

World Plot 961

Chapter 961: 16.7 First Red Star - Esther Dawn

At the Old Castle in the depths of the Dark Forest...

The information that Duke Luther D'Arcy was tasked with gathering was sent to his master as soon as it was available. Cassius Ambrosia casually burns away some data about the werewolves that he previously knew, reducing it to dust nonchalantly.

He is now reading the Fenrir Skoll information. He was really perplexed since what he learned about this wolf ancestor was already known to him. An ancient wolf that was close to passing death who had spent his entire life searching for his fated Luna. He accepted a young cub with navy blue fur as his son and heir, adopting it. But, it was this young werewolf who revealed to the vampires about his foster father and forced him to act personally.

Cassius Ambrosia mumbles, "He is different from the one everyone knows. Another werewolf? Or~ is his soul replaced? Truly an interesting little mutt."

He keeps reading what his servant had handed him to read. He was now reading the article about the fated crest on the werewolf and their predestined Luna. Luna's presence in the Fenrir Tribe is regarded as holding the highest significance in a werewolf's heart.

A "Luna" is more valuable than anything in a werewolf's life since they are regarded as their mate or other half, greater than everything in their life.

If Luna is the partner of the King of Werewolves, all the werewolves would lay down their lives for her or him no matter what. As he or she is the queen that was rightful to stand beside the king.

There was a mysterious imprint that Luna and his werewolf would share. The pair would have an identical imprint, and this crest would show up on any area of their body. It resembles a permanent tattoo that is impossible to remove. This crest is proof that he is the Luna of a werewolf. Only the fated one would share the same imprint, having this means the Luna is the most important person in the life of a werewolf even if his whole tribe was against the Luna.

The impression of a black snowflake that emerged in the outer corner of Cassius Ambrosia's left eye was softly stroked. To get rid of the crest, he has previously tried cutting off his flesh there, but no matter what he does, the impression is still there.

Cassius Ambrosia said, "A Luna? The fated mate of a werewolf. The most significant existence in a werewolf's life. What a dumb thing."

He starts to burn and incinerate the papers he is holding. He disperses his aura over the whole Dark Forest and locates the aura of the idiot werewolf who refused to leave after being resurrected a second time.

Cassius Ambrosia mumbled, "Since you don't leave I will just have to kill you until you do."

Ever since this night, the monarch of the night would continuously kill the undying werewolf in his territory. Fenrir a Skoll would sometimes die thrice a day or sometimes once a day. No matter what, his death toll rises daily, and he has no idea what enraged his wife to act in such a manner.

Cub, Dad had been thinking about it for so long. I know you hate humans but education is still needed to grow up. Humans just happened to be useful when it comes to education. Can you promise Dad one thing? I want you to enter Genus Academy. This is a special school created by all three races.

This is the only neutral zone where all descendants of the three races can go. Dad wants you to go there for education. Is it okay, Cub? Dad hopes you agree. If you do go to Vilkas he would help you with the process.

Dad's only wish is for you to be happy. Be cautious at all times. I love you always, my cub.]

Conri Lycaon looked bewildered and asked the butler, "Foster Father had always wanted to send me to school?"

"... Yes, Master. Well you know... our tribe was originally primitive. Most werewolves were uneducated. So the Supreme Lord had always wanted to see the Master go to school." The butler answered honestly.

Conri Lycaon looks over his foster father's letter while pressing a fist to his temple. He was certainly thinking a lot. He finally gave up and sighed deeply.

"Butler, send someone to convey a message to Elder Villas. As well as Randal Ruid. Send them a summoning order. As for the schedule... Tomorrow will be good. I'm a little fatigued. Free my time for the remainder of the day," Conri Lycaon remarked.

He got up in order to return to his room and have a snooze there. He took the letter with him after gently folding it back. His father's final testament included words of affection for him. What would happen if he ran upon Ye Xiajie who had taken the place of his father's soul in the vessel?

At the depths of the Dark Forest...

Fenrir Skoll was asleep in a cave when it suddenly shattered and fell over him, burying him beneath a small mountain of boulders. He died quickly after being crushed by such a massive weight. His body degenerated into a mass of bloody, crushed flesh. The Lord God periodically died unexpectedly, and System Yue and System Yang had become accustomed to it.

This is the month's 100th fatality. It was obvious that someone was playing tricks on them by killing Fenrir Skoll for fun. It wasn't difficult to figure out who did it. There is only one individual in this world who is capable of doing such a thing.

Screaming, System Yue said, [AHH!!! Milord! Are you okay?]

[Don't bother. He is dead again. Get a piece of flesh and prepare to leave this location.] System Yang said.

System Yue, who was screaming as the cave erupted in front of his boss, was flying around trying to find some of the boss's flesh to save. After all, the Mo Family's Immortal Physique is too heavenly-defying. Even a small amount of flesh will suffice to resurrect them.

System Yang and System Yue search beneath the tiny stone mountain until they uncover a bit of flesh, which they then set down on a spotless surface. Under someone's eyes, a horrible vision of expanding limbs plays out as the chunk of meat happens gradually and swiftly.

The cranium was the first organ to regenerate. The wolf head, which is even larger than a human head, the neck, the torso, the feet, and finally the tail were all regenerated. Fenrir Skoll was reincarnated as a werewolf, complete and sound. Even if there is an unbelievable pain at every death, Fenrir Skoll had already gotten used to it. For him, compared to the sight of losing his beloved, physical pain is nothing at all.

Yawns~

Fenrir Skoll was yawning, "What happened? Did I die again while sleeping?" asked the black-haired wolf.

The two Systems didn't react because they sensed a familiar vibe about someone. In their avatar forms, they have been operating in stealth mode the whole time. As was to be predicted, someone descended from the skies after clearly observing the entire scenario of Fenrir Skoll's resurgence.

Cassius Ambrosia, who arrived unexpectedly, was dressed in a crisp white suit that embraces his trim, ideal form. Notice his long, lean limbs and legs, tight butt, and trim waist. His long silver hair swayed in the breeze, and his normally glum eyes were suddenly sparkling with amusement.

An icy voice comes out from those thin cerise lips saying, "You really won't die no matter what ha. How come your body possessed the immortality only a vampire should have and a regeneration ability that would allow one to be reborn with just a piece of flesh or a drop of blood? You are indeed fun~"

Perhaps the Werewolf Ancestor is pleased that he has finally appeared before Fenrir Skoll in this manner and without any desire to kill. Skoll turned to face the human shape seated on the ground with his legs crossed. He grinned at the seductive vampire in front of him while wearing only a trouser on his body and being partially nude.

"You are finally willing to talk to me! That's great!" Fenrir Skoll said.

Cassius Ambrosia spoke, "Now you don't look cute. Turn into a wolf cub and I will allow you to live in my castle." As he runs his eyes all over the man's attractive body, his face remains expressionless yet there is a hidden desire flashing within those argent orbs. This scene made Fenrir Skoll delighted in his heart.

'It seems I am still attractive in the eyes of my love even if we are strangers. But why do I feel he looks at me like I'm some kind of delicious meal...'

When Fenrir Skoll heard this, he didn't think twice before changing into a little black wolf pup. He now has the appearance of a black puppy and is gazing into his red eyes with intense satisfaction and longing. While maintaining a poker face, Cassius Ambrosia reached out and grabbed Fenrir Skoll by the back of the neck, as if lifting a cat. They returned to the old castle by air. Since that day, the two have been sharing that enormous castle.

Somewhere within the main city...

There would be innumerable groups or people wandering around the city in the middle of the night. A gang of ghouls was fleeing for their lives as they were being pursued by vampire slayers with gold crosses on their clothing and black robes.

These ghouls belonged to Earl Elena Martel's ex-humans. They were all lesser vampires and former humans. She formed a fresh group of minions to investigate possible indications of the holy son. Of course, she was aware that a Templar Temple elite was in charge of a team searching the city for vampires and werewolves, but she gave it no attention. What can a single elite do to defeat her gang of ghouls?

Sadly, she miscalculated the might of the opponent and ended up getting several of his servants killed. Who would have thought a vampire slayer in a crimson robe would show up in the main city to personally search for the Holy Son?

"Oh fuck this, Mistress! Earl, help us!"

"I want more blood, more blood, more blood."

"You motherfuck slayers! Our races will never forget this animosity! Arg!"

The band of ghouls was destroyed by the vampire slayers in their black robes. These slayers were seasoned warriors who couldn't be compared to newcomers who wore white or gray robes; in other words, they had a lot of combat experience. More surprisingly, the man in charge of this operation is among the elite.

The hair on this man's head is long, round, and layered with obsidian, almost reaching his shoulders. His eyes were a darker pink that is almost purple in color. His aura radiated aggression and danger, and his features were sharp and rather attractive. As though he were a ferocious animal hunting in the shadows. If it weren't for the lengthy scar on his neck, he would be ideal.

What is more astonishing is that this individual was dressed in a scarlet robe with a black star design on it. This indicates that he is a significant player in the Templar Temple because, typically, only the most elite of the elite may don the same crimson robes as the Holy Son and the Pope, though with different crests embroidered on them.

This person is Esther Dawn. One of the most powerful vampire slayers in the world and Amber Dawn's older brother. He was now situated just on the roof of a building in a major city while smoking a cigarette. The few black robe slayers who had collected behind him gave him a salute.

"Archbishop Dawn. Our group had killed three groups of ghouls and 3 nomad werewolves. They possessed almost white fur and most likely were not included in the top three wolf packs of the Fenrir Tribe."

"As of now, we still haven't found clues about the Holy Son. What should we do next, Sire?"

Esther Dawn flicked his almost-finished cigarette and stepped on it. He looked at the full moon above their heads and said, "Leave two groups to patrol. The rest try hiding the traces of the Holy Son. Immediately report to me if you find him."

"Yes, Archbishop Dawn!"

Only Esther Dawn remains standing on the roof of a tall building. He was staring in the direction of the Middle Region within the city and was thinking of some things.

Esther Dawn mumbles, "It's been a while since I've gone home. Is that little brat still alive?" He also disappeared in thin air and no one knows where he went.

Information about the three top races in this world. There are three factions that fought for supremacy in this world.

FACTIONS

Vampires

Progenitor: Cassius Ambrosia (Hei Anjing)

Servants of Ambrosia

Duke Class: Luther D'Arcy

King of Vampires: Athan Vladimir

Earl Class: Thana Daybreak, Elena Martel

Viscount Class: Alaric Blade, Selena Orpheus.

Baron Class: Lethia Keiran, Raul Ceridwen, Lilith Zane

Werewolves (Fenrir)

[Gamma] Ancestor: Fenrir Skoll (Black)

Descendants:

[Alpha] King of Werewolves: Conri Lycaon (Dark Blue)

Subordinates:

Dark Red Wolf: [B] Randall Ruid, [B] Mayun Ruid, [O] Ashina Ruid

Brown Wolf: [B] Reika Louve, [B] Lyall Louve

Light Gray Wolf: [B] Ralph Hemming - 20

[Note: The darker the fur color is the more powerful a wolf is. Female Werewolf is rare, especially pureblood ones.]

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Human Slayers (Templar Tower)

Red Robe Golden Sun

Pope: Kenan Light

Holy Son: Asher Light (Executioner)

Red Robe Silver Moon

Cardinals: Darius Rueden (Vampire Slayer), Lemuel Elon (Monster Hunter)

Red Robe Black Star

Archbishops: (MH) Mayonaka Yoru, Esther Dawn (VS) - Elder Brother of Amber

Black Robe Gold Cross

Bishop: Mangetsu Kyoya (VS), Eve Candance (MH)

White Robe Black Cross

Priest: Disciples Vampire Slayers and Monster Hunters.

Gray Robe White Cross

Deacon: Mostly Apprentice Priest

Chapter 962: 16.8 First Red Star - Intruder?

Middle Region, Residence Area...

Asher Light and Maber Dawn had been living together for a month now. They live their lives detached to the chaos in the main city. Even so the Holy Son would receive reports from the Templar Temple from his phone. He knew that a lot of Vampires and Werewolves were looking for him. He is the next in line Pope after all and killing him would greatly weaken the human race.

He decided to continue hiding in the middle region instead. No one would have thought he would hide in such a place, especially living together with a human girl. Living with Amber Dawn was especially peaceful, it makes it hard for Asher Light to leave. It was as if being by her side was his last sanctuary in this world.

