

## Strongest 1101

### Chapter 1101: If Only You Had Come A Little Sooner

Inside William's Villa, the different Patriarchs of the Clans that had decided to side with him had gathered in his conference room.

"So, are there any problems with your new homes?" William asked with a smile. "If you have any concerns, don't hesitate to tell me, or Charmaine when I'm not around. I will try to accommodate your requests if it is possible."

"In regard to that, Lord William, the One-Horned Clan has no complaints whatsoever," Polox the Patriarch of the One-Horned Clan replied. "We are very satisfied with the accommodations that you have given us."

Karath, the Patriarch of the Nightshade Clan, nodded his head in agreement. "We were prepared to endure any harsh living conditions, but compared to what we imagined, this place is simply paradise."

"I agree with Karath," Merton, the Patriarch of the Steel Fist Clan, commented. "Our living conditions are really great, also the Dungeon of Atlantis gives us the opportunity to train our warriors, so that they don't lose their battle instincts. In fact, some of them even improved after challenging the lower floors."

Cassey, who had reverted to her male form, Caspian, also voiced out his satisfaction to the accommodations that he received from William.

"I wish I had a portable Domain just like this," Caspian said as he rubbed his chin with a smile. "This makes living very convenient for everyone."

Zeph and Lorcan also nodded their heads in agreement. They had been used to the harsh conditions of living in the desert, William's Thousand Beast Domain was paradise compared to that dry and unforgiving place.

"That's good to hear," William stated. "However, as you know, I am currently at war with Felix and the God of Demons. There will come a time when I will need your assistance to fight against him. Of course, I won't force any of you to do battle."

If any of you didn't want to be dragged into this conflict. They may stay on the 51st Floor of the Tower of Babylon. The Floor of Asgard will safeguard all of you."

All the Patriarchs thanked Wiliam for his grace and benevolence. After making small talk for a while, Polox lightly cleared his throat as he looked at the black-haired teenager with a serious expression on his face.

"Lord William, we have held meetings these past few days and thought of ways we can help you fight against the Heir of Darkness," Polox stated. "Aside from sending our warriors to battle, we also thought that we could do more for you by helping you deal with your bloodthirst.

"My granddaughter, Ahn, had told me that she would be willing to let you drink her blood whenever you wished for it. I hope that you won't turn down her offer, Lord William. Several of the young ladies in our clan also know of your condition, and asked me to tell you that all you need to do is ask, and they will willingly offer their blood to you."

"My Clan is also willing to serve you in this manner, Lord William."

"As is our Clan."

"Even if it is only a small matter, we wish that you rely on us more, Lord William."

The Patriarchs all voiced their concern to help William with his need to drink blood on a regular basis. Even Cassey teased him that she would be more than willing to spend the night with him if he wished.

William chuckled because he didn't mind accepting this kind of proposal. In truth, his need for blood was just a part of what his body needed right now. Aside from the rich blood of others, he also needed to absorb Life Magic and Life Essence.

While he could take the blood and Life Essence of others at the same time, it would weaken them terribly and it might cause them to get sick if he took both of them from their bodies.

This was why having a steady supply of ladies who were willing to give him blood and Life Essence would certainly help him stabilize his soul, which still needed some time to adapt.

As for Life Magic...

'I promised to have a talk with Aila later,' William thought. 'I hope she agrees to help me replenish my Life Magic by allowing me to absorb some of hers everyday.'

William's musings were broken when he once again heard Polox's voice, who was seated in front of him.

"Lord William, what do you think of our proposal?" Polox asked.

"I will gladly accept your proposals," William replied. "Truth be told, I really need all the help I can get. So, allow me to be shameless and ask the young ladies of your clans to help me reach my peak strength as soon as possible."

""As you wish, Our Lord.""

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When the meeting ended, William went to Princess Aila's room, where the latter was waiting for him. He didn't knock and simply opened the door, and saw the angelic princess looking outside the window as if lost in thought.

The Half-Elf felt that it would be bad if he snuck up behind her, so he decided to knock on the opened door to catch her attention.

"I'm sorry," Princess Aila said as she snapped out of her daze. "I was just thinking of a few things."

"It's fine," William replied as he closed the door and walked towards her.

When William was only a meter away from the angelic beauty, he stopped walking and placed his hands behind his back.

"I came here to talk about what you wanted from me," William replied. "After careful consideration, I decided that what happened in our past lives shouldn't bind us in our current lives. Of course, I will admit that one of the reasons I decided to do this was due to the fact that you... gave up on me."

"T-That..." Princess Aila wanted to reply, but she couldn't think of anything good to say about what happened in the past.

In the end, she lowered her head and bit her lip because she understood what William was trying to tell her.

"You're too kind," Princess Aila said after a minute had passed. "Instead of saying I betrayed you, you only used the phrase 'gave up on you'. You're right. Someone like me who betrays others doesn't deserve to be taken seriously."

"You think too much, Aila," William said as he rested his hands on her shoulders. "Raise your head, and look at me."

"I can't look at you right now."

"If you don't look at me, I will kiss you."

"Huh?!" Princess Aila abruptly raised her head because she didn't expect William to tell her of such a thing.

That is when she came face to face with William's smiling face, which made her heart skip a beat. Her gaze landed on his lips, which had been cold when she first kissed him, but later grew warm the more she pressed her lips over them, as she took his memories away from him.

His golden eyes that looked at her were free of lust, but there was a trace of mischievousness in them that made Aila feel that William was about to really kiss her if she didn't take him seriously.

"First, I think you're making a very big misunderstanding," William said as he looked straight into her eyes. "It's not that I don't like you, Aila. In fact, I like you very much. Because of this, if ever the two of us really do become lovers, I don't want to use the reason that we were lovers in the past, so we should become lovers again in this lifetime."

"If we are going to do this, let's do it right. Let's start as friends, and slowly build our relationship to that level. What do you say?"

Princess Aila's gaze never left William's eyes and from what she could tell, the Half-Elf didn't have any falsehood in his words.

"Are you not mad that I betrayed your trust in our past lifetime?" Princess Aila asked.

"I would be lying if I said no. But, remember this, Aila..." William lightly caressed the side of the angelic Princess' face, that would make any man want to lay down their lives in order to protect her smile. "I will not forgive you a second time. If you betray me in this lifetime, I will make sure that you regret it."

Although William's words were soft, gentle even, Princess Aila felt a chill run down her spine as she stared at his golden eyes that seemed to see through her soul.

"I will not betray you, I promise," Princess Aila said as she held William's gaze.

"I hope you don't," William said as he placed his hands on the Princess' waist. "Aila, in truth, there is something that I need from you, and I need it badly."

"It's my Life Magic and Life Essence, right?"

"Um? How did you know?"

Princess Aila bitterly smiled because it seemed that William had forgotten that he had kissed her to gain some of her Life Magic. In the end, she nodded her head, and pulled William towards the couch.

"Don't take too much, okay?" Princess Aila said as the two of them sat down on the couch. "Although I have abundant Life Essence and Life Magic, I might fall into a coma if you take too much of it."

"I know." William nodded his head in understanding. "I will do things in moderation."

"Do you mean, moderation?"

"Yes. Moderation."

Princess Aila giggled because of William's silliness. She didn't know if the Half-Elf was doing it on purpose to make her less nervous, or not. However, it still worked and she was now feeling more at ease as he stared at the man whose face plagued her sweetest dreams.

William lowered her head and kissed the angelic beauty's lips. The kiss was sweet, and made him want to ravage her, but he held back. He knew that the Princess would suffer a lot if he took more than he needed, so he took his time to give her tender kisses.

Aila, on the other hand, was feeling a little light-headed due to William's continuous absorption of her powers. Even so, she didn't back down and allowed him to take as much as he needed.

When their kissing session ended, the Princess weakly leaned on William's body as she panted for breath.

The Half-Elf had taken less than she anticipated, which proved that he was holding back.

"Take a nap for now, Aila," William whispered as he cast a dream magic on the Princess who had accepted his one-sided request.

Soon, Princess Aila breathed softly as William carried her towards her bedroom. In her dreams, she once again found herself in her villa where the silver-haired William was waiting for her.

There, they made love under the starry sky as they held each other in a passionate embrace.

William tucked her in her bed, and wiped the single tear that fell at the corner of her eye.

"I wish you a wonderful dream," William said softly. "Thank you, Aila."

