

The Mafia 901

Chapter 901 Vicente's Plans

Another month has flown by...

While the Fuller Family forces were absorbing the resources, weapons, and magical creatures Vicente sent as best they could, his group had completed another mission.

In the six months since he had absorbed his new pentagrams, much had happened for Vicente's group!

After the months of secluded cultivation, when Qiang, Acidbelly, and Tenglin had advanced, Vicente's group had begun their journey to rescue and help as many people as they could in the north.

They had no way of recruiting humans to their side. Unless one was a powerful Archmage, it wouldn't be interesting for such a being or for the group to have them on their side. However, since Vicente was at the absolute peak of the 5th stage, his powers were close to their peak, and his forging was at a much higher level, he could help people with armor.

Looking for challenges, books, or ancient forging techniques that might be in the cities ruined by the disaster, Vicente and his allies set out with these goals, saving 12 human groups in the past few months.

He armed the 12 groups and sent them south, wishing them luck on their journey despite the dangers. On all 12 occasions, the group faced powerful monsters and vampires, and gave some of the rescued people vampire blood, along with organs and other things they got.

At the point they were at, everyone in the group would only get better if they got blood or organs at the high-level of 5th stage or 6th stage vampires. But they had encountered no one like that during their months-long journey.

They had won all of their battles, giving most of the spoils of war to the human survivors they encountered.

Today, the group had freed the 13th group of survivors, 23 people; 8 Acolytes, 11 Mages, and the rest mortals without magical powers.

After Vicente had used his skill in the group, providing them not only with powerful armor but also with firearms, cultivation resources, maps, and information, he watched them leave in fear.

As much as they had seen Vicente's power in dealing with the monsters that had held them as slaves, and as much as they had seen the armor in action, these men and women couldn't help but be afraid of traveling alone.

But even though they were afraid, they accepted Vicente's orders and made their way south, where, with luck, they would arrive in about eight months.

After the group left, Vicente and his companions, Lonan, Acidbelly, Tenglin, Qiang, and the four Intermediate Archmage level monsters, spent some time in the ruins they were in.

They didn't need to rest to recover from the battle. Since their principal opponent was "only" an 6th stage inferior vampire, today's challenge had been "easy" for the group.

However, since this was the former capital of the Vinia Empire, the group couldn't help but spend some time exploring the local ruins.

'This place was once home to one of the continent's greatest civilizations; there must be something of value here.' Vicente thought as he explored a section of the ruins, his companions far away from him and from each other, each exploring for themselves, looking for things of value.

Since Vicente was at a cultivation bottleneck, he was looking for information on the 6th stage, especially material on spells and techniques for blacksmiths or magicians with his elemental affinities.

Given the number of elements he had an affinity for, the chances of finding something valuable in this ruin were high!

The capital of the Vinia Empire had existed for over 200,000 years, according to the legends.

It had been built when magicians had not yet ruled the continent; before the elves had helped the humans by creating the awakening method used today. Back then, human cities were much smaller, harder to find, and more likely to hide in the depths of the continent, especially in weak areas.

However, amid the dangers of the rich northern region, the capital of the Vinia Empire had been built by a group of magicians who were renowned at the time—individuals who had accidentally awakened their powers and cultivated to a high level.

Since then, the city had been like a holy place for humanity, sought after by people from all over the continent, and a home of opportunity.

When the elves passed on their awakening method to humans, the capital of the Vinia Empire became even more impressive, as it was the continent's first home for human Archmages.

After such a long history, the wealth of knowledge accumulated and left behind was vast.

Vicente soon found several useful scrolls, things he collected to use in his next small retreat of a few weeks.

His plan was to gather as much information as he could now, to absorb it before Demien Bloodthorne's awakening, which he estimated to be between 12 and 20 months from now.

Besides rescuing humans and dealing with enemies in their path, Vicente and his group had interrogated many creatures over the past few months, coming to various conclusions about the current circumstances of the vampire coalition.

They knew about the elders of the vampire coalition, who were in seclusion and had recently emerged from their caves. They also knew of these beings' plans to observe and track them, and that in only six months, many new High-level Paragon vampires would leave their homes to hunt them down.

In addition, of course, they had information about the probable date for the end of Demien's cultivation, as well as the fact that before they awoke, vampire Archmages would certainly hunt them down, if they were still alive at that time.

Vicente wanted to go into seclusion to attempt his advance to the 6th stage before those 6th stage beings left their caves!

So, in just one night, Vicente and his companions would gather everything of value that was left behind in the ruins of the ancient capital of the Vinia Empire, before reuniting to continue their journey.

This time, their destination was the City of Angels, the former home of the Congregation of Revelations!

Just like the empire's capital, the former headquarters of the continent's largest organization should have many valuables left behind by those who fled for their lives.

The nine individuals headed southeast, flying at low altitude toward their new destination.

Chapter 902 City of Angels

Days later, Vicente and his companions arrived at the ancient City of Angels, the ruins of the former headquarters of the Congregation of Revelations.

Arriving at the place that once housed tens of thousands of members of the continent's former greatest force, Vicente and the others couldn't help but sigh, disappointment and regret visible in their eyes.

As much as they now knew of the many crimes committed by the Congregation of Revelations, they knew that, for better or worse, this was still a human force that, for at least part of history, had been on the opposite side of monsters and vampires.

Ambitious and ruthless leaders had led the Congregation of Revelations. It was a force that had brought about its own downfall and deserved it. Still, it was no small matter that an ancient power that was once so well positioned in the Polaris Empire had fallen into its current state.

Looking at the destroyed buildings, it was impossible to tell what the city had looked like before the catastrophe. Now, many monsters now lived there and the group could only lament.

'This is the future of the continent, if we can't deal with the vampires.' He closed his eyes for a moment, feeling the subtle scent of blood and decay as a light breeze blew against his body.

'So many lives had been lost here.' Vicente could almost feel it in the air, affecting his mood and that of his companions.

"The City of Angels was once the center of the continent. Even though it was reserved for members of the Congregation of Revelations, it was still possible to visit or do business here," said Tenglin, an aficionado of northern history. "People from all over the continent had the ambition to enter the city at least once, to do business, to leave products. Cultivation geniuses often gathered here to hold official and unofficial tournaments.

This place once shone as the greatest jewel on the continent. It was like this after the beginning of the Magicians Era, and even before. Even when there were only a few thousand magicians on the entire continent, the City of Angels was already famous and sought after. Back then, the Congregation of Revelations was just a small sect founded by a young Light Path magician."

"Sigh! Who would have thought that the creation of the Light Magician would bring so much darkness to the continent?" Acidbelly sighed, not knowing much about the continent's history, but knowing the basics that a being of his stature should.

