

The Witch 711

Chapter 711: The Verbal Conflict in the Main Square

"There hasn't been any progress on Divine Sword City," Eniwse shook her head with a helpless sigh.

"In fact, my plans to expand the Shadow Witch Order's intelligence network throughout all twelve city-states of the Divine League had come to a standstill. None of these city-states seem to take kindly to outsiders entering their territory."

"Whether they are merchants or travelers, witches or regular men, anyone that steps into their domain will be secretly tracked and eventually killed. I lost many good witches just to understand this much," Eniwse said disappointedly.

"That's rather suspicious," Astoria rubbed her chin thoughtfully before guessing, "It seems they are either trying to hide something very important or extremely wary of outside threats."

"It might even be both reasons," Astoria further guessed.

"That is also what I suspect," Eniwse nodded and said, "Just Divine Sword City alone possesses some extremely powerful individuals called Sword Masters. High Witches are just little lambs in front of them."

"However, their power doesn't come from themselves but the swords they wield. These divine swords have incredible sharpness and force. Some even have mystical abilities. It really makes one wonder how they are made."

"The Divine League must be trying to protect the secret method to producing these kinds of divine weapons. It might be the only thing keeping their alliance strong and deterring their powerful neighbors from invading them," Eniwse speculated.

"I thought you only knew the Divine League removes all outsiders entering their domain?" Astoria asked, raising an eyebrow.

"It is the only fact I know for certain. The rest is just speculation," Eniwse replied.

"I see," Astoria uttered. After pondering for a moment, she rummaged through some pile of files on her desk before pulling out some 200-year-old papers and handing them over. "The information in these papers might interest you, Lady Eniwse."

"What kind of information are they?" Eniwse accepted the old papers and started skimming over the contents.

"Just some trade routes the Holy Knight Empire uses to reach the Free Federation. Of course, the newer routes avoid the borders of the twelve city-states belonging to the Divine League," Astoria answered.

"It seems the empire's trade routes had been altered numerous times over the course of two hundred years. I see. The Divine League was formed during the Holy Knight Empire's aggressive expansion period," Eniwse understood before nodding, "Indeed, this kind of information is useful to me."

"That's some impressive analytical power. You understood that much so quickly at a glance," Astoria praised.

Eniwse replied with a slight smile and didn't comment.

Silence returned to the room as Astoria and Eniwse returned to their work.

Astoria read through a pile of letters of complaints, daily reports, civil to national concerns, and miscellaneous suggestions from officials. On the other hand, Eniwse screened for talents from the witch sanctuaries to recruit into her Shadow Witch Order.

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Meanwhile, the Vaanatics and Vahnmaniacs continued to cause a disturbance in the holy city's main square as they engaged in their verbal war.

"Ptui!" a thug-like Vahnmaniac spat and rolled up her ragged sleeves before barking, "What do you mean only chaste witches will enter Lord Vahn's eyes and receive his divine blessings?!"

"Hmph, Bitch! Who the hell are you to say such a thing?! How dare you dirty our savior's name with such words! I don't know who you think you are, but I will not tolerate anyone making our savior sound like a big, lustful pervert!"

"Our savior is the most compassionate man in this world! He sees the right and wrong in this world and does not turn a blind eye to the injustice and darkness that plague this land. Even filthy witches like us, who are not worth anything and are no different from the dirt on the ground, are worthy of his salvation."

"Lord Vahn does not discriminate between those he saves! His compassion reaches out to all who are suffering and unfortunate. Hmph! How can he be the same as those scums that lust for chaste beauty?!" the thug-like Vahnmaniac snorted with contempt.

In her eyes, the words that came out of the Vaanatics were no different from the fart coming out of her ass.

"Y-You... uneducated swine! Since when did we say Lord Vaan was a big pervert that lusts after chaste beauties?! You are completely twisting our words!" a virgin Vaanatic seethed angrily.

"We only said that the most devoted and chaste witches will have the chance to earn Lord Vaan's smile and receive his blessings! Who doesn't know the story of Lord Vaan raising thousands of High Witches to overturn the tides of war? Do you think just anyone can receive his blessing and become a High Witch overnight?!"

"Even if countless beautiful naked witches lined up to warm his bed, he might not even glance at any of them! Only the chosen ones will enter his eyes and receive powers others can't even dream of obtaining, even if they work hard for a lifetime! Do you think anyone can do something like that?!"

"Lord Vaan was born to rule over us and help us rise! He is the Lord of Witches. That's why, as witches, we must always keep ourselves chaste and devout to Lord Vaan! His smile grants us salvation, and his blessing allows us to overcome all obstacles!" the virgin Vaanatic ardently preached.

However, the Vahnmaniacs were even more unhappy to hear such words.

"Nonsense! Your words make no sense! Lord Vahn is our savior! He saved us when we had nothing but dirt-stained bodies and rags for wear! Is this not the smile of Lord Vahn you speak of? Hmph!" another thug-like Vahnmaniac snorted.

"Just because you look a little cleaner than us, that gives you the right to be better than us? Because we are dirty, Lord Vahn will never look at us? Who the hell do you think you are? Are you looking down on us?"

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As the Vaanatics and Vahnmaniacs verbally fought, a priest from the Sun God Temple was hiding in the corner of the main square, observing the situation with a guilty look.

In fact, today's verbal conflict between the two extremist groups was caused by him when he asked a dirty young girl in ragged clothes, "Have you heard of our Lord and Savior, Sun God Vahn?"

He just wanted to spread his faith.

Who would have known the person he randomly picked on the streets would be a Vahnmaniac? Who would have also known the person would fiercely criticize him and be overheard by a Vaanatic?

The priest only hoped the frustrated store owners in the main square wouldn't find out the truth and direct their anger at him.

Chapter 712: Taunts & Rage

Back in the imperial capital of the Great Ratholos Empire, death continued to ravage the streets and instill terror into every home. The surprise attack from Great Devil Abaddon's domain inflicted great casualties on the common populace, but only during the initial period.

After all, the Great Ratholos Empire was a nation of powerful warriors, and the imperial capital was the heart of the country. Every home had at least one Rank 3 Body Refiner. Dealing with Vampiric Demon Bats wasn't an issue for them.

Most of the casualties within the great city comprised untrained witches, women, and children below ten years of age.

The actual casualties of warriors were very few, and even then, they were mostly the results of getting swarmed by several hundred bats or acts of self-sacrifice to save their families.

However, the waves of Vampiric Demon Bats were only the first phase of attacks from Great Devil Abaddon's domain.

Vampiric Demon Bats were ranked at the very bottom of the vampire hierarchy. They were lesser creatures of darkness and the root of the vampire race, but that also made them the weakest within the group.

Without special circumstances, opportunities, or evolution, Vampiric Demon Bats would never grow beyond Rank 3, and most were generally between Rank 0 and Rank 1.

In Great Devil Abaddon's domain, these Vampiric Demon Bats were only considered cannon fodders – Scouts sent to sweep the imperial capital's trash and detect impure blood.

They were simply cleaners, doomed to die blood-testing for the higher-rank vampires who wished to avoid contracting blood diseases from the humans.

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Ding!

Emperor Varan swung his treasured sword, the Rank 5 Blue Fang, down on Noble Vampire Kazamir with all his strength and body weight—only to be casually stopped by the nail tip on one of the latter's fingers.

