

My Three Wives Are Beautiful Vampires

Chapter 1066: His name is... John... Just John.

Velnorah's Laboratory, with Aline and Ruby in Elvelnorah.

Victor stood gazing at a hologram in front of him, which displayed images of men and women over two meters tall.

While keeping his left hand behind his back, he placed his right hand on his chin, lightly stroking it and displaying a thoughtful expression.

As he expected, Hela had greatly aided the progression of the clones, and in just a few hours of study assisted by Albedo, she reached a conclusion he had previously arrived at but had lacked evidence to refute.

'No, Beings not directly related to me in some way can withstand the Power of my Soul,' Victor thought.

It wasn't a matter of the Beings being Mortal or not; it was simply a matter of compatibility. All his Wives had accepted a part of him because they already had a part of him within them when they were transformed into Dragons.

His Daughters didn't even need to think about it since they were born from his Essence and already had compatibility with him.

His Soul, his blood, any part of his body was extremely toxic due to the 'unique' factor he possessed within himself. If any fool tried to steal his flesh and implant it in themselves, all they could expect was a gruesome death.

"I have several ways to solve this problem... Which should I choose?"

The problem wasn't a matter of resources or time. Victor had plenty of both, and if needed, he could generate even more of these two resources.

The question was which 'path' he should follow. Numerous competent soldiers? Or fewer specialized Elites.

The first path, he could mass-produce quickly, while the second would take more years to be ready and would demand more resources, but in return, the soldiers would be weapons of mass destruction.

"Human blood is the key here... Or, to be more specific, the adaptability factor given by The Heavenly Father, but only Adam has it to a higher degree."

As someone who also had adaptability within him, he knew very well how it worked.

After thinking for a few seconds and referencing his past experiences with thousands of memories, a decision was made.

"Elite soldiers, that's the way." 'Weak' soldiers he could recruit from his allies, while his forces would all be Elites.

With this plan in mind, Victor left his thinking pose and started working, making various gestures with his hand as the holograms began to move, forming two Beings, one male and one female.

"Human blood is the key here... Or, to be more specific, the adaptability factor given by The Heavenly Father, but only Adam has it to a higher degree."

As someone who also had adaptability within him, he knew very well how it worked.

"The adaptability must not be too strong, or the body will not endure the changes... The adaptability will also help in the integration of my Soul."

Glorious be Human blood, a pity its own Creator wasted such potential.

"Dragonoid for a closer connection to me to assist in this adaptation process, and for a stronger, more robust body, and... Blessings from my Divinity related to Combat."

The bodies of the man and woman, originally two meters tall, grew to three meters. Their bodies became more robust, and their features became more pronounced. Each of them manifested some Draconic Aspects in some distinct way.

Some had Dragon's Eyes, others had Scales, some had Draconic Horns, some had all, others none. The appearance of these characteristics depended on how each Being's Soul would develop.

"If they are to be Elites, the Demonic Factor will aid them... But the Demonic Factor is complicated and may lead to insubordination if I am not present, and mixing the Demonic and Draconic Factors is a recipe for disaster for so many Beings..." Victor paused, manipulating the hologram while thinking.

"The Human and Angelic Factors can help contain the 'sins' inherent to the two Races, but one more would be necessary." Victor thought of all the entirely friendly Races he knew and made a decision.

"Faeries, huh... With the Essence of Faeries, they would essentially be like Elves, connected to Nature... Connected to me."

"Heh." Victor laughed and began working again.

It was to this sight of Victor laughing and making extravagant gestures that Ruby, Aline, and Velnorah were introduced upon entering his personal laboratory.

"...What is he doing?" Ruby asked.

"Enhancing the clones, I think..." Aline replied.

"He's taken complete charge of the project, huh," Velnorah spoke.

"Well, he's not a scientist, but he is a Creator, so his input is quite welcome," Ruby said.

The three women soon fell silent and began to 'study' what Victor was doing.

And although they understood most of what he was doing, there was something specific they did not comprehend.

"What is that?" Ruby asked with narrowed eyes, and by 'that', she was referring to something specific in the Souls of the Beings Victor was projecting.

The hologram was just a way to visualize better, but what he was truly doing was editing in real time a Soul that had not yet gained consciousness, a process that would be extremely painful if he wished so.

"...Is that Human? A Human Soul? No... It's more specific, is it a Human Power?" Velnorah analyzed even deeper.

"Oh, I get it, the Human's Adaptability, huh," Aline said.

"Oh." Ruby and Velnorah exclaimed in understanding when they heard Aline's words.

Ignoring the new visitors, Victor continued with his work as the body in the hologram changed again.

"The body of a Dragonoid and the pride of the same, the adaptability of the Humans and their ingenuity, the obedience of the Angels and their kindness, the aggression of the Demons and their cruelty, the spirit of the Faeries, which, when diluted, gives them a connection to Nature... And not just any Nature, but rather my Nature, thus forming a direct connection with me."

The body was ready again, and this time, the body was four meters tall. But don't be mistaken, they may be tall, but they were as agile as an Elf, and due to so many

'characteristics', it was not possible to maintain so many unique things in a small body like that of a Human.

"And in the end, to make all this possible so that existence does not declare them as breaking The Balance... 0.0000001% of my Soul that will grow over time."

"And it is with these ingredients that I create my Elite Soldiers, The Emperor's Soldiers."

Victor's smile grew as his Soul was accepted without hindrance. "To the uninitiated, you will just be seen as Dragonoids because of my Essence mixing everything together with the Dragonoid body as a base, but they'll barely know what kind of balance-breaking existence you are."

The two bodies vanished, and two white spheres appeared in Victor's hand. Looking at the Souls in his hand, Victor poured on his Blessings.

While observing the spheres, he spoke: "Is the creation chamber ready?"

Victor's question awakened the three women.

"Y-Yes, Darling. The creation chambers have been completed, but there are only 500 units. We need to make more." Aline quickly replied while at the end glaring at Velnorah, who was 'too busy' doing other things and had not yet finished the project.

"Only 500?" Victor raised an eyebrow and looked at his Wives.

Velnorah swallowed hard. "I had work to do... But I will finish quickly!"

Darting to the corner of the room, Velnorah began to use her Technomancy skills to produce more creation chambers. Each creation chamber could support just one Being. With Velnorah's Powers over technology and her nearly limitless resources, the creation chambers would be ready in less than 10 minutes.

'I think another 2000 will be enough for now... I have to create a larger place for the soldiers to 'awaken'.' Instead of going straight to making the creation chambers, she went to make a separate construction that would serve for when the soldiers woke up. After that, she would create more creation chambers.

'A warm yet disciplined reception is necessary.' Velnorah began to think about the plans for the place where the soldiers would wake up. 'I must ask for help from Hestia and Hephaestus too.'

Aline just shook her head when she saw Velnorah's reaction. She had warned Velnorah to prioritize the clone project first since Victor's interest was turned towards that matter, but as the woman had the attention span of a goldfish, she quickly deviated from the topic.

