

The Mafia 1021

Chapter 1021 Spoils

As soon as the enemy formations stopped working, the Formation Master indicated to the group that they could move safely.

Vicente led the way along with Rex until they split up. Vice went through the trees on the outskirts of the area, while Rex circled the area, heading for the group of beasts there.

Larissa moved through the shadows cast by Vicente, passing the guards on her way without being noticed, almost as if she was totally blended in with the wind.

The other members of the group stayed where they were, arming themselves with their attack tools to act as soon as the actions of these three warriors resulted in a reaction from the enemy guards.

Vicente and Larissa went quickly to reach their objectives, she arriving at an area where several men of low and medium level were resting in that camp. Meanwhile, he went to where two of the strongest individuals in the area were, sneaking up on one of them.

The two men were meditating, totally vulnerable to the black-haired young man. When Vicente acted with daggers covered in darkness and a fraction of his restrictive powers, they had no chance to defend themselves or dodge.

They both lost control of their meditations as they felt punctures at the level of their hearts.

They opened their eyes, but all they could do was stare at the enemy who had dealt them that mortal blow. Unable to move, they fell face-first to the ground a few moments later, while Vicente moved on to the next of his opponents.

Larissa killed the fourth enemy just as Vicente reached the third of his high-level targets. She stopped at the entrance to the tent that she had just killed the enemy men when she saw one beast in her range of vision rise.

'Rex won't be able to hide his movements like we can.' She thought and promptly turned her gaze toward where seven men were quietly chatting around a campfire. None of them were stronger than her, and they had their defenses wide open.

She carefully made her way over to them, holding a short blade in her dominant hand, prepared to attack and use her advantage against these men.

At that moment, Rex finally acted, leaping at one of the inattentive beasts, momentarily attracting the attention of the other beasts.

The Flaming Lion was quick to slit the throat of one of his targets with his razor-sharp claws. But he couldn't use the surprise factor to his advantage again when the other beasts rose against him, their eyes wide in shock.

Rex advanced with his fangs against one opponent closest to him, but one other opened its mouth and made a warning sound, the signal for Vicente's group to act more violently.

The members of the group who had fallen behind finally got their signal. Seeing the guards in front of them turn to look in the direction of the beast's cry, they took advantage of the enemies with their backs to them and acted.

The Formation Master and the Alchemist of the group used their artifacts to attack the enemies, while the Tracker and the Beast Tamer were already moving against two different opponents.

"Enemies!" One of those men realized the attack and shouted a few moments before meeting Vicente's Tracker blade.

"Aaaaagh!"

Immediately afterwards, several cries of pain spread through the surrounding area, alerting different directions of the camp to signs of trouble.

One of the leaders not attacked by Vicente came out of his hut with a horrified look on his face and found himself surrounded by fighting.

To the south of his position, beasts were fighting a Flaming Lion. To the north, a group of bodies lie around a campfire, while a white-haired woman finished attacking her targets. Finally, explosions and screaming sounds came from the east, and a dark aura came from the west.

"Shit! Who are you?" The head of the outlaw group shouted angrily as he revealed his seven pentagrams, turning his focus in the direction Vicente was facing.

Vicente killed the fifth of his enemies when his group became visible to their enemies. He let go of the corpse he had just killed and looked at the man with 2 Yellow, 2 Green and 2 Cyan and 1 Indigo pentagrams, who was staring at him right now.

He then introduced himself by showing not just one of his magical forms, but both of them.

With 14 pentagrams appearing around him, more than half of them indigo, Vicente made a combat stance and said, "My name is Vicente Fuller and I'm here to collect your head, Onfroi."

The man could sense that Vicente was only a low-level Magus, several levels weaker than him, a high-level Magus. But the magical configuration of Vicente's pentagrams and the amount of pentagrams in front of him was ridiculous.

"Impossible!" He felt a chill run down his spine and also a sudden desire to flee.

Something inside him told him that this was not a battle he could fight!

But his warrior side, offended by the invasion of his camp, prevented him from fleeing in readiness. Instead, he jumped towards Vicente as his seven pentagrams glowed, his body transforming.

His fur and leather clothes tore, while his muscles grew three times in size. But even though he got bigger and stronger, his speed wasn't compromised. He arrived at Vicente's side and attacked in search of his principal opponent's head in that area.

Vicente didn't move, staying where he was while the entire camp glowed a golden hue, momentarily blinding anyone who wasn't wearing the special glasses similar to the one he had on his face.

The enemy trying to attack him felt like closing his eyes, but something stopped him. In fact, something prevented him from continuing his movement, as his body suddenly came to a complete standstill when he got close to Vicente.

His retina quickly burned as he lost all his sight.

But Vicente didn't make him suffer for long. With a subtle movement of one of his fingers, Vice opened the chest of the muscular opponent in front of him and ripped his heart out of his chest.

"Your criminal journey ends here, Onfroi. Today, I will take everything you have accumulated on your journey."

These were the last words the man behind this group heard before he fell to the ground, losing his life without even touching the enemy.

Vicente felt his group had already eliminated half of the opponents, but there were still some tricky individuals for his allies. He moved to deal with these last targets, quickly ending the fight with an absurd level of ease.

Fortunately, he had destroyed that group's formations before infiltrating this camp. Otherwise, they would have had to almost exhaust their strength to overcome the defenses of this place before having a deadly battle to eliminate the group of outcasts.

But in less than 10 minutes, everything ended well for the group of {Golden Partners}, when they could finally divide up their spoils of combat!

Chapter 1022 The Beginning of a New Era

Back in the Polaris Realm...

Three months have flown by since the confrontation of magicians and beasts against the monsters led by the vampires. These were months of peace and tranquility for almost the entire continental community, with the fences of many cities finally opening after years of living with them closed on.

Nina's group was hunting for the surviving vampires, while the monsters had been redirected to their native home in the far northwest of the continent.

It was not in the interests of the magical community to exterminate the races of monsters native to the continent. After the death of the leaders of the continent's largest monster tribes, the victors of the war merely confined the creatures to their ancestral homes.

And so the continent has been living its new phase, with humans returning to areas that were once dangerous to be in without the presence of strong protectors, beginning to rebuild what was lost and abandoned.

Amid this, those who had the chance to cultivate with the resources coming from the bodies of vampires or with the valuable blood of vampires killed in the war were gradually awakening.