The group continued to walk through the rubble of the city, searching for valuable signs, passages, or even people.

However, given the current state of the city, there were no humans around, while the negative beings in the surrounding area were all relatively weak.

The strongest were peak Sovereigns. As soon as they sensed those Archmages next to Vicente, they left their resting places and moved away to protect their lives.

Vicente said nothing to his group about this place. Despite his lament, the glorious past behind the destroyed city no longer mattered.

The tens of thousands of years of the City of Angels, its many glories and positive deeds, no longer mattered. It would forever be a cursed land, home to those indirectly responsible for the deaths of tens of millions of living beings!

The Congregation of Revelation could have saved humanity thousands of times in its long history. But the only thing that would count was their big mistake of making deals with the vampires and weakening the continental forces. That was how they would be remembered!

After a few minutes of walking through the rubble, Vicente felt some magical fluctuations that caught his attention.

When he stooped and touched the ground with one of his hands, the surrounding ruins shook as his pentagrams emerged from his body.

The ground he touched crumbled, with metal objects clumping together to form structures that led underground, clearing the way between the surface and a secret entrance to the underground area.

Descending the ladder and the metal tunnel built by Vicente, the group soon found themselves in front of a large, unlocked hatch.

Whoever had used it had left in a hurry, not bothering to activate the locking inscriptions, leaving valuable treasures behind.

Vicente followed ahead of his group, making bright spots appear in his path to illuminate the darkly underground structure, a gigantic bunker, very well preserved.

"It looks like this place was used recently by members of the Congregation of Revelations," Lonan said, noting how the areas they had already passed looked disorganized, with strange smells and signs of recent use.

Vicente nodded in agreement. "They probably used this place before they fled south. I heard from some allies who live in the areas the Congregation of Revelation chose as their new headquarters that a large group arrived from the north a year and a half after the disaster began. This group must have been hiding here during Demien Bloodthorne's attack."

"In that case, why did they leave so many things behind?" Acidbelly, in his reduced body version for exploring this area, looked around, sensing the plants, scrolls, magic stones, and various valuable artifacts in this bunker.

"Probably because of the rush to leave, the low value of these items for the group... Anyway, it's hard to judge the minds of desperate people." Vicente soon reached an area that appeared to be a library, where dozens of scrolls and books filled every shelf in the area.

He kept all the books in the area in his spatial ring, not underestimating the value of history. Although it wouldn't make much difference to him, his family could use this knowledge in some way.

Then he picked up the scrolls from around the area, many of which were special techniques and spells from various elements that he was familiar with.

There were so many things that there was more in this one place alone than Vicente had collected on his entire journey, including his experiences since his magical awakening!

But he knew this was only a fraction of the ancient archives of this place. Copies of spells kept for safekeeping in case the originals, which were kept in the central library of the City of Angels, were somehow lost.

"We're going into seclusion," he announced to the group. Vicente felt he had enough material to spend at least a few weeks studying in depth in search of the qualitative advance he needed to reach the 6th stage.

Vicente didn't know if this would be enough to advance, but he wanted to try. At the very least, he would be closer to his breakthrough if he understood most of the spells and techniques at his disposal.

Chapter 903 More Enemies Awake

As soon as Vicente positioned himself for his group's stay in the old Congregation of Revelations' bunker, his companions sealed off the place and fortified its defenses—capable of withstanding even Archmage assaults.

Each of the eight companions took up positions in different parts of the bunker, which had sheltered thousands of Congregation members in the past.

Vicente settled into the main cultivation room and used some of his resources to activate the area's formations, enriching the space with dense mana and abundant elements.

The mana in this bunker was naturally thick, and the elements in the air were far richer than those in the south. With the formations activated, the room became one of the finest man-made cultivation spaces, rivaling even those used by Advanced Archmages.

Vicente closed his eyes, feeling the surge of power in the air. This wasn't the elf tribe's mystical grove where he had cultivated for a week, but for a man-made structure, it was unparalleled. He could almost feel the mana seeping into his veins, energizing him for the challenges ahead.

While the Congregation of Revelations may have come to an end, it is worth noting that in the past, there were Advanced Archmages and even more powerful individuals who were members of this organization. Although the last generation of members may not have been exceptionally remarkable, the history of the Congregation includes formidable individuals.

Places like this were used by individuals stronger than those Vicente had encountered on his journey here!

After a brief observation of how incredible this room was, Vicente began his studies.

Learning new spells and job techniques wasn't the hardest thing in the world. It required the student to first study the theory and then follow the step-by-step process of putting those ideas into practice for the first time. The first activations of a spell or technique were usually either feeble or powerful, beyond the magician's control. Mastering them meant control, correct mana expenditure, and efficiency in relation to the mana spent.

All of this could be achieved through repetition. If you used a spell once, you'd be a novice. If you repeated it 10,000 times, you would reach the level of a master. But that didn't mean it was enough to repeat and repeat tirelessly. Some would be better with the same amount of attempts as others. Aptitude, talent, elemental affinity, and other things also mattered a lot in the position one would reach with spells and techniques.

As he studied these elemental spells, but also the techniques related to his profession as a blacksmith, Vicente would soon test them with his mana, creating fantastic effects.

As Professor Julian had often said at the academy time, Vicente had the innate potential to become a scholar.

He quickly understood the lines of code for the first 20 spells and 10 techniques he read, and tried them out in practice.

Of the 20 spells, he could activate 17 of them with good efficiency, good control, and success on the spell's target. The other three would require more study and attempts to make them work.

Of the 10 techniques of the forging art, he would achieve primary mastery in 8 of them on his first attempts.

After hours, he would reach his limit, his mana almost depleted, his body sweating and his breathing rapid.

With a good feeling that would come after training, he would drink a liter of water and then sit down in the lotus position and begin his recovery meditation.

The mana and elements in the environment easily entered his body in a quantity that seemed to make cultivation a breeze for someone as strong as him.

Feeling his depleted strength was recovering, Vicente tried to 'push' his cultivation to the next level, flooding his soul with more and more power.

However, it was obvious he wouldn't progress after just one session of studying and better understanding his newest elements.

This was just the first of many such training sessions. When he returned to his trials later, he would continue with a long cycle of learning, training, and cultivating.

At this rate, four months would fly by!

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As Vicente continued his training in the old Congregation of Revelation bunker, his enemies were closer than he would have liked!

Just twelve kilometers north of the City of Angels, a camp of negative creatures perched on a hill overlooked the bunker entrance where Vicente was in seclusion.