The Half-Elf left the room and closed the door behind him. He didn't know if he and Aila would really become lovers in this lifetime, but he still decided to give it a chance. Although he didn't want to admit it, Aila's memories of him made him long for that memory that he had lost long ago.

Although he couldn't see it in his dreams, the proof that she still dreamed of him meant that her feelings, which had lain dormant for thousands of years, were still as strong as the first time they fell in love.

For that reason, William was willing to give her a chance. However, even he didn't know if his current state was capable of loving her.

In fact, he didn't know if he was capable of loving anyone, aside from Chloe and Charmaine, who truly made him feel loved, before he became the Prince of Darkness.

Chapter 1102: I Will Do Things In Modedation

A Black Qilin soared through the sky and headed towards the main city of the Rahjah Clan.

After the Sand Clan and the Rhanes Clan finished their migration, William left the Fortaare Desert without turning back.

Naturally, he took the Fortaare Death Worm with him, and let the Monstrous Myriad Beast feast on the monsters that were located on the 61st Floor of the Dungeon of Atlantis. As a creature that now belonged to William's King's Legion, it had gained the skill Underwater Breathing.

Because of this, it was able to terrorize the ocean floor, and hunt down the underwater monsters that inhabited the floor that was made up entirely of water.

If not for the fact that William could bestow the Underwater Breathing skill to his subordinates, clearing the 61st Floor would have been a very time consuming endeavor.

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'Optimus, how far has the exploration of the Dungeon of Atlantis progressed?' William asked.

After leaving Ahriman's Domain, his connection with The System was once again established. The Half-Elf had tasked Optimus with the expansion of the Thousand Beast Domain to make room for the forces that had decided to serve under his banner.

For some reason, William found himself with a surplus of God Points that he had received out of nowhere. All in all, he had a hundred million God Points that were sent to him by the Primordial Goddess, who he now served.

There was even a playful note in the mail that said.

"Feel free to spend all the God Points at your leisure. I'll be sure to replenish them again once they are gone. Also, my avatar will be meeting you soon. Let's talk more when that time comes."

William couldn't help but think that he had somehow gained a Sugar Mama with enough God Points to drown him completely. The image of the otherworldly beauty with long black hair, and golden eyes appeared in his mind.

For some reason, he wanted nothing more than to lay down in her embrace, and feel the warmth of her body over his.

The Half-Elf's musings were suddenly broken when he heard Optimus' report on their current status in the Dungeon of Atlantis.



< We are stuck at the 78th Floor, right now. There is simply no way for our forces to proceed because every creature there is at the peak of the Millennial Rank. We lack manpower strong enough to be able to challenge them in group battles. >

'I see.' William nodded his head in understanding.

William's main vanguard in the Dungeon exploration was Kasogonaga's team which comprised of Erchitu, Psoglav, and Jareth. Now that the four of them are dead, all further progress in the Dungeon had come to a complete standstill.

The Half-Elf then glanced at the mark on the back of his right hand. There, a black phoenix tattoo could be seen, allowing William to summon the Pseudo-God to aid him in his battle. Unfortunately, the Black Phoenix had sustained serious injuries during the battle in Ahriman's Domain.

According to Optimus' calculation, it would take a month for the Pseudo-God to completely recover from its injuries.

Although he didn't know if the Black Phoenix would be able to fight properly in underwater battles, it was currently the strongest creature in William's arsenal, aside from the Fortaare Desert Worm, that could bulldoze through the obstacles that stood in his way.

As the Black Qilin flew towards their destination, William noticed something strange ahead of him.

Someone was leisurely sitting on top of what seemed to be a flying kettle, while holding a mug of mead in his hand.

The corner of William's lips twitched because he had recognized the Half-Elf, who was known to chase the skirts of women when he was not doing his job as an Alchemist in the Kraetor Empire.

"Yo, Will, been a while," the handsome Half-Elf said as he casually waved to the black-haired teenager who had decided to pay his respects to him.

"It has indeed been a while, Fifth Master." William gave the Half-Elf, who was known as the Full Kettle Alchemist, a respectful bow. "What brings you to the Demon Realm?"

"I came here to see my dear Disciple of course," Albert Antstein said as he eyed the Half-Elf from head to foot before taking a sip of the mead in his mug. "Seems like a lot of things have happened to you."

"A lot is an understatement, Fifth Master."

"Indeed. My bad. I'm sorry for your loss."

William arched an eyebrow. "What loss are you talking about, Fifth Master?"

Albert took another sip from his mug before giving William a sad gaze. His beautiful gray eyes, that could instantly captivate a chaste maiden into spreading her legs for him, were filled with pity, which gave William a strong urge to slap him in the face.

Of course, he didn't do that. Although Albert may be like a loose man chasing after skirts every single day, he taught William a lot of things when he decided to take him in as his Alchemy Disciple when he was still in the Kraetor Empire.

"Gavin told me," Albert replied.

Those three words made William's casual expression change drastically as a serious expression appeared on his face.

"You mean to say that you are my..."

"I am your Senior Brother. I was Gavin's only follower before you arrived here in Hestia."

William blinked once and twice before looking at Albert from head to foot, and back again. He didn't know that his Senior Brother, who was said to also be in Hestia, would end up being his Fifth Master, who had taught him Alchemy.

"What a small world," William said with a complicated look on his face.

"Indeed, but there is one more thing that I need to tell you," Albert replied before drinking everything in his mug.

After giving out a loud belch, the blonde-haired Half-Elf took a red gem out of his storage ring, and casually tossed it to William. The black-haired teenager caught the gem and appraised it before looking back at Albert in shock.

"I know it's a little late, but I am also your father's best friend," Albert stated. "I am here to help you unlock the full power of the Dungeon Conqueror and allow you to follow your father's footsteps."

"... Hah. If only you had come a little sooner, Fifth Master," William sighed as he held the gem in his hand firmly. "Things might have ended differently."

"I know." Albert nodded his head in agreement. "I thought that you were still too young to hold such a responsibility, so I decided to wait a year before I passed your father's memento to you. Looking back, it was me being petty for not being able to woo your mother like your father did."

"Um? Excuse me? You also had a thing for my mother?"

"Yes. I am more handsome than your father, but he's just more bold than I am. I mean, even I didn't have the guts to sneak to where the World Tree was and confess my love to your mother, after she found him peeking at her while she bathed in one of the hot springs around the World Tree. I mean... Bruh, what the f\*ck?"

William rubbed his temple because the info dump was too much for him to handle. Aside from the projection, he hadn't been able to ever meet Max in his lifetime, so he didn't know what kind of man he was.

"So, did my mother beat him up after she caught him peeking at her?" William asked out of curiosity.

"Hah! I wish she did. But no. Arwen was too kind for that," Albert said with great regret and disappointment. "Anyway, let's not talk about your father. I'm here to help you break the restrictions on the Dungeon Conqueror class. I'm sure that you need this more than anything right now, no?"

William nodded his head firmly. Indeed. What he needed right now was a power that would shake the world to its very roots. Unlocking the powers of the Dungeon Conqueror would help him take the next step in his revenge, so he definitely wanted to use the inheritance that his father, Maxwell, had passed to him.

"Understood, but we need to return to the Central Continent and find a safe place for your breakthrough," Albert commented before looking at the Darkness that was expanding from the North end of the Demon Realm. "This is not a good place to do that."

"Okay, but there are still some places that I need to go, Fifth Master," William replied. "How about we meet up on the 51st Floor of the Tower of Babylon? I will wait for you there."

Albert shook his head. "No. I'm going with you. Although I don't like conflicts very much, I can't sit idly while my junior brother is getting bullied by a God."

William smirked. "Very well. Let's go, Fifth Master. Both of us are going to be busy."

"I knew you'd say that," Albert sighed before nodding his head.

With William in the lead, the two traveled Southwards towards the territory of the Rahjah Clan. This was William's last stop in the Demon Realm before he went back to the Central Continent to unlock the powers of the Dungeon Conqueror Prestige Class.

News of Ahriman's appearance, as well as the birth of the Heir and Prince of Darkness, had already spread all over the Central Continent.

The powers of the world were now moving behind the scenes. Those who didn't wish to be swept away by the waves had no choice but to escape, or be drowned by the approaching conflict that would shake the foundations of the world, and shatter the peace that they had taken for granted.

## Chapter 1103: After Everything Is Over, I Will Come To Find You

After leaving the Villa, William headed straight to the Magic Crystal Cavern where he had enshrined his wives.

