

The Mafia 1071

Chapter 1071: Information from the Elves (1)

Leena was the first to answer Vicente's questions, bringing out what she knew. "Well, I haven't seen my father for a long time... So forgive me if I need some time to remember certain things better."

"No problem." He assured her, in no hurry to get the answers and information he so desperately wanted. "Can you tell me where he went? And how long has it been since he left?"

Leena smiled with a bitter expression, a mixture of amusement and regret. She said in reply, "Well, where he went I don't know. Even he wasn't sure of his fate at the time. But it happened 2,000 years ago. But my father lived in Amae for a long time before setting off on his sea journey to Anicane."

Vicente imagined that this was related to the plans of the elves and dragons of the Polaris Realm.

"Why did he leave? Did he ever tell you?" he asked this young-looking but obviously very experienced woman.

She nodded in affirmation. "He told me he wanted to find others like them. In my father's time, he was the only Polaris Realm native on our island. He never told me what his real purpose in life was, but he did say that he came to Anicane with the desire to find others like him. He was lucky to arrive on one of the islands where there were members of a race similar to his, but he was never satisfied with that. But he was a great father, senior Vicente. He took care of me, my mother, and my brothers, and only then did he leave."

Vicente asked curiously, "That was about how long after he arrived in Amae?"

"A few centuries. I don't remember exactly. It was told to me by my mother and him, but I don't really know the exact time."

"That's enough, don't worry." He assured her before asking another question, "But did he tell you why he wanted to find others like him?"

"Not much." She made a thoughtful expression, turning away from Vicente's gaze to look at the table between them. "I was young then, preoccupied with small things, curious about the wrong

things." Her tone was sighing and regretful. "I remember him having a real desire to one day see his fellow planners again."

"I remember that from my mother," said Tasar as he complemented Leena's words. "My mother used to tell me stories about you in Polaris Realm to put me to sleep, believe it or not. That's how I got to know the history of that distant plane, which made me answer your call, Senior Vicente."

Like Leena's father, my mother also went to sea. But she didn't go alone. In her day, there was an elder native of the Polaris Realm here in Amae. He was her master and accompanied her on her departure from the island."

Tasar's case was even more distant from Leena's, having happened 66,000 years ago. This startled Vicente a little, who couldn't help but reconsider what he knew about the vitality of elves.

These elves in front of him were basically high-level Magus. How could someone like Tasar have been alive for almost 70,000 years?

Prisiche answered this through the lenses of his glasses, telling him that the resources in Anicane capable of increasing vitality were much more common and potent than those in the Polaris Realm. Not only that, elves could naturally live longer than humans, which made a 7th stage elf live as long or even longer than 8th stage humans.

Tasar continued with his account. "I was very young when my mother left, Senior Vicente. I loved her very much, and it traumatized me in a way that I still think about today."

Today I can say that I've gotten over my mother's escape from the island, and I've forgiven her for her act. But I still remember every detail as if it were yesterday."

She didn't expect to get pregnant when she arrived in Amae. She wanted to fulfill the mission her people had given her and find others like her on Amae or on other islands. When she found out she was pregnant, she delayed her plans long enough for me to learn to be independent, and when I was 8, she left with her master."

For a long time, my father thought she had betrayed him, but connecting what I knew from the stories she told me with what I know now, I imagine she did no such thing."

Vicente didn't comment on Tasar's last thought, not being there to think about the mistakes that this mother had made. But he was interested in what this guy had experienced, appreciating Tasar's memory.

Vicente asked his questions, probing where Tasar's mother might have gone, if there was any way he could estimate whether she was still alive, something he also asked Leena.

They both seemed rather pessimistic about the vital state of their parents. They both believed with virtual certainty that their parents had been dead for a long time. But while Leena did not know where her father might have gone, Tasar knew about his mother's initial destination.

"... Back then, she told me that if I ever wanted to find her, I would have to travel to the Red Enclave."

Larissa had heard of this place. "The Red Enclave?" she asked in surprise, narrowing her eyes as she looked at the middle-aged elf in front of her.

Tasar affirmed as he shook his head and said, "Yes, the Red Enclave. I never understood what my mother could want on a vampire island, either. But she told me so many times that I could never be confused."

The Red Enclave was a long way from Amae and Light Cay, the region of Anicane where Vicente had arrived. But there was information about this island here and there, even in distant places. Given the seniority of some of them there and their current strength, knowing about such a place wasn't so difficult.

Vicente was silent at this confirmation and couldn't help imagining that Tasar's mother had left with the aim of dealing with the vampires in order to somehow help the people of the Polaris Realm.

"That's complicated. How exactly did she think she could help the elves of Majestic Treefrog Grove with this?" He didn't quite understand Tasar's mother's motives.

So, thinking about that elf's words, Vicente asked, "Tasar, did your mother want to go to this place on her own, or do you think her master might have convinced her to do it?"

Chapter 1072: Information from the Elves (2)

"Her master also wanted to go to Red Enclave, Senior Vicente. She told me about his teachings a few times during the stories she was telling me."

"Was anyone else on that trip with them?" Vicente asked, not knowing exactly if that would help him, but valuing whatever he could get now.

"Yes, there were two other elven disciples of that man who left Amae with them and will never return."

Larissa asked, "Does the tribe simply allow its members to leave like that?"

"No, but these were no ordinary elves. Besides, the tribe has always been open to the possibility of its members exploring distant places. That's how the elven race spread to many lower planes and became native not only to Anicane but also to many other worlds," said Lyra for the first time in this talk.

"What about you?" Vicente asked the 9-Star Magus in front of him, the strongest of the three, despite appearing to be the youngest and simplest.

Vicente wasn't fooled by her appearance, however. He could feel that the bone age of the little girl in front of him was substantial to the point that he had no doubt that she was the oldest one there.

"I was born in Anicane, but my mother and father came from Polaris Realm, and I was conceived on that plane," she said dryly. "My mother died during my birth, and my father disappeared not long after. So I have nothing to tell you about them."

Vicente narrowed his eyes, looking at Garnot and the elf who had brought them there.

That representative of the tribe smiled subtly and said to Vicente, "Lyra isn't here to talk about her own relatives. She is one of the oldest members of the tribe and is a great historian of the elves' history in Anicane and the Polaris Realm."

Larissa and Vicente returned their attention to the young-looking elf, not expecting this.

He asked, "So what do you have for me, Lyra?"

