

# **Strongest Mage with the Lust system #Chapter 761**

## **Bloodlines - Read Strongest Mage with the Lust system**

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Shua!

Max waved his hand, and a set of robes appeared in front of him, which he wore within a second. After that, he turned around, his face expressionless as he looked at Alton.

"How come you are here? Aren't these training rooms supposed to be private, and unless we allow it, no one can enter?" He asked. If emperors could come in as they wished, then wasn't he still in danger because Julius could come here any time and kill him?

Alton was looking at him with a teasing look in his eyes, but seeing Max didn't appear even a tiny bit flustered, he clicked his tongue before saying, "Of course. It's the war temple's rule, and even we emperors can't break them."

"Hmm?" Max raised his brows.

"The only reason I could enter this room right now is because you have already, technically, given me the permission by hiring me." Alton said. "If you don't come to me when it's the time of our session, I'm allowed to come to you."

"I see" Max nodded in understanding.

This seemed to be similar to 'a master or teacher is akin to a father, which he had read so much in the cultivation novels in his past life, though a master here didn't seem to have the complete control of his disciple's life here... Or maybe they had? He wasn't sure because he only knew two people who had masters, Rima and Lily. And though their masters were strict, they didn't take away their freedom.

While he was thinking this, Alton looked him up and down with obvious surprise and curiosity. He then asked, "Is it because of your physique refinement technique?"

Max nodded, "Yes. I advanced in it."

"It's an impressive technique!" Alton said, before asking, "You have yet to get used to your increased physical strength, right?"

Max nodded. Though he had spent more than fifteen hours training and no longer had any problem moving around and even fighting, he still hadn't gotten used to it completely—he wasn't able to control his strength properly. For example, if he wanted to punch with forty percent of his power, he would end up using thirty to thirty-five percent, or maybe forty-five to fifty percent.

This 5-10% margin of error could prove to be fatal in a life-and-death battle, and therefore, it was important to gain better control over his strength and decrease this margin of error because gaining complete control was just too difficult. Even before the [Barbarian God Physique] leveled up to level 3, he didn't have complete control.

Alton nodded and then appeared in front of him.

"You don't mind me checking your body's situation, do you?" He asked, which surprised Max a little because the last time he hadn't asked his permission before scanning him with his divine sense. Though he may have thought he didn't notice, he had, thanks to his sensitive bloodline sense.

"Yeah, I don't. Go ahead." Max nodded, knowing he wanted to check it because he wanted to guide him.

Alton grinned and placed his hand on his shoulder. A moment later, he removed his hand with an unreadable expression on his face.

Max raised his brows and asked in concern. "What is it? Is there something wrong?"

Though the Barbarian God Physique Refinement Technique was an amazing technique, it was incomplete, and because that supreme mage had given it to him, he couldn't be sure if he hadn't tampered with it somehow.

Alton shook his head. "No. There is nothing wrong. In fact, your body is in a perfect state. Anyone who inspected your body would think you are cultivating a monarch rank technique. It's good to that extent."

Max sighed in relief, and seeing how he was repeatedly praising his technique, he asked, "You want to know which physique refinement technique I'm cultivating?" Again, Alton shook his head, "Not really. I'm merely curious." Saying this, he grinned, "Though if you want to tell me, I wouldn't mind listening"

Max was silent for a moment before he said, "So, we are going to continue where we left off last time?"

Alton looked at him with a blank look before sighing, "Yes. Let's continue from there."

Alton started speaking, and a little less than an hour later, he stopped.

After letting Max digest everything for a few minutes, he said, "... Now you know more than enough about the Four Star realm. We have another hour left. Do you want me to continue on the cultivation knowledge and tell you about the spirit realm, or should we pick some other topic?

"What do you suggest, Sir Alton?" Max asked,

"Hmm. In my opinion, there is no immediate need for you to know about the spirit realm. So, we should pick some other topic. For example, your physique. If you want, I can guide you to better control your strength. Or I can help you with your mana control, aura control, bloodline, etc. You need to improve in all of them. If not for your strange bloodline and that overpowered energy, you would have died countless times by now."

Max didn't disagree with him, even though his words stung. After thinking for a few moments, he asked, "My bloodline... as you may have already noticed, is... uncommon. Sometimes, it influences my emotions way too much. Is there any way to control it?" He could train by himself and could go out and fight the demons to improve his control over his physical strength, so he didn't want to waste his time with Alton on it. Learning about laws, aura cultivation, and bloodlines was more important. And even among them, the knowledge regarding the bloodlines was more important as he wanted to control or at least reduce the Garfield bloodline's influence on him.

He didn't have high hopes that he could do the same with his Lust Overlord's Bloodline too, but if it could help him, even a little, that would be more than enough. Therefore, he decided to use the remaining time to learn about the bloodlines.

Alton was silent for a few seconds and seemed to be thinking. He then asked. "You must have heard about the classification of the bloodlines, right? From mortal to noble to royal to imperial, etc.?"

Seeing Max nod, he continued, "Well, that's not an accurate ranking. The official ranking of the bloodlines is as follows..."

## Chapter 762 Bloodlines [2]

"The bloodlines are divided into two categories. Mortal and Spirit."

"Most people think that only supreme mages can create a bloodline, but that isn't right. Peak Monarchs, with the correct method, could create one too, though they would be reduced to an ordinary person afterwards. So, the monarchs who have reached the end of their lifespans and have no possibility of ascending to the supreme mage realm chose to sacrifice their cultivation to create a bloodline that they pass on to the descendants."

"Most of the bloodlines that you may have come across until now are the creation of these monarchs. Though based on their purity and strength, people divide them into noble, royal, and other categories; that's all wrong because they are all Mortal Bloodlines."

As he said this, Alton sighed, a rueful smile on his face. "See, a monarch is the strongest person if the supreme mages aren't taken into consideration, and all their lives, they rule and command an immense amount of respect from people. At will, they can create one of the strongest forces to ever exist and can establish dynasties that will rule for thousands upon thousands of years, but the bloodline they create by essentially sacrificing their lives is considered mortal. How sad is that!"

Max nodded, understanding why he was feeling melancholic about it. This case was similar to those of those people who chase wealth and fame all their lives and end up becoming rich and famous, but when they get old, or are about to die, they realize the wealth and fame they had were all useless. They had wasted their lives.

Alton shook his head and continued, "The reason the bloodlines created by the monarchs fall under the Mortal category isn't because they aren't strong; they are. But it's because after some generations, these bloodlines lose all their life or potency, whatever you like to call it, and no matter how hard someone tries, he can't awaken them. There are many people whose ancestors had bloodlines, but they don't have them."