When he arrived at his destination, he found Medusa, Gullinbursti, and Sharur leaning against Chiffon's ice block and crying their hearts out.

This was the first time that he had seen the trio together since the battle in the North.

William observed them from afar, and wished that he could cry the way they did. The little Gorgon had spent many days with Chiffon, and the pink-haired girl had taken good care of her. She never allowed Medusa to go hungry, and would always take her to the theme park to have fun.

Chiffon confided to him once, after one of their lovemaking sessions, that she had grown very attached to Medusa. At first, she treated the little Gorgon as a pet, but soon, their relationship became more close. In the end, although Medusa was older than her, Chiffon treated her as a little sister that she needed to take care of.

Perhaps, Medusa also felt this change in her relationship with the pink-haired girl, and also treated her like her family, aside from her two older gorgon sisters that she had left behind on the Island of Serifos.

"It's fine."

Medusa felt a hand lightly pat her head as she hugged Chiffon's icy prison. Although the hand patting her head was a little cold, a warm feeling started to spread inside her chest.

"Will, promise me that you'll let me smash that bastard!" Sharur wailed as it pressed itself against its Master's body. "I was supposed to protect her, but I failed. I failed her!"

"Okay, I promise you," William replied as he also patted the crying mace who always kept his wife company whenever he was away. "I'll let you smash his face a thousand times."

"Yes... \*hic\* I will... \*hic\* smash him good!" Sharur replied in between sobs.

The little golden piglet also squealed as it rubbed its little head against William's foot. It greatly missed its Master who always carried it around and treated it well.

William picked up Gullinbursti and patted its head, while the latter buried itself in William's chest, bawling its eyes out.

'I'm sorry, Chiffon,' William said in his heart as he looked at his wife who had died for his sake. 'For the time being, these three will cry in my place. However, I will promise you, I will avenge you. It may not be today, it may not be tomorrow... but it will happen.'

William then reached out to caress the side of his adorable wife's face with as much love as he could muster in his current state.

"After everything is over, I will come to find you," William said softly. "Sidonie, Ashe, and Celine, I will come to find all of you. So until then, please, wait for me."

Medusa turned around to hug William as she buried her face in his chest next to Gullinbursti. Sharur also leaned its body on William, and bawled like there was no tomorrow.

William closed his eyes as he allowed his wife's loyal companions vent out the sadness in their hearts. For he knew that when all of their tears had dried up, it would be their enemies' turn to cry for forgiveness.

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Albert drank his mead as he lay on one of the branches of the tree that belonged to the Angray Birds.

The rainbow-colored birds, of course, didn't like what this uninvited guest was doing, but due to his relationship with William they didn't attack him.

They simply looked at the Half-Elf and cursed him, which the latter listened to with great interest.

"Wannabee Playboy!"

"D\*ckface!"

"Small D\*ck Bastard!"

"F\*cking Simp!"

Albert laughed as he looked at the colorful birds who didn't hold back their curses for him.

"Go on, little birdies, give me your best shot," Albert teased the birds as he saluted them with his mug. "I can do this all day."

B1 and B2 exchanged a glance at each other before having a go at the arrogant Half-Elf who thought that he was immune to insults.

"There was a time when I read one of the letters that Lady Arwen had sent to William," B1 said as he talked to B2 who was looking at him with great interest.

"What did the letter say?" B2 asked.

Albert, who was drinking the mead from his mug, perked up his pointy ears because anything related to Arwen was important to him.

"She mentioned her husband's best friend, the Half-Elf one," B1 continued. "However, she said something that left an impression on me."

"Oh? What did he say about that Half-Elf?" B2 inquired.

"Come here, this is something that I can't say in public."

"Really? How curious!"

B2 moved closer to B1 as the latter whispered something in its ear.

Even though Albert was a Half-Elf and had very good hearing, he wasn't able to decipher the gibberish words that the two dumb birds were whispering to each other.

"She said what?!" B2 exclaimed before laughing out loud.

"I know, right?" B1 said as it too laughed and joined his friend.

"How can that be possible? Even MY... is bigger than his? Pfffft!"

"Hahaha! Not only that, she even said that \*whisper whisper\*."

"Holy Crap! So that's why Lady Arwen didn't choose that Half-Elf, it seems that he was \*whisper whisper\*".

Albert knew that the two dumb birds was just making things up, however, deep inside, he still held a tiny suspicion that what they were talking about was true.

However, before he could press the two birds for answers, he sensed William's presence headed to his direction.

A minute later, the Half-Elf landed on one of the branches with a smile on his face.

"Fifth Master, what are you doing here?" William asked with curiosity.



"Well, I just wanted some company," Albert replied.

"You could have visited the other Clans and talked to them if you wanted company."

"Well, I don't like 'that' kind of company."

William nodded in understanding because his Master had times when he just wanted to be alone to drink while reminiscing of old times.

"Fifth Master, we will be arriving at the Tower of Babylon in two days. Do I need to prepare anything for the unsealing of my powers?"

"No. I've already prepared the things you need. All you need to do is go through the motions."

William smiled as he sat on the branch. The Angray Birds decided to quiet down to let their Master have some peaceful moments because they knew that he had been through a lot over the past few days.

Albert glanced at his junior brother as he drank the mead from his mug. Truth be told, when Gavin told him that he now had a junior brother in Hestia, he was quite surprised. However, his shock knew no bounds when he discovered that his junior brother was also the son of his best friend and his unrequited love.

At first, he thought that Gavin was just joking, but after seeing William in the Kraetor Empire, Albert knew that his Patron God had told him the truth.

In truth, the Alchemist was feeling very guilty about what happened to William and his wives. On his way to the Demonic Continent, he blamed himself for not taking care of the task that was given to him by his best friend—to pass his legacy to his son.

Perhaps, it was also due to his jealousy of Maxwell that made Albert delay the unsealing of the black-haired teenager's Dungeon Conqueror Class, preventing him from finding an alternative to the dire situation that he had experienced.

Because of this, Albert was doing his best to make up for his shortcomings. For the time being, he decided to stick with William until he fought against the Heir of Darkness and the God of Demons who was prophesied to cover the world with darkness.

However, Albert believed that the black-haired teenager who was lying peacefully on the branch opposite his, was the one who posed the greatest danger to the world.

Even so, he liked to believe.

Believe in the boy who had become his Disciple, as well as Gavin's follower.

Because if his worst fears came to light...

Forget about Felix.

Forget about Ahriman.

William could single-handedly make all the nations of the world kneel before him in submission.

"Say, William, do you wish for Dominion?" Albert asked in a casual manner. He wanted to know the answer to his question.

"Dominion?" William chuckled. "I never cared about it in the past. Even now, I don't care about it."

"I see." Albert sighed in relief as he drank the rest of the mead in his mug.

The corner of William's lips curled up into a smile because he found Albert's question quite funny.

He never wished for Dominion because from the moment his soul was torn in half, and corrupted by the power of darkness, the world was already his for the taking.

Chapter 1104: You Have No Idea Of The Folly You Have Done Today

Medusa's soft sleeper breaths echoed in the bedroom.

After her last episode inside the Magical Cavern, she usually visited William's bedroom to take an afternoon nap.

William lightly patted Medusa's head, while the latter held his shirt, as she slept peacefully with tears in her eyes. Gullinbursti, was sleeping on William's belly, because it now accompanied the purple-haired girl wherever she went.

Medusa and Chiffon were like sisters, because their height and build were the same. This was why Gullinbursti was always with her because she reminded it of its Master, Chiffon.

Sharur had decided to stay inside the Magical Cavern to protect Chiffon's body from any harm. The Half-Elf knew that the mace was feeling guilt ridden over what happened to his pink-haired wife, so he didn't try to convince it to stop its vigil.

"You're still as kind as you were back then," Chloe said as she walked inside the room with a teasing smile on her face. "Can't let the young ones cry themselves to sleep?"

"Young ones?" William shook his head. "Both of them are older than me. I'm supposed to be the young one here."

Chloe giggled because she couldn't refute William's words. "Still, it relieves me that you care for them."

William smiled. "This is only natural. Afterall, it is a Master's duty to take care of his pets."

The Half-Elf patted the sleeping Gorgon and the golden piglet as they slept soundly. Both of them were in deep sleep, so they didn't hear William refer to them as his pets. But, Chloe's gut instinct was telling her that Medusa, as well as Gullinbursti wouldn't mind being referred to as pets by William.