Victor just shook his head slightly at Velnorah but showed no disapproval or anything like that, just amusement.

"I guess the exercise is over?" Victor asked Ruby, while at the same time 'looking' in the direction of his Daughters and seeing what had happened the whole time they were there.

All the events from each of his Daughters' points of view appeared in his mind. With his efficient brain, he was able to process everything quickly.

The events were tiny compared to the billions of memories from the Beings he'd consumed, but each of these events was more important than the billions of memories he had. After all, these events showed the growth of his Daughters.

'Oh? The exercise isn't over yet?' Victor thought.

"The exercise isn't over yet, I just used my Powers to get out for a bit and see what's been going on. After all, unlike Violet, I don't have a timeless 'clock'." She snorted.

"And how did you manage to get out?" Victor asked curiously. He could easily see, but he wanted to hear it from his Wife's own mouth.

Ruby displayed a triumphant smile, and with a gesture of her hand, several Runes appeared in front of her.

"I have Mastered the efficiency of my Runes."

"... Oh? I saw that you overcame your blockage." Ruby had Mastered the use of the Runes since it was essential for her research, but she had not Mastered their 'efficiency'.

It may seem like the same thing, but it was different.

For example, Victor could say [Water], and it would create water, but with the same words, he could also create different effects, and these effects would be even stronger.

Ruby only Mastered the different effects, not the efficiency that would make the water stronger, but that had changed, it seemed.

"Yeah, and to think that it took limiting my Powers to 'feel' the Runes better... Sometimes, our immense Power blinds us."

"That's true." Victor nodded. "Congratulations on overcoming another bottleneck."

"Thank you." Ruby showed a beautiful smile.

Ruby looked curiously at the Souls in Victor's hand.

"Do they have consciousness yet?"

"Yes, but I am keeping them asleep."

"Follow me," Victor ordered and began walking towards the creation chambers that were already ready.

"The current creation chambers must be replaced..." Aline muttered.

Without looking at Aline, Victor spoke. "It's not necessary. Even if they have several characteristics, they are still Dragonoids I personally made. I wouldn't exclude the regeneration of Vampires and their metamorphosis from their Powers."

"... I see. They can change their size at will, which will be very useful."

"As much as having a legion of 4-meter tall Beings walking around is imposing, it's not suitable for certain delicate tasks, so the metamorphosis ability is necessary for more flexibility." Victor didn't want to make Beings that were useful for only a selective number of scenarios. They needed to work in all scenarios and maintain maximum efficiency.

They have to be true war machines.

Arriving in an environment surrounded by machines covered in liquid, Victor gently placed the female Soul inside the Machine.

The Machine was activated, and soon a 'baby' began to be created.

"Got a name for the little one, Darling?" Aline asked as she went to the terminal, and began to operate the Machine.

"Hmm..." Victor made a thoughtful expression.

"Michelle K. Davis."

"... Darling, that's copyrighted." Ruby said with an amused smile as she remembered the anime they and her Daughters had watched a few days ago, an anime where humanoid cockroaches invaded Earth.

"Not to mention that when she grows up, she won't be blonde, so it doesn't fit."

Victor snorted. "Clare Bloodhunter."

"... Better, but still chunni," Ruby commented.

"A Man grows up but never leaves aside his inner child," Victor said proudly.

"They say that the first 70 years of a Human child's childhood are eternal."

"At 70, Humans are already old, Aline."

"Exactly, Ruby." Aline smiled.

Ruby snorted and decided not to care anymore.

Victor and Aline looked at each other and laughed lightly.

"Clare Bloodhunter, is that it?"

"Yes."

"Okay." Aline typed on the terminal, and soon Clare Bloodhunter, codename C-000, appeared on the terminal.

Victor walked into the next chamber and placed the male Soul. The same thing happened before but with one difference: the baby opened its eyes and looked at Victor.

"Heh, you're exceptional, huh."

"What's his name going to be, Darling?" Aline asked.

Looking at the baby, Victor's eyes glowed slightly violet as he began to grow a wide smile.

"John." Victor gently touched the creation chamber.

"John... What?"

"Just, John."

"No need for a last name?" Aline asked.

"John is a Chad. He doesn't need a last name."

Ruby rolled her eyes, only she understood the reference here. Aline wasn't cultured enough. 'Well, that game left its mark on a lot of people.'

"Very well..." Aline typed John's name and right next to it appeared his codename. Since the name was short, the Machine summarized it to John-000.

Every time John 'dies', the number will go up. The number was a count of deaths, but it was also a symbol of honor and service to The Emperor.

"I predict that in his 117th reincarnation, you will give him a Power buff and give him a Cortana-model A.I.?"

"Who knows?" Victor laughed. "It all depends on John."

Victor opened his hands again, and soon, five white spheres appeared, two more women and three more men. With a gesture, he moved these Souls to their respective creation chambers.

"These 7 will be the first. The clones will come from them, and their DNA was made so that replication would be possible, but only by those who are authorized. If someone I don't allow tries to do something with this DNA... Well, a surprise will await them."

"Oh... When you make them, don't forget to give them different appearances. Despite being clones, they need to be unique in some way."

"Yes, Darling." Ruby and Aline nodded.

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Chapter 1067: Soldiers of the Emperor.

His name was John, just John. Unlike his companions, only he and Conan did not have a surname.

The first thing John saw when he came into existence was the lively and caring face of a man, a man he immediately understood was his 'Father', his 'Creator', the one who gave him life.

After that, all he saw was darkness and many memories, memories that he knew were not his, memories that were implanted by that man.

He was never lost in those overwhelming memories because he had a clear distinction that those memories were not his and that they were done on purpose. Those memories were just lessons he needed to learn from, memories of the heroes of the past, their tactics, their strategies, their intelligence.

He saw, he felt, but he was numb. He was there, but at the same time, he was not.

He had seen countless wars on various scales: world wars, wars between countries, Supernatural wars, and apocalyptic wars. He had seen it all and learned. He did not feel overwhelmed or disgusted by the killing or the scenes of carnage.

For him, all of this was natural. He supposed it was one of the characteristics of his Race, but he just felt sorry for the innocents who were caught in the conflict between the Powers, something that, if possible, he would try to change, but not in a way that compromised his duty.

'Duty?' John felt confused at first, but he didn't think about it for now.

He didn't know how much time passed, but he began to lose consciousness... Even in an unconscious state where he couldn't move, John could feel the presence of his Creator within him. He was there, he was always there, watching him, teaching him, and preparing him.

'Preparing me for what?' He asked himself. He didn't expect an answer, but he received one anyway.

"Your Duty."

'My Duty? What is my duty?'

"You will know in the future."

Upon hearing these words, he woke up. Unlike his tiny body before, he seemed stronger, still young, but not powerless.

He had turned 10 but didn't seem to have the height of a human child. He was 10 years old but already stood 2 meters tall and had a completely mature body.

Young they were, but they weren't weak.

Upon exiting the creation chamber, the first thing he saw was the same tall man, 5 meters tall in his majestic armor, with hair that seemed to be made from the material of a black hole and piercing Draconic violet eyes.

Everyone here knew who he was, Victor Elderblood, The Dragon God Emperor, a man who held many Titles, but the most important to them was... Their Creator.

"Emperor." Without wasting any time, a woman with long black hair, Draconic blue eyes, and black horns fell to one knee.

'Clare Bloodhunter,' John thought, instinctively knowing all of his companions' names.

As soon as Clare knelt, two other women joined her.

The first one to join her had long golden hair and piercing green eyes, and on her head, instead of horns, small white wings could be seen.

'Laura Bloodhunter.'

The second one to join Clare was a white-haired woman who seemed to be the opposite of Clare. Her skin was much paler, and instead of having a slender body like her two sisters, she had a more curvaceous body. Her eyes were Draconic red, and she had no horns or any other noticeable Draconic features, but when she said 'Emperor', everyone saw that her teeth were much sharper than theirs.

As a shapeshifter, everyone could have what she had, but it seemed that she had naturally developed that way. The impression she gave off was very different from that of her Sisters, too. She was much more 'intense'.

'Kiana Bloodhunter.'

As soon as the three women knelt, the men immediately followed.

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Clare knew her purpose from the beginning. In the 10 years she spent learning from her Creator, she knew what she had to do, and because of that, it was natural for her to kneel in front of her Creator.

Her state of nudity? Shame? None of that mattered. She was a warrior, and her teachings told her to be like that, so that's how she was.

In war, any loss of attention was deadly, especially for her, who had such a 'desirable' figure. She saw very well what happened to women in the wars that her Creator showed her.

That was a warning and a lesson for her. The weak are trampled, and the strong are exalted. That's how things really are.

Even though she was the Emperor's Creation, she wasn't strong... Yet.

"Emperor."

Four male voices were heard, and Clare glanced at her companions from the corner of her eye.

The first was a dark-haired man with black hair and brown eyes. He had sharp teeth and black horns on his head, looking like a barbarian from Clare's memories. Everything about him screamed 'masculinity'.

'Conan.'

The second man was the complete opposite of Conan. He seemed more androgynous with a more delicate appearance. His body was masculine like a swimmer's and not full of muscles like Conan. He had black hair and bright golden eyes.

'Caelus Hunter.'

The third man was strange... Strange like her 'Sister Kiana'. He had white hair, an expressionless face, and gray eyes. Like Caelus, he had a body that was not as muscular as Conan's, but was instead sized halfway between Caelus and Conan.

But even through his expressionless eyes, Clare could see the adoration he had for their Creator.

'Kaleb Hunter'

The last man was more... Plain... Black hair, black eyes; a simple but refined appearance. Just like Kaleb, he had a body that was halfway between Caelus's slender and Conan's muscular.

'John... Just like Conan, he was the only one who didn't receive a surname. I wonder if there was a reason for that.' Clare was curious, but she wouldn't doubt the Emperor's actions.

"Good."

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A simple word, but it was said with such weight and authority that everyone had no choice but to look at the man.

"Very good indeed." The Emperor's eyes flashed slightly, and he looked at each of them in turn.

They all felt as if they would be crushed by the weight of his gaze.

"You have grown expeditiously in these last 10 years... But it is still not enough to fulfill your duties. Lessons through heroic memories do not make you heroes. Training to polish your talent is necessary."

"Follow me."

The orders were given, and they followed obediently. The moment they left the creation chambers where they slept, they realized their bodies were covered by a black uniform with dark violet and red details, with a noticeable crest of a Dragon on their right chest.

Immediately, they realized that they had entered another place similar to the one they were previously in, only many times larger. Seeing the hundreds of creation chambers on the walls, they looked around in amazement.

"These are your future brothers and sisters in battle, though they are still in their growth phase." The Emperor explained as if he knew their doubts.

Internally, Victor was feeling amused; memories of ancient Beings they may have, but they were still 10-year-old children... 10-year-old children who could erase an entire city with the slightest mistake.

Victor 'looked' at Laura behind him. 'She suffered a mutation just like Aphrodite... but hers was caused by the Essence of the Angels and not by her Divinity...' From what he could see, her disposition was the kindest among the seven.

'Using the Essence of an Archangel in her Creation must have caused this.' Unlike the others where he only used normal Angel Essence, Victor used Lucifer's Essence on Laura.

It was just a momentary curiosity since, when he created the other six, he was using 'equivalent' Essences to balance everything with the Dragonoid Race as a base. He thought that in the end, he should add something unique that was equivalent to a Dragonoid, and that's how Laura was born.

'Well, it's not like that's bad.' Anyone who read the real Bible knew how 'scary' Angels were.

Passing by the place where the battle brothers of the seven were, they passed through a massive door that seemed to be impenetrable and arrived at a sunny area.

In that place, four Beings were waiting.

Hassan-i Sabbah, The Greatest Assassin in the world.

The Roman Emperor, Julius Caesar.

Abe-No-Seimei, The Greatest Onmyoji.

And last but not least, Scathach Scarlett Elderblood.

The seven felt overwhelmed again, but this time, it was not as oppressive as the Emperor. If they were to make a comparison, the Emperor was like something that was impossible to overcome, but three of the Beings before them felt like they were strong but not impossible to defeat.

Their 'instincts' said so.

But... The woman... The woman gave off a feeling similar to the Emperor's. She was weaker but very close to the Emperor's stature. When the seven looked at the woman's physical characteristics, Draconic eyes, and Draconic horns, they understood why.

Just like the Emperor, she was also a True Dragon.

"Victor, you want me to train them? Don't they seem... Weak?"

It was worth noting that Scathach's standard of 'talent' underwent several changes over time, and when she had children with Victor, her standard of talent changed to her children as a basis.

Yes... Her common sense was utterly broken, and she didn't even realize it. After all, Victor's Daughters were born from Victor, a monster of talent and potential, with women who were also monsters in their respective fields.

Victor's own Daughter with Scathach was a perfect example of this.

"Your common sense is distorted, Scathach." Victor spoke calmly and did not reprimand her for using his name when he was acting as the 'Emperor'. If there was anyone who deserved to speak casually to him, no matter the occasion, be it public or private, it was Scathach.

'Scathach...' The seven swallowed hard. They knew this woman. Not personally, but rather through the memories of the 'heroes' they had received knowledge from.

In almost every war that had occurred in the last 2000 years, this woman had been present in some way.

The Godslayer, Scathach Scarlett. Also known as The Teacher of Heroes.

They just didn't recognize her because she was completely different from before... Which was obvious considering what she was now.

"Look carefully and try not to compare them to our Daughter, but to the Heroes of the past that you trained."

"... Hmm..." Following her Husband's instructions, Scathach looked with her Draconic eyes at the seven again.

This time, the seven felt the same pressure they had felt from the Emperor as their bodies became tense and stiff, and they could barely breathe properly.

Five seconds passed as Scathach 'looked' at their existence with her eyes and instincts. In the past, she had only used her instincts, and she was usually correct. Now, as a Goddess and, at the same time, a True Dragon, she could 'see' deeper into a Being.

And what she saw made her opinion change.

"Heh." Scathach smiled, and with just that smile, Victor knew she was interested.

'I pity them a little for what they're about to go through... Just a little.' Victor thought wistfully. After all, Scathach had become even more 'efficient' in training people.

'Well, no pain, no gain.'

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'They are not 'monsters' like Merlin, my teacher, or Victor. They are not as strong or as talented as our Daughters, but they are not mediocre either. If compared to all the Heroes and Gods of the past, they are in the same category as the Gods.'

Gods were experts in their own right, and comparing a Mortal to the same talent as the Gods was a great compliment.

'Although, this is to be expected from Beings that Victor personally Created... I must reflect on my shortcomings in comparing everyone to our Daughters.' Scathach was an objective woman. If she found something that she considered a problem in herself, she would fix it.

"Let me introduce you to your teachers. Hassan-i Sabbah, he will teach you about all types of assassinations and how to take a life."

The assassin simply nodded to the seven soldiers.

"Julius Caesar, the Roman Emperor, he will teach you about politics."

"Former Emperor, Your Imperial Majesty... I cannot be considered Emperor if my government is dead." The man spoke respectfully.

Victor only smiled slightly and continued: "Abe-No-Seimei, The Greatest Onmyoji who walked these lands. He will teach you about philosophy, and you will learn wisdom from him. After all, even with all the strength and intelligence, without the wisdom to apply it correctly, it's useless."

"Well, I am no longer The Greatest Onmyoji, but I will do my best to teach you," Abe-No-Seimei said.

"And last but not least, my Wife and former Master, Scathach Scarlett Elderblood."

'The Emperor's Master...' The seven opened their eyes wide. To them, this Title was much more meaningful than the others she had.

This reaction made Scathach roll her eyes, but she didn't comment.

"She will polish your talents." No further description was needed for Scathach. She would ensure that they were great warriors.

The 7 were amazed. They had the best teachers at their disposal and a great opportunity, but they had doubts.

"I see your doubts, soldiers. Speak."

"... Why spend so many resources on us...?" John asked. To him, it made no sense at all.

"There are two things that irritate me the most in this world: someone harming my Family and seeing my subordinates falling into mediocrity without progressing in their own talents," Victor spoke with disdain. "I Created you to be the best of the best that my Empire has to offer. You are my Creation, my Children, my Spear, my Shield... My Imperial Soldiers."

"My Will will be exercised through my Soldiers." Victor closed his hand in front of them and then opened it while speaking with a solemn face: "Therefore, it is only logical that my Soldiers receive the best training and environment to develop."

The seven opened their eyes wide. Did the Emperor think so highly of them?

"John, Clare, Kiana, Laura, Conan, Kaleb, and Caelus. You seven are the first of seven Legions that will be born through your experiences, my seven Imperial Commanders who will work directly under my General, Scathach."

They looked at Scathach and then looked at Victor again.

"...But these are my plans for the future. For now... You must train. After all, you may not be able to meet my expectations."

Victor turned and said: "I will be watching... Just as always." And disappeared in raging flames.

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Jupiter's Outskirts.

Appearing in a Command Room, the first thing he heard was.

"Now that they have heard those words, the probability of them succeeding in their training is much higher," Velnorah spoke.

Victor smiled. "I know."

"... I was skeptical because the Emperor himself needed to be present when they woke up, but now I understand why you did it."

"Being an Emperor who is worshiped from afar is good... But being an Emperor who is close to his subjects and understands his subjects is even better."

"Not to mention that a warm welcome is more memorable than a cold one."

"And by using these seven as the basis for future clones, all the 'brothers and sisters' of these seven will have the same experience as them... Which is why you recorded their experiences down to the words 'Emperor's Soldiers' and did not record their names."

"Exactly." Victor handed an Orb to Velnorah.

"The experiences of the seven will be recorded in this Orb. All we must do is give the clones combat experience, political expertise, and wisdom. I do not want my soldiers to be stupid and unable to think for themselves."

"I will separate the set of memories that the new clones will inherit." Velnorah nodded seriously.

"How is the progress?"

"The Continental Spaceships are ready, as are the Warships that will be controlled by Akasha."

Initially, the plan was for separate Beings to control each of these ships individually, but with the Creation of Akasha, such a thing was no longer necessary. She alone could control all the ships.

"Operators are also necessary... We will make another Legion of Clones focused more on support, and we will use Laura's memories and blood as a base."

"Why her specifically?" Velnorah asked curiously.

"My instinct tells me that this is the right decision," Victor said with a small smile.

"If you don't want to tell, just say so." Velnorah snorted. She knew her Husband well enough to know that he wouldn't make such an important decision based solely on instinct. He must know something about Laura that she doesn't.

'It doesn't matter, I'll find out.' Velnorah thought as she studied Laura in the background.

Victor just smiled at Velnorah's reaction and looked below. Currently, he was in the Command Room in his Personal Spaceship. The ship still didn't have a name, and it didn't have any personnel yet.

This spaceship was a Continental Spaceship that could house an entire country and would be one of the Emperor's 'external' Command Centers. After all, the safest place was still his personal Dimensions that were in his Soul.

"How long until everything is ready, Velnorah?"

"30... Actually, 50 minutes. The Time for them will be different from ours. After all, by the time they finish their training, it will be time for the other Clones to come to life."

One of the advantages of being practically omnipotent in his territory was that he could change the Time Flow of everything with his Divinity more easily. A large amount of Energy would be spent, but for Victor, who had an Energy reactor for a heart while simultaneously being supported by his World Tree Wives, this was nothing.

'Speaking of Time, it's time for Natalia to take on her duties.' Victor thought.

Nataliana Alioth, also known now as Nataliana Alioth Elderblood or to her closest friends Natalia Elderblood. Natalia's case, in particular, was quite unique. Due to becoming a True Dragon, her Powers over Space reached absurd levels, and she needed a lot of time and effort to learn how to control everything. In the last 2000 years, she only spent time having fun with Victor and training.

Nothing more, and nothing less. Her own Daughter with Victor had a Power over Space as absurd as her Mother's, but it was only related to Space. She didn't have the 'Time' Aspect yet like her Mother acquired over the years. After all, she had inherited her father's 'eyes', who no longer had 'time'.

Time here means the factor of his Mortality. Through using his Powers, Alexios was gradually extending his lifespan. He was supposed to be dead years ago; after all, he was a Human.

Victor 'looked' at Natalia and saw her meditating with her eyes closed.

"Darling."

An image of Victor appeared in front of Natalia. "Are you ready?"

"Yes." Natalia opened her eyes. Unlike the Dragon eyes that everyone had, her eyes were like an ever-changing cosmos. It was as if someone had taken two galaxies and placed them in her eyes.

"I can fix my father's problem."

Alexios' problem was something that Victor could not completely solve because it was related to Time in its purest form of problem. To put it in a simpler way, Alexios had bathed himself with the Energy of Time to prevent his Mortal death. He was using his Powers to extend his time indefinitely, but the problem was that every time he used his Time Powers, his Energy would deplete, and Mortality would come to him.

The reason Victor couldn't fix the problem was because Alexios' entire body at that point was no longer flesh but pure Time Energy.

Despite being a God of Time, his Mastery was not at the absurd levels of his Wife. Just like Anna, who had all her Powers focused on bending Reality, Natalia had all her Powers focused on Time and Space. Her own eyes helped in controlling this.

Speaking of Anna, not even bending Reality on Alexios could help him... I mean, it could help, but it would run a lot of risks, considering that they would be bending Reality to bring Alexios' 'time' back.

But that's where the risk lies. If they brought Alexios' time back with Reality Bending, would everything he did be undone? Yes or no?

... No one knew. Because of small details like that, messing with Time on a large scale was a big problem, and because of that, Time was the Domain of the Primordials because only they could understand exactly 'all' the consequences of their actions.

Using Time to slow down a location and speeding it up were just basic uses of the Concept. At higher levels, you could travel to the past and alter the entire timeline, a feat that was something only Natalia could do 'easily'. Victor could do something similar, but the amount of resources and Energy spent would be ridiculously inefficient compared to Natalia, who could simply open a door to the past thanks to her eyes that made the whole process possible.

'... I still haven't been able to discover the origin of those eyes.' Even with his eyes and his current knowledge, he couldn't find out their origin.

Unlike Alexios, who was limited due to his Mortality, Natalia, as a Dragon, could extract more potential from her eyes. Yet even she, as a True Dragon and Goddess of Time and Space, couldn't access the full potential of the eyes.

'My guess is that it's the eyes of some dead Primordial God of Time or a Being from the Upper Sectors...' Victor thought, but he wasn't sure about that. Although she hadn't completely Mastered the Divinity of Time and Space, she was quite proficient. Yet even so, she couldn't reach the full potential of those eyes.

'How this ended up in the hands of Mortals is the key point.' Victor thought about how not even Albedo, Alexios, and Natalia knew how the Alioth Family acquired these Powers.

In the past, Albedo had tried to take an Alioth for herself to study them, but Vlad intervened and saved the first Alioth. Everyone thought it was just a mutation that occurred due to the first Alioth touching Magic, but they were all wrong.

Even Jeanne didn't know anything, and she was the oldest Being they knew. Though, to be fair, for the most part, Jeanne had been disconnected from the Supernatural World, so it was natural that she didn't know specific things like that.

'Well, there's no point thinking about that now.' Victor would just keep an eye on it.

Chapter 1069: The Power of the Emperor's Raised Soldiers

Clare jolted awake, 'Where am I?' Her ears were ringing with the chaos surrounding her, and she could barely hear herself think. She blinked against the dull light that filtered through clouds of dust and smoke, dyeing the sky a heavy gray. At her feet, the ground was scarred and shattered, evidence of the countless explosions that had occurred there. Huge craters dotted the landscape, while the wreckage of collapsed buildings and abandoned vehicles lay scattered around, twisted, and burned.

'This smell... I remember...' She had witnessed, seen, and felt this same situation over and over again in her memory as she grew up.

The air was thick with the acrid smell of gunpowder and smoke, mixed with the metallic stench of blood that permeated the battlefield.

"War..."

In the distance, the constant sound of gunfire and explosions continued unabated, a brutal reminder that the war knew no respite. Clare could hear the heart-rending screams of the combatants, a mixture of rage and despair, echoing through the ruins.

Above her, combat drones buzzed like swarms of angry insects, their cameras swiveling and adjusting to capture every movement below. Every so often, the silence was shattered by the sound of a supersonic jet, leaving a trail of white smoke in its wake as it plunged toward the ground to wreak more destruction.

Among the combatants, monstrous figures emerged from the shadows of the ruins. Huge creatures with scaly skin and eyes that glowed with an eerie red light advanced with sharp claws ready to tear through metal and flesh. The soldiers faced these beings

with a mixture of terror and bravery, firing in continuous waves as they tried to repel the inhuman advance.

An effort that was clearly futile, as the monsters were not being stopped, either by machines or human efforts.

Around her, soldiers were running for position, their armor covered in dust and their faces etched with exhaustion and determination. Clare could see in their eyes the reflection of the Hell they were plunged into, a fight not only for territory but for survival itself.

She slowly stood up, the reality of her situation sinking in deeply. Amidst the pandemonium, Clare realized that every sound of bullets, every scream, was not just the sound of war but the sound of a world crumbling around her. Only when she stood up completely did she fully realize the scale of the conflict she had been forced into.

"Welcome to The Tower of Nightmares, Soldier."

Clare looked towards the voice and saw the presence of a woman with long red hair dressed in futuristic dark red armor that protected her entire body. In the woman's hands, a Spear with several Runes written on it could be seen.

"Lady Scathach." She immediately knelt down in a sign of respect as memories of what had happened to her began to come flooding back like a tsunami.

'Right... This is my first lesson with Scathach. She took us to some unknown place through a portal, and suddenly, I found myself awake.'

"Call me General while we're on duty."

"Yes!"

"Hurry up off the ground and stand by my side."

"Yes!"

"I know you won't ask what kind of situation you're in, a commendable act of respect, so I'll explain it to you."

Scathach spun her Spear and struck it on the ground while spreading her arms wide as if putting on a show.

"This is our Family's personal Nightmare Tower, a place where only select Beings have the opportunity to train, a creation of my Husband and my talented Sisters."

"Normally, The Empire's forces would train in the alternate Nightmare Tower that my Husband and Sisters created, not this one, but since he said to train you with the best of resources, I brought the seven of you here."

'Seven...?' Clare looked around in confusion but didn't see anyone else there besides her.

Scathach smiled when she saw the other six reacting the same way as Clare. "Don't mind looking for the others. You're experiencing the same thing, but you're not in the same place."

"Moving on." Ignoring their confused looks, Scathach pointed her Spear at the monsters and enemy 'soldiers'.

Without even explaining the effects the Nightmare Towers would have on them, Scathach spoke: "The scenario is as follows, an interdimensional invasion is taking place.

"When this invasion happened, two enemy Empires were at war."

"On one side, we have an Empire focused on technology, and on the other side, we have an Empire focused on pure strength. The first Empire, as you can see, are intelligent Beings but remain physically weak, while in the other, we have Beings that are absurdly strong but are intellectually weak."

"In the middle of this, we have dimensional invaders." She pointed at the monsters.

"Your job, Soldiers of The Emperor..." She smiled broadly: "Is to pacify both sides and eliminate the invading threat."

"All you will have for support in this scenario is the Empire's state-of-the-art armor created by The Emperor himself, a plasma pistol that recharges through sunlight, and a sword made with metals taken from the deepest levels of Hell, a place where the Miasma was very dense and toxic."

Scathach snapped her finger, and Clare's uniform disappeared. She was now wearing black armor with violet tones, a plasma pistol appearing in one hand, and a sword appeared in the other.

"All you will have for support in this scenario is the Empire's state-of-the-art armor created by The Emperor himself, a plasma pistol that recharges through sunlight, and a sword made with metals taken from the deepest levels of Hell, a place where the Miasma was very dense and toxic."

Clare gripped the sword in her hand, and a black Miasma covered the blade. For a few seconds, she felt at home seeing that Miasma, but she didn't understand why.

Cautiously, like a shy child, Clare raised her hand as if to ask a question.

Scathach raised an eyebrow and said: "Speak."

"Why don't we have some formal training and then go to the war scenario?"

At this question, Scathach's smile grew wider as Clare's question was also heard by the other six. "In the old days, when a warrior taught their protégé how to fight, the first thing they did was to make them experience war themselves to know what it meant to fight."

"You are better than a protégé. You have the experiences of heroes, their knowledge and tactics, and not least... you are Blessed by the Emperor."

Scathach's smile grew even wider, and the pressure emanating from her body also grew. With them, she didn't need to take it easy like her children.

"You don't need formal training. You need to experience war for yourselves, feel your skin being cut, feel your life teetering close to death, and fight for your very survival, for your purpose, for your duty... Fight for the Emperor."

"Only then will you know what to improve in yourselves. Only then will I be able to give you the most efficient training possible."

Scathach's image began to fade from the sight of the seven, and as her final words, she spoke: "Remember, there are no rules in war, use everything at your disposal. Only those who win are considered just, only those who win can shape history."

"No matter the world, one truth is always immutable... The strong are what dictate history."

When Scathach disappeared completely.

The reactions of the seven were mixed.

Conan wasted no time and immediately put on his helmet and set out to kill the monsters, the soldiers... Or anything that got in his way.

How did he put on the helmet if the armor didn't have a helmet in the first place? He didn't know. He didn't care. What mattered was that it worked.

"Haaa!"

Laura tied her hair, and instead of jumping into the middle of the war like Conan, she went to visit the Technological Empire.

Kiana remained where she was while smiling macabrely, lightly touching her chin as if she was thinking of something very amusing. It was only 2 minutes later that she simply disappeared from where she was with absurd speed. Her fate? Only she knew.

Caelus assumed a different posture from the others, as he decided to observe everything before making a decision.

Kaleb simply walked towards the leader of the 'strongest' Empire, his eyes shining with a maniacal look. His intentions were quite obvious.

'No one can be called Emperor in front of me other than The Dragon Emperor.' He thought.

John and Clare were the most curious to Scathach, who was observing everything.

Scathach could see the reactions of the others from several kilometers away. She had encountered many Beings in her life, so she knew very well what kind of warriors they were, or in more specific cases like Kaleb and Kiana, the types of maniacs they were.

Their actions were expected, just like Conan's. He was the kind of warrior who acted before thinking, but that didn't mean he was stupid. His name was Conan for a reason. Victor knew his nature very well.

Instead of immediately going into battle, John looked at his equipment. The sword and the plasma pistol were easy to understand and simple to use.

The pistol had a battery that could fire 20,000 bullets before completely discharging. This battery could be recharged with sunlight or any other type of Energy. In his kit, he had 7 of these batteries to replace in case of emergencies.

The sword was simple to understand, too. It cuts, it causes Miasma Poisoning, and the enemy dies.

The armor was what he didn't fully understand yet.

'Heh, as expected.' Scathach laughed. She had more or less an idea of what Clare and John were like. They were both natural Leaders, just two different types of Leaders.

'I'll observe both of them to decide who will be the squad Leader.' Scathach thought.

As he turned his wrist, a hologram appeared, showing his body's vital signs, his name, and the state of his armor.

[Connecting... Welcome back, Soldier John-000, What can I help you with today?]

After a moment of confusion, he spoke: "... What are your duties?"

[Assisting the Emperor's Soldiers is the purpose of my existence. My codename is Akasha-001, an A.I based on the Empire's main A.I, the Emperor's Daughter, Akasha Elderblood... As the Main Coordinator is unavailable due to reasons beyond my authority, this sub-system based on her is currently active. In the future, I may be replaced by the Coordinator herself or by future Operators.]

"What are your specific functions that can help me at this time?" John realized that he had to be very specific in his question, or the A.I would give him a long monologue that he didn't care about right now... Although, it was quite relieving to know that a relative of the Emperor would be assisting everyone in future operations.

[Combat assistance, body analysis assistance, vital sign assistance...] Akasha-001 began to list all the systems the armor had, and it was at that moment, John realized he was correct. It was not the pistol or the sword that was the soldiers' trump card, but the armor.

'A suit of armor created by the Emperor himself...' John now understood why the General had spoken those words.

Interrupting the A.I's long monologue, he said: "Just give me something to stealthily eliminate the Empire's enemies."

Akasha 001 stopped talking for a few seconds until all of John's armor glowed faintly in violet tones.

"Accepted."

The sound no longer came from inside his head, but from somewhere inside John's armor, a violet glow was seen on the hill, and when the glow began to diminish, the armor pulsed as if it were alive.

A helmet covered John's head. The helmet was completely black on the outside, with violet stripes on the sides. Clearly, the armor was also designed to be used in stealth mode. The sword in John's hand decreased in size, and two daggers were created, and the plasma pistol changed to a plasma bow.

[Hunter Mode Activated... Happy Hunting, Operator. May the glory of The Emperor accompany you in future battles.]

When Akasha's robotic voice stopped speaking, the helmet's H.U.D was activated, showing all the information on the battlefield along with John's own information.

Putting the plasma bow on his back and the daggers on his waist, John remembered the fact that these weapons could change shape and headed toward the battlefield. He needed to understand the situation first before making a decision on what to do.

...That was his plan initially until he saw a child about to be killed by monsters. Soon, his plan changed, and unconsciously, he simply disappeared like a violet shadow from where he was and appeared above the monster. With a spin in the air, he cut the monster in half.

"Hiiii!"

Standing up from the spot and wondering what this feeling he felt was, he pointed in the opposite direction, where his H.U.D was not showing any signs of enemies, and said, "Leave."

"Y-Yes!"

"Hahaha, a hero indeed." Scathach laughed in amusement, "Although, such an attitude is not frowned upon. You have heart, John."

Scathach, who was floating in the air, shifted her perception to Clare, who was doing something similar to John.

"Just give me something to conquer the Empire's enemies." She spoke in frustration.

"... Accepted."

Another flash of light occurred, and the armor changed into something more flashy, bulky, and grandiose. The armor was made to draw as much attention as possible and inspire fear as well as respect.