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When Lauren left the main cultivation room of her state's royal palace, she found 6th stage robotic armor waiting for her.

She now had Advanced Archmage cultivation, a whole level stronger than in the battle months ago. Her appearance was better, far beyond the beauty of someone strong and naturally beautiful. The beauty of this woman, known by a macabre title, came from victory, from peace, from being able to achieve what her brother had left for her to achieve.

Happy with all her heart, Lauren was in a good mood for several reasons when she asked about Nina.

"Her Highness came out of seclusion two weeks ago, Your Majesty," said the metallic being escorting Lauren down a corridor with several doors, leading to a balcony overlooking the center of Chutha Dynasty's capital. "She advanced in level and became an Intermediate Archmage after her seclusion. As soon as she came out of seclusion, she left for the north to join the hunting of the remaining vampires."

"Is there any recent news about her or her group?" Lauren asked as she reached the balcony, from where she could see her capital city, where dozens of buildings were being constructed on the outskirts.

The sound of hammers and men shouting as they built new buildings filled almost every part of the city that morning.

Normally, people would be annoyed by construction work close to them. But in the current context, there wasn't even one inhabitant of this city who was unhappy about the many changes taking place there after Vicente's fences were decommissioned.

"Some news reports say that she and some of her men have tracked down and kill 5th stage vampires. But there is no sign of when they will conclude their search. Her Highness wishes to hunt vampires until there are none left."

"Well, that's good. What about the rest of the family?" Lauren didn't bother joining the hunt. Nina was enough for that.

"We're still to receive updates from Saltstar City. But Their Excellencies Nova, Layla and Lina must have already come out of their seclusion or be about to.

But the Cataclysm Order men are slowly talking about Altar Master Annie coming to our capital city within the next few months. With the end of the war, Altar Master Annie's advisors want to introduce her to the most important posts in the order so that her subordinates can get to know their leader."

"Hmm, I'll accompany Annie when the time comes. Is there anything else I should know? I intend to tour the kingdom and train my new skills a bit."

"Yes, one last thing." The metallic being stopped at that point, using what little artificial intelligence it had to look at Lauren thoughtfully. "We have some marriage proposals for Your Majesty."

Lauren's eyes widened as she cast a dark glance in the metallic being's direction. "Never mention that to me again."

"My creator..."

"Forget the commands Vicente gave you. I don't want to hear about marriage, understand?" She insisted.

"As you wish, Your Majesty. But the local nobles will not ignore the future of the state. You need to have an heir by the time you go to the Supreme Continent. And to have that heir, you'll need a husband."

Lauren left after ignoring the last words of Vicente's creation, ignoring this responsibility that every leader had.

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While Lauren went to train to test her powers and relieve the stress of thinking about marriage, Rory was in the Kenyth Empire, where he had assumed the imperial throne.

Having also become an Advanced Archmage after the war, he was now the leader of his father's home state, having been granted this opportunity by the alliance of cities in the area, and received the support of the Cataclysm Order.

In fact, he wasn't the only one in this situation. While Lauren had become the leader of the Chutha Dynasty before the war had even ended, several of Vicente's companions were claimed as new kings, queens or emperors of different states on the continent.

Rory's father had his origins in the Kenyth Empire, and this facilitated Rory's move to the area. Meanwhile, the devastated Kingdom of Eternal Dawn welcomed Casey as its new king. Sarah became queen of the Chutha Dynasty's neighbor to the west, and Eve was now the leader of a coalition of independent forces from one state in the central region.

As far as the old Seidel Kingdom was concerned, Lina's father had abdicated his position and passed on the post of monarch to his son, Killian, who was to leave his position to the first of his children with Nina.

But the territory of the Seidel Kingdom was no longer the same today. What was formerly the Scott Province was now home to the Cataclysm Order, ruled by the Fuller family and Altar Master Annie Fuller.

This place that was previously one of the weakest on the continent was now home to the largest concentration of Intermediate and Advanced Archmages on the continent!

With Annie in the lead and Nova, Lina, and Layla supporting her, this territory was moving beyond Vicente's plans to become the state he hadn't planned, but had imagined it would become.

His three wives were together, having finished their seclusion and focused on growing even stronger.

It was time for them to focus on their growth and what they wanted most after a decade without Vicente. It was time for them to do everything in their power to reach the Supreme Continent!

Chapter 1023 Fourth Year in Anicane

Time has passed not only for those in Polaris Realm but also for Vicente in Light Cay. Without realizing it, he had completed another few years in Anicane, doing many activities for his sect and faction.

After the previous hunt, his group returned to headquarters and went into seclusion for a few months to enjoy what they had gained from the hunt.

Vicente continued to fulfill his regular activities with both his sponsors and the sect. He did a few more mandatory activities, as well as his fights at the Combat Center, until he finally got his promotion to Inner Disciple. Vicente's promotion was about a year ago and since then he has grown a lot more, having recently reached 7-Star level.

The resources from the hunt at that time had been put to good use not only by the men in the faction, but by him, too.

Now Vicente was at Stonewall headquarters, preparing for the next steps of his journey. With only two years to go, the deal with Nan was about to come to fruition.

Amid this, some missions he had previously paid for were paying off!

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In the beautiful, modern Ravengarde, Vicente was leaving the Manifold Family's training center alongside a woman who was powerful, but weaker than him.

Alicia had a tired look on her face, while various ideas of what she had experienced in the last hour of training with Vicente flashed through her mind.

The years had shown her how different Vicente really was. Their relationship had started about 3 years ago, but that time was enough for him to leave this woman completely behind in terms of cultivation.

In just 3 years, Vicente had left the beginning of the 7th stage and reached its end, reaching a current 3 stars advantage over Alicia.

But even though she was lagging, this woman was satisfied. Learning from someone as strong and talented as him was something she couldn't deny the benefits of. Even with a cultivation of 4-Star 7th stage, she now had a combat proficiency that would put her in a position to fight high-level Magus—minus Vicente, of course.

"Thank you for this week of teaching, Vicente. See you again in Ponddown in about six months?" She asked as she pulled up next to the family vehicle waiting for her outside the large training tower in one of the well-traveled and wealthy areas of this large city.

"More or less that." He confirmed before warning her, "But I might be a little late. I've got some personal matters to sort out that might take me longer to get there."

"That's fine. Don't worry about it. As long as I see you within the next year, everything's fine with me."

"Hmm, don't forget what I talked to you about." He looked at her suggestively, making her get a little more serious.

Vicente had already warned her that he was soon planning something that would make him unable to continue her training until she became a Grand Magus. This shouldn't happen immediately and they would have about two more years to enjoy his services. But after that, he might be unavailable to the whole family.

"I'll sort it out for you." She confirmed before getting into her vehicle.

She didn't like the idea of no longer being able to train with him, but she was grateful for everything she had learned so far. The family had also gained a lot in these almost four years and she herself didn't think that the family leaders would hinder his plans.

Vicente watched her go and soon had only Prische by his side.

"Master, I have an update on a Dark Hands mission." She informed him, after sensing something new in the system.

Over the years, Vicente had learned a lot about his professions and had even increased Prische's level of loyalty to him and connect her to the Dark Hands' system.

She now managed the Dark Hands' system for him and assisted him whenever one of the missions he had launched yielded results.

Vicente had not invested in carrying out missions for third parties himself using the Dark Hands' system. Instead, he focused these years on being the creator of missions for others to work on for him.

Several of the missions he has created over the years have yielded positive results for him, while the older missions are showing their results more recently.

For example, the mission to investigate Nan's group had already been completed. Now Vicente knew the origin of that fairy's group, their objectives and their relationship with Stonewall.

Nan hadn't lied to him back then. She really wasn't an enemy of the sect and was on the island for legitimate business. However, she hadn't told him the whole truth either, as he had previously thought.

But the affairs she seemed to be involved in were not a deterrent to him joining her group, at least not yet.

Given the results of such a mission, he was already planning to meet her in another two years, when it would be the anniversary of his agreement with Nan's group.

But the update Prische had to give him now concerned another matter.

"We have news about groups seeking your death, master. One of them is about to move." She alerted him to one of the most sensitive issues for him at the moment.

Since his return to headquarters after the hunt for his 14th pentagram, Vicente had faced three assassination attempts. In particular, the last one was a little more dangerous and open, with him being attacked in the middle of Stonewall.

The other assassination attempts had been more covert without drastic action. But this latest attempt alerted even the sect's superiors to the risks to Vicente.

The city patrols were stronger now, and Vicente had even won a defensive item from the sect to protect himself. But he knew that this wouldn't stop the sect's competitors.

"Oh?" He became a little more serious, standing where he was while clenching his fists.

'Let's see how this next attempt goes. I'm about to become an Eighth Class Real Sorcerer. I'd like someone to test my skills with a Cursing Ritual!'

Chapter 1024 Preparations for departure

After Prische's warning, Vicente got on with his daily business.

As worrying as an assassination attempt was, he would not let threats like that impede his life.

He made his way to the faction's headquarters, where he greeted several members on the way to his office. {Golden Partners} currently had over 100 active members, half of them Archmages and the other half Magus.

Vicente found his Flaming Lion lying on a large cushion in his office and chatted casually with him for a while. Rex had improved his strength and was now an 8-Star beast. But this creature already had expectations of seeing his master stronger than him even before he became a 9-Star Magus.

Rex was more than happy to know that his master was growing stronger and stronger.

After a while in his office talking to Rex, Vicente came across Larissa.

This white-haired woman was currently at 4-Star level, a good cultivation for someone who arrived in Anicane only five years ago. But she clearly paled compared to Vicente.

Even though she was weaker than him, Larissa had learned about the journey he intended to make out of Light Cay alongside Nan, and had been invited by him to join the adventure. Larissa really wanted to leave the island and look for her old plan companions, so she accepted without a second thought.

Now they were preparing to leave the sect in less than two years and join Nan's group!

"I've started our plan. In a few months, the sect should realize our interest in leaving Light Cay and, after that, we'll probably lose Stonewall's support and defense," she said as she sat down opposite him in that room full of robotic and mechanical projects.

Prisiche was there too, of course, standing next to Vicente's desk.

"Do you think so?"

"Absolutely." She shook her head affirmatively. "Stonewall won't stop us from leaving the island. But they won't support us in doing so. As soon as they find out about our plans, they'll abandon us and try to force a deal for us to stay on the island longer."

Stonewall's rules did leave doors open for members of the force to come and go from the island. But they had only been with the force for a few years and, from the point of view of the sect's leaders, they had taken more of the opportunities they had than they had given in return.

In the interpretation of this politically experienced woman, it was only a matter of time before the sect pitted them against the 'wolves' and forced them to seek help.

"The Elders have been watching you for years," she said with a suggestive look. "The moment they know you're leaving, it's possible that on the same day someone will open the way for your enemies to kill you."

Thinking about it, Vicente said, "Someone will try to kill me soon. Maybe some member of Stonewall will find out or has already discovered our plans?"

This information was new to her, but she would never doubt the possibilities. "It wouldn't be impossible, although quite unlikely. We've just begun the conversations that will lead to the consequences of our interests in leaving the sect."

The two of them looked at each other in silence, thinking about what might happen next.

While they were doing this, Rex stood up and strolled to their side.

"Master, when will you reach your sensitization? Is it possible for you to become a Grand Magus before you go to meet Nan?"

The sensitization Rex mentioned was nothing more than the point in cultivation at which the body and soul of a newly promoted person from a lower plane would fully adapt to the conditions of Anicane and would no longer grow so quickly.

So far, Vicente had grown hastily, not only because of his talent, but because he was more susceptible to Anicane's cultivation conditions. But eventually, he would reach a point where he would experience the same or greater difficulties as people of his level, but native to Anicane.

Rex and the others in the faction foresaw that once Vicente reached that point, it would take years for him to make small progress.

"No, I believe I'll leave Light Cay with a peak cultivation of 7th stage." Vicente answered his beast as he understood what Rex had in mind. "Unfortunately, I won't be able to use brute force to deal with the strongest on this island before I leave. I'll still be far below the bosses of Light Cay at the time, Rex.

That's disregarding my Real Sorcerer skills."

The beast, the artificial intelligence and Larissa understood well what he had in mind. They were all aware of Vicente's concerns about the invitation to Hell, so knew that he would avoid using part of his Real Sorcerer abilities.

A Real Sorcerer could perform various special rituals. But the rituals generally involved supernatural powers that somehow connected to the dark Hell.

Banishing Rituals were stronger in terms of their connection to Hell, so they were more likely to cause the gates of Hell to open. But even an ordinary ritual of sacrifice was likely to provoke some strange phenomenon that Vicente wanted to avoid.

He had learned this on his journey to becoming a Real Sorcerer of the Eighth Class and had already discussed it with his three most trusted companions in Light Cay.

"Let's hope it doesn't come to that," Larissa said as she stood up, sighing.

He smiled and said, "Well, I don't want trouble, but if it comes to me, I'm looking forward to testing my current capabilities."

Minos still dreaded the invitation to Hell. But he was a talented magician, someone used to fighting and eager to push himself to his limits. Even with his reservations, he wanted to test himself against strong opponents!

Larissa could see it in Vicente's eyes, but she didn't press the issue. Every genius has their contradictory desires.

She said to him after a worried sigh, "I won't bother you much longer. I'm going to continue preparing things so that the faction can continue to stand on its own feet after our departure. You should seek your master's help soon. Maybe he'll be able to give us some help."

"Hmm, the time is coming for me to broach the subject with him.

Carry on with your work. Depending on how things turn out next, I'll make some kind of agreement promising to return in the future. They should accept something like that for reasonable support," he said as he thought of the sect leaders.

"I doubt it very much. But good luck."

Chapter 1025 Assassination Attempt in Ravengarde

Over the next few days, Vicente had no business outside Ravengarde and was stationed in the area to fulfill his responsibilities as an Inner Disciple.

By now, he had an excellent position in the Combat Center ranking and was getting closer to his goal of becoming a Core Disciple before leaving to meet Nan.

He once again saw his master in the Real Sorcerer art this morning, with whom he had weekly meetings to study and train together.

Collins had already taught Vicente almost everything he knew in the few years he had been teaching him. Vicente had already reached his cultivation level and, because of Vice's exceptional talent, the boy even understood concepts that Collins himself found difficult.

If it hadn't been for Collins' vast experience, he wouldn't have dared to advise the young Fuller until this day!

But even at such a good level, Vicente used his time with Collins to learn and respected the rat-headed man greatly.

Today, he finally touched on the all-important subject of his eventual departure from Light Cay alongside Nan's group.

"So you're leaving already..." The rat-headed man muttered after hearing the subject from Vicente for the first time.

But he had honestly expected this to happen. After years at Vicente's side, Collins had learned a little about his disciple's past and how Vice's plans could only be completed outside of Light Cay. And not only Vicente's history led him to believe that. Vice's own talent was no match for Light Cay's limits.

He wasn't irritated by Vicente's warning to leave, although he would have preferred to stay by Vicente's side for as long as possible.

He still wanted to see Vicente become a Real Sorcerer of the Eighth Class!

That was very close to happening, so the fact that he wanted to leave in less than two years made Collins a little worried.

"But you're not leaving immediately in 2 years, right? In 2 years, you'll only go to this Nan to make the real deal between you," he asked to better understand what he could still do with his disciple.

"I'm not sure about that, master." Vicente was honest. "I'll meet with her group if they're still available and interested in me. Then we'll decide what the future looks like after that."

There was this possibility that Nan and her group had given up on him, or even succumbed.

As strong as that team was, there were many individuals in Light Cay who could destroy Nan's formation with ease.

She was on the island for business, so her group wasn't necessarily strong enough to deal with the island's leaders. They were only strong enough to move around the area.

"I see..." The rat-headed man scrunched up his face, seeing that he might have a little more time even if Vicente's deal with Nan's group worked out.

"Well, I wish you good luck on your journey. Whatever you need, I'll help you with your departure." He didn't surprise Vicente with his words of support.

"I thank you... And I'm sorry, master. I know you'd like me to stay on the island longer. But there are promises I have to keep," Vicente said seriously.

"Don't worry about me. I might leave the island in the future, too." He laughed as he tried to improve the mood in his home training room. "Anyway, focus on becoming a Core Disciple. The sect members won't stop you from leaving the sect, but they will be more careful with you and will offer you better deals if you become a Core Disciple before you leave.

Don't forget, leaving the island doesn't mean you're leaving the sect. The better your position on your departure, the more the sect will consider a potential return from you in the future and consequently support you in your plans."

Just as Nan had come to Light Cay with her group, high-ranking members of Stonewall also traveled off the island from time to time. Normally, only Inner Elders or Core Disciples did this, so Vicente understood his master's advice well.

"Don't worry, my advancement to the next ranking is going well. I'll achieve it in just over a year."

"Perfect." Collins escorted Vicente to the door of his house, before saying goodbye, wishing to see him again in another seven days.

Vicente left alongside Prische, promising that he would be there without fail. He continued on to the Medicine Center, where he had his responsibilities as a Seventh Class Healer.

Halfway through this grand, modern city, Vicente sensed something wrong, a feeling that he was under someone's observation.

He instinctively circulated his mana towards his Magic Gems and prepared to act against whatever it was.

A second later, Prische stopped as if her circuits had stopped working, disappearing from Vicente's right side an instant later.

Then, in the middle of an important street in Ravengarde, a golden spear crossed dozens of meters, quickly appearing behind Vicente.

He looked back and saw it approaching him at frightening speed, when he found himself in a much more complex situation than being attacked by just a spear.

Hands of mana appeared from the sidewalk where he was standing, while a green vortex of mana appeared above him, attacking him with paralyzing green rays.

Four magicians dressed entirely in black, carrying weapons and with pentagrams around them showed themselves within 10 meters of Vicente, surrounding him as their magical forms appeared and they attacked him.

Passers-by who had nothing to do with what was happening were startled, some of them stumbling and falling over, while others paled, shouting in surprise at this unexpected attack.

Vicente's eyes narrowed dangerously, and he counted not only the four 9-Star Magus attacking him but also three 2-Star Grand Magus attacking from afar, pressing him to make room for those four enemies.

'That came much faster than I had expected.' He considered Prische's earlier warning, surprised to find himself so quickly in this position under attack from assassins.

'Looks like I need to travel around the island more and show the sect's enemies that I'm not someone for them to play with casually!'

Vicente's eyes turned black as night as the enemy attacks came closer to him.

Chapter 1026 Super Efficient Resolution

As the attack approached, Vicente felt the harmful objects pass through his body without making contact, while the forces attempting to suppress him failed miserably in their endeavor.

Seven pentagrams materialized around him, while subtly, another seven appeared minutely behind him, their presence barely perceptible.

Prisiche had vanished from the area but continued working from within one of Vicente's artifacts. Observing him begin to act, she marveled at how Vice had mastered control of his powers without significantly exposing two magical forms.

Most onlookers witnessing his current actions would be bewildered by the sheer number of his abilities, yet remain oblivious to the 14 pentagrams surrounding him.

This is precisely what happened to the spectators of this assassination attempt in the middle of that Ravengarde street.

They opened their mouths in shock at the sight of the indigo and cyan pentagrams of Vicente's first magical form, while they didn't notice the shadows in the surroundings vibrating with his powers.

But the strongest enemies noticed it when their bodies were engulfed in flames in the places where they were hiding. They lost sight of Vicente to protect themselves from the infernal flames consuming their bodies.

Meanwhile, the surrounding magical effects gradually dissipated, leaving the four Magus attacking Vicente at close range bereft of their leaders' support.

The mana hands attempting to restrain Vicente vanished along with the overhead mana vortex. Simultaneously, the recently thrown spear passed harmlessly through his body, while nearby metal fell under Vice's control, mere instants before he acted against his foes.

Each assailant's heart raced as they beheld the malicious smile on their unfettered opponent's lips.

With a mere flick of his hand, Vicente obliterated the bodies of the two nearest opponents. He then orchestrated a lethal dance of blades around the remaining two, assailing them from multiple angles as if to shred them to pieces.

Two high-level Magus perished instantly, while the others suffered, their agonized screams piercing the air as they desperately attempted to defend themselves.

Vicente's relentless blades severed parts of their bodies with brutal efficiency.

"Aaaaagh!"

People on the street screamed in horror as they saw the scene unfold, lots of blood, body parts and even organs spilling out into the surrounding area.

Vicente paid no attention to the screaming of onlookers and enemies, nor even to the terrified looks in his direction. He focused on the Grand Magus, who had tried to kill him on this day and place, seeing them totally unfocused on him as they desperately tried to escape the hellish flames covering them.

Despite their superior power and vast mana reserves, Vicente's black flames mercilessly consumed those Magus' clothes and skin, even devouring a portion of their mana.

Only light more refined than Vicente's darkness could repel these black flames engulfing his current enemies. Without such a counter, even infinite mana would prove futile against the inferno.

Alternatively, one could employ a blow of far greater complexity and power to dispel the flames, but this required abilities these low-level Grand Magus lacked.

Vicente advanced towards their hiding spots in the shadowy corners, his magical pressure overwhelming the Grand Magus's power.

Both individuals felt their knees slam into the ground as their pentagrams cracked, disintegrating under Vicente's relentless flames!

They desperately sought to face Vicente and counterattack, but upon witnessing this alarming development, they panicked, resorting to their last strategies to halt their opponent's onslaught.

At that critical moment, Vicente had already closed the distance.

With a mere gesture, spears erupted from the ground, traversing indecipherable paths through wormholes.

As the weapons rematerialized, the enemies found evasion impossible. Both screamed in agony as they were impaled, additional spears piercing their limbs and backs, immobilizing them against the ground.

Their suffering was brief. Vicente needed no explanation for the attack; these men would never reveal their employer. They were pawns in another Dark Hands assassination mission.

Materializing a sword in his right hand, Vicente slashed the first man's neck. He then induced a heart attack in the second, leaving no chance for survival.

The city guards, finally arriving on scene, watched in horror as a severed head rolled across their street, with only one fighter remaining.

Spectators stood in absolute silence, their faces pale with terror at the carnage Vicente had unleashed before them.

Meanwhile, Prische reappeared alongside her master, no longer restricted by the powers of the Grand Magus.

Unlike her master, slowly collecting the artifacts of the dead, this artificial intelligence approached the guards, who were looking deeply at Vicente.

"City guards, those men attacked my master in broad daylight. These people on the outskirts can testify that this is exactly what happened."

The people on the outskirts were too scared to say anything immediately. But as the guards spread out in the area to control the situation, gradually the first of them began to speak.

Meanwhile, to the surprise of some guards and figures standing around witnessing what had happened, Inner Elders of the sect appeared there, attracting attention with their long white robes.

Vicente sensed the presence of two low-level Grand Magus and turned his eyes to the newcomers.

"Elders." Not only the guards but also Vicente, Prische and the passers-by greeted the two old men staring at Vicente at that moment.

"Disciple Vicente Fuller, come with us. We're going to talk about this at the Records Center," said one of the two, gesturing toward the place, not needing to force Vicente to get the young man to follow them.

Vicente ignored the corpses left behind on the street and followed the two old men in silence, wondering where their conversation was going.

'They'll probably question me about my intentions to leave the island... Two Grand Magus acted in broad daylight, in the middle of Ravengarde. That wasn't the sect's negligence.' He looked narrow-eyed at the two men who had quickly arrived at the scene of the assassination attempt.

'You wanted to test me, but now I've got an extra edge in the negotiation. Let's see what you have to offer me and what you want in return.'

Chapter 1027 Negotiation

Upon arriving at the sect's Records Center, Vicente walked through an area he already knew, until he reached the upper level of Stonewall's grandiose government building.

There, he inspected his surroundings, but there was nothing special to observe too closely. Soon he was in a conversation room, where one Elder invited him to sit down.

"Disciple Fuller, I'm sorry about what happened earlier. Fortunately, you are talented and dealt with the assassins before we arrived in the area," said the first of them, looking seriously at Vicente.

He sat down next to his fellow Elder, facing the spot where the black-haired young man sat with a funny look on his face.

"Sure," Vicente muttered, looking at these two and admiring the ability of one of them to speak such things as if they were sincere. But he wouldn't confront these two.

The other Elder said, "Rest assured that we will deal with this as a matter of urgency and punish heavily all those involved. We will increase security in the city and be on the alert for further attempts against your life."

"I appreciate that." Vicente continued in his position, while Prische stood quietly in the corner of the room.

One of the two men then changed his tune by touching on a subject that mattered more to them. "In any case, the necessary investigations and measures on this matter will take time to take effect. But what we know for now is that you intend to leave the sect, is that right?"

"We've heard some rumors about your intention to join a foreign group and leave the island, Disciple Fuller," the other added.

"So you've heard about this?" Vicente said in a questioning tone, but he wasn't expecting an answer. "I can't deny my intentions. I've never hidden my desire to meet Anicane and now, with this opportunity, I can't deny my willingness to go ahead with the adventure.

But that doesn't mean I'm leaving the sect. I merely want to take a different path from the one in Light Cay."

"Leaving the island is difficult and dangerous. Those who leave have a high chance of not returning, even when they are as strong as we are," One of the two Inner Elders advised.

"Staying on the island also has its dangers. Today, I was in the safest place in the sect, and yet I ended up being attacked by assassins." Vicente gestured as he showed a counterpoint that was difficult to refute.

"Sigh! That's not something to be proud of," one of them commented with clear dissatisfaction in his tone. "But let's talk about something other than the dangers. What are you looking for off the island? Aren't you happy in Stonewall?"

"Stonewall or any other island I go to eventually lacks people I'd like to have by my side. Who I want by my side is on the plane I came from." He began, punctuating what was worth most to him.

"Stonewall isn't the problem, Elders. The sect has been good to me over the last few years, and I won't forget that.

Even though I don't know the island as well as you do, I do know that there are things I will only achieve on other islands. I'd like to explore and pursue those possibilities.

When I complete my goals or reach an interesting moment to return, I will come back and give back to the sect 10 times what I received here.

In fact, I would even carry out missions for the sect off the island during the beginning of my trip. My plans are to travel with a group of friends from Stonewall, so it's possible that I could represent the sect, if the Elders so wish."

The two understood Vicente's interests, which only made it more difficult to negotiate to change his mind.

Their chance would be to appeal to his best interests, but they could never access the Polaris Realm.

Their only chance of gaining something to negotiate with Vicente would be for someone from Polaris Realm to come to Light Cay. But it could take thousands of years for something like that to happen!

"There's nothing left on the island for you, Disciple Fuller? I refuse to believe that," said the first of the two Elders to question him.

"I don't doubt that there is plenty on the island for me. But I'd like to speed up my journey to areas with greater potential," he said before correcting himself. "I'm not necessarily looking for a place to grow faster. I merely want places that are more compatible with my interests.

Unfortunately, Light Cay is not that place, even though it is formidable and has many things that have helped me and will still be significant to me in the future."

"So there's no negotiation? You know you'll have to become a Core Disciple to pursue your interests?"

"I am aware of that fact." Vicente nodded affirmatively, ignoring that second Elder's threatening tone. "What I can negotiate, I've already said, I can remain a member of the sect and represent Stonewall wherever I go. The sect can certainly benefit from that.

In return, I would like support on this trip, but also protection from my enemies during these last years in Light Cay."

The two Inner Elders looked at each other in doubt. They still weren't sure if they should negotiate with Vicente about something like that. The best thing would be to make this young man change his mind, making it harder for him to become a Core Disciple, showing him that he'd better take it easy.

But as they looked at each other, they both realized that making Vicente's journey in the sect more difficult could have an adverse effect. Vicente already looked as strong as some low-level Grand Magus, possibly with powers close to theirs!

How could they put Inner Disciples, or even Core Disciples, to compete against this boy?

Seeing that they had no advantage and that they still risked losing a future high-potential Grand Magus to one day challenge the 9th stage, they saw no other option but to consider what he wanted.

"I still think you should stay, but if you insist, we can consider what you have in mind," said one of them after a moment of silence, accepting defeat. "We can't make an agreement on that now, since we don't know exactly where you'll go. But if you join the Diplomacy Center and delve into the external affairs of the sect, maybe the Core Elders will accept an agreement as you wish."

Vicente smiled as he stood up and showed one of his hands to the men.

"That's good enough for me. I'll join the Diplomacy Center and keep abreast of the sect's affairs in the little over two years until I leave. I'll represent the sect after I leave Light Cay."

Chapter 1028 Cursing Ritual!

Months after the incident in Ravengarde...

Vicente was running through one of Light Cay's forests, his feet breaking small branches in his path, while the sound of crunching leaves echoed through the surroundings.

Ignoring the smell of wet earth, Vicente looked at his surroundings through the glasses on his face, coming across the virtual information generated for him by Prische.

Around him were several trees with thick trunks and large leaves that cast shadows into the forest, even in the middle of the day. But the area wasn't dark enough for someone like Vicente not to see well. He could clearly see the tracks of the enemies chasing him at this very moment.

'Those bastards are really insistent.' He thought to himself as he looked to the side, seeing several bushes moving as the enemies approached them.

He was in the middle of a solo mission to Stonewall when he came across a group of 4 Grand Magus who tried to ambush him 5 minutes ago. The enemies had almost knocked him down and now Vicente had one of his arms wounded, blood dripping from it as he ran with one of his hands pressing on the wound.

Meanwhile, metallic beings were running around him, preparing to defend him against his opponents' attempts to prevent him from escaping.

Vicente wasn't the type of person to run away from fights, but against two 3-Star Grand Magus and two 4-Star Grand Magus. He honestly had little hope. He was currently at an 8-Star Magus, but even the recent breakthrough he'd had wouldn't help him much against such powerful individuals.

"Vicente, I thought you'd be braver. I've been looking for a date with you for months, you know." A smiling female voice rang out from the treetops, making him grimace even more.

In addition to the four 8th stage assassins attacking him with deadly blows, a 7th stage woman was following the fight from a safe distance.

From what he had heard of her comments over the last two minutes, these men were not individuals completing a Dark Hands mission, but underlings of hers, a young lady from Stonewall's biggest rival force in Light Cay.

"Really? I was wondering what you would do if you were chased by mid-level Grand Magus. Would you stand your ground and fight bravely?" He snorted as he continued on his way, aiming to reach the town only 30 minutes away, where he could get reinforcements.

While the girl laughed at him and talked about how she wouldn't have to worry about the reversed scenario, one man attacking Vicente had his face slightly wet with sweat.

As strong as they were, they couldn't deny the difficulty of taking down their opponent!

'This brat is really formidable. If we don't take him down here, he'll be a problem for our plans for Light Cay!' One of the 4-Star Grand Magus thought with an ugly look on his face, ignoring his young lady's comments to make another attack on Vicente.

"Now!" he shouted as he combined another decisive move with his three companions in action, getting all three to act simultaneously with him.

Vicente saw red lights appear from all directions, along with signs of very low chances of survival for him.

'It's time for my last gamble here. I have to take the risks of summoning the Gates of Hell!'

Then, under the attacks of the four Grand Magus, Vicente stopped where he was, causing a metallic altar to appear around him, while darkness covered the surroundings.

He finally showed himself in full, surrounded by 14 glowing pentagrams, as he placed candles and spices around him.

The enemies attacking him became a few grades more serious as they felt their hearts change beat.

The woman observing the situation from a safe distance also stopped talking, freezing the smile on her face.

She finally saw Vicente's full pentagrams, which made her understand why he was so strong, but how dangerous this game she was playing was. However, what completely removed the color from her face were Vice's movements, which in just one breath began to reverberate results all around.

Gulp!

"Fuck!"

One of the weakest of those men attacking him shouted as he felt the clear magical fluctuation of an Eighth Class Ritual!

Vicente moved his hands and black circles formed around him, with silver characters glowing as his first Eighth Class Cursing Ritual took shape.

A wicked smile formed on the black-haired young man's lips as, from his metal ritual platform, he sat on a black throne, with a crown and a cloak of darkness hanging over his body.

Feeling the four lives close to his grasp, he stretched out one of his hands in the air and commanded.

"Three Calamities: First, Magic Shrinkage!"

Black and silver symbols appeared around those four frightened men, forcing them to stop moving against Vicente and try to get rid of those symbols.

But even when one of them attacked the seemingly ethereal essence around him, all he did was pass through it, without altering what was going on.

The four of them felt their magical forces weakening soon afterwards, each of them molding cadaverous appearances on their faces as they looked at the escape routes.

"Three Calamities: Second, Death Breath!"

Supernatural winds arose from the apparent vacuum of space, passing through the bodies of the four Grand Magus and causing them to lose most of their will.

The four of them fell to the ground, two of them on their knees, while their eyes trembled, almost unable to believe what was happening to them.

Their vitality dropped by 80%, forcing them into a position they had never thought they would be in after becoming Grand Magus.

Then Vicente's last words came out of his mouth.

"Three Calamities: Third, Underworld's Deads!"

Black portals formed beneath the bodies of the four men before hands emerged from them, soon after revealing rotting corpses and hellish monsters pulling the four men into the darkness below them.

"Nooooo!"

"Mercy! Please! No!"

They screamed as their bodies were taken to a horrible place, each of them trembling as they tried their best to escape those hands.

But even while they had parts of their bodies out of that chilling darkness, two of them were visibly torn apart, screaming so much that some animals nearby fled in horror.

Meanwhile, the woman there to witness the death of her target could take it no longer and turned her back on the situation, fleeing without blinking.

But Vicente still had something for her. Rising from where he was and slashing the palm of one of his hands, he shouted as his eyes turned blood red.

"Here I curse you, woman. You must not increase your level until you face me without helpers. Until that day, your cultivation will leak out every time you try to become stronger. Your beauty will be corrupted with every petty and disloyal act you take!"

A bolt of red lightning shot out from Vicente's altar, reaching the fleeing woman afterwards, but without injuring her.

She continued to flee, but her appearance worsened considerably as she felt a strange weight on her mind.

"Shit!"

She could only curse her lack of luck, discovering in the worst possible way that her target was a terrible 8th stage Real Sorcerer!

Chapter 1029 Final Recluse

The enemy woman ran away from Vicente, but he didn't bother to chase her. Confident in his Cursing Ritual, Vice stayed where he was as he felt the effects of the curse he had cast gradually fade away.

But he remained motionless for a moment, looking fearfully at his surroundings, worried about the Gates of Hell opening.

A minute's wait after the fight, he took a deep breath as he felt that his actions today had not been enough to provoke something more supernatural.

'It seems that the Gates of Hell will only actually open for me if I perform the Banishing Ritual... That makes sense. That kind of ritual is more connected to Hell.'

He gathered up the metals in his vicinity, finally leaving the metal altar he had created.

'Sigh! The Cursing Ritual is really strong. I didn't expect it to be so effective.' He turned his attention to the places where the enemies had died under his commands.

Luckily, two of the enemies had been torn apart outside the black areas that had taken them to a place inaccessible to Vicente at the moment. And precisely in those remaining body parts were the space storage items of those two.

'I didn't have time to worry about my enemies' resources, but luckily, the rings of the two strongest were left behind.' A smile shaped itself on Vicente's lips as he broke into those large space reservoirs now without owners.

"As expected. Grand Magus are really rich," he said under his breath, standing up and scanning his surroundings.

Now that he had the enemies' items and no one else was around to threaten him, it was time to leave. He continued towards the nearby town, which he had wanted to reach earlier so as not to have to use the Cursing Ritual.

Now, however, Vicente felt happier that he hadn't reached the town in time where there was a Stonewall outpost to help him.

The resources he had earned today would be enough to cover his faction's expenses for the rest of the time he would be in Light Cay!

That might not seem like much at the moment, but the {Golden Partners} currently had over 100 Magus, 15 of them at a high level.

Today's resources would pay the wages of more than a year's worth of these individuals and still give them opportunities for improvement before Vicente left to meet Nan.

That was something impressive, considering it came from just two individuals!

There were things there for Vicente too, so he made his post-battle way happier than someone who had been forced to the extreme just moments ago.

'The missions I've put into the Dark Hands system have definitely helped me a lot to avoid enemies and prepare against the opponents that have come at me. But it's time for me to make my last move on this island.' He ordered Prische to set up a new mission with a top prize.

'This is the most valuable item of those two mid-level Grand Magus. This will be the prize for the one who prevents enemies from reaching me for one year.'

Prische obeyed her master and set a new mission in the Dark Hands system. Meanwhile, he saw the city he would stop at to get transportation back to Ravengarde.

[Your mission is active.]

'Good. Now I just have to wait. I'll go back to Ravengarde and stop carrying out external missions until I meet Nan's group. That's only a few months away, then I'll focus on advancing to 9-Star within the sect.'

...

Six days after the battle against Grand Magus, Vicente was back in Ravengarde, now with an Inner Elder accompanying him as a bodyguard.

"Very well, you can get on with your business, Disciple Fuller. The Elders from headquarters will stand guard in your vicinity," said the Elder as he finally separated from him.

Vicente thanked the man for his help before moving on to his own faction.

His mission to Grand Magus to secure his peace had already been accepted by someone and now that he was in the sect's headquarters city, he was at ease.

He made his way through the bustling streets of Ravengarde at a leisurely pace until he reached a building that was entirely his own.

There he entered the main hall, meeting some of the group's Archmages, individuals who looked after the maintenance and management of the faction's smaller affairs.