"Did something happen?" William asked. "You wouldn't find me at this time if nothing out of place happened."

Chloe nodded her head to acknowledge William's words. She then gave a report of what was happening in the outside world, after she did a bit of investigation.

"I don't know if this report is credible, but according to what Zeph and the rest have gathered so far, Felix had moved back into the Demon Capital to prepare for the crowning of the next High Priestess of the Demon Realm."

"Oh?" William arched an eyebrow. "That sounds interesting, but what does that have to do with us?"

"According to Zeph's spies in the Demon Capital, the next High Priestess is a little girl, not more than ten years old."

"Is Felix that desperate? Why can't he find a proper woman to become their High Priestess? I'm sure that there are plenty of candidates in the Demon Realm for that. Is that his new fetish after becoming Ahriman's heir?"

William had a mocking look on his face as he looked at Chloe, whose expression had turned serious.

"If the report that reached us is true, the little girl is said to have very high spiritual powers, and has been blessed by the heavens themselves," Chloe said. "She has long red hair that goes down to her waist. Her clear blue eyes are said to make even the Demons, who hate humans, unable to bear the thought of hurting her."

The hand that was lightly patting Medusa's head stopped. William's countenance changed as his expression became cold and deadly.

"Her name?" William asked.

"Eve," Chloe answered with a complicated look on her face. "Eve Von Ainsworth."

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A week before Chloe received the news from Zeph's spies who were stationed in the Demon Capital...

Ariadne, panted for breath as she attempted to heal her injuries.

Icarus and Daedalus lay not far from her and both were seriously injured. If not for David's—the God of Shepherds—intervention, all of them might have died, when they tried to protect Eve from the green-haired demon, and the Pseudo-Gods that ambushed them out of nowhere.

They had just finished visiting the last temple of their pilgrimage in the Demon Continent, and were about to return to the Southern Continent, when the powerful individuals came out of nowhere.

Although they did everything in their power, they were simply no match against Pseudo-Gods, whose powers far exceeded even that of Demigods.

"Your Excellency," Ariadne said as she endured the pain in her chest. "Please, protect Eve."

Ariadne prayed with all of her might to the God whom she served. When they were bathed in radiant light, and teleported away from the battlefield, she knew that David had descended upon the land to save them from harm.

Although she didn't know what happened after they were forcefully spirited away from death's door, she was confident that Eve would be safe since David had come to protect his young High Priestess from harm.

"Will, I'm sorry," Ariadne said softly. "I wasn't able to protect your cousin."

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"David, you have good eyes," Ahriman said as he looked at the unconscious little girl that was lying on the palm of his hands. "She's a good seed."

"Enough rubbish," David stated. "Give me back my Priestess or I will kill this Heir of yours."

The God of Shepherd's foot was currently pressed over Felix's head. The green-haired Demon didn't dare to voice out the pain that he was feeling because he was afraid that the being that was stepping on his head would smash it like a watermelon.

"That is indeed troublesome," Ahriman replied as he eyed his Heir who was at the God of Shepherd's mercy. He knew that David would do as he said and crush his hope of getting unsealed if he didn't return the girl that had caught his fancy.

The Bull Demon King, Princess Iron Fan, as well as the Six-Eared Macaque were lying on the ground with grievous injuries after facing David's wrath. If they knew that the girl that they had kidnapped was already promised to a God, they wouldn't have kidnapped her against her will.

"Give her to me, NOW!" David demanded and a crisp, cracking sound resounded underneath his foot.

Felix cried out in pain as part of his skull cracked due to the increased weight on the old man's foot that was stepping on his head. Even the Crimson Crown of Darkness had started to chip, and was on the verge of breaking.

The frown on Ahriman's face deepened, as he looked at his Heir who was at death's door.

In truth, the only reason why he became aware of Eve's presence was due to the phenomenon that appeared in the Demon Realm, after the young girl received the blessing of the Temple of the Gods that was residing inside his territory.

The Temples of the Gods that had no exclusive patrons, could be used to channel the power of different Deities, so their followers could communicate with them. Since those who lived in Hestia worship

several different gods, these temples were scattered all over the land to allow their believers to worship them, despite being of a different race or culture.

Ahriman coveted Eve's spiritual powers because the power of Faith allowed the Gods to gain tremendous powers. If he chose the right Priestess to serve under him and gather the worship of the Demons, his power would recover at a faster rate.

When David descended in Hestia to save Eve, Ahriman used his authority in the Demon Continent to instantly teleport the little girl to his location. Although he knew that this would be a troublesome matter, Eve's Spiritual Power was simply too good to ignore.

"David, I think the two of us should compromise," Ahriman said with a calm expression on his face. "As you already know, I have already placed the Necklace of Darkness on her neck, making her one of my followers. You know that if I forcefully took it off, she would suffer terribly, right?"

David didn't reply. Instead, he increased the pressure his foot was giving to Felix's head making the later scream like a pig about to be slaughtered.

"It seems that you really want to stay in your prison for eternity," David stated. "I am part of the Neutral Faction, and never interfere with the petty squabbles of the Dark and Light Factions, but since you want to include me in this conflict I will make you pay."

"Half ownership," Ahriman stated. "This is my last compromise. She is already wearing the necklace, and you already know that even if I take it off, she will lose her sanity. Even with your Divine Powers, you will not be able to restore her to what she once was."

Ahriman hadn't hesitated to bestow the Necklace of Darkness on Eve, even though it weakened him terribly because he knew that the tradeoff would be worth it. Right now, he had the little girl as his hostage, and knowing David's personality, he wouldn't be able to endure harming the girl he had chosen as his Priestess.

"Half ownership?" David laughed out of anger. "Do you know who she is? She is an Ainsworth, and William's cousin. Do you really think that things will be that simple?!"

Ahriman's third eye widened in shock after knowing the little girl's true identity. Even so, this surprise only lasted for a brief moment before Ahriman's calm voice echoed inside his domain.

"Fate sure knows how to play with people and Gods," Ahriman commented. "But, regardless of what her background is, the fact still remains that she is still wearing the Necklace of Darkness. I've already told you my terms, if you wish to kill my Heir then go ahead.

"Although you control half of this girl's spiritual powers, the other half now belongs to me. If you really want to play tough with me then let's see who breaks first."

"Bastard!" David was really tempted to smash Felix's head then and there.

He was already angered about what had happened to William, and would gladly kill the person that was responsible for the Half-Elf's suffering. David couldn't bear to let another important person in William's life suffer because of his stubbornness.

After a great internal struggle, David kicked Felix's body, sending him straight towards Ahriman's face in anger.

Ahriman didn't do anything and allowed the green-haired Demon's body to hit his face, as a way to pacify David's anger.

"Make an Oath that you will never harm her in any which way, whether it be directly or indirectly," David demanded. "Bind your oath with your true name, and I'll agree to her being both our High Priestess."

"Fine," Ahriman replied.

He didn't dare to push David's patience to its limit, and made the oath. Ahriman knew that if the God of Shepherds really decided to fight him, he could kiss his last chance to regain his powers goodbye.

After the effect of the Oath bound Eve and Ahriman, David waved his hand and the little girl's body flew in his direction.



He then checked Eve's condition to make sure that she wasn't hurt. After healing the minor bruises in her body, David pressed his finger over her forehead, leaving his mark on it.

"You better take care of her, Ahriman," David said as he covered Eve's body with a Celestial Robe that was to be her raiment as his Priestess. "I don't mind using my last chance to descend into this world to go to war with you."

"Of course, I will," Ahriman replied. "She is also my priestess now. How can I bear to let her suffer? Believe me. She will be treated like a Princess. Not even my Heir will dare to lay his hands on her, less he wants them to be cut off from his body."

David scoffed. "We'll see if you can back your words, Demon."

"My mercy only applies to her, David," Ahriman's disdainful voice spread inside his domain. "But, the rest of the Ainsworths are fair game. I will kill all of them, with the exception of Eve, after my revival."

"Feel free to dream." David sneered. "You have no idea of the folly you have made today. The Ainsworth Family is not as simple as you think. Your day of reckoning will be the day you understand what it means to touch other people's reverse scale."

Then David snorted before turning into particles of light to return to the Temple of Ten Thousand Gods.

Ahriman watched him go, unperturbed by the God of Shepherd's threats. He didn't believe that anyone in the world could threaten him, especially a family of nobodies. Although William might pose a threat to his Heir, the God of Demons believed that the Half-Elf would soon be outclassed by the powers in his disposal.

