heard someone butt in their conversation. It was the one person they didn't expect to appear in this place.

“You should halt such plans for now. The Templar Temple had restarted their hunts for werewolves and vampires ever since their Holy Son had gone missing. If you don't want to get hated stay inside the territory.”

This man's voice surprised Ralph Hemming and Reika Louve. They weren't expecting to be bothered by his unexpected presence and his proximity to them at this point. They observed the man with golden eyes and medium-length dark red hair.

“Randall Ruid. It is rare that you are here instead of pleasing the new king to become his minion.” Reika Louve said her tone was quite sarcastic and obviously didn't like the man in front of her.

Randall Ruid, however, shrugs his shoulders without seeming angered by Reika Louve's remarks. He seems bored as he fixes his gaze on the two werewolf leaders. He chose a spot in the room and curled up there. As he shuts his eyes, he appears as though he will doze off at any moment. Reika and Ralph find this sight of his to be unfathomable.

After all, the Randall Ruid they were familiar with was impatient and aggressive. Unless the other person is more powerful than he is, he would attack anyone who dared to disagree with him. In comparison to Conri Lycaon and the Ancestor, this guy possessed the strongest lineage. Reika Louve and Ralph Hemming were therefore inadequate in contrast to him.

Reika Louve's outward displays of contempt and hatred were due to her personality. She detested the original Randall Ruid's cowardly and parasitic character. The present Randall Ruid is different; this is the Warden's soul, which only obeyed orders from those he respected. Each little or huge issue that didn't require his involvement, he would neglect. Also, Elder Vilkas will do the remaining tasks for him. Just wait for the Lord to give him further instructions.

Ralph Hemming and Reika Louve both noted Randall Ruid's alterations. He lacked the unpleasant character he possessed, which enjoys torturing the helpless. Instead, he acted casually, as if he didn't care whether Conri Lycaon became the tribe's new king or not.

“He... Something is weird about him. Ralph, what do you think?” asked Reika Louve in a low voice.

Ralph Hemming observes Randall Ruid and slightly understands something. He started asking the person to back up his conjectures.

“Sir Ruid, aren't you going to attend the Coronation Ceremony?” Ralph Hemming asked.

Randall Ruid responded, "I left the things for the Ceremony to Ashina and Mayun. They don't need me there."

"Where are you, human companions?" Ralph Hemming asked.

Randall Ruid answered, "Like hell, I know! I ask the servants to send them away."

"Why are you here?"

"Are you blind? Of course, to take a nap. Tsk! Stop talking to me. I want to sleep!" Randall Ruid said as he turned over and faced them with his back.

In shock, Ralph and Reika exchanged glances. They weren't prepared for Randall Ruid to change so drastically all of a sudden. No matter how they thought about it, it's impossible.

But, Randall Ruid was actually this man standing in front of them.

Randall Ruid spoke, "If you want to leave the tribe because of Conri Lycaon, I suggest that you bear with it for now. Not only was the Templar Temple too active lately, the person himself had become annoying. I would be okay with our strengths greatly and he didn't have many people under him. But you two are different, just turn a blind eye to him. He wouldn't dare to make a move directly as the elders are holding him back. Listen to my words if you want to live long. Stop talking. I'm really going to sleep right now."

Chapter 960 16.6 First Red Star – The Last Letter from Dad

Human Territory's Middle Region Area,

Amber Dawn's Detached Condominium Unit

Asher Light's fever had finally been cured the next day. With his holy power, his injuries healed rapidly under his abilities. Amber Dawn who had witnessed the whole scene was at first shocked and then entertained. She thought something weird had happened when he suddenly saw the man he picked suddenly glowing in gold light.

She was now checking in the man's scarlet robe and noticed the sun crest on it. The Sun Crest was skillfully embroidered on the robe, it looks like it was made of gold. Amber Dawn checked the former clothes of the man she picked, her plan was to mend his clothing as she had seen so many holes in it. Moreover, she cannot leave a half-naked man in her own house.

Amber Dawn was surprised that this scarlet robe didn't leave any holes despite the owner's injuries all over his body.

"What a weird cloth!? How come it does not have a hole even though the wearer is full of wounds?" mumbled the young lady.

A voice was suddenly heard from behind her, a hoarse yet deep voice.

"It is water resistant, can block knives and bullets, and has a UV protection feature. Even if it got ripped it would restore itself and have an auto-cleaning function. It's useful, right? Do you want it? I can have someone make you one."