After a pause, he continued, "On the other hand, the bloodlines created by the supreme mages that come under the Spirit category, no matter how many generations come and go and no matter how thin the bloodlines become, they can still awaken. Of course, their strength would be a lot lower due to them now being thin and impure."

A curious look appeared on Max's face when he heard this. Alton noticed it and smiled, "You want to ask why this is the case? What's special about the supreme mage realm?"

Max nodded, eager to listen. But to his surprise, Alton shook his head, "I don't know what exactly it is. But from the ancestral records of my family and the teaching of a few monarchs, I guess it's something related to the soul. But it's just a guess because most of the information about the supreme mage realm had been lost in that apocalyptic war back then."

"Sir Alton... Is it true there are no supreme mages alive right now?" Max asked, remembering hearing that no one had broken through to the supreme mage realm for a long time.

"No supreme mage has been seen for the past thousands of years. The last known supreme mage was around 30 thousand years ago. However, this doesn't mean there aren't any supreme mages. There are, I'm sure of it. They just don't show themselves."

Alton said, his eyes flickering. 'If I'm not wrong, we may get to see them at the end of this war.' He thought.

"Alright. Let's continue. Both the mortal and spirit bloodlines are divided into nine grades based on their purity, thickness, utility, and strength..."

Alton continued to divulge his knowledge about the bloodlines for the next hour. And then he vanished from the room, leaving Max to digest everything he heard.

After a while, he sighed, "It seems I have to hire him a few times more."

Alton had told him the reason some bloodlines influence the people was due to the will of their progenitor that wanted them to walk the correct path. In most cases, going along with the flow was for the best, but because people didn't like to be controlled, they had created ways to reduce the influence because completely getting rid of it wasn't possible as long as the bloodline was a part of their being.

The most effective and less complicated way was to slowly taint the will inside the bloodline with their aura. To do that, however, one needed an expert level of mastery and control over their aura, which Max was lacking. He could try it after mixing his bloodline energy into his aura, but that wouldn't be as effective, as his bloodline energy would dilute his aura, his signature. Therefore, he had to start his aura training, for which he would need guidance, and hence, he would need to hire Alton again. Of course, even if not for this, he would have had to hire him again because he wanted to reach a superior mana control stage as soon as possible and start comprehending the laws.

Now, however, he had no war merits left. This meant he would need to participate in more fights, which would be more dangerous with forces hostile to him on both sides.

He shook his head and stopped thinking about it. "Let's cultivate first."

He walked over to the cultivation platform and sat down on it cross-legged. He still had 24 days left in this training room, which he was going to use to temper his foundation and increase his cultivation.

'Wyomin should be done guiding Emily, Lily, and Sera by the time I finish.'

...

While he began cultivating, in another training room, Emily, Lily, and Sera were being guided and trained by Wyomin and... Rose, who, after sensing Lily's aura on Wyomin, had asked her about her disciple and then realizing Max had asked her to help them, decided to join.

With two emperors guiding them, the trio, especially Emily and Sera, were learning a lot. When Max would meet them again, he would see three transformed ladies.

### Chapter 763 Golden Snake's Transformation

In the underground palace in the ocean between the demon and human continents, the golden snake, that was no longer tiny, having grown to a meter long in size, suddenly shook and slowly opened its deep black eyes that shone with intelligence as it moved its scaly head and looked around.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A moment later, its scales started cracking and falling to the side, and new and sturdier scales started growing. If someone could see it now, they would notice that two small legs that ended with five claws were also growing along with scaly wings on the upper part of its body.

After all the old scales had fallen off its body and new ones grew, they also started cracking and falling. Then again, new scales, more lustrous and robust than the previous ones, started growing. This cycle kept repeating itself, and only after nine days did it stop.

Now, on the platform covered with countless broken and intact golden scales, a five-meter-long, and over one meter thick, golden-scaled python was lying, looking majestic and exuding an oppressive aura.

Swoosh!

After it swept its gaze across the underground hall, it opened its mouth and sucked, causing all scales to fly into its mouth. It unfurled its wings that were as large as its body and flapped them with force.

Immediately, its body was lifted off the platform, but then...

Thud!

It fell down with a thud.

The snake seemed to frown and fell into thought for a few moments before it once again flapped its wings, and when it floated in the air, it didn't stop flapping the wings unlike before.

Shua! Shua! Swoosh!

Seeing it wasn't falling back, a glint of satisfaction flashed in its obsidian black eyes. A few moments later, it started flying around the chamber, its balance becoming increasingly stable and refined while its flying speed continued increasing.

Sa~ Sa~

It let out happy sounds before its gaze flickered to the ceiling above, and it flew up, ramming its scaly head with two small bumps on either side of it against the stone ceiling.

Bang!

Saaa~

The collision seemed to disorient it, making it stagger in the air, but it also made it more ferocious. It flew down until its body was almost touching the platform. Then a golden glint flashed in its black eyes, and its scale started shining with a golden light.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

In the next moment, it flapped its wings strongly and shot upwards and rammed its head against the ceiling.

BOOM!

Crackle!

A sound bang echoed in the underground palace, and the ceiling gained a few cracks, which seemed to have activated some formation that crackled, covering the ceiling in an incandescent light, seemingly trying to reinforce it, but because there was no longer a power source to fuel it, it dimmed down a moment later.

Saaa~

The python revealed a victorious expression before it flew down. A moment later, it flew up again, a bit faster this time, and rammed against the ceiling.

Bang!

More cracks appeared, which satisfied and motivated it.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

...

It continuously collided against the ceiling, each time causing it to crack more.

A few hours later....

Bang!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As it rammed into it again, the cracking sounds echoed before several stones started falling down.

The python stopped, watching it in satisfaction, but then it seemed to realize the ceiling was going to fall on it, and a panicked glint flashed in its eyes before it flew down and coiled itself against the platform.

Boom!

Boom!!

BOOM!!!

A few moments later, the ceiling fell and water flooded the underground palace.

...

Fwoosh!

Swoosh!

A while later, the golden python, its scales slightly injured, flew out of the ocean and floated in the air. Then it looked at the vast sky above and ocean below before letting out a high-pitched, excited sound.

SAAAAA!!

It was finally free from that small space. It flew around happily for over half an hour, celebrating its freedom before it stopped and looked around, its gaze flickering in thought.

Then, a moment later, it looked in the direction of the human continent, looking excited and happy as though it had noticed something very important and flapped its wings, flying toward the human continent.

Swoosh!

...

25 days after he entered the training room, Max appeared in the transference hall and immediately noticed there were more people in the hall compared to when he entered, and unlike then, most of them seemed to be from the central plains.