Ahriman's third eye looked at the little girl floating before him as she shone like a beacon amidst the darkness and showed a rare expression of satisfaction within its Demonic depths.

'I'm not a child that you can scare with your petty threats, David,' Ahriman laughed internally. "What could a bunch of mortals possibly do to me?"

## Chapter 1105: The Ainsworth's Family's Reverse Scale

William's expression became incredibly cold after he had received confirmation that it was indeed his cousin, Eve, that was about to be crowned the High Priestess of the Demon Realm.

He was very tempted to barge into the capital city of the Demon Realm, Astryae, to rescue her. But, he knew that if he did that, he would just be doing Ahriman a favor by allowing himself to be captured.

William had locked himself up inside his room, and no one dared to disturb him. They were afraid that if they tried to talk to him in his current state, he might accidentally lash out at them, and this was something that neither side wanted to happen.

When the Half-Elf asked the spy that was stationed in the Demon Capital if they saw a veiled woman accompanying his cousin, they only shook their heads and reported that no such woman was seen alongside the soon to be High Priestess.

William knew that Ariadne wouldn't allow anyone to take Eve from her without a fight, so the veiled lady not being around his cousin only meant two things. Either she was killed, or was imprisoned somewhere.

While the Half-Elf was pondering his next move, he heard the sound of a notification inside his head.

'What happened, Optimus?' William asked.

< You have received mail from the God Shop. The sender is from the God of Shepherds, David. >

William didn't think twice and immediately read the mail from the God Shop.

Several minutes later, a frown appeared on the black-haired teenager's face as he clenched his fist tightly. He then created a portal in front of him and walked through it.

David had given him a brief explanation about what happened and told him Ariadne's current location. The God of Shepherd also assured him that Eve was safe for the time being, so there was no need for him to do anything reckless.

William knew that David was not someone who would lie to him, so he decided to reign in his anger and head to Ariadne's location. According to David, she was badly injured and although she was blessed with a strong constitution, she still received a powerful blow from Princess Iron Fan.

If not for the life saving artifact that she had in her possession, she might have died after taking a direct hit from the all out attack from the Pseudo-God.

After using his Lighting Strider skill, William arrived at the location that David had mentioned in the mail. There, he found an unconscious Ariadne lying on the ground. Her priestess robes were covered in blood, and her face was very pale.

Clearly, she was still not out of danger after her clash with Felix and his cronies.

Icarus' and Daedalus' bodies were not far from her. Both were barely clinging to life and, if not for William's arrival, the two of them might have passed away in a few hours.

William scanned the surroundings, but he didn't find the White Goose, nor the ducks that followed his cousin around. Knowing David, the Half-Elf was sure that Eve's small flock was saved from the jaws of death and might even be by her side at this moment.

After taking the unconscious Priestess, as well as the two Minotaurs inside his Thousand Beast Domain, William immediately called for Princess Aila to help him heal the three injured individuals.

William had given the three rejuvenation potions in order to hasten their recovery, and get a detailed account of what happened from their perspective. Although David had already told him what had transpired, he still wanted to know their version of the story.

The first one to recover was Ariadne, whose face was no longer covered by a veil. After becoming the Prince of Darkness, William could now see Ariadne's true face, without worry about forgetting it again.

However, for others like Chloe and Princess Aila, the mysterious lady's power was still in full effect, making them forget her appearance every time they took their eyes off her.

"Will, I'm sorry," Ariadne said through tear-filled eyes as she looked at William who was holding her hand, and looking at her with concern. "I wasn't able to protect Eve. They were simply too strong."

"It's fine," William replied. "David has already told me that she's safe, so you don't have to worry about her. Tell me what happened."

Ariadne wiped the tears in her eyes with her free hand as she narrated the things that happened during their pilgrimage. The Half-Elf listened until her story was over before he heaved a deep sigh.

"Rest assured, I will take her back." William promised. "However, now is not the time to do that. I am still far too weak to fight against Felix, and his cronies."

"Thank you," Ariadne replied. "If His Excellency has said that Eve is safe then there is indeed nothing to worry about."

William patted her hand to give her some form of assurance. "For now, you should rest. We can talk about your next course of action after you have fully recovered. Aila, look after her for me, okay?"

Princess Aila nodded. "Leave it to me. I am also indebted to Sister Ariadne for the help she gave me during my stay in Lont."

William smiled before leaving the room. However, as soon as the door was closed behind him, the smile disappeared behind an expression oozing with killing intent.

He then closed his eyes and forcefully reigned in his anger by taking deep breaths. The next time he opened them, a resolute expression appeared on his face.

'In an hour or two, Soleil will arrive in the Tower of Babylon,' William thought. 'After settling in, Fifth Master will help me unlock the power of the Dungeon Conqueror. After gaining its power, there are a few places I need to visit before I go to the Silvermoon Continent.'

The black-haired teenager had used his time in the Thousand Beast Domain to map out his course of action after returning to the Central Continent. He was in a race against time before the entire world was embroiled in a war against Ahriman's forces.

Eve's kidnapping almost threw a wrench in his plan, but due to David's assurance, he decided to continue along the path that he had decided to take.

William knew that if his doting grandfather found out that his granddaughter had been kidnapped by the God of Demons, the old coot would not hesitate to charge into the Demon Capital headfirst and start a bloodbath in order to save her.

'Gramps, times like this, I wish you were here,' William rubbed his face with his hands as he thought of his grandfather, who had disappeared to who knows where after he presided over his marriage back on Earth.

He was sure that not only his grandfather, but his uncles, Mordred and Morgan would do the same, and neither of them would stop until they had rescued their family member from those who were foolish enough to touch their reverse scale.

'Optimus, once we arrive in the Central Continent, make a detailed search for all the locations of Class S Dungeons and above,' William ordered.

< Understood. >

William looked at his synchronization rate with Optimus that had stopped at 70%. This setting had turned gray, which meant that he couldn't continue to upgrade this feature at this point in time, due to his soul being corrupted.

Optimus was not the one that had sealed this function, but his Patron God, Gavin. The God of All Trades may not have fully recovered, but he was aware of the things that were happening to William.

Gavin was afraid that if William unlocked the System's full power, while under the influence of Darkness, a calamity might befall in the world. He also knew that William's current state of mind wasn't stable.

William had a hunch about what Gavin was doing, so he no longer worried about it. Right now, what he needed to do was build an army that would march for his cause, and one that would never betray him.

The Primordial Goddess had also told him that if he wanted the bodies of his wives to recover their peak condition, he needed to go to the Spring of Life that was found underground, where the roots of the World Tree gain their sustenance.

The Goddess also told him that her avatar would wait for him on the Floor of Asgard, and meet with him after he had unlocked the power of the Dungeon Conqueror Job Class.

For some reason, William was looking forward to this meeting because his heart ached to be with his Goddess.

Although Gavin was still his Patron God, half of his soul now belonged to her. It was only natural for him to feel love and affection for the otherworldly beauty who would sometimes visit his dreams at night, and speak soothing words to him as she held him firmly in her loving embrace.

#### Chapter 1106: I Just hope I Chose The Right Side To Join

Eve sat cross-legged on top of the bed with her eyes closed. Several ducks lay down around her with their eyes closed as well.

A white goose lay on top of a chair and looked at Eve with concern. After its Master was abducted, he along with the ducklings were sent to the little girl's personal Domain, where they had been spared the attack of the enemies.

As David's chosen one, the God of Shepherds had also given Eve a portable Domain that she used to house her ducks, as well as the white goose, who was also one of her guardians, whenever she needed to perform rights in the Temple of Gods.

The White Goose thought that its Master was currently worried about her current state, and it had every right to think that. Not only were they captured by powerful beings, Its Master was also forced to become the High Priestess of Darkness, and her coronation would be held when morning came.

'This is too terrible,' the White Goose thought. 'Unfortunately, escape is impossible.'

Although the White Goose had no complaints about the Princess-like treatment that Eve was receiving from the Demon Race, it still couldn't come to terms with the current situation.

Felix, the green-haired Demon, who had been so arrogant in front of her in the past, had gone above and beyond to make sure that the two of them didn't meet each other. After being traumatized by David's one-sided beating, the Heir of Darkness knew that there were certain existences that mustn't be crossed, even with Ahriman backing him.

