

The Mafia 861

Chapter 861 Secrets of the World?

After the tribe chief's words, he motioned for Vicente to accompany him and left the area, leaving the young man's two companions behind.",

As Victor and Elmo stayed behind with the dark green dragon of the Intermediate Archmage cultivation, their hurried minds were filled with doubts.

The enormous dragon in front of them, looking in the direction from which Vicente and the First Elder had departed, murmured to them, "Do not keep your doubts to yourself. Ask what you need to ask."

"Elder, we don't understand what's going on," Elmo said carefully, so as not to offend the beast in front of him. "When you said you were expecting Vicente, was that because you saw our challenge?"

The large, dark green scaled dragon curled its thick black lips, revealing its many teeth, sharp as swords.

"What you really want to know is why we're willing to help you... Do you think our challenge isn't enough?"

"We don't doubt it." Victor said worriedly.

"But your doubts are justified. This really is a strange situation. Our ancestor Myndentan wouldn't talk to just any group that passed his challenge. For him to have done this, well, there's a greater meaning.

Anyway, come with me. I'll take you to the place where you should wait for your companion. He will have to stay with the tribe for a few weeks before you can continue your journey." The large being warned as he flapped his wings, soon heading for an area for the tribe's special guests.

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Meanwhile, Vicente and the First Elder landed in an area a few miles from the core city of the tribe's territory.

The place they had just arrived at differed completely from the one they had left. In the middle of three mountains that ended at the same point, there was an area big enough for two 6th stage dragons, and there was a golden platform.

Various symbols and inscriptions that Vicente didn't understand adorned it, while the mana from it seemed to form a vortex over it, with a focal point in the middle of its area.

Stopping a few dozen meters from this platform, the First Elder said to Vicente, "You must have many doubts, but don't worry, you will understand everything.

For now, understand that you haven't just completed one of my tribe's challenges. As much as it may seem that anyone who has made your journey would get to where you are, things aren't that simple."

Vicente looked at the dragon, his heart filled with doubt as he listened anxiously for the creature's answers.

"My tribe has been developing traps and challenges far from our territory for tens of thousands of years. The area you passed has at least 50 different traps, leading to dozens of different dragon soul fragments.

The dragon you meet at the end of your challenges is the one that was predestined for you by the results of your challenges."

"Are you saying that others who followed the same challenge as my group would have met a different dragon at the end of the challenge?" Vicente asked.

"That's right," the large being shook his head as a miniature figure made of mana appeared in front of Vicente.

"The one you encountered and spoke of was not like the others that other challengers might encounter. Ancestor Myndentan, who traveled through the Polaris Realm 150,000 years ago, was the last of my tribe to reach the 7th stage and ascend to the Upper Continent.

Of the four dragons who have achieved this feat in our entire history, he was the one who broke through to the 7th stage the fastest, taking only a thousand years to cultivate. In other words, he is the most legendary figure in my tribe."

Vicente watched the First Elder's representation of Myndentan, surprised to hear that such an impressive figure had communicated with him.

"This is fantastic... It seems your tribe knows a lot about advancing to the 7th stage. Four of you made it!"

The large black scaled dragon sighed when he heard the young human's comment. "In the distant past of the continent, when magic was reserved for high-level races, the world was different.

Today, our world is the Polaris Realm. But a million years ago, brave magical beings could leave the continent and travel to another part of our world.

This is the place my ancestors called the Upper Continent, a magical place where there are beings stronger than Magus!"

Vicente was interested in what this figure had to say about such a place and looked at the First Elder with a twinkle in his eye.

Even though he had a significant challenge ahead of him, Vicente was an optimist person. One day he wanted to reach the 7th stage and the peak of magic, maybe enough to cure his sisters of their problems.

The First Elder continued, obviously aware of the interest everyone would have in hearing about the Upper Continent for the first time.

"I have little information about the Upper Continent. What I know was recorded hundreds of thousands of years ago, when my ancestors weren't worried about leaving a record of this fantastic place.

The Upper Continent is said to be even greater than the Polaris Realm, where magical beings like you and me can reach the 7th stage in a fraction of the time we take to reach it here.

There are supposedly immortal, wise beings there who can make the impossible happen.

Unfortunately, I don't know much more. When things changed, about a million years ago, we suddenly lost contact with the Upper Continent. From then on, it became impossible to access it. You had to reach the 7th stage to go there.

Just as it became impossible for those in the Polaris Realm to go to the Upper Continent, it became impossible for those in the Upper Continent to return, or at least, that's what we think.

We have had no contact with our ancestors on the Upper Continent since then."

"I didn't expect to hear that. So the continent once had access to such a powerful place?" Vicente asked as Myndentan's magical figure disappeared.

"Indeed. Do you understand why I'm telling you this?" The black dragon looked deep into Vicente's eyes.

"That..." Vicente hesitated for a moment, but answered after thinking. "You think I'll go to the Upper Continent in the future?"

"You are a clever boy. Indeed. The ancestral tribes of Majestic Treefrog Grove, not just the dragons, are united with the same purpose. To reconnect Polaris Realm to the Upper Continent. To do this, we need beings like you, Vicente Fuller."

Chapter 862 Worse Future Disaster

As Vicente's expression turned grave, the First Elder of the Dragon Tribe mirrored his seriousness, his voice deepening with the weight of their conversation.",

"The Upper Continent is not just a land of opportunity for powerful magical beings like myself and the tribe's elders. It's a place where we must restore the balance of the Polaris Realm.

The current state of our continent is unsustainable. The vampires and magicians will eventually destroy the Polaris Realm, even without The Purification. When the balance is lost, a catastrophe equal to or worse than the present one will strike.

By then, reversing our losses may be impossible..."

The great dragon paused, his concern for the fate of these lands clear in his eyes.

If the continent suffered, the dragons would lose much as well!

"There are races on our continent native to the Upper Continent. Migration between continents was once normal. However, when we lost the ability to travel freely, the beings from the Upper Continent were stranded in our lands.

This is the case with the superior vampires. They originated from a group of 16 creatures from the Upper Continent trapped on our continent. From them, the demonic vampire race spread through our land like a disease.

Meanwhile, some of the most important vampire hunters, who were also from the Upper Continent, could not reach their targets.

Do you understand what I'm getting at?"