The two were currently in the market to buy some groceries. Amber Dawn felt that she needed to use this free mule well and pulled the man with her after covering up his face with a face mask and letting him wear a scarf and cap. It hides more than half of Asher Light's face and makes it hard for people to recognize.

The appearance of Asher Light covered tightly made others look at them weird. Only Amber Dawn acted a bit and showed worry in her face and said aloud.

"Cover up properly! You are sick, do you want it to get worse!" Amber Dawn said as she discreetly punched Asher Light in his stomach making him cough.

Cough. Cough.

Amber Light said, "That's why I told you to stay at home.

Cough

"So he is just sick. No wonder he got all covered up."

"What's wrong with this boy?! Instead of resting you go out bundled like an onion. Can't you just rest at home!?"

"If your sick stay at home. Scaring this old lady with such an appearance. Hmp!"

Seeing the interactions between them, the crowd moved their eyes away when they heard that a man whose face was tightly covered was suffering from a cough and was out of the house sick. Then it is understandable that he would cover himself up to avoid infecting others.

Asher Light was stunned for a moment, he didn't expect everything to turn normal with just a few words. It was as if those eyes full of caution and distrust before was just something he had imagined.

Amber Dawn spoke, "Let's go. Buy everything then go back."

The two almost sweep the small market they've just entered, if not for Amber Dawn paying in cash that the cashier would most likely call the manager and have them interrogated for a crime of not paying. Afterwards, the two headed back home. Asher was carrying the most in boxes. If he wasn't a special human with strength in his body he would not be able to lift the boxes of groceries out of the car to the interior of the room.

The interior of the condominium was dark when Amber Dawn and Asher Light got back home. Amber entered first and tried to look for the switch that turned the light on. But before she gets inside the house deeper, Asher Light suddenly pulls her back after putting down the boxes in his hands to the floor.

Yanks!

"Wait!" Asher Light whispered, "Hide behind me. There is another presence inside the house."

"An intruder? Impossible. No one else has my house key." Amber Dawn said.

Shss~

Asher Light said, "Wait at the entrance. I will check it first. It might be my enemy."

"Okay. Be careful." Amber Dawn said as she suddenly looked down to look for her slipper only to notice an extra male shoes she had never seen before and a spare house slipper missing.

She mumbled, "Ah? Don't tell me..."

Meanwhile, the holy son took the lead and went inside with careful and light movements. He didn't want the one inside the house to know his actions. When he reached the living room, he saw a shadow of a man holding something in his hand. He jumped on the person intending to catch him. Who would have thought that the other person was capable of fighting back. The small yet expensive antique table in the living room had broken into pieces when two people fell heavily on it.

CRASHED! The sound of something like a wood breaking resounds in the living room. Asher Light frowned when he felt that his opponent was extremely skilled. Not only he failed to restrain him when he did a sneak attack even when he used his real strength, he could barely capture the other person.

The two exchange moves in the living room breaking almost everything in place. They got some punches in and received some too. So some bruises appeared on each other's faces.

"Who the hell are you!? What are you doing in this place!?" the man asked.

Asher Light retorted, "Who sent you here!? How did you know I am here!?"

"What are you talking about?! Who in fucking hell are you!?" The man asked back.

It was only after this exchange of questions that the two men felt something was wrong with this situation. It seems they thought of two different things. Suddenly the light in the living room turns on and the chaotic sight of the small table broken into two pieces. Her couches spilled cotton, her vase fragmented on the floor and some paintings fell on the floor from the walls. The two men wrestling at each other have bruises and cuts all over their bodies.

The man semi-restrained on the floor possesses the same features as Amber Dawn though on a masculine version with bad vibes. This man's eyes had a deeper shade of pink with a bit of mixture of purple like a hue of magenta. The man sitting on top of him holding his wrists in restraint was Asher Light. His platinum hair was disheveled from the fight on his handsome face are black spots obviously from being punched with a powerful strength.

It was Amber Dawn who turned on the light and glared at the two homewreckers in her living room.

"How can you destroy my living room!? Ash! Brother!"

"Your highness, the Holy Son!"

"Brother!?"

The house intruder happens to be Esther Dawn. He is the biological brother of Amber Dawn. Esther himself was surprised to see the appearance of the man who was capable of beating him up. He was shocked to see his superior and recalled how he fought back just now.

"You are the elder brother of Amber?"

"Holy Son, why are you living with my sister?"

Esther Dawn and Asher Light separated and started questioning one another. Forgetting their sin of destroying someone else's house.

Amber Dawn appeared in front of her brother and Asher Light. Her face is dark from rage and her glasses were malevolent as if she wanted to eat both of them alive. The two men abruptly shut up and kneel instinctively. They lowered their heads like sinners.

Tsk!

"Clean up the living room. I want it to be as good as before. If you don't return it to normal before dinner then... You both don't have anything to eat tonight! Bring the groceries to the kitchen!" Amber Dawn said.

"Yes!" The two responded as they watched Amber Dawn go back to her room to rest. She obviously didn't want to stay with them in the ruined living room.

Asher Light sighed and headed to some corner and grabbed a pair of brooms. He passed one of it to Esther Dawn and started sweeping diligently as he didn't want to miss Amber Dawn's cooking at all. Esther Dawn was stunned for a few seconds as he started cleaning the room after making a few phone calls.

Esther Dawn spoke, "Your highness you still haven't answered my question. Why are you with my sister?"

"I didn't even know Amber was your younger sister. As for why I am here... She saved me.."

"Save you. Impossible! Amber is an ordinary person!" Esther Dawn exclaims.

When Asher Light heard that statement he couldn't help but recall the fine techniques of killing Amber Dawn discretely hides. It wasn't completely hidden yet not out as well. He believes that she is an ordinary person as Esther Dawn said. It can only mean one thing, Esther Dawn doesn't know his sister had such an ability. He decided not to tell him as well.

The Holy Son spoke, "She saved me when I was badly injured during my last mission. Though that mission was half successful, it was hard to escape from their territory. I was lucky it rained the day I was escaping. I was too badly injured and fainted in some alley, she... picked me up."

"What!? How can she pick up strangers and in the back alleys!? This can't be allowed. I need to scold her." Esther Dawn said.

Asher Light said, "No need. Not all men and women in this world are as handsome as me." After living with Amber for a month, he already noticed her peculiarities, especially her being a facecon.

Meanwhile, Esther Dawn didn't know about his sister being a facecon and thought that something bad had happened to the Holy Son which made him narcissistic like that.

"Sire, are you alright? Do you want me to call a psychologist to check on you?"

"Do you want to get beat up again!?"

"Continue talking later. You suddenly reveal my identity just now. Was it you that told Amber about the Templar Temple?" asked Asher Light.

Esther Dawn frowned as if he recalled something bad and said, "No. She must have read some records from father's things. Moreover, isn't it forbidden to tell an ordinary person about the Templar?"

"Amber said your father is dead. How did he die?" asked Asher Light.

The face of Esther Dawn, on the other hand, had turned white and the broom in his hand fell. Silence and tension descended and the atmosphere between the two members became a bit awkward. Just based on Esther Dawn's expression, Asher Light knew he had asked something he shouldn't have. He was glad he didn't ask Amber this or he would regret it so much because of his curiosity.

Asher Light restarted the conversation and said, "Continue cleaning or we won't have anything to eat tonight."

Esther Dawn nodded his head and felt relief that he didn't need to answer the last question the Holy Son had just inquired. He picked up the fallen broom under his feet when the doorbell of the house had rang.

Ding. Dong. Ding. Dong.

"They are here. It's my team, they would help us clean up the living room." Esther Dawn said as he opened the door to let the visitors enter.

A group of men in black robes kneel on one knee as soon as they see Asher Light, their Holy Son.

"These servants pay respect to the Holy Son!"

"Stand. Help us restore the living room to normal. After that, leave. I will summon you through Esther if I need something. Don't report to the Temple that you have found me yet." Asher Light said.

"As you wish, Sire!"

With the hard work of a small group of men, the broken living room was restored to its original state. Though some of the antiques were replaced by even more expensive ones, at least the living room is back to normal. The rest of the men were sent away while Asher Light and Esther Dawn waited for the owner to wake up and make dinner.

When Amber Dawn went down from the second floor, she was satisfied to see that the living room was fixed. Moreover, her things were replaced with even more luxurious things. She loves money so these luxury replacements delighted her.

Chapter 963: 16.9 First Red Star - Before the new Semester

Esther Dawn, Amber Dawn, and Asher Light were seated at the same table in the dining room for supper. The dinner is spread out on the table. Amber Dawn has prepared at least six dishes and a pot of soup. The other two men could scarcely take their eyes off any of the delectable dishes and restrain their hand motions. It appears that when these two men remodeled her living room, she was really happy with the results.

Esther Dawn and Asher Light's relationship as superiors and subordinates was difficult, but because Amber Dawn was present, they had to act appropriately.

Although Amber is obviously more preoccupied with drooling over their attractive faces as she eats, she has already noticed the awkwardness in the relationship between her elder brother and the freeloader. She lacked the time to worry about their odd behavior.

She keeps mumbling, "So handsome. What a male god! There are even two in front of me how lucky~ hehe~"

"Amber, are you drooling?" Esther Dawn asked, a bit perplexed.

Embarrassed, Amber Dawn wiped her mouth and said, "I... I'm not!"

Hehehe~

Beside him, Aster Light was. Holding his laughter makes his face distorted. Amber saw him laughing and kicked Asher's leg under the table.

Kick!

Hiss!

Amber Dawn ignored the annoying one she just kicked and asked, "Brother, how long would you be home this time? Can't you send a message when you come back?"

"Hm. This time it's unexpected. I have a mission in the main city. I dropped by to just check on you," answered Esther Dawn as he glanced at Asher Light not far from him.

Amber Dawn had already noticed their relationship when they fought in the living room just now.

She said, "You came here to look for Asher right? His injuries were all healed but he doesn't want to leave yet. I think you should talk about it."

"Amber, are you asking me to leave? I can't stay here anymore." Asher Light asked as he looked sad making his already holy face look pitiful.

Amber Dawn said, "... Well, if your brother agrees then you can stay. But if you are the Holy Son would I be in danger?"

"NO! I will definitely protect you!" declared Asher Light.

"Then that's it." Amber Dawn said. She looks nonchalant at whether Asher stays or not. To her, whether the handsome man stays or not doesn't matter, the choice is not one of hers anyway. She stood up right after eating and said, "You clean up the plates."

Amber Dawn once again took her leave allowing the two men to have a conversation on their own. They were both from the same factions after all while Amber is just considered an ordinary person.

Right after the young lady had left, Esther asked the Holy Son, "Your Highness are you staying here?! The Pope would not agree."

"I would send him a message or something. I want to go to Genus Academy ahead of time. I'm supposed to go there anyway." Asher Light said.

All young descendants of all races are welcome at Genus Academy, a neutral institution. Only children are permitted to access this region, which is the only one where the three groups have signed a peace deal. This academy resembles a meeting point for all the heirs to come. They would attend school together for four years during which time they would study everything there was to know about their rivals.

In reality, this is the place where the previous pope appealed for the creation of the Vampire Progenitor and Werewolf Ancestor. After all, no one wants a war between all races. First of all, the Vampire Progenitor doesn't really care about his progeny. Although they weren't biologically related to him, they were the offspring of one of the humans who had taken his blood and claimed to be his blood kin. Avan Vladimir, the Ancestor of the Vladimir Clan.

The Werewolf Ancestor, on the other hand, was merely wandering the world in search of his Luna; he never gets involved in the conflict of the pack beneath him unless it's absolutely essential. The previous Pope, Keylan Light, favored racial harmony. He created this Genus Academy with that in mind.

Therefore, no one is allowed to kill anyone else at Genus Academy, whether they are werewolves, vampires, or special humans. By doing this, they would incur the wrath of the Seniors of their races, and in accordance with the Treaty, the race that started the conflict would be wiped out. This area is regarded as an outlawed yet accessible space for all races.

Esther Dawn thought of something and said, "Though all heirs are entitled to attend that place... But I don't think the Pope would want to allow you to go there. After all, what he desires is the elimination of the other two races and not peace."

"Do you also feel that way, Esther?" asked Asher Light.

Esther Dawn delayed responding since he was aware of his family's secret. A secret that the pope must never learn. Because if that were to occur, not only would he be in danger, but also his younger sister.

"Of course not! I also wanted peace but... My hands are already tainted by the blood of the vampires I've killed to protect the human side. I had no right to choose." Esther Dawn said.