Because of this, Felix stayed in the West Wing of the Demon Palace, while Eve was in the East Wing. He had also sent people to watch her every move to make sure that their paths didn't cross no matter what.

Although he was very tempted to make William's cousin suffer, his near-death experience taught him that the girl was off-limits. Even Ahriman had made him understand that Eve's position in his eyes was equal to Felix, which solidified her position as an "untouchable".

Not only that, the Six-Eared Macaque had volunteered to become her personal bodyguard. Ahriman didn't see anything wrong with this proposal, so he agreed to it without batting an eye.

Truth be told, the Six Eared Macaque was a very cowardly Pseudo-God. Since his original home was the Celestial Realm, making a God his enemy was out of the question. This was why he intended to score some brownie points with David, so the latter would turn a blind eye to his transgressions when the time came for him to return to Heaven.

Even the Bull Demon King, Princess Iron Fan, and Da Peng had become very courteous of Eve, in the hope that David would also spare them once they returned to the Celestial Realm.

In short, no one in the Demon Realm dared to even touch a strand of Eve's hair, out of fear of facing the wrath of two Gods.

Although this was a very wonderful position, the White Goose couldn't find it in itself to be happy with their current situation.

"Don't worry so much, Zander," Eve said as she opened her eyes to look at her Guardian Beast, who was only at the peak of the Millennial Rank. "I'm fine. Also, His Excellency, David, talked to me just now. Big Brother has saved Big Sister Ariadne, along with Icarus and Daedalus. They are now recovering well."

"I see," Zander replied after breathing a sigh of relief.

Icarus and Daedalus had broken through the Myriad Rank, after getting the blessings from the Temple of the Gods, for protecting Eve and making sure that she completed her pilgrimage.

Back then, the White Goose was so smug because it felt that they were invincible. Although it knew of the existence of Demigods, the chances of meeting one were so little, that having two Myriad Beasts as bodyguards ensured that they could go anywhere unhindered.

In a way, Zander was spot on. No Demigods came to look for trouble for them.

Unfortunately, Pseudo-Gods did!

Zander still couldn't believe that its adorable Master would be coveted by existences never before seen in the World of Hestia.

Eve smiled as she lightly patted one of the ducks by her side. "Don't worry about me. Everything is fine."

"If you say so, Mistress," Zander replied as it closed its eyes to rest.

Judging by Eve's current expression, she had meant every word that she said. If she was saying that she was fine then it must be the case.

Eve disliked lying. In fact, whenever she lied, she felt that she had committed a terrible sin, which Zander found funny. For him, lying was as easy as breathing, so doing it didn't require too much effort.



In the end, the White Goose thought that Eve was still too young and innocent. She was still not aware of the Darkness of the Human Race, the Ruthlessness of the Demon Race, the Arrogance of the Elves, the Stubbornness of the Dwarves, as well as the different shortcomings of all the other races in the world.

For the most part, Zander was indeed correct. Eve was still young enough to not fully understand the complex world that she lived in.

However, Eve was certain of one thing. If anything bad happened to her, her family would part the seas, and move mountains in order to save her. This was something that she believed to be true.

A belief that was embedded in the very core of her being. This was also why she wasn't afraid. Even though she had parted from her caring, and doting, Big Sister Ariadne, due to circumstances outside of their control, she was still hopeful that they would be reunited again in the future.

The Six-Eared Macaque who was guarding outside her door, scratched one of his ears.

"If other girls were in her place, I'm sure that they would be crying, and panicking right now," the Six-Eared Macaque said softly. "It seems that their bloodline is quite formidable to produce a talent like this that is coveted by the Gods."

The Six-Eared Macaque had never seen such a child like Eve, and wondered if there was another one like her in the World of Hestia. If there was, the Pseudo-God was sure that they would also be treated as a special existence by the beings that stood above the Heavens.

"Still, I wonder, if that boy William will really be able to stand against Felix," the Six-Eared Macaque rubbed his chin as he pondered the future clash between the two.

On one side, Felix was now the Supreme Ruler of the Demon Realm. Behind him was a Primordial God that had made the world tremble when he was still at his peak.

On the other side, the black-haired teenager, who was now the Prince of Darkness, had no one to rely on. He found this match-up simply too one-sided and wondered if there really was a need to be too wary of such existence.

"I guess, I'll know this when the two of them meet again," the Six-Eared Macaque stated before scratching his ears. "I just hope I chose the right side to join. If not, well... I can always seek asylum as Eve's current protector. This would give me something to lean on when things go South. I'm such a genius!"

The Six-Eared Macaque flipped his hair like a gangster who was filled with confidence before it was caught by the cops. Even so, he believed that as long as he stuck with Eve, no matter which side won, he would still be safe from any repercussions.

This was the mentality it had developed long ago. As long as the possibility of survival existed, all bases must be covered to live that life peacefully. This was to ensure that even if the sky were to fall down when morning came, the Six-Eared Macaque would be able to stand tall, and laugh towards all adversaries, knowing that it had prepared for the worst.

#### Chapter 1107: A Sublime Experience

"It's time," William said as he opened his eyes and lightly kissed Lilith's forehead that was resting on his shoulder.

The two were sharing a rare moment of intimacy after William had calmed down after learning about Eve's kidnapping.

"Soleil has arrived in the tower of Babylon?" Lilith asked as she looked at the black-haired teenager's handsome face.

"Mmm. It just arrived."

"Understood."

The Amazon Princess stood up from William's lap and allowed him to stand. She knew that William needed to leave the Thousand Beast Domain, so that he could instantly teleport to the Tower of Babylon, bringing all of them with him.

In truth, Lilith was very curious about the floor that William had conquered. Back then, she thought that she was the strongest prodigy of the youngest generation after winning the Tournament of Champions.

Unfortunately, on that very same day, William's achievement gave her a slap on the face, overshadowing her victory, and making the entire tournament a lackluster event.

Back then, she didn't feel any resentment towards William. Instead, great curiosity welled up in her heart. The thought of giving birth to the strongest prodigy, as well as sharing him with her Amazonian sisters was the goal that she had set for herself when she went to find William.

Unfortunately, after encountering their future daughter in the Deadlands, Lilith scrapped her initial plans, and decided to monopolize William, no longer willing to share him with the friends she had left back in her home country.

Lilith watched him go with a calm expression on her face. Although William had changed a lot after losing half of his soul, and becoming the Prince of Darkness, the love she felt for him remained the same.

For the Amazon Princess, that was all that mattered to her.

When William returned to the real world, he didn't waste a single second and instantly teleported to where Soleil was.

The spear hovered hundreds of meters beside the Tower, allowing William to see the sprawling city below it.

The Half-Elf was currently standing on top of Soleil's body, using it as some kind of floating platform. He looked down at the mortals that were happily living their lives, free from the knowledge that a powerful, and unstoppable wave—called war—would soon be sweeping over the land, making their happiness disappear like a fleeting dream.

"Ignorance is bliss," William muttered as he observed the people under his feet. "Enjoy it while it lasts."

Using his authority as one of the people who had conquered a floor of the tower, William instantly reappeared on the Floor of Asgard.

There, he found himself staring at the Bifrost Bridge, which led to the marvelous city that he had created from his memories.

"I'm home, Asgard," William said softly as he stepped on the Bifrost Bridge.

Instead of flying, or hurrying towards the castle, he took his time and walked on the shimmering bridge that had allowed him to meet Wendy, Chiffon, and Princess Aila in his past life. Although two out of the three women had become his wives, and the last one was still undecided, the Half-Elf was quite thankful that he was able to be with them in his current life as well.

"Me in my past life, believed in happy endings," William muttered as he walked steadily over the rainbow bridge. "Where did that lead me? A front row seat to the end of the world. Thinking back, I don't know if I was lucky or unlucky. Being the last one to see the world burn until nothing was left, was certainly a privilege that not many could witness."

The black-haired teenager chuckled after remembering that particular scene. He was dying in the arms of a beautiful blonde Elf, whom he promised to reunite with, but failed to do so because he died an early death.

"Acedia." William sighed. "That is certainly one regret that I should correct in this lifetime. So, you are waiting for me at the roots of the World Tree? What a coincidence, I plan to go there as well."

The Primordial Goddess had told him that the Spring of Life was located at the roots of the World Tree. There, he could place the bodies of his wives, and allow them to become revitalized. Although she didn't say anything else, the unspoken promise between them made William believe that all was not lost, and he could reunite with his beloved wives once again.

