

The Mafia 1061

Chapter 1061 Beginning of the Counterattack

While Hervi and the innocents stared at Vicente wide-eyed, the Fairy King calmed down a little, considering the proposal raised by the man who had saved him from certain death.

He lowered his aura, finally letting himself feel the good side of being alive and having been recovered from a near-death situation. The hatred of being betrayed subsided, although it didn't disappear, giving him room to look at Nan and his other loyal companions.

"Sigh... It's a shame my recovery had to happen like this," he said to his people, gesturing as he looked at the many experts surrounding the area where he had dealt with the traitors. "Young Vicente helped me not only by recovering my injuries and saving me from the traitors' poison, but he showed me how I ended up in such a vulnerable situation.

As you saw in the images and audio collected by young Vicente, the dwarves betrayed us by taking the side of the elementals! For that, they deserve death, or perhaps something worse." He cast another killing glance toward the innocent dwarves.

Meanwhile, Hervi was on his knees, not believing everything that had happened. He would never have expected his father to allow his race to betray the fairies!

For millions of years, their races had been friends. How had this betrayal suddenly been considered and perpetrated?

He didn't know how and was still shaking with fear at the thought of how his various race-mates had perished to the powers of the Fairy King.

Nan and the others were shocked too, but in a different way to the innocent dwarves. They had been betrayed and couldn't help but look at this group with a certain antipathy. Even Garnot, who knew Hervi wasn't guilty and was a friend, couldn't help but reconsider the figure of his old companion.

"What a horrible betrayal..."

"I never thought the Dwarves would be capable of that."

"It seems we can trust no one too much. They've thrown away millions of years of history."

"What a shame!"

"They deserve to rot. Those bitten by the worm of greed don't deserve the chance to live in our world!"

Mournful and also angry comments spread after the Fairy King's speech ended, as Larissa and Rex joined the spectators, watching the scene from Vicente's side.

Nan looked disappointedly at the surviving dwarves, not knowing how to deal with such a complex situation. But her grandfather seemed willing to accept Vicente's recommendation. So after the initial shock and a hug for her old man, she approached the human currently in 3-Star and tried to move on from it all.

"How exactly do you see us dealing with this crisis?" she asked, wiping tears from her cheeks.

Vicente looked at Hervi and the other four dwarves left after the slaughter initiated by the fairy leader. "Hervi is the dwarves' heir. Make him swear eternal loyalty and obedience and put him undercover in the Dwarves Tribe. Use the advantage of knowing about the enemies' plans for the fairies and elves and reverse it with traps. Eventually, eliminate the traitorous dwarves and put Hervi and the group of loyal dwarves in charge of the tribe."

Vicente summed up the main methods of action they had in their path, making the fairies in the surrounding area agree with their plans even more as they thought through them. Meanwhile, the surviving dwarves, especially Hervi, couldn't help but look at him in amazement.

"Vicente... Aren't we companions?" Hervi asked in a shaky voice.

Vicente sighed and said, "Don't get things wrong, Hervi. I'm saving you and giving the dwarves not involved in this crime a chance. You can still continue your journeys and remain faithful. But your people's crime was too serious for you to demand that they forget or ignore the problem."

Hervi saw Vicente open his arms and point all eyes in his direction, which made him notice the hatred of these creatures that his tribe had put in danger of extermination. A feeling of guilt hit him, making him think about the side of these creatures.

His race-mates had planned to kill the fairy leaders and pave the way for the Fire Elementals to attack this territory!

In no time at all, they could have been wiped out if it hadn't been for Vicente's actions!

Vicente rolled up the sleeves of his shirt, crouching down next to those dwarves as his pentagrams appeared. "Now..." He opened his mouth and 5 contracts appeared from the vacuum of space in front of those 8th stage dwarves. "You must sign this slave contract."

At Vicente's words, the hands, and bodies of those dwarves moved, his eyes widening as he saw their hands begin to sign the agreement with their magical marks, even though they hadn't allowed themselves to do so yet.

Not only the dwarves, but the others in the surrounding forest watched in awe at Vicente's terrifying power, capable even of possessing random bodies and forcing them to do things as serious as signing magical contracts.

The Fairy King saw this with narrowed eyes, but said nothing. Vicente had possessed his body briefly, so he knew how capable this human was.

The five surviving dwarves in the area signed full agreements with Vicente, guaranteeing that they would follow everything he said while he was on the island.

With these agreements, Vicente began his service to the fairy alliance, making himself available to start solving what he had proposed.

"Are you going to solve this?" The old Fairy King finally asked.

"Yes, as I told you, Nan and I have an agreement. I can go ahead with it if you want. I already had an interest in going to their tribe, anyway."

"Hmm, all right." The Fairy King agreed without question, having indeed heard from Vicente about the deal his granddaughter had made with this human.

He was fine with that. He could see that Vicente had already achieved part of his goals on the island, so it was time to let the boy help them even more.

But even if Vicente didn't want to do anything else, the mere fact that he had recovered the Fairy King would be enough for many there to dismiss his help.

Nan thanked him once again, followed by the Fairy King summoning the leaders in the area to meet and define their next steps to follow Vicente's plans!

Chapter 1062 Towards the Dwarves Tribe

The next day, Vicente was moving with Larissa and Rex, but also with the five surviving dwarves of the Fairy King's wrath.

After the previous resolution, the Fairy Tribe decided to follow Vicente's plans, starting with an ambush for the Fire Elementals.

The strongest enemy dwarf who had fallen to the Fairy King had made clear his plans over the next few days to flee with his people from the Fairy Tribe and then use the Fire Elementals against the fairies. His plan was to destroy the foundations of the fairies and hasten the end of the war for this great tribe.

Because of this plan, the Fire Elementals were currently stationed to the north of the fairies' territory, waiting for the signal to begin their attack.

The fairy group then began their plans that morning, sending their warriors to the ambush points planned the day before, while their population retreated to secret posts that were less exposed to what the traitors might have already exposed of the tribe.

It would take a few days for everything to be ready and for the dwarves to give the signal that should be given when it was time to attack, so for the moment, the alliance groups weren't desperate for an immediate confrontation.

Vicente and his group were moving into position to give the signal in a week's time, when they were halfway between the Dwarves Tribe and the Fairy Tribe.

Their mission was not to take part in the ambush of the Fire Elementals, but to go to the Dwarves Tribe and infiltrate the area before taking control of the tribe by eliminating the traitors.

Because of these orders for him to act against the dwarves, Vicente didn't know when he would be able to return to the elves' tribe to get the chance to talk to the descendants of the Polaris Realm natives.

He also didn't know whether the fairies would end up helping him with the hunt for his eighth pentagram or whether he would do it on his own. Previously, Hervi had invited him to the Dwarves Tribe to hunt for beings with magical compatibility with him. Now on his way there, he didn't intend to waste his time and not look for his next pentagram.

So he hastened the pace of his group, reducing the stopping points and increasing their average speed of movement.

Larissa and Rex were already 8th stage beings, so the journey would be uneventful for the first few days, until the time finally came for them to fulfill the decisive point of their plans.

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Tonight, it was a week since Vicente had helped reveal the truth of the dwarves' betrayal and started his new plans.

At this moment, he and his companions were standing around a small temporary camp, with a single fire burning.

The dwarves were gloomy, sitting around the fire, as silent as they had been for the last few days.

Even though they had been given a chance to live, they couldn't help but mourn the deaths that would follow. Despite everything, they loved their people and would even mourn the death of those who had betrayed not only the alliance, but themselves.

Vicente and his companions, however, were not concerned with the dwarves' opinion. While Larissa watched the south and Rex the north, Vice looked at his watch as he saw the signal in the distance from the rest of the group.

"It's time. Launch your signal." He ordered, not needing to repeat himself to make the five dwarves use their powers against their campfire.

The five dwarves linked their pentagrams, forcing a giant hammer of lightning and flames to form from the bonfire and fly into the sky.

When the great hammer reached the maximum height that the five dwarves' powers would allow them to reach, it exploded, revealing colored sparks that fell from the sky along with the fragments of the mana weapon, as if they were the remnants of a meteor that had broken apart in the air.

"You are warned. The Fire Elementals must be seeing the same thing as us now and starting their movement," said one of the dwarves, using what he knew from Vicente's revelations rather than previous knowledge.

Larissa said to Vicente, "It's a shame we won't be joining the fight. Fire essences are quite valuable, I hear."

"This is going to be a good battle that will give morale to the fairies. It's not our place to get involved in this conflict," Vicente said, aware that getting too involved wouldn't be good for him or the Fairy Tribe.

As their relationship would soon be over, it would be better for the fairies to win most of the decisive battles in this war by themselves than to depend on an external factor that would soon no longer be on the island.

Vicente signaled for his companions to accompany him, quickly dismantling the camp to continue the journey towards the core of the dwarves' territory.

"Let's get going. We have our own business to attend to," he said as he ignored the glowing bits of mana descending from the sky, smiling as he thought about what he wanted to achieve.

The old Fairy King had promised to give him some sensitive information about the reality of Anicane and the Nine Paths at the end of their relationship. Because of this, Vicente was naturally

anxious, aiming to hunt down his pentagram soon, put Hervi in power of the Dwarves Tribe and fight whatever battles were necessary to get Amae back to her pre-war state.

The sooner he did this and got his wish information, the sooner he could move on and find ways to help his people in Polaris Realm!

The group followed him, with the Dwarves looking back and imagining the deaths that would happen in the next few hours around this territory.

Rex and Larissa thought little of it, apart from regretting not being able to join in the fighting. With one of them being in 2-Star and the other having recently entered the 8th stage, they were both looking forward to fighting.

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Vicente's group's journey continued quietly for the next few days, with news of the fighting around fairy territory failing to reach them, just as the fairies had predicted.

It was the fairies' aim to keep what had happened as secret as possible and appear to have been weakened for the enemy forces. Precisely because they hadn't heard anything during those days, Vicente's group was confident that the traps had worked, at least for the most part.

But they were much more focused on their own mission. After days of travel, they were finally in dwarf territory, where on another day they would reach the core of the tribe!

Chapter 1063 Celebrating with the Enemy

Arriving at the core of the dwarves' territory, Vicente saw many powerful members of this tribe, 8th stage individuals gathering in front of the area's command center, while the others made way for Hervi's group.

Hervi, the four dwarves by his side, Rex, Larissa, and Vicente went ahead with their objective, tense about the possibility that this group had recently discovered the truth about the fairies' actions.

They themselves had no news of the outcome of the fairies' actions against the Fire Elementals, but they didn't rule out the possibility that the news had spread and the Dwarves Tribe had discovered

the truth. So they walked in silence under the gaze of the dwarves nearby, wondering if they would fight these guys head-on or if they could stick to their previous plans.

The dwarves, in particular, knew that their tribe was not pious. If they found out that they were there to sabotage the race's plans, not even Hervi, the Dwarf King's son, would be spared.

But they maintained their apparent calm until they reached where the Dwarf King was standing, arms open wide as he smiled at his only son.

Hervi stopped in front of Vicente's group, aware that he shouldn't misbehave. He smiled and opened his arms, introducing his human and beast companions there today.

"Dad, I'm back. The mission to Light Cay was successful and here I am with my friends that I brought back from that last journey out of Amae."

The elders of the tribe saw Vicente and Larissa without taking much notice, identifying them as natives of Light Cay—weak individuals who always depended on their artifacts.

The Dwarf King himself looked much more at his son, curious to know about his journey and why he had those other four dwarves with him. The plans for the prince's return weren't exactly that...

"My son, welcome back to your home. Many things have happened and we certainly need to talk. But for now, come and give your old man a hug. Let's celebrate with your friends for today."

Hervi did as he was supposed to, feeling terrible about being in that position, even though he knew about his old man's disgusting betrayal of the fairies.

Vicente and Larissa followed alongside the four dwarves who had come with them on this journey, with Rex staying where he was, unconcerned about these magical beings in the surroundings.

Meanwhile, the dwarves didn't notice, but a horde of 200 tiny metal flies were flying over the outskirts of the tribe's core at the moment. As he had done previously, Vicente spread out several artificial intelligences to accompany the strongest of the tribe without the dwarves noticing.

'Now we just have to hold our position. In a few days at most, we'll know the major culprits of the betrayal. After that, we can fulfill our mission here,' Vicente said in the minds of the five dwarves

and Larissa and Rex, moving on to the interior of a large hall where there were many reservoirs with drinks famous among members of the race.

In this place, only 8th stage dwarves were allowed, thus reducing the number of beings in the vicinity of Vicente and his group.

But even so, at least two dozen dwarves sat around the hall while their king asked questions and listened to Hervi's special journey.

Anyone arriving at that moment would never have guessed that this was one of the tribes involved in a widespread war on the island. The dwarves seemed calm, with their king having the luxury of drinking alongside his son, celebrating Hervi's return.

Vicente saw this as he accepted the dwarves' drink, silently analyzing these individuals. 'They seem to be very confident about their future... I think I can reassure myself about the fairies' plans. We must have succeeded in keeping everything a secret.

That's good. This tribe seems to be on the same level as the Elves Tribe, so I only have to worry about the king and his closest followers in case they are compromised.' Vicente looked at the king, a 5-Star Grand Magus, and also the 4-Star Grand Magus in the surrounding area.

As for the others, they were of no concern to Vicente. He thought that keeping as many of them alive as possible, if they were innocent, would be easy. Hervi should be able to command these dwarves one or two levels stronger than him.

While he was planning, he heard the Dwarf King mention his name and look in his direction.

"So you're looking for pentagrams with an affinity to lightning and earth?" asked the old dwarf with the braided beard, long white hair, and prominent wrinkles around his eyes.

Vicente met the traitorous king's gaze and agreed with a smile. "Yes, Your Majesty. On the way to the island, Hervi told me about the possibilities of the dwarves' territory. So I hope to be able to hunt in the vicinity before my departure."

Chapter 1064 Killing Night in the Dwarves Tribe

Vicente was neither in a hurry to take down the dwarves, nor calm enough to disregard the speed of information in any magical place like Amae.

After only two days in the tribe, he felt it was time to move and act against the dwarves, who he had already confirmed were aware of the betrayal against the fairies.

Vicente knew that there was a possibility that many guilty dwarves were still hiding among the tribe, given the short time he had observed this race. But if he waited much longer, the dwarves would find out what the fairies had done and disrupt his plans.

So, that night, he left his tent in the camp where he and his group were, setting off with a list of 76 names in his mind. Of these names, 68 were 8th stage dwarves and only 8 were 7th stage beings that Vicente thought were worth eliminating.

When he left his tent, Larissa, and Rex were aware of what would happen now and prepared themselves. They weren't going to get directly involved in Vicente's plans, but with what he was about to put into action, they couldn't help but prepare.

Vicente disappeared into the darkness of the night in this mountainous area, traveling deep into the dwarves' kingdom, a vast, and grandiose chain of buildings, half underground, half on the surface of the mountains where they had their underground buildings.

Dwarves normally excavate all the ore they can from a mountain range and then build cities in these areas. As such, the dwarves' network of underground buildings in this area of Amae was truly impressive, large enough for someone like Vicente to take hours to make his way through.

Vicente started with those who were strongest and who he knew were at their most vulnerable.

To ensure that his plans would work and he wouldn't be caught in the middle of his action by someone dangerous, he sent his intelligent metallic beings to act against 8 enemies simultaneously. Each of these dwarf-bodied metal creatures was as strong as Vicente himself in terms of physical attacks, enough for most targets who weren't even 4-Star Grand Magus.

So he made his way to the Dwarf King's estate, using a disguise and the shadows of night to make his way inside Hervi's father's underground mansion.

He had Hervi's permission to enter the king's estate, so when he arrived in front of the building filled with guards and magic lamps, he used the device to get through the area's defenses without attracting attention.

He used the shadows of the dwarves in his path to move unseen, soon entering through the main door. With no more defenses in his way, he used one of his skills and a black hole appeared in front of him. Taking a step further, he disappeared from the entrance to the mansion, reappearing in an office where only one man was now sitting.

The king was sitting in an armchair appropriately sized for him, elbows resting on a table, in a place littered with weapons and the carcasses of the king's hunts.

The dwarf Vicente had met so recently had a solemn expression on his face as he read a message he had just received.

It was amid the Dwarf King's growing irritation that Vicente arrived, finding himself facing the back of the increasingly red-faced individual.

Vicente's eyes narrowed when he saw the contents of the message in Hervi's father's hands. As a silver dagger formed in his dominant hand, he moved, not thinking to give this man a chance.

Swoosh!

The Dwarf King's eyes were quick. When something moved behind him, he turned, looking in the direction of the assassin in his office.

"You!"

After a quick cry of surprise, the Dwarf King felt something grab him from behind, before a cut opened up on his body, going through his back and then out his left chest.

The Dwarf King was horrified to feel this, having seen Vicente, but not the dark assassin hiding in his shadows.

Looking at the wound, he saw a weapon of darkness sticking out of his body and blood dripping from it. Meanwhile, a crown of darkness was on Vicente's head, menacingly indicating the truth to him.

"Devil!" He shouted in a weakened tone, suppressed by Vicente's darkness enough that he no longer had control over his own mana.

"The fairies send their regards, Dwarf King," Vicente said as he held up the dagger he had used to trap his opponent.

The demonic shadow behind the Dwarf King disappeared, leaving Hervi's father to fall forward, mortally wounded, with not only a gash in his heart but also darkness penetrating inside his body, consuming his vital essence.

Vicente didn't wait for a last word from Hervi's father and moved on, heading for the next traitor on that estate. There were three others there that he intended to take down in the next few moments, two of them almost as strong as the king dying in his office.

'Everything is going well. 11 opponents have already died.' Vicente thought on his way, seeing through the eyes of several of his creations the results of today's slaughter.

He invaded the next room in the same way he entered the king's office, sparing the other compartments in that estate. Already a 3-Star Grand Magus, there wasn't much difficulty for Vicente in his path. The dwarves thought he was like the humans of Light Cay, with weak magical foundations and a reliance on weaponry. But his foundation was so solid that he was more like a 9-Star Grand Magus than a 3-Star!

By the time he had completed 10 minutes since invading the Dwarf King's estate, he had finished killing the last of his targets there, accounting for over 40 kills, counting all his minions acting at the core of the tribe.

As quickly as he entered the king's mansion, Vicente left, heading towards the furthest of his targets for the night.

More than half the job was done. It was time for him to alert Hervi and start the plan for the succession of power in the Dwarves Tribe!

Chapter 1065 Change in the Dwarves Tribe

Hervi received Vicente's signal and did as planned. Making his way to his father's work area, he took a deep breath before coming across his old man on the floor, bloodied and cold.

Hervi shouted in false surprise, approaching the king's body while feigning surprise and lamentation.

"Father?!"

Soon a group of dwarves rushed to their king's office, each of them alert to their prince's repeated calls.

As the men moved towards the spot where the Dwarf King had died, other cries of surprise, laden with negativity, spread around the estate, with other bodies being discovered.

The four other dwarves who had come to the tribe with Vicente in addition to Hervi took in the scene, coming across the different bodies of their fellow race members while exclaiming in shock.

"There are signs of elementals here!" Said one of these subordinates of the Fairy Tribe, telling the dwarves that they didn't know what was going on and seemed to be innocent of the betrayal prior to the story Vicente wanted spread.

"The elementals killed my father!" Hervi said when he saw the traces that Vicente had guaranteed would lead to suspicions among the enemies of the fairy alliance.

As soon as these cries and their ideas spread among the dwarves unrelated to Vicente, the rumors spread along with the tribe's alarm trumpets, causing the entire core of this community to go into a state of alertness.

Dwarves from the guard immediately formed groups to scour the tribe in search of enemies, while the common people themselves positioned themselves to increase the number of eyes available.

Dwarves were known for their brute strength, so even the women made themselves available when the whole tribe went on alert.

Larissa and Rex saw this, but made an effort not to do anything more than they had to. A group of dwarves even came up to them and invited them to give up their weapons and stay under supervision, but they didn't stop them.

Having received Vicente's signal that he was finished and left clues of a distant enemy for the dwarves to blame, they were calm about the current situation.

With Hervi being the only available heir and having an agreement with Vicente, there was no way they could be more than suspects at the moment.

Like the good innocents they were, Vicente's two partners collaborated with the dwarves, pretending not to understand what was going on.

"Did someone kill the king?" Larissa asked in an altered tone. "Who did?!"

The dwarves positioning themselves around their camp said nothing. Meanwhile, several torches in the hands of dwarves illuminated the outskirts of the non-underground area of this race's domain.

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Vicente returned from his action after almost an hour and a half, entering the mansion of the dwarven royal family in the same way he had done earlier.

When he appeared in the main hall, where Hervi was sitting on the king's throne, receiving reports, Vicente saw the 8th stage dwarves there turn on him with their weapons raised.

"You! Where were you?" Asked the strongest of the remaining dwarves there, a 3-Star individual from the Grand Magus stage.

Vicente raised one of his hands to ask for calm, before explaining in a solemn tone. "I heard the warning signs earlier and tried to act to find my friends' enemies. Unfortunately, whoever carried out this brutality against the tribe was quick and effective in their movements. I haven't managed to catch anything in the last two hours."

Some dwarves believed him, but even the most skeptical lost some of their doubts when Hervi spoke up.

"Vicente, haven't you gotten anything useful? They killed my father! I want the heads of those responsible!"

Vicente said, looking at that dwarf who had just been promoted to the 8th stage, "I only found a few traces of earth elementals. But I didn't find anything else that could lead me to their escape route. It's as if they simply disappeared after completing their objectives."

"That's the same thing my group found," said one of the suspicious dwarves with Vicente, losing some of his suspicion as he spoke.

"So what do we do?" Another dwarf asked.

The prince suggested, "I think we should worry about the tribe and scale back our actions. Let's first see how we were invaded and make sure it doesn't happen again before we hunt down an enemy."

"But what about the enemy? Are we just going to let him get away?"

"He's already gone." Vicente muttered, but everyone there heard him very well.

"Let's do it," Hervi said firmly, not wanting to take this discussion any further.

Vicente secretly nodded at him while mentally guiding Hervi.

'Be firm, Hervi. These men want a leader, not an heir. Now that you're the only one in this position, be a little more authoritative. Your words must be firm and final. You are the new leader and you decide the future of the tribe. So do that.'

Hervi felt Vicente's advice working as his men began to follow what he had just ordered.

Some were clearly unhappy, but they had nothing else to go on to try and counter-argue.

At this point, the situation began to turn out exactly as Vicente had predicted earlier, with the dwarves naturally turning to Hervi as their new leader, not realizing that the big culprit in the night was among them.

Most of them didn't even know about the betrayal of those Vicente had murdered, so when Hervi suggested later about asking the fairies for help, hardly anyone would see a problem with it.

Vicente stood in the corner while the situation seemed to resolve itself. He made himself available to hunt elementals as soon as the tribe felt comfortable sending out groups to search for the 'culprits' of the night's tragedy.

Hervi naturally ordered his men to prepare and join Vicente when things calmed down and they had absolute control over the core of their tribe again.

The tribe would continue to worry for the next few hours, unlike the five dwarves, Vicente, Larissa, and Rex, the only ones who knew that no one had breached the tribe's defenses apart from one of their own.

They secretly sent their results out so that the fairies could correctly interpret the changes that would soon take place and better combine their actions against their enemies.

'Part of the plan is ready. I just need to use the dwarves to get my pentagram and guarantee Hervi some time in charge. In a few days, I'll be able to leave them and move on to other battlefields.' Vicente thought to himself, satisfied with the results of his murderous action that night.

Chapter 1066 Vicente's Target

Three more days in the Dwarves Tribe were enough for Vicente to confirm Hervi's position of leadership and bring the tribe back to its old relationship with the fairies.

No one of the tribe knew that the fairies had discovered a betrayal and acted against them, and Vicente intended to keep it that way for the time being. Whether the fairies would bring it up later, well, that wasn't his problem. The fact was that the Dwarves Tribe now had a group of leaders with contracts with Vicente, something that would guarantee him control of the group, but also their subservience to the fairies after his departure from Amae.

So, with only about a week since he arrived at the core of the Dwarves Tribe, Vicente, and his companions left the place this morning, heading off on their hunt.

Messages from the fairies said that they would find a group of powerful and interesting creatures to become their eighth pentagram on the outskirts of the dwarves' domains. As such, as soon as he had stabilized the situation at the core of the Dwarves Tribe, he declared he would set off to hunt, not long after which he got a group of dwarves to guide them through the region.

Hervi and the others obviously stayed behind, each of them wishing in their own way never to see Vicente again.

They had a mixed feeling of gratitude and guilt, disliking the fact that they had been involved in the murders of the strongest dwarves in the tribe, but also grateful that they had been allowed to stay alive with their people. Others would have exterminated them, but Vicente had potentially saved them from this dark fate.

Vicente didn't care about the feelings of those left behind. He merely ordered Hervi to collaborate with the fairies' current actions and help undermine the elementals' strength.

He temporarily put the tribe and the war aside, focused on obtaining his eighth magical essence!

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On the second day of Vicente and his group's hunt, they had already encountered three 8th stage battles, with creatures compatible with him on each occasion.

Vicente naturally beat his opponents, having defeated them after the enemies themselves threatened his group when he had no intention of hunting them. Consequently, those creatures died and their pentagrams disappeared from the island without being absorbed.

Today the group was entering its second night of hunting when Vicente found the tracks of a target. He ran after what he thought was potentially the bearer of his own pentagram, making his hunting companions follow him as they tried their hardest not to be left behind.

Passing through the sparse vegetation of this mountainous area, they came across a peak covered in gray clouds, from which purple lightning streaked down, painting the local sky with the picture of a storm in the making.

Strong winds lifted fallen leaves into the air, shaking the trees and bushes with force, creating an agitated symphony capable of disturbing the fearful.

On top of one of the peaks there, a purple-eyed bird, as big as a human house, stood with its wings spread, staring menacingly into their domain.

When they saw this creature, the dwarves in the group froze, immediately recognizing one of the most formidable magical beings in the region.

"Violet Storm Eagle!" said one dwarf, his lips going dry as his face turned pale as if he had just seen a ghost in place of the 6-Star Grand Magus beast in front of them.

"Why the terror?" Larissa identified the supreme respect of these locals and promptly questioned.

"This creature is at the limit of what our island can withstand, senior. That means it has a 40% or more chance of having a violet essence."

Being at a level and having a cyan, indigo, or violet essence would totally change the power level of a magical creature. Normally, those who had the maximum quality pentagram for their cultivation range were those who had powerful foundations and were usually more challenging, sometimes able to fight against those who were stronger. Those with less than the maximum quality for their level were those with weaker foundations, who usually had difficulty against even individuals of the same level.

Obviously, the quality of a pentagram wasn't everything, but it reflected this difference in power very well. Vicente, for example, was at the absolute peak of his level, while most of the Light Cay natives were a few steps below the limit of their cultivations.

The creature looking in Vicente's direction was now close to the apex for its level, which potentially placed it as one of the strongest in Amae!

Larissa understood the dwarves' horror and raised her own guard. She wasn't like the dwarves accompanying them, but she wasn't like Vicente either. Opponents like that could easily prove fatal to her.

Rex did the same, not having had to listen to the dwarves' explanation to understand how formidable Vicente's target was today. Beasts were naturally more sensitive to this kind of thing, allowing him to prepare seconds before his allies.

"Boss, even if you want to give up, I'm afraid she won't allow it. She's already set you up as a target to be taken down," said one dwarf, recognizing the offensive way the creature was physically positioned as a clear sign it was preparing for battle.

Vicente raised his lips in a satisfied bow, moving the mana within his body in preparation. "Perfect. It was something like this I wanted," he said as the storm showed itself more intensely, revealing the creature's combat instinct.

"Prepare to hide. I'm going to hunt for my next essence." With those bold words, he leaped into the air, flying at the creature atop the peak in his eyes, as pentagrams condensed around him.

Vicente's allies scrambled for cover in the surrounding area, none of them daring anything as foolish as putting themselves in the position of trying to help him.

They were there to help him and guide him in things that could make a difference, not in a battle they didn't stand a chance in.

And so, he moved his powers, showing his two magical forms, as 14 pentagrams appeared around him.

The bird also moved, making only one pentagram appear, but a single one that made everyone in the vicinity nod in recognition of its power.

A rare violet pentagram showed itself in this mountainous region of Amae today, intensifying the atmospheric storm.

Chapter 1067 A Fight for History

Vicente and the creature looked at each other as one coveted the other's power. The young human desired the extremely rare violet pentagram of the creature in his path, while the giant bird wished to consume the body and blood of the owner of 14 pentagrams.

A powerful bolt of lightning formed behind the bird, taking on the violet color of its pentagram, quickly changing shape. What looked like a simple bolt of lightning amid the intensifying storm evolved into something more, becoming a bird of mana and violet lightning, flying at Vice.

Meanwhile, Vicente was covered in a cloak of darkness as the surrounding space vibrated from his electromagnetic manipulation.

A huge metallic trident covered in darkness formed behind Vicente, flying towards the enemy attack.

The sound of Vicente's weapon passing through it was like a shot that competed with the thunder raging in the area, carrying with it a power capable of disrupting storms and causing chaos around it.

The surrounding space seemed to tear apart, watching it pass so quickly that it competed with the speed of the bird-shaped lightning attack.

Boom!

The two forms of attack collided halfway through, destroying each other while spreading pulses against all directions, destroying part of the peak just below them, while making the very air tremble.

The explosion would affect those closest with massive destruction, while those further away would feel the shockwave and extreme noise of the collision of high-level 8th stage powers, one of the strongest this island had seen in hundreds of thousands of years.

Vicente's companions, especially the dwarves, hid as best they could, expressing in their faces and voices how shocked they were by the sheer powers of this seemingly ordinary young man.

While this was going on, Vicente and the bird continued to stand, both already performing their subsequent moves in the fight that would make one of them the other's heir.

"You're really formidable, but you lack control over different elements," Vicente said as he raised and then lowered one of his hands into the air.

A dark hand suddenly formed behind the creature, attacking it so that it looked like a small fly about to be trapped.

The bird managed to dodge the first blow, but then it was hit by an arrow of light that went through a wormhole and hit it in the back.

The bird's scream came along with a shower of extremely sharp feathers, which broke out of its wings and headed in Vicente's direction in search of a taste of his blood.

The creature's attack was swift, reaching Vicente almost as fast as he could defend himself.

Before his body could be hit, Vicente turned one of his hands and his invisible electromagnetic shield took distinguishable shape, stopping the first attacks, before blue rays attacked each of the feathers thrown at him.

He couldn't destroy the enemy feathers, but he brought them down, while his realm of darkness and light took over the surroundings, turning the peak of that mountain into his domain.

The bird once again managed to escape his hand of darkness and even dodge the various arrows of light attacking it, but its strength gradually began to recede, eroded by Vicente's power of domination.

Her violet rays were still there to help her, partly blocking the powers of suppression that Vicente was clearly demonstrating against her. But she felt weaker than she normally was in ordinary situations.

Then, feeling at a disadvantage, she opened her eyes wide and opened her beak, turning her glowing eyes into violet essences as a scream broke from her throat.

The sound that came after she started screaming was so extreme that some of the rocks on the peak shattered, with nearby trees losing their leaves as they vibrated with great force.

Vicente had to raise his guard, expressing his displeasure at having to deal with that attack, half purely sonic, half mental, capable of moving even the souls of the creatures in the vicinity.

He felt, for an instant, his mind being taken to a space between clouds, an extremely violet sky and a giant winged creature staring at him with a thirsty desire for his body.

If Vicente hadn't tempered himself enough to get that far, he honestly didn't know if he could stand the sight of it so close and so overwhelming. But he clenched his fists and narrowed his eyes, making his body convulse as his extremely dense mana permeated his head.

His eyes inside that illusion glowed a rich, vibrant gold as the space around him cracked, shattering like damaged glass.

Crack!

The bird's attempt failed, revealing the creature in the very spot where it had been trying to escape the darkness and light attacking it, its eyes and beak soiled with its own blood that now showed its internal wounds.

Meanwhile, Vicente was not looking so good either. His dark circles deepened and his skin became thinner, making him look like he had lost a few kilos of mass through severe malnutrition. Blood also oozed from his mouth, while his arms and legs trembled slightly.

Around him, the electromagnetic shield stopped working, showing how a few final feathers had been able to reach him, leaving superficial traces on his skin.

"You're the strongest opponent I've ever faced," Vicente said firmly, his gaze fixed on the creature's now tired eyes, also focused on him. "Your powers will do me good, beast. I'll use them to the fullest."

He moved with his remaining strength, watching the creature ignore the almost completely transparent essences, trying to reach it to deliver its last attack of the battle.

Without much power to use her special abilities, she pointed her large, sharp claws forward as she watched Vicente use what he could, a metal trident.

He flew bravely at her, putting himself in the position of hand-to-hand combat against a beast, a battle rarely fair to the human side.

Vicente relied on his physical attributes, using other advantages to compensate for the potential weakness of fighting in that position.

Both sides screamed, spraying their bloody saliva into the air, watching them more closely, attracting the attention of the few brave spectators to watch the outcome of this Grand Magus battle.

At that moment, they both reached out, cutting into each other's flesh!

Chapter 1068 An Advanced Capable of Drawing Attention

The bird's long, sharp claws penetrated Vicente's abdomen, cutting deep into the black-haired magician's flesh. But it didn't enjoy the moment, its eyes showing no light as its neck was pierced by the enemy's trident.

Blood dripped onto Vicente's feet as he and the creature fell to the ground, having collided moments ago and then fallen together on their battlefield.

Now their blood stained the stony ground of that mountain, with only one of them breathing, albeit weakened and severely wounded.

Vicente could stand it no longer and let the creature's body fall on top of him, the bird's large neck and head pressing him against the ground, its heavy body against his legs.

"Hah... Hah..." he tried to avoid exclaiming in pain, but he couldn't prevent the rapid sound of his breath escaping from his lips.

"I won!" But Vicente had long since gotten used to the pains of the trade. As a high level magician with great ambitions, it was only natural that he would suffer on his journey of power!

Enduring the pain of the deep wounds in his body, slowly regenerating through one of his skills, he finished removing the creature from above him, rolling onto his side, looking at the dead body of what had been one of the toughest enemies of his journey.

Quickly drinking a recovery potion, aware that his regeneration wouldn't be fast enough to prevent irreversible critical damage, he sat down in the lotus position, next to the enemy's corpse.

His wounds wouldn't heal completely, even with the medicinal potion he had prepared in advance for this kind of situation. But it gave him a little more mana so that he wouldn't faint and would do what had to be done.

Even before one of his allies came over to help him, Vicente continued to absorb the violet pentagram slowly leaving the enemy's body.

He closed his eyes and felt his surroundings disappear, finding himself in his soul space, where his two magical forms floated in two different corners.

The seven pentagrams of Vicente's magnetic power trembled as they seemed to feel the power of that new essence entering his soul space, which gradually descended from the top of that special space, bringing with it violet lightning and the effects of storms.

Vicente didn't even need to direct the pentagram into the correct magical form. The elemental affinity of this new essence with Vice's magnetic magical form generated an instant connection between them, causing this new essence to quickly position itself in the eighth position of the magical form in question.

Special lines and much mana proved stronger in that part of Vicente's soul space, with four of his pentagrams cracking as their lines and symbols turned completely violet.

It all happened quickly. Vicente already had a powerful mana density, and he had conquered that essence entirely on his own, defeated the magical creature after a brutal battle and shown himself to be the better warrior.

The eagle essence itself had earlier recognized him as worthy, speeding up the process for this new essence to quickly assume the position of Vicente's eighth pentagram.

The four old essences, of natural origin, then burst forth, totally losing their indigo glows, becoming totally violet, the highest magical quality in existence.

The moment this happened, a mana capable of frightening even Sorcerers emerged from Vicente's body, paralyzing everything and everyone up to 10 kilometers away from him.

Even Larissa, Rex, and the dwarves were forced to remain motionless where they were, stunned by the magical power Vicente displayed while he was seriously injured!

But as Vicente's pentagrams absorbed circulating mana and protected his position with that frightening magical fluctuation, the wounds on his body quickly closed up. Not only did his wounds close, but his very essence changed, with his bones, muscles, tendons, and ligaments undergoing a makeover.

He had been exhausted and injured a few moments ago. But most of his body was fine, as far as he was concerned. But as soon as he made qualitative progress in his old essences, he felt as if this wasn't true and he had long been carrying small imperfections in his physical and spiritual essence.

That changed quickly, however. In just one minute, all his injuries had recovered and his entire physical and spiritual construction had improved to a new level.

Normally, pentagram absorption didn't increase a magician's power, but Vicente felt his aura rise from the beginning of 3-Star to the middle of that level.

When he opened his eyes, feeling truly invigorated, he saw the world around him differently, feeling his senses sharpened, while his magnetic powers, capable of manipulating matter, were much stronger.

Vicente removed all the ambient pressure caused by the short meditation and then showed the few spectators there the most absurd sight they could come across in their lives.

Eight pentagrams left Vicente's body, five of them violet, two cyan and one indigo.

Larissa felt her eyes and lips trembling as she saw the current form Vicente had reached, sensing that the boy in front of her would not only become a Sorcerer in no time, but would eventually reach the legendary Transcendent level!

'This is starting to get out of hand. He's getting too strong while I'm just falling behind,' she thought, proud to have a partner like Vicente and also happy to see an existence like him grow, but recognizing that perhaps her time with him was running out.

Meanwhile, the dwarves there felt like prostrating themselves, even though they were unaware of the agreement Liam had with their new king, which naturally made him the tribe's final leader.

As they watched in appreciation of Vicente's display of absolute power, and he naturally felt fantastic, closer to his goal than ever, high in the sky a small distortion appeared.

From this spatial distortion, a non-human eye revealed itself, moving from side to side, as if searching for something, quickly finding Vicente on that mountain full of battle marks.

'Interesting. I'll keep an eye on you from now on,' the one behind that eye thought, blinking before starting to disappear.

Meanwhile, an invisible pulse started from the place where the eye had appeared, reaching Vicente, making him feel a chill and look back, feeling strange.

'What was that?' Vicente asked himself, but saw nothing behind the sensation of being watched by something.

His joy passed, and he retracted his powers, taking a deep breath and looking at what he had to do now.

'Was it just an impression? Well, I don't feel anything now. Time for me to work on my promise to the fairies and prepare for my departure from Amae!'

Chapter 1069: Amae's Way of Departure

"Congratulations, Vicente. That configuration of pentagrams you obtained is quite impressive. Probably the most powerful in most of Anicane!" Larissa said as she approached her partner and friend, smiling graciously, truly happy for him.

"That's really impressive, master." Rex brandished, excited by the fantastic journey his master would take, which would surely lead him to the peak of this mighty world.

The dwarves were more restrained, each of them making submissive gestures, full of respect in each of their movements. They knew Vicente was powerful, a prodigy, so to speak. But they did not know how powerful he was, nor how much stronger he would become today.

After receiving congratulations from his group, Vicente was satisfied and feeling good. His mind turned in the direction of his subsequent plans and he didn't miss the opportunity to tell his partners

about it. "Well, that concludes our hunt. It's time for me to go back and help the fairies finish the business with the elementals and other enemy tribes."

"Aren't you going back to the tribe with us, senior?" One of the dwarves asked, longing for Vicente to maintain close ties with the Dwarves Tribe. Having someone so strong as a friend could greatly change the fate of even an entire group.

"There's no time. I want to return to the Elves Tribe and gather some information before engaging in the final battles of this war... Anyway, it's time to leave. The Dwarves Tribe is stable now and must find its way to peace." He said with a serene look, not doubting that Hervi would fulfill all his obligations to him and the fairies.

Vicente had used enough mechanisms to be confident, so he was ready to leave right then and there.

"In that case, we sincerely wish you a good journey, seniors." The dwarves said

simultaneously. "If you need the tribe for anything, I'm confident that we'll do our utmost to resolve your demands as quickly as possible."

"Hmm, I appreciate that, hehe." Vicente nodded before finishing. "Say goodbye to Hervi. Perhaps I won't see him again before my departure from Amae."

At the level of power he had reached, Vicente didn't expect to stay in Amae for another month. He was confident that he could already be considered stronger than all the leaders of Amae before he got his pentagram today, so now his journey should become even smoother.

'I will return to the Fairy Tribe to find out how the tribe is doing and then set off for the Elf Tribe to get the meetings I was promised earlier. After that, I'll continue the hunt for the enemy leaders in this local war.'

Vicente waved goodbye to the dwarves, watching them leave before he and his two companions left as well, disappearing from that forested and mountainous area.

The remains of the bird that gave rise to Vicente's new pentagram were naturally in his space ring now. Parts of it would be precious for producing resources and even strengthening Rex. Rex and Larissa had little influence in combat for Vicente in this part of his journey. But they were his companions and as long as they wanted to travel with him, he would help them grow stronger.

There were things he couldn't keep to himself or his family, so he intended to give them to friends like these two.

Both lion and human were aware of their traveling companion's generosity, but neither liked the idea of taking advantage of his fruits.

They had both thought that their journey alongside Vicente wouldn't last much longer and were weighing up the possibilities. This was an important decision, so for now, they were just moving on to wherever he was going to take them.

...

A few days later, Vicente and his two companions met up with Nan at the core of the Fairy Tribe's territory.

Nan had good news for Vicente, having heard from the elves that they were already ready for him, as well as finding targets for him to hunt.

When she heard that he no longer needed to hunt for pentagrams by the hour, she was surprised, not expecting him to get that while on a mission with the dwarves. But having grown accustomed to Vice's great talent during their journey together across the Star Sea, Nan absorbed the news very well.

She heard from him what had happened to the Dwarves Tribe, as well as informing him of the alliance's actions against the enemies. His plans to use the enemy's actions against the elementals themselves had been very successful, yielding several victories for the alliance over the last two weeks.

However, the war was far from over and in this meeting, Nan gave the location of four points that the alliance needed someone as powerful as Vicente to neutralize.

He accepted their missions, asking only for a little while, as his curiosity to return to the Elves Tribe and hear new information about their purposes was constantly on his mind. Despite being a powerful magician, Vicente still had his desires and anxieties, which he had to deal with from time to time.

There was nothing to complain about and Nan just told him to follow his own plans and just keep open communication with the tribe. Prische would help him with this so he wouldn't worry, settling the matter from the fairies' point of view.

With that settled, after just two days in the core of the Fairy Tribe, Vicente and his two companions moved on to the Elves Tribe.

Supposedly, the elders of the Elves Tribe were attacking enemies, so he shouldn't have expected to meet the same individuals he had talked to previously. Vicente saw no problem, having faced something similar in the Fairy Tribe itself, where only Nan of his acquaintance welcomed him.

Besides Larissa and Rex, Garnot followed alongside Vicente, guiding them to the tribe of his race, just a few hours away from the home of the continent's leaders.

Vicente made his way to the Elves Tribe with several expectations in mind, having already heard from Nan and the Fairy King about the information they would share with him before his departure from the island.

Eager to get this information and get on with his journey of cultivation, he hurried his pace, reaching the home of the people of Garnot the next day.

Chapter 1070: What Vicente Wants to Know

Back at the Elves Tribe, Vicente found himself in a much less hectic place than when he had entered the area with the rest of Nan's group, bringing weapons from Light Cay for the war.

Weeks had passed, long enough for the situation in the war to undergo some changes, with the dwarves' treachery being exposed and several victories for the alliance subsequently. Vicente had fought little in the war so far, but his actions had already had an effect, bringing about several possibilities that led to recent victories.

Arriving at the core of the tribe again, Vicente saw that most of the experts of the race were not there. He already knew that figures like the elders he had met earlier were around Amae, fighting for the alliance's victory in the war. Consequently, he didn't look for these

individuals and was even glad not to see them there.

As interesting as it would be to interact with powerful and ancient local figures, he was more concerned about the conversations he would have with the descendants of the Polaris Realm's native elves. Not having these powerful local elves around wasn't a bad thing.

As soon as they arrived at the tribe, Garnot led the way to an early 8th stage elf, who was already waiting for the group. This elf took them to the estate where the three relatives of Polaris Realm natives in this tribe were staying, waiting for him.

"They only arrived a few days ago. But they're keen to talk to you, Senior Vicente," said the elf as he climbed the stairs that led to a property in one of the largest trees in the tribe's core, a wooden house big enough to host humans like Vice and Larissa.

Local elves weren't that big. Their length was more like that of dwarves and fairies, which made them much smaller than those from the Polaris Realm. But there were several races of elves on the island, as far as Vicente knew. So many of the elven buildings were ideal for people of their size, although there were smaller ones.

They arrived at the front of the house, where there was a small garden and a round door with several panes of colored glass on the side, which were impossible to see through from the outside, but whoever was inside the house would see everything from the inside.

Before the elf at the head of the group knocked on the door, it opened, revealing a man and a woman with similar appearances to the elves of the Polaris Realm.

The two grinned from ear to ear as they saw Vicente's physical features, clearly identifying him as a man from the Southeast of Polaris Realm.

"You must be Senior Vicente?" the pointy-eared, platinum-haired man asked, showing one of his hands in greeting to Vicente.

Vicente smiled, identifying in them the features of Polaris Realm natives, but also their clear willingness to talk to him.

"This is Tasar and Leena, Senior Vicente. They and Lyra are direct descendants of elves native to the Polaris Realm," said the group's guide, as Vicente and Larissa greeted Tasar and Leena.

The two invited the group inside, and as soon as they were inside the house, where there was a typically elven dining room, they saw a young woman who looked like she had just entered adolescence coming down the stairs with a bored look on her beautiful face.

This was Lyra, the last of the descendants who had been invited to this meeting.

From what Vicente had heard, there were more descendants of Polaris Realm elves in Amae. But they were more distant and weaker relatives. These three in the same house as Vice were now the most powerful and had the most information that met his requirements of the entire tribe.

"Senior Vicente, I know you have your questions, and we will try to answer them all. But before that, could you tell us about the situation in the Polaris Realm when you left? We were born in Amae, but we've heard about that distant land from our parents for a long time."

None of them were related, but they had all heard stories of the Polaris Realm from their fathers or mothers and had acquired some curiosity about the continent. Unfortunately, the Nine Paths were broken, and it wasn't possible to visit the lower planes.

Vicente saw no problem in talking. In fact, he couldn't help but put a smile on his face when he had the opportunity to talk about his home.

He had had his first life on Earth, but it had been in the Polaris Realm that he had really lived intensely enough to attach himself to important principles, culture, and preferences. His family that he remembered was in the Polaris Realm, and that was everything to him.

"Of course," he sat on the edge of the table, speaking with the optimism of someone who no longer feared the negative possibilities he had once thought of. After all his journey growing up here, he had seen enough signs to judge the difficulty of the mission he had left for his family: to defeat the vampires remaining after his departure.

"Polaris Realm was basically the same as the one your parents left for a long time. Small conflicts, wars, the rise and fall of great forces; it happened. But things were, until shortly before my departure, like what they had been for the last 1 million years.

That changed a few years before my departure. When I was growing up as a junior in magic, the Polaris Realm faced a major crisis with the vampires. The members of the race who were in the Polaris Realm after the end of the Nine Paths grew to what was necessary to claim the entire continent and nurture the first 7th stage vampire.

They failed, in part, and by the time I left, the native forces of the continent were winning more and more battles. Now I imagine that the vampires have been exterminated on the continent or, if not that, they have been greatly weakened.

I can't say how your local Elves Tribe is doing, but when I left, I left them allied with my family. So I believe that the elven heritage still exists and will continue to develop over the next millennia in Majestic Treefrog Grove."

Tasar and Leena looked at Vicente with animation visible in their eyes, while Lyra seemed less interested, although not as bored as she had been earlier.

"Unfortunately, I don't know if you'll ever access the Polaris Realm. But if I succeed, it's possible that you'll once again see elves native to the continent, perhaps even distant relatives of yours," Vicente added, before getting down to what he wanted there: to hear about what their relatives had shared with them and to confirm whether these elves were following the plans of the elves and dragons from Polaris Realm!

"Now, please tell me about your parents' journey and ambition."