Asher Light said, "... But compared to me you are much cleaner... Even so... I still wanted to have a peaceful world. At least a world where Amber wouldn't get hurt."

"Your Highness, you...!"

When Esther Dawn heard what the Holy Son had stated, he was a little taken aback and

realized that this young man had developed feelings for his younger sister, but that she didn't appear to be interested in him.

"Don't worry. I will make sure to protect her no matter what." Asher Light stated. "I will write a letter. You send someone to give it to the Pope until then I will stay here."

"As you wish your highness!"

Meanwhile at the depths of the Dark Forest...

Fenrir Skoll's recent death toll has significantly decreased ever since he and Cassius Ambrosia moved into the ancient castle. He would pass his time planting some roses he nurtured with his blood and would take a bunch to Cassius as a gift.

Blood-bred roses are like appetizers to vampires. Particularly for Cassius Ambrosia, who had never once ingested someone's blood and would throw up at the mere smell of it. His appetite can only be sated by Fenrir Skoll's blood, and he would happily take the snack his wolf had offered.

The clothing his wife had picked out and presented to him was what Fenrir Skoll would wear. Even though he seldom assumes a human shape, he was permitted to remain by Cassius' side and spend the night next to his throne in wolf form. Fenrir is pleased he can remain by his side as his guardian even if he is unable to devour the mouthwatering beauty in front of him.

When Fenrir Skoll came back, he had a basket of red roses in his mouth and Cassius Ambrosia was still perched on his throne. He transformed back into a massive, black werewolf the size of an adult mastiff as he return to the interior of the castle. Even now, he was a smaller version of his former self. If he walks around in his real size some entrances in this old castle might collapse upon his passing.

Cassius Ambrosia asked, "This is my snack for today?"

"If you want more I can prepare more." Fenrir Skoll said as he rubs his head in the outstretched hand of Cassius.

"Skoll, don't you get bored living here with me?" asked Cassius Ambrosia.

Fenrir Skoll shook his head and placed it on Cassius's lap. "No. It is enough that I have you by my side. Please don't send me away."

While his other hand was stroking Fenrir Skoll's head on his lap, Cassius Ambrosia began nibbling on the red roses, removing each petal one at a time. This is how comfortably and quietly they got along. For Fenrir Skoll, having only each other in this entire world would be more than enough.

But because Cassius Ambrosia is accustomed to being alone, even his time with Fenrir Skoll seemed to last only a moment. He didn't have the courage to trust him, much less to fall in love with him. He's willing to let this other lonely thing follow him till he departs, though.

That's right. For Cassius Ambrosia, Fenrir Skoll's stay in his place is only temporary. Once his wolf packs learned about him being here, they would definitely bring him away. Even he himself believes that Fenrir Skoll was only staying by his side for a limited time. When that time arrives, this lonely wolf would have to go home to where he came from.

What he didn't know is that Fenrir Skoll had already killed himself in the eyes of his pack. He is already a dead wolf that cannot return to life. In the first place, he had already chosen to stay beside him until the end. Unfortunately, the news from outside the castle would rarely reach this place and he didn't know what happened in the world outside the castle's walls.

Cassius Ambrosia suddenly recalled that he had to go out and go somewhere once the winter season had ended. He needed to go to Genus Academy and overlooked the little ones that would enter the school. In the first place, after the former pope died from old age he was the one holding the reins in the Genus Academy as the current reigning Pope greatly hates the other races except for the human race. It was because of this that the power of the Genus Academy wasn't passed onto him but instead fell in the hand of Cassius Ambrosia.

For Cassius Ambrosia, running Genus Academy was like passing his time. He had a never-ending lifespan and so staying in this place to teach the children of the other races was something he did so he wouldn't get bored. All he needs to do is just to stop them from killing each other and for the rest of the problems he would let the children solve it themselves.

Cassius Ambrosia said, "Skoll, I need to leave the castle after the winter season."

"Where are we going?" asked Fenrir Skoll, obviously not willing to be left behind in the house alone.

"You want to go with me? You can stay in your werewolf form and need to wear a disguise as your real face cannot be seen by anyone from the Fenrir Tribe. Are you willing?" Cassius Ambrosia said.

Fenrir Skoll answered without hesitation, "There is no need to worry. There are only a few who know my face. Not even the six elders of the Fenrir Tribe know what I look like."

"You are going to Genus Academy right? I will go with you." The huge black wolf said.

Cassius Ambrosia narrowed his eyes and stared at Fenrir Skoll, "I warn you now. If I bring you there, you are forbidden from being alone with anyone from your race. You are now allowed to help them secretly or I wouldn't want you anymore!"

"I promise I won't get involved with the Fenrir Tribe. Moreover, they didn't know I was still alive. But... I have one subordinate, who is spying on the tribe for me. He works only for me I assure you. He is like... Yes, like that little duke on your side. He might want to meet me if he sees me. Is that alright?" Fenrir Skoll said.

Cassius Ambrosia said, "I'll keep a check on him. If he fails then you can't keep in touch with him anymore. You promise to stay with me. So you are mine the others aren't allowed to get involved with you."

System Yue and System Yang who were watching their bosses in invisible mode couldn't help but comment on the conversation between the two.

[Whoa~ Lord Hei's possessiveness doesn't seem to change even after he lost all his memories.]System Yue commented.

System Yang said, [Is that okay? At least both are happy. Look at how Lord God Ye's smile reaches his ears.]

Fenrir Skoll looked at Cassius Ambrosia with affection and an unguarded aura, as if he left his life in the hands of this vampire.

"Okay! You can do anything you want, Cass!" Fenrir Skoll said.

Chapter 964: 16.10 First Red Star - Genus Academy

The spectacle of those eyes brimming with feelings left the Progenitor of the Vampires speechless. He had never seen eyes like this before. Gentle and loving, as if he is the most precious person in the world. He had lived for a very long time, and the eyes he had grown accustomed to were ones that were filled with mistrust and fear.

Even when he utilized his power to save or assist people, they were utterly terrified of it. They believed that because he is different from them, he will always put them at risk. the potential for death. He didn't understand his full power in this world until he could kill millions of people with a single wave of his hands. Only God possesses this power, which terrorizes those who are lesser than him.

Cassius Ambrosia became accustomed to it with time. Being duped, taken advantage of, respected, and feared, he had gotten used to it. Because of how repulsive their eyes were, he decided to live alone in the forbidden forest where he would almost never encounter a living person.

He just did the vampire race a favor by producing a vampire from his blood. The Fenrir Tribe, which is comprised of the Werewolf Race, happens to be involved in this favor. They begged him to do them a favor and slay the Werewolf Ancestor. Cassius Ambrosia first believed these men to be idiots. What evidence is there that the Werewolf's Ancestor actually existed?

But seems that this Werewolf Ancestor does exist. He and he are quite similar. The mutt's strength can easily rival his, despite the fact that he didn't have perpetual life like he has.

In the end, he decided to make a concession, saying that this favor would be the last and that they couldn't ask him for anything again.

But who would have thought that by the time he arrived at the specified place, a sick and frail wolf would have unexpectedly succumbed to poison? It appears that he had been targeted by another party. For some while, he stood in the darkness and watched as the dying wolf ancestor took his last breath. It appears that he was unable to withstand time like the others.

Then, just as he was about to leave, he abruptly heard heartbeats in the surrounding area. He is a vampire so his heart was frozen and wouldn't beat unless he did it. It just indicated that the deceased wolf who breathed his last may be the source of the pulse. Under the influence of Cassius Ambrosia, he awoke.

He murdered the werewolf King and personally pulled out his heart as a result. However, who would have imagined that the wolf ancestor would evolve after passing away? He is no longer under the celestial rules' supervision of a confined aura. Instead, he was free and in complete command of himself. Yes, like him. An absolute that not even the world can move.

He attempted to murder him a couple more times, but each time, he survived. It was odd because whenever Fenrir Skoll was revived, the imprint on his lower left eye would twitch as if it were alive. The relationship between the crest and Fenrir Skoll's limitless Resurrection was unknown to Cassius Ambrosia.

He didn't sure how to react, therefore he felt awkward when Fenrir Skoll publicly declared his love for him. All he can do is turn a blind eye to it and pretend he didn't see anything.

Cassius Ambrosia abruptly stood up causing Fenrir Skoll who was leaning on him almost fell and looked at the former with a bewildered look.

The Progenitor spoke, "Prepare to leave. In Genus Academy, not only all students are required to live in dormitories but also the teachers."

"Can I live with you? I won't take so many places. I can turn into a puppy." Fenrir Skoll said.

Cassius Ambrosia was hesitant as he didn't know how to explain a wolf being in his care if the Fenrir Tribe learned about it.

Fenrir Skoll noticed his thoughts and said, "Don't worry. The Werewolf race doesn't have the ability to read aura so they wouldn't know it was me. In the form of a puppy, they wouldn't notice that I am a wolf."

"Do as you want." Cassius Ambrosia gave up and let Fenrir Skoll do whatever he was planning to do.

The Wolf Ancestor is extremely happy that he didn't need to be separated from his wife and has been in a mood the whole time.

After the three-month vacation period is over. The Genus Academy has now reopened.

The primary building of the institution, which is enormous, is the biggest. To the south, east, and west are three structures that resemble dormitories. The entire space is covered in greenery, and a barrier prevents direct sunlight from entering. Instead, another kind of illumination is there. This border barrier served as a sufficient wall to thwart both internal and external attacks in addition to sunlight.

The school buildings' architecture was inspired by ancient cultures. Large chandeliers were installed in the ceilings, and the majority of the interior spaces were carpeted. The walls were created not with normal cement but with a touch of jade. Everywhere you look, you can find some beautiful antiques. from sculptures to vases to paintings, etc.

In the academy, there are three dorms. The human population will reside in the south dormitory. Additionally, it is the one closest to the main school building. The mountainous area contains the East Territory. This is where werewolf students are supposed to live.

The forest is in the west. Students who are vampires are required to dwell in this building. There are also a few detached homes in the area, but these are reserved for the elders and instructors of each race.

The number of students from each race admitted to the school was unlimited, but only three seniors or adults from that race were authorized to supervise the stay of their people. Yes, of course! They are not allowed to stir any trouble, encouraging conflict between races and hurting the other student. Punishment would ensue for failing to comply. Execution is the most severe penalty.

The headmaster of the Genus School was rumored to be a very strong man. If he chooses, he is capable of retaliating against all three races. He is a shadowy character who does not support any one group. Nobody is aware of the race he belongs to. But it was said that he is an extremely beautiful man that made females and males fall for him at first sight.

He is also adored by certain human teachers. However, this semester the enigmatic headmaster had a companion. A man who is one head higher than the headmistress was there. Although he exudes an air of aloofness and indifference, his muscle definition was sufficient to convey his strength, and the smile on his face made him appear approachable.

This guy has black eyes that are clear yet appear to have flashes of light in them, along with short obsidian hair that looks like black silk from a distance. Anyone who looks into his eyes cannot help but feel drawn into his gaze.

Then the Headmaster introduced the individual that came with him to all the teachers in the academy. He introduced him to his family bearing his surname.

In the briefing room, Cassius Ambrosia, who is posing as a human, assembled all the other instructors. There were several werewolves and vampires among the human professors as well. However, they were mixed blood rather than pure blood. They were expelled from their own tribes or clans and had human blood on them, in other words.

The headmaster spoke, "Welcome back to Genus. I guess everyone here had enjoyed their vacations enough. This is a new Semester so there would be new students joining us. Before we continue the meeting let me introduce you to a new teacher. His name is Skoll Ambrosia, he is my relative. Just his strength alone is enough to be useful in this place."

"Well he wouldn't be teaching directly, but conflicts between students of different races cannot be avoided. If there are situations you can't handle you can find him. Let him handle the rest."

Teachers who were dhampir and half-werewolves spoke up. They are unable to detect anything special emanating from this Skoll Ambrosia man. They experience nothing at all.

He didn't even have the headmaster's oppressive strain. He couldn't feel him at all, yet it seemed as though he was there. As if he is a mirage himself.

The half-werewolf spoke, "Is he as strong as you, headmaster?"

"Yes. I can't kill him no matter how many times I try." This bastard gets resurrected no matter how many times I kill him after all.

Cassius Ambrosia saw Fenrir Skoll staring at him and knew what he wanted to do and nodded his head in agreement.

He said to Fenrir Skoll, "Don't kill any of them."

"I won't. I promise."

Everyone in the room was confused after hearing the brief conversation between the headmaster and Skoll, especially those who thought Skoll wasn't a powerful person.