"But, for that to happen, I need to kill Felix first," William said in a cold and indifferent tone. "Ahriman will not be spared either. I wonder, what the blood of a God tastes like? It must be very nutritious to say the least."

It was at that moment when a teasing tone reached William's ears.

"It seems that your appetite has grown a lot. Now, you're thinking of drinking the blood of a God. Are you not afraid that all of your teeth will break if you attempt to do that?"

William smiled as he caressed the Obsidian Gem on his chest.

"Regardless of the outcome, it is still a worthwhile thought. Don't you think so as well, Your Excellency?" William asked as he continued to walk towards his destination.

"Perhaps," the Primordial Goddess replied, not agreeing to nor denying William's words. "Well, I don't know about the part of allowing you to drink my blood, but, my Avatar will be more than willing to offer you her blood.

"She is already in the city, but she will wait until you finish your awakening. Business before pleasure, my Prince. You can have all the pleasure you want once your business is finished."

The smile on William's face grew wider as he took the last step on the bridge, reaching land.

"Then, I look forward to drinking the blood of your Avatar, Your Excellency," William replied. "I'm sure that it will be a sublime experience. I am already looking forward to it."

"As am I, My Prince... As am I."

William's smile widened after seeing his Uncle Morgan waiting for him at the gates of Asgard. It seemed that the current Commander of the Red Plague had sensed his arrival, and immediately came to meet him.

Morgan's eyes observed his nephew from head to toe before nodding his head in greeting.

He was not aware of what happened in the North, and didn't know why William's hair color had changed. All he knew was that his nephew had returned to the Floor of Asgard, and his responsibility as its steward would now be over.

#### Chapter 1108: The Path Of Conquest

Morgan's face was filled with fury after finding out what had happened to William in the North.

However, the killing intent that oozed out of his body after he heard that Eve had been captured, and was now about to be crowned as the High Priestess of Darkness was like the final tug that broke the limit of Morgan's patience.

"I understand what you're feeling right now, Uncle, but in our current state, we are not a match for them," William said as he looked at his Uncle Morgan whose eyes screamed of murder. "Don't inform Uncle Mordred for now because I am sure that he will do something reckless if he knew of what happened to Eve.

"For now, we should wait for Gramps to return. Eve is currently safe and is being treated as a Princess in the Demon Capital. Rest assured that her life isn't in any danger."

Morgan clenched and unclenched his fist before taking a deep breath, in order to calm himself. A minute later, calm had returned to his face, but the killing intent that was being radiated by his body didn't diminish even a single bit.

"What are your plans?" Morgan asked.

"Inherit father's legacy, and build my own army," William replied. "An army that this world had never seen before."

Morgan nodded his head in understanding. He had seen his brother at his peak and understood how domineering he was as he commanded his army of Dungeon Monsters that numbered in the millions.

"How about you, Uncle?" William asked. "Do you have any plans?"

Morgan stared at his nephew before crossing his arms over his chest. "I will need to leave the Tower of Babylon. If what you said was right then I also need to replenish my army."

"Good." William smiled. The next time we strike at Felix and his army, he will be in for a very nasty surprise."

Morgan only briefly nodded his head before standing up. "I'll leave the Floor of Asgard in your hands, Will. When the time comes, make sure to inform me when you plan to strike."

Morgan threw a golden crystal at William, and the latter caught it without fail.

"Understood, Uncle," William replied. "It might take a while, but please, bear with it."

Morgan turned his back on his nephew and casually waved his hand as if telling him that he had nothing to worry about.

The black-haired teenager watched his uncle go with a smirk on his face. The reason why Morgan was exiled from the Southern Continent was due to how powerful, and destructive he was.

The Red Plague, or the Ainsworth Family's private army, was composed of thousands of men. However, the real reason why their names became notorious was because of the four individuals that held its foundation.

James the Overlord.

Maxwell the Conqueror.

Morgan the Plague

And Mordred the Dragonborn.

James and Mordred were the tamest of the four, but the twins, Maxwell and Morgan were very bold and aggressive people.

Maxwell used his Dungeon Conqueror Job Class to strike terror into his enemies' hearts by using brute force to trample them under his feet.

Morgan used plague and pestilence-bearing insects to strike his enemies with diseases until not even the land itself could grow any crops that were needed to sustain life.

Whenever these four people moved, the lands were dyed with the blood of their enemies. This was why they were called the Red Plague. A plague that no kingdom, nor empire, wanted to see knocking on their doorsteps.

After Morgan left, William went to the throne room.

The spacious hall was immaculately designed, and very spacious. There, standing proudly at the end of the hall was a magnificent throne, where the mighty All Father, Odin, sat during the council of the Gods.

There was not a time when William dared to sit on that throne, out of respect for the All Father that ruled to protect the peace of the Nine Realms. Even now, the Half-Elf still didn't dare to sit on it.

"Yep, Gramps should be the one to sit over there," William chuckled as he remembered dressing up his Grandfather, James, with an eyepatch as he sat on the throne like some kind of esteemed ruler.

William had a good laugh back then because of James' awkward appearance as he sat on the throne of Asgard.

"Gramps, hurry back home," William said softly. "Crushing Felix won't be the same without you here by our side."



While William was thinking of his grandfather, a light cough came from behind him and broke him out of his daze.

Albert, William's Fifth Master, and Senior Brother, stood with his hands behind his back.

"I've finished my preparations," Albert stated. "We can perform the ceremony to unlock your powers anytime."

"Can we start now?" William asked.

"Of course."

"Good. Let's do this."

William faced Albert with a mischievous smile on his face. "I am already looking forward to seeing the day where I will have an army that will surpass the one my father had."

Albert looked at the black-haired teenager with a bitter smile. He knew that what the Half-Elf said wasn't an impossibility, but a reality that was just waiting to happen.

"If that day really comes, I pray that whoever ticked you off has prepared his coffin," Albert replied. "Your father at his peak was more Demonic than the Demon Lord. Luciel was no more than an impostor when compared to him, but, even then, I was still more handsome than him. This was something that Maxwell wasn't able to beat despite how strong he was."

William was very tempted to tell his Senior Brother that maybe his narcissism was the reason why his mother, Arwen, didn't find him to her liking. However, for the sake of world peace, he just kept this thought in his heart.

'Finally the time has come,' William thought as he followed behind his Fifth Master, who chased the skirt of girls left and right in the Kraetor Empire. 'The path of conquest is already here.'

## Chapter 1109: You're Not Going To Join Us, Right?

Somewhere on the Floor of Asgard, a woman with long black hair, and a veil that covered her face, sat on the balcony of the room she was staying in.

After William left the Floor of Asgard, James had struck a deal with different businessmen to help make the city prosper.

Although it was only in its infant stages, a small city had already been formed on the 51st Floor. With the Castle of Asgard in the backdrop, the city had attracted many hopeful individuals that had climbed the tower to challenge the floors of Babylon.

As the Floor that held the path that led to the 52nd Floor, those who once had lost their will to climb the tower again, felt their blood boiling in anticipation.

There was a one-year grace period before the floors beyond the 50th Floor would open after it was captured. Six months remained before the doors of the 52nd Floor opened, and many people had already gathered on the 51st Floor in preparation for their next adventure.

"Who would have thought that the Prophecies from the Demon Continent and the Silvermoon Continent were not the same as people believed it to be?" the veiled woman said softly. "Fortunately, my gut instinct told me to wait and prevented my Organization from siding with the Heir of Darkness."

Back then, the veiled woman felt that Felix was not the person that they were waiting for. She didn't understand why she felt that way, but due to her hesitation, her subordinates felt that they were just wasting time by not making contact with the green-haired Prince that was prophesied to rule over the world.

Even so, because of her authority as the Supreme Pontifex, her word was law. Even though they felt disgruntled about her decision, they did not dare to voice their opposition. Only fools would do that, and they were no fools.

"Strange... for some reason, I am feeling excited to meet this boy called William," the veiled woman couldn't understand why she was feeling such powerful emotions of longing for someone that she had only heard of in the past.

Her name was Nisha. She hailed from one of the Empires in the Central Continent. Although she was only of common birth, her beauty had caused many people to target her and her family. She was a Half-Elf born from an elven father, and a human mother.

Although they tried to live an almost hermit life, free from the troubles of the common folk, trouble seemed to follow them wherever they went.