For the time being, he had information that, for some reason, Tasar's mother's master saw Red Enclave as a place with answers to his ambitions. As he only had information from Tasar, who had basically listened to his own mother's opinion, Vicente couldn't say what the intentions of the woman's master were. Was his decision motivated by loyalty to the mission passed on by the elves of the Polaris Realm? Or did the old elf have another agenda?

Vicente didn't know for sure, but that was the major clue for him, since Leena didn't know where her father had gone.

The times of these individuals' departures and their arrivals in Anicane were also relevant, since he was going to investigate the path of these elves and perhaps pick up traces left behind by them.

The plan of the elves and dragons was to enable the flow between the Polaris Realm and the 'Supreme Continent' again. So he imagined that, even if they had failed, those on that mission in Anicane would have left something behind.

Considering that they remained true to their purpose when they were in the Polaris Realm.

But since Lyra was so knowledgeable about the history of her people, Vicente was hoping to get more from her than from the other two elves.

She sighed as if she didn't want to be there and said, "I can help you, Vicente Fuller. I know the purpose of the parents of these two, as well as yours. Other elves from the Polaris Realm and even members of other races from that lower plane have the same goal."

Vicente remained silent, watching this little elven girl hint that she was going to tell him the most important thing of the whole conversation so far.

"But if you want to learn about what I know, you'll have to give me something in return," she said as she smiled for the first time since the beginning of this meeting.

"Lyra!" said the 1-Star Grand Magus there to go with Vicente on this visit. He did not believe that this old woman, covered as a child, would try such a strategy with a guest and friend of the tribe.

Vicente raised one of his hands, signaling the man to calm down.

"What do you want?"

"You have the same goal as them. Then take me with you when it's your time to leave Amae. I won't help your group much in terms of power, I admit that. But I'll share with your group all the information you can learn while we're together." She placed her cards on the table, showing how this exchange would take place.

"Do you want to leave your island?" Larissa asked, not having thought that someone with her background would want to leave. "Don't tell me you want to go after your missing father?"

She looked at Larissa and vehemently denied it. "That man is probably dead. That was over a hundred thousand years ago... What I really want is to see this world as it is and stop just studying it.

Polaris Realm interests me too, but I'll never get the chance to go there. In that case, I'd rather you take me to an island that I feel some affinity for. I'll explore this world before my life is over."

Leena and Tasar looked at Lyra and sighed, both shaking their heads negatively. Lyra's comment might have sounded like a woman at the end of her life trying to make the most of the little time she had left. But the truth was that, even though she was the oldest in the house, Lyra had the most vitality left.

"All right. I won't be able to take you with me for long, but I'll guarantee your safety until we find a place for you." Vicente accepted her proposal. "But before that, tell me what you know."

She smiled, confident in his word. "All right. What I do know is that you have questions about the Nine Paths, about how Polaris Realm has lost almost all its connection to Anicane, and you want to find a method that will at least allow your companions on that plane to come here more easily.

I don't know if that's possible, but I do know that apart from you and the parents of these two here, 20 other individuals who were part of or allied with the Elves Tribe had the same purpose. They all had the same profile. They came from the Polaris Realm, and when they succeeded, they left Amae in search of other islands to strengthen themselves and fulfill their

purpose.

The Grand Recorder became curious about these cases throughout his shift and made a habit of documenting the interests of those who come from other planes and intend to leave the island in the first few years after their arrival. That's why I know a lot about cases like yours."

She paused for breath before saying, "Red Enclave really is a good destination if that's what you're considering. But there's an island halfway there that you'll find even more interesting, Vicente Fuller."

Chapter 1073: Destination in Mind

"The Inviting Isles is the place you should aim for when you leave Amae. The island is halfway to Red Enclave and has been researched by every Polaris Realm native who has passed through Amae in the last 1 million years." Lyra answered Vicente with some of what she could offer him on this journey.

"The Inviting Isles?" The two elves next to her asked, never having heard of these places before.

Lyra continued. "The Inviting Isles is an intermediate place in Anicane. They say that from the Inviting Isles, you can reach any other island in Anicane in a maximum of five years' travel.

The only other islands in the region where it is located are practically uninhabitable, having been destroyed by extreme forces in Anicane's prehistoric past. This makes it the only alternative for the forces living in the region and naturally concentrates all forces wishing to have a post with an intermediate distance between their homes and their targets.

This presumably includes representatives and observers from Hell and Argardus."

Lyra said the last words with gusto, looking into Vicente's eyes, enjoying his reaction as she spoke.

Supposedly, those responsible for partially ending the ten thousand planes' connection with Anicane were related to Hell or Argardus. So for Vicente, to be closer to them would be to have a chance of discovering the truth and finding methods of solving his mission.

"Is there such a place?" Asked the two elves sitting at the table together with Lyra, Vicente and Larissa.

She said positively. "Yes, you probably don't know that because it's a faraway place. It's almost four years away from where we are. You need to look for very specific and unpopular books to read about it."

Lyra looked at Vicente again after explaining this. "Your compatriots sought this place out for the same reason you're thinking of now. But I can't guarantee you anything. What I do know is the story of those who left. Unfortunately, no one has ever returned to tell what they experienced."

The elf there to guide Vicente commented on this. "The tribe believes that all of them have already died... Leaving the island and not returning for more than a century is not a very good sign."

Garnot commented, "You've seen how dangerous it is to travel by sea. We were attacked and almost destroyed before we reached Amae. But I can tell you that there are much more dangerous routes than the one we used... You just have to be on a bad day, in the wrong place, and creatures from even the 9th stage will attack you."

Vicente understood what they were getting at. It was a warning about the dangers of the journey, but also a warning to temper his expectations of seeking out the same places as these other individuals from the same plane as his.

Lyra sighed and said, trying not to scare away her big chance of leaving the island safely. "But the tribe could be wrong in their assumptions. Maybe some of them survived. It's possible. There are powerful islands near the Inviting Isles. I wouldn't be surprised if some of them have succeeded in reaching one of them and settled in such places. Going back would be of little value to them after reaching a high level, so naturally we haven't heard of them."

This was indeed possible, although extremely unlikely.

Vicente considered this alternative, however. He himself didn't intend to return to Light Cay unless it was to help some of his companions. But even in such a situation, he couldn't see himself answering questions from fellow sect members. Others would probably be even worse than him in this respect, so it was possible.

He thought of something and asked, "Were there any signs left behind by these countrymen of mine? Did they leave anything that could be found by other Polaris Realm natives and that might have guided those who came after them?"

Lyra thought for a moment, not immediately remembering anything that matched Vicente's question.

"Maybe there is something like that, but I'm not sure. The only thing that might show it is the fact that they have Red Enclave as a common destination. But there's no record of any letters or messages left behind. But it's possible."

'I guess I'll have to go to The Inviting Isles and Red Enclave to find more clues...' Vicente thought as he clenched his fists. 'Taking Lyra with me will help. Even if she doesn't make it to the end of the journey, I'll certainly have enough time to learn a lot from her.'

He then looked at Leena and Tasar. "Do you remember anything along those lines?" He asked them both.

They both denied it almost simultaneously. What Vicente wanted was too specific, too far removed from their current reality.

They remembered things about their parents, but they were more important memories for them and not about everything they had experienced. Maybe their parents had told them something that meant something to Vicente, but they couldn't remember it.

"All my father ever told me was how I should strive to become stronger, one day leave the island and search for more about the truth behind the 'end' of the Nine Paths," Leena said.

Tasar commented, "My mother didn't try to convince me of anything, but I remember her saying how incredible Anicane would be if it went back to the way it was over a million years ago."

That was just saying how loyal to their promises from when they were still in the Polaris Realm these two parents had been. But even though it didn't say much about what Vicente wanted now, it was something he considered positive.

'At least it seems that a good number of those in the same situation as me remain committed to at least trying...

It's possible that I'll meet someone alive with more experience on this journey to find out about the Nine Paths... The former supreme leader of the Congregation of Revelations, from the time the

temple allied with the vampires to end the Cataclysm Order, was the last to transcend the limits of the Polaris Realm before me. Maybe he's still alive somewhere in Anicane.'

Vicente had learned about the betrayal of such a figure in his journey in Polaris Realm. But close to her departure from that plane, he heard that, before betraying the Dark Path mages, the supreme leader of Congregation of Revelations had been in alliance with the forces of Majestic Treefrog Grove and knew the truth about many things from the past.

Because of this, Vicente had no doubt that such a figure had sought information about the partial end of the Nine Paths, even if it wasn't for him and Leena and Tasar's elven parents.

"Very well. Thank you for the information." He stood up after some time in silence. "I'll take you with me when it's time for me to leave Amae, Lyra. Get ready as soon as possible, because it won't be long now. But for now, this information is enough."

He looked at Leena and Tasar, tossing them space rings with gift resources, mostly items from Amae and Light Cay, but a few books on the Polaris Realm that he still had with him.

"This is my way of thanking you. Please accept this in exchange for your answers."

Chapter 1074: Hunting Elementals

Vicente left the Elves Tribe as quickly as he had arrived on his second visit to the area. As soon as he had presented the group with Leena, Lyra, and Tasar, he said goodbye to them and the tribe.

Vicente was only there to talk about the native elves of Polaris Realm, who had passed

through the island. He had many other curiosities and questions to ask someone as knowledgeable about local history as Lyra. But now was not the time to focus on things he would have time to learn later.

In a few months, he would find himself sailing the Sea of Stars again, when he'd have at least a few years at Lyra's side to hear some of what she knew. So, after resolving his immediate doubts and giving the three of them something in return, he said goodbye.

Vicente told them he would return one last time, when he was to leave Amae for good, when Lyra was to join his group and depart from Amae. This could happen at any time in the next few weeks, so she should be prepared.

So he, Larissa and Rex set off from the elves' territory, going on to search for the four enemy areas that Nan had marked for him to deal with as soon as possible.

It was time for them to enter their last phase in Amae before continuing with their journey to find more information about the Nine Paths and the next stages.

In particular, now that he had got his eighth pentagram, he was now interested in obtaining the sixteenth pentagram!

...

After a few days of traveling, Vicente had split up with Larissa and Rex, leaving them with a group of fairy allies to follow plans other than his own.

Now he was walking alone near the first target he would attack, with only Prische, in her usual bespectacled form, accompanying him on this mission.

Moving forward, he could see his way to the enemies through Prische's data, who had been, since they left Light Cay, primarily helping him process less important data.

Things like details of an island's characteristics that he didn't intend to devote himself to weren't important for him to master deeply. He had simply been letting her process this information and guide him through local issues and journeys, focusing only on the essentials that could be useful on his journey ahead.

Knowing how to get to the outpost of the enemies he wanted to act against this afternoon wasn't exactly important to him beyond this mission itself. Prische guided him through the enemy region, while he himself noticed opponents here and there on the path she was tracing.

She was in the form of glasses, more interested in the battle ahead than Vicente himself. Given the nature of Vice's powers, she always gets the chance to take control of one of his metal creations and fight alongside him.

As she had no cultivation, she could fight at the same level as her master, which was a lot of fun for an artificial intelligence like her.

[Master, we're close. Nan's data says that we are only 1 minute away from the enemies at our current speed. You should prepare for lookouts watching the surroundings as well as traps.]

This was the first of four attacks that Vicente intended to make to help the war in Amae take a course that would lead to the predominance of the fairy forces. But over the last few days of traveling, he had come across a few local confrontations, some of which he had gotten involved in and let Prische have his fun.

Today he didn't intend to do that. The outpost was not the core of an enemy tribe, of course. The fairies wouldn't dare try something like that. After all, even if there was a war on, attacking the core of a territory could be viewed very badly and generate generations of hatred and fear.

As nervous as the fairies had previously been about the dwarves' betrayal, their current aim was only to diminish the enemy's forces, not exterminate them.

Vicente himself wasn't willing to invest his time in an endless hunt, so his missions would serve to deal with strategic points such as the Wood Elementals' headquarters, not far ahead of them.

He took more care with his movement as Prische's warning faded, focusing on the area full of trees ahead, where the strategic outpost of the fairy alliance's enemies should be in this region.

'Here should be 10 of the 40 strongest Grand Magus in the enemy group. Some of them are probably out of the area, on missions, but the intelligence gathered by the fairies says that at least 4 Grand Magus of the Wood Elemental Tribe are settled here, almost permanently,' Vicente thought to himself as he saw, little by little, the building that blended in with the trees and the terrain, occupying an area of around 2,000 square meters in the middle of this dense forest.

When he stopped in one bush, hidden in the not-so-strong shadows at that time of day, he spread his senses around, advancing until he understood the outermost area of the enemy post.

He could sense 22 defensive formations and traps for invaders trying to secretly enter the area. At the same time, 12 guards from the beginning of the 8th stage were standing by, alternating their vigilance against the surroundings, looking for traces of trouble.

Vicente didn't immediately sense the magical fluctuations of the enemies now inside that Wood Elemental unit, but he could tell that there was a group of a few dozen enemies there. Outposts like this served as warehouses for groups going to war and others returning. It shouldn't be uncommon for wounded returning to these areas of conflict to stay at outposts like this for a while before returning to battle or going home.

But the numbers at this post didn't matter so much to Vicente. He was there for a massacre and only the number of medium-sized Grand Magus-which could make things somewhat difficult for him-mattered to him.

He mapped out the terrain with his earth element skills, feeling some difficulty, as wood was precisely one of the elements he would have trouble facing.

Given the nature of the wood element, holders of wood-related powers had good defenses against opponents with lightning as an element. Vicente sensed this even before fighting, sensing little of the surroundings of this unit, which he had chosen to attack first precisely because of the challenge it would impose on him.

The Wood Elementals' misfortune was Vicente's other affinities, which propelled him to go ahead and start his attack after only 5 minutes since arriving in the area.

Chapter 1075 The Fairies Send Their Regards!

As he advanced against the Wood Elementals' post, Vicente didn't hide his movement. After one step into the enemy outpost, he broke through the area's defenses, arriving in a courtyard where six men were sitting in different corners, each looking in different directions.

When a man, cloaked in darkness, tall and strong, appeared inside the base, in this entrance courtyard, all the guards on standby looked in his direction, recognizing an abnormality.

"Who are you?" One of them stood up, his voice spreading like thunder through the entire post.

The others in that area stood up as well, while the strongest of the outpost, inside the built-up area, a few moments away from Vicente, stood up from where they were, some opening their eyes and even leaving comatose states.

Following the first Wood Elemental's question, everyone in the building noticed the explosive aura that suddenly emerged from the newcomer's position, something dark but also clear, like nothing seen before by the experts there.

Only the cream of the Wood Elementals and their associates went so far as to be sent or allowed to stay in an outpost like this. But even so, most of the over 70 individuals there at the moment couldn't help but worry when they sensed Vicente's dark aura.

As a strong 3-Star Grand Magus, Vicente was capable of terrorizing even groups with dozens of low-level Grand Magus. Not only was a 3-Star Grand Magus much stronger than groups of 1-Star or 2-Star Grand Magus, but Vicente's negative aura rivaled in purity that of some of the island's most powerful elementals in their own elements.

Unfortunately, there were no Dark Elementals on Amae, otherwise they would have been able to better understand the power of today's enemy. Feeling something like this for the first time, the initial thought of most of them was that they were dead.

But Vicente wouldn't force them using his powerful Throne of Darkness. As soon as he showed himself, having used his darkness to get past the area's defenses and establish the challenge, a large, animated bow opened on his lips, as one by one, his pentagrams of his first magical form showed themselves.

"Wood Elementals, let's test here which elemental affinity is greater. My magnetic affinity or your wood affinity?" He said, watching as the first enemies to rise up against her lost consciousness to merely the first of their attacks.

As several violet pentagrams emerged from his body, Vicente brought his oldest skills into play, testing the elementals on this enemy outpost.

A purple bolt of lightning descended from the sky, quickly taking Vicente's body shape, striking out with a violet fist of lightning against that building. At the same time, an electromagnetic pulse started from Vicente's position, attacking everything and everyone in his surroundings, growing further and further away from him.

The metals in the ground and trees in the area moved, giving rise to flying blades, each of them intelligent enough to attack their targets without Vicente even bothering with orders. Meanwhile, the elementals' magical and physical pathways seemed to have stiffened and gone out of their control, paralyzing several of them simultaneously.

Vicente saw how his attacks affected even these beings made of wood, noting that, as much as wood was one of their weaknesses, the difference in quality and cultivation between them was enough to give him an advantage against almost everyone there.

One by one, the weakest Wood Elementals in the area fell, not just unconscious, but already dead. Meanwhile, Vicente's violet lightning attack collided with the outpost's defenses, causing the air itself to distort, while the terrain and wooden structures there swayed wildly.

"Who are you, human?" A 4-Star Elemental asked as he emerged from the construction of this post, his gaze marked by pain and agony. He was clearly not in his best condition, but he was putting himself in a fighting position.

Next to the 4-Star Wood Elemental, three other individuals emerged, all of them of 3-Star cultivation, two Wood Elementals and a Glass Elemental, the first of its kind that Vicente had seen.

Vicente looked at that bright greenish-looking creature, but answered the question of the strongest in the area. "My name is Vicente Fuller. I'm here to exterminate this post."

After his words, Vicente raised one of his hands as the surrounding space distorted. Instantly, that hand appeared behind the head of the strongest elemental there. "The fairies send their regards."

With those words, Vicente's hand signaled a gun, from which a golden blast of light shot out. As strong as the Wood Elemental was against Vicente's lightning elemental and had survived the first wave of attacks, he couldn't deny the light elemental's attack as he had done with the lightning elemental before confronting Vice.

An arrow of light pierced the elemental's head, destroying the brown creature's semi-transparent body, causing a crystal that looked like tree bark to fall from the center of the guy's body.

"That goes for you too!" Vicente advanced, no longer using his Throne of Light power. Against these 3-Star Grand Magus, he was confident that by pushing a little with his electromagnetic power, he would finish these three remaining opponents.

The three of them widened their eyes when they saw the end of the leader of this post, each of them recoiling in horror as he moved elusively. They all immediately considered that this post was lost and their only alternative would be to flee.

Unfortunately for them, Vicente loved the idea of hunting elementals and having the chance to collect elemental essences!

Thinking of a future in which his family would come to Anicane and he would have his chance to see his wife and daughter, Vicente continued his killing spree, collecting every essence that fell in the vicinity while preventing each of the enemies from fleeing.

In a mere 3 minutes since his invasion, he would have the place in ruins, littered with the marks of combat, or rather, of the massacre carried out there. Against him in his current condition, these elementals didn't stand a chance. Unless a 7-Star Grand Magus appeared, Vicente was very confident in his powers.