When Amber Dawn turns around she sees a platinum blond young man smiling at her while emitting the aura of holiness. He looks like an angel that fell on earth. The young heroine stares at his handsome face with an almost drooling expression and especially those orange irises with golden rims. It looks like a small pair of suns were embedded within his eyes.

.....

Pfft!

Asher Light chuckles while saying, "You're drooling..."

Amber Dawn was startled and calmly wiped her mouth. Then she looks at the handsome man in his house. Even though there is an unknown man in her house, she doesn't care about it.

"You're finally awake. Your injuries healed after a few nights. You are not an ordinary human, aren't you? From the Templars?" Amber Dawn asked.

Asher Light's smile faded and said, "You know about the Templar Temple?"

"My father used to be a Vampire Slayer." Amber Dawn as she thought of the memories of the original and their happy times as a family. Though it was short, the three of them were the happiest at that time.

The Holy Son isn't insensitive. When he heard Amber say 'Used' he knew that the Slayer must have died in his mission or something. After all, their opponents were races who are capable of inhuman means. In short, they are monsters. *novelUSB/c/o\mm*

Asher Light said, "I'm sorry." He can only say these words as he knew he had overdone it just now. He is so used to distrusting other people that he can hardly believe other people's words. Especially the other humans who knew about the Templar Temple.

Amber Dawn said, "It's okay. Dad says that people from the Templars are distrusting of others because they had to live a life always in danger and were cautious of everything. My dad once said that if he didn't meet my mom he would be someone that is like a loner."

Upon hearing the young lady's words Asher Light felt lighter in his heart because he knew that the lady in front of him didn't blame him for his guarded action just now.

"What is your name? My name is Asher Light. Thank you for helping me in my predicament. But you should avoid going out at night for a while. There are some vampires that entered the city." The Holy Son said to his savior.

Amber Dawn shrugs her shoulders and said, "Next time I'll just take delivery orders online. The name is Amber Dawn. Make sure to pay me for my help. I love desserts so bring that next time."

"Um... Nice to meet you, Amber. But I have a request... Can I..."

"You want to stay in my place for a while. Aren't your injuries fully healed?" asked Amber Dawn.

Asher Light didn't know how to explain his situation. Because by doing so he might accidentally tell her something she shouldn't know and fall into danger.

“My internal injuries aren’t fully healed yet but I can go into combat in such a state. Please allow me to stay here until I get fully healed and contact my people. I promise to pay you in the end.” Asher Light said as he lowered his head.

Sigh!

Amber Dawn said, “Then stay as long as you need. But if something happens you must protect me. Plus, I’m going back to school after three months. We are currently on vacation so I’m at home.”

“Okay. Thank you for the second time.”

“As for this...” Amber Dawn lifted the red robe in her hands and said, “I want one. In the form of a jersey. Rest for a bit more. I’m going to cook dinner.”

Asher Light laughed and said, “I will get a few pairs done for you once I’ve returned. By the way, do you live alone?”

“Yes. After my dad died my mom had gone missing and was declared dead as she disappeared near the Dark Forest. Don’t worry I have a big inheritance under my name so I don’t need to worry about money.” Amber Dawn said as if she wasn’t the protagonist of such a sad life.

Asher Light turned silent when he heard this. How old was the lady in front of him? He obviously didn’t expect Amber Dawn to live in such a big place on her own. Like him, she is already an orphan even before adulthood. It was just that they were a bit different, he got adopted for his special abilities while she had to live alone as an ordinary human.

He couldn’t help but watch her from a distance. Even though Amber Dawn looks approachable and easy to befriend, those who were sensitive can still feel the open distance she makes between herself and the other people. She would never pry at things that are not allowed and would speak a few words as if trying to make one talk. She had her guard up ever since Asher Light had woken up.

Like at this moment, if he does anything against her while cooking that knife in her hand would definitely fly towards him. He is quite well known for his fighting techniques so he would be able to notice subtle movements Amber Dawn makes which an ordinary person wouldn’t do.

The smooth movement of her wrist and fingers, light strength in grip when holding or carrying something as if it can be thrown anytime and the controlled breathing as if it can disappear anytime.

Asher Light whispered, “Such a great knife technique. Was her dad an assassin-type Slayer?”

—

In the Dead Mountain Range...

Conri Lycaon had successfully completed his coronation. Most members of the Fenrir Tribe had attended the ceremony but he still noticed that the Pack leaders in the tribe had only sent a representative to go to the Ceremony.