One time, when she was young and still naive of the world, she defied her parents' reminder to not leave the mountains and go to the nearby town.

She didn't know that this single moment of rebelliousness would cause her to be kidnapped, and almost sold as a slave. Her parents were able to save her in time, and flee the town. However, the slave trader's organization hunted them down.

Due to this, her peaceful and happy life was ruined. Her parents died while fleeing with her to the next empire. Although they were both strong adventurers, the Slave Traders hired some powerful mercenaries that killed both of them without any mercy.

When it was Nisha's turn to be captured, she blacked out.

A few hours later, she woke up surrounded by the corpses of her parent's killers, as well as those who had ordered her capture. She didn't know who killed them, but growing up, she had similar episodes of losing consciousness and waking up only to find that her enemies had been killed.

In time, she built Deus with the noble cause of helping the oppressed and to strike back at those who wish them ill. Unfortunately, as time passed, the noble cause disappeared, and was replaced by the desire to bring chaos to the world, and watch it burn from the sidelines

"It's too late to go back," Nisha muttered as she stared at the castle of Asgard in the distance. "I hope that you don't disappoint us, My Prince."

--

William sat cross legged in the center of a magic circle.

Smoke was oozing out of his body as several runic characters appeared on its surface. Albert watched this scene from the side with a calm expression on his face.

Soon more runic symbols materialized around William and danced around his body. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead as the unsealing ceremony reached its critical phase.

Half a minute later, the sound of peeling bells echoed inside the room. One by one, the runic letters dancing around William, embedded themselves in his body until none were left.

Albert rang the bell in his hand several more times, and a distinct cracking sound reverberated inside the surroundings.

Golden chains appeared around William, and cracks appeared on their surface. Soon, all the chains shattered like broken glass and fell to the ground, where they disappeared into nothingness.

Then it happened. A miniature shockwave, with William at its center swept through the room, making the clothes on Albert's body flutter.

"Congratulations, you are officially the only Dungeon Conqueror in Hestia," Albert stated. "How do you feel?"

William opened his eyes and looked at his Fifth Master with a smile that showed his fangs.

"Hungry," William replied. "Very hungry."

"Sorry, but my blood is very precious to me. Go bite someone else."

"Master, I only drink the blood of women. You're not even in my strike zone."

William and Albert stared at each other for a while before chuckling at the same time. Both of them were in a good mood because they finally accomplished the things that they needed to do.

"You go do your stuff," Albert said as he shooed William away with his hands. "I will go to the town at the base of the Tower to find something good to drink. Only find me if you are planning to leave the Floor of Asgard. I will come with you."

William rolled his eyes because he knew that his Master wasn't only leaving the tower to go find himself something to drink, he was also leaving to go look for some women as well.

'Well, it's not like I'm any better,' William thought wryly as he went to the Thousand Beast Domain to quench the sudden thirst he felt after unlocking the power of the Dungeon Conqueror.

Right now, William could sense the location of every Dungeon within a thousand-mile radius around him. Also, for some reason, he could feel that these Dungeons were feeling wary about him.

It was as if they were afraid that he would choose to visit them, and make them submit to his will.

'So, this is what it feels like to have power over the lives of others,' William thought as he walked towards his Villa. 'Not bad.'

As soon as he entered the room, he found Vesta, talking to a pretty lady with light-brown hair, and green eyes. The single horn on her forehead was enough to tell her what clan she belonged to.

"Anh, so you're here, perfect," William said with a smile as he addressed Polox's granddaughter. "I need your help with something."

"Of course, Lord William." Anh politely bowed her head. "As long as you wish for it, Anh is willing to do anything I can to help."

Vesta eyed William with a frown. "You reek of bloodthirst."

"Is it that obvious?" William sniffed the air around him because he didn't know how Vesta was able to tell that he was indeed feeling bloodthirsty.

"It's not about the smell." Vesta replied before covering her lips in disdain. "It's about the look in your eyes when you look at us. Clearly, those are the eyes of someone who wishes to eat something. Since the only thing you consume is blood, it was quite obvious what you need."

"Ah. So that's it." William nodded his head in understanding. "Um, Vesta, do you mind if I taste your blood too? I've always wondered what you taste like."

"In your dreams," Vesta rolled her eyes. "Do you think I'm that cheap?"

"Tsk! You're just a freeloader and you think you're some kind of a bigshot." William snorted. "Come, Anh. Let's leave this menopausal lady here and go to my room. "Don't worry. It will only hurt at first. Charmaine and the others will attest that it will feel good later."

Anh nodded her head with a smile. "Fret not, Lord William. I am here to serve you, so you don't have to be overly courteous with me. Anh understands her position."

William scratched his head because Polox's granddaughter had always been like this. She placed herself in a lower standing whenever she was in front of the Half-Elf, making him unable to know what to do with her.

"Charmaine, come with us as well," William said as his personal maid appeared in the living room.

"Should I call the others?" Charmaine asked with an expression that was filled with anticipation.

"No," William replied. "It is Anh's first time. I don't want her to be too conscious of her surroundings. Let's get her used to it first before we let the others join her."

"Understood." Charmaine nodded as she walked towards Anh to hold her hand. "Come with me, Lady Anh. I will guide you to Lord William's room."

"Thank you, Charmaine," Anh replied as she allowed William's personal maid to guide her.

William followed behind the two pretty girls, but stopped after taking over a dozen steps.

"Um, why are you following us?" William asked as he turned his head to look at Vesta who was right behind his back.

"I'm just going to observe," Vesta replied. "Charmaine would often say that having her blood drunk felt good, so I wanted to see if her claims were true or not."

"You're just going to spectate, right?"

"Yes."

"You're not going to join us, right?"

"I won't join."

"Okay." William nodded his head. He didn't mind allowing Vesta to observe because she and Anh had become friends. It was only normal for her to be curious about what would happen to her friend, so William didn't think much of it.

As the four people entered William's room, he made sure to close the door shut behind him. Right now, he only wanted to drink blood, and that was the only thing he would do until the thirst he felt had been sated.

## Chapter 1110: It Seems That You Won't Be Eating Rabbit Stew Tonight

(Disclaimer: Minor R-18 scenes.)

Anh's body shuddered after William's fangs sank into her neck. This was the first time that the Half-Elf had drunk her blood, and she thought that it would be terribly painful. However, she was willing to endure it for the sake of her clan.

After suffering for many years, Anh had vowed to herself that she would do her best to ensure that her family and her people would live peaceful lives, even if she had to sacrifice herself for it.

She had prepared herself for pain, but she wasn't prepared for the unexpected pleasure that washed over her body like relentless waves, making her feel a feeling that she had never felt before.

A minute later, she felt and heard William kiss her neck before pulling back.

"Anh, you are trembling so much that I was afraid that my fangs might go deeper than they should," William said softly as she looked at the pretty Demon with tender eyes. "Did it hurt you that much?"

Anh shook her head. "No. I only felt pain at the beginning then it felt really good. I'm sorry, Lord William. In truth, my body is more sensitive than others, so the stimulation made my body move subconsciously."

"Ah, so that's it." William nodded in understanding. "Look, even your clothes are now dyed in blood."

The upper part of Anh's clothes had a red stain on it because of the blood that trickled out due to her trembling.

Vesta, who was watching from the side, asked her friend if it really felt that good, and the latter nodded her head in affirmation.

"That must have been the best feeling I have felt in my entire life," Anh said with a face that was already as red as a tomato.



Charmaine, who was seated beside Anh on the bed, smiled before taking off her clothes, which surprised Anh and Vesta.

"It's my turn now, Master," Charmaine said with eyes filled with affection.

William nodded his head before kissing Charmaine's lips. He had already accepted her feelings for him, and although they still hadn't crossed that line, it wouldn't be long before the black-haired teenager did it with her.

After the kiss ended, William lowered his head to kiss Charmaine's right breast and lightly bit the pink tip that had started to perk up due to excitement.

Vesta and Anh, who were still chaste maidens, had different reactions to what William was doing to his personal maid.

Anh covered her eyes, but her fingers were parted in order to take a peek on what the handsome Half-Elf was doing to the pretty Elf that wore nothing on her body.

Vesta, on the other hand, looked without covering her eyes, with a calm expression on her face. However, if one were to look closely, they could see that her cheeks had reddened a bit.

Charmaine arched her body back, as if to offer herself to the Master that she had served for many years, and the latter accepted her offering with happiness.

The two maidens watched how William's fangs embