

# The Mafia 911

## Chapter 911 Vicente's Awakening

By the time Vicente reached the beginning of the 6th stage, his senses had expanded to the point where he could sense the troubled emotions of his companions on the outskirts of the Citadel.

He used his powers to see through the buildings on his way and discovered the camp of monsters and vampires near this place.

'Archmages...' With a sigh, he got up from where he was, almost completely missing the good feeling of advancing on a stage.

For a moment, Vicente put aside the various improvements he had undergone.

Even though it was often said that one did not truly become an Archmage until they absorbed their next pentagram, that did not mean that such a person did not have much stronger senses and abilities than at the previous stage. Besides the extra mana, one's strength would be greatly improved after one's ascension.

The best thing after ascending would surely be the absorption of a new pentagram. With the absorption of a new pentagram, all of a magician's powers could improve. But even before that, one would become much stronger.

Forgetting about his new abilities, his vitality and the way ahead, Vicente moved and caught up with one of his companions.

"Vicente, you..."

"Congratulations on reaching the 6th stage!" the big Roc said, feeling in his heart how strong this young had become.

As difficult as it would be to escape the siege of the Citadel and eventually find a new cyan pentagram for Vicente's second magical form, his current power was already very good, and reaching the sixth pentagram of the first magical form shouldn't be difficult.

As long as he escaped from the Citadel, Vicente should have at least 11 pentagrams with him in six months at the most!

Qiang looked at the black-haired young man with a twinkle in his eye, feeling he was nearing the end of his journey. 'After this battle, I will retire. Unfortunately, I can't go any further,' he thought silently.

Qiang felt Vicente was so strong now that the company of mere Intermediate Archmages wouldn't make the slightest difference.

Vicente nodded to his companions as he heard the praise and congratulations. But changing the subject, he kept looking in the direction of the monster camp and said, "From what I can sense, there are 6th stage vampires in that place."

"Yes, one of them is an old acquaintance of mine. He's certainly an Archmage now." Lonan confirmed.

"There is also a Master Archmage in this group. Leaving the Citadel won't be easy." Vicente changed direction from where he was looking and looked to the sky, where he could feel a powerful seal. "They even put a seal on us to prevent teleportation devices. If we want to leave the Citadel, we'll have to do it with the enemy surrounding us."

"I'm afraid that would mean death for almost all of us." Tenglin laughed bitterly, hardly able to believe he would fall so soon after becoming a powerful Intermediate Archmage.

Unfortunately, that was the most likely reality for all of them.

"Maybe not." Vicente looked at Qilin, the corners of his lips lifting slightly. "I have a plan. By the way, have you forgotten that I'm a blacksmith? I've spent the last few months preparing to become a 6th stage blacksmith. Now the rank is within my reach."

The four of them looked at Vicente with interest, their hearts beating faster as their minds raced through their thoughts.

If Vicente could build a small battalion of 6th stage artificial beings, then things could really be different than they imagined.

"What do you have in mind?" Lonan asked as he took a step forward and approached Vicente.

Vicente looked into the werewolf's eyes and replied, "Give me a month. We can't stay here too long because of the risk of Demien Bloodthorne waking up and joining the siege. But a month should be long enough for me, and he shouldn't leave his place of seclusion until then."

The magical creatures looked at each other, a little uncertain about the future, aware every day longer in this place was a greater risk to their lives, but it was also a day longer they could live in peace. Once they left the Citadel, death and disaster awaited them.

Would they survive the siege of the enemy? There was no way to know. Most likely not, even considering the contributions Vicente would make in a month.

But it was better to try than to leave the Citadel now and face the enemies in a less favorable condition.

After everyone had agreed, Vicente called all his robotic armors around the Citadel closer to him and returned to the headquarters of the Blacksmiths' Association, where the best materials he had ever seen in his life were stored.

With the amount of materials in this place and the structures of his current armor, Vicente believed he could test many of his theories and create new armor, as well as accessories for his allies.

He didn't know how strong and resistant these items would be, but he was certain that they would be better than what he currently had in his group.

'If I can create good 6th stage armor, we might distract the enemies while we flee the area...' Vicente thought as he arrived at his workstation. 'As long as we can escape, I'll get my sixth pentagram from my first magical form and send them back to their domains. Then I'll be ready to face Demien Bloodthorne and test my destiny!'

With this in mind, Vicente activated his magical powers, causing his Magic Gems on his forehead to glow cyan while his five pentagrams of the first magical form appeared around him.

The armor in the area disintegrated and turned into clouds of particles that floated in the area at Vicente's command.

The minerals in the area were similarly affected, as various elements were concentrated in this forge room, marking the beginning of Vicente's month-long experiment.

When a magician advanced one stage, their profession would not immediately advance to the next stage. An alchemist would certainly find it easier to produce the same items they had produced in the past. But creating higher quality items would take time.

One had to master their newfound understanding, grasp new principles, and then put that knowledge into practice. Only after doing so for some time could one consider oneself a professional at the same level as one's cultivation.

Fortunately, Vicente had already learned 6th stage things when he was only a 5th stage blacksmith. Soon, he would get good results from his experiments!

## Chapter 912 Problem of a Too Strong Power

At the end of Vicente's month of experimentation, his results were fantastic!

In just two weeks of trying, he had managed to form the first 6th stage robotic armor, an essence that, despite its shortcomings, would achieve better results in fighting monsters than Lonan, the weakest of Vice's companions.

But over the past two weeks of hard work, Vicente had achieved better results, increasing the efficiency of his first successful attempt from 20% efficiency to the 40% mark.

This was the level that the continental community normally accepted as an item of the same quality as its maker's cultivation, which meant it could withstand the hands of warriors at that cultivation stage.

Vicente didn't know exactly how powerful his current armor was, but after a month of work, he had transformed the over 40 robotic armors into 11 artificial creatures.

Though fewer, they were bigger, stronger, able to assist more power, with more mana, more intelligence, and special powers different from Vicente's own.

By mixing his distinct elements, Vicente had seen the birth of new powers in his 11 special creations.

But besides these armors, he had also improved the defensive and offensive items worn by his four companions, giving them 6th stage artifacts to carry on their journeys of escape.

The time had finally come for them to face the enemies besieging the Citadel!

...

"The time has come for us to face our demons." Vicente looked at his companions as he left the headquarters of the Blacksmiths' Association behind.