"That..." Vicente narrowed his eyes in confusion. "But the vampires made a non-aggression pact with you, I heard. If you want to deal with them, why do it?"

The dragon grinned.

"The vampires have no clue where they came from or what goes down on the 7th stage. The 16 who came from the Upper Continent died soon after we realized we could no longer go there.

Some members of our region realized they would be trouble and took the lead in deciding to kill them. Unfortunately, the bastards had reproduced before that, leaving behind powerful inferior vampires and their children.

Tsk! They're like cockroaches! Extremely difficult to eliminate!" He said with frustration in his voice.

"When we killed the 16, the inferior vampires protected the descendants of those primordials without our knowledge. By the time we discovered millennia later that there were still members of that cursed race in our lands, it was too late. There were hundreds of them, and they had formed a powerful tribe.

From then on, we tried many ways to eliminate them, but we couldn't. They grew stronger as they tasted the blood of their enemies. Even the elves' attempt to create an ally against the vampires failed miserably. They only grew stronger by sucking human blood."

Vicente narrowed his eyes when he heard that. "So that's why the elves helped the humans with the Magic Awakening? They wanted us to get rid of the vampires?"

The dragon nodded. "There weren't many magicians back then. We didn't know magician's blood would be so powerful for vampires.

Sigh! We made a big mistake! If we hadn't, we wouldn't have been forced to make a non-aggression treaty with the vampires in the recent past."

"So that's why... But aren't you stronger than the vampires? I bet you could kill Demien Bloodthorne all by yourself." Vicente understood the origin of the magical community he had been reborn into, but he didn't understand how such a dragon could sound so nervous.

The oldest dragon elder of this tribe explained, "It's not that simple. There are races that are stronger or weaker. It depends on the enemy. Dark Path magicians, like you, are the strongest against vampires in the Polaris Realm, which is why the elves helped humanity.

As powerful as I am to defeat you, even if you were an Intermediate Archmage, the truth is I couldn't defeat Demien Bloodthorne.

It's a difference in how your origin works, Vicente. You have a part of your essence that I could easily damage if we fought. That's not true of vampires. But with your Throne of Darkness, you can defeat them in a way that I can't."

Vicente clenched his fists as he realized the point he had overlooked.

There were indeed elements that made some beings the enemies of others, or even the nemesis of other races. A being that was powerful against certain races could be weak against races that were hunted by those that were weak against them.

This might seem strange and contradictory, but upon reflection, Vicente understood what it brought to the world: balance.

"That's why we didn't eliminate the vampires ourselves. Although we are powerful and have long lives, we don't have what it takes to kill such strong vampires easily. Also, there are only a few of us. Unlike humans, it is very difficult for dragons to reproduce."

"I see. That's why the elves used a race that reproduces easily. Too bad we don't live as long as you and the vampires profit from our deaths." Vicente understood everything and realized why these beings had also given up using magic and concentrated on sending beings to the Upper Continent.

"Hmm, that's why I want to help you prepare to go to the Upper Continent. If you can reunite with our ancestors there and reverse the connection between our continents, it would change everything for us.

Today's vampires don't know this because they lost their heritage when my ancestors acted back then. But if they find out, they could become even worse than they are now."

Vicente clenched his fists, realizing if they didn't quickly weaken the current vampires and someone on the Upper Continent didn't achieve this noble goal, sooner or later the Polaris Realm would lose all its life!

"You have the potential to become the next Magus to go to the Upper Continent. That's why ancestor spoke to you and gave you an easier challenge.

In this case, as the First Elder of the tribe in this generation, I must help you. I can't leave Majestic Treefrog Grove because of the treaty with the vampires, but there are still things I can do.

Vicente, step onto the platform. It's hard for me to explain what it is. Suffice it to say that you can find out the location of your next pentagrams through it and even get more than just information."

Vicente clenched his fists and, after a moment's thought, moved on.

Chapter 863 Divine Dragons Matrix

The moment Vicente put one of his feet into the special platform, he felt something different covering his body. Soon, he found himself in a completely different place than the area where the dragon was waiting for him.",

"This..."

He couldn't help but open his mouth in shock, seeing nothing in the surroundings to show he was still in the area near the First Elder of the Dragon Tribe.

Now, he came upon a wide area where a huge, boundless lawn covered the entire surroundings. The sky was perfectly blue and a light breeze, the kind that would relax anyone, blew lightly through his hair.

For a moment, Vicente wanted to close his eyes and take in the palpable peace of this place.

When he opened his eyes a moment later, his gaze changed, his eyebrows knitted together as he couldn't help but take a step back when he came face to face with four enormous dragons.

These were not dragons like the First Elder. Their bodies seemed to be made of nothing but mana, so they were somewhat transparent. Still, their peak 6th stage auras were enough to make Vicente instantly cautious.

"Human?"

"He has the Amulet of Myndentan."

"Oh? My heir? I didn't expect a human to get my inheritance," said one of the dragon spirits in this place. He looking at Vicente more closely as he smelled the human boy's scent and elemental affinities.

Vicente looked at this being and saw much of the dragon that had finished the challenge of his trio.
"This... Don't you remember me?"

"The one who fought you was me and at the same time, it wasn't. You were fighting one of my soul projections. I am one projection, but I only have the knowledge of my true self until the moment I was created.

What the other projections or my true self did after my creation, I don't have access to," the creature said, feeling since the human was his heir, it was worth explaining.

The largest of the four dragons around Vicente stood up, growing even larger as he opened his enormous mouth.

"Human, you have entered the Divine Dragon Matrix. What brings you here?"

Vicente said, after some hesitation, "I am searching for my next pentagrams. They must be of the type formed by the phenomena of nature and of the cyan grade."

"Oh? You're very ambitious," said one dragon.

"That doesn't seem to be the case," Myndentan muttered, feeling something different from his companions. "His second magical form seems to have a conscience. That's its thing, for sure."

"So it's an arrogant Magic Gem... Tsk, dealing with such essences is always complicated."

"Is that all you want, human?" the first of the four dragons asked.

"That would be enough for me, senior," Vicente replied with anticipation, not knowing what to expect.

"In that case, prepare for yourself. You will see what you want, but there will be a price. Remember, your soul will be marked by this debt to the Dragon Tribe."

The four dragons positioned themselves identically, their bodies glowing brighter and brighter until they exploded.

Vicente tried to protect himself by raising his arms in front of his face as he felt powerful gusts of wind and mana pass through his body.

Three seconds later, his surroundings changed noticeably, once again showing him an unfamiliar but extremely real terrain, as if he was really in that place, a dark and misty valley.

Ka-boom!

Suddenly, a loud clap of thunder sounded behind Vicente, causing him to turn and look in the direction where the purple flash had come from.

Then, as if in a chain reaction, all the mana up to a few kilometers from where the lightning had struck began to move, attracted by something.

Vicente watched with narrowed eyes, feeling a terrible sensation, the sensation of a natural pentagram forming.

As he moved closer to the spot in question, he saw something appear out of nowhere, with the surrounding elements, along with the mana, condensing an essence into the shape of a pentagram.

At first, it glowed red, but then it turned orange, yellow, and then green. When it reached that color, it looked like it was going to stop moving forward, but another bolt of lightning came down from the sky and struck it, making it turn cyan!

'Is that how a pentagram is formed?' It impressed Vicente.

But he didn't get carried away. After a second of admiring the formation of the pentagram, he turned his attention to the surroundings of the area, keeping in mind what the area looked like.

'This... A cloudy, mana-rich wasteland. The elements of the Dark Path are extremely strong here. Don't tell me this is The Ivory Desert?'

He swallowed his saliva at this thought, which meant he would have to venture close to the home of the vampires.

'When will this happen? Has it already happened?' He glanced around, looking for signs of the passage of time.

'I can't say how soon it will happen. But since the dragons are showing it to me, it must be something from the future. A pentagram in this area wouldn't last...'

He was thinking when he suddenly saw a group of vampires in the distance, led by a High-level Paragon.

At that moment, as he opened his eyes wide, his surroundings changed and the Divine Dragon Matrix led him to another place.

As soon as he reached another area, one that was completely different, less negative and with some green here and there, he felt like he was going to vomit while his heart beat differently.

'What happened?' he asked himself as he fell to his knees.

But when he tried to talk to Torne, he felt the ghost was in a deep sleep, completely inaccessible.

Turning his focus to his soul, he felt a dragon symbol appear on it, as if it were a tattoo, a mark of his commitment.

'Is this my debt?' He felt a powerful force coming from it, something like a commitment that would force him to pay his debt sometime.

But as he thought this, kneeling on the ground and weakened, he heard a terrible voice, loaded with malice and murderous intent.

"Vicente Fuller, I presume. We meet at last."

Hearing these words, Vicente looked ahead and saw a man 2.2 meters tall, well built, probably over 150 kilos, with large teeth in his mouth, now set in a malicious smile.

His armor was adorned with various symbols of death, including human skulls and chains. His red and black cape matched his blood-red eyes, but also his macabre 6th stage aura.

Vicente had never seen this being before in his life, but the moment he did, he identified the person.

"Demien Bloodthorne!"

Chapter 864 A Future to Avoid

Vicente shivered at the sight of the strongest vampire in the Polaris Realm, wondering for a moment how and why.",

Wasn't this just a vision? How could he be discovered by the enemy leader? For that matter, how could he be discovered by this creature supposed to be hibernating while he finished absorbing the human blood he had consumed years ago?

For a moment, Vicente felt like he was in a nightmare, but then he heard a voice that was hard not to recognize.

"Demien Bloodthorne, I did not expect to meet you like this," said the voice that drew Vicente, his own voice, with his future self right behind where he was kneeling on the ground.

Looking at his future self, Vicente understood the situation and realized he had made a misunderstanding.

'Am I going to meet Demien when I'm still a High-level Paragon?' Vicente felt the cultivation of his future self, who was much stronger than him even though he was still at his current level.

'It looks like I still won't have conquered my fifth pentagram by then. I can only feel four essences in this body.' He looked deeply at himself and imagined this meeting would be about three years in the future.

"You've really messed things up for me. Killing my men and disrupting my plans has caused me a headache, Vicente Fuller. Today you will pay for what you have done with your life," said the man as he opened his mouth wide while a cyan pentagram with indigo traces appeared around him.

The moment he activated his Intermediate Archmage powers, a cultivation Vicente could not ignore, thousands of bat-like creatures appeared in the air.

Under Demien's powers, rotting bodies emerged from the ground, leaving Vicente surrounded by enemies, alone in a place his past self couldn't imagine.

Vicente from the future also activated his powers and his nine pentagrams appeared, only one of them green and all the others cyan.

The surrounding shadows gave light to shadow demons, while weapons and artificial creatures appeared from Vicente's electromagnetic powers.

Demien smiled and licked his lips as he imagined how much stronger he would become by absorbing Vicente Fuller's blood.

"Today it will be you. In the future, I will act against those two bitches you call sisters!" He moved against Vicente, his dark beings attacking Vice's metals and shadow beings.

Suddenly, the place that seemed peaceful a moment ago turned into a huge battlefield as Demien used his many skills to attack Vicente.

Golden chains emerged from the vacuum of space and raced against Vicente's wrists and heels.

Mirrors of mana appeared here and there, countering Vicente's blows with similar versions of their own attacks.

Right from the start of this fight, the past Vicente saw his future self being pressured, his side of the fight being driven to exhaustion while Demien fought for almost the entire fight without showing any weakness.

'Is this Demien Bloodthorne's level? He looks even stronger than Myndentan's soul projection.' The past Vicente thought with concern as he watched a battle he really did not want to see come to an end.

All of future Vicente's magical forms and spells collapsed in the face of Demien Bloodthorne, who did not even need 50% of his superior vampire's strength.

Taking the future Vicente by the scruff of the neck and looking into the eyes of this wounded man, who was bleeding in various parts of himself, Demien smiled and said. "It's time for you to help me become an Advanced Archmage. Give me your blood, human!"

With these words, Demien bit the future Vicente's neck without the young man having the slightest chance to save himself.

A minute later, the past Vicente saw his future self thrown to the ground, dead!

A shiver ran down his spine as he looked at the hideous creature standing in the same spot where he had finished that dead body.

As Demien looked away, with a glint in his eyes that was hard to ignore, in the direction where Vicente was standing, the young man stood up and took a step back.

Demien flew towards him, knocking Vicente off balance as he feared he would meet the same fate as his future self.

But just as he was about to be reached, he felt the enemy pass through his body before seeing his surroundings change again, like a painting being burned.

The previous sensation of pain surged through his body, making him dizzy as he slammed his back into the ground.

He felt another dragon symbol appear in his soul, a second promise from him to the Dragon Tribe.

A moment later, he found himself back on the golden platform he had entered, where the First Elder of the Dragon Tribe was still waiting for him in the same place he had stopped.

The glow from around the Divine Dragon Matrix disappeared and the First Elder stretched his head closer to Vicente, curious to know what the young man had seen.

"Did you find your next pentagrams?" The Advanced Archmage of the tribe asked, his voice filled with anticipation.

The Divine Dragon Matrix was a tribal treasure that could only be used once every 500 years. Since its origin was related to the dragons that advanced to the 7th stage after reality shifted to the Polaris Realm and the Upper Continent, the cost of activating it was immense.

Only every 500 years would this incredible magical tool be "recharged" for a new activation!

But just because the properties of something that came from the powers of four legendary dragons and 500 years of mana were so fantastic, the effects of the tool were incredible and almost always accurate.

"More or less," Vicente said, feeling exhausted, with a mixed feeling of relief and worry in his heart.

"What do you mean?" The dragon narrowed his eyes as he realized that not everything was smooth sailing for the young human. "What did you see?"

"A future to be avoided." Vicente said as he leaned against the platform and looked at the dragon with sincerity and concern in his eyes. "I saw my death."

The First Elder's eyes widened as his gaze seemed to lose much of its former luster. Even though he didn't have the skin to turn pale, his appearance became somewhat opaque and dark at the words of the little human in front of him.

"This is terrible." He muttered as he closed his eyes and sighed. "The Divine Dragon Matrix has never been wrong."

Chapter 865 Child Consciousness

The Dragon Tribe had possessed the precious magical tool known as the Divine Dragon Matrix for at least 500,000 years.",

During this long period, the tribe had used it nearly a thousand times. In every prediction the tool made, whatever it showed always came true in the end.

Even when someone tried to change their own destiny, the essence of the prediction came true, even if in a slightly different way.

Vicente looked at the First Elder in silence, taking the old dragon's comment as a concern for him, not an attempt to discourage him.

"Even if that's the case, I'll try to do things differently. What I can't do is act exactly as I planned before." He stood up under the scrutiny of the First Elder.

"But have you seen your pentagrams?" The old dragon asked after a sigh of disappointment, seeing that things would not be easy for either of them.

"I've only seen one."

"That's strange. Even if the ancestors were trying to help you prepare for a deadly challenge, they shouldn't have failed to show your two essences." The First Elder of this generation of dragons looked at the platform and felt uncomfortable.

"Are you sure you only saw one essence? Maybe they showed you two, but you only saw one."

Vicente thought for a moment, but he was sure he had felt only one pentagram.

"I am sure. But this could be hidden advice."

"What do you have in mind?" The dragon was interested in Vicente's interpretation, even though he thought the boy was wrong about having been led to only one pentagram.

"I have a green pentagram with me that is compatible with my Throne of Darkness. Maybe the predictions they showed me were a message for me to absorb it?" Vicente hypothesized.

"Oh? So you already have an essence with you?" opening his mouth, the old dragon saw sense in Vicente's hypothesis. "Maybe that's it. I still think there could be a second pentagram in the visions you've had, but if I'm wrong, maybe the elders have left this hidden advice for you."

Vicente looked at his spatial ring and thought to himself.

'If that's the case, I can get my fifth pentagram before my meeting with Demien Bloodthorne... That could save me from dying that day.'

Torne heard this and said. 'We better wait until you find the cyan pentagram you claim to have seen, master. Let's prevent a change in your plans from causing this pentagram not to appear where you saw it.'

'Torne, are you awake?' Vicente was surprised.

'Yes, I was strangely sealed when you entered the platform. I didn't see what you saw, but I was at your side.' The ghost explained.

'So that was it. It seems that the powers of this tool are truly incredible.' Vicente commented as he found himself in his space of consciousness. 'Anyway, I'm going to do what you suggested. When I find the cyan pentagram I saw, I'll absorb it and the green pentagram at the same time.'

The consciousness of the Throne of Darkness heard this being said in its direction and couldn't ignore it. 'Have you forgotten what we talked about earlier?'

'Would you rather die than absorb this green pentagram?'

'I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't see your vision either.' Said the essence of Vicente's second magical form, somewhat displeased with how easily its user could be manipulated. 'If you try to absorb this green essence, I will reject it and it will vanish.'

'Huh? If you do that, I'll stop cultivating you and focus entirely on my magnetic powers.' Vicente narrowed his eyes as he looked at the Throne of Darkness.

'You wouldn't be so stupid!'

'I will absorb the green pentagram in your fourth space. Don't forget our positions here. I am your master.'

'Ungrateful human! I've saved you many times!' said the voice of the throne's conscience, showing a rebellious aura against Vicente.

'Let me save you this time, then. I'll do as Torne suggested. First, I'm going to find the cyan pentagram I saw. When I've confirmed that it's the only one that appears in that place, I'll absorb the green pentagram and it.'

'Tsk! Do whatever you want. Just don't regret it later!'

Torne watched the figure return to its resting position in that space and couldn't help but sigh.

'Don't worry about it, master. The consciousness of Magic Gems can be very sensitive and protective of what is best for it and its user. But it's no different from a child with power. Sooner or later, it will mature and become more understandable.'

Vicente sighed as he turned his attention back to where he was standing with the Advanced Archmage of the Dragon Tribe.

"Elder, can you say how far into the future the matrix can show us? In my second vision, I can more or less imagine its time. But in the first, I saw almost nothing that could help me."

"I'm afraid I can't help you with that. Your vision could be tomorrow or ten years from now. But if you're in doubt, travel to the Elves Tribe. They'll be able to help you."

"The elves? Thanks for the advice. I'll do that." Vicente commented to the dragon as he stepped down from the platform, not changing his plans too much, as he had already planned to go to that tribe on this journey through the Majestic Treefrog Grove.

"Sigh! About what we talked about earlier, I hope the matrix has made its first mistake. I really want to believe that you will go to the Upper Continent in the future. You would be a great help to our ancestors by working to reconnect us with them."

"I will certainly do my best, Elder. I doubt the four dragons will let me off the hook for my obligation to them by letting me die so easily." Vicente said with a smile on his face, trying to think positively about the future he had seen.

"Hmm, I hope so. For now, stay with the tribe for a few days. I have something that won't take you to the next level, but it might help you on your journey. This item is in the Dragon's Secret Treasure, which is only opened on full moons. So stay with us until then. It will help you in your future travels."

"I thank the elder for his generosity." Vicente didn't refuse and readily agreed to stay with the tribe for a few more days.

Chapter 866 Leaving the Dragon Tribe?

The next day, Vicente had already talked to his companions about some of what he had learned from the First Elder and the Divine Dragon Matrix.",

He didn't tell them everything he knew. The part about the Upper Continent and the connection to the Polaris Realm hundreds of thousands of years ago wasn't something that would change things much for Victor and Elmo. It was a matter of concern for anyone who became a Magus one day and went to that area.

Only a small fraction of all 6th stage magical beings had any chance of ascending. Worrying Elmo and Victor about what the First Elder had told him seemed unnecessary to Vicente.

But he told them he saw about the location of his next pentagram, a future battle against Demien Bloodthorne, and that it would be their responsibility to deal with the vampires, since the strongest in the Majestic Treefrog Grove wouldn't be able to join them.

After discussing these points, the three Dragon Tribe visitors had a feast with the tribe elders and were then released to cultivate in seclusion in a special area of the territory. There, they would wait for the next full moon.

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A few days after Vicente and his two companions arrived in the Dragon Tribe, the three had cultivated in this magical land and even exchanged experiences with 6th stage dragons.

With the arrival of the full moon that night, they left their meditation states late that afternoon and prepared to leave the Dragon Tribe.

"Are we going to the Elves Tribe after tonight?" Victor asked Vicente as he stood up from where he had been cultivating for over 24 hours straight.

"Yes, we need to know when my next pentagram will appear. Going to The Ivory Desert without knowing will be dangerous." The black-haired young man replied as he walked towards the dragon waiting for them at the entrance to the cave they were in.

Since the cyan pentagram would appear near the vampires' home, they couldn't go to such an area long before the pentagram appeared, or they would run too high a risk of being discovered!

Elmo sighed and commented. "I didn't expect the dragons to be so receptive to us. They've given us so much, with almost no demands."

Vicente hadn't told them the most important thing, but what they knew was more than reasonable. "These are desperate times. They have been betrayed by a treaty that has only harmed them. They see us as the hope that someone will punish the vampires before these creatures become invincible."

"I suppose that's the case." Elmo muttered, not doubting that there was more to it.

When they left the cave they were in, they soon followed a 5th stage dragon to the place where the most important elders of the tribe should be waiting for them.

In that place, a flat, rocky area with almost no vegetation, they saw more than a dozen dragons waiting for them, lined up in an orderly fashion.

"Vicente, it's time for you to meet your destiny." The First Elder said as he revealed a dragon bracelet, something too large for human wrists, but which would fit Vicente well as a belt.

Vicente looked at the shiny silver object, which emanated a special aura that seemed to cut through space.

"This is the Space Bracelet, capable of teleporting its wearer up to a few hundred kilometers from its starting point.

How far you can go with it depends on the amount of mana you used to activate it. A High-level Paragon nearing exhaustion can teleport up to 50 kilometers from their starting point."

Vicente thanked the First Elder for this gift, an item that must be precious.

Something like the Space Bracelet could certainly save lives!

"I hope this will help you change your fate a bit." The First Elder said with a worried sigh, unsure if this could really happen, even with his attempt and the plans Vicente surely already had.

"Don't worry, First Elder. I'm sure what I saw won't happen. At least I won't die alone. If I have to go, I'll take Demien Bloodthorne with me!" Vicente showed one of his tightly clenched fists in front of his face, his eyes steady and a smile on the corner of his lips.

The dragons in the area just nodded in appreciation of the young man. Several of them had tested Vicente's skills over the past few days, so they knew what he was capable of.

Although he was still weak compared to the dragons of the tribe, Vicente had a lot of room to grow in a short time. With two new pentagrams, he could approach the end of the 5th stage and unleash all the powers of the Throne of Darkness.

Even his electromagnetic powers could show significant improvements just by growing his Throne of Darkness!

But if even that wasn't enough, then perhaps the continent was really destined to be completely dominated by vampires before facing the collapse and end of magical beings.

"It would be good if you stayed longer in the tribe to learn about our customs and the history of the continent. But there's no time for that. Go on. Continue your journey. If you survive Demien, come back here before you are promoted to the 7th stage."

Said one of the stronger dragons, while Vicente, Elmo and Victor made signs of thanks.

"Thank you for your kindness. One day, I will return to repay you." Vicente made a gesture of gratitude, while Elmo and Victor made similar gestures, bidding farewell to these elders of the strongest tribe on the continent.

The three of them followed the path the dragons had already explained to them, towards the Elves Tribe, which was at the opposite end of the Majestic Treefrog Grove from the location of the Dragons Tribe.

Considering the size of the area and the large presence of powerful tribes in the area, it would take the group up to three days to travel through the area before reaching their destination.

In those days of travel, they would see a bit of a fantastic and peaceful area, one of the few places on the entire continent where nothing had changed, even with The Purification.

Wearing the symbol of the dragons, no one would give them any trouble until they were very close to the elven territory!

Chapter 867 Elves?

When Vicente, Victor, and Elmo arrived near the Elves Tribe three days after leaving the dragon territory, they discovered a place completely different from the Dragons Tribe.",

The Elves Tribe was at the eastern end of the Majestic Treefrog Grove, in an area where giant trees, up to 400 meters high, with trunks over 20 meters in radius, grew. These gigantic trees covered the area, maintaining a constant penumbra on the surface because of the shade they created in the area.

But the area itself wasn't dark. Through some passages, light reached the ground, giving the place a natural illumination that made it even more special.

From a distance, the three companions could see this colorful place ahead, where fluorescent beings floated in the air and the mana was so dense it seemed as if it would condense into a tangible essence.

As Vicente and his companions saw the symbol of the Elven Tribe in the trunk of a tree ahead, they realized this was the beginning of the territory of one of the three most formidable magical races on the continent.

According to the dragons, they would have to get permission from the elves to proceed from this point on.

Vicente then took off the identification of the Dragons Tribe friends they had received and said aloud, looking at the many branches of these enormous trees in the area.

Because of the size of these trees, there was hardly any undergrowth around, making the area rather 'clean', with no bushes or plants to get in the way of someone walking through the terrain.

"Friends of the Elves Tribe, we have just passed the Dragon Tribe. First Elder Xymanth recommended that I come to the tribe to seek answers to what I saw in the Divine Dragons Matrix," Vicente said aloud, emphasizing the fact he had used the high-level tool of the dragons.

As soon as he heard the words 'Divine Dragons Matrix', one elf who had been watching this boundary point opened his eyes and looked toward Vicente, Victor and Elmo.

This 1.5 meter tall male creature, with blond hair, white skin, and large pointed ears, narrowed his diamond-colored eyes as he stood up from where he was sitting.

'Divine Dragon Matrix? This tool is only used by the strongest dragons in the tribe. Would they let a human use it? Why?'

With these doubts in his mind, the slim-bodied creature, dressed in special clothes made of leaves bound with gold threads, with special runes glittering here and there, moved.

Appearing in front of Vicente's group, as if he had materialized there after teleporting, the elf with a bow and arrows on his back stopped and looked into the eyes of the human who had caught his eye.

Even though he was only a High-level Paragon, this small individual was not intimidated by the presence of Vicente, Victor, and Elmo.

"Why did the dragons allow you to use their tool?"

"It must have been for this." Vicente showed the Dragons Amulet, the special item Myndentan had made for him when he had passed the last of the challenges.

The elf looked at the necklace around the human's neck, narrowing his eyes as he noticed the special magical fluctuation of the item.

'It seems this human has completed one of the dragon's games and some ancestor has recognized his potential.'

This guy didn't make it difficult for Vicente when he realized how urgent it was to take these people to the tribal elders. "Come with me. I'll take you to the council of elders."

The three followed the elf, who seemed to be only a teenager, considering how perfect his face looked, hiding his centuries of experience.

"Touch nothing and don't talk to anyone. My tribe is very sensitive about certain things. It's best to avoid those who don't really need to be in contact with you." Said the elf as he led the way to the center of the tribe.

Elves were not creatures who liked members of other races, much less members of other races entering their territory. They were hard on creatures different from themselves, often considered arrogant, racist individuals who looked down on everyone, with a few exceptions, as if they were inferior vermin.

But there were reasons for that. Elmo and Victor understood well where the elven behavior came from.

As beings with an immense affinity for the elements of the Light Path, especially the light element, one of the most precious elements, these creatures were known for their extreme vitality.

In particular, elven blood was said to have magical properties that could allow an old man on the verge of death from old age to regenerate his vitality, gain energy, and live for decades or centuries, depending on the condition of the blood.

For a long time, beings of different races hunted the elves, until when they created the magical community that existed until The Purification, things got worse as humans hunted them in order to live longer.

After millennia of living in this reality, the elves were extremely defensive of non-elven beings, rarely leaving their territory and having strong opinions about members of races other than their own.

None of the three wanted to go against the Elves Tribe, so they respected the elf's advice and followed him into the center of the tribe's territory.

After 17 minutes of running through the giant trees, the group spotted the elven village, where many wooden buildings could be seen on the branches and trunks of the trees, with many stairs in between.

The village was built where there were no leaves above the area, where there was a fountain illuminated by the golden rays of light coming from the sky.

Over 400 creatures similar to the elf who was leading them lived there, living in harmony with nature, cultivating and minding their own business.

The group slowed down as they approached the village, the three guests controlling their auras so as not to frighten the wary elves in the area.

Then, just as they were about to enter the village, three 6th level elves appeared in their path.

"Haldir, take Vicente Fuller to the council. The other two will stay outside the village to wait for their companion." Said one elf, surprising the three travelers by saying Vicente's name.

Victor and Elmo readily accepted the elves' terms and stayed behind while Vicente went into the village with the elf named Haldir, who had led them there.

Chapter 868 Where There's Death, There's Always Death?

Upon entering the village, Vicente was almost immediately greeted by many looks in his direction as he passed the two Archmages who had appeared in his path to stop Victor and Elmo.",

The looks in the young human Paragon's direction were filled with uncertainty, fear, disgust, and hatred, but no one approached him or made any absurd comments.

The ordinary people of the tribe simply watched him in silence, putting aside their business to monitor this surely dangerous individual.

Vicente sighed as he felt the negative sensation coming from these many similar-looking creatures while looking at the beautiful construction of these beings.

"I've heard about elves, but I didn't imagine it would be like this," He murmured to Haldir, causing the Paragon to look at him out of the corner of his eye.

"They're friendly because I'm guiding you. Otherwise, someone would have tried to kill you by now." Haldir said briefly as he climbed the stairs to the most imposing building in the center of the village.

'I can imagine.' Vicente smiled bitterly.

Once they had climbed 222 steps, Haldir stopped in front of Vicente, in front of two large golden doors in this all-white, temple-like building.

The two doors opened, revealing six elves, three women and three men, all dressed in white robes, some with blond hair, others with silver hair.

"Elders of the tribe, I bring Vicente Fuller as commanded." Haldir said as he made a gesture of greeting to his superiors, bowing his head in respect for the strongest Archmages in the place.

In front of Vicente, the six Intermediate Archmages watched him with interested looks, completely different from the looks of the ordinary inhabitants of the tribe.

Vicente greeted the elders as well, gesturing in their direction. "Elders, thank you for receiving me. I'm afraid today's visit is not just about getting to know each other. I have a request to make."

One woman motioned for Haldir to wait in the corner and said to Vicente. "Come with us, Vicente Fuller. Let's talk in a more comfortable place."

He nodded and followed the group into the building, watching as the guards closed the thick, golden doors.

Once inside, Vicente's eyes immediately narrowed as his senses were confused by a place that seemed much larger than the building outside suggested.

Not only did the inside of this building seem larger than the building itself, but there was nothing there that one would expect to find inside a building. Its interior looked like a special garden, very well lit, where a colorful mist, mana, surrounded the lush and colorful vegetation of the area.

Vicente followed the elders to a place where there was a large stone table with several seats around it.

From this spot, he could see other elves, individuals cultivating in different parts of the special garden.

The elders sat around the stone table, with Vicente standing in front of them.