At this vantage point, several creatures vigilantly watched the bunker, while others patrolled the surrounding area. Mid-level Paragon vampires lurked behind the main tents, their presence a sinister shadow over the camp.

Among them were not only Mid-level Paragons but also a High-level Paragon of the superior vampire race and a fearsome monster with Advanced Archmage cultivation.

In the main tent of the camp, the two strongest beings sat opposite each other. The tent, adorned with rich carpets and ancient decorations, exuded the eerie elegance that vampires cherished.

Two Mid-level Paragons stood at the entrance, one of them holding a small scroll in his right hand, a smile playing on his pale lips.

"Elders, I bring good news from The Ivory Desert," said the smiling creature, baring his sharp teeth. "Some elders have just emerged from their caves, having succeeded in their attempts to advance. Six of the seven newly awakened elders are currently on their way here. They should reach our position in a little over a month."

The High-level Paragon, whose cultivation matched that of the newly awakened elders, opened his eyes with keen interest. This was the signal for their next battle against Vicente Fuller.

With several High-level Paragons at his side, he was sure they would intimidate Vicente Fuller.

"Perfect. Jaz, I hope some of your colleagues are in the mood to take on Vicente Fuller. We need at least two Advanced Archmages from your coalition before we attack the bastard," said the strongest vampire, his gaze fixed on the Manticora in front of him.

The creature nodded eagerly. "Our coalition will support all your requests, my lord. You will have your two Advanced Archmages in no more than a month."

The vampires smiled, and the two Mid-level Paragons left to attend to their own affairs, while the Manticora made a note for her fellow coalition members.

In just over a month, it would be time for them to test Vicente Fuller!

This time, they were confident they could defeat Vicente Fuller!

But even if the unlikely happened, with their forces led by vampire Archmages and monsters Master Archmages, that wasn't the last card Vicente's enemies had up their sleeves!

Chapter 904 End of Imprisonment and Arrival of Enemy Reinforcements

A new month had slipped by, with Vicente still entrenched in the same cultivation room he had entered four months earlier.

Today, however, he emerged as a transformed individual, having mastered over 150 spells and 40 forging techniques. His control over his elements was now unparalleled. He had achieved remarkable feats during his time in isolation.

As he concluded another intense session of cultivation, Vicente opened his eyes, a determined glint shining through. "I'm so close," he thought. "Just a few more techniques or a spark of inspiration, and I'll ascend to the next stage within months."

Glancing around the room, a sense of pride washed over him. The brand new robotic artifacts and armors he had meticulously crafted stood testament to his progress. The new forging techniques, combined with his magical knowledge, had revolutionized his designs. His latest armor was now so formidable that even Archmages would struggle to leave a scratch.

He couldn't help but wonder, if he had showcased these creations before the disaster, would the continent's 6th stage magicians have fought tooth and nail for them?

They were so good that they couldn't be classified as 5th stage items. In fact, they were quasi-6th-stage artifacts. They weren't exactly 6th stage artifacts, but they were closer to that quality than they were to the lower stage.

In the hands of Archmages or even High-level Paragons, they could injure and even endanger the lives of Intermediate Archmages.

When used without the help of a magician or magical being—when used independently with the Magical Symphony, which could imbue these artifacts with consciousness—they were slightly weaker, but still enough to challenge Beginner Archmages!

With powers over air, ice, fire, earth, lightning, poison, shadow, and even light, these artifacts were unique artificial organisms on the entire continent.

Seeing the 15 robotic armors he had developed in the past few months, along with armors, shields, firearms, weapons for humans and monsters, Vicente clenched his fists with a determined look on his face.

Not only had the techniques and spells he studied in these months brought Vicente closer to the 6th stage, but they had also made him undeniably stronger. He now possessed a set of tools that could significantly arm his allies.

"It's time to go," he muttered to himself, the resolve clear in his eyes. "I must find new techniques and spells... I heard the former headquarters of the Blacksmith Association is in the far northwest of the region. According to Tenglin, high-level monsters have overrun that area. But we must face these dangers if we are to take the next steps in our journey."

Vicente left the cultivation room and sent his aura throughout the bunker, signaling his companions to gather. As he moved through the dimly lit corridors, the echoes of his footsteps mingled with the distant hum of machinery, a reminder of the bunker's complex workings.

When he reached the rendezvous point, Tenglin and Lonan were already there, flanked by six other allies. The group assembled around Vicente, their faces reflecting a mix of curiosity and anticipation.

Lonan's eyes widened as he took in the sight of the gleaming armor and the intricate artifacts Vicente carried. "It looks like you're close to progressing... These artifacts are incredible," he remarked, admiration clear in his voice.

Vicente nodded, a faint smile playing on his lips. "I've made some progress, even if my cultivation level remains the same. We need to stay strong and push forward. Our next destination is fraught with danger, but it holds the key to my advancement."

"Anyway, they are for you." Vicente smiled as he gave the armor he had made to the magical creatures in his group.

There was special armor for the bodies of Roc, Hippogryph, Qilin, Werewolf, and the four monsters in the group. There were weapons that could be attached to the claws, the beak, and the wings.

With these artifacts, the defensive and offensive abilities of his companions would be stronger.

"Besides these gifts, I present to you the Metal Battalion. They will give their lives to ensure the survival of the group." Vicente presented the most powerful robotic armor on the continent.

The main one stepped forward and said, "fight with all your might and only worry about defending yourselves if we fall. We will stand between you and your enemies and make them lose their strength against us first. I hope to ensure the success of your journey alongside my creator."

Vicente's four allies nodded in agreement, not doubting that these artificial creatures could surprise on the battlefield with defensive and even offensive capabilities beyond the ordinary.

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Meanwhile, outside the bunker, on the outskirts of the destroyed City of Angels...

In the monster camp, a few kilometers from the entrance to the bunker where Vicente and his allies were, the gathering of monsters was larger than it had been in over a month.

As Vicente's group prepared to emerge from their hiding place, the vampire contingent readied themselves for an ambush. Recent reinforcements had bolstered their ranks: six High-level Paragon vampires and two Advanced Archmage monsters, all eager for battle.

The seven High-level Paragons and three Advanced Archmages occupied various tents in the camp, meditating and awaiting the signal to attack. Their strategy had been discussed over the past few weeks. Confident in their plan, they believed Vicente's group lacked the strength to overpower them or escape.

The camp was a hive of muted activity. The air was thick with anticipation, the murmur of preparations blending with the rustling of the nearby forest. Inferior 6th stage vampires patrolled the perimeter, their senses keen for any sign of movement, while mid-level 5th stage vampires coordinated their efforts, ensuring no detail was overlooked.

One of these creatures suddenly narrowed his eyes when he saw the entrance of the tunnel that Vicente had built leading to the entrance of the bunker change slightly.

Dust rose from that place, covering the surroundings, while the mana there vibrated as if something powerful had appeared.

Vicente and his companions left the bunker, already using their abilities to hide their auras and become invisible.

But the vampires had their own methods. Aware of Vicente's advanced camouflage methods, the vampires keeping watch in the area were prepared to deal with someone like him.

Moments after Vice left that place and reached the surface of the City of Angels, one vampire identified Vicente's position and sounded the alarm their leaders had been waiting for.

The ten beings opened their eyes, each of them opening an exuberant bow in their mouths as they rose from where they were about to move.

Vicente and his companions noticed powerful beings in the area, and he soon stopped at the location of the monsters' camp.

"We have problems," Acidbelly said in a low tone. He quickly realized they wouldn't be able to go ahead with Vicente's new plans so easily.

All they could do was prepare for the imminent battle, and Vicente became even more serious when he saw he was about to test his powers and his new creations!

Chapter 905 Test of Powers (1)

Seeing the problem ahead, Vicente halted abruptly, signaling his companions to stop as well. He deactivated his camouflage skill, as there was no point in wasting mana now that they had been detected.

He faced his enemies, his expression grave. "Get ready. This is the battle of our lives," he said in a solemn tone, his voice carrying the weight of their situation.

His eight allies and the dozens of armors positioned themselves according to the formation they had practiced during their journey. The armors, though not the strongest individually, formed a formidable defense and offense with their combined powers and numbers.

As Vicente's group prepared for the impending battle, the seven High-level Paragon vampires and the three Advanced Archmage monsters launched their attack. Each of these powerful foes narrowed their eyes, focusing intently as ten glowing pentagrams emerged from Vicente's body, a testament to his growing power.

Vicente couldn't help but feel a surge of adrenaline. "I have to stay strong," he thought, steeling himself. "If we can hold our ground here, we have a chance to change everything."

The vampires and monsters recognized the threat Vicente posed. They exchanged glances, a silent acknowledgment of his potential. If he wasn't stopped now, Vicente would soon make a significant breakthrough, increasing his power exponentially.

The air was thick with tension as both sides braced for the clash. Vicente's allies tightened their grips on their weapons. Each of them knew the importance of this battle.

"We must kill him. Don't hesitate to complete this mission. I'll take responsibility for any problems," said the leader of the attack, a High-level Paragon in the same situation as Vicente.

Vicente's blood would be valuable to any superior vampire. Vampires could only benefit from the powers of their targets if they absorbed their blood while they were still alive. But if Vicente died, they would have a guarantee that their plans for the continent would succeed.

That was enough for these monsters who were facing Vicente today!

Everyone accepted the group leader's opinion and agreed that Vicente was too dangerous for them to hesitate in front of him.

Each of them attacked in his direction, temporarily ignoring Vicente's other allies, while the rest of the group, comprising Mid-level Paragons and Intermediate Archmages, attacked Vicente's allies.

Seeing the enemy's strategy, Vicente raised his arms as the darkness from the surrounding shadows spread to his arms and took over the day.

A dark mist covered much of these ruins of the City of Angels, and within moments, the realm of darkness formed.

As the realm solidified and the Throne of Darkness became as large as a building, its five pentagrams glowing brightly, the first enemy attacks to enter the area immediately dissipated, consumed by the darkness.

Ghostly screams echoed from this ancient city, dead souls rising from the rubble, bringing forth an army of fallen spirits.

As soon as they entered Vicente's realm, the ten strongest enemies hesitated, feeling a wave of negative pressure pressing down on their bodies.

While they weren't immobilized by Vicente's powers, each of them felt a profound discomfort in that space, their senses screaming warnings of imminent danger.

Their companions, targeting Vicente's allies, fared much worse. Completely ensnared by his powers, they felt as if invisible tentacles were wrapping around their bodies, constricting their movements.

"Elders..." one of them shouted into the darkness, his voice tinged with panic as he struggled to see more than a few feet ahead.

One by one, these creatures fell to the ground, their mana drained by an unseen force. The air was thick with an oppressive energy, the faint sound of mana being siphoned away echoing through the realm.

Vicente absorbed most of his targets' mana, channeling some of it into his eight companions. He knew better than to underestimate the value of "extra hands" in the heat of battle. Though he was stronger than his eight allies combined, their ability to distract the enemy and exploit openings was invaluable.

Dark monsters emerged from the shadows of the group's 10 principal enemies, while the spirits in the area flew at them.

Vicente didn't stand still. As the rubble shook with the metal that left the remains of the buildings in the area to form metal components to fight the monsters, the temperature of the area dropped as he moved.

Strong icy winds formed against the creatures, while lightning flashed through Vicente's realm, several spells based on distinct elements acting simultaneously against those ten.

But each of Vicente's targets was truly powerful. Even though his moves were dangerous even for them, they weren't moves that would easily kill them before a good fight.

The pentagrams of the seven vampires glowed brightly, blowing away some of the mist of darkness that covered them as they saw Vicente approaching.

"Die, you bastard!" One of them lunged forward, several birds of darkness forming with a wave of his hand and swooping down on Vicente like flying blades.

Another of these vampires also attacked, causing a huge purple hand to form in the air and fall on Vicente.

For a moment, Vicente felt his body lose some of its agility, slowing down as the enemy attack rapidly approached him.

A spider-like monster appeared behind him, attacking with its large, sharp legs, threatening to cut his body in half.

The corners of Vicente's lips turned up. Seeing the proximity of his opponent, he activated one of his newly gained powers, using a little more of his mana to escape the enemy's suppression and strike the enemy's head with his palm.

As soon as he struck the opponent's head with his palm, the Advanced Archmage monster felt something wrong before it saw its body fall backwards in front of Vicente and it flew in the opposite direction.

The surrounding spirits moved like worms in search of food. Several of them caught up with this spirit body, devouring it without delay.

The creature despaired as it felt the first bites and tears in its spirit, but helpless, unable to return to its body, it would soon be out of this fight.

"Watch out for him. Don't let him touch you!" One vampire shouted, as he sensed how Vicente's ability worked.

But without getting close to Vicente, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for them to defeat him in this realm of darkness.

The other two Advanced Archmages moved and appeared in Vicente's vicinity as the enemy palm that was supposed to reach him hit the void, and he narrowly escaped.

The other seven vampires joined forces and attacked the target, suppressing him and giving the two monsters a chance to attack him.

Chapter 906 Test of Powers (2)

While the group of vampires acted to suppress Vicente and the two monsters engaged him directly, these nine powerful beings underestimated Vicente's companions.

The robot armors were the first to act. Using their magnetic abilities, they divided into groups, targeting specific opponents rather than spreading their efforts thinly across all enemies.

Three of the seven vampires became the focus of the armors' assault. These mechanical warriors combined their powers, driving Vicente's eight companions against the selected targets.

Acidbelly and Lonan joined forces against one of the four remaining vampires, striking at her weak points while she was entirely focused on Vicente.

Tenglin and Qiang zeroed in on another of the remaining opponents, their attacks synchronized to exploit any opening. Meanwhile, the final two vampires faced the relentless attacks of Vicente's Intermediate Archmage subordinates. Though individually not strong enough to deal significant damage, their combined efforts could tip the scales in their favor.

The battlefield buzzed with activity. Metal clashed against flesh, and the air was filled with the sounds of magic and machinery. The armors moved, their magnetic fields creating an eerie hum as they maneuvered to outflank their targets.

Amid the chaos, the Hippogryph let out a powerful roar, its voice echoing through the realm like a thunderclap. Simultaneously, the Qilin spat orange flames towards its target, the intense heat lighting up the dark surroundings. The targeted vampire turned, momentarily distracted by the sudden assault.

If he defended himself, his suppressive effect against Vicente would weaken. But if he didn't defend himself, the attack of these creatures would hurt him and give room for the shadow demons and spirits to attack him. In the end, he would be weakened and lose power against Vicente.

This and the other vampires gritted their teeth and made terrible expressions, unable to causally absorb the movements of Vicente's allies.

One armor, under the restrictive effects of six of its artificial companions, attacked the enemy with a lightsaber, targeting the supposedly immortal body of this creature.

Swoosh!

As he dodged this point-blank attack, the vampire opened his eyes wide and felt a shiver run down his spine. The attack wouldn't have killed him, but he was sure it would have seriously wounded him.

"Wretch!"

But the moment he dodged, the spirits attacked him with more force, causing him to lose his attention on Vicente.

Either he defended himself and acted against these creatures, or he would end up wounded!

Vicente moved faster as he felt the pressure on him ease and escaped the combined attacks of the two monsters that had been harassing him for the last 50 seconds of the battle.

Flames Hell!

Black flames erupted from the ground and reached the bodies of the two monsters, forcing them to move defensively.

Vicente seized the moment to reach the body of another of his enemies, forcing the soul of a snake-shaped monster out of its body.

He didn't hesitate to flick after this attack, using his energy to turn invisible and fly towards one vampire.

His strength wouldn't last much longer. Meanwhile, his enemies were exhausted or worried about more than just him.

As soon as he saw their armor destroyed by two of the seven vampires, Vicente moved against the two "easiest" targets.

With a blow to the back of one vampire, he forced the creature's soul out of his body, sending him to the ground on his knees.

The spirits of the city's dead swarmed over the soul so quickly that the others could barely see their ally's soul leave his body.

With a leaping movement in the air, Vicente reached the other vampire's face and slapped one of the creature's cheeks, sending his soul flying in the opposite direction.

This was an attack on the soul, so it had no physical force. The two creatures' bodies simply lost their rigidity, relaxed, and fell to the ground.

"Shit!" one vampire hitting Lonan screamed, this werewolf already teetering between life and death, even after being protected by three pieces of armor and exchanging a few good blows with the enemy.

Meanwhile, two of Vicente's four subordinate monsters had already been killed here and there, having turned into vengeful spirits under their master's power.

For three full minutes, the battle became chaotic, with both sides attacking each other fiercely, destroying almost all of Vicente's robot armor in the process. Vicente's group lost half of its numbers, while the enemies were left with only two vampires and one monster.

With bodies covered in blood and dirt, drenched in sweat, mouths agape, and breathing rapidly, those remaining at the end of the sixth minute of battle reached a decisive point in the battle.

"Let's retreat!" shouted one of the still-living vampires, staring at Vicente in horror.

Vicente could no longer use the realm of darkness. He needed too much mana to keep it running. Now he only had his magnetic powers. Together with the Dragon's Amulet, he helped his companions to regain their lost powers and injuries.

Qiang, Lonan, Tenglin, and Acidbelly were the only ones left at his side, each of them in a state where they could not move much.

Even if they were facing the enemy, they were in such a bad condition that their attacks would hardly hurt their opponents.

The standing vampires were in the same situation. They were alive, facing their enemies, and their strength was gradually recovering. But they had no power to kill.

Continuing to fight would be a waste of time, a risk neither side wanted to take.

One side, afraid the other would recover before them, wanted to flee. The other, fearing the arrival of enemy reinforcements, wanted to leave as well.

As the vampires and the remaining monster retreated, Vicente gathered the bodies of the dead and soon fell back as well.

Ignoring the environment destroyed by the battle in the ruins of the City of Angels, the five of them headed south while their opponents headed north.

Both sides glanced in each other's direction, naturally seeking revenge for what had happened today.

This was definitely a victory for Vicente's group, so the next confrontation would be even tougher for them!

After losing sight of their enemies, Vicente and his companions picked up their speed and hurried south, in a different direction than they wanted to go.

But for the moment, their destination wasn't the far northwest of the continent, where they wanted to go to find the old headquarters of the Blacksmiths Association. Their destination was a safe place to recover from today's tough battle!

Chapter 907 Stronger Enemies Awake

After leaving the scene of the previous battle, Vicente's group traveled for a few hours until they reached a relatively safe area, where they once again hid to recover and absorb the spoils of battle.

The more they used vampire blood, the more they did it in a stint of time, the less the essence would affect their bodies. This was especially true if the essence was of a quality that had already been consumed before, i.e., from enemies of similar strength to previous enemies.

Still, vampire blood was much better than potions or healing pills, even for a being who could not become stronger by consuming it.

Once they had found a good spot and Vicente had divided up the parts of the corpses they had got, each of the group took their share of the booty and began their retreat.

Their allies, individuals with large bodies and higher cultivations than Vicente's, would consume most of the vampire blood, along with the vampire organs and the bodies of the two Advanced Archmages killed in this battle.

They would remain in seclusion for the next few months, but it would only take Vicente a few days to consume his share when his companions were still asleep.

In the time between his awakening and the awakening of his companions, he would work on the production of new armor and artifacts, continuing his training to achieve his advancement.

With the months he would be stuck in the same position, he would realize that he could advance in no time!

...

In the place Vicente had chosen for his group's retreat, he was meditating that day, having worked hard for the past six months.

After the battle against the powerful group of vampires, time had passed quickly, months had passed while his companions were still sleeping.

In the meantime, he had even left the area he was in, fought creatures very close to them twice, and mastered new monsters to help his forces in the south.

After sending more resources to his group in the south both times, Vicente currently had 40 peak armors near where he and his companions were.

After another training session this afternoon, he turned his attention to meditation in order to regain his energy and get closer to his breakthrough.

His breakthrough was very close. He could feel it. It could happen at any moment, but he felt he was still missing something, some knowledge or experience that he didn't have yet.

The previous battle and the months of seclusion had helped him a lot in terms of understanding, but the difference between the 5th and 6th stage was much greater than anyone could have imagined.

Still, he was positive.

When he finished his cultivation and opened his eyes, Vicente looked in Lonan's direction and saw that this one had reached the Intermediate Archmage level!

After consuming a large amount of vampire blood and organs from Intermediate Archmage monsters, the werewolf had managed to complete what he needed to advance one level!

Meanwhile, the auras of Vicente's other companions were stronger than they had been months ago, but they were obviously far from a breakthrough. Already Intermediate Archmages themselves, it wouldn't be easy for any of them to reach the advanced level.

Unless they consumed the blood of Demien Bloodthorne or the organs of a Master Archmage, their chances of advancing to the Advanced level in the short term were nil.

Seeing Lonan getting closer to his awakening as he advanced in level, Vicente sighed, feeling that this werewolf wouldn't be as close to death in the coming battles as he had been in previous situations.

'They'll end their seclusion soon... We'll finally make our way to the far northwest.' Vicente clenched his fists as he sat on the ground, a smile breaking across his face.

The journey to their destination would be dangerous. The chances that they would have to face stronger groups than before were even higher now. But Vicente was willing to take any risk. As long as he could reach the gathering at the headquarters of the Blacksmith's Association, he was confident that he would be able to complete what he needed to move forward.

...

After Lonan's awakening, Qiang would be the next of the group to awaken, and Acidbelly would be the last, nine days after the werewolf's breakthrough.

With the awakening of Roc, the group would leave this place near the border of the northern and central regions and head northwest together.

To avoid encounters with hostile creatures, Vicente chose a route that wasn't the shortest, but would give them better travel conditions. They traveled to the far west, following the coast, from where they planned to head north, using the less monster-infested area to their advantage.

The enemies didn't know where they were going. At the same time, most of the enemy settlements were in the heart of this northern land, with only a few settlements along the coasts.

However, the group wasn't naive enough to think that this route would be smooth and that there wouldn't be any problems to disturb them. Just as they had been cautious when traveling near the Ivory Desert before, they were also very cautious on this new route.

With a huge area to cover ahead of them, the group planned to travel for the next few months, reaching the ancient home of the continent's blacksmiths in three months if all went well.

...

While Vicente's group was traveling, the vampires were in a completely different situation than their enemies.

Vampires and monsters were looking for traces of the enemy group, just as they had done before. However, while their less important components were at work, more reinforcements were leaving their hiding places in the heart of the vampire coalition's territory.

At that moment, the last vampire who had begun his retreat with the Mid-level Paragon cultivation and left his cave with the High-level Paragon cultivation ended his retreat.

Facing the men in charge of guarding the vampire sanctuary, the newly promoted old man quickly came to his senses.

"How many of my companions have completed their seclusion?"

"Thirty-three, Elder. Five of them have died in the last few months, so counting the Elder and the other three who were in place during their seclusion, we currently have 32 High-level Paragons of the race available." A 4th stage vampire explained as he bowed his head in a gesture of respect to the newly awakened elder.

"Oh? What about my superiors?" This person's eyes narrowed as he pointed behind him.

Those High-level Paragon cultivators who went into seclusion years ago should most likely come out of seclusion with early 6th stage cultivation!

"The first of the elders must leave his cave in three months at the most, Elder. As for our supreme leader, he should finish his seclusion in less than seven months."

"Perfect. Let's wait for the elders to deal with Vicente Fuller. It's too risky to deal with him now. I have a feeling that our group can beat him, but if one of us dies for them, it will give them a chance to get stronger and get closer to the 6th stage. Let's avoid that for now."

"Yes, Elder."

Chapter 908 Chaotic History Three months later, Vicente and his companions arrived at their destination, following the line of the mainland coast.

After months of challenges and slow travel, avoiding several confrontations, the group was now in the far northwest of the Polaris Realm, not far from the former home of the Blacksmiths' Association.

The area they were carefully traveling through was now the former home not only of the continent's blacksmiths, but also of alchemists, doctors, training masters, and various other professions.

In the continent's past, the Magicians Alliance had created an independent territory, without kings or nobles, ruled by the alliance, which comprised humans from all over the Polaris Realm.

The alliance had achieved its goals of defeating the monsters and securing human territories in cities across the continent, and had existed for tens of thousands of years as a remnant of the past.

In over 100,000 years of history, the Magicians Alliance had only moved once, a few years before The Purification.

Throughout its 100,000-year history, however, the organization existed only in name. But its independent city and territory have kept their characteristics, having become the place of choice for all the continent's scholars and professionals.

For tens of thousands of years, the technologies of the Polaris Empire, the best professionals, and the best resources had been developed and produced here.

As they entered the area the size of Scott Province, Vicente and the others couldn't help but look at the place with regret.

"Sigh... This place was once the pride of the continent." Tenglin said, shaking his head with closed eyes. With a sigh, he added, "This place was once one of the most peaceful on the continent. Here, mankind truly developed magic. Even beasts benefited from the things developed here."

"It is said that at the height of the Citadel, an Archmage Archon commanded the place and guaranteed peace and freedom of study and creation for all the scholars of these realms." Acidbelly nodded approvingly, looking out over the wooded area near the coast and seeing in the distance a huge bare rock where the Citadel—the capital of the magicians-free area—was supposed to be.

"This is impressive. Archmage Archon is a level almost unrivaled on the continent. Someone like that must have ruled with ease." Vicente said as he looked at the place, which didn't look natural at all.

The entire magicians-free area had been manipulated by magicians of many professions. Nothing in this place had been natural for a long time. The entire area had characteristics that would be beneficial to blacksmiths, alchemists, doctors, and so on.

Because of the high concentration of mana and the presence of all the elements, it was relatively easy to cultivate precious resources and get valuable minerals in this place.

No wonder this was the home of the Magicians Alliance!

"Yes. Someone at that level has a few rivals. The truth is, it is almost impossible to reach the level of a Magus without using special methods," Tenglin explained. "What is normal for the Polaris Realm is to produce an Archmage Archon every 10,000 years. In the meantime, we usually have no more than Master Archmages. As you can imagine, we've rarely had two Archmage Archons in the same era, and most of them died before reaching the 7th stage.

Those who managed to reach the end of the 6th stage were supreme monsters, invincible in their generations. Some of them were great dictators who created their own era, while others simply had no attraction to rule, much to the good fortune of the continent's living beings.

The history of the Polaris Realm was full of wars, new eras began, old eras were forgotten in the name of new times, families, clans and tribes disappeared, new powers emerged and dominated important parts of the continent until they fell because of external enemies or internal instability.

Human history in these lands was short. Hundreds of thousands of years ago, things were much more bloody when beasts ruled the Polaris Realm.

Thinking about it, Qiang couldn't help but think that the continent might not have a very good fate. 'Maybe we'll all die in the end..!'

Humans were definitely chaotic, treacherous, and almost always involved in massacres, and so on. But when the continent was ruled by beasts and monsters, things were ten times worse!

For this very reason, some races believed the fall of humans to vampires would be the end of the Polaris Realm.

Vampires and monsters were much worse than the beasts that had ruled Polaris Realm in the distant past!

The group continued to chat as they moved on, soon arriving at the lands abandoned by experts from all over the continent.

The place wasn't as destroyed as the City of Angels, nor was it overrun by creatures like the old capital of the Vinia Empire. But there were signs of battles on the outskirts, easily visible to the group that now landed on one of the main streets of the place.

He expected to find more difficulties for his group there, with powerful monsters, vampires, traps, or maybe a group using the place as a base to enslave human survivors.

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After Vicente had already checked that there was no one around, he couldn't help but form a wagon, not understanding the situation of the place.

He expected to find more difficulties for his group there, with powerful monsters, vampires, traps, or maybe a group using the place as a base to enslave human survivors.

But there was nothing. The place seemed to have been abandoned after a battle.

"How strange... The city seems untouched in many parts. But if something caused the entire population to disappear, why leave things behind?" Vicente opened his mouth, having already felt

many materials, resources, artifacts, and books left behind in houses and buildings around the area where they were.

Tenglin sighed as Vicente's robotic armor emerged from the human's spatial ring and began to move around the area.

The Qilin said, "This is because of the protection of this city. It's impossible for a powerful monster or vampire to infiltrate this place."

"Huh? But if that's the case, why did the local population disappear? What about the battle that took place here?" Vicente didn't understand.

Tenglin shook his head, not knowing what had happened there.

But Acidbelly had his theories. "Maybe the vampires got traitors from this city. Even though the formations protecting it are good and still active," he said, looking around and feeling the mana move in a very specific way. "They are not perfect. Look, we're beasts, but we're here, even when we shouldn't be. It's because of you, Vicente. Your presence on our side makes us 'friends' to the city.

It's possible that some traitors helped the monsters and vampires. But even with traitors on their side, when they acted against this town and its people, the formations went into action, which means that the monsters didn't have time to destroy and collect everything in this place. They probably concentrated on the living beings before they had to flee from their prey.

What happened next was simply that it was impossible to enter the area to destroy the human heritage. That's what I think."

Chapter 909 Beginning of Seclusion

Tenglin looked at the large Roc for a moment, then agreed. "It makes sense. Once they acted here and were forced to flee, they wouldn't have been able to enter this area without at least one vampire with Intermediate Archmage cultivation."

Someone with the cultivation of this race must be as strong as the human Archmages who have passed through this city in its long history.

Vicente worried about this and looked at Tenglin seriously. "Demien Bloodthorne will be an intermediate Archmage at my first meeting with him. The Divine Dragon Matrix showed me our meeting when I should be a High-level Paragon with nine pentagrams.

Vicente's four companions were silent for a moment, obviously worried. Demien might awaken in the next few months. Vicente was already at the peak of the 5th stage, so this place might not last much longer!

"That's worrying," Tenglin began, "but let's not despair. The future you saw will not happen as you saw it. You don't have nine pentagrams, and you might get to the 6th stage before Demien awakens. Even if what you saw has to come true, it will happen in a different way."

"Still, we'd better take everything this place has before we leave. Let's preserve the knowledge developed in the Citadel." Acidbelly said firmly.

Vicente agreed before taking a step back. "By the way, what do you think happened to the population of the city?"

"If I had to bet my life on it, I'd say the main warriors of the city were drained of their blood by the elders of the vampire coalition. The leading experts were probably enslaved to provide resources for the vampires, and the weaker ones were either killed or kept to become the next generation of guinea pigs or vampire food."

Tenglin agreed with Acidbelly, "That's probably what happened."

"There are also Dark Path magicians who are traitors to the magical race. They probably took some of these prisoners to enslave or sacrifice." Qiang remembered the 24 people who had attacked them—24 Archmages.

He didn't know of any human force on the continent that had that many Archmages!

However, this group was all members of the same sect, judging from their clothes and belongings. How had they created so many specialists? Vicente was sure that it was through the diabolical technique created by vampires and used on a large scale by the Congregation of Revelations.

"Hmm, probably." Lonan agreed with the hippogriff, while Roc and Qilin shook their heads in agreement.

"Speaking of which, my next step is to hunt down every one of these traitors. Once I advance to the 6th stage, I'll hunt them down along with my next pentagrams." Vicente narrowed his eyes and clenched his fists in anger, remembering all too well what had happened to Lauren.

To Vicente, the race-traitors of the Dark Path were just as guilty as the vampires for the current disaster.

He might not be able to hunt down all the vampires on the continent, but the situation with the Dark Path magicians was different.

"Anyway, let's focus on gathering materials and using the defenses of this place to our advantage. I want to go into seclusion to advance to the 6th stage. So prepare to stay here for a few months," Minos told the group.

They all agreed and then did the same as the robotic armors, splitting up and going in search of what had been left behind.

Vicente headed straight for the headquarters of the Blacksmiths' Association, located around the Citadel's central square, which also housed the headquarters of ten other major non-war organizations on the continent.

Entering the largest Association building he had ever seen, Vicente soon found himself in an enormous library where he would soon research things he hadn't yet come into contact with.

Many of the books in this place had copies scattered around the continent, meaning they were materials he already knew. However, there were so many books in the library that there were bound to be new things for him.

While the others gathered resources, irreplaceable books, and other things, Vicente would spend the first five days in the Citadel just gathering the materials he thought would be worthwhile for his seclusion.

The robot armorers would do the same, looking for techniques from various professions that might be compatible with their master's forge. Not only that, but they would also look for spells based on their master's elements.

The Citadel was not only home to the largest organizations specializing in the manipulation of mana and elements, but also to the scholars who had developed most of the continent's popular spells.