'I'll be facing Sorcerers soon,' Vicente thought to himself as he looked at the results of his actions. 'Hehe, I'm looking forward to it!'

Chapter 1076 The Last Target

Three weeks later...

Somewhere in Amae, Vicente was in front of yet another outpost of enemy troops from the fairy alliance. Once again, the image of destruction, with various remnants of attacks and many elemental essences were scattered irregularly around the surroundings, casting a nostalgic vision on them. For the fourth time in less than a month, Vicente was finishing a group of enemies, concluding the last target indicated by Nan almost two months ago, when he returned from the Dwarves Tribe after finishing his business with Hervi.

"You'll pay dearly for this!" Muttered one of the last of the group of elementals attacked by Vicente that night, his voice echoing off the rock formations in this region close to the island's northern coast.

"I'll be long gone from Amae in no time, my friend. I'm afraid your threats are meaningless against me," Vicente said to the strongest of the enemies he faced today, the one who had given him the most trouble since the beginning of this mission.

The 5-Star Stone Elemental from the Grand Magus stage looked back, finally stopping crawling, looking into his enemy's eyes. "Oh, for I dare you to escape my curse! You may not suffer at our

hands, but something or someone will make you pay for your unbridled slaughter! I curse you to 10,000 years of suffering in hell, dam..."

The Stone Elemental was about to finish his curses and threats when a hand of darkness crushed his body, causing his essence to form while the rest of himself spread out into the surroundings like the contents of a crushed sachet.

"Sometimes I show my enemies too much mercy." Vicente muttered as he changed his usual calm expression, and couldn't help but feel disgusted by the elemental's last words.

As much as he didn't believe that the curse of an individual he had killed so easily wouldn't hurt him, it was never good to hear the macabre wishes of enemies against you.

[Where to now, master?]

Prisiche interrupted Vicente's negative thoughts, alerting him that he had finally completed his mission.

"Let's go back to the Fairy Tribe and find out what happened last month. Larissa and Rex should be back in the area, so let's join them."

With these words, he made all the elemental essences but also valuables scattered around the area levitate, before coming towards him. Quickly, Vicente collected all those valuables in his high-level spatial storage item.

Vicente's current space ring, made by himself while he was in Light Cay, was so big that it could hold the buildings of a small headquarters!

Vicente was gradually accumulating enough massive wealth to need a city of magicians to consume those resources. He had no specific purpose at the moment, just to gather resources for his family so that one day they could all live in peace somewhere in Anicane.

So, with a few more items in his spatial ring, Vicente flew towards fairyland.

Leaving the enemy outpost, he had no regrets or worries about the things he had done in the last month. As much as he had practically executed 300 high-level elementals for the fairies, this was a war and he had no mercy for the enemy.

The enemy he was hunting was the same one that had corrupted the dwarves and almost succeeded in exterminating the fairies, had it not been for his intervention. These were the enemies who had started the current war, forces he had been paid handsomely to weaken.

But even without any remorse for his actions or pity for the local forces, Vicente no longer wanted to get involved.

'I hope the fairies and their allies have taken advantage of the casualties I've caused. I'm looking forward to having my talk with the alliance leaders about the Nine Paths to leave this island.'

Amae had a cultivation limit very close to Vicente's current level. Given how strong his foundation was, he knew that after advancing to 4-Star, something close to happening, he would no longer have any room for local growth. Interested in becoming a Sorcerer as quickly as possible, his destination lay in the Star Sea, on an island of the highest level, with the capacity to give birth to Sorcerers!

So he set off in a hurry towards the core of Amae, towards the news of the war that he had been so poorly updated on recently.

Being focused on eliminating his targets had given him good results, but it had also made him ignorant of the general situation in Amae!

...

14:00

Days later, at the core of the Fairy Tribe...

Amae's oldest and most powerful community was celebrating the recent results of their troops' last major battle. Once again, in recent local history, the Fairy King was returning in victory from the battlefield!

This time, the enemy defeated and forced to retreat with less than 20% of their numbers had been the powerful Ice Elementals, one of the three main enemy tribes fighting around Amae.

Back with his squadron, totaling over 80% of the numbers that had left weeks ago, the Fairy King stood proudly atop his beast, passing with his group through the center of the tribe.

Close to where they stood, the royal palace stood majestically, presenting a group of allies and tribe members positioned formally in waiting.

"Haha, there was no need to wait for me like that. You know I've never liked it," said the Fairy King as he looked at his granddaughter, who was standing next to Larissa and Rex at the moment.

It was when Nan pointed behind the king that the old man realized that part of the local festivities were not just for him. Walking along the dirt paths of the tribe's core, Vicente saw the people in his path opening the way for him to pass. They looked at him with reverence, making gestures of greeting, saying respectful words.

The fame of the Elemental Destroyer had spread to all sides of Amae. In particular, few fairies, elves, and dwarves didn't know about Vicente Fuller, the man responsible for retaking the alliance against the enemies in this war!

With Vicente on their side, the tribe had left the situation in which they were under pressure and in danger of destruction, having reached the current state, with an advantage over the enemies, being those who were pressing and were the favorites for victory in the conflict!

Chapter 1077 Uzira's Quick Change of Heart Back at the Fairy Tribe, Vicente was met with a great reception, which he didn't rule out as one of the possibilities for his last encounters with these people. He just hadn't expected to arrive at the tribe at the same time as the Fairy King's group and be met with an even more numerous and warm welcome.

Fairies, elves and other allies of the race welcomed him with positive shouts, thanks, gestures of greeting and respect. Meanwhile, the Fairy King watched him from the front of his palace, standing next to Nan and the others. Despite his surprise at seeing Vicente back, the old Grand Magus was also pleased.

His gaze on Vicente was that of someone who had great respect for the other, but also gratitude.

Vicente had saved his life, his tribe and now given his people victories that would lead them to victory in the war!

As such, on seeing Vicente again, weeks since their last meeting, the Fairy King walked ahead of his group, stopping not far from Vice and then bowing his head. "Vicente, welcome to my tribe," he said loudly, his satisfaction almost palpable in the air. "You've won some formidable victories in the last month. I hope you won't run away from a big celebration with us today!"

Positive shouts arose in the surroundings of this forested area, with Nan smiling and waving to Vicente, asking him not to refuse. "First, tell me about the war. Then we can drink together." He laughed to see their determination. Even though he was curious to hear from them about recent developments in the war, the way they were treating him already said a lot. The mood was very light and festive, not only because of the Fairy King's invitation, but also the looks and expressions of the ordinary people on the way there. The fairy community was no longer under mortal pressure. This community had its chances, with good prospects once again showing themselves to them.

"Let's go inside. We have several things to talk about," said Nan as she gestured towards the estate of the ruler of Amae, while the tribal elders made way for them.

Larissa walked alongside Vicente, while Rex stayed behind, enjoying the position he was in. "I heard about your recent results," said Larissa to him with a smile on her beautiful face. "It seems you've made a fortune by clearing out the four enemy outposts indicated by Nan."

Rumors were spreading not only that Vicente had dealt with the enemies. The fact that he had left nothing of value in the places he had passed through was also spreading across the continent.

"I did what I had to do." He smiled in confirmation, entering the fairy palace again.

The place was still as beautiful and bright as before, with colorful paintings and statues, and several small fairies here and there.

There was a small tree inside the property, one that had leaves of seven different colors, supposedly an ancient existence, alive since the days when Anicane was still connected to the 10,000 planes.

"How have the last few weeks been for you?" He asked her, looking at his surroundings, but without the same interest that most people in his place would have.

"Well, I'd say. Rex and I fought a few battles, got our chances, nothing too significant, though." She explained until they were in a large living room, where they quickly settled down with the king, Nan and just a few elders.

The king began, "Vicente, seriously, thank you for your cooperation. Without you, we'd probably lose this war."

All the fairies in the room agreed, some nodding and others saying their words of gratitude.

The king continued, "After you helped me months ago and went out to deal with the dwarves, we collected victories. These victories were important for boosting the morale of the alliance, but the main thing was some agreements we made during this period. With the withdrawal of some of our rivals from the war and the weakening of those in conflict with us, we regained the upper hand on the island, starting to recover territories and retake our leadership position!"

A war wasn't just about battles, after all. While Vicente and many of the tribe's allies had been fighting, the king and his trusted subordinates had not only been fighting, but also seeking truce agreements.

Not all the enemies shared the same desire to take control of the island. In fact, most would remain in the position of the dominated rather than the dominator. With the strengthening of the fairies, some of those groups at war until recently decided to retreat strategically at this complicated moment in the conflict.

"The war isn't far from over, Vicente," Nan said to him with a genuine smile on his lips. "Because of your help, we should be back to the position we had before the war started in no more than two months!"

This had been a sudden change for the entire island of Amae!

For years, the island had experienced the war of the rebels against the local sovereigns. In the long period that had passed, the conflict had heated up and driven the island's population into worse situations with each passing week. But since Vicente had arrived, as much as the high-level clashes had increased in number, never before during the war had the island been so stable.

"Our major enemies are desperate, and the few supporters maintaining the lunacy for war are leaving their positions in fear." One of the elders said with great satisfaction. "At the current rate, the confrontation will soon be over!"

"That's good to hear," Vicente said after hearing about the situation on the island.

He didn't know exactly which tribe was stronger or weaker, but he was aware of the most important thing. Soon he could get rid of his promise and leave this place!

"I'd like to help you get to that promising destination more quickly." He offered, looking suggestively at Nan. "Not only that, I'm willing to trade with the fairies or any of the allies willing to do business with me. I have plenty of resources, but I also represent Stonewall."

He spread his arms wide, smiling as he imagined himself helping this island and its sect a little before he could go off in pursuit of his own selfish interests. The Fairy King took a drink from one of the palace servants and offered Vicente a toast. "Let's start this business here, with the celebration of the Dark King, Vicente Fuller!"

The magical beings around took drinks and offered toasts to Vicente, interested in his help, but also in the business that someone so strong was willing to do.

On this occasion, he would begin the talks that would help not only the local forces but also Stonewall. Even though he had spent months traveling or fighting without remembering the sect, today Vicente would begin important local deals that would be good for him, but even better for the Light Cay sect.

He was satisfied with the way things had turned out and decided to end his time in Amae differently from his start there. Instead of bloodshed, he would leave promises of a better future for this suffering community.

Chapter 1078 Information from the Nine Paths

After a few days of negotiations in the Fairy Tribe, Vicente had almost run out of high-level resources to trade.

He still had a large amount of items with him in his space ring, things that beings of the 8th stage wouldn't look for, but which were riches for any other kind of magician. In addition, he closed the deals he could on behalf of Stonewall, helping his sect with new relations, but also opening doors to local Amae forces.

With these diplomatic actions, Vicente spent his last days on the island in tranquility, having time to interact with his most recent partners and even to cultivate. Thus, he reached 4-Star, achieving the maximum cultivation that this island could offer someone with his cultivation base.

Vicente finally decided on his departure date, giving the fairies the chance to prepare a ship for his group and gather the materials and information needed for the group to be able to move forward with their goals.

Vicente would leave the Fairy Tribe the following morning, when he would go to the Elf Tribe to pick up Lyra and then go alongside her, Rex and Larissa, to the port from where they would leave Amae permanently. Given this set departure date, today Vicente had been summoned to the last official meeting with the leadership of Amae's largest force.

As previously promised, the tribe would tell him a little more about their doubts regarding the Nine Paths!

...

At the royal palace of the Fairy Tribe, Vicente had just dined with the royal family and some of the tribe's high-level elders.

After finishing the meal, which had been taken casually and without much tension, focusing on the positives and saying goodbye to Vicente, a group of two elders and the king accompanied Vice through the estate without anyone else.

They began their journey down a long corridor, with the three old Grand Magus showing Vicente the history of their organization through paintings and statues. This went on until they stopped in an underground room, where the king led the way into what looked like a vault made of gold.

But it wasn't a vault, it was just a room with massive, golden walls, containing only one thing: an irregular, green rock, from which came a powerful magical fluctuation, capable of invoking doubt and ignorance in even experienced elders.

But it wasn't a vault, it was just a room with massive, golden walls, containing only one thing: an irregular, green rock, from which came a powerful magical fluctuation, capable of invoking doubt and ignorance in even experienced elders.

As soon as the heavy door, constructed from a type of non-metallic alloy, which made Vicente look at it carefully, the Fairy King looked at him and became more serious.

"Vice, this is the invisible room of the fairies. There aren't many places like this around Anicane, so don't get your hopes up about repeating what we'll be talking about for the next five minutes too easily. You'll be in great danger if you can't replicate what we're able to do here," said Nan's grandfather, his deep gaze making him look a few years older.