"What did you see in the Divine Dragon Matrix?" asked the same silver-haired woman who had summoned him here.

Vicente stopped looking around and focused on the principal topic of this visit. "I saw a cyan pentagram compatible with me appear in an area of The Ivory Desert, but also an encounter with Demien Bloodthorne."

One man narrowed his eyes. "What was the outcome of this encounter?"

Vicente closed his eyes and sighed before answering the question. "My death."

"I see..."

"If that's the case, I'm sorry. Did the dragons tell you that the Divine Dragon Matrix never made mistakes?" A blonde woman asked, her look completely different after Vicente's answer, showing her disappointment.

"The First Elder warned me about this... But I believe there is a first time for everything in life. In the vision I saw, I only had 4 pentagrams in one of my magical forms. But if I find the cyan pentagram I mentioned, I'll have five pentagrams before I meet Demien." Vicente said as he showed the artifact containing the green pentagram he had collected in the Valley of Lightning.

The elves scanned Vicente's powers, as well as the artifact containing the naturally formed pentagram, and confirmed what he had just said.

"Even if the conditions are different, the result will be the same. Where there is death, there will always be death. Your death itself may not happen as you saw it. But it will happen. Your only salvation is to escape the magical laws of the Polaris Realm and go to the Upper Continent." Said a silver-haired elf, the oldest member of the council.

"You can live if you ascend to the next qualitative step and travel to the Upper Continent when you are banished from the Polaris Realm."

"That..." Vicente narrowed his eyes, thinking that wasn't possible. "I'm only a Paragon. I'm a long way from being a Magus."

"Magus?" The young-looking old elf laughed when he heard that, but didn't go into details. Some things were better kept secret.

"This is the only alternative for you, Vicente Fuller. You will surely come out of the fight against Demien Bloodthorne with a mortal wound. Even if you don't die on the battlefield, it will kill you if you don't leave for the Upper Continent in time."

"Unfortunately, there is no way to transfer your death to someone else. Only you can correct your fate by transcending the laws of our continent." Another woman said, looking at Vicente seriously.

Vicente clenched his fists, not liking this at all. If they were right, not only would he not be able to kill Demien Bloodthorne, but he would also have to find a way to get to the Upper Continent in a few years.

In other words, he would be forced to flee and might never be able to return to the continent!

His expression quickly turned ugly as he imagined how this could destroy his plans, but also alienate him from his family.

As he clenched his fists and felt his head hurt, he couldn't help but think he had to defy the truth known to dragons and elves.

'I must stop this, no matter what it takes! I can't die before I secure Annie's fate!'

The oldest of the elves sighed before changing the subject. "Anyway, you can try to reach another fate. We've seen nothing like this before, and we don't think you'll escape death. Do what you have to do.

In the meantime, we can help you understand the exact time and place where this cyan pentagram will appear. But be prepared. Perhaps you'll receive this essence just before your meeting with Demien."

Chapter 869 What Comes After the 7th Stage

"Thank you. I will face whatever stands in my way. I will not accept to be killed so easily." Vicente said firmly as he clenched one of his fists and gestured to the group of six elves.",

These elders made no further comment about Vicente's fate, leaving him to struggle to change his own fate.

One of them then asked a question that was on the minds of all his companions. "Vicente, did the First Elder tell you about the Upper Continent and our goal?"

"Yes, he told me that in the past we were connected to the Upper Continent, but that something has changed. He also told me about the plan to reconnect the two continents and that there was a group in that place that I should join to do so," Vicente replied as he saw the serious looks on the elders' faces.

Even though they weren't as worried about Vicente's future as they thought the young man would die, they saw no problem in talking to him about this place and their plans.

If Vicente already knew all this, then talking to him might help them in some way, even if he wasn't destined to go to the Upper Continent himself. Vicente himself might not live long, but until he died, the possibilities were endless.

If he prepared someone in his place to complete this mission, it would be very good for the creatures of Majestic Treefrog Grove.

But not only that, as much as Vicente would probably die before he had the chance to go to the Upper Continent, it was good for their interests to make him feel motivated to fight the vampires in the Polaris Realm.

"The dragons want to restore the way things worked over a million years ago," said one of the three women in this group of tribal elders. "That would be nice, but we think it will be impossible to achieve."

The Upper Continent is stronger than the Polaris Realm. We don't know the exact reason for the changeover a million years ago, but we believe it is this difference in strength.

What we want for this level is not the same as what the dragons want. Whoever goes to the Upper Continent to join our ancestors should focus on getting the natives of the Upper Continent to at least the 5th stage to cross the barrier between the two continents.

This would be enough for some of the outside races of our continent to let their natural predators enter the Polaris Realm again."

"It would also be good to let magical beings weaker than Magus cross over to this continent."

What the dragons wanted was more ambitious, to ensure that anyone willing to brave the dangers of the journey between the two continents could make it from one side to the other.

But the elves thought that would be too difficult, so they wanted something more modest.

One of the pointy-eared men said. "Someone powerful is behind this move, so you should prepare yourself if you think you will survive to go to the Upper Continent."

"Someone did this?" Vicente asked.

To make such a powerful change, such a being would have to be frighteningly powerful!

"Certainly. On the Upper Continent, there are magical beings that far exceed Magus' strength. As impressive as it may seem to us, it shouldn't be that shocking to the people on the continent. Still, whoever did it must have a prestigious position and be very strong, even by the standards of such lands."

"No wonder we've been trying to solve this problem for hundreds of thousands of years." Said one of the women with a sigh.

"I understand. I'll keep these problems in mind." Vicente said as he considered the problems this might cause him.

'It seems if I leave, it will be very difficult to return or see those I left behind in the Polaris Realm... I must be able to change things so that at least Paragons and Archmages can get from one side to the other.' He thought of his family and sighing as he thought of how little time he might have in the Polaris Realm before he had to go far away.

The six elders rose from their seats, signaling the end of their first meeting.

"Unfortunately, we know little about the situation on the Upper Continent. As the dragons must have told you, our ancestors didn't prepare for the change between the continents.

At one point in our history, we could have come and gone from both sides, as long as we accepted the dangers of the journey. We could have kept a record of the Upper Continent, but why would we do that with a land where we could come and go easily?

In the end, when things changed, they only had basic knowledge of the Upper Continent..."