As they looked in Vicente's direction, the four 6th stage beings turned their attention to the 11 creatures behind Vicente, all of them identical—three meter tall metallic beings of red color, glowing blue eyes, with smooth appearances, no mechanisms to be seen.

Previously, Vicente's armor, though smooth in appearance, had bodies that were easier to understand, as the pieces fused together to form a metal body. Now, his creations looked very human, with smooth contours, metal skin instead of plates, flexibility more akin to living beings than machines.

If it weren't for the colors, the lack of hair, the absence of a heartbeat, and the metallic skin, one might believe that these were humans and not artificial beings created in a forge.

Seeing them for the first time, Vicente's four allies couldn't contain their amazement at coming face to face with such perfect creatures, with such dense mana and such clear-eyed expressions.

'Impressive... Vicente really is a monster. The oldest powers on the continent have existed for about 2 million years, but in all that time, only a handful of powers have managed to have 11 Archmages in their ranks... He already created 11 of them!

If it weren't for Demien Bloodthorne, Vicente would probably single-handedly rule the continent and establish a dynasty that would last for tens of thousands of years.

Unfortunately, the continent will see little of what he is capable of...' Tenglin thought to himself, sighing with mixed feelings in his heart.

On the one hand, Vicente's performance overjoyed him. With those 11 pieces of armor, they would have a chance to survive the escape that was about to begin. On the other hand, Tenglin couldn't help but think how fantastic it would be to have Vice in this world for longer. Judging from his pentagram configuration at the moment, the Qilin didn't believe this human would be in the Polaris Realm for much longer.

"Congratulations on your success, Vicente." The Qilin opened his mouth to congratulate before issuing a warning. "You have become truly strong. I believe only Demien Bloodthorne poses a threat to you before you get your 12th pentagram.

But let me warn you, don't take your 12th pentagram before you say goodbye to your family. The way you are right now, I doubt you'll be able to continue living on the continent after you absorb your last essence."

The three beings beside Tenglin looked at him while Vicente's expression changed.

"What do you mean? Do you think I will be banished from the continent?" Vicente frowned.

"Have you ever wondered why there are no indigo pentagrams on the continent?" The Qilin asked with a mysterious look on his face.

"Because indigo pentagrams are characteristic of Magus. It's possible for such a thing to appear in an Archmage, but the continent doesn't have enough to raise such a genius. At least not a genius who can give their pentagram to others after their death." Vicente gave a reasonable answer.

"You are right. For this very reason, I believe as soon as one of your pentagrams qualitatively progresses to the indigo grade, you will be expelled from Polaris Realm by the laws imposed by the one who changed the connection between the Supreme Continent and our continent."

"Oh?" Acidbelly thought about this possibility, immediately seeing Qilin's point. "That makes sense. You having an indigo pentagram would be like saying you're as strong as a Magus, Vicente."

"That..." The young human opened his mouth, not knowing what to do for a moment.

"That's going to be a problem. How will he beat Demien if he can be expelled as soon as he gets his 12th pentagram?" Lonan asked.

"That's the tricky part." Tenglin sighed and shook his head. "Maybe you won't make it, or you'll have to do it with a maximum of 11 pentagrams. I didn't want to tell you this before, but seeing these 6th stage beings behind you, you might prepare better if you take a step back after absorbing your 6th pentagram of your first magical form, Vicente."

Each of these beings imagined Vicente would soon leave the continent. They didn't know about the prediction of the Divine Dragon Matrix, and in a way, they wanted Vicente to leave the continent to create the possibility that the Supreme Continent would one day reconnect with the Polaris Realm.

But seeing that Vicente could leave behind a powerful legacy, Tenglin couldn't help but advise the young magician to prepare for an imminent departure from the continent.

Perhaps Vicente will defeat Demien before he leaves. But even if Demien falls, the continent will still be in dire straits with so many powerful vampires on the loose. Vicente had better leave a lot of that armor behind before he's taken away!

Vicente felt insecure as his companions looked at him, a little afraid of being forced to leave and not being able to enjoy any time with his family.

'What should I do now?'

## Chapter 913 Escape from the Citadel

'What am I going to do now? If this is true, I won't have time to be with my family, to see Annie grow up, or to be with my women.' Vicente looked at the ground as he felt lost, his heart beating fast as sweat poured down his body.

His stomach ached and for the first time in his life, he felt a minor panic attack, not liking what he had just heard.

But he couldn't help believing everything Tenglin had told him. It made sense. Indigo was a sign of the 7th stage for the creatures on the continent. And everyone who became a Magus somehow disappeared when they went to the Supreme Continent.

Vicente didn't think the power behind it would take pity on him and his family and allow him to stay behind for a while. He would surely be summoned to the Supreme Continent as soon as one of his pentagrams reached the indigo grade.

'They are right. I feel that something supernatural is already watching us.' the voice of the Throne of Darkness consciousness drew Vicente's attention to the space where Torne had lived for a long time.

'We will leave this continent behind when we reach the indigo grade. If you hadn't absorbed the green pentagram, it would have already happened.'

'Did you know that from the beginning?' Vicente asked.

'Not exactly. I knew it would open new doors for us, but I'm like all intelligent life forms. I learn things through experience.

I had a feeling before, but it wasn't until we passed the Majestic Treefrog Grove that I had this realization.'

Vicente took a deep breath with his eyes closed, his fists clenched and his expression not good.

"I see," he whispered, but without shirking his responsibility. "Unfortunately, I don't have an option. If I don't get stronger, I'll die or I won't be able to kill the enemies."

That was the problem. If he stood still and tried to retreat, he wouldn't be able to deal with the darkest enemy. But if he became stronger, he would be closer to losing contact with his loved ones in Polaris Realm indefinitely.

He certainly needed to absorb his 11th pentagram before he risked saying goodbye to his family!

"Thank you for the warning. I'm going to take some time off to see my family and produce robotic armor to help them in my future absence. Unfortunately, I don't think I'll be able to end the vampire threat on my own."

"Yes. I also think so," the Qilin said, preferring Vicente to be able to at least eliminate at least the 6th stage vampires. Without these creatures, the situation on the continent would more or less return to what it was before The Purification—with no 6th stage vampires.

But would Vicente be able to hunt them all down before he reached the indigo grade in one of his pentagrams?

Vicente felt his calm returning, his mind very clear about what he had to do. He didn't want to leave, but he was a realistic man. If there was no alternative, he could only work to leave his family in the best possible situation.

"I will do my best to kill as many 6th stage vampires as possible, especially Demien Bloodthorne. I'll try to prepare a plan to leave a replacement of mine in a position to absorb his blood and become the new bastion of humanity. But there are no guarantees."

"Count on us for whatever you need, Vicente. As long as we are alive, even if we are not on your side, we will fight to contribute to your goals," Qiang said in a deep tone, truly committed to helping the human in front of him.

The others nodded in agreement, showing they thought the same as the Hippogryph.

"Thank you, everyone. But now it's time to face our demons." Vicente glanced back at the vampire camp, sensing the time for their departure. "I will use my 11 creations so that we can escape the battle they want to engage us in. If we escape, we'll think about what to do after that."

With these words from Vicente, the four of them followed him out of the city, which they thought was less guarded and further away from the strongest enemies.

The city's defensive formations only limited the entry of monsters and Dark Path beings, so there were no entrances or exits to the Citadel. All Vicente and his party had to do was fly in the direction they wanted to go.

But they couldn't escape that easily. With the seal cast by the vampires, they couldn't teleport from within the city and would have to fly a few dozen kilometers before reaching an area not guarded by the vampires.

As soon as they started moving south, the enemy watchers rushed to alert their leaders, drawing the attention of the Archmage's vampires and the most powerful monster in the area.

These creatures saw the 16 creatures flying around the Citadel and heading south, the place least guarded by their forces.

However, at the level they were at, each of these beings could move fast enough to reach any of the Citadel's exit points.

They flew off in the same direction, while their troops moved more slowly, preparing to support them in the coming battle.

"Prepare for an enemy escape!" One of the 6th stage vampires shouted, "The enemy knows he can't face us head on. He will try to escape. If I'm not mistaken, he's reached the 6th stage and must be thirsting for a new pentagram."

The weaker ones in the area understood, some heading for escape points, others preparing to launch long-range attacks and help put pressure on the enemies and make it harder for Vicente to escape.

'What a time to escape, huh? My supreme leader could emerge from his seclusion at any moment, but right now, you decide to leave the Citadel.' One of the strongest elders of the vampire coalition thought, his gaze fixed on the figure of the black-haired man flying out of the Citadel.

When Vicente and his companions left the area protected by the Citadel's formations, the enemies would already be within reach.

If they would manage to escape, it wouldn't be before at least one clash!

## Chapter 914 The Power of 6th Stage Armor

As soon as they left the space protected by the formations, Vicente and his group flew south.

The strongest enemies were close to them, approaching from the east and west, while some weaker ones were ahead, positioned offensively, ready to launch attacks.

"Ignore them." Vicente eyed his companions. "Let's make a quick escape and distance ourselves as much as possible. Once we're out of the Citadel's seal's reach, we can teleport even farther away from here."

He wrapped his hands around the device he had received from the Dragon Tribe, which could teleport them away should the need arise.

'I was only going to use it when I had to face Demien. But now that I've reached the 6th stage, the most important thing is to avoid those monsters and hunt down my 11th pentagram.'

Vicente knew what he had to do, and he was willing to risk losing such an artifact in order to escape the group that was pursuing them.

As they flew south, the armor took up position, falling back as the enemies approached.

Ready to distract the enemies so Vicente and the others could succeed in their escape, the artificial metallic creatures were the first to move in the battle to escape the Citadel.

Five armors joined forces against the Master Archmage, simultaneously using their creator's electromagnetic powers to slow the creature down.

Instantly, a suppressive force washed over the strongest monster in the area, forcing it to slow its movement speed by 70% for a moment.

The vampire Archmages understood the abilities of these armors simultaneously with the strongest monster present, while the other armors attacked them.

Using the knowledge they had inherited from Vicente and their special powers, the artificial creatures went in search of what was most precious to vampires: their souls.

One of these metal beings clasped its hands together at chest level and a golden core of light appeared in the darkness.

Like a cannon, the beacon shot a burst of light, causing its target to raise its arms to shield its eyes, expressing its discomfort, its face lines visible to everyone.

Light was one of the most dangerous elements used against vampires. If it weren't because it was so rare to find creatures that were compatible with light, Light Path magicians would be the natural suppressors of monsters and vampires, not Dark Path creatures.

Vicente's other armors displayed similar abilities, some wielding lightsabers, others invoking other powers, using the power of strong winds capable of tearing enormous boulders out of the ground, or ice capable of freezing everything.

The area around the Citadel's southern exit became chaotic. In some parts of the area, trees burned, sending huge plumes of smoke into the air.

A lot of trees, stones, and dust flew into the air, making it difficult to see the area, while any living being there could be hit by the large objects moving fast in the air.

For a moment, the wind-blown fragments of the forest turned into weapons that were more powerful than cannonballs.

Boom!

Parts of the forest area were covered in ice, and a patch of frozen desert covered undestroyed trees, rocks, and parts of the road leading to the Citadel.

All of this happened in a matter of seconds, with the 6th stage robot armor showing its power to the world, terrifying even the strongest monsters in the area.

"Shit! What monsters are those?" asked one vampire as he dodged an attack of ice arrows fired in his direction.

The fighting 6th stage armor wasn't strong enough to kill them, but it wasn't so weak that the enemies could ignore them or even get rid of them easily!

In a few moments, Vicente and his group had increased their initial advantage from a few dozen meters away from the strongest in the area to three hundred meters.

Nearing the end of the area of the seal's influence over the Citadel, Vicente's group was on the verge of escaping.

One vampire saw it when he noticed the artifact in one of Vicente's hands, and for a moment, he felt drops of sweat trickle down his forehead.

"They're getting away! Stop them!" shouted the creature, who couldn't overcome his opponents in time.

Frustrated by the problem, the Cthulhu unleashed its wrath, its massive tentacles thrashing towards the armors that dared to restrain it.

With tentacles covered in mana, it reached the metallic creatures around it in a single instant, overpowering their combined suppression and preparing to crush them with its body.

For a moment, the armor reached by the Cthulhu's tentacles resisted, their bodies withstanding the pressure that tried to crush them as they penetrated the mighty Master Archmage's body.

They elicited cries of pain from the monstrous creature, but they could go no further in the face of a being so much more powerful than they were.

Boom!

All the armor that the Cthulhu had attacked exploded, their suppressive effects on him gone, allowing him to move freely against Vicente and the others.

The creature took the lead, abandoning its allies in search of the five creatures on the run.

At this point, Vicente merged his mana with that of his four companions and then used the dragon's device, infusing 80% of his mana into the teleportation artifact.

Having just reached the beginning of the area unaffected by the vampire seal, he didn't hesitate to take this important.

His body and those of his companions vibrated for a few moments as the giant body of the Cthulhu came close to them.

Qiang thought, for a moment, they wouldn't escape when he saw the enemy's tentacle attack coming towards them, something that could kill half of the group if it reached them.

He saw how weak he still was against one of the strongest on the continent, and realized he still had a long way to go if he wanted to become a peak expert.

The second before it reached them, however, they all disappeared under the watchful eyes of every single enemy.

"NOOO!" one woman fighting against the armor said in a high-pitched tone, sending shivers down the spines of everyone left behind.

## Chapter 915 Second Age of War

Just as the menacing tentacles were about to reach them, Vicente and the others felt the surrounding space change perceptibly.

From the battle zone, full of powerful beings, vampires, and monsters, they suddenly found themselves in a quiet place above a lake surrounded by high, overgrown mountains.

Feeling the milder climate of the area, the absence of vampires or even powerful beings, each of the allies in the fight against the vampires felt the air trapped in their lungs escape through their mouths.

But they didn't relax. Still uncomfortable, with adrenaline coursing through their bodies, it didn't take them over two breaths to realize where they were and plot a course to follow.

"If I'm not mistaken, this is Cartduff Lagoon. The mountain southwest of us is characteristic of this place." Tenglin analyzed their position.

"That must be the case. I've been here before." Lonan shook his head in agreement.

Tenglin continued, "In that case, we're 350 kilometers from the Citadel. In the blink of an eye, the enemies could be within our reach again.

Because of the number of beings that had teleported, the device the dragons had given Vicente couldn't take them any further, even though the human had used almost all of his mana in this escapade.

Still, Vicente didn't want to complain and soon flew forward again, using the Dragon's Amulet and his natural powers to erase the group's presence.

"Let's continue our escapade. Of the entire northern region, the most dangerous area is definitely the west, where we are. We'll head east now."

They agreed, each of them thinking it was time to split up, but leaving it until things calmed down a bit.

As they flew in the direction Vicente showed, Acidbelly asked, "What do we do now?"

Vicente sighed and said, "Time to split up, I guess. Things have gotten too complicated for us to travel together. I'm going to hunt for my 11th pentagram and then return south to say goodbye to my loved ones. In the meantime, return to your tribes."

They couldn't say a word, even though they felt a lump in their throat and couldn't help but make a frown, not liking the situation they were in.

None of them were afraid to die. They really wanted to help Vicente. But at the point they were at, they would be more in the way than helping the human flying in front of them.

Qiang said firmly, "I will go back to the tribe and gather my people to fight the monsters. Even if we can't help you directly, we'll help suppress the enemies so they can't advance any further south."

"Sigh! A great and long war is about to begin." Tenglin closed his eyes as he shook his head pessimistically. "The monsters and vampires have already left their mark on the continent. Even if we eliminate their leaders, it will take at least decades to reverse their destruction and domination.

Prepare your people for a long and difficult war, Vicente. After your ascension to the Supreme Continent, you can be sure of this: the continent will experience a Second Age of War."

The First Age of War had taken place tens of thousands of years ago, when humans, shortly after the elves created the method of Magic Awakening, joined forces with the Magicians Alliance to fight beasts and monsters.

At that time, humans lived hidden across the continent, and with few exceptions, their cities were small, rarely known beyond their own inhabitants and human allies. The continent itself was dominated by beasts and monsters, with less than 5% of the land under human control.

Wars, bloody battles, and the annihilation of human or even non-human settlements were the order of the day. Life was hard, cultivation was hard, everything was hard.

The First Age of War marked the end of a chaotic era and the beginning of the longest period of stability ever seen in Polaris Realm, with humans controlling over 70% of the continent's land and developing the society that would last until The Purification.

With The Purification, the situation on the continent today was more like it was before the First Age of War. Currently, humans controlled less than 20% of Polaris Realm!

Even if the core of the coalition of vampires and monsters fell today, the continent would not easily return to normal.

The hundreds of thousands of creatures who had expanded their territories in all directions would not simply retreat. Even if their leaders died, it wouldn't change much for them.

Humans had already lost too much in this disaster, and there were hardly any 5th and 6th stage individuals left.

Even after all of Minos' actions, the number of human specialists was still not even 1% of what it was before the disaster.

The loss of weak individuals was even worse. Without them to hold the reclaimed lands, even if the humans wanted to, they couldn't go back to the way they were before. At the very least, they would have to wait a few generations for new magicians to emerge and for some of the lost population to recover.

Vicente knew all this in his heart and couldn't help but regret the drastic reality Annie would grow up in.

Not being able to be there for her made him feel even worse, but he was a pragmatic man. If he didn't get stronger, he wouldn't be able to defeat Demien and it would be even worse for his family.

The only thing he could do was to keep moving forward to reach the indigo grade of his pentagrams!

"I'll prepare the human domains in the south for my absence. I'll leave enough structure to give them a chance to at least secure their territories."

That was Vicente's primary concern right now. He didn't care if the monsters all went back to the northwest of the continent, their ancestral home. Just driving them out of the south and reducing their dominance in the central region would be a victory for humanity in the medium term.

Anything beyond that was beyond Vicente's goals, something that would depend entirely on the humans left behind once he ascended to the Supreme Continent.

With that in mind, they continued their escape, traveling the next few hours with no problems. The first few days of their journey would be like this, until the time came for them to split up, each going their own way, promising to help each other in some way, even though they would be away from each other.

## Chapter 916 The Return of Demien Bloodthorne

In the heart of the territory of the vampires, a majestic palace covered with fog and frozen patches, a group of high-ranking vampires were gathered in a hall, the looks on their faces ugly, the movements of their mouths indicating problems.

Saliva dripped from the mouths of some of the talking individuals, some of them sitting, listening with concern visible in their eyes, others standing, their clenched fists resting on the large table between them.

Their pale faces, usually devoid of expression, were different today, even considering the experience of each of these elders.

Noble and powerful vampires, leaders of their tribes, newly promoted to the 6th stage, they did not express what they had expected eight years ago. Back then, at the beginning of The Purification, each one of them laughed and smiled at the winds of fate that were carrying them to victory, to the plans they had been preparing for thousands and thousands of years.

For a million years, vampires had lived in Polaris Realm, always being one of the strongest races, but never assuming the role of rulers. Escapes had marked their history, hiding places, secret actions, massacres, plans, and more failed plans.

Their plans for domination had existed since they had been keeping their records!

But they failed again and again, suffered the consequences of their defeats; they came close to extinction more than once.

But finally, a few thousand years ago, they had managed to get hold of one of the greatest geniuses in their history and had tricked the Congregation of Revelations into making a deal with them.

From that day on, their elders waited anxiously for The Purification to begin, and after millennia of preparation, it finally happened.

The plan for The Purification was so perfect that everyone in the room believed it would succeed, at least until eight years ago. After their awakening from seclusion, they should have the continent in their hands and should finally rule these lands where they were the most talented and powerful.

It was their birthright; they believed.

But in the middle of nowhere, in just eight years, a single human had thwarted their perfect plans!

"How could you lose Vicente Fuller? How could you be so incompetent? You had a fucking Master Archmage on your side!" said one of the more agitated elders.

A woman added. "This is unacceptable. Vicente Fuller must be looking for his 11th pentagram right now! How can we face our supreme leader with such bad news?"

"The worst has happened. Instead of having the continent in our hands, we have a bloody enemy capable of killing us! We have to stop everything we're doing and concentrate on hunting down Vicente Fuller."

While the elders shouted at each other, the individuals who had failed to deal with Vicente days ago could only stand silently with their heads bowed.

They had destroyed all of Vicente's armor. But by the time they had gotten rid of it and started searching for the enemy on that fateful day, it was too late. Even with a powerful monster at the late 6th stage next to them, they had lost track of the enemy.

Now, days had passed since Vicente's escape, and the vampire leaders of the monster coalition were angry, worried, and afraid of the future.

Amidst the shouting in the main hall of the vampire alliance headquarters in The Ivory Desert, a shadow suddenly appeared from one of the hall's six windows, followed by a flash of red lightning in the sky, marking his presence there for all to see.

Ka-boom!

Each of the 6th stage vampires turned their eyes in the same direction and closed their mouths as they realized the arrival of this Intermediate Archmage.

"Supreme Leader!"

Almost all of them said simultaneously as they came face to face with Demien Bloodthorne after years.

Each of them made their typical gestures of greeting, and the mood in the area instantly improved with the presence of the most powerful vampire in the history of Polaris Realm.

"I overheard some of your conversations. Vicente Fuller, huh? Is that the name of the magician who is hindering us?" the tall, strong man asked, his eyes shining with interest.

He had just come out of seclusion. His interest in the blood of a being as strong as Vicente seemed to be at an all-time high!

If the comments of his elders were to be trusted, then Vicente Fuller's blood could help him reach the Advanced Archmage level.

Demien believed that once he advanced to the next level, his pentagram of origin, which was currently cyan with many indigo traits, would become indigo and his advancement to the 7th stage would be within reach.

By then, even if the dragons and elves escaped the agreements he used to his advantage, they would not be able to stop him from doing whatever he wanted in Polaris Realm!

"Yes, Supreme Leader. Unfortunately, we were unable to stop him from growing so much. He is currently a Beginner Archmage with two magical forms, 10 pentagrams, 9 of them cyan and 1 green. However, we believe he is currently searching for his 11th pentagram. Given his abilities, he may already have it."

"Oh?" The man opened his mouth in interest, as he had never heard of such an interesting creature before.

"He is also a monstrous blacksmith, capable of creating artificial beings as strong as Archmages. Even if he doesn't confront us directly, the mere act of giving him time to create artifacts would be enough to disrupt our plans." One of the three women in the hall added.

"I see. Well, let's hunt down Vicente Fuller right away. I want all the 5th and 6th stage monsters and vampires focused on him. Leave everything else aside and focus on finding Vicente Fuller, understanding who he is, his background, his family, etc. If he wants to hide, we'll use something he has to force him to show himself." Demien said with a clever smile on his face, looking forward to meeting Vice.

"Yes!"

Everyone replied, putting aside the tension and nervousness of a few moments ago to start dividing up to carry out their master's orders.

They didn't know Vicente's exact background. For some reason, the Congregation of Revelations had no record of him. The only thing the monsters and vampires knew was that he had domains in the south of the continent, several of them around the entire southern region.

While the stronger ones were looking for his tracks in the north, it was time for the weaker creatures in the south to look for his story in such a region!

## Chapter 917 11th Pentagon

Two months later...

After months of traveling with allies, Vicente had separated from Qiang, Lonan, Acidbelly, and Tenglin a few weeks ago.

Qiang and Lonan had gone to the central region together to gradually return to fighting vampires and monsters. Acidbelly and Tenglin went to Majestic Treefrog Grove to return to their respective tribes.

Since monsters and vampires had surrounded Majestic Treefrog Grove for the past few years, the two planned a slow and cautious journey back to their tribes. But with Vicente alive and on the loose in the north of the continent, the two were almost certain that the situation around their ancestral region was no longer the same.

Vicente was now alone, having spent the last few weeks traveling alone in search of his 11th pentagram. During his time traveling alone, he had avoided all the battles in his path, dodging monsters and vampires, using his skills to outwit his opponents, until he finally arrived where he was now.

In the northeast of the northern region, he was now meditating, sitting on the corpse of a gigantic beast.

A cyan pentagram hung over his body as he completed the steps of absorbing another essence into his first magical form.

Ignoring the vast and infinite sea in front of him, as well as the sunny and warm day it was today, Vicente felt his sixth essence of magnetic power merge perfectly with the rest of his magical foundation.

His mana avatar, now fully mature, pulsed energetically as the sixth space within it filled, while Vicente's new pentagram enriched his magical form.

For a moment, the three natural pentagrams of this magical form trembled, more indigo lines and symbols appearing on them, making them less and less cyan.

Vicente trembled as he felt this, fearing this absorption would take him to the next grade and take him off this continent.

But when the pentagram absorption process was over, fortunately, he didn't experience any qualitative evolution in any of the three pentagrams.

'That was close.' Vicente opened his eyes and felt sweat dripping from his forehead, down his cheeks, and onto his neck. 'When I absorb the pentagram from the throne, I won't be as lucky as I was today.'

The pentagrams of one magical form could hardly affect the other magical form. When he absorbed new essences into one of the magical forms, there was a small leakage of power that could subtly improve the quality of his pentagrams formed by special phenomena. But normally, only the magical form that received a new pentagram had access to such improvements.

17:57

When he would go absorb the sixth pentagram from the throne, Vicente was almost certain that only the pentagrams from the throne would undergo a qualitative evolution, while those of his magnetic form would remain as they were or evolve little.

'If I'm lucky, my next pentagram won't make me reach the indigo grade and I'll still have a chance to live a while longer in Polaris Realm.'

That was Vicente's current hope, not to improve as much as he thought he would by taking his 12th pentagram.

But he found it difficult that his qualitative breakthrough would not happen. As far as his throne pentagrams seemed to advance, his first pentagram of this magical form was already at a more advanced point than those of his first magical form before the absorption of today's pentagram.

In other words, it would only take one more move for it to evolve!

"Sigh! I need to get back south as soon as possible while I still can." He stood up from where he was and looked at the peaceful sea ahead of him, feeling the breeze blowing against him.

Feeling he had no time to lose, he clenched one of his fists as his new pentagram, completely cyan, formed around one of his wrists.

The moment the cyan essence formed, Vicente's, and the free mana in the air distorted. Then, the space immediately in front of him lost all its molecules. A small black dot emerged from the vacuum, growing in size until it formed an oval portal large enough for Vicente to pass through.

He did what he had to do and crossed the space to an area thousands of kilometers away from his position.

'I will take care of the damned traitors and then return to the southern region. Time to spend one last time with the family!'

He decided as he passed through the wormhole, quickly reaching an area in the north of the continent where the last Dark Path sects allied with the vampires were located.

A journey that would have taken him weeks took Vicente only a few seconds, and he couldn't help but smile as he thanked his luck for finding the beast that had given him his sixth pentagram.

But he didn't think much of it. As soon as he reached the area where one of the two headquarters that had yet to fall were located, he checked where he was, how far away his targets were, and the presence of troublesome beings.

With his current powers, Vicente didn't need more than a few seconds of observation and soon flew towards a mountain 15 kilometers away from his position.

The mana in the area changed as metallic elements in the air and metallic objects on the ground fell under his control.

With a smile on his face, he unleashed his full power using his first magical form, and in the blink of an eye, millions of metallic particles spread out neatly over an area of several square kilometers. Forming something like a dome, Vicente connected the metallic dots and the mana at his disposal, making the area invisible, the signals inside the dome completely impossible to feel outside of it.

'The 6th stage is truly magnificent. The level of my magical understanding is almost at its peak!'

He moved to make sure no one would understand what he was doing before he left this place.

The moment he moved, metal weapons formed around the entire mountain, and the grandiose structure marked by its prominent vegetation shook, while the buildings built inside the mountain cracked under his power.

All the members of the sect based there realized the approaching disaster, but it was too late for them. Even with several Archmages on guard, a massacre would take place there in the next few minutes.

But only Vicente would know about it. The people in this place would be exterminated, leaving behind screams and extreme signs that would be felt by no one but the victims' own executioner.

In the end, after collecting everything of value to him, Vicente left, heading for the headquarters of the last traitorous human organization, a force he still wanted to exterminate!

Chapter 918 Back Home

Two weeks later...

Demien Bloodthorne was flying over the headquarters of an ancient organization of Dark Path magians, one of the oldest forces on the continent until their extinction ten days ago.

Until ten days ago, the Doomarrows, an ancient ally of the vampires with a combined history of at least 6,000 years, had shown its last sign of 'life' in its last contact with the coalition of monsters and vampires.

Dark Path magicians worked hand in hand with the monsters and vampires to find Vicente Fuller's current location. However, they had been unsuccessful for the past two and a half months.

Since their last contact, the Doomarrows had not stopped giving feedback to the coalition, so Demien and three elders had taken the trouble to travel to the sect's old headquarters.

But as soon as they arrived there and saw the destruction of the old organization's headquarters, the three 6th stage vampires understood what had happened.

"Seems like our target passed through this area," one of them sighed, his eyes scanning the remnants of what was once a magnificent mountain. Now, all that remained was a massive crater, strewn with evidence of a fierce battle—bloodstains, scattered signs of combat, and a handful of decaying corpses.

"Is he looking for our allies?" Demien frowned, trying to understand the mind of his enemy. "What exactly is his goal?"

"Vicente Fuller is a magician of the Dark Path. Let's not forget that. For him, this could be an act of punishment for the traitors of his race."

"Or it could be something more... to disrupt us, undermine our forces, and get to us. Let's not forget how valuable our blood is to him," the other vampire Archmage argued as he looked at his colleague.

"It would be foolish of him to underestimate us. Despite his strength, he stands no chance against our alliance."

"No, let's not underestimate him," Demien interrupted the argument between his two companions. "Vicente Fuller may be seeking revenge, but there's a possibility that he's genuinely attempting to undermine our strength and weaken us. It's best if we prepare for the worst-case scenario."

"In that case, what should we do?" The one who was most concerned about Vicente's freedom asked.

"We..." As Demien was about to speak, a giant bat suddenly appeared in the sky and a moment later took the form of a woman with pale skin and black hair.

"Elders, and supreme leader, I bring urgent news," the newly arrived vampire said, drawing grimaces from the three men watching the ruins left by Vicente.

"What happened?"

She explained without sympathy. "Strangers of the Spear, as well as the sect of Dark Path magicians below us, have also fallen. We've just been contacted by a group of observers searching for Vicente Fuller. They discovered ruins like this among us, at the headquarters of our allies!"

Demien and the two elders frowned and remained silent for a moment, pondering Vicente's actions against them.

With the fall of the Strangers of the Spear and the ancient sect below them, the last of their human allies had been wiped out!

It wasn't exactly a fatal blow to their coalition, as the Dark Path magicians made up less than 1% of their numbers. Still, these magicians were helpful, had good powers, and most importantly, couldn't deceive them.

Losing them was a bigger blow than it seemed on the surface!

"Vicente Fuller!" Demien gritted his teeth, shaking with rage at the thought of his damned enemy.

"Did he leave any trace?" one elder asked, worried.

"No. Based on the change in metals found in the rocks of this area, we can confirm he was the one who took action here. However, for us, it appears he mysteriously appeared here, carried out his actions, and then vanished in the same manner he arrived. His destination and the exact timing of the incident remain unknown to us."

The two elders with Beginner Archmage cultivation looked at each other, imagining the worst.

"He may have already absorbed his eleventh pentagram. He advanced one level weeks ago and has been missing ever since. It's more than enough for him to have strengthened by now." Demien said, his tone deep and not as optimistic as it used to be.

He wasn't afraid of Vicente, but the longer the human could roam the continent, the less chance they had of successfully hunting him down.

If it came to where Vicente couldn't be stopped, then it would only be a matter of time before the boy defeated them!

"We have to move. Let's go to the south. If he doesn't show himself, we'll force him to move to save his own domains." Demien decided, having received the news about Vicente's domains days ago, he already knew there were people important to his enemy in the south.

He still needed more detailed information about the enemy, but the names of Vicente's loved ones should be discovered by his men in the next few days or weeks!

The newly arrived woman left as soon as she heard her leader's decision, and the two elders stayed with Demien for a few more moments before they left as well.

It was time for them to bring the terror of the 6th stage vampires to the south of Polaris Realm!

...

As Demien and his men began their journey to the south of Polaris Realm, Vicente arrived in his region after over two years after he left home.

Having dealt with the two remaining sects of treacherous Dark Path magicians on the continent, he embarked on his journey back south. His intention was to spend his last days in Polaris Realm, where he could be reunited with his family.

Something told him he would soon face Demien Bloodthorne and then reach his time limit in Polaris Realm.

Now Vicente was no longer afraid of dying to Demien, but of not being able to live with his family. So he returned to his region, taking only a week to leave the far north and reach the Chutha Dynasty.

Even with his new ability, he wasn't powerful enough to open a wormhole between the far north and the far south of the continent. His new ability was incredible, but it required a lot of mana from its user.

Unless Vicente was an Advanced Archmage, he wouldn't be able to make this journey in one trip.

Even so, the journey that would have taken him six months or more if he had flown took him only a few days.

Upon his arrival in the capital of the Chutha Dynasty, he was well aware that Lauren was there, thanks to the rumors he had heard a few days earlier in the Kingdom of Eternal Dawn.

Curious to see his sister, he made a quick stop before heading to Metal City!

## Chapter 919 Vicente's Plan

Stopping in the Chutha Dynasty's capital this afternoon, Vicente passed through the city's defenses, passing through the area surrounded and guarded by hundreds of warriors.

The place was many times larger than when he'd left it about five years ago. It had stronger men, more areas under human control, plantations in areas that hadn't existed before, etc.

The trains had arrived in the dynasty, while the area of the capital was larger, with more houses built on practically all sides of this large urban agglomeration.

Several warriors saw and felt Vicente's arrival, many leaving their places to watch the Archmage flying through the city, some at windows and balconies.

Lauren also noticed a powerful presence and soon found herself outside the royal palace.

"Vicente..." A surge of joy washed over her, causing her cheeks to flush with warmth. Her lips curled into a delicate smile, a glimmer of happiness that sparkled in her eyes.

The surrounding men gestured their respect to Vicente. He was not only the Queen's brother and an Archmage but also the one who had given them all the weapons that had brought them here alive.

"Venerable Fuller!"

Vicente waved to a few men he already knew, ignoring the others as he walked over to Lauren shortly after landing in front of the royal palace.

"Lauren." He stopped in front of her, taking a good look at his dear older sister, now a High-level Paragon.

Vicente could sense from the aura surrounding his sister that she had benefited from the superior vampire organs he had been sending south for the past two years.

"Vicente, did you eliminate Demien? Is that why you finally came back?" She touched his face with her hands while he massaged her shoulders.

Before he could even answer her, Lauren felt Vicente's expression change, with serious and worried expression forming on his face.

"Unfortunately not. There are things I need to talk to you about. Things that could change everything for the continent, for better or for worse."

Sensing the gravity of his words, she shook her head in concern and sighed. But she didn't hesitate to show her brother the way. "Let's go inside and talk in a proper place."

The two walked on, while the men in the area slowly returned to their jobs, despite the curiosity each of them now had about Vicente's stories.

When Vicente and Lauren entered the Queen's exclusive living room, the two sat side by side on a red sofa decorated with gold lines and royal symbols.

The opulent surroundings dazzled the senses, as the air was filled with the intoxicating fragrance of rare flowers adorning exquisite vases. Grand paintings of ancient figures from the dynasty adorned the walls, transporting one to a bygone era.

Vicente looked at the place for a moment until he spoke of what was important to his sister, "Lauren, soon I won't be in Polaris Realm anymore."

"What do you mean?" she asked as her eyes shifted, worried about what those words meant.

With a sigh, he expressed, "Perhaps I'll meet my demise, or perhaps I'll be cast away from the Polaris Realm..." Hastily, he briefed Lauren on the Supreme Continent and the fate of the Magus. "...In the event that befalls me, even if I yearn to lend a hand, I won't possess the means to do so. At that moment, you'll be left to confront the vampire and monster predicament on the continent all by yourself."

Lauren's facial muscles twitched, mirroring her deepening pessimism for the future of humans in Polaris Realm. Yet, amidst her growing concern, she couldn't shake the nagging worry about her younger brother.

Lauren didn't want Vicente to die, but she also didn't want him to be suddenly taken to an unknown land where he would be alone and without the advantages he had in Polaris Realm.

In Polaris Realm, Vicente was already one of the strongest men. Even with the enemies he had today, he could come and go across the continent without immense danger to his existence. But in a place like the Supreme Continent, where even a Magus was no big deal, he could easily die if he encountered an 8th stage being!

"Can't you just set aside your quest for the 12th pentagram? If you don't absorb it, you won't evolve, right?" She asked, her tone hurried and filled with concern.

He shook his head in denial. "I'm afraid it's not that simple. The truth is that Demien Bloodthorne is strong, a monster, so to speak. He's already an Intermediate Archmage, so strong that I don't know if I'll be able to stand up to him with my current powers.

But there's a problem with me getting stronger even without a new pentagram. With the magical quality of my current pentagrams, it is possible for me to advance qualitatively even without absorbing a new pentagram. On the other hand, if I don't keep getting stronger, I might not defeat Demien."

He laughed bitterly as he described his complicated situation to Lauren. If he stopped, he could be killed. But if he grew stronger, he might be expelled from the continent sooner than he would like. Either way, his time was short, and he had to prepare himself to be gone from his family in a few months.

Lauren stood up, clenching her fists, not liking the prospect at all. "So? What do we do?"

"Fortunately, I've advanced not only in power but also in understanding. I can now create 6th stage robotic armor. I want to focus my last moments with my family on creating a powerful army. If I fall or am expelled from the continent, I will have left methods for you to fight the damned vampires.

Regarding Demien Bloodthorne, I am determined to ensure his demise, even if it means I must perish alongside him."

Vicente stood and took one of Lauren's hands. "That's where you come in. Come with me to hunt Demien Bloodthorne. I want you to absorb his blood after I kill him so you can become an Archmage!

By then, you'll be one of the strongest on the continent, enough to stop the other 6th stage vampires!"

## Chapter 920 Lauren's Recovery

"Do you want me to strengthen myself with the result of your sacrifice?" Lauren asked, her heart beating fast in her chest.

Seeing the tears flowing from his sister's eyes, down her pale cheeks and onto her dress, Vicente narrowed his eyes, not expecting this from the cold Lauren.

"Lauren... It's not about what I want, it's about what we can do. Either we do this or the family will be destroyed. I won't be here in a few years, maybe months." His voice was unwavering, cutting into Lauren's heart as she found herself in this horrible situation once again.

"No! I can't lose anyone else!" She cried as she hugged him tightly, trembling with fear. "You can't think like that, Vicente. Let's fight side by side! The two of us against Demien. You can stop cultivating and we'll defeat him together."

Sensing that something was wrong, Vicente grabbed his sister's face and looked at her more closely, seeing her beautiful but now very sad face.

Her lips were pressed together, her eyes were red. The veins in her forehead were bulging, while the temperature in her head was boiling.

She shivered and said, "I remember everything already." Her voice was shaky, her heartbeat so fast that Vicente could hear it. "I remembered everything. It happened when Annie was born."

Vicente opened his mouth but said nothing, watching his sister in silence, his eyebrows knitted together.

"Why?" he asked after a moment.

"I feel... I am ashamed of the things I have done. I-I'm not proud of the things I've done or said." She turned her face away, tears flowing even more from her opaque eyes.

"It wasn't your fault. They controlled you, brainwashed you, and ordered you to do terrible things!" Vicente raised his tone, showing her she shouldn't hate herself.

But deep in his heart, he was happy to have his sister back before he left; another relief for him.

"I'm not sure..."

"It's good that you remember everything. Nina and Annie will need you when I'm gone. It will be your duty to protect them and ensure the continuity of the family," he said deeply, returning to her major topic after her revelation.

"What if I fall too?" She asked. "You won't be here to support me and I might not even survive your fight with Demien."

"If that happens, may the gods have mercy on the continent. Not only humans, but all living things in our land will eventually succumb to death," he said in a stern tone, leaving no room for debate.

He sat down again and said in a whiter tone, "But that won't happen so easily. Although I'm not sure of my current strength compared to his, I'm difficult to face. If I feel I don't stand a chance against him, I will flee with you so that we can become stronger. There are several 6th stage vampires on the continent right now. It will be enough for me to kill one of them to make us both stronger."

Unable to argue, Lauren could only sit back and go along with her brother's plans.

"All right. When exactly do we leave?"

"I don't know. It could be a week, a month, or a year. I think the enemies are looking for ways to find me. Sooner or later, they will try to use my family against me. So the moment they show themselves in the south of the continent, it will be time for us to move." He anticipated the enemy's movements.

"This is worrying. How are we going to guarantee Nina and Annie's safety?" She asked in a worried tone.

"Through my robotic armor. My sixth ability can create distortions in space that can shorten long distances. I'll prepare an escape system and some robotic armor to be ready to take them away as soon as danger appears near them.

Demien won't act against them directly, because he'll be chasing me or confronting me. It's his minions that will do that. But my armor is fast enough to outrun them."

She believed her brother, despite the uncertainty of the method.

"That's all we can do. Against Demien Bloodthorne, we can only take our chances. There are no foolproof plans against him." He admitted the worst.

"That's a shame..." She sighed in defeat, feeling that much blood would have to be shed before there would be peace in Polaris Realm.

"Alright, let's do what you suggest. I hope the future isn't like you imagine it to be," she said.

Vicente sighed with a mysterious smile on his face. "Me too."

She stood up and suggested, "In that case, you'd better get back to the Seidel Kingdom while there's still time. Prepare as many methods as you can. There's no time to lose."

"Yes, I'll do that. But first, I have to give you a gift." He stood up as his Magic Gems glowed brightly, the mana in the environment changing instantly.

Lauren frowned, feeling her brother's immense power. "A gift?"

The six pentagrams of Vicente's first magical form emerged from his body, while the Dragon's Amulet also went into action.

"It's time for you to see again, Lauren!" He said with a sincere smile on his face as light gradually emerged from the darkness for the black-haired woman, who gradually saw her surroundings after almost two decades of total darkness.

At first, she saw the surroundings of the room, which were very blurry, with many shadows and a few colors. But in less than a minute of Vicente's powers working, the sharpness, brightness, and range of her vision increased significantly.

She opened her eyes wide as she once again saw Vicente. She saw her brother's majestic configuration of pentagrams, six pentagrams, five cyan—three of them almost indigo—and one green.

But what caught her attention most was the face of her brother, who currently looked very much like the junior version of their father, Andrew.

"Vicente..." She murmured happily, unable to hold back her tears at finally being able to see him again.

While his sister cried, Vicente felt close to fulfilling all his duties as brother and head of the family. "When I get back to Seidel Kingdom, I'll make sure Nina gets her hearing."

His current powers were so high that even though he had thought it impossible to cure his sisters of their ailments, he could now give them the sight and hearing they had lost over two decades ago.