Vicente nodded, becoming as serious as these men. "All right."

"I won't try to explain to you how this room works. Just keep in mind that the crystal here is special and will protect us. Unfortunately, even something as fantastic as this room isn't 100% safe and the minutes I said are our limit." The king added before talking about what really mattered.

"You want to know about the Nine Paths and how it was partially destroyed? Well, we'll tell you a little of what we know. Only the three of us in the whole of Amae know what you're about to hear, so don't expect others to have more information."

"We've only passed it on between the three heads of the tribe and we're willing to let the information die if we don't get the chance to pass it on before our deaths," one of the elders said in a resolute tone.

The Fairy King was more to the point in his subsequent words. "A million years ago, to infinity in the past, the Nine Paths served as a universal balance. All the paths were connected, leading to two ultimate dimensions, opposite in nature. Hell and Argardus. Life and death, light, and darkness.

In that long period, things were simpler. You could go to the highest points of existence, no matter how low your origins were. Either you died, and went to Hell, or you succeeded and achieved immortality by arriving in Argardus. Meanwhile, these two dimensions maintained the necessary natural order.

Everything changed a million years ago, in the first war of Hell and Argardus."

"The two supreme dimensions clashed for the first time at that time, causing chaos and degeneration in all the lower dimensions. Out of this chaos, however, some of the Transcendents behind the two dimensions saw a great opportunity," said one of the elders, looking at Vicente as if his words carried the weight of the entire universe.

"The opportunity to destroy the Nine Paths and keep for themselves absolute power, capable of bringing them total control over the dimensions." The other elder continued, as the four individuals watched the crystal in the room gradually lose its shine, as if marking the time they had in this way.

The Fairy King said, "By partially destroying the Nine Paths, those Transcendentals ended the possibility of most creatures having a chance of gaining their places in one of the two absolute dimensions. In return, they gained more power and possibilities."

"It would have been perfect if it hadn't been for the imbalance afterwards." Sighed an elder, who only knew this truth because of the sacrifice of countless fairies in an incident a million years ago, at a point far from Amae, in the Sea of Stars.

"Now these Transcendentals choose who should enter Argardus and who should not. Meanwhile, some dimensions, like ours, are suffering from the effects caused by the actions of these Transcendentals, which have damaged the wheel of reincarnation and created spectres and ghosts in several dimensions."

"That's not the case with Amae, but there are islands in Anicane that are practically completely destroyed, Vicente," said the king gravely.

"Anyway, you and the Polaris Realm natives who have passed through my island are not the only ones who are dissatisfied or looking for change. But be careful, Vicente. Those behind the destruction of the Nine Paths are so strong that they can destroy entire plans with the snap of their fingers!" The king finished as he watched his time run out.

Immediately their time was up, the three individuals lost their worried and deeply serious expressions, becoming smiling again, as if they hadn't said anything.

"This is more complicated than I had previously imagined..."

Chapter 1079 Leaving Amae

Vicente needed some time in silence after the words of the three Fairy Tribe elders.

The three individuals understood what was on the boy's mind, but they continued talking to each other, acting in a way that was more ordinary by their own standards. If someone were to see them now, they would hardly realize what they were talking about a few moments ago.

Vicente understood well that they were covering up what they had discussed and were merely making it look like they were showing off the fairy estate, the pride of their people to the greatest ally the tribe had had in its recent history.

Meanwhile, he processed his new knowledge.

'Hell and Argardus are enemies and, as far as I can tell, their leaders have consciously acted to seize absolute power of all existence for themselves.'

Vicente could understand the greed for power. He, like any magician, had greedy desires of his own to become stronger.

If he could choose to be the strongest, he would. By being the strongest in all of existence, he could bring his family back to his side and truly protect them against everyone!

So Vicente wouldn't think it wrong if others thought similar things and wanted the same. But he wasn't those people and their greed was clearly a problem for him and his plans.

'This is going to be complicated... From the words of these three individuals,' he looked at the elders talking and gesturing along the way, now in another part of the estate, 'those responsible for the end of the Nine Paths are Transcendentals, magicians of the 10th stage. I'm merely an 8th stage magician now... But they're probably two whole stages stronger than me!'

That was worrying, to say the least.

'I'll have to temper my expectations and reassess what I can do.' He took a step back from his plans, but as he did so, his expression became only graver. 'But while I know I would need a long preparation to challenge these opponents in the dark, I can't delay. Annie and the others are counting on me!'

Vicente was ready to leave Amae, but even so, there was a long way to go to an island remotely better than Amae. However, while he didn't even know what it would be like to be somewhere stronger than Amae, he was already thinking about 10th stage problems...

Vicente wasn't considering taking them on directly, but his plans involved going against the interests of these Transcendentals. He wasn't arrogant enough to think that he would never be caught up in their plots, so naturally he already saw these individuals as potential adversaries.

He had confidence in his talent, but the Transcendent stage was a long, long way from his current one.

As far as he knew, he should be closer to a newly initiated Apprentice in magic than to a Transcendent!

But he was still bold enough to stand firm, unable to give up his potentially only chance of being reunited with his family again.

'Given the terror these three spoke of, they or their ancestors must have seen terrible things. I don't doubt that these existences could even destroy entire dimensions.

I have to be careful, but I also can't stop investigating and daring to delve into these secrets. I won't become a Transcendental in time to see my family if I'm a coward.'

He secretly clenched his fists, not showing much in his expression, restricting himself to pretending to be entertained by the tour of the fairy palace.

'I have to start learning under Lyra's supervision quickly. I can't get too far ahead of my plans anyway. The Sea of Stars is still vast and I need to travel for a few years before I reach the more powerful places in Anicane.'

He was hurried, worried and anxious, but he wasn't blind. Like it or not, he would have to pace his journey ahead.

His thoughts were far away, on things and opponents that could be decades away from him. But he didn't rush. He continued this fraternization in the heart of the Fairy Tribe, reassured that rushing his departure today wouldn't make any difference.

His journey in Amae was practically over. Leaving depended on the conclusion of the fairies' promises, which wouldn't change anything now that his final farewell was so far away. For today, even though he was worried, he allowed himself to continue acting in apparent tranquility, getting over what he had discussed with the island's leaders after a few minutes.