With a week at the Citadel, Vicente would have a quantity of materials he thought would be sufficient to begin his seclusion. At this point, he would begin his slow journey of understanding, learning new spells and techniques useful to the forge, beginning his period of reading, training, and failing in search of mastery over these new possibilities before him.

...

Two and a half months into Vicente's seclusion, he was busy with his attempts to overcome the bottleneck of the 6th stage, while his companions waited for him on the outskirts of the city.

After almost three months in this desert place, the four magical beings had already gathered everything they needed to gather and were just waiting for Vicente to be able to continue his journey.

But that day, while they were watching the place—they had done so even considering the Citadel's powerful defenses—Qiang suddenly noticed something strange on the horizon.

From the top of the tallest building in the city, Qiang narrowed his eyes as he saw what looked like a camp being set up southeast of the Citadel.

"We have trouble. Enemies!" He opened his mouth, causing his three allies to instantly turn their eyes to him, see him looking to the southeast, and then turn their eyes in that direction.

Lonan clenched his fists as he looked in the direction of the camp, where a pale-skinned being he knew was standing, looking in their direction with a smile on his face.

"We're in trouble," the werewolf said, his lips dry and his face losing its usual vivid color. "This is Vlad Abyss Void, right hand of Demien Bloodthorne, who was supposed to be a peak Paragon eight years ago."

Qiang, Tenglin, and Acidbelly immediately understood the problem.

Gulp!

"Archmages? Don't tell me that the new vampire Archmages are finally coming out of hiding?" Acidbelly's mouth opened for the first time in a long time, showing a hint of fear.

If this camp really had Archmage vampires on their side, this could be the end of the group's journey!

Chapter 910 Beginner Archmage!

Outside the Citadel, a camp led by the vampires was in the process of being set up.

Meanwhile, a group of five Beginner Archmage superior vampires had gathered alongside one elder of the monster coalition, a Master Archmage!

This time, the vampires didn't want to lose anyone from their group to Vicente. They were going to attack with full force and ensure the end of the young trouble hidden in the ancient city before them.

As their men finished setting up the camp where they would await Vicente's departure from the citadel, the six strongest in the area looked in the direction of the city.

"Unfortunately, we don't have our leader with us. Otherwise, we could bypass the Citadel's defenses and deal with the enemy once and for all."

"The supreme leader will leave his seclusion in less than six months. I hope I won't have to bother him with the Vicente Fuller problem then. We can handle this young magician on our own."

"But it's amazing how far a human being has come. No one like him has appeared on this continent in over a million years. We have to be careful when we finally dominate the continent. It is imperative that we prevent another Vicente Fuller from appearing among the humans."

The monster at the end of the 6th stage narrowed his eyes, the last of the legendary Cthulhu race, a prehistoric race on the verge of extinction, but which still had one last living representative in the Polaris Realm.

Unfortunately for this group, even the most cultivated being on the continent in the current generation could not destroy the barrier created by many human Archmages over the past 100,000 years.

"Vicente Fuller is in seclusion to reach the 6th stage. Will he be able to advance in time for our master to leave his retreat?" Asked the magnificent sea creature, standing next to the continent's strongest vampires.

"It doesn't matter. Even if he advances, he won't be able to face us right after a breakthrough. And soon our leader will come out of his cave. By then, even if the impossible happens, and he escapes from us, he will be killed by our leader."

Said the oldest of these vampires, smiling as he watched the old Citadel.

"The stronger he becomes, the more valuable his blood will be to our supreme leader. Maybe that's what we need for our leader to become an Advanced Archmage!" One of them saw the positive side of letting Vicente try.

Of course, they wouldn't risk such a thing if they had the chance to hunt him down now.

"We just can't let him add new pentagrams to his magical forms. The progress to the 6th stage itself isn't that worrying."

They were right. Apart from a small qualitative improvement, the biggest gain of a newly promoted person was having more mana, which meant a greater ability to withstand combat. In other words, Vicente could fight longer or deal with more threats than before. But that didn't mean his attacks would be harder to handle or more deadly to more powerful beings than his old enemies.

Until he absorbed his next two pentagrams, he couldn't really be considered an Archmage!

It was the same for all levels of cultivation for magicians. It was only when their essences were completed that they would show their full power.

However, that didn't mean he wouldn't be more difficult to deal with than he was now.

"Send our men to surround the Citadel. We'll form a space seal over this place. We'll make sure the enemy doesn't get hold of any special escape methods that might exist in this area."

The others agreed, and some of them went to instruct their subordinates, while others prepared to form the seal.

Later that day, Lonan and the others would watch from inside the city as the vampires and Cthulhu took action against the city's formations.

For a few minutes, they thought these beings were trying to break through the defensive formation, which made them feel a little insecure. But they soon realized the enemy's plan went deeper than that.

"They want to prevent us from leaving the city with alternative methods. If we want to escape, we'll have to face them," Acidbelly said with depth in his voice, seeing the day of truth was coming for them.

"Even if Vicente goes advances, it's probably our end," Tenglin added soberly. "We'll do our best to make sure he gets away. As long as he gets his 11th pentagram, the possibilities for him will be almost endless."

The four of them looked at each other, determined to do whatever was necessary to help Vicente complete his journey and survive his future escape from the Citadel.

They were all replaceable, but not Vicente. They couldn't risk his life so soon!

Vicente remained in the dark about events outside the Citadel and continued his studies to advance to the 6th stage.

His cyan talent meant he could easily become an Archmage. And indeed, he was on the verge of doing so. But at just over 30 years old, he had grown up too fast. Even though having a talent should allow him to easily reach the 6th stage, it didn't mean he could ignore his understanding of reality.

Having a cyan talent meant as long as he put in a minimum amount of effort, he could reach the 6th stage and its peak. But it wouldn't be enough for him to use precious resources to get there quickly. He had to go through growth experiences and understand them in order to relish this gift from heaven.

Vicente understood this, so at no point was he disappointed with his rate of progress. He just kept going, training, learning new things, cultivating, looking for when he would "break through" the current limits of his cultivation.

One month in the Citadel wouldn't be enough, let alone two. The third month of seclusion would be more interesting for him, and during his meditation, he would see obvious opportunities for progress.

But only in his fourth month of seclusion, in the third month of the vampire siege around the Citadel, would Vicente reach the moment he had been waiting for!

In the middle of the fourth month in the old Citadel, his cultivation would explode, leaving the previous limits behind, lifting him to the next level qualitatively and quantitatively in just a few breaths.

Opening his eyes in a cultivation room full of metal artifacts, Vicente felt his 10 pentagrams appear, four of them showing many indigo lines and symbols.

His mana stabilized at the level of a Beginner Archmage, and he reached the peak stage of the Polaris Realm!