The dark red-furred wolf pack sent Ashina Ruid and Mayun Ruid but the real pack leader, Randall Ruid had gone missing. He knew about that as he was informed that Elder Vilkas called him over for

something. While the other two pack leaders, Reika Louve and Ralph Hemming both don't like him much so it was understandable that they wouldn't attend his coronation personally.

Conri Lycaon was reading the report his spies had given to him. It was said that Reika Louve and Ralph Hemming were planning to detach themselves from the tribe and become roamers but they were stopped by Randall Ruid. These guys usually hate each other especially Reika Louve hated Randall Ruid's guts.

"Why are the three of them together? Randall started to act weird ever since the death of the foster father. He stopped acting like a fool." The King of Wolves said.

Then he looked at the other report from outside of their territory saying that the Holy Son of the Templar had gone missing after ambushing the King of Vampire, Athan Vladimir. Also the movement of the Templar Temple, their elite force was sent out to look for their Holy son and eliminate all vampires or werewolves on sight.

"The movement of the Templar is quite big this time. Those bloodsuckers would definitely retaliate. Should I mix in the chaos too?" mumbled Conri Lycaon.

When suddenly someone knocked on his study room.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

He heard his butler's voice from beyond the door, "Master, Sir Randall Ruid had come over to see you. He said there is something you must receive."

"Let him in. Prepare some coffee as well." Conri Lycaon commanded.

"Yes."

The butler opened the door for the guest. The young man's shiny red hair entered the line of sight that Conri Lycaon has, it was Randall Ruid as expected. As soon as the guest entered the butler shut the door to prepare the coffee his master asked for. On the other hand, Randall Ruid gestured towards the couches in the room but he didn't take a seat at all.

Conri Lycaon said, "You came here for me?"

Randall Ruid nodded his head and walked closer to the young man. He placed a black envelope on the table in front of Conri Lycaon. When the latter saw the handwritten words of his name in white ink on it, the king of wolves was stunned. With his hands slightly trembling, he picked up the black envelope carefully as if afraid of accidentally ripping it.

"We found it among the things in the Ancestor's things. Elder Vilkas told me to give it to you. We didn't open it as it had your name on it. I only came over to give that to you. Please excuse me, I shall take my leave." Randall Ruid said as he took his leave.

Conri Lycaon was so concerned about the envelope in his hand that he didn't even stop Randall from leaving. The latter bumps into the butler bringing coffee but only nods before leaving. The butler was at first bewildered when the guest suddenly left but didn't forget his job and served his master some coffee. When he saw the letter in front of Conri Lycaon, he finally understood everything.

The young man with navy blue hair said, "Butler, do you think foster father already knows about my plans?"

"Master... we will only know the answer to that if you read the will of the Supreme Lord." The butler said.

Um~

Conri Lycaon hesitantly opened the letter inside the black envelope. He saw the aggressive yet neat writing of his father. The letters were almost unreadable as the Ancestor wasn't used in writing something. He was used to ordering people instead.

This is a message the original Fenrir Skoll had written before he died. The Ancestor of the Fenrir race is a dying old wolf. He knew his time was coming but he didn't want to die with his people around him. So he locked himself inside a presidential suite that Conri Lycaon had prepared for him.

He already knew his adopted cub's ambition but didn't do anything to stop him. First, he loves his cub and second, he already can't hold on. He wanted to kill a high-ranked vampire for the sake of his tribe before he took his last breath. Unfortunately, he couldn't hold one and Ye Xiajie took over.

The contents of the letter,

[To my dearest little cub,

Cub, by the time you are reading this Dad is no longer around so be careful around the elders. If you want someone to help you, Vilkas would be the greatest choice. Forgive me for not saying goodbye and can only write a letter like this. Dad's writing is too ugly so I had to practice for a long time.

Remember to become the true king of werewolves you mustn't only rule with fear but also with respect. Show your generation that you can lead, that you can protect them and under your reign, there would be the peace they long for.

Your generation is especially interesting. That red-furred brat likes to play around with women but he would be loyal to the strong he would be easy to handle. Just keep a leash on his siblings and he would stay. For the little brown girl and her admirer the gray one, this is a set. You must convince the little girl and the gray one would definitely follow.

Also, you might not know this but... Never ever enter the depths of the Dark Forest the Progenitor of the Vampires is there but he was not on anyone's side. Just treat him like a sleeping lion as long as you don't wake him up, he would not be a problem. Be careful of the old foxes in the Temple Temple. Those old things become craftier as they age. If possible I want to give you a world without war but Dad can no longer hold on.

Remember my words, my cub. Grow more powerful than the others but have a pure heart than those evil ones.

Love,

Daddy Skoll]