Unlike John, Clare's sword and pistol did not change, remaining as they were.

[Conqueror Mode Activated... Conquer Well, Operator. May The Emperor's grace accompany you in future battles.] When Akasha-001's voice faded away.

Clare jumped into the air, holding the sword in her right hand and the pistol in her left hand. Sensing the changes in its host, the armor reacted accordingly. The moment Clare's Draconic Wings appeared, the armor acted like a liquid with slime and covered them.

'Heh? Even though she's only a dragonoid, she also has wings? It seems that the Race mix gave them more than I expected.'

Normally, Dragonoids didn't have wings, just horns; only when they became True Dragons, would they usually acquire wings.

There was a reason for this. A True Dragon regulated the Energy that its powerful heart created with its wings. Of course, they also served to support its massive body in Dragon Form.

'Well, many Races that have wings were used in the mix. It would be unrealistic for her not to have some kind of wings.' Scathach thought.

Flying towards a gigantic monster in the air, Clare began firing her pistol and opening holes in the monster's flesh. When she got close enough, the armor changed again, the helmet distorted, sharp teeth were seen, and then...

ROOOOOOOOOOAR!

A gigantic breath of violet fire erupted out of Clare's mouth.

"...Okay, this is ridiculous." Scathach snorted, analyzing the breath. She saw that the breath did not have the properties of True Dragons that could destroy everything, but that did not mean it was not dangerous. The Angel's Light Essence and the Demons' Dark ones could be felt to a lesser degree, but it could still be felt.

Trying to understand what she was witnessing, something flashed in Scathach's head: '...The Fragment... That's it! The Fragment of Victor's Soul is influencing their Powers.'

The mixing of Races proved to be more significant than Scathach initially thought. The small particles of the Eldritch God, Victor's Soul, caused a mutation in these new Beings, a mutation that would not be approved because it would break the Balance of everything.

Instead of Dragonoids, they were more like chimera that only had the beneficial aspects of each Race that went into the mix. Normally, such a thing would make them die or fall into a situation similar to Nero in the past, but because of the Eldritch Element, everything was functioning normally. She realized that the Blessings were also playing a role in stabilizing these new existences.

'God of Chaos indeed, huh.' Scathach couldn't help but think about it. He really created the most exceptional and loyal soldiers for the Empire.

Chapter 1070: Agnes just did it...

Jupiter's Outskirts.

While Scathach trained the soldiers that Victor created, Velnorah analyzed the memories she received from The Seven. Seven transparent screens were in front of Velnorah. She was analyzing years of memories at high speed. With her reading and understanding abilities, such a thing was child's play for her.

Due to the time difference between The Seven and Velnorah, she was receiving information much faster than those who had been undergoing years of training.

Therefore, from her point of view, she could analyze the personalities of The Seven more easily.

"Scathach is doing an excellent job, as always. No wonder they call her The Teacher of Heroes." Velnorah praised. Everyone's progress was visible. Before, even though they had memories of the wars, they had no experience in them, but now they were all experienced.

Analyzing Conan's memories and his brutality, she thought. "I will have to adjust some of the memories they will inherit. I highly doubt that all of them will have abnormal strength like Conan from the beginning." Even by the standards of The Seven, Conan was much stronger physically. The only ones who could fight him were John and Clare.

John's answer was a combination of strength and technique, while Clare's was pure technique.

Of course, this only applied to the comparison between them. Due to being Dragonoids, they all had absurd physical strength.

"Their memories using their Draconic body will be more useful. From then on, the other clones can evolve accordingly." Velnorah understood that this stage was just a prototype. The more information they had from the Clone's experiences in the future, the more the future clones would be refined. It was a constant, long-lasting process.

"In 100... No, if we continue using the Tower of Nightmares as a training ground, in 50 years, we will have Elite Soldiers who could be used in any situation... Depending on efficiency, we can reduce this time to 3 years or less." She put her hand on her chin as she evaluated the memories. Preparing other Beings for ALL possible situations was a time-consuming task, if not impossible, to do in a short time. However, with the resources of The Empire, such a process was easy to speed up.

'I still think we should make a legion of machines to at least make the first contact in extremely dangerous environments.' After all, there was no reason to send the clones to their deaths uselessly.

For a moment, she looked at Laura's memories.

"Hmm, I understand now why he chose Laura." Observing the memories Laura was building and seeing her 'approach' to helping others and explaining things correctly.

'Her blood will give rise to a new batch of clone Operators... Maybe I should ask Darling to add the blood of my people to the mix. We are a Technological people... The mix of kindness and understanding will give rise to great operators who care about the soldiers, but not to the point of suffering for their deaths.' She thought.

Kindness was great for Operators, but too much kindness would get in the way since most of the clones would die... Although 'dying' here was not forever.

"I see, so that's why he said to make Operators with Laura's blood. He was thinking about the mental health of the clones." Understanding her Husband's intentions, Velnorah opened her personal record and said:

"Remind me to make new places of relaxation and recreation... also, remind me to focus on the War Robot Project... Also, remind me to disconnect these robots from the Empire's Servers." The possibility of Beings like her who could use Technology easily couldn't be ruled out, so additional security was necessary.

"Accepted." The Artificial Intelligence in Velnorah's suit responded.

Despite having perfect recall, Velnorah often got so focused on her projects that she would forget to do other things. This peculiarity was something that Ruby and Aline also had in common.

Turning her attention back to the soldiers themselves, she spoke to herself. "In 10 minutes, their training will be complete. Combining these memories with the memories of their Creation will make the first batch of combat clones more efficient..."

Velnorah looked at her Husband, who was sitting in his command chair with his eyes closed.

"Darling?"

"... Yes." Victor opened his eyes and looked at Velnorah. Currently, he had two POVs: one was him talking to Natalia, and with the other, he was looking at Velnorah.

"What do you think about adding the blood of my people to the Clone Operators?"

Victor thought for a few seconds and said: "That's a good idea. We should add more Elements of Elves and Faeries too."

"... That's a good idea. The peculiarities of those Races will make them calmer." Velnorah agreed. "Shall we continue using Laura as a base, my old Race, Elves, and Faeries as a compound, on top of the darker Races? Will we add more?"

"There's no need, Laura's blood influence will be enough. We don't want war-addicted Operators." Victor said.

"Alright." Velnorah nodded. Suddenly, a topic flashed in her head. "We should make more City Cores too."

"That's true." Victor had almost forgotten about that. A City Core was truly a very useful tool for managing a territory.

"With all the precautions you're taking, I'm afraid we won't have any privacy in our territory."

Looking in the direction of the voice, Victor smiled slightly when he saw Agnes.

"Privacy is overrated. If you're connected to anything, someone will always have information about you." Velnorah snorted.

"At least don't apply that to our mansion."

"Of course, we don't need that. Darling is there." Victor himself was the 'City Core' of his Dimension since he was practically omniscient there.