Seeing this, he sighed in relief. If there were people coming in the war temple, it meant there was no big battle ongoing, and he wouldn't be forced to fight.

'Now, let's see...' He swept his gaze across the hall before looking at the entrance, and sure enough, he noticed some people from the Seidel family standing there with communication crystals in their hands, looking at him with dark looks on their faces.

Noticing this, his lips curled into a mocking smile. Just by their expression, he could tell their new backer—Oliver—wasn't treating them like they must have expected.

Calmly, he stepped out of the teleportation formation and walked toward the exit. He knew that woman and Oliver must be rushing over, trying to frame him, but he wasn't worried. Instead, he was waiting for them.

'You want to play, huh? Let's play then.' He thought, his eyes gleaming.

Right when he reached the exit of the hall, the Seidel female king mage arrived and immediately rushed toward him.

Swoosh!

Max ignored her and instead looked behind her, noticing Oliver and some other people from the Ice Sovereign Mountain. He then released his bloodline sense, wanting to see if Julius was also nearby but didn't notice any emperor's presence. 'Hmm? So, I can't sense emperors with my bloodline sense.' He thought, knowing Julius or some other emperor from the Ice Sovereign Mountain must be here to carry out justice after the fight broke out. And even if they weren't here, Wyomin definitely was, but he wasn't able to sense her presence either.

The Seidel king mage's—Zenovia'a—eyes narrowed when she saw his complete disregard.

'You'll regret it, you little bastard!' She thought. And appearing in front of him, without hesitation, she covered his fist with her mana and bloodline energy and punched him in the chest.

She thought Max would dodge or defend, but to her surprise, he didn't, his hands still behind his back.

## Chapter 764 Shock

BANG!

Everyone expected her punch to blow a large hole in Max's chest, or at least send him flying back, but when the punch landed on his chest, a loud bang echoed in the hall, and though Max's body shook and the chest part of his robe disintegrated, he stood still, seemingly having suffered no damage.

Everyone looked at him in shock and disbelief, especially Zenovia, who staggered on her feet, "You... This... How is this possible?"

Max's lips curled up in a small, satisfied smile as he looked down at his chest and only saw the red mark.

'Strong indeed.' He thought, gulping down the blood that had come up to his throat. Though he stayed unmoved and didn't seem to have any external injury, the force behind her punch had shaken up his internal organs. But they were just shaken up and did not get injured—the reason behind his satisfaction.

However, he could tell if this punch was a little stronger, it would have exceeded the limits of his physical defense and the story would have been different.

"Everything's possible." He grinned at her before shooting the distant Oliver, who was gawking at him in disbelief, an indifferent glance. Then, he stepped forward.

Immediately, Zenovia went into fighting mode while Oliver recovered from his shock and became excited.

'Once you attack her, then no matter how strong you are, you will be doomed.' He thought, a sinister glint flashing in his eyes. But to his, Zenovia's, and everyone else's surprise, he sidestepped her and continued walking out.

Immediately, Zenovia understood he had realized what she wanted to do. Gritting her teeth, she turned around and threw a punch at his back.

Swoosh!

This time, Max moved to the side and easily dodged it.

Zenovia was once again surprised. She could see he hadn't used any movement technique just now and had only relied on his natural reaction speed, something shocking given he was just a... 'Wait! He is a high-stage Four Star mage now?!" She thought. She had realized this fact before too, and this only confirmed that... Her family had made a big mistake by becoming his enemy. Unfortunately, it was too late now. There was no chance of reconciliation between them. This was why, when Oliver

approached them, she didn't hesitate to agree with his plan, even though she might suffer a very harsh punishment for it. But if he died, at least her family would be safe. Of course, this wasn't the only reason why she didn't hesitate. The other reason was that Oliver had promised her that his father would do his best to not punish her too severely, and even if things went out of his control and she was crippled or even killed, they would ensure the safety of her family.

Suppressing her shock, she was about to attack again when Max spoke up, his voice booming throughout the tranference hall and even the corridor outside.

"Sir Emperors, this madwoman has attacked me two times already. May I ask why none of you are stopping her? Or could it be that you want me to fight back?"

Saying this, his expression became cold, "If that's the case, I wouldn't mind doing as you wish. If she isn't stopped within the next three seconds, I'll attack, and I hope I won't be punished for breaking the rules then."

As he said this, he felt incredibly irritated inside. He didn't like the fact he was being so cautious.

Zenovia's and Oliver's expressions fell when they heard him. Oliver then quickly shot her a glance, which prompted her to activate her movement technique to make sure he wouldn't be able to dodge her this time and attack him.

However...

Thud!

She had taken her first step when an overwhelming force pressed down upon her, stopping her in her tracks and forcing her to her knees—an emperor had taken action.

Shua!

Max smiled when he saw it was Wyomin, knowing Julius wouldn't appear now. What would he do by showing himself, defend Zenovia? He would be a fool to do so.

It should not be forgotten that even though he belonged to one of the strongest forces, there were other forces, as strong as his, present in the war temple. This meant he couldn't act however he wanted.

Wyomin didn't waste time and directly announced, "For blatantly breaking the war temple rule, she is sentenced to death."

Saying this, she raised her hand, about to kill her when a voice sounded.

"Please wait!"

"Hmm?" Wyomin frowned but stopped while other people present looked curiously at the person who just spoken—Max.

"What is it?" She asked, her tone indifferent.

Max lightly bowed toward her as a sign of respect before saying, "Lady Wyomin, can you please allow me to kill her myself?"

"Oh? You want to fight her?" Wyomin raised her brows.

To this, Max shook his head, "Of course not. I want you to keep pressing her down so she can't retaliate, and I'll behead her."

Everyone looked at him in surprise and in awe of his guts. Some even started chuckling among themselves.

Wyomin's expression turned cold, and she flatly refused, "I can't allow that."

Saying this, she pressed her palm down, and Zenovia turned into a mess of flesh and blood.

Shua!

She then disappeared without as much as giving Max a second glance.

Swoosh!

Immediately, a lady in a faded green dress with a golden emblem, 'War' character etched on it, pinned on her chest, appeared and waved her hand. A wave of her mana swept Zenovia's remains, which she stored in her spatial ring, and she shot Max a curious glance before retreating from the hall.

...

Seeing how things had turned around, Oliver's expression was as dark as it could get. When he saw Max walking in his direction, he had the urge to leave, not wanting to face him. But knowing it would appear as though he was afraid of him, which, albeit true, he didn't want anyone to find out. So, he stayed in place, glaring at him. His fellow disciples, knowing his enmity with Max, also glared at him with hostile looks on their faces.

Max was expressionless. He continued walking and only stopped when there was just a meter's gap between him and Oliver.

"You know..."

## Chapter 765 Curious Rose

Disregarding several king mages' hostile gazes locked onto him, he looked Oliver in the eyes and calmly said, "You know, if your babysitter isn't here right now, I can kill you at this moment."

Max's voice was calm, and he didn't reveal his killing intent either, but Oliver's heart skipped a beat and chills went down his spine when he heard his words, and he subconsciously took a step back.

He knew his babysitter, his father, most likely had already left after seeing their plan fail. This meant if he really lost his reason, he could really kill him. If it was before he saw him effortlessly take a mid-stage king mage's—Zenovia's—attack like it was nothing, he wouldn't have thought this because there were five king mages, two of whom were peak kings, in his group. But now, he doubted they could save him, especially when he was standing so close to him.

The group's king mages' expression fell when they heard this, and they released their aura threateningly, but since they didn't dare to try to suppress him with it, it was useless as Max completely ignored them.

Other people in the hall, who heard Max's words, looked at him in awe, once again impressed by his guts. After all, he was threatening to kill someone from a sovereign force, and this someone seemed to have a high status in it, no less. Until they saw Oliver's expression become one of terror as he stepped back, his body trembling, they were feeling he was way over in his head, but when they saw Oliver's reaction, their awe turned into shock, and a question came into their minds.

'Just who is this guy?'

...

Seeing Oliver's reaction, the kings' expressions darkened, and they were about to interject, not wanting to let him continue and make a fool of Oliver and, worse, give him a heart demon, though from his expression, they could see he had already developed one, but to their surprise and relief, Max didn't say anything else and instead sidestepped them before walking away, his hands behind his back, looking completely relaxed.

A moment after he disappeared, Oliver regained his senses, and when he saw the weird gazes directed toward him, he felt extremely humiliated, and his killing intent overflowed.

"He has to die. He has to die no matter what." He hissed through gritted teeth.

...

Unknown to Max and everyone else, there were four emperors in the hall, floating near the ceiling inside an invisible isolation formation. These four were Wyomin, Rose, Alton, and Julius.

Among them, Rose wore an astonished look, Wyomin was expressionless, Alton looked almost smug, while Julius' expression mirrored his son's, incomparably ugly and dark.

Rose was already shocked to see Max's prowess when he fought Oliver, but after seeing how, just less than a month later, he was able to fight king mages too, without suffering any major disadvantage, her shock reached new heights.

'Why is this child so strong, and how come he is cultivating so fast?' He couldn't help but be curious. At the same time, she thought her disciple's luck was good to have become his woman when he had just started cultivating.

'If only I could help her balance her fire and ice elemental and awaken her bloodline, she would be a perfect match for him and wouldn't be left behind as he continues to become stronger.' She thought, sighing. Then, she suddenly froze before frowning, surprised by her own thoughts. 'Why do I believe he will continue to become stronger?'

She didn't know much about Max. She didn't ask Lily because she felt embarrassed about it given how she had looked down upon Max in the past and always told her not to think about him too much. Therefore, she had tried asking Wyomin since she seemed to be closer to him given how she was training his women upon his request, but Wyomin didn't tell her anything, leaving her guessing.

Therefore, logically, she shouldn't even think he could progress at the same pace, let alone believe it as though it was a fact. Hence, she was surprised.

Though not as much as her, Wyomin was also surprised by the drastic improvement in his body refinement and cultivation.

Unlike them, Alton wasn't as surprised and was looking at Julius with a smug and provocative look on his face. Clearly, he knew what happened just now was Julius' plan, but Max's sudden improvements and control over his temper spoiled it. Since he didn't like Julius' arrogant personality to begin with, he was having fun provoking him.

His expression, no doubt, incensed Julius, but he only glared at him and hurrumphed before leaving the place. He was feeling very frustrated right now, not only because Max's speed of progress was simply astounding, but also because he hadn't expected Wyomin and Alton would be supporting him. If it was just Wyomin, he wouldn't have minded it much, but Alton... He was another case altogether. Rothchild family wasn't something he could carelessly provoke, after all.

After he left, Wyomin also left after nodding at Rose and Alton. Alton was about to leave too when Rose spoke up, "Sir Alton, if you don't mind, can you tell me what you know

about that child, Maxwell?" "Oh?" Alton curiously looked at her before asking, "You aren't familiar with him?"

Rose shook her head in response, which put a strange expression on Alton's face. "How strange! Given how your disciple is his woman, you should know the most about him. Hmm, let's see. He wasn't outstanding when you met him and then stopped paying him attention. Is that right?"

Rose's expression didn't fluctuate as she nodded, "You are right."

"Alright. Let me tell you what I know..."

...

After leaving the transference hall, he sent Wyomin a message, asking if Lily and others were done. It's been a very long time, even though it didn't feel like it because he was engrossed in his cultivation.

A moment later, his communication crystal buzzed.

When he heard the message, his brows shot up before a look of relief appeared on his face, only to be replaced by a heavy expression in the next moment.

Swoosh!

After sending Wyomin another message, he rushed out of the war temple.

This message he just got... It wasn't from Wyomin but Ashroth.

Chapter 766 In Demon Territory

Swoosh!

Just as he left the war temple, with his mask concealing his identity, he felt someone watching him. However, when he looked around, he didn't find anyone, which made him frown and slow down.

Ashroth had urgently asked him to meet at the place they met earlier, where Emily had awoken her bloodline. Since it was outside the battlefield, he knew him going there right now was extremely dangerous, but because Ashroth had mentioned that it concerned Kriss's life and death, he found himself rushing out.

However...

The feeling of being watched made him think if he really wanted to risk his life for Kriss.

"Fuck!" He cursed after a moment and picked up the speed as Phoenix's Wings appeared behind him. Though it was risky, he couldn't sacrifice Kriss, who he had come to see as his subordinate.

Swoosh!

...

When he left the boundary of the battlefield, his lips were curled up, and there was a look of relief in his eyes because whoever was watching him had lost sight of him when he was halfway to the boundary, or perhaps they weren't able to keep up with his speed, though he doubted the latter. Still, he didn't relax completely because there was a chance he was still under watch but just wasn't able to feel it.

A short while later, he arrived at the meeting place and saw a man, a human man, standing there, leaning against a tree with his eyes closed and his arms folded in front of his chest, which made him frown.

He glanced around but didn't see anyone other than him. So, he focused on him and asked with an upturned brow, "You are Ashroth?"

The man opened his eyes and unfolded his hands. "Ashroth? You mean that blood-winged demon? I have captured him."

Max's eyes narrowed as his mana, bloodline energy, and death energy started churning within him while his bloodline sense once again scanned the surroundings.

As if feeling the danger he had started to radiate and was about to attack, the man hurriedly raised his hands and said, "Hey, hey, brother-in-law. It's me, Ashroth. Calm down, alright."

He spoke in his real voice while his face returned to normal for a moment, showing him that he, indeed, was Ashroth.

Max wasn't surprised to see that he wasn't able to discern that Ashroth was using some kind of artifact or illusion technique to hide his identity with his bloodline sense because he had already realized that despite his bloodline sense being quite extraordinary, it wasn't strong enough to see through everything, and it was understandable since his bloodline hadn't reached its peak state, proved by the fact that the devil's blood in his heart was able to slightly increase its purity and strengthen it.

However... if even he wasn't able to see through him then...

[Emperors can't see through your disguise, either, correct?] He asked through his bloodline transmission.

"..."

Ashroth looked at him blankly before nodding. He wanted to reply via mental transmission too but remembered he was still in the Four Star realm.

Max's eyes flickered, and he was about to ask something when Ashroth raised his hand, indicating him to stop. He then took out a few inscribed stones and crystals before quickly arranging them on the ground.

'Hmm? A teleportation formation?' He recognized it immediately because the teleportation formation he had bought was similar.

"Come." Ashroth said before stepping inside the formation and putting several high-grade mana stones in the formation's energy grooves.

Max hesitated because he didn't believe Ashroth enough to step into the formation. After all, they had met just two times and...

Suddenly, he felt his spine tingle, which prompted him to throw out his hesitation out of the window and jump into the formation.

Whoosh!

The instant he got inside the formation, Ashroth activated it, and both disappeared from the place.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Almost instantly, two figures appeared next to the formation, their expressions ugly. One of them was none other than Julius, and the other one was a violet-haired man.

While Julius seethed in anger, the violet-haired man waved his hand, and several mana stones flew into the grooves of the formation to activate it again, but right then...

Boom!

The formation exploded.

Crackle!

Violet lightning crackled around the man as his aura burst out in torrential waves. "Those ants! How dare they!" He snarled in anger and punched the ground, causing the ground in a hundred meters radius to cave in.

Then his head swiveled toward Julius as he shouted, "How incompetent can your people be?! Why did they not inform us that he had left the battlefield earlier?!"

Julius' expression fell and his gaze became cold. "Brother Xander, you better watch what you say; otherwise... humph!"

He didn't complete his warning but just harrumphed coldly.

Xander narrowed his eyes at him and sneered, "Did I say something wrong? If your people hadn't been incompetent, we could have captured him."

Boom!

Julius released his aura, creating a crater beneath him. However, Xander's expression didn't change, but violet lightning flickered in his eyes along with a crazed yet provocative glint.

...

Swoosh!

While they had a face off, Max and disguised Ashroth appeared in an underground room of a mansion in one of the fallen kingdoms that were now a part of the demon territory.

As soon as Max regained his senses, he swept his gaze around the room and noticed two blood wing demons, who were at the high stage and peak of the Five Star realm. Since they weren't a threat to him and he didn't find something else suspicious in the room and even outside, or rather above, he relaxed a little and looked at Ashroth, who was shaking his head to orient himself.

After a moment, Ashroth looked at him and smiled appreciatively, "Good thing you didn't hesitate to enter the teleportation formation, otherwise we would have been done for."

Hearing this, Max asked, "Oh, so you noticed the danger too?"

Ashroth nodded and chuckled, "Of course. I knew you would be followed, so I had made many preparations. Thanks to one of my detection formations that I placed in the area, I sensed two people sneaking toward us, even before you."

Max couldn't help but be impressed by him because he hadn't shown any panic on his face even after sensing the foreign presence and had calmly put together the teleportation formation.

He then asked, "Alright. Tell me, where is Kriss?"

"Kriss, who?"

## Chapter 767 The True Reason

"Kriss, who?" Ashroth asked with a confused look on his face which made Max narrow his eyes.

"Ah, I remember. You must be asking about that guy who was with you when we met last time, no?" Ashroth asked, his lips curling up in a grin.

Max stared at him expressionlessly but mind was whirling with thoughts because he could faintly feel with his bloodline sense that even though Ashroth appeared nonchalant and seemed to be having fun teasing him, inwardly he was anxious and even terrified and it wasn't because of him, or related to Kriss.

For this reason, he couldn't help but think something substantial had happened or he had found something which had terrified him.

'Is it because...' He shook his head, not wanting to guess because the chances were he most likely wouldn't be correct. After all, he didn't have enough information to make a right guess.

"Yes, I'm asking about him. Where is he?" He asked, calmly nodding his head.

"Tsk! You are no fun, brother-in-law." Ashroth clicked his tongue seeing he was unfazed. Then, he gestured to one of the two demons in the room and said, "Several days ago, my subordinate here had heard of a piece of news that two humans, from the battlefield, had entered our territory and were on the run because several Scarlet and Ashen demons were chasing them."

"A few days ago, those demons caught up to them in this kingdom and almost killed them, but the duo still managed to escape with their lives. Because I have told him to take note of all anomalies, he found out how they looked and when I saw their images, I recognised the man."

Saying this, he took out an oval shaped, fist sized box that looked like a white stone and poured his demonic energy into it.

Whiz!

Immediately, two images appeared in the air on top of the stone.

Max heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the image. The two in the image were none other than Kriss and Pauline.

'So, they are indeed alive...' He thought, surprised because the vague feeling he had turned out to be true.

"You know where they are right now?" He asked,

Ashroth shook his head, "They are able to hide their tracks almost perfectly and even the early-stage King demons aren't able to track them down. However, If I'm not wrong, they should be hiding in the mountains a hundred miles away in the west direction."

"Alright," Max nodded before thanking him for giving him the information.

"Haha, it's alright, brother-in-law." Ashroth laughed it off, but then looked at him in surprise when Max didn't show any sign of wanting to leave to save them.

"You have something else to tell me, no?" Max asked upon seeing his expression.

Ashroth was taken aback but then smiled wryly, "So, you noticed, huh?"

He then glanced at the two demons and said, "You go up and activate the isolation formations."

"Yes, young lord." The duo nodded before leaving the underground room. Weng~

A moment later, Max noticed several formations activate and completely isolate the room. He tried to scan the outside of the room with his bloodline sense, but couldn't, which told him even emperors most likely wouldn't be able to penetrate the formations without destroying them first.

Phew!

Ashroth exhaled deeply, his body visibly relaxing. Then he returned to his original self before waving his hand and taking out two chairs for them to sit.

"Take a seat. I will tell you what I really called you here for." He said before sitting down in one chair.

'Mm?' Max inwardly raised an eyebrow, not only at him becoming relaxed as though some people finally weren't able to spy on him, but also because he could tell his voice was a few levels colder, not having the same warmth as before when he spoke to him.

He took the seat and watched him contemplate as if thinking what or how to begin.

"I told you about my aunt, right? The one you had met with my little sister." Ashroth asked, causing Max to nod his head.

"I don't know why, but for decades, she has been roaming around the demon and even human continent, looking for a way to leave this place, which she calls a cage. She says both the human and demon continent are just a tiny part of the vast world, but for some

reason, this part has been isolated from the rest of the world, imprisoning everyone living here."

Speaking until here, he looked at Max, wanting to see his reaction which he was sure to be full of surprise, disbelief, confusion or even denial, but... Instead of that, he saw he wore a calm and slightly curious expression which made his lips twitch before his eyes widened slightly in surprise,

"You already knew about it?"

Max shook his head, "Not really, but due to some things, I guessed this was the case. However, I don't know much. So, go ahead, treat me as though I don't know anything and tell me everything you know."

Seeing his eager expression that he was trying to hide, Ashroth could tell he wasn't lying, so he nodded, and continued,

"So, she has been trying to find clues and right before the war, she told us that this war was going to bring the opportunity to leave this place. Of course, we didn't believe her. Right before seeing your reaction, even I wasn't convinced that all this could be true but brought you here on my aunt's orders."

He chuckled wryly before his expression turned solemn, "But since you also seemed to think the same as my aunt, I have no choice but to believe it's true and because of that, I'm even more worried because a few days ago, my aunt told me that this war... it isn't just about conquering the human continent, it's to open the gateway leading to the outside world."

"For this, the upper echelon of the demon race, elven race, human race and other smaller races have colluded and..."

## Chapter 768 A Noble Demon?

Woosh!

Half an hour later, a figure draped in black robes that reeked with demonic energy left a mansion in one of the fallen kingdoms near Green Leaf.

This figure was none other than Max. If someone could see past the faint veil of demonic energy covering his face, they would see a layer of demonic energy wriggling across his face, slowly changing his looks.

A while ago...

"...That's why I need you to see if you can find a way to the central plains." Ashroth said, his expression incomparably solemn.

Max wore the same expression, a sense of dread permeating his heart.

Taking a deep breath, he asked, "Is she, your aunt, sure that the information she found out is true?"

Ashroth nodded. "I asked her the same, and she said that she is."

Max closed his eyes, his thoughts churning rapidly. After a few minutes, he exhaled a deep breath, opened his eyes, and nodded.

"Alright. I'll try to find a way. But I hope you know it'll be extremely difficult for me to lead your tribe to the central plains with my current strength. We would most likely be slaughtered before reaching the three empires."

Ashroth smiled wryly. "I know, but we have no choice but to take the risk if we want to survive."

Max silently nodded. After a few moments, he changed the topic and asked, "That disguise technique you used, can it fool emperors?"

"It can, but you can't use it." Ashroth chuckled, leaning back in his chair, trying not to worry about the bleak future.

"Oh!? Why do you say so?" Max asked, raising an eyebrow.

Ashroth looked at him in confusion before saying, "Simply because it's a demonic technique and needs our pure demonic energy to work."

"Hmm? Just demonic energy?" Max asked,

"...Yes." Ashroth nodded, not understanding why he was asking this, but he became surprised when he saw him nod and say, "Alright. Teach it to me then."

"Huh?!" Ashroth furrowed his brows. "Teach you? But you can't—"

Shua!

Mid-sentence, his eyes widened in shock because he saw Max release demonic energy, considerably purer than his.

He jolted in his seat, his spine straightening, "This... How... Why do you have demonic energy?!"

He was completely stupefied right now. He knew some humans in the past had tried to find ways to use demonic energy safely but failed. All those who absorbed the demonic

energy had their minds corrupted and turned into dark mages who sought nothing but chaos.

Max, however, had the demonic energy but didn't display any trait of those of corrupt dark mages. If he hadn't seen him release the demonic energy from his body, he would have thought he had used some kind of storing artifact, but he clearly had not.

The corner of Max's lips curled up into a tiny, proud smirk upon seeing his incredulous expression. But he wasn't going to tell him how he was about to use it, so he said, "Don't bother with why I have it and just teach me the disguise skill."

Ashroth stared at him for a few seconds before he took a deep breath and nodded, "Alright."

...

A few hours later, Max arrived at the mountains where Ashroth suspected Kriss and Pauline could be hiding.

Because he didn't have any visible demonic features and had a human build, some demons he encountered on the way here looked at him curiously, but since his body was exuding the demonic energy, none suspected he wasn't a demon, and therefore he had no difficulty arriving here.

Just as he was thinking how he was supposed to find Kriss and Pauline in this vast mountain range...

Whoosh! Whoosh!

...He felt some people rushing in his direction from the side.

Immediately he went on full alert, though he didn't show it outwardly, and calmly looked in their direction to see a group of five dwarf demons, three males and two females, coming over.

'Hm?' He frowned under the hood of his robe, seeing they seemed to be coming at him. For a moment, he thought he was found out, but their expressions told him that wasn't the case.

Still, he wanted to maintain his distance from them because not only was he yet to perfectly cast Ashroth's disguise skill—Illusory Demon Art—but also because he was worried he couldn't act properly and might end up making them suspicious of him.

Just as he was thinking all this, the group entered his bloodline sense' range. He calmed down, realizing the strongest of them was just a mid-stage Five Star demon.

Even if they became suspicious of him, he could kill them off before they could do anything about it.

The dwarves looked at him up and down, their eyes narrowing.

"What are you looking at?" Max coldly asked in the demon language in a hoarse voice.

The mid-stage Five Star Dwarf demon quickly gave him a bow and said with a smile and a respectful expression on his face, "Hello, sir. I'm Havos; these two are my sons, and these two are my wives. We came here to hunt that human duo too. I was wondering if we could team up and hunt them together."

"Oh? So they are really here?" Max asked, his eyes gleaming underneath his mask.

"Yes, sir." Havos nodded before he chuckled, "Haha, it seems sir is a young demon, and upon hearing those evil humans were causing trouble in our domain, he came to punish them without being sure about their whereabouts."

Max stayed silent, which made the dwarf think he was right, which caused him to smile brightly. "Let's team up then, young sir. With you, our group will be stronger, and you won't have to waste your valuable time scouring these mountains."

Hearing this, Max raised a brow. "You have a way to find where they are?"

The dwarf nodded, a proud expression appearing on his face, "That's right."

Max nodded, sighing in relief. For a moment, he became worried because if all demons had methods to track them, they might have already been caught or, worse, died, but upon seeing the dwarf's proud expression, he realized his worries were unfounded because if all demons or several demons could track them so easily, the dwarf wouldn't have been so proud.

"Good. I'll join your group then." He nodded before gesturing toward the mountains, "Lead the way."

The dwarf smiled wryly. "Young sir, let's discuss how we are going to split the reward—"

"No need. I'm not doing this for the reward." Max interrupted him.

"This..." The dwarf was stumped. He then looked toward his wives and saw their worried expressions. Clenching his jaws, he said, "Young sir, can we sign a blood oath contract?"

"Hmm?" Max narrowed his eyes, the first time hearing this term.

The dwarf hurriedly waved his hands in front of him. "I-It's not that I think young sir would do something bad... It's just that we want to sign it for the peace of our mind."

"..."

Max stared at him, his brows furrowed. He knew the dwarf must have thought he belonged to some noble demon race after sensing his demonic energy, which was why he was being so respectful and cautious even though he was just a high-stage Four Star being.

After all, if after hunting Kriss and Pauline, he, a noble demon, went back on his word and tried to keep all the rewards, they wouldn't be able to do anything as they wouldn't dare to offend him.

"Alright, let's sign it then." He said in a displeased tone.

Hearing him agree, the dwarves relaxed before Havon took out a gleaming red parchment from his spatial ring.

"...!"

The moment Max laid his eyes on it, his expression turned solemn.

"Um, young sir, is everything alright?" Havon asked uneasily when he saw Max staring at the blood oath contract with furrowed brows. His wives and sons also felt uneasy and were starting to blame Havon for approaching him.

Max peeled his eyes off the parchment upon hearing his voice, but his expression didn't improve. He looked at Havon and then his sons and wives before sighing inwardly and nodding, "Yeah. Everything's alright."

Havon sighed in relief before hurriedly writing the conditions in the contract. Then he pricked his thumb with his sharp teeth and dropped a drop of his blood on it and had his sons and wives do the same before presenting the contract to him.

"Young sir, please read it and then bind it."

Max nodded. After taking a cursory glance at it, he took out the thunder sword, which made Havon and his family jump back and put on their guards, ready to fight.

"I'm not going to attack you. Don't worry." Max snorted before sliding his thumb across the blade's edge, cutting the skin. With how strong his body had become, he was unable to cut his thumb like them and had no choice but to use the thunder sword.

Immediately after he squeezed out a drop of his blood onto the contract, which made it shine with blood-red light, the small cut closed, showing his heightened healing factor.

Because he had immediately put the thunder sword back into his inventory, he didn't notice that the little bit of his blood that was left on the blade of the sword was suddenly sucked into the sword, which made the unassuming, round crystal encrusted on the conjunction of the hilt and blade shine for a brief moment.

Max looked at Havon, who was looking at his spatial ring with a suspicious look in his eyes, and frowned before clicking his tongue in annoyance, realizing he had made a mistake.

Though demons also used weapons, due to the demonic energy's influence, one could easily tell demons' and humans' weapons apart. Since his thunder sword had no hint of demonic energy on it, Havon realized it was from the human's side.

Just this wouldn't have been enough because it could be from a human who Max had killed, but even his spatial ring was one of human design and had no lingering demonic energy despite the fact he was wearing it.

'Fortunately, my blood was covered by the demonic energy; otherwise, I would have been really exposed.' Max sighed inwardly before coldly asking, "What is it?"

Havon flinched and quickly shook his head. "I... It's nothing, young sir. Please follow us."

'He must have taken it recently from some human.' Shaking his head inwardly, he stopped thinking about it. Then he glanced at his wives and sons, indicating them to follow after him, and shot toward the mountain range.

Swoosh!

...

Deep into the mountain range, within a lush valley, two figures were huddled inside an inconspicuous cave.

These two were none other than Pauline and Kriss.

Kriss' had a grave look on his face as he watched the unconscious and bloodied Pauline.

Two days earlier, they were tracked down and ambushed by a group of Ashen Demons. Although the strongest of them was just in the mid-stage Five Star realm, they were too exhausted after being constantly on the run and had a tough battle.

He had been helping Pauline in the battles as much as he could with his assassination abilities since she was weaker than him, but this time he could barely protect himself.

Right when he thought all hope had been lost, Pauline, who was on the verge of losing her life, suddenly took out another full-body armor. The moment she donned it, her aura changed, and she became a lot stronger.

She killed the demons, grabbed him, and escaped to this mountain range. Then, however, she suddenly hacked out several mouthfuls of black blood and collapsed.

After finding this inconspicuous cave, he put down some hard-to-detect concealment and illusory formations and then fed her the best healing pills he had on himself. Unfortunately, they didn't seem to have any visible positive effect on her, and she had been unconscious since then.

"I should have exchanged for a higher-grade healing medicine in the merit hall." Kriss murmured before shaking his head with a wry look on his face.

He slowly stood up, wincing in pain because his injuries also had yet to heal completely. Just as he was about to take a step toward her, wanting to check her condition, his head snapped toward the entrance of the cave, his expression turning dark with rage, but there was a hint of helplessness in the depths of his eyes.

Walking over to Pauline, he crouched down beside her and extended his hand to gently caress her pale cheek, a complicated look in his eyes, but he hesitated before pulling his hand back.

Standing up, he took out a pair of daggers, and after glancing at her for a last time, he walked out of the formations with a resolute and ruthless expression on his face.

...

Outside the cave, three horned demons looked at the cave with raised eyebrows before the sole female demon among them, who seemed to be their leader, muttered, "They are here."

"You sure?" The other demon asked before trying to sense anything out of place but failed. His senses told him this was just a simple cave.

"Yes. There are forma—" The female demon had begun speaking when Kriss walked out, dense dark elemental mana undulating around him in waves. The demon trio immediately got into their battle stances, their demonic energy thrumming inside them, ready to burst forth.

The female demon was a high-stage Five Star demon, while the other two were in the early-stage Five Star realm, making their comprehensive lot stronger than Kriss. Still, the fact that many demons had lost their lives in the last several days trying to kill them made them unable to underestimate him.

"Hmm?" The female demon raised her brows and looked behind him a little cautiously before asking, "That human girl... Why isn't she coming out?"

Swoosh!

Clang!

A metallic clang rang out as Kriss completely ignored her question and disappeared before appearing behind her, his dagger slashing toward her neck. Unfortunately for him, she was prepared and reacted, blocking the strike without much effort.

"Oh? It seems she really used some sacrificial technique." She revealed a malevolent grin. "This makes things easier."

Even before she finished speaking, her other hand, coated with a thick layer of demonic energy, lashed out at him. Kriss' pupils constricted when he saw her attack. Knowing he wouldn't be able to dodge it given how fast she was, he hurriedly crossed his daggers in front of him to defend.

Crack!

Bang!

As her fist struck the dagger, a crisp crack resounded before Kriss was sent flying back, hacking up blood from his mouth and nose.

Apart from a pained wince, Kriss' expression didn't change, his cold gaze boring into the demon trio.

Landing on his feet, he spat out the remaining blood and wiped his mouth and nose with the back of his hand before looking down at his daggers, noticing hairline cracks on their blades.

'Don't break before I do.' He muttered inwardly before raising his head, his eyes slowly turning black.

The female demon was about to order her companions to go inside the cave to see if Pauline was there when she felt a chill run down her spine.

"You...!"

BANG!

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Under Kriss and the two demons' gazes, the female demon's head suddenly exploded. While Kriss' pupils constricted in shock and the blackness slowly receded from his eyes, the two remaining demons' expressions stiffened.

For a moment, they didn't know how to react to this sudden change, but then they hurriedly assumed their battle postures, sweeping their divine senses around to find out the person who killed their companion while secretly activating their movement techniques to escape.

Seeing how the demoness—who was stronger than them—died without being able to resist in the slightest, they knew their end wouldn't be much better if they chose to stay and fight.

"W-Who—"

Bang! Bang!

One of them had just opened his mouth when their heads also exploded and their dead bodies slowly fell to the ground.

'Fuck!' Kriss wasn't happy to see this and instead became more wary and felt hopeless. He could try to get rid of them using his trump card, but he wasn't sure he could do anything to this invisible person.

'I shouldn't have deactivated it.' He gritted his teeth in frustration. Then he sighed in resignation and glanced at the cave behind him. 'I'm sorry, Miss Pauline. It seems I—'

Right then, he froze, chills running down his spine because someone was behind him, and their hand was on his shoulder.

He had hoped this person to be a human even though the chances of it being were very slim since there were very few humans left in this conquered territory and most of them were weaker than a Three mage, but sensing the demonic energy behind him, the tiny flame of hope was crushed.

Taking a breath, he tightened his grip on the daggers and was about to slash the hand 'holding' his shoulder when he heard a familiar voice.

"It's me. No need to be so tense."

Swoosh!

As soon as he heard the voice, he inadvertently relaxed. Noticing this, Kriss' pupils constricted. Forcing his body to move, his right hand swung backwards toward the hand on his shoulder. He knew he wouldn't be able to slash it off, nor did he aim to.

He just wanted the 'demon' to 'release' his shoulder, and as he expected, right as his dagger was about to slash through the hand, the 'demon' took it back.

Shua!

Immediately, he jumped forward before turning around, his expression dark as he glared at the dem...

'Huh?!" His eyes narrowed because this 'demon' in black had similar body proportions to Max's. He shook his head, not wanting to get his hopes up.

"What are you planning, you demon—"

Max sighed upon seeing Kriss still believed him to be a demon.

"It's good that you don't easily believe things you see, but it's really me." He pulled the hood of his cloak back while deactivating the disguise technique to reveal his face.

"You... Why can you use demonic energy?" Kriss asked after a moment of surprise, slowly relaxing his guard.

Max shook his head before turning around and glancing at the cave. "Is Pauline alright?" He asked.

Kriss' expression fell before his eyes shone, "No, she is not. We got ambushed two days before, and she had to use a sacrificial technique. She has been unconscious since then. Come, take a look and see if you can help her."

Saying this, he stored his daggers and entered the cave. Max, after glancing in the distance, followed after him.

...

In the distance, Havon and his family stared at the place where Kriss and Max disappeared in a daze.

A few moments later, Havon said, "We didn't see anything, nor did we encounter anyone today."

Saying this, he turned around to walk away, inwardly sweating.

His wives and sons understood why he said this, but...

"Father, can we just walk away after witnessing that? I mean, will he really allow us?" One of his sons nervously asked, glancing back.

"He will." One of Havon's wives said, glancing at Havon with a look of admiration on her face, "Because he has signed the Blood Oath Contract, he can't harm us in any way. Of course, he can force us to stay until he leaves, but... He clearly doesn't fear the fact that we might inform others about him."

"You are wrong." Havon spoke, prompting them to look at him: "It's not that he doesn't fear it; it's that he knows I won't allow you all to spread the news."

"What do you mean, Father?" His son asked with a frown.

Sure, he feared Max after seeing how easily he killed those three demons, but once they left, he would be no threat to them, and they could earn some merits by delivering the news about him to their superiors. But his father was saying he wouldn't let them do it? This didn't make sense to him.

"Because he allowed us to leave with our lives." Havon took a deep breath. "So we can't be ungrateful."

"What do you mean by that? He clearly doesn't dare to harm us due to the Blood Oath Contract." His other son snorted in dissatisfaction.

Havon gave him a sidelong glance. "The contract only ensures that we don't harm each other while we are in this mountain range. I don't need to spell it out for you what this means, do I?"

His son shivered and shook his head, "No." Inwardly, however, he grumbled that his father should have put down better terms and conditions in the Blood Oath Contract.

...

In the cave, Kriss nervously fidgeted as he waited for Max to check Pauline's condition. Once he was done, he quickly asked, "How is she? Can you help her?"

Max's brows were furrowed, and he seemed to be in deep thought. Therefore, he didn't answer him, prompting Kriss to ask again.

"She seems to have used up quite a bit of her blood essence. This is why she hasn't woken up yet." Max finally said, his tone a little uncertain.

Kriss felt his heart clench when he heard this. Although not much, his family had some information on the Blood Essence. That was why, he knew, to a mage, his Blood Essence was as important as his magic foundation. Once harmed, both were extremely difficult to recover.

"It's all my fault." He muttered, a guilty look appearing on his face, "If I hadn't hesitated and had gone all out, this wouldn't have happened."

Max raised his brows when he heard his murmuring, a hint of surprise flickering in his eyes.

"Don't worry. I can—"

Not wanting to make him feel any more guilty, he was about to tell him that he could most likely help her, but right then, he felt a strange sense of unease. It was as if something bad was about to happen.