He waved to the surrounding people, but didn't stop. Soon he was with some of the most important members of the group, except Larissa, who was away on a mission.

Vicente handed over the resources he wanted added to the faction's vault to one of his trusted men, and told them about his plans.

"I'm going to the cultivation tower to lock myself away. I don't intend to return until I advance to 9-Star. Pass this on to my master, Larissa, and the others," he said as he turned his back on his companions and waved one of his hands in farewell.

"Are you getting ready for your departure from Light Cay?" asked a woman.

"More or less."

"What about the Combat Center fights?" a man asked this time.

"Once a month, I go out to complete all my fights for the month. Anyway, I'm already in the top 20 of the Inner Disciple rank. In six months at most, I'll take over the first rank and become a Core Disciple."

His duties at the Diplomacy Center were well advanced and he could continue studying in seclusion, without worrying about going there. The sect had also already given him the guarantees he needed for the previous agreement to go through, so he was quite confident.

In just over a year, it would be time for him to meet up with Nan's group and get on with his plans to leave Light Cay!

'I'll be in touch soon with more in-depth information on how to change your situation, Annie, Nova, Layla, Lina, Nina, and Lauren!' He thought of the women waiting for him in Polaris Realm.

Vicente trusted they would deal with the vampires eventually and seek to advance to the 7th stage or wait for him.

He preferred them to wait for him so that they wouldn't go to islands too far from his, so he was finally moving ahead with his plans to fulfill his old promises!

Chapter 1030 Departure Time

Time passed and the fifth year since Vicente and Nan's agreement, just over 6 years since he arrived in Light Cay, was finally upon him!

When he heard from Prische that the anniversary of his agreement with Nan was only a week away, Vicente left his cultivation room, exposing a peak 7th stage aura to all who saw him now.

After only 6 years in Light Cay, he had reached the absolute peak of the 9-Star of the 7th stage, the threshold for becoming a Grand Magus!

But as he had previously predicted, he had no chance of advancing stages yet in Light Cay. Having already fully adapted to the island, advancing from now on would be a bit of hard work for Vicente.

He was calm, however. Reaching the end of the 7th stage was more than he expected to achieve in such a short time in Anicane. His last 6 years in Polaris Realm hadn't given him even 10% of the progress he'd made in the same period in Light Cay!

"Where is everyone?" he asked Prisiche, seeing the city again after almost 3 months locked in a cultivation room.

He had occasionally come out of seclusion to complete his responsibilities and fight for the rank of Combat Center. But after achieving his promotion to Core Disciple just 3 months ago, he had spent the last 12 weeks locked away in seclusion, having reached his current level at that time.

"They're already waiting for you, master. They all know you'll be leaving soon, so they've returned from their positions in anticipation of the end of your seclusion," Prisiche said with a smile on her face, eager to leave Light Cay.

As Vicente had reached an agreement with the Elders of the sect, and would continue to be a member of Stonewall, even traveling off the island, she would be able to accompany him.

Even though she was an artificial intelligence, there were many things about the world outside the island that she didn't know and was eager to learn. She guided Vicente with a bright smile on her lips, soon arriving at the faction's headquarters, where the first person they encountered was a rat-faced man.

"Master." Vicente greeted Collins, who was currently on the same level as him, but now sported a special uniform, showing the world that he was now an Inner Elder.

Collins had benefited greatly from having a disciple like Vicente, even though he had only had a short time at Vicente's side. Six years had been enough for Vice to help him improve his position in the sect and even learn more about sorcery.

The rat-headed man grinned at Vicente, escorting his pupil in the art of sorcery inside the faction's headquarters.

There Vicente came across all the important members of his faction, but also some friends, allies, and instructors he had had over the years in Stonewall.

Miles, instructor of the Combat Center, 6-Star Magus, Alice, instructor of the Medicine Center, 7-Star Magus, were next to Rex, 9-Star Magus, and some of the first members of {Golden Partners}.

In a corner of the area, Larissa, who had recently reached at 7-Star, stood next to two Inner Elders and the only Core Elder there for today's meeting.

Vicente greeted everyone with a glass of drink and said a few words, promising that this was not a last farewell and that he would be back to surprise them.

Of this group, only Rex and Larissa would be traveling with him, apart from Prisiche, of course. But even without its founders, the faction had to keep going and carry on with the plans it had created over the five years of its existence.

Vicente named the new leader, who would be in charge after his departure and ended his speech by saying about his departure, scheduled for the morning of the following day.

As soon as he had finished speaking, he approached his colleagues and friends, hearing from each of them wishes of good luck, congratulations on his pre-departure strengthening, but also reminders of old agreements.

The Core Elder there, the only one who could hierarchically command a Core Disciple, gave Vicente something and said, "Go ahead with Fairy Nan's group, but be careful. She's probably not planning anything nefarious behind your back, but that doesn't mean she won't betray you or introduce you to people who will do you harm.

Stay cautious, Disciple Fuller. Use this here as your last defensive measure, should you run into trouble."

Vicente looked at what was there and opened his eyes wide, seeing something valuable even to the sect.

Before Vice could even thank him, the Core Elder said, "This is for you to keep your promises alive. Go ahead as a member of the sect and make the deals that you know will raise our standing. We'll look forward to hearing from you."

The old man turned his back on Vicente and, without looking back or giving the boy a chance, he disappeared.

Vicente kept what the Core Elder had given him, something that could really do a lot to help keep him alive.

He smiled to himself, determined to repay the sect's investment in him with his efforts after leaving the island. Soon he would be back talking to his guests, listening to their words of good luck and thanks for everything he had done for them over the last few years.

This was not a party, but a farewell. After their words and the different individuals there sorting out what they had to sort out, most of them left within minutes of the warning they had received from Prisiche.

One of the last to leave was Collins, who stopped next to his disciple and, with a squeeze on one of the young man's shoulders, wished him well.

"I hope you find your family when they come to Anicane, Vice. I know you'll stay alive and become stronger, so just do what your judgment tells you is best. I'll wait in the sect to hear your stories."

Vicente thanked his master, smiling and saying that he would wait to see him at the 8th stage.

Soon he was alone with Rex, Prisiche, and Larissa.

"Are you guys ready?" he asked the golden lion and the white-haired woman.

With an affirmative nod from both of them, he arranged for them to meet the next day at the airport, from where they would leave for the city just three days away from the meeting place with Nan.