"Anyway, we'll try to predict your future and tell you exactly when your cyan pentagram will appear. For now, accompany the elder Aravae. She will take you to a place where you can wait for us," said their eldest after a long sigh of defeat.

Vicente thanked them for the help they were willing to give him, before one of the three elves there, a woman with blond hair, approached him to lead him to his waiting place.

The other five went elsewhere while she said to him. "Come with me. We'll let you cultivate in one of the tribe's special areas. This will help you while you wait."

"Hmm, all right." Vicente followed behind this beautiful figure, while he couldn't help but think about the things they had just talked about.

"Elder, do you know the level that follows the Magus stage?"

She looked back and smiled. "It's one of the few things we know. After the Magus stage comes the Grand Magus. Then comes Sorcerer, and finally Transcendent.

We know little about these levels, but considering how long an Archmage can live on our continent, we imagine a Transcendent is almost immortal, if not actually immortal.

We can't imagine how strong they are, but they are certainly difficult beings to deal with.

On the Upper Continent, not only are there more magical beings than in the Polaris Realm, but there are also indigo pentagrams, which are as easy to find there as green pentagrams are on our continent.

There are also violet pentagrams. This type of pentagram is ideal for hunting at the beginning of the 8th stage. It is said that someone with 2 violet pentagrams is practically a god on the Upper Continent."

"Violet?"

Chapter 870 Ideal Configuration of Pentagrams

After the cyan grade came the Indigo grade, which was followed by the violet grade, the most impressive and legendary grade of magical quality.",

Indigo was the color of the pentagrams of magical beings who had reached the 7th stage, or in rare cases, of 6th stage beings with top talent and potential. But there were no such beings in the Polaris Realm, so the only way for an indigo pentagram to appear was by ascending to the 7th stage.

Violet was the color of the highest grade pentagram, characteristic of 9th stage beings, and could appear in 8th stage beings who were very talented and formed indigo pentagrams while in the 6th stage.

This was the highest qualitative grade of magic, the peak, and it should be on the Upper Continent, rarer than cyan pentagrams were in the Polaris Realm.

When Vicente heard about this qualitative grade, he couldn't help but be interested. Although he was a man who always thought about his family, the other thing that interested him most in this world was magic.

"What is the ideal configuration of pentagrams for magicians on the Upper Continent?"

"Green, orange, yellow, green, cyan, cyan, indigo, indigo, violet and violet." The elf in front of him replied, having already prepared herself for this question after she spoke about the violet grade.

'The first pentagram always comes from the Magic Gem, so it always evolves over time. But this is an impressive configuration for pentagrams, which, for the most part, cannot evolve.' He contemplated the floor.

'But someone with two or three essences formed by natural phenomena would have a configuration far superior to mine.' He thought seriously as he considered some cases of people he had met on his travels through the Polaris Realm.

Ayden, for example, had some natural pentagrams and had the following configuration at the beginning of the 6th stage: yellow, green, green, green, green and cyan.

Of these six pentagrams, Ayden's first three were of natural origin, while the last three were of beasts' origin.

Therefore, if Vicente were to meet someone with the same advantages as Ayden—someone who grew up as the heir to a high-ranking kingdom in the Polaris Realm—he would see a much more terrifying configuration.

'If someone like Ayden reached the 8th stage, his configuration would be superior to mine. He would probably have the first three pentagrams of cyan, two of green, two more of cyan, and then indigo.'

After this configuration of pentagrams, such a being might have a final configuration like this: Indigo, indigo, indigo, green, green, cyan, cyan, indigo, indigo, violet.'

Thinking about the power of someone like that, someone who probably existed, Vicente remained silent as he followed the elf, very thoughtful about the possibilities of the Upper Continent.

Torne said to him. 'If you go there, everything in you will develop accordingly, master.'

'I know. That's what interests me most.' Vicente commented to Torne in a good mood. 'That's why it wants me to absorb only the best pentagrams. It wants to reach the violet grade.' Vicente looked at his Throne of Darkness.

Then, after a few seconds of thinking about the elf's answer, he sighed and said. "This is impressive. To have had the chance to go to the Upper Continent over a million years ago must have been fantastic. Those ancestors were really lucky back then."

She shook her head in denial. "Not really. Most of those who tried to go to the Upper Continent definitely died. The journey there was across the sea, through an extremely violent area where even Archmages could be seriously injured along the way.

We have no information on the length of the journey, but it was certainly longer than the journey from the south-westernmost point of the Polaris Realm to the north-easternmost point."

She stopped in front of a door in one of the corners of this temple, which had a garden inside, and said. "But surely those who entered the Upper Continent had great opportunities.

Maybe they are all dead now, or maybe someone has grown exponentially. But surely their experiences were incredible wherever they went after arriving in those lands."

More than a million years ago, almost all of the Archmages on the continent were non-human races. There were hardly any magicians in the Polaris Realm at that time, and the few who managed to accidentally awaken their powers hardly ever went beyond the 3rd stage of magic.

Most of the beings that went to the Upper Continent were beings that could be hunted because they could form absorbable pentagrams, so it was quite possible that some of them had died over the years.

As for the few, like the elves, who couldn't form absorbable pentagrams, their fate was also uncertain, given their own characteristics and the threat level of such a place.

"Don't think too much about the Upper Continent. It's impressive and full of secrets, but you're too far away to think too much about it. Concentrate on cultivating in this dimension. In a week at the most, we'll have your results and you can go on your journey." She opened the door, revealing a place surrounded by mist.

Vicente saw the steps in front of the door, three steps leading down into what looked like a flooded area.

She saw the look on his face and explained. "This is a special cultivation room. Elves and humans have similar cultivation methods, so just go in, sit in the lotus position, and enjoy the benefits of the pore-opening liquid. Cultivation here is 50% better than in other parts of our territory."

He thanked this woman before entering this cultivation room, and he felt the extreme vitality of the area, and the very high density of positive elements, especially the light element.

The light element was the hardest element to find on the continent. Because of this, it was extremely difficult to find magicians and special beings with an affinity for light.

But here Vicente came across an absurd amount of this element, which he had hardly encountered in his entire journey through the Polaris Realm.

When the elf closed the door, leaving Vicente alone in this place, he barely noticed her departure as he observed this fantastic area.

It wouldn't be long before he sat down and began to meditate, soon feeling the effects of such a different environment.