When he returned to Larissa's side, Vicente was smiling, talking about lighter things that wouldn't guarantee distant punishment coming their way.

...

Time passed, and it was time for Vicente and his group of Amae to leave!

At dawn, he, Rex and Larissa gathered in front of the royal palace of the Fairy Tribe and watched as a large part of the force gathered to say goodbye.

Anicane was so vast and dangerous that no one there believed they would ever see each other again. As such, those individuals left behind had distant looks on their faces, having already handed over their farewell gifts as well as their goodbyes.

The gifts weren't just resources, but items without much cultivation value that might remind them of Amae, should they decide to settle elsewhere in Anicane.

Vicente got into his carriage and looked at Nan one last time, remembering the day, years ago, when he met the fairy group he now saw. At the time, he hadn't expected that one day it would come to a situation like this.

"Good luck to you, my friends. If you ever return to Light Cay, give my regards to Stonewall," he said aloud, as Rex began to move his carriage towards the Elf Tribe.

"We'll do that."

"And don't forget to protect people coming from Polaris Realm. I'll pay their weight in valuable resources if you help them and direct the information to me."

The Fairy King liked these words, but said nothing more. Helping any of Vicente's companions would be an obligation for them!

Whether he would pay them back afterwards, however, would depend more on his own generosity than on the fairies' interest.

So Vicente left the tribe, beginning the journey of a few hours to the Tribe of Elves, where he would complete his group with the addition of Lyra. After that, they would travel directly for the next few days to the coast where their ship should be waiting for them!

Chapter 1080 Towards Humfail Reef

After picking up Lyra from the Elves Tribe, Vicente and his group traveled for a few days to the coast. No one outside the group was traveling with them. The war was still going on in Amae, even though things had calmed down a bit recently. But the fairies had ensured that a group would stay to protect their newly prepared vessel until they reached their destination.

Vicente wasn't worried about local problems, however. During his days traveling alongside Lyra, peaceful days given the fact that his fame had spread across the island, he took the opportunity to start learning more from this experienced local historian.

Lyra had a lot to tell him, having studied for many times longer than Vicente's lifetime. Because of this, he was sure he could gain a lot from talking to her, but for now, he wanted to focus on what was most useful.

The journey ahead would be long enough for all kinds of conversations, but the most important thing for him now was to hear what she knew about the Sea of Stars, the route they should take, dangers and opportunities.

Vicente remembered very well how he had almost been killed by a sea creature before arriving on the island. Even though he'd gotten a bit stronger in Amae, he still had a long way to go before he underestimated the mighty Sea of Stars.

So that was what most of their first conversations were about until the group finally spotted the sea early one afternoon. Seeing their destination so close, the group's conversations slowed and Rex increased his pace, moving more quickly through this final stretch of Amae's magical island.

"That was a quick journey. Just a few months in Amae were enough for me to improve by four stars and get a pentagram." Vicente assessed his time in fairyland, obviously satisfied. Although his progress in terms of stars and pentagrams in Amae was inferior to what he achieved in Light Cay, in terms of mana density, his progress was far superior. Given the short time he had been there, Vicente was sure that his cultivation speed had accelerated considerably. "That's good, but it can't stop here. I have to keep looking for opportunities like the elemental essentials if I'm to reach the 9th stage!"

He watched Rex complete the rest of the path, thinking about his family and the challenges preventing him from being with the women he loved.

"The journey ahead will be chaotic. Prepare for storms worse than any we've faced before," he said to Rex and Larissa, making Lyra look at them and feel a chill.

The normally calm and bored elf immediately became more interested in the journey ahead, revealing a sadistic smile.

"You're crazy, you know that? Has anyone ever told you that?" Larissa teased the beautiful young elf next to her.

"A few people," Lyra replied dryly. "There are many experiences I haven't had yet, despite my long life. I hope to be able to experience several of them before I separate from this group."

"I hope that doesn't start as soon as we set sail..." Larissa sighed and glanced at Vicente, asking, "Is there any chance that creature is still waiting for us?"

Vicente thought of the snake they had narrowly escaped on their journey to Amae. Almost at the end of their journey, a creature that had been paid to assassinate them launched an attack that narrowly missed them. Given how little time had passed since that incident, Larissa couldn't help but worry about the possibility of a reunion-and an overwhelming experience for Lyra.

"I don't know, but I don't think so," Vicente said what he thought, not being able to base it on any facts. "In any case, we're all stronger now. We shouldn't think about that enemy, but about the challenges ahead. What will be our first stop, Lyra?"

"Humfail Reef," she replied, feeling the sea salt smell more and more intense as Rex took them to the nearby natural harbor, where he was waiting for the group guarding their ship.

"Humfail Reef is an island 18 months from our position, an intermediate outpost much researched by beings from the Polaris Realm who have passed through Amae. There are supposedly low-level Sorcerers there and it's friendly territory for foreigners traveling between islands."

"Friendly is what we need." Larissa sighed. "I don't want to have to face another war, especially in such a powerful place."

"I don't want to either." Lyra had her strange tastes, but she was no fool. "But I think it's very difficult to find a war. Humfail Reef seems to be dominated by the only force that holds Sorcerers on the entire island. A rebellion like the one we had here would be almost impossible to happen there."

"That's great. I don't intend to stay long on the island, anyway," Vicente said, just before they stopped in front of the ship, where a group of fairies were waiting for them.

He greeted the people in the area and thanked them. The group said a few words to them, mainly about the ship, a brand new vehicle designed for them.

Without blinking, they boarded the ship capable of carrying over 20 people simultaneously in comfort and were soon back at sea, gradually moving away from the coast.

They watched the fairies watching them go for a few moments, but with a ship as good as that, five minutes would be enough for them to lose sight of those little creatures.

"Larissa and Lyra, take us to our destination. Rex and I will be in position around the ship."

Vicente sat on the bow, feeling the wind blow against his hair as he positioned himself to protect himself against threats. The start of the journey through the Sea of Stars wasn't usually dangerous, but it wouldn't be long before they reached a region where anything could happen.

Rex also positioned himself, while Larissa commanded the ship, with Lyra sitting beside him with the naval map of the route they were to follow.

As well as being an ancient historian, she was also known for her extensive knowledge of the divisions of the seas between Amae and Amae's allied or partner islands.

As they traveled, something was watching them from afar, seeing through space something that was very pleasing to her.

'Very good. Come to me. I'll personally meet you halfway, boy!'