Fenrir Skoll spoke while staring at the half-werewolf teacher. "Cub, you should learn to feel the difference in strength by instinct. Or you wouldn't know how you died~"

The man who was standing next to the headmaster had vanished in front of their eyes. The half-werewolf was the one who abruptly froze as he felt a hand land on one of his shoulders, leaving everyone in a state of shock. The hand's application of force is gentle, yet he can feel a stout, bloodthirsty presence approaching from behind him.

"See~ I'm right, aren't I?"

Cold sweats trickle down his face and his body. He didn't dare to move as if doing so wouldn't mean death. The dhampir next to him had begun to tremble, and he was unable to control his change into a swarm of bats. The other half of his body remained paralyzed in dread as just half of his body changed into bats.

From behind every instructor, Fenrir Skoll's joyful voice echoes, making them feel as though they've been drenched in icy water. Fenrir Skoll arrived behind them, but nobody noticed.

"S-So fast... I didn't even see anything!"

Cassius Ambrosia spoke, "Skoll, don't scare the children."

The two treated everyone in this world as a child because compared to them. Who lives for eternity those who were Gods are children in their eyes.

Fenrir Skoll raised his hand and said, "I didn't even do much~ you guys continue to talk I get to prepare your snacks." He went out of the room leaving the rest in silence. Only Cassius Ambrosia's helpless sigh can be heard inside the room.

Cassius Ambrosia said, "Take a seat. Let's continue the meeting."

"Headmaster, what is he?" the half-werewolf asked.

The face of the headmaster turned expressionless and cold. "It is supposed to be forbidden to ask about someone's background in Genus."

"I'm sorry, Headmaster."

"Don't do it again. Continue the meeting."

Fenrir Skoll wanders around the campus seeking a spot to plant flowers for his wife's snacks while the instructors' conference is still going on. He unintentionally noticed a chapel with open doors while wandering around the school's grounds. He had a passing interest in churches.

System Yue spoke, [Milord! There's a small greenhouse behind this church. It was abandoned but it can be repaired.]

[There is someone in that church. Isn't this place supposed to be abandoned?] System Yang said.

From a distance, Fenrir Skoll studied the church and noted that despite the walls appearing to be old, they appear to have been well-maintained. maintained using physical work rather than specialized methods like formation. Only people are capable of performing manual labor on our planet.

System Yue asked, [Are you going inside, my lord?]

Fenrir Skoll said, "This place is hidden. Since there is a greenhouse then... this place should be enough."

He didn't hesitate as he headed in the direction of the church. Apart from his wife, he has no reason to be afraid of anything. Fenrir Skoll does not care if there is danger or not. Providing he receives what he desires.

Chapter 965: 16.11 First Red Star - Identity

Inside the abandoned church in Genus Academy...

Fenrir Skoll entered the church without hesitation and he even looked bored when he was welcomed by the scene of a man kneeling by the altar and a light from the heavens falling above his head. The interior of the church was completely different from the abandoned look outside.

The interior of the church is not simple. Though the designs and things inside look modest, what it was made of was a totally different story. The rows of chairs were made from expensive sandalwood which would cause millions for a small piece but every wooden chair is made of it. The whole floor is carpeted and that was placed there with in mind that visitors would enter with their shoes on.

The sculptures on the altars were made of gold. There is even one that is twice the human size and was placed at the center of the altar. The tinted windows were made from special materials that had the same effects as bulletproof windows and were even stronger than that.

The candle holders above them were made of gold as well though it was made to look old obviously it was made from the rarest materials it can get. There were also light crystals that looked fake because of how large they were. Only priests and those who serve God would notice how much holy energy was stored in it.

But what kind of luxury had Fenrir Skoll hadn't seen? If he wanted he can even make a castle made of gold. He only glances once around and heads to the direction where the said greenhouse was located.

"Where is the greenhouse you guys are talking about?" asked Fenrir Skoll to the two systems hovering near him.

System Yue spoke, [The back of the church, my Lord! There is a hidden small plot of land rich in nutrients and fertile enough to grow roses.]

[The plot behind the church is not included in the area owned by the church Lord God Ye is free to take it any time. I've made preparations to set that land yours.] System Yang said.

"Good work. Show me the directions." Fenrir Skoll said.

System Yue spoke, [My Lord you can get behind the church by passing through the door on the right side of the altar.]

Fenrir Skoll glanced at the priest kneeling in front of the altar. This priest looks quite young. Someone in his mid-twenties. Both his hair and eyes were pure gold as if his whole body was blessed with holiness from inside and out.

Despite such weirdness, Fenrir Skoll, this Werewolf Ancestor, doesn't give a damn about him and ignores the priest. He walks towards the right side door near the altar without even greeting the Priest of the church.

The priest suddenly spoke, "Oh Exalted Former King of the Werewolves. I wonder what led you to this humble sanctuary of mine."

Fenrir Skoll paused his footsteps and turned around to look at the priest. His face though looked so disinterested and bored as he never really cared if someone learned about his identity in this world.

He calmly looked at the young priest wearing pure white priest robes with golden linings and said, "The small plot of land behind your church. I bought it. I plan to use it as a greenhouse. This church is the only way for me to get there."

"While you are at it, don't call me the Wolf King. That man had died and been buried. If there isn't something else I shall take my leave."

Somewhat dumbfounded by the words Fenrir Skoll had said to him, the priest was stunned for a few seconds before he tried to reach out and grabbed the corner of the werewolf's clothes only to pause in instinctive fear when he met the apathetic obsidian irises of Fenrir Skoll. There is a glint of crimson which made him look extremely dangerous yet handsome.

With an icy voice, "Do not touch me. My wife is sensitive to smell." Fenrir Skoll warned.

The Priest lowered his hand and took a few steps back, "Please forgive my rudeness. I wanted to say that your shoes had dirtied the carpet inside the church."

Hmp!

Fenrir Skoll summoned Zhi Yue and Zhi Yang. "Yue, Yang, handle the rest here."

The humanoid bodies of Zhi Yue and Zhi Yang appeared in thin air and kneel on one knee before Fenrir Skoll.

"Yes, My Lord (Lord God)"

Fenrir Skoll once again ignored the priest and headed to the backyard behind the church. He can be late for class and meetings but never on feeding his wife. Thankfully, he is able to wield Time Elements, and maturing the rose plants would be easy for him.

Zhi Yue and Zhi Yang handled the cleanup of the church after Fenrir Skoll left with a large bouquet of Crimson Juliet Rose in his arms.

Fenrir Skoll was in a good mood, "This should be enough for a few days." A rare smile would always sprout at the corner of his lips whenever he thought of his wife.

Even the priest who was frightened by his indifference just now couldn't help but stare at Fenrir Skoll at this moment. His smile is so serene and beautiful to see.

"Have you found your Luna?" asked the Priest.

"That's none of your business."

The smile on Fenrir Skoll's face faded as soon as he heard the other man talking to him. This Evil God only shows his emotions when his beloved is involved; the rest cannot even enter his eyes, much less his world.

As expected, Fenrir Skoll ignores the priest after saying those words and walks away, "Yue, Yang, the rest are for you to handle. Clean up whatever that thing is asking for. I'm going back to see him now."

"Please go ahead." Zhi Yue and Zhi Yang said.

A few moments after Fenrir Skoll took his leave, the priest once again spoke. This time he is talking to Zhi Yue and Zhi Yang. He seems to be not offended when he was ignored by Fenrir just now.

The Priest spoke, "The soul inside that body had been replaced. A soul from the higher world and was not supposed to be in here. His soul is very similar. Similar to that Progenitor of the Blood Clan."

"You two are not humans. Neither is a vampire or a werewolf. What are you?"

Zhi Yue flashes a grin and says, "Why don't you ask your God? Didn't he revert your time and keep you young as the guardian of this world? Keylan Light~"

"As expected, you already know who I am... What is your intention in coming here to Genus Academy?" asked Keylan Light, the priest.

Zhi Yang answered, "Fret not. We have no other intention than to accompany Lord Cassius. Lord Fenrir wouldn't do anything unless you move Lord Cassius. He is after all his long-awaited Luna."

"We've changed the carpet and made a door (space portal) that reached the backyard without needing to enter the church to reach the Lord's greenhouse." Zhi Yue said, "A'Yang, I heard the canteen in this place serves chestnut cake. Let's get some~"

"Sure. I will go with you anywhere." Zhi Yang said.

Zhi Yue was still as friendly as always and looked back to wave his hand at the priest, "We are going now~ See you later."

Zhi Yue and Zhi Yang also took their leave after finishing their task. Meanwhile, Keylan Light who was left behind once knelt in front of the altar communicating with the Heavenly Laws itself.

Keylan Light asked as he clasped his hands into prayer, "Oh heavens above~ are these people enemies?"

A voice coming from the heavens responded to the priest's inquiries, "Feareth not. Those gents art, not thy enemies. Those gents wouldn't moveth the w'rld as longeth the people doesn't moveth one p'rson."

By the time Fenrir Skoll returned to the main campus, the meeting between teachers had ended. He even bumps into the teachers on their way out and was all staring at him to bring a large bouquet of Red Juliet Roses. In the eyes of the humans, he looks like he was there to confess his love for the headmaster.

Fenrir Skoll asked, "Is your meeting done?"

"Yes. Please go ahead. The headmaster is still inside." One of the human teachers said while blushing. Regardless of whether Fenrir Skoll is here for the headmaster or not, his looks as a Male God can capture the hearts of almost everyone.

"Sir Skoll, are those roses, Juliet roses? I heard those roses are expensive."

Fenrir Skoll acted friendly despite the depths of his eyes, completely unsympathetic.

"Yes, this is my daily gift to Cass. Is he still in?" He asked.

"Yes! Please go ahead."

Among the teachers, only those who were not human had a different reaction, especially the half-werewolf and dhampir teachers, Armand Hemming and Klaus Zane.

The thoughts of Armand Hemming, 'The smell of blood is so strong on him. Did he get injured? Who the hell can even wound him?! Wrist wound? Is his injury his doing?!'

Armand Hemming noticed the wound on Fenrir Skoll's wrist. It was fresh and obviously barely healed though it was hidden under his sleeve for werewolves the scent of blood cannot be ignored. Klaus Zane,

on the other hand, had a different point of view. His eyes lingered more on the red roses in Skoll's hands.

Klaus Zane's thoughts, 'Impossible! Only vampires who haven't directly drunk blood can be sated by Blood Rose. He said he will bring that to the Headmaster! Are they vampires?!'

But as if noticing the gazes on him, Fenrir Skoll turned to meet the eyes of the two teachers, Armand Hemming and Klaus Zane. He gave them a gesture of silence and flashed his werewolf's eyes for a split second which only the two of them had noticed.

Armand Hemming was greatly shocked by what he witnessed, that he even forgot his manners for a bit.

"What the hell!!!? You are... Mmpphh!!!"

Klaus Zane covered Armand Hemming's mouth on time. Even though he was trembling in fear himself, he made sure that he shut up this stupid man before he said something that is not supposed to be said out loud.

"Please forgive him for his rudeness! I promise to teach him how to talk well..."

After forcing Armand to lower his head with his, Klaus Zane was nervously waiting to get Fenrir Skoll to forgive them. The identity of the headmaster being a vampire and those beast eyes, Skoll Ambrosia had flashed just now. If he was illiterate, there is no way to mistake whose race owned beast eyes, adding the fact that pressure alone can restrain all of them meant that the bloodline of the other must be the purest of all.

Fenrir Skoll didn't mind them at all and said nonchalantly, "Well~ teach him well."

"Skoll, you're back. Did you bring my snacks?" The voice of Cassius Ambrosia was heard from inside the office.

"Of course, Cass~"

The one whose name was called happily entered the room without care for the ones outside. Fenrir Skoll went in holding the roses in his hand and closed the door after him leaving everyone else dumbfounded.

Armand, who freed himself from Klaus's hands.

"Lau! Sir Skoll seems to be a Wer..."

"Shut up! Come with me!" Klaus Zane said, "I'm sorry. We will take our leave for now everyone!"

Klaus Zane dragged away this loudmouthed fool. Didn't Sir Skoll Ambrosia already give them a warning? Of course! He couldn't allow Armand Hemming to just tattle that person's Identity. The rest of the teachers can only watch Armand and Klaus leave after they bid their farewells.

"What is wrong with Teacher Armand and Teacher Klaus?"

Chapter 966: 16.12 First Red Star - New Semester

Armand Hemming had to be dragged back to their dorm by Teacher Klaus Zane. They settled on a detached home together. That's accurate. They were a couple. It was a two-story home with adequate space for two people to live there.

On the way, Armand Hemming felt like he had finally calmed down. So he let his lover bring him away without any struggle as he was brought back home.

Klaus Zane was panting as they arrived, "Have you calmed down?"

"Hm... Sorry, Klau... It's just that I didn't expect Sir Skoll to be a Werewolf like me, much more a pureblood one. Is it because I am half-blood that I didn't notice his aura as a beast?" Armand Hemming said clearly feeling downhearted. He had always felt inferior before because of his mixed blood. That's why he and his human mother were kicked out of their own pack.

Klaus Zane spoke and rustled the light gray hair of his lover, "I don't think that was it. We might not know what their identities are if they chose not to give it away. I heard that your race is possessive. That

seems true as it forces Sir Skoll into revealing himself to us as a warning. He didn't want us staring too much at the Headmaster."

"Well~ I'm more shocked about something else. Sir Skoll is a werewolf and if the headmaster is a vampire, are they together?" Armand Hemming questioned. "This is... a bit unexpected. I thought I was unique because I fell in love with you. I had no clear distinction between races as I am half-human. I am capable of loving anyone as long as my heart yearns for it." The half-blood werewolf said as he held the hands of Klaus making the latter blush.

In his human family, Klaus Zane was born. After his mother left them, his human father remained by his side. He was therefore only aware of the vampires that people are familiar with. He had no idea that werewolves and vampires shared a ferocious hatred that led to their desire to eradicate one another.

Armand Hemming says, "For pureblood werewolves and vampires, it is almost impossible for them to like each other. This is because they hated each other to death. I do not know why but when I was still living in the Grey furred Pack, they would never spare a vampire even if... they are half-blood. So for them to fall in love with each other is weird."

"Sir Skoll is definitely a pureblood. When he looked at me with his beast eyes all I had in my mind was to surrender. This is called bloodline suppression. It is similar to aristocratic vampires to only lower their heads before their king."

"If Sir Skoll and the headmaster are indeed together and they were both purebloods then... It is only possible because of one thing... The Headmaster is the Luna of Sir Skoll. A werewolf's Luna is more important than the life of the werewolf and even more precious than his tribe. They are fated lovers and their souls are connected. There must be some kind of crest only the two of them share. This signifies that they are mates."

After Armand Hemming's explanation, Klaus Zane felt worried about his own relationship with his werewolf. Of course, Armand noticed it when his lover suddenly turned quiet.

Armand Hemming asked worriedly, "What's wrong darling?"

"Then... Then do you have that crest to... A crest to share with Luna?" Klaus Zane asked.

A surge of happiness filled Armand Hemming's heart, this question was enough to show how much this dhampir loves him so much. The fear of losing him was the greatest proof of this man's love. He felt extremely delighted hearing this.

Smiling, Armand Hemming said, "Don't be afraid, darling. Those who were destined to have a Luna would be born with a crest somewhere in their body. This means in their previous life, they already have a destined mate. In all of the werewolves in the tribe, no one was born except for one."

The half-werewolf turned serious as he thought of that possibility but denied it with all as he had seen the body of the person with his own eyes.

Klaus Zane somehow thought that things aren't simple after all when he saw his lover's serious yet dark expression.

He asked, "Who was it that was born with the crest?"

"The Ancestor of all the Werewolves in existence, Lord Fenrir." Armand Hemming answered.

Bewildered, Klaus Zane spoke, "But didn't you say that Lord Fenrir died a few months ago?"

"Yes. He is dead. I am sure of it. The body inside that coffin was real. There is no way I would mistake the scent of a dead werewolf which I have seen for myself."

"So there is another possibility... Is it possible for a lone werewolf that has never been in a tribe to exist and even has a pureblood?" asked Klaus Zane.

Armand Hemming said, "Maybe? But most pureblood werewolves were all from the same genealogy. So even if he was born outside his blood cannot be denied and is definitely connected to the Ancestor. Enough of Sir Skoll, what do you think of the Headmaster? Is he a pureblood?"

"Hm~ it was said that the purer the blood is, the more powerful and beautiful a vampire would be. Based on his appearance alone, the headmaster is definitely a top-notch beauty. But no one had seen the real strength of the Headmaster. So I am not sure..." Klaus Zane said.

Sigh~

Armand Hemming said, "Okay. Enough about them. Since they are not our enemies we should worry about the pureblood brats entering this new Semester."

"Our original records had been deleted the moment we had joined the Academy. They weren't allowed to move us in this territory as this is our home." Klaus Zane said.

Armand Hemming's tummy suddenly growls. It was so loud that it destroyed the seriousness in the atmosphere between them.

GROWLS~

"Sorry... After talking for so long we missed our lunch. Darling, I'm hungry~" Armand Hemming said.

Klaus Zane sighed and headed to the kitchen. "Take a shower and prepare the table. I will make some lunch."

"Darling, you're the best!" Armand Hemming said.

In the Headmaster's Office...

Fenrir Skoll followed his wife and went to the office with him. He gave him a few roses to snack on and noticed Cassius Ambrosia looking at his wrist.

Cassius Ambrosia spoke, "Why don't your wounds heal? Normally, it would heal fast and wouldn't even leave a scar."

"Oh~ I left it intentionally to make you worry~," Fenrir Skoll said.

Cassius Ambrosia said, "Speak human."

Hehe~

Fenrir Skoll simply wiped his palm over his sliced wrist, making it seem as though it had never been there. He then snoozed on Cassius' lap in his little werewolf form. The time was ideal for a nap because it was the afternoon. Since they had been spending time quietly together and Cassius Ambrosia had grown accustomed to this man's lack of shame, he allowed the stupid mutt to sleep in this manner.

Cassius Ambrosia questioned Fenrir Skoll about what had transpired before he returned, realizing that he hadn't yet slept off. He was always in the briefing room, but he could hear everything that was happening outside.

Cassius Ambrosia spoke, "Normally you wouldn't reveal you are a werewolf. Why did you inform Teacher Armand about you? Is it because he is a werewolf-like you?"

"No. It is because they are like us." Fenrir Skoll said.

A bit confused about what the black mutt had said. Cassius Ambrosia asked, "What do you mean?"

"That Dhampir... And that half-blood werewolf... You didn't notice that they are together. Moreover, their aura mixes well; it means that they live in one house," explained Fenrir Skoll.

A rare astonishment appeared on Cassius Ambrosia's face though it was only him raising his eyebrow a bit higher than normal.

"You mean they are lovers? Half-bloods with the bloodline of a vampire and a werewolf?" Cassius Ambrosia questioned.

Fenrir Skoll said, "Yes, is it that surprising? After all, true love knows no race. Like how I love you despite being a different race than me. I love you even before this life, the crest that appears on your face is proof that we have been together for a very, very long time."

This time, he actually slept off, closing his eyes and breathing regularly, leaving the vampire monarch perplexed and unsure of how to respond to his clichéd declarations of love. Cassius Ambrosia felt compelled to put the small black dog on his lap down but refrained after smelling the man's blood on the red Juliet flowers he was munching on.

His demand for sleep has significantly decreased ever since he began consuming these blood roses. Now that he had nothing to do in the morning, he didn't feel like sleeping. He caresses the dog on his lap without realizing that some might find the scenario to be too serene.

For the coming semester, additional preparations were made to welcome the new students. To fulfill the needs of people with royal and aristocratic ancestry, the dorms were modernized. Purebloods were regarded as the offspring of nobles or riches. Especially after the top three groups appealed to the Genus Academy. They were sending the Young Werewolf King, Conri Lycaon, the Night Lord of the Vampires, Athan Vladimir, and the Holy Son from the Templar Temple.

These three influential people all joined at the same moment, as though they were discussing it. These young faction leaders met in the Genus Academy Welcome Hall once the winter break was over.

The Genus Academy's reception area was enormous. It had two stories. Regardless of their race, all of the regular students who weren't born with extraordinary genes congregated on the lowest floor. In actuality, there are three factions, hence there are three seating layouts to please the factions. Of course, the upper floor, which is similarly divided into three regions, is where the leaders and their immediate subordinates all sat.

The middle of the room was occupied by the human race. The werewolf race occupied the right wing, while the vampire race occupied the left wing. These common students couldn't help but notice the three most prominent Male Gods among the incoming students since the division between groups is too obvious.

At the center of the upper floor hall, Asher Light wearing his white collared colored uniform with a gold colored necktie. He sat at the center surrounded by his subordinates. There are Apprentices and disciples of the Templar Temple seated around him like revering his existence. His escorts were Archbishop Ether Dawn, Cardinal Lemuel Elon, and Cardinal Darius Rueden. Both cardinals were sent out. This is to ensure the safety of the Holy Son.

Conri Lycaon was positioned on the right wing and was decked out in a navy blue top with a white necktie. Mayun Ruid and Ashina Ruid, who were around the same age as him, were seated next to him. Together with Elder Louve and Elder Vale, Randal Ruid made the decision to enter as their faction's escort. Elder Vale is a member of Conri Lycaon's side, which basically means he is under him directly. Unlike Elder Vilkas and Elder Louve, who formerly worked closely with the Werewolf Ancestor.

Athan Vladimir was seated to the left. Only Athan Vladimir was permitted to wear a red tie; the vampire race had a black suit and a red ribbon. This is to demonstrate his unique position among the clan. Within the race, the Blood Clan had a very rigid hierarchy. The King must come first among the nobility. Earl Thana Dawn and Earl Elena Martel served as his protectors. Duke Luther D'Arcy would also only show up in person if required.

The gathering between the factions was clearly seen in the hall. There are ordinary humans who didn't know the existence of bigshots of the other races attending the same school as them. To them these men are all new students and most of them are all handsome and beautiful. Their face value is above most of the old students in Genus Academy. Today is the first day for the opening of the New Semesters. Old and New students were entitled to attend the opening ceremony.

Chapter 967: 16.13 First Red Star - Conflict

At the Genus Academy's Gathering Hall...

Without being prompted, all of the students had congregated. Regardless of their race, this is. All enrolled members of the Genus Academy, including visitors, had a responsibility to abide by the regulations. In any case, the area they are in right now is a Neutral Area. Starting a war between the three races by fighting here is forbidden.

No one dares make the opening move unless the entire race is prepared to be pitted against the other races. Because doing so would force the other two races to cooperate in eradicating them. The Genus Academy has that as its policy.

The current vampire king, Athan Vladimir, initially had no intention of going to the ceremony.

The vampires would often be sleeping at this time of day because it was the freaking morning. The timing wouldn't have changed at all even if the academy as a whole were shielded from sunlight. But this time he had no other choice as Duke Luther D'Arcy tasked him to follow the rules of the academy strictly as it is.

The classes at Genus Academy go from midday till late at night. begins at noon and concludes at seven in the evening. This is done to make sure that the blood clan, who prefer to sleep in the morning, won't be excluded.

Athan Vladimir didn't want to go to this Genus Academy, but the Progenitor had started looking for a new successor after he lost to Asher Light in that ambush. Avan Vladimir, his great-grandfather, insisted that their family couldn't be replaced by another aristocratic family and that the other aristocratic clans were just imitators since they were the first to get the blood of their Progenitor.

The idea that they were the ones chosen had been ingrained in Avan Vladimir's descendants' mind. Aside from the Progenitor, the Vladimir clan is intended to guide the entire Blood Race. Cassius Ambrosia didn't like them at all since they were so ambitious and wanted to overthrow the Progenitor of their species.

This knowledge contributed to Athan Vladimir's upbringing as a douche bag. He treats himself like a king and has contempt for other clans. Duke Luther D'Arcy is the only clan leader he is unable to overcome. This man is as strong as or stronger than his great-grandfather, and he's also cold and brutal since he directly serves the Progenitor. Even more than his great grandfather, he was the person Athan Vladimir feared the most.

Due to the fact that Duke Luther D'Arcy's sentiments were on par with those of the Progenitor, Athan Vladimir is unable to oppose him. He was only eligible for the Academy's Opening Ceremony, and he never anticipated running into the most obnoxious person of his life. He could not contain his rage as soon as he saw Asher Light moving and living right in front of him.

The current King of the vampires, Athan Vladimir bellowed, "Asher Light! How much did your God love you so that you were able to extend your life after trying to kill this Lord!?"

"Isn't it because you are weak? I thought you were already dying. I guess vampires are synonymous with cockroaches. You can't be killed even if your heads are cut off." Asher Light said. His words were both mocking and taunting. It was enough to involve the whole blood race and made them all angry.

The Holy Son of the Templar Temple was about to be attacked this time by all the vampires, but Esther Dawn and the two cardinals of this group quickly came and encircled their Holy Son. In addition, two vampires of the earl class descended from a blood mist and kept guard over Athan Vladimir.

Conri Lycaon and his company are grinning indifferently as they observe the spectacle in front of them. His foster father had previously cautioned him that he should rigorously adhere to the regulations of Genus Academy or they would suffer penalties that they would not be able to pay.

Conri Lycaon mumbled, "Fools. Breaking the rules of another's territory. They are seeking death."

Ashina Ruid and Mayun Ruid were seated beside their young king and asked, "What should we do, King?"

"Should we interfere and fight them both?"

"Stand down! Someone would stop them. It is forbidden to start group fights against races in this Academy. Since they choose to break the rules then they should play for the consequences." Conri Lycaon said.

Overhearing what the new werewolf king had stated, Athan Vladimir was as arrogant as always. He even dares to taunt the stupid werewolf as he never gets along with him at all.

Athan Vladimir said, "Shut up, Loser! If you are a coward there is no need for many excuses!"

"Is that so? Why don't you try attacking, maybe what I had said was something to just taunt you with, leech!" Conri Lycaon said calling Athan Vladimir a leech as it loves to suck blood as food like vampires.

Heh~

Conri Lycaon's words make Asher Light scoff when he hears them. He was undoubtedly concurring with his insulting remarks about the vampire lord.

Because Asher Light and his group were the closest, he decided to attack them after becoming extremely enraged by his two adversaries. The escorts and subordinates moved as soon as he made a move. However, a very sharp cut had already been made between them before they could even start fighting. Whoever had crossed would have been chopped in half if none of the two had backed off at the last second.

Whoosed!!

They were afraid since they had no idea when the person who would end their attacks suddenly had arrived. When they turned around, they saw a dashing man dressed in a three-piece suit that gave him a regal appearance, especially those dark eyes concealed by a pair of stylish glasses. Nobody would have known that the man with his hands behind him was the one who had forcibly divided the two factions.

On the attractive face of Fenrir Skoll, a warm smile sprang out. He had transformed his facial characteristics to a great extent, yet there were still vestiges of his old appearance.

Fenrir Skoll was smiling as if he were an impartial third party who had come to arbitrate the conflict between the three sides. However, those with intelligence can deduce that the cut made just now was meant to kill whoever had gone over that line. If they hadn't stopped in time, they would have instantly been killed.

"Please do remember the contract you had signed before you entered the Genus Academy. Fighting in groups, especially between races, is forbidden in this territory. I hope that the students and the guests are escorted to keep in mind that treaty in this place."

Fenrir Skoll is smiling, and while everyone can see it, those who can sense his malice couldn't help but shudder at the sight of his pursed lips. All three factions agree that this man, who appears to be human but is actually not, is a very strong person. If he becomes serious, he is strong enough to overpower everyone on this floor or in this hallway.

Athan Vladimir couldn't help but curse, "Who the hell are you?!"

"My lord! Please don't..." Earl Elena Martel said.

Though she was silent, Thana Daybreak was perspiring heavily. She had previously avoided getting involved since she was actively seeking someone. Who would have imagined that their young monarch would suddenly behave in a tyrannical manner as he always has.

Sadly, they were outside of their own place. She was the one who had just stepped over the boundary and noticed that her long nails had been neatly clipped by what appeared to be a sharp blade, although it was clear that the man did not have a weapon on him, her nails were the evident proof of what just happened. Even though they were both Earl Class, Earl Daybreak and Earl Martel weren't confident that they could defeat this easy going person.

Thana Daybreak politely lowered her head a bit and apologized, "Pardon our rudeness. We shall take a step back for this scene, Sir."

"Okay." Lightly nodding his head, Fenrir Skoll moves his eyes from the Blood clan to the Mortal Clan. He asked casually, "How about this side? Hm~"

The two Cardinals and even Esther Dawn had the impression that they were being watched by a powerful predator that might attack them at any minute and swiftly put an end to their lives. They were completely unable to stop the uncontrollable trembling in their hands, which were concealed within their robes.

Esther Dawn, who was easily influenced, became pale and covered his mouth, seeming as though he was ready to throw up. He was gently reminded by Fenrir Skoll.

"There is a bathroom behind the hall. You can go before the Opening Ceremony begins..." Fenri Skoll said.

As he ran away from view, Esther Dawn only nodded once. He was so terrified that he could not control the churning in his gut. It was comparable to a frail mouse first encountering a giant. He was so unaware that someone was anxiously watching his reaction from a distance. Being the member of this group with the most sensitive sensory, Asher Light wasn't in good shape either but he exercised more restraint than Esther Dawn did. He didn't notice the eyes staring at his subordinate.

Asher Light motioned for the two senior cardinals to retire. The two elderly guys exchange glances before deciding to stop upsetting the man in front of them as they also felt overwhelmed by the aura he is emitting. They give Fenrir Skoll a brief bow before naturally assuming a seat.

"Forgive us. This is our mistake. I will try for such an embarrassing scene to not happen again. Pardon us, Sire." The Holy Son said.

By the time Esther Dawn returned, the conflicts between the humans and vampires had ended. The one who halted their fight was none other than this dangerous man whose identity was unknown.

Fenrir Skoll spoke, "Well, it's time for the Headmaster to give his opening remarks. I hope all the students will listen to it. As for the esteemed guests, please follow me out. This one shall escort you to your area."

Fenrir Skoll was quietly followed by Earl Thana Dawn and Earl Elena Martel from the Vampire group. All of the Cardinals and Ether Dawn were led off the classroom floor where the students had congregated. When Conri Lycaon, a new werewolf king of the Fenrir Tribe, suddenly grabbed the corner of that dangerous man's clothing, when they were all about to leave the hall.

Conri Lycaon said, "Please wait!"

Everyone's attention moved on Fenrir Skoll who looked a bit stunned yet confused by how this new student suddenly halted his action of leaving and the startled Conri Lycaon whose body suddenly moved before he could think.

Fenrir Skoll spoke, "This student... Is there a problem?"

As if waking up his rationality, Conri Lycaon immediately let go of this instructor's clothes and started asking a few questions.

Conri Lycaon spoke respectfully, "Pardon my rudeness. This student just wanted to ask the name of this instructor."

"My name... Well~ I am actually not an instructor as I am not here to teach. I am here to oversee in place of Genus Academy's Headmaster. You can say I am his eyes and I have the authority to bestow punishments to warn everyone. As for my name... You can call me, Ambrosia... Skoll Ambrosia."

Conri Lycaon started to murmur, "Ambrosia... Skoll Ambrosia... Skoll... Sir Skoll..." He actually felt he heard this name before. Not the surname but the given name of this man. Sadly he couldn't recall where he heard it.

The werewolves of the Fenrir Tribe seldom ever refer to their progenitor by name. He is referred to as the Supreme Lord or Lord Fenrir. They do this to honor their leader in the highest possible manner. However, due to this... Even the initial werewolf pack had virtually forgotten his given name. Everyone had forgotten the complete name of the werewolf ancestor. This is due to the fact that no one has sought this name in the previous few decades.

Fenrir Skoll spoke, "This student please return to your seat. The Ceremony is about to begin. As for the rest, do follow me out. Your room is this way."

He took his leave followed by the escorts of each faction. Fenrir Skoll's eyes didn't linger much on Conri Lycaon after all he wasn't the original Werewolf Ancestor but an outsider who seized someone else's body to stay in this world.

Chapter 968: 16.14 First Red Star - Ruthless Heroine

Headmaster Cassius Ambrosia took the stage once Fenrir Skoll and the other guest escorts had departed the student area. Cassius Ambrosia opts to wear a mask that covers half of his face as opposed to Skoll, who decides to conceal his face behind a pair of spectacles. He wears a straightforward disguise, much like Fenrir Skoll, although he transforms his silver hair into blonde rather than changing his silver eyes.

The majority of the students shouted when Cassius Ambrosia came onto the stage. He is comparable to an award-winning actor who could captivate everyone's attention for as long as he was present. Although his face was concealed, his beautiful features could not be disregarded. Rarely seen in this world are phoenix-shaped eyes, tall, small nose, and thin yet cerise lips. Unfortunately, his facial expression doesn't change, and a chilly aura permeates his aura. His beauty and individuality are lethal and chilly, like a walking iceberg.

He has a terrifying and commanding attitude. So the pressure from the attractive man on stage was felt by special humans, werewolves, and vampires alike. The only students who were not feeling as if they

were ordinary people. Those who were looking at the headmaster of their school with their hearts in their eyes fearlessly.

Murmurs in the crowd cannot be controlled and resound as buzzing sounds in the hall.

"Wow~ he is so gorgeous!"

"The teacher from before is also extremely handsome."

"I heard that the Headmaster also has the surname Ambrosia. Are they family?"

"Maybe they are together? Kyaa~"

"Shss~ quite the headmaster is about to speak."

When they first saw the headmaster's distinctive argent irises, everyone was once silent. Those who met his stare couldn't stop their hearts from racing, despite the fact that he wasn't gazing directly at him.

As Cassius Ambrosia was standing in front of the podium on the stage, he turned to look behind the students and noticed Fenrir Skoll smiling broadly at him. He even makes childlike hand motions like waving his hand. But unlike the more ominous expression he wore when he resolved the conflict between the Fenrir tribe and the heirs of the Blood clan, this time the smile on his face is sincere.

Although Cassius Ambrosia's face is unmoving, there are signs of softening in his eyes that suggest he is uncertain. This is sufficient evidence that he was moved by Fenrir Skoll's deeds but was unable to understand them. Cassius decides to disregard it for the time being since he finds it difficult to comprehend the sentiments he is now experiencing because he has no recollections of the past.

Tap. Tap.

Cassius Ambrosia checked the stage's microphone to make sure all were functional before speaking. Even the bigshot heirs kept their cool, especially now that this Genus Academy's headmaster, whose identity is unknown, had suddenly materialized in front of them.

"Good afternoon, Students. I am your Headmaster of the Genus Academy, Cassius Ambrosia."

"Genus Academy is a long-standing educational institution. This is built under the treaty between the three races: Humans, Vampires, and Werewolves. This is the only place where the three races can meet but not fight."

"Dear students, as long as you follow the rules of Genus Academy peace between races would be achieved here in this land. Keep in mind that everyone had signed an oath. This is a blood oath made by the Progenitor of the Blood Clan, approved by the Werewolf Ancestor, and witnessed by the Holy God of the Human race. Punishment can not be avoided for breaking it. Keep that in mind."

"Rules of the Academy are strictly followed. You've been warned. That will be all. You may return to your designated classrooms."

The students had only received a brief welcome address from Headmaster Cassius Ambrosia, which was filled with threats and warnings. He was aware of the heirs' vanity and conceit. He then put them together, knowing that the instant they started fighting and breaking the rules, the quicker they would be cleaned up.

These youngsters are actually pretty fortunate. They have previously seen Fenrir Skoll, whose job it is to punish anyone who violates the rules or pledges they have taken with the Genus Academy. Fenrir Skoll's unfathomable strength and tremendous power, as well as the headmaster's mysterious identity. It's difficult to win against either of the two. They resembled the forefathers of their respective races.

They truly don't recognize them since Fenrir Skoll and Cassius Ambrosia both covered themselves in disguises. Unless someone is stronger than they exist or they take it off themselves, that is... It is quite hard to see through their camouflage.

Old students like Amber Dawn are used to this kind of opening remarks from the Headmaster or Dean.

The thoughts of Amber Dawn at the moment are, 'According to the memories of the original, the headmaster is always like this. Words full of thorns. Face hidden behind a mask and an unfathomable hidden strength. He would definitely be extremely handsome behind the mask~ make me want to rip it off his face. Hmm?!!'

Suddenly Amber Dawn felt a chill hitting her spine. This is a murderous intent intended for her alone. She jumped instinctively and looked around, making her friends and classmates look at her worriedly.

"Are you okay, Amber?"

"Your face looks pale. Do you feel sick?"

"Do you want to go to the infirmary?"

Amber Dawn, however, did not have time to hear their kind words or to search vigilantly for the origin of such blatant and unadulterated murderous intent. She nearly drooled as she turned around and found the smiling, new-face teacher wearing spectacles standing close to the hallway door beaming at her. But, when she realized that the man's eyes weren't even remotely amused, an ice-cold flood washed over her head.

Fenrir Skoll was the one who unintentionally overheard System Yue's report on the female protagonist's sentiments towards his wife. He had purposefully warned her about it. Amber Dawn recognized the source of this new instructor's rage right away. When he read his lips saying, 'Watch your thoughts'. The Headmaster is the only person she had last-minute thought of before he got the message. It seemed that she was unable to continue fantasizing about this enigmatic dean.

She didn't even bother to glance up at the stage as she promptly buried her head and sat down. For some reason, she was intimidated by the new instructor's gaze. Fenrir Skoll was present to keep an eye on the students so they wouldn't act out or act arrogantly while lifting their chins to stare down at the professors after the Headmaster left and the other instructors took over to send the students back to their classrooms.

Even the notoriously arrogant king of vampires had looked down, as was to be expected. He was frightened by the way Fenrir Skoll had almost killed them fairly swiftly. All of them were grouped together in one class to make it easier for teachers to care for the heirs. Cassius Ambrosia chose Fenrir

Skoll to serve as the elite class's instructor. After all, he was the only instructor who could handle this group of powerhouses among the other instructors.

Fenrir Skoll's goal to visit and spend more time with his wife was a complete failure. He was given the responsibility to begin instructing this group of purebloods in accordance with the pledge the Genus Academy held.

Asher Light was searching for Amber Dawn after the opening ceremony. Amber sat at the lowest level in the hallway since, unlike him, she is just an average student. Esther Dawn, Amber's older brother, asked him not to ask her to join him in his seat as he planned on doing. On the first day of the new semester, Ester Dawn at the very least didn't want his sister to get embroiled in the political issue. The Holy Son complied with his request and stopped asking Amber to settle herself next to him.

The Holy Son asked Esther Dawn, "Have you seen her yet?"

"The exit for the lower hall is different from the upper hall. So it might be a bit hard to find her." Esther Dawn stated.

But even after the ceremony, he had not even remotely located Amber Dawn's location.

That really is, until he hears a noise not far from where he is. It was coming in the direction where the Blood clan had detoured as he avoided him. He knew this was an intentional move as based on Athan Vladimir's short temper just seeing him would incur his fury and wanting to start a fight with him. Unfortunately, the school rules do not allow fighting in the academy.

As he got closer, a confrontation between an ordinary human group and the vampire clan was happening. A debauched young vampire had taken a liking to one of the female human students and wanted to force the young lady to have a date with him. But fate with a vampire nowadays is synonymous with feeding your vampire boyfriend. This kind of vampire just treats humans as food.

"Little girl. You are cute. This young master likes you quite a lot. Go out with me~"

"N-No! I don't want to!" The female student whose wrist was gripped by a male student vampire. He was not among the nobles and he is an ex-human so his thirst for blood is quite strong as he is a ghoul.

"Come on, little girl. You'll agree right?~"

The young vampire attempted to hypnotize the female student but she insisted on declining, so he gave up. Outside of school, the vampires drinking blood is an everyday affair, however, it is against the rules of the academy for vampire students to ingest the blood of another student unless they are in a committed relationship.

It just so happened that this female student is a classmate of the female protagonist and since the vampire student dares to use hypnotism, whatever happens next would be considered self-defense.

Amber Dawn says, "You've used unauthorized Hypnotism Skills within the academy. What happened next would be considered self-defense."

She made her move and moved in accordance with the peak an ordinary human can move. Amber used the flexibility of her body and used her leg and arm to break the wrist of the vampire as she kicked him in the crotch, even if he is a vampire after being hit directly to such a delicate place any man would turn into a jelly as long as that area was hurt.

The male vampire student flew a short distance while clutching his crotch in excruciating discomfort. He felt like he was sitting on the ground like a girl and could only cross his legs like cooked shrimp.

The vampire student yells at Amber Dawn with bloodshot eyes. Even if he had been transformed into a vampire, he wouldn't be able to recover as quickly as his regeneration ability is slower than a noble vampire so the pain he felt was too real and the humiliation was evident.

"Damn, bitch! I'm going to kill you and your blood dry then bury you alive!!"

Amber Dawn didn't fear his threats and looked down on him. She mercilessly steps on that delicate place making the vampire student howl like a chicken about to be slaughtered.

Howwl~

"So even as a Vampire, as long as you are a man, this is your weakness. What a great discovery~" Amber Dawn said while having a smirk at the corner of her lips.

She treats his adversaries with utter cruelty, yet she is rather benevolent to those who are attractive, lovely, and exquisite. After money, handsome individuals are what she adores the most. If Asher Light hadn't been born attractive, she wouldn't have even given him a glance, let alone saved him.

After a brief period of stillness, everyone—especially the female students—started giggling. No matter how they look at it, the man is to blame. But this lovely young lady is too brave and funny. Amber Dawn felt confident in her ability to deal with a different race that was obviously more powerful than she was.

Chapter 969: 16.15 First Red Star - It wasn't my fault!

Hahahaha~

The male vampire's face becomes crimson with wrath and shame as shrieks of laughter echo across the neighborhood. While he waits for his injuries to recover, he gives Amber Dawn a glare before deciding to show her who is the boss. The male vampire student took a few minutes to fully recover before he leaped toward Amber Dawn with the intent to murder her.

"Bitch! I'm going to kill you!!"

Amber Dawn felt unafraid as she saw the student who is a vampire like a corpse. The thin, thread-like metal bracelet she wore on her wrist went unnoticed by anyone. This is a specific weapon that has been blessed in church and dunked in holy water in addition to being sharp. This is a powerful weapon that can kill weak-class vampires like Ghouls.

Since the male student from the vampire race had intentions to kill her, Amber Dawn, no longer intended to show mercy. After waking up in this world, she studied everything about the things that didn't exist in her original world. In her precious world, the existence of Vampires and werewolves only exist in stories. But that doesn't mean she accepts that she is weak. It was the original who was weak not her.

She used deadly, quick, and precise murdering methods as an Assassin queen in the past. Ever since Amber Dawn came into this world, she had been working out her physique. She carefully examined each race's weaknesses, taking into account factors like rank and physical prowess.

Even though ghouls, the most vulnerable type of vampires, can regenerate more quickly than regular humans as long as their heads are cut off, it would still be considered instant death for them.

Many students fled to call for a teacher as the crazed ghoul jumped to attack Amber Dawn. With the intention of protecting her, Asher Light and Esther Dawn rush up to her, but surprisingly, even the young king of the blood clan had personally intervened.

As a cold and haughty individual, Athan Vladimir treats people who are weaker than him as trash, especially if they do not have noble ancestry. They didn't expect him to save Amber Dawn, who is a human.

Unknowingly, the most dangerous one wasn't that ghoul who had lost control but the young lady who lost her friend. A glint of murderous intent flashed within the pinkish eyes of Amber Dawn, no one among the man that tried to save her noticed how dangerous her look is at this moment. This young female student was intending to cut off the neck of the ghoul that targeted her.

Everyone in the vicinity, including Asher Light, Esther Dawn, Amber Dawn, and Athan Vladimir, heard a dissatisfied sigh. It feels so close but sounds too light. They were forced to remember what had just taken place in the hallway. The sound of fingers snapping was then intermittent.

SNAP!

The area of effect cancellation of all skills, abilities, and aura disappearance as well as the sound of weapons snapping follow the sound of snapping. Amber Dawn's fingers were holding a metal thread that eventually broke and became worthless. Esther Dawn and Asher Light cast a healing and protection magic, but it had worn off. Additionally, Athan Vladimir's command over blood elements also disappeared.

Even the assailant stopped moving. He held his palm over his heart while rolling his eyes. Everyone saw him displaying a sorrowful grimace while keeping his voice quiet. The rule-breaker passed out, puked blood, and collapsed to the cold ground. Slowly, he turns into a pile of ashes. It would be fine if the student had simply passed out, but sadly, his situation wasn't that straightforward. Everyone was confused when he passed quite instantly, leaving only a little mound of ashes behind.

Esther Dawn exclaims, "How is that...! Possible!?"

Fenrir Skoll suddenly appeared before Athan Vladimir leaving the latter frozen in fear. The usual friendly yet false smile on Fenrir Skoll's face made the young monarch stiffen.

"Your race's servant had lost his rationality and attacked a human. Ghouls in this academy had lost all their rights the moment they lost their sanity. This was written on your side of the oath. I've killed it in accordance with the rules you have no complaints right?" Fenrir Skoll asked.

Athan Vladimir spoke, "No. He deserves it."

Fenrir Skoll nods his head and looks at the students around, "Don't waste any more time. The first class is about to begin. Return to your classrooms!"

The students all took their leave including Athan Vladimir who glance at Amber Dawn and Asher Light acting close and obviously knew each other.

Hmp!

"Let's go!" Athan Vladimir said to his entourage and take his leave as well.

The scene of his own kind suddenly turning into a pile of ashes was so unforgettable. The strength shown by Fenrir Skoll surprised the three big factions. This made them turn meek on the first day of class.

Seeing Asher Light leave, he asked Amber Dawn, "Amber. Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?"

"If you are watching closely, it was this lass who was about to break the taboo of not killing within the grounds of the Genus Academy. By the way, that metal strings..." Fenrir Skoll's words were suddenly cut off by a female's voice.

Amber Dawn says, "Metal Strings aren't listed as a weapon in the rules. Moreover, this is a replacement string for a guitar."

"Albeit customized is it?" Fenrir Skoll sounds entertained. "Well, I'll turn a blind eye. If you want to punish someone it must be considered self-defense like before. Mutual injuries before death remember this."

With a frown, Asher Light asked, "On whose side are you really in, Sire? You help prevented Amber from killing and yet you didn't punish all of us for using our abilities and fighting... Yet you allow Amber to keep her weapon."

"I am on no one's side. At least not in three factions. My actions would be based on how my beloved wants to. In short, I am on the side of the Headmaster." Fenrir Skoll said smiling.

Amber Dawn spoke, "On the side of the headmaster not on the side of Genus Academy?"

"...Little lass it's time for the first class to begin. Get going..." Fenrir Skoll said to the female protagonist and then looked at Asher Light and Esther Dawn. "Follow me back to the classroom. I am your class's instructor."

"You are our Class Instructor?" asked Esther Dawn.

Fenrir Skoll spoke, "Maybe if you guys aren't too hot-blooded in the ceremony hall you would have an ordinary Instructor to handle your class. Unfortunately, the headmaster said ordinary instructors would only get killed and sent me instead."

Asher Light and Esther Dawn walked after Fenrir Skoll as they head to their classroom. Amber Dawn who suddenly turned quiet was being stared at by her friend whom she just saved from the conflict.

"Is there something wrong, Amber?"

"Nothing... Teacher Skoll is just so handsome~"

"You!? It is forbidden for student and teacher to enter a relationship!"

"I know... I'm just admiring his face. I'm not into attached men. Let's go too."

"Eh? Teacher Skoll has a lover?!"

"So Gossipy. Let's run!"

Main Campus, Classroom of Elites...

The highest-ranking werewolves, vampires, and exceptional humans from the Templar Temple congregated in one space. Instead of the typical classroom arrangement of seats and tables in rows, three tables and sofas surround it. Additionally, even the table is made of a pricey type of wood, as are the couches, which were made of soft and expensive materials.

The students from the opposing groups were not forced to sit together by the Genus Academy since, forced or not, they would not do so and instead would start a battle that would undoubtedly not end well.

The mood in the classroom was strained and dreary. While the rest of the class had already begun, the students of this class were glaring at one another, these students were obviously controlling their temper. The students from the Templar Temple and the Blood Clan are about to fight yet was ignored by Conri Lycaon, who arrived early with his faction. The other young werewolves, though, disagree. They were growling at their enemies.

GRRRR~

A student from the Vampire side, "Stop growling! It's so annoying as expected of damn doggies."

"What the fuck did you say, cockroach!?" a young werewolf retorted.

one of the special human students' comments, "Both are noisy. Can't you just fucking shut up!"

"Hold your tongue human! For a weak race you think of yourself too much." a vampire said.

The angered human student pulled out a phone and shone a light into the vampires' eyes. The Vampires and other creatures of the night despise light in general, whether it be conventional light or sunshine, their eyes were the most sensitive towards it.

The vampire students were in short pain. "Agh! My eyes!!? You are attacking me. It's against the rules!!"

"Are you retarded? I just accidentally turned on my phone's flashlight," remarked the human student.

BAM!

Conri Lycaon, who was calmly reading his book, startled everyone in the room when he suddenly slammed the book shut. The other two factions were at a disadvantage now that Athan Vladimir and Asher Light were absent. A group's major weakness is the absence of a leader.

"I'm reading. Too noisy." Conri Lycaon said as he glances around the room causing almost everyone to turn meek.

He dropped his head once more before opening the book in his hand and began to read from it. Conri Lycaon was seen as the most sensible and calm of the three youthful leaders or successors of the three groups. If he wanted to, he could spend all day reading books.

As anticipated, since he finished speaking, everyone became silent, even his own group.

It was now much more awkward within the classroom. They are not permitted to make noise, yell at one another, or mock their enemies. The three groups started a glaring contest. Like how foolish they look to others they didn't know.

So when Fenrir Skoll entered the silent classroom, followed by Athan Vladimir, Esther Dawn, and Asher Light, this was the scene that welcomed them.

A bit confused, Fenrir Skoll, who walks towards the table in front of the class, asked, "What are you guys doing?"

Everyone instinctively looked up at their instructors but forgot to change their posture, making Athan Vladimir jump unconsciously, bumping into Asher Light. Their heads bump into one another.

Hic! Bang!!!

OW... HISS!

Asher Light complained, "What the hell is wrong with you?!"

"I just bumped into you slightly. You delicate human!" Athan Vladimir stated.

The two started fighting with limbs after they understood they couldn't use weapons. The majority of the Templar Temple's members are humans, however, despite this, they have stronger bodies than most humans. They may at least compete against other races on an equal footing.

The vampire group and the special human faction got into a fight after witnessing their bosses' quarrel. The werewolves who wanted to join in on the fun froze when their king's icy glare fell upon them. The first quarrel of the semester started on the first day of class in the prestigious classroom.

Fenrir Skoll appeared to have no intention of intervening as he stood to the side with his arms crossed. In his opinion, the other things can go on as long as they don't kill each other. However, this altercation had dragged on for too long and had an impact on classes nearby. The elite class was personally visited by the headmaster after the room was partially demolished.

"Halt!" Just a single word comes out of Cassius Ambrosia's mouth, and all students in the class, even those not in the fight, were affected. They suddenly couldn't move at all.

With only one command, the headmaster put an end to the fight. Teachers in the impacted classes peered around the headmaster to see the chaos these top kids had caused. With his wife staring at him, Fenrir Skoll immediately rose up as Cassius Ambrosia's expressionless face turned to him.

Panicking, Fenrir Skoll explained, "It wasn't my fault. I'm following the rules. They didn't try to kill each other. So... I didn't stop them. Hehe." He is avoiding his beloved's eyes.

Chapter 970: 16.16 First Red Star - Fall

The irresponsible adult stated, "It wasn't my fault."

Everyone in the room, whether students or professors, was taken aback by the spectacle. They've witnessed innumerable episodes of Instructor Skoll's might and elegance. The rest of the crowd couldn't think of anything to do about this scenario after witnessing him act like a child getting punished by none other than the school headmaster. In a nutshell, they were astounded and couldn't believe what they were witnessing.

Cassius Ambrosia gripped his temple, furious but unwilling to reprimand the person in front of him. He felt helpless in the situation because Fenrir Skoll had done nothing wrong. After all, he wasn't an instructor; how could he instruct brats who couldn't even enter his field of sight?

Sigh~

Cassius Ambrosia spoke, "I will choose another teacher to teach them but you will still stay here and handle them. For now... since the classroom is already in ruins you can dismiss them ahead of time. After that go find me in my office..."

"Okay,~" Fenrir Skoll agreed as he started grinning.

The fact that his wife didn't have the guts to chastise him made him happy, and his heart couldn't help but tremble in anticipation of their relationship improving. Cassius Ambrosia, on the other hand, had departed and returned to his office. The other classes were impacted by the Elite Class ruckus, and students were ordered to leave early today.

The Elite Class would be situated in a hall that would be rebuilt on the Main Campus. The former classroom is beyond recognition. The walls had large fractures as if they were going to fall with a push, and craters of various sizes were discovered on the floor, along with the tattered carpet, which now resembled an old rag. Couches that appear to have burst due to mysterious pressures and pricey hardwood tables have turned into wood waste and appear to be beyond repair.

Several of the students' outfits were tattered here and there, coated with dust and sand, and most of the Elite Class students now look like beggars. Only the Fenrir Tribe appears to be quite decent as they didn't join the brawl. At least on the uniforms they are wearing, there aren't any holes or scratch marks which would look unpresentable.

As everyone in the class heard the school Headmaster say the word before, their bodies moved on their own and froze in place. Fenrir Skoll, on the other hand, was unaffected by his wife's talent. Cassius Ambrosia seemed to have anticipated this and did not exhibit any surprise when his power to command all creatures did not affect Fenrir Skoll.

Cassius Ambrosia looks at the grin on the black wolf's face before walking away. He just couldn't get mad at that mongrel for some reason.

"Don't forget to bring me my snack." Cassius Ambrosia said before taking his leave.

"I won't~"

Once the school's headmaster let go of the students' bodies, the majority of them collapsed on the floor. The loss of control rendered them numb for a few seconds, causing them to forget how to control their bodies in the first place. Despite the fact that they had fallen, the horror in their expressions could not be obliterated. The headmaster's voice held authority over all of the students, regardless of whether they were pureblood or not. They were all defenseless in the face of the school headmaster's voice and powers.

They had forgotten about the racial conflict and were shocked, leaving the entire classroom silent. They had a look of amazement on their face since they couldn't believe how strong the headmaster of the Genus Academy was. The entire class is motionless, and no one among the students wishes to speak out.

What they had just witnessed was genuinely beyond their comprehension. That was so beyond their imagination that even Conri Lycaon, who planned to live his life in the academy as an unseen person, was surprised that he had let his book fall. The atmosphere inside the damaged classroom went silent, and only Fenrir Skoll was cheerful.

Fenrir Skoll said to his students, "You guys may return to your dormitories or go wherever you want. But be sure to keep the rules of the academy in mind. This is Genus, the neutral zone."

The ecstatic werewolf ancestor walked away without looking back at the students. He intends to visit the church, as well as his greenhouse, and to bring some crimson Juliet roses for his lover. The students heard his comments before departing, but they had not recovered from the repression imposed by the School Headmaster. Now that their instructor, who was also a monster, was reminding them of the rules in the academy they abruptly woke up from reality. They are now considering reading the list of rules in Genus Academy.

Athan Vladimir gestured to his subordinates, "There must be some kind of rule book from this Academy right? Go find me a copy."

"Yes, sire!"

Meanwhile, Conri Lycaon and Asher Light are getting ready to depart. Their imaginations were filled with different ideas and destinations than the others. They weren't even in the mood to fight right now. Athan Vladimir remained irritated as he waited for his servant to obtain what he desired. Upon entering Genus Academy's area, all students were given the school rule book.

Nonetheless, most young heirs and leaders assumed that this region was no different from human territories, where they could do anything they pleased because no one was there to challenge them. Who would have guessed that there would be two existences in this place that they had never imagined to exist?

They are unsure about their true identity, whether they are humans or something else. Furthermore, as everyone was taught, these two individuals were unbiased toward many races. They are not on the side of anyone. Not on humans, not even on vampires, and not even on werewolves. They are now all perplexed as to how the conflicts and political concerns amongst races will continue to contend.

Athan Vladimir mumbles, "This place is insane! Someone... get a servant or a ghoul to investigate the identity of Genus Academy's Headmaster and our class's instructor."

"Yes, my lord!"

Students at the Genus Academy had only been in their allotted classes for a few hours and were just making acquaintances when the entire building began to shake. Ordinary students mistook it for an earthquake, but some who are more sensitive to auras sensed it coming from the elite class from the upper floor and building, but the tremors affected most classes.

Who would have guessed that when the instructors arrived to see what was wrong... that they would see the upper class's classroom filled with craters and fissures. They had to notify the headmaster and request that he investigate. Compared to the students of the elite class, most instructors can be suppressed as they were against pureblood.

Fenrir Skoll is the only one who is untouched by the school headmaster's repression. It is more like it had no effect on him at all. After dismissing the upper class under him, this man went to the church to retrieve his wife's snack.

Meanwhile, in the classes for regular people...

Their professors also dismissed them ahead of time. They were only in class for half a day and were free to go home or explore the school as they pleased. Amber Dawn fell asleep as soon as she arrived at her lesson. Apparently, she didn't consider what had happened previously.

But her students felt otherwise, as she was encircled by them when their instructor left the classroom to investigate the origin of the earthquake-like shocks and strange noises of things cracking.

Even though these regular students were aware that the top students were different from them, it is impossible to deny that male god figures existed among them. This is especially true for the young leaders on their side.

"Amber~ do you know Sire Vladimir? I saw he tried to save you just now when you were in danger. Do you think I can apply as his girlfriend or something? I wanted to be forever young too~"

"I don't know him. It was my first time meeting him this morning and we are not close at all. His arrogance can make anyone angry." Amber Dawn stated.

Athan Vladimir, a vampire student, was said to have the Blood Clan's purest lineage. His rank is comparable to that of a king in his species, and the fact that his light complexion makes him appear pale yet attractive creates an ethereal atmosphere that draws people to his face. His personality, on the other hand, stinks.

Nobody can contradict Amber Dawn's comments concerning Athan Vladimir. The final statement was accurate.

Another group of students asked again,

"What about Young Master Light!? He seems to be quite close to you."

"Also that another one... The one beside Young Master Light. What was his name again?"

"Esther Dawn! Eh? Dawn? Why does it sound familiar...?"

Amber Dawn sighed, "Esther Dawn is my Elder Brother. As for Asher... I only know him because he is a friend of my brother."

The female students were even more intrigued and encircled Amber Dawn, seeing that she couldn't get away from them at all. She could only turn deaf at certain inquiries, but she is already a bit unhappy.

Before she completely lost her temper, another student in her class suddenly spoke out to her, saying, "Amber Dawn, someone is calling you out!"

Amber Dawn saw this as a chance to flee her classmates' grip and left as soon as possible. According to her classmate, she was summoned to the campus's rooftop and immediately took her belongings, and fled toward the designated location.

At the rooftop...

When Amber Dawn arrived, she found no one. She looked about, but there wasn't a soul to be found. There was no barrier around the rooftop, which was more than ten levels above ground. Amber was never terrified of rooftops because of her prior life as an assassin, as this might be regarded as an assassin's escape route. She specialized in running through alleys and forests.

Amber Dawn's thoughts as she looks down from the rooftop's edge to the ground, 'Not quite as high as I expected but I don't have the tools as leverage for hanging on a building.'

Before Amber Dawn fell from the building, she felt a force pushing her from behind. She turned around and saw a group of female students gazing down at her with a sneer and venom in their eyes.

Ah?

"Die, Bitch!"

"How could you seduce Young Master, Light!?"

"Serves you right!"

"Stay away from Lord Vladimir!"

Amber Dawn was unconcerned about falling. Having fallen from skyscrapers numerous times in her previous life, a single ten-story structure isn't enough to frighten her. Unfortunately, she didn't have any instruments to assist her fall. Since she attempted to kill the vampire student who attempted to kill her, an instructor broke her concealed metal strings and it can't be used in this situation. Nevertheless, she has once died, and the prospect of dying again does not frighten her.

"Is this how I die in this world? Well~, it doesn't feel bad at all..." Amber Dawn murmured as she fell.

What she didn't realize was that an azalea crest-like form had appeared on the back of her right hand, but the color was white and ready to fade. Amber Dawn closed her eyes and waited for her to fall to the ground. She appears calm as if she wants to accept her death better than she expected.

Those who had left the Elite Class had just departed the main campus at this point. Asher Light, Esther Dawn, and Conri Lycaon had barely gone out the door when they saw a shadowy apparition from above their heads.

Esther Dawn mumbled, "Shadow? What is going on?" When he looked up, he saw his younger sister falling halfway through the 10-floored building. It was already too late to cast any spell to save her.

Asher Light was astonished as well. "Is that... Amber!?"

"No!! Amber!!!"

Esther Dawn cried out as he and Asher Light panicked, trying to figure out how to stop her from falling from such a great height. They don't know how to, but Asher Light can cure Amber Dawn as long as she has a single breath in her body. Nevertheless, someone had moved quicker than the two of them.