At the same time, a small crack appeared on the Rank 5 Blue Fang, which was refined from the sharp teeth of a Rank 5 Mutant Shark.

"Is this the best shot you got, Emperor of the Humans?" Noble Vampire Kazamir asked uninterestedly with one arm behind his back.

"You're proving to be far too disappointing. If you can't even defeat me, the weakest of my group, your city is doomed to fall, Emperor of the Humans."

With that said, Noble Vampire Kazamir exerted some force into his finger and flung Emperor Varan several dozen meters away.

After Emperor Varan recovered to his feet and glanced at the damage on his Rank 5 Blue Fang, he snorted, "You underestimate my empire too much. There are others stronger than me!"

Bam!

Emperor Varan stomped the ground, catapulting himself toward Noble Vampire Kazamir. His body spun three times in mid-air as he gathered centrifugal force and momentum and compressed his aura simultaneously.

Aura Blast!

At the moment of contact between the blade of Emperor Varan's Rank 5 Blue Fang and Noble Vampire Kazamir's sharpened nails, the compressed aura erupted spontaneously.

In that instant, Noble Vampire Kazamir's already surprised expression became even more wonderful to behold.

The force of Emperor Varan's sword swing was already 20% stronger than the last attack. But the aura eruption instantly increased that number to 120% power!

Ka-cha!

Under the forceful attack, the cracks on Emperor Varan's Rank 5 Blue Fang became even more evident. At the same time, Noble Vampire Kazamir's five nails all shattered.

The Rank 5 Blue Fang continued its trajectory and cleanly sliced off half of Noble Vampire Kazamir's right hand, prompting him to retreat from Emperor Varan with a leap to draw some safe distance.

Nevertheless, Noble Vampire Kazamir didn't seem particularly concerned about his injury. Blood gushed out of his wound to retrieve his severed hand. Within moments, his severed hand was reconnected and healed.

"It seems I have underestimated you, Emperor of the Humans. However, you must also know that there are at least ninety-nine stronger vampires than me," Noble Vampire Kazamir calmly spoke with elegance, but he was, in truth, boiling with rage inside.

He couldn't believe a mere human could harm his noble body and ruin his pretty nails. It was a disgrace to a member of the Blood Ancestor's Night Parade.

"I'll worry about that when the time comes. Right now, I only care about slaying you," Emperor Varan grinned and said, "And by the looks of it, I have a pretty good chance. You might be stronger than me, but you lack experience."

"Did you only train and learn how to posture with livestock back in your home?" Emperor Varan taunted audaciously.

His opponent was strong, but not to the point that they could block his attacks as casually as they appeared on the surface. The vampire definitely used a considerable amount of blood energy to strengthen his body.

"Audacious!" Noble Vampire Kazamir snapped as he could no longer hold back his anger, not after hearing the last line. "I treated you with respect, and yet, you dare spit on my face and insult me?!"

"You're just a mere human! Who allowed to act so insolent in front of this Noble One?!" Noble Vampire Kazamir howled furiously.

His blood energy seethed along with his emotion and overflowed outside his body, surging like raging tides; it caused the ground to shake and the air to tremble.

Emperor Varan had no doubt that Noble Vampire Kazamir's following attacks would be far too powerful for him to receive. In fact, if he wasn't careful, he might even die in a single strike.

However, Noble Vampire Kazamir's unstable state of mind also made his moves more predictable.

Emperor Varan couldn't beat Noble Vampire Kazamir in raw power, but that didn't mean Noble Vampire Kazamir was undefeatable. His body was still made of flesh and could still be cut with a sharp sword.

Emperor Varan believed he only needed a single opening to cut off Noble Vampire Kazamir's source of life and end his life.

"Hahaha! I am the great emperor of this human nation! Why can't I act boldly and unrestrained to those beneath me?! You can act high and mighty while you are still standing, but I'll be the one to make you kneel to this emperor!" Emperor Varan continued his taunts.

Noble Vampire Kazamir's gaze became frighteningly cold with sharp killing intent.

"You are... courting death!!"

Chapter 713: Do You Need a Hand?

Boom!

Just as the Noble Vampire Kazamir cursed Emperor Varan to die, a body came crashing into their battlefield like a cannonball, creating a small crater. Shortly after, a person crawled out.

Emperor Varan's gaze zoomed in on the pale-skinned person with a heavy heart; it was another vampire—one with a stronger aura than Noble Vampire Kazamir.

Meanwhile, Kazamir's rage slightly cooled down by the sudden interruption. He quickly recognized the crashlanded vampire and became surprised.

It was Lord Grimbald, the Noble Vampire holding the fifty-eighth rank in the Night Parade. He was a Late-stage Demigod. Even if his strength was suppressed to Mid-stage Demigod, no one in the Great Ratholos Empire should be his opponent.

"Lord Grimbald, who sent you crashing here? Did you underestimate your foe?" Kazamir asked with surprise, respect, annoyance, and even glee.

He was glad he wasn't the only vampire to be humiliated by inferior beings.

However, Lord Grimbald did not respond to Kazamir. His expression was distorted with fear before he turned tail and fled. Kazamir and Emperor Varan were both startled by such a sight.

Who could reduce such a noble and dignified vampire to such a pathetic and fearful state? – They both wondered.

Nevertheless, their question was shortly answered.

Lord Grimbald did not make it far before a ghostly human appeared directly in front of him and grabbed at his head with his deathly hand.

"N-Nooo!" Lord Grimbald cried with his eyes filled with dread and desperation.

Lord Grimbald wanted to halt his steps and flee in a different direction, but Vaan's hand moved faster than he could react, latching straight onto his face.

A wisp of nothingness drilled into Lord Grimbald's head and scattered his soul, damning him to eternal death.

Shortly after Lord Grimbald died, Vaan casually pocketed his corpse, counted his kills, and then glanced back at Emperor Varan.

"Do you need a hand?" Vaan asked considerately, thinking Emperor Varan was struggling and could use the help.

However, Emperor Varan almost staggered with fright.

"Yes... N-No! Definitely a no! I'm alright, Senior!" Emperor Varan replied timidly, completely mistaking Vaan's intention as he recalled how his hand took the vampire's life with a simple touch.

He had never seen such a frightening and bizarre scene.

Were these immortal-like vampires so easy to kill? Who was he? Where did he come from? Did the vampires accidentally summon a death god due to their killing spree?

Countless questions ran through Emperor Varan's mind, but no one was there to answer them.

Vaan departed the moment he received Emperor Varan's answer.

It was disrespectful to interrupt another person's duel. He didn't care enough about Emperor Varan's life or death to intervene anyway. In fact, Emperor Varan's death was even more beneficial to him—or, at the very least, it would be after they overcome Abaddon's crisis.

Vaan disappeared through the void to catch his next runaway vampire.

After the bats went crazy and attacked the high-ranking vampire group, the vampires all scattered and ran as they gave up fighting him; they figured it wasn't possible to defeat him, so they chose to treasure their lives.

When faced with an impossible situation that would result in death, it was almost instinctive for all life to seek other means of survival. It seemed the vampires were no exception to this; they were also living beings.

Nevertheless, to choose life over honor, it seemed he had hit the vampires hard.

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While hunting the fleeing vampires, Vaan also kept track of the young dragon elites' battles throughout the imperial capital with his Fourth Dimensional Sense.

After his Omni-Sense upgraded to Fourth Dimensional Sense, his detection range had increased tenfold and practically covered the entire megacity. As such, he was aware of everything happening within.

With a single thought, he would appear to the dragons' rescue if they needed it.

However, the young dragon elites' did not disappoint his expectations. They were proving to be worthy of geniuses from their clan.

Even though they were facing far stronger opponents, they were holding their ground and had yet to lose. That said, that time was drawing infinitely close as their mana depleted and their fatigue accumulated.

'It seems Fraegar will be the first to lose,' Vaan noticed.

In that instant, he immediately halted his hunt. He leaped through space, appearing in the vicinity of Fraegar's battle with the seventy-third-rank Noble Vampire, Velorina.

Ding!

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[Target's information]

Name: Velorina Avici

Race: Vampire

Class: Middle Noble

Age: over 3300 Gehennan Years

Position: Seventy-third rank in the Blood Ancestor's Night Parade

Existence Level: Middle-stage Demigod (Suppressed to Early-stage Demigod)

Abilities: [Blood Control] [Shadow Manipulation] [Regeneration] [Blood Puppet] [Charm]
[Regrowth] [Blood Rejuvenation] [Shadow Step] [Assimilation]

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Vaan briefly checked Velorina's information, and he had to admit she had some impressive abilities.

In particular, [Assimilation] possessed the most promising potential. It was an ability that allowed Velorina to assimilate the body parts of other living beings to inherit their traits.

Such an ability could have taken Velorina very far in the physical aspect.

Unfortunately, seeing how Velorina retained the standard appearance of a beautiful female vampire, it was clear that she did not utilize her gift well.

She could have been a much more powerful vampire, but her vampire aesthetics held her back.

She chose beauty over power.

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Ding!

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[Target's information]

Name: Fraegar

Race: Red Dragon

Class: N/A

Age: 298 Pangean Years

Position: Rank 47 of the top 50 geniuses within the Red Dragon Clan's fourth-generation

Existence Level: Early-stage Transcendent

Abilities: [Draconic Might] [Magic Mastery] [Physical Enhancement] [Dragon Tongue] [Rune Understanding] [Forbidden Spell]

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Indeed, it was clear that Fraegar was at a severe disadvantage after looking at her information. She was much younger than Velorina, and her strength was far beneath hers.

However, Fraegar held her ground against Velorina for over an hour.

Even though the other party didn't go all-out against Fraegar from the start, holding on for so long against an opponent an entire rank above her was already an impressive feat in and of itself.

Nevertheless, what surprised Vaan was Fraegar's age; she was younger than the Red Dragon Clan's history in Pangea.

In other words, she was a purebred Pangean Dragon, a native of the current chaosverse. Her talents would be different from those of the older generations of her clan, just like the Fire Dragon God hoped for its future descendants.

Vaan was curious how far she could grow and how she would differ from Chaos-born Red Dragons.

Chapter 714: Fraegar's Resolve

At that moment, Fraegar's draconic body was filled with wounds. She had several dozen broken scales, and blood spewed out of her exposed flesh. Her current state was far from the proud majesty a true dragon should have.

However, she had a tenacious, unbending will that refused to submit to a greater power. She would die before she bowed her head, and as long as a single breath remained in her, she would keep fighting until the end.

Nevertheless, despite her bloody and gruesome sight, Fraegar's wounds couldn't be considered severe. They were only surface wounds.

Evidently, Velorina enjoyed toying with Fraegar, torturing her slowly like a cruel hunter who took pleasure in making its prey suffer.

Although Velorina expressed her interest in taking Fraegar's scales to embellish her beauty, what she truly enjoyed was ravaging other flowers whenever she saw them.

Through their battle, Fraegar learned that Velorina was a psychotic bitch with an extensive yet envious view of beauty. She would ruin everything remotely associated with beauty so she could be the only one.

Truly a vampire with a loose screw.

"What's the matter, Dragon Lady? Are you ready to croak? We can't have that yet, can we? Not before I see your despair as you beg me to end you," Velorina cruelly said.

She swiped at Fraegar's damaged body with her sharp nails, easily peeling off her dragon scales like a scraper.

The difference between their strength was too great.

Even after fortifying the body with [Physical Enhancement], Fraegar could not close the gap between their power. With her dwindling mana and stamina, her strength also declined. As a result, her exhausted body was subjected to even more physical violence and abuse.

Nevertheless, Fraegar's expression remained determined and stubborn. Her body may break, but her spirit will never bend—not to a sorry-sight-of-a-being like Velorina. She refused to.

"You can keep dreaming, Vampire! I am a proud dragon! I would rather die than submit to your whims! But even at the cost of my life, I will make sure to take you down with me!" Fraegar roared furiously.

"Kekeke, is that so? Then let me see how you are going to do exactly just that. Go on; keep struggling. Entertain me more," Velorina giggled with disdain, completely unaffected by Fraegar's words.

In her eyes, Fraegar's threat was no different from the weak cursing of a dying man on his last breath – It sounded intimidating but had no substance. After all, a threat was, in the end, just a threat.

Fraegar's gaze flashed with a chilly glint.

Following her hardened resolve, Fraegar started speaking in a [Lost Language] that seemed even more ancient than the [Dragon Tongue]. Each word resonated with heaven and earth and drew more power from them.

The laws of heaven and earth were stirred in response. The trembling ground stilled, the rustling wind eased, and time itself seemingly froze. As the world turned silent, Fraegar's ancient words felt like the only thing that existed.

A frighteningly ancient power was awoken from its slumber as it slowly manifested in the sky. Before this power, regardless of gods or mortals – all seemed insignificant.

Pak!

Velorina flashed before Fraegar's head and smacked her into the ground, disrupting her forbidden incantation before she could finish it.

In that instant, the ancient power and otherworldly phenomenon vanished without a trace, making it all seem like an illusion – something false without real power.

"Forbidden Magic, huh?" Velorina coldly smiled at Fraegar's groveling figure with amusement and ridicule.

"Kekeke, I heard the Red Dragon Clan managed to decipher some words from the forgotten [Primordial Language] of the Ancient Gods of Origin and created a few forbidden spells out of them, but to think it was true."

"Indeed, something as absurd and out of this world as Forbidden Magic could threaten my life at the expense of your own. However, you must be a fool if you think I would just stand by and watch you finish such a powerful spell," Velorina laughed coldly.

She had anticipated Fraegar's last resort and intercepted her as planned.

However, if not for her curiosity regarding Forbidden Magic, she would have intercepted Fraegar even sooner.

That said, it was only for a brief moment, but the ancient power that barely manifested according to Fraegar's primordial words of beginning had Velorina's heart quaking with endless dread.

Thus, although Fraegar ultimately failed to cast her Forbidden Magic, she broke Velorina's calmness.

"I heard using Forbidden Magic comes with soul-crippling consequences that may follow you for several lifetimes. Since you are determined and so cruel to yourself, I should end you now to avoid incurring unexpected losses," Velorina coldly stated, determining to kill Fraegar.

"Hahaha..." Fraegar laughed fearlessly before snorting with contempt. "What's wrong? Are you afraid of getting burned after playing with fire for so long? You are more cowardly than I thought."

"Perhaps bats aren't your ancestral origin. The blood-sucking mosquitoes should be more accurate, right?" Fraegar added more salt to her insult.

Velorina was completely enraged. She had never heard such demeaning words before. It infuriated her to no end.

"Go to hell!" Velorina furiously screeched.

In that instant, Velorina stabbed at Fraegar's disdainful left eye with her needle-like hand, intent on penetrating straight through to her brain to kill her. But before Velorina's piercing hand could reach Fraegar's eye, Vaan instantly appeared between them, surprising them both.

At the same time, Velorina's hand drilled toward Vaan's seemingly defenseless back—only to come to a grinding halt a few millimeters from contact, as if an invisible force was preventing it from proceeding further.

In fact, Velorina's hand never stopped drilling forward.

However, to the naked eye, it appeared to have stopped completely. Within those few millimeters of space, the actual distance between Vaan and Velorina continuously widened due to his Spatial Law.

As such, while it was only a few millimeters of space on the surface, it was also an insurmountable chasm that couldn't be crossed.

"Supreme Leader...!" Fraegar weakly cried out with pleasant surprise.

"You've fought well, Fraegar. In the face of an overwhelming adversary, you have demonstrated the spirit and pride of the Red Dragon Clan," Vaan calmly praised, completely disregarding the vampire behind him.

"You may briefly rest before returning to the battlefield to help the humans. I will take care of matters here."

Following Vaan's words, he splashed Fraegar in a bottle full of purified Demigod-rank vampire blood essence, allowing her damaged draconic body to heal at alarming speeds.

Even her missing dragon scales were regrown at a visible rate.

Meanwhile, Velorina retreated after her attack failed to advance and glared back at Vaan with great alarm and wariness.

"Who the hell are you?! And what the heck did you just do!?" Velorina barked with silent trepidation.

Chapter 715: Treachery

"Did you hear that, Fraegar? Not only is she cowardly, but she is also deaf and blind," Vaan said jokingly to Fraegar while taunting Velorina.

Fraegar couldn't help but laugh as she relaxed. Since her Supreme Leader arrived, then she had nothing to worry about.

But at the same time, she couldn't help but feel shocked by her miraculous recovery. That red elixir was just too potent. It must be extremely precious and rare.

Fraegar felt touched, and her inner desire was reinforced – She had to find a way to achieve human form so she could bear the Supreme Leader's child! They could create a wonder baby with her new generational talent and the Supreme Leader's peerless bloodline!

Meanwhile, Velorina venomously glared at Vaan with caution and envy but mostly rage. She noticed his lustrous and grand dragon-silk attire. It must have been made with the highest quality materials and craftsmanship.

"Insolent Human! How dare you insult me!" Velorina screamed furiously, but she did not dare to attack. She couldn't break through Vaan's invisible wall even if she did.

However, Vaan didn't intend to use infinite spatial expansion again.

It was one of the most basic applications of the Spatial Law, but it was also an inefficient and wasteful usage of mental strength. It was only good for posturing and demonstrating the vast difference in strength to a weaker opponent. To stronger opponents, it was an express ticket to death.

"Oh? Are you envious of me too?" Vaan glanced at Velorina with pity.

"You are truly a sorry excuse of a being. I would teach you an unforgettable lesson for what you have done to Fraegar... But unfortunately, I don't have that much time to waste on you."

"So you can just die," Vaan stated.

Shortly after, he pointed a finger at Velorina, and a beam of nothingness shot out. Before Velorina could react to anything, the beam of nothingness had already penetrated her forehead and dispersed her soul.

Velorina died without seeing how she died.

Fraegar stared at Velorina's fallen corpse with a blank look for a moment before she was dumbfounded. She couldn't believe such a difficult opponent had died just like that.

However, that also spoke volumes of the Supreme Leader's power – Unfathomable and unparalleled.

When Fraegar glanced at Vaan, her eyes were filled with even more respect, reverence, and adoration, thinking no other being could ever match up to him.

Nevertheless, Vaan didn't stick around after collecting Velorina's corpse. He had already said what he needed to say to Fraegar. As such, he took off to the next location that needed him.

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Meanwhile, Lord Fergus and several high-ranking vampires within the top ten of the Night Parade fled back into the crimson light zone, which had become a part of Gehenna.

"In the end, we still ran pathetically in defeat. So much for taking down that human, even if it cost our lives," the second-rank Royal Vampire, Melchior Albatroz, commented with ridicule as he recalled Fergus's previous words in battle.

"Hmph!" Fergus Albatroz snorted at his younger brother's snide remark and retorted, "If some idiot didn't drive the bats crazy and ruin our formation, why would I need to order a retreat?"

"The situation became impossible to salvage. With the disorder in our ranks, it was clearly impossible to take down that human. I don't know why the bats wouldn't attack that human, but I know we have to report everything back to the Blood Ancestor."

"That said, I find it strange that the Blood Ancestor has yet to arrive. I fear something back home is delaying the Blood Ancestor's arrival..." Fergus Albatroz mentioned with a frown.

In his preoccupied mind, he did notice the cold glimmer in Melchior's eyes. By the time he sensed Melchior's sudden surge of killing intent, it was already too late.

Puchi!

Melchior ran straight through Fergus's back before he ripped out his heart, depriving him of half his blood power and severely injuring him.

"Y-You...!"

Fergus shot Melchior a look of disbelief and fury, confused and pained by his act of betrayal.

"Sorry, Big Brother," Melchior apologized without a hint of emotion and said, "However, you have already lost your right to lead us after that colossal failure. Do you think you still have the right to return to the Evernight Territory alive?"

"I will be the one to report your pathetic failure and everything else to the Blood Ancestor. You don't have to worry about anything and die in peace. I will put your divinity to good use and become a better leader than you ever will," Melchior declared with a cruel grin.

"You bastard...! To think you harbored such treacherous ambitions! I was a fool to have trusted you! Do you think the clan elders will agree with your leadership?!" Fergus barked with suppressed fury.

"You don't have to worry about that. Those Old Things are in deep slumber. If no one wakes them up, how would they know what happened to you?" Melchior laughed coldly.

Fergus felt helpless in front of Melchior after suffering a crippling injury from him. He could only watch the latter consume his heart and perfectly assimilate his divine power.

There wasn't a single shred of rejection, as they shared the same blood.

After Melchior cut off Fergus's head and absorbed the rest of his blood power to ascend to Rank 6 Divine Being from Half-step Divine Being, Fergus's life finally withered away.

"Seeing as no one made a move against me, I presume you all agree with me taking the reins from here?" Melchior calmly asked, sweeping the high-ranking vampires a glance.

"...We don't," the vampire group expressed their stance.

After Melchior assimilated Fergus's divine power, his blood aura felt slightly more powerful than Fergus at his peak. As such, even if they didn't find his treacherous action agreeable, they couldn't do anything about it.

"Good!" Melchior nodded before saying, "Then, let us return to the Evernight Territory to find the Blood Ancestor. We will pin all the blame on Fergus for our collective failure."

Melchior's last line immediately received strong approval. If Fergus took all the blame, they could all escape punishment and return without worry.

However, at that moment, none of them knew that the Evernight Territory was currently quaking in terror under the wrath of another Great Devil.

Chapter 716: Hecate's Fury

The Evernight Territory was a land of eternal darkness as dark clouds perpetually shrouded its sky, blotting out the heavens beyond.

There was no moon, sun, or stars—just endless dark clouds looming over the skies.

However, this land of vampires was not one drowned in complete darkness and gloom. On the contrary, it was a boisterous land, full of nightlife; the light of night activities illuminated its land from every city within its borders.

In terms of population, the Evernight Territory was even ranked within the top three out of the Seven Great Devil Domains.

For the continuity and prosperity of the vampire race, the vampires practiced abstinence and limited their blood-drinking. At the same time, they allowed their livestock to develop and populate.

As such, vampires were only a minority. The other human and demon races made up most of the population. Nevertheless, the vampires' authority was absolute as they governed the land with a strict feudal system.

Furthermore, blood was the main currency in the Evernight Territory. The higher its quality, the higher its value.

Blood currency was also the only blood vampires could drink with indulgence. Excessive blood-sucking was strictly forbidden by law, and lawbreakers caught in the act would be sentenced to eternal sleep.

Besides absolute respect and obedience to the vampires, livestock in the Evernight Territory were given a lot of freedom and autonomy.

As such, their happiness level was quite high—especially among the high-quality livestock. They didn't need to work or worry about food. Sacrificing a bit of their blood was all they needed to acquire everything to survive and enjoy a carefree life of eating and playing.

However, such privileges were only reserved for those with blood of value. If one were weak or ill, their blood value would be little to none. Bad blood was worthless, and couldn't buy anything.

Furthermore, those with blood diseases were killed without exception.

As such, livestock still understood self-control and health maintenance. After all, a healthy, strong body would produce healthy, high-quality blood.

Thus, the labor force within the Evernight Territory was actually unbelievably impressive.

Under the rule of the vampires, their livestock lived happy, self-disciplined, yet enjoyable lives. The concept of fear was almost foreign to them besides those who failed to integrate with their society and follow the social norms.

At the very least, that was the case until now.

Now, half of the Evernight Territory was quaking in fear under the tyrannical and oppressive aura of a furious Great Devil. Whether they were livestock or the livestock of livestock, all found the devilish pressure suffocating and frightening beyond their imaginations.

Vladigold City was struck by this devilish pressure the heaviest.

"ABADDON, GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE!!!"

Hecate's wrathful words resounded throughout the sky, shaking the city below and the floating castle above with recurring sound waves like an echo.

However, each wave was even more mighty and deafening than the last, causing extensive and indiscriminate damage to weak objects and life forms alike. Even the deaf could hear its power, and the idiots could understand its horror.

The Great Devil Hecate was truly furious!

"D-Devil Queen, please calm down! If there's a problem with the Blood Ancestor, let us talk this out —!"

"SCRAM!"

Pfft—!

Several Royal Vampires of the older generations flew over to appease the enraged Great Devil, only to be sent splurting blood from their mouths with a single word.

Each one of them was no weaker than Peak Demigods, yet they were helplessly sent flying away like broken kites. The terrible power behind that one word could be imagined.

"ABADDON, COME OUT AND SEE ME RIGHT NOW!"

"STOP TESTING MY PATIENCE! I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!"

"ABADDON—!!!"

Hecate's furious words continued to resonate throughout the land, causing wanton destruction in its wake. Buildings fell, and demons died. Death chased the shocking sound waves like a game of tag.

Despite all that, Abaddon's castle remained still without a single movement, completely unresponsive to Hecate's summoning. It almost seemed like no one was home, and Hecate was just wasting her breath.

However, Hecate knew Abaddon was definitely inside his ancient floating castle. She wasn't so foolish that she would vent her rage on an empty home.

The last trace of Hecate's patience vanished after her repeated calls all failed to produce their desired results. In that instant, her furious gaze turned frighteningly cold and decisive.

Swish!

Hecate casually swung her left hand, generating sharp winds as a crescent-shaped moonlight force sliced through the air, heading straight for the ancient floating castle. As it traveled, it grew with increasing power and size, intent on cleaving its target in half.

However, a blood sphere covered the ancient floating castle at the last moment. It absorbed Hecate's attack, reducing its heavenly destructive power to a mere ripple on the surface of the blood sphere.

Shortly after, the blood sphere dispersed, and a black-robed ancient vampire with long white hair emerged from within the ancient floating castle.

"You've gone too far, Hecate!" Abaddon stated with a hint of anger.

"Heh, I've gone too far?" Hecate snickered for a moment before her eyes burned with greater fury. "How dare you talk to me about going too far after what you did! The gall you have, Abaddon!"

"And what exactly did I do? Oh, I know. I just picked up the trash you threw away and turned it into something useful. What's the problem with that?" Abaddon sneered with a cold smile.

Hecate immediately understood that Abaddon had no intention of admitting his mistake and compensating for her great loss. However, she also had no intentions of making a wasted trip.

She had to skin a layer of Abaddon's flesh, at least.

The death of several hundred thousand ardent believers was not a small loss. The faith energy she received from them was a hundredfold better than the same number of beings from her own domain.

Moreover, their faith energy was of superior purity – that wasn't something she could easily nurture in a short time.

More infuriatingly, she couldn't even welcome their souls into her Divine Kingdom, as they had all been completely sacrificed to Abaddon's blood ritual.

The more Hecate thought about it, the angrier Hecate felt.

Boom!

Hecate suddenly launched a powerful moonlight slash at Abaddon with the intent to kill—only for it to be blocked by Abaddon's blood power, albeit with great shock, as it wasn't easy to do in his haste.

Abaddon didn't expect Hecate to try killing him.

"Are you crazy, Hecate?!" Abaddon roared, criticizing her, "Are you going to fight me to the death over such a small matter?!"

"I didn't pick this fight. You did!" Hecate coldly stated.

Chapter 717: Master of Illusions

"And how dare you call it a small matter! You have no idea what you took from me! But don't worry; what you took from me, I will take back from you in equal value!" Hecate venomously swore.

Clang!

Shortly after Hecate spoke, Abaddon blocked a sudden moonlight slash from his blind spot. At the same time, Hecate's figure in front of him faded away.

Cling! Cling! Clang!

Abaddon fused the power of his Blood Law and Shadow Law and created a set of black blood armor to protect himself from Hecate's barrage of moonlight slashes from different directions.

Each strike targeted Abaddon's vitals and chipped away at his black blood armor, letting him know Hecate was completely serious.

As Hecate continued chipping away Abaddon's black blood armor with her moonlight slashes, Abaddon remained defensive, helpless to fight back—not because he couldn't, but because he failed to lock onto Hecate.

Hecate's presence had completely blended into the background, making her seem invisible. Each of her moonlight slashes appeared out of nowhere, repeatedly surprising Abaddon.

"Where are you looking? I'm right here," Hecate's cold voice resounded.

Abaddon immediately fixed his gaze on the source but found multiple dozen Hecates moving in perfect sync. Their movements mirrored each other, a mirage. Only one of them could be real, or none of them at all.

Hecate was the master of illusions. In front of her illusions, one's vision couldn't be trusted. In fact, all six senses were unreliable against her illusions.

Nevertheless, Abaddon couldn't remain defensive forever.

Blip! Blip!

Multiple spherical pools of blood manifested around Abaddon before they rained countless blood drops on Hecate's copies at high speeds like Gatling guns. They punched holes in them, turning Hecate's copies into sieves as the blood bullets tore them away.

None of them turned out to be the real Hecate.

After Abaddon destroyed all the copies, Hecate spawned even more copies of herself; ten became a hundred, and a hundred became a thousand.

In the next moment, thousands of moonlight slashes descended on Abaddon from every direction as each copy of Hecate launched one. Abaddon summoned more blood pools and drowned them in seas of blood bullets.

Each side appeared to be filled with limitless power as they used their abilities without restraint.

Abaddon guessed Hecate was hiding among her copies, and almost every moonlight slash from the copies was fake. However, he was sick of being treated like a turtle in its shell; he had to fight back.

As such, his spherical blood pools rained endless blood bullets on everything around him, tearing away Hecate's illusions.

However, Abaddon was startled when his blood bullets encountered resistance from not one but every one of the thousand moonlight slashes. Hidden within the illusion was a killing move that threatened to hack him into pieces!

"Dammit!" Abaddon cursed as his crimson eyes flashed with a bright gleam.

Slaughter Domain!

In an instant, the entire area was covered in a crimson field that rapidly expanded from Abaddon, who was at the epicenter. Everything caught within the crimson field became slow and sluggish as if time itself slowed down.

Inside Abaddon's Slaughter Domain, his killing intent was amplified a thousandfold and transformed into an invisible oppressive pressure that restricted the movements of living beings.

Abaddon was the grim reaper within his Slaughter Domain; all life would be helplessly forced to stretch out their necks for him to cut.

"How could this be?" Abaddon deeply frowned.

With the help of his Slaughter Domain, Abaddon was able to determine Hecate was not among her copies.

However, the attacks from all her copies were also real; they weren't illusions.

'Truly a master of illusions,' Abaddon hated to admit, but it was true.

Even if his power was equal to Hecate's, she was the second-last person he would have liked to fight after Thanatos. Fighting Hecate would frustrate him to death.

What seemed real was actually fake. What seemed fake was naturally fake. But sometimes, the fake could also become real.

It was confusing and infuriating.

If people were trapped within Hecate's illusions for extended periods, they could lose their minds and go crazy.

"Stop! You win, Hecate!"

Abaddon furiously thundered after shattering all of Hecate's attacks within his Slaughter Domain. He decided to make a concession.

"Just tell me what you want! I can agree if I find it acceptable!" Abaddon said impatiently.

He still had a continent to conquer and didn't want to waste any more time on Hecate.

"If I want nine thousand drops of your divine blood essence, will you give it to me?" Hecate coldly asked as she emerged from her illusions.

However, Abaddon's eyes flashed with killing intent when he heard her exorbitant demand. Losing nine thousand drops of divine blood essence would seriously harm his divinity, weakening his divine power and shortening his longevity.

It became clear that Hecate wouldn't be reasonable.

Suddenly, Abaddon launched a sneak attack at the unassuming Hecate, cleaving her unguarded body in half with a single blood slash.

However, Hecate's divided body shortly faded into the air; it was just another illusion.

"Looks like peaceful negotiations are over," Hecate's cold snicker resounded in the background before saying, "All is well. I wasn't asking anyway. I will just take it from your body myself!"

Rumble...!

The world briefly shook before a heavenly beam of crimson moonlight descended from the sky, piercing the veil of endless dark clouds and dispersing them far away. It revealed the sea of stars and crimson moon in the heavens beyond.

Crimson moonlight filled the world through the hole in the sky.

However, it only lasted briefly before the red celestial body in the sea of stars turned white and bathed the world in its luminescent and gentle white moonlight.

At first, it didn't seem to do anything except expel darkness from the region. But as vampires in the city below experienced prolonged exposure to the white moonlight, petrification occurred.

The surface of their skin turned rough like hard stones and white like snow.

Before long, chunks of petrified flesh broke off from the main body and shattered into a pile of white salt on the ground. Eerily enough, the vampires did not feel any pain from such losses.

Even Abaddon wasn't an exception to the bizarre petrification power of the white moonlight as his black blood armor crumbled into white sand.

"White Death!" Abaddon was appalled before gritting his teeth with rage and howling, "Are you insane, Hecate?! How dare you use your [Transcendent Divine Power] on my city!"

Chapter 718: Transcendent Divine Powers

Shortly after recognizing Hecate's Transcendent Divine Power, Abaddon's anger finally peaked. He had exercised a lot of restraint due to the potential destruction his power could cause to his people and land.

However, Hecate didn't have this concern as they weren't hers. In fact, ravaging Abaddon's territory would make her even happier.

After all, she had lost a tremendous source of faith energy. It was only fair that she damaged Abaddon's divinity to get even.

"So what if I did? You can't even begin to fathom how much you have taken from me. However, that's okay. I will make you understand exactly how much you took from me."

Following Hecate's cold words, the cascading white moonlight converged on a single location – Abaddon's position. As it did, its radiance was magnified by countless folds over time.

Abaddon could feel the threatening power of petrification amplify as the moonlight grew in white brilliance. He immediately dispersed into countless bats, relocating to a different spot.

However, the concentrated white beam of moonlight followed Abaddon; wherever he went, the moonlight beam followed. At the same time, the more he moved, the more destruction caused by the moonlight beam.

Abaddon's eyes grew redder as he watched the petrified regions within the city below. The beautiful and prosperous city was slowly transformed into a ruin full of salt and death.

Hecate's Transcendent Divine Power, the [White Death], had already claimed millions of lives in mere moments. Even the vampire armies set to enter Pangea were reduced to mountains of salt.

Nevertheless, Hecate did not bat an eye to such a massacre.

The indiscriminate slaughter was but a small number—a tiny, insignificant fraction of Gehenna. Such losses could be easily recovered with time. On the other hand, the psychological damage she inflicted on Abaddon was not so easy to recover from.

That made Hecate delighted.

Regardless of race, women became terrifying existences once angered.

Despite being in another Great Devil's territory, not a single being came forward to help Abaddon since he emerged from his ancient floating castle to retaliate against Hecate.

Abaddon's people knew they didn't have the power to interfere in a battle between the Great Devils—for a battle between Great Devils was no battle; it was a calamity to mortals.

As the saying goes – When gods battle, mortals suffer.

Abaddon held back because he knew he would cause mass destruction to his land and people if he went all-out. However, even if he didn't go all-out, mass destruction still occurred to his land and people!

"This grudge is irreconcilable, Hecate! You have forced my hand!" Abaddon screeched with a deafening high pitch.

Rumble...!

The hole in the sky that Hecate had punctured was quickly patched as rolling dark clouds gathered. Hecate's moonlight was banished beyond the clouds, and darkness returned to the land.

Transcendent Divine Power – Eternal Darkness!

The entire region was drowned in pitch-black darkness as a domain-like darkness field expanded outward. Within this dark field, all light disappeared, all fire died, and life ended.

Even the buildings and ground became decrepit, desolate, and ancient, as if several thousand years had passed in an instant.

Abaddon's [Eternal Darkness] devoured all energy, essence, and life in his surroundings and converted them into raw power.

Although Abaddon condensed the dark field's range to increase its devouring power on Hecate, the city and people below were still affected—the extent of the damage almost caught up to Hecate's [White Death] in an instant.

Nevertheless, Abaddon's [Eternal Darkness] wasn't meant to be a killing move; its main purpose was to devour Hecate's energy and life force and increase his own.

However, the lack of raw power told Abaddon that his [Eternal Darkness] failed to devour Hecate's power. Either she had escaped its range, or [Eternal Darkness] could not devour Hecate's energy and life force.

Of course, Abaddon preferred to believe the former rather than the latter.

Unfortunately, it turned out to be the latter as Abaddon noticed an emerging protective sphere of light covering Hecate.

"Haa... [Eternal Darkness], huh? You're truly cruel to your people," Hecate ridiculed before saying, "But did you really think this kind of Transcendent Divine Power would work on me?"

Following Hecate's words, intense light rapidly concentrated on the tips of her middle finger and thumb.

Transcendent Divine Power – White Nova!

With a casual flick, the intense white light concentrated on Hecate's finger erupted in all its splendor and glory. It instantly covered the entire region in its white brilliance, seemingly mimicking the dawn of creation.

The endless darkness summoned by Abaddon's Transcendent Divine Power was ruthlessly stripped away in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, Abaddon was terribly scorched by the white brilliance, which contained powerful Light Laws – the bane of all darkness.

Naturally, [White Nova] would cancel out [Eternal Darkness] equally.

Transcendent Divine Power was the term given to any kind of skill or ability capable of producing power above one's divine rank. Most laws were Transcendent Divine Powers, but not all Transcendent Divine Powers were laws.

"Indeed, it was foolish of me to compete in Transcendent Divine Power with someone who has mastered seven different Transcendent Divine Powers," Abaddon admitted with an ugly expression.

"However, not all Transcendent Divine Powers are made equal. The one with more Transcendent Divine Powers isn't necessarily stronger. That said, I'm not keen on proving that to you."

"Why don't we end the fight here, Hecate? Don't you think you have gone far enough with your tantrum? Look, I've opened a stable connection to Pangea. I am willing to split the gains with you after we conquer it."

"What do you say?" Abaddon sought Hecate's answer after making his concessions.

Although he wanted nothing more than to tear Hecate apart, he had too great of an ambition to be held back by her. More importantly, if it were something so easily done, he would have already done it.

He couldn't let her delay him any further.

Unfortunately for Abaddon, Hecate wasn't someone he could reason with once he got on her bad side.

"Split the gains? What a joke! If I wanted to conquer Pangea, why would I wait until now?! I've already told you what I want! Ten thousand drops of your divine blood essence, not a drop less!" Hecate coldly stated.

Abaddon's eyes almost popped out of their sockets from endless rage and disbelief. It was truly difficult to reason with an unreasonable woman.

"Ten thousand drops?!" Abaddon screamed with outrage before barking, "You said nine thousand drops before!"

"That was then; this is now," Hecate coldly stated.

"Stop asking for the impossible, Hecate! It's not going to happen!" Abaddon thundered furiously, adding, "I've already made repeated concessions for you! Do you truly want to turn this dispute into a battle to the death?!"

"If you push me any further, I will make you understand what it truly means to regret something!" Abaddon threatened with fires in his eyes.

He had mastered three different Transcendent Divine Powers – one of darkness, one of blood, and something else.

However, the last Transcendent Divine Power was his trump card; it wasn't something he wanted to reveal unless he was caught in a truly dire situation with his life on the line.

Unfortunately, Hecate might really force it out of him!

Chapter 719: Irreversible Process

Great Ratholos Empire, Imperial Capital

As Vaan hunted high-ranking vampires with noble and royal bloodlines, he reaffirmed how strong he had become. At his level, everyone below Rank 6 Divine Being was simply ants in front of the power of his laws.

As for those at Rank 6 Divine Being?

Well, he had yet to put his strength to the test against such beings. Even so, he wasn't blind enough to just charge into Gehenna to look for one and challenge them.

The heavenly tribulation wasn't to be underestimated.

After all, it had killed his past reincarnations so many times. That said, Vaan also couldn't help but feel that the heavenly tribulations would no longer threaten him like they did in the past.

His talent was from the fourth-dimensional world, something that was beyond the heavens.

Thus, what right did the heavens have to judge him?

Nevertheless, his tribulation was coming. The Great Devil Abaddon also intended to descend. It was impossible that the two were unrelated.

However, ordinary Rank 6 Divine Beings shouldn't be a threat to him either. Thus, Great Devil Abaddon must be truly powerful—at the very least, he should be stronger than Pangea's current understanding.

As such, in order to prepare for the worst, he had to assume Great Devil Abaddon was a Rank 7 Divine Being instead of a Peak Rank 6 Divine Being.

That way, he wouldn't be caught off guard if the information turned out to be inaccurate.

Vaan hunted down no more than forty members from Abaddon's Night Parade within the past three hours. Moreover, they were among the top half of the hundred rankings.

The remaining members were either engaged in battle or fleeing back to Gehenna.

In other words, the threat posed by the vampires had been reduced to a controllable level. Vaan took that chance to study the crimson light domain, searching for a method to cut the connection between Gehenna and Pangea.

However, he soon realized he did not have the power to undo the connection; the crimson light domain was just like the dimensional crack in the north of the seven witch kingdoms – his Nihilicity Law could not break the connection.

Instead, the Nihilicity Law accelerated the crimson light domain's expansion.

After further observation and study, Vaan finally understood the situation – the crimson light domain was no different from the dimensional crack and should be treated as such.

In other words, the crimson light domain's expansion was a permanent, irreversible process.

Trying to undo it was the same as trying to overpower the law of an Origin Creator.

Furthermore, it wasn't just any Origin Creator but the Prime Originator, the first and most powerful Origin Creator in the history of Chaos, the Allfather of Chaos, father of the Lord of the Boundless Seas and Skies and the Lord of Chaos.

Although such an almighty being seemed to have disappeared, the Prime Originator's laws continued to govern Chaos. At the same time, they were supervised by the current Lord of Chaos.

'The Prime Originator founded Chaos to preserve the life of every dying chaosverse. Thus, the Prime Originator must have created laws to prevent the destruction of worlds during the assimilation process,' Vaan mused.

An entire chaosverse was infinitely vast and boundless.

To move such a large celestial body into Chaos, the clashes between planets and stars here and there would be unavoidable.

In normal cases, such cosmic clashes would result in the destruction of the smaller celestial body or even both simultaneously. However, such an event did not happen to Pangea and Gehenna. Instead, the two worlds were superimposing to become a single greater world.

This was definitely under the power and influence of the Prime Originator's founding laws.

'To think Great Devil Abaddon found a way to speed up this fusion process,' Vaan thought.

However, he didn't think Great Devil Abaddon's divine power was so great that he could control the laws of an Origin Creator. Instead, he would rather believe Great Devil Abaddon used a loophole in the laws to hasten the process.

'Did the huge, instant loss of lives trigger the Prime Originator's laws to preserve life and, thus, result in the hastened fusion?' Vaan guessed.

Whatever the case was, it would not change the fact that the vampires would continue to threaten the Great Ratholos Empire for a long time. The war against Gehenna had begun and wouldn't end any time soon.

'If other Great Devils used this connection point to invade Pangea, it'd be difficult for Pangea to resist...' Vaan frowned, immediately realizing the problem.

However, the heavens wouldn't cut off all paths to life; there had to be a way to overcome the situation.

After a moment, Vaan shifted his attention to the Vampiric Demon Bats.

Although he had awakened the Boundless Sea and Sky Aura, he had not tested the extent of its power.

As Vaan released his Boundless Sea and Sky Aura, countless Vampiric Demon Bats gave up preying on humans and flocked towards him. Within mere moments, several hundred thousand black bats had already gathered around him, and their numbers were still soaring.

They were only lesser creatures of darkness and positioned at the bottom of the vampirical hierarchy. However, their incredible numbers made them a force that couldn't be ignored.

The black bats flapped their wings and circled Vaan in laps with excitement and curiosity, kicking a great storm that looked no different from a black tornado.

The chaotic winds pulled and pushed everything around them.

At the same time, the dragons and wyverns subconsciously wanted to abandon their battles and fly over right away, as if they were answering a summoning. It was part of their instincts.

However, their intelligence allowed them to resist the sudden attraction. Only weak wyverns and wild birds of lesser intelligence followed the force of attraction.

Nevertheless, as multiple other flying species joined the black tornado formation, there was an unreal sense of harmony and coordination. They did not conflict with each other, regardless of whether they were sky predators or prey.

"What's going on over there? What kind of situation is that? I've never seen such a bizarre sight before."

"Me neither. I'm sure something like this has never happened in history. Just how are these sky creatures all getting along?"

Astonishment quickly spread throughout the chaotic city as an increasing number of people noticed the unnatural phenomenon in the sky.

Chapter 720: I Am Heavy!

"Is that the Supreme Leader's aura? What kind of aura is that? It feels so sacred and inviolable..."

In another battle, Kuvat was briefly distracted as he noticed Vaan's Boundless Sea and Sky Aura coming from the black tornado of bats with other flying creatures.

However, the corner of his eyes shortly discovered Galen trying to sneak away.

"Where do you think you are trying to run, Devilspawn?!" Kuvat snorted with contempt, stomping the ground with one of his front legs.

In that instant, several large earthen spikes with fiery veins erupted from the ground beneath Galen, impaling him from different angles.

Some directly penetrated Galen's body, while other earthen spikes narrowly missed. But regardless of their accuracy, they collectively restricted Galen's pale and weakened body.

"Why are you hunting me?! Don't you have more important targets to go after?!" Galen weakly roared with a hoarse throat.

Kuvat stared at him coldly and said, "A sinful human like you, who does not know the value of life, deserves to die! You should count your blessings for every second you breathe!"

"Nooo—!" Galen cried, sensing his impending death.

However, just as Kuvat was about to execute him, a huge draconic body came crashing into the area. The unfortunate and immobile Galen was helplessly crushed under Laptis's immense weight.

After Laptis regained her footing, Galen remained flat on the ground, lying in a puddle of his own blood and splintered bones; his body felt soft like cotton. Despite the destruction of Kuvat's restrictions, he did not move.

His broken body required time to recover, and in his exhausted state, it took even longer. His head was the first to recover, followed by his throat and upper body.

At the same time, Laptis noticed Kuvat just as the shadows of a high-ranking vampire came within view.

Laptis's and Galen's expressions changed immediately.

"Kuvat, help me!"

"Lord Vampire, save me!"

Two voices cried simultaneously as Laptis and Galen looked at their respective and potential saviors.

In that instant, Kuvat and the high-ranking vampire studied each other cautiously, gauging each other's strength. Oddly enough, both sides were relieved after determining each other's strength.

It didn't take long before the high-ranking vampire's lips smacked with disdain. Then, he glanced at Galen's pathetic state with even greater contempt.

"You're the human contracted by our Blood Ancestor? You are truly a piece of human trash. The Blood Ancestor's blessing is wasted on you. No wonder the Great Devil Hecate abandoned you," the hundredth-rank Noble Vampire, Weid, spat ruthlessly with contempt.

Weid couldn't believe that a Mid-stage Transcendent would reduce an Early-stage Demigod to such a sorry state.

'Humans were truly inferior beings' – Weid thought.

"Well, I guess I can't blame you. Even if you receive our Blood Ancestor's blood essence and become a vampire, you wouldn't know how to use his gifts immediately. Let me show you the might of a true vampire!" Weid confidently declared.

The next moment, Weid launched a sudden punch at Kuvat's chest. At the same time, Kuvat squinted his eyes but ultimately chose to do nothing.

Boom!

Weid's fist landed squarely on Kuvat's sturdy dragon chest, but the anticipated effect did not happen. Kuvat did not budge an inch.

"..."

"...Eh?" Weid was dumbfounded.

How could the punch of an Early-stage Demigod have no effect on a mere Mid-stage Transcendent?

Even if his opponent was a dragon, the defensive properties of its physique shouldn't be that overwhelming.

Nevertheless, Kuvat glanced down at the puny vampire beneath it before snorting, "That's cute. Did you not eat enough?"

The Divine-rank Stalactite Milk had reforged Kuvat's body, granting his physique the sturdiness of the earth attribute.

Furthermore, Kuvate had consumed the amount of Divine-rank Stalactite Milk needed to raise ten Mid-stage Human Transcendents or even a hundred Early-stage Human Transcendents.

Naturally, his already sturdy dragon body would become even more sturdy.

Nevertheless, Weid didn't know that. Thus, his face immediately flushed with shame and embarrassment.

However, he quickly turned it all into anger.

"I am the 100th rank Noble Vampire in my Blood Ancestor's Night Parade! How dare you look down on—"

Boom!

Before Weid could finish speaking, Kuvat raised his leg and ruthlessly stomped down on him. Weid hurriedly tried to block with all his power, but he failed to withstand the might of Kuvat's stomp, which had far surpassed his rank.

Divine Ability – I Am Heavy!

Kuvat flattened Weid into a bloody paste with [I Am Heavy] – the divine ability he gained from absorbing the power of the Divine-rank Stalactite Milk. It allowed him to increase his weight by countless folds depending on his proficiency.

Nevertheless, even with his preliminary proficiency, the might of his stomp was so great that even the ground ruptured like a tectonic plate-shifting seismic earthquake.

Weid's body parts were splattered so far apart that his soul scattered along with it, unable to return and recover. Not even the vampire's immortal-like healing could save him from Kuvate's earth-shaking stomp.

He was killed instantly under a force that not even ordinary Mid-stage Demigods could create.

Laptis was dumbfounded, and Galen's already pale face turned whiter in horror and disbelief. Neither of them expected Kuvat's stomp to be so powerful. Even Kuvat himself was greatly surprised by his divine ability.

After all, it was the first time he had used it.

Moreover, [I Am Heavy] had specific conditions for usage. If Weid had not positioned himself so close beneath him, he might not have been able to pull it off.

However, he saw the opportunity and just went for it. The result that followed was unexpected but definitely a pleasant surprise.

"Sir Kuvat, your stomp was truly powerful," Laptis gulped, feeling dry in her throat.

"Haha..." Kuvat could only respond with a wry laugh.

Shortly after, he fixed his gaze back on Galen; he had let this vile being live for far too long.

"No... Please don't kill me! I'll do anything you want! I'll be your slave or mule, anything you want me to be! Just don't kill me!" Galen pathetically pleaded for his life.

Despite pleading for his life, he did not look at Kuvat at all. Instead, he desperately crawled away to the best of his ability. His broken legs remained unhealed since blood energy had depleted.

He wouldn't be able to recover from another life-threatening injury.

"Just die," Kuvat coldly sentenced Galen to death.

Boom!

With a single stomp, Galen's body splattered with zero chance of recovery; his soul departed the world forever.

"That's the end of one evil," Kuvat sighed after slaying the devil's pawn.