Agnes snorted and sneakily climbed onto Victor's lap and hugged him.

Victor smiled gently and stroked Agnes's white hair.

"What happened to make you act like a spoiled cat?"

"What? I can't see my Husband anymore?" She narrowed her eyes dangerously. "I know your 'love' is completely focused on our Daughters now, but I can't believe we've been forgotten..." She wiped away her crocodile tears.

Victor rolled his eyes, simply pulling Agnes closer to him, and took her mouth with his.

Agnes hugged Victor tightly, and after a full minute, she broke away and said with a big smile. "Better."

Velnorah simply shook her head and went back to doing her thing. She was too busy to 'play' right now... She bit her lip in frustration...

'YES! I'm too busy! Focus, woman!' She growled to herself.

While Velnorah seemed to be in an internal battle, Victor looked at Agnes. "So? What happened."

Victor knew very well that if Agnes just wanted affection, she wouldn't come to meet him but would call him to have a more 'intimate' moment in his room.

Time Powers were really useful... Victor could spend as much 'Time' as he wanted with his Wives, and since most of them liked to spend time alone, they were never left unsatisfied.

'Thank you, Kronos. Your death has been forgotten, but your Powers are useful.' Victor thought internally.

"I love, and I hate how much you know me." Agnes pouted and jumped off Victor's lap. With a wave of her hand, a fiery sword appeared in her hand.

"...Oh?"

"Yeah, I was surprised too."

Velnorah stopped looking at her work and looked at Fafnir's sword. It was then that she opened her eyes wide. "The sword became a Fire Elemental...? How is that possible?"

"I don't know. After Darling gave it a boost, it was normal for a few years, and now it's starting to change."

Victor touched his chin as he looked curiously at the sword. "An Elemental Dragon? You're full of surprises, aren't you?"

The sword glowed softly with Fire.

"That's not the only thing that's changed about it." Agnes looked at the floating sword and spoke. "Come here."

Understanding Agnes' intentions, the sword 'entered' Agnes' body. The next moment, flames covered Agnes' body, encasing her in full armor made of flames.

With a gesture of his hand, Victor isolated the area because the heat emitted by Agnes for a moment reached 6,000 degrees.

"I can also 'mold' these flames into any weapon that has the same appearance as Fafnir's materials. I can also completely become a Fire Elemental." She demonstrated this by becoming entirely made of flames.

"Interesting... Fafnir has become similar to Junketsu..." Victor's clothes lit up with violet flames in protest, "But not exactly the same. After all, Junketsu can take on the properties of other materials, and she cannot completely become an Elemental because her Essence is my blood."

The flames flared in protest again. Victor felt Junketsu saying. 'Just wait, I can do something much better than this imitation!'

Victor visibly rolled his eyes at Junketsu's attitude. "This change must have happened because of my interference... I wonder if I can repeat these events with other blades? We could have several 'trump cards' like that."

Fafnir's presentation gave Victor an idea... "Wait, why settle for one sword?... We can make an entire Dimension... A Water Dimension with extremely gigantic Beings, for example..." Victor's eyes began to shine.

Agnes began to be covered in a cold sweat, she knew her Husband well enough to know that he had completely lost control.

'I just wanted explanations...' She whined.

Velnorah looked at Agnes as if she was judging her Soul, her eyes saying: 'Fix this.' She didn't want to deal with more of Victor's crazy ideas! She already had too much on her plate!

'Ugh.' She grumbled.

"Yes... Yes... I can see it... Several Dimensions with various purposes. Within these Dimensions, there are gigantic Beings that I can use as a front fleet... Something like huge Leviathans, huge Elemental Beings... I can also then use these Beings to 'boost' the soldiers in the same way that Fafnir did for Agnes."

Victor opened his hand, and in it appeared the small Eldritch Being that he had picked up a few days ago. "I can also make a house for you... But, unfortunately, I won't be able to make more of your species." Eldritch Beings were complicated. Because they needed a lot of Energy to be visible and useful, they needed to destroy galaxies, suns, and black holes to feed and grow, and Victor was sure that the Primordials wouldn't let that happen.

Victor closed his hands and put the Eldritch Being away.

"But I can make the other species... The Leviathans will be my priority. They will also be the easiest to make."

"Darl-..."

"I don't need to do that with Dragons. They're too sentient to be useful... I should settle for irrational Beings, but not completely irrational."

"Water Leviathans, Apocalyptic Monsters, Beings made entirely of flames... A Dimension of Fire, a Dimension of Water, a Dimension of Light... Of Darkness..."

"DARLING!"

"...Yes?" Victor looked at Agnes in confusion.

"You got lost there for a few minutes."

"Oh..."

"No 'oh'! Try not to do something absurd. I know I'm asking for the impossible, but try."

"Mm." Victor nodded.

"... Ugh, he didn't listen to me at all," Agnes grumbled. "Anyway, just tell me if there's a problem with my sword."

"There's no problem with it. In fact, it will just continually evolve now. Just keep using it as you normally do."

"Okay." Agnes nodded in relief, then looked at Velnorah and smiled, "See you around."

"Hey!" Using her speed, Velnorah grabbed Agnes' shoulder tightly: "Don't leave me here with the mess you made!"

"... Work is good, right? We have a lot of Sisters who are just sleeping around."

"Distract him now! Don't you know how much work we have? I don't want any more work until I finish my current projects!"

"... Work is good, right? We have a lot of Sisters who are just sleeping around."

...

"ATCHUMMM." Pepper let out a strange sneeze.

"Again?" Siena said.

"Twice is strange. Are you sure you're not sick?" Lacus said.

"I don't think so?..." Pepper said uncertainly. She used her Powers on herself but found that there was nothing wrong. Thinking for a while, she just shrugged.

...

"They're loafing around because the work that needs the most people are specialized jobs that few can do, so most of them focus on administration work," Velnorah said, then pointed at Victor. "With what Victor is talking about now, who do you think will have to help him?"

"...The Goddesses who have experience in dealing with new Beings?" By Goddesses, she meant Hestia, Aphrodite, etc.

"Exactly! That is, me too! Distract him now, or I will force you to learn my job too!" She threatened.

"Ugh, fine, fine!"

Velnorah let go of Agnes. The woman then looked at Victor, who was lost in thought again. 'What better way to distract him...' She smiled.

She knew very well what to do. With a snap of her fingers, her attire changed into a nightgown, and then she jumped onto Victor's lap again.

"Hmm?"

"Darling~..." Female Draconic pheromones exploded around Agnes' body.

Velnorah isolated the area around her so as not to smell it and get 'excited' as well.

"How about we make another Daughter?"

Victor's eyes shone on with an intense violet glow. He pulled Agnes by the waist, and with his other hand, he 'pulled' Velnorah, and then they disappeared and appeared in a personal isolated Dimension where Time was different.

Falling onto the bed, Velnorah blinked in confusion for a few seconds, and then she quickly spoke:

"W-Wait, wait, I'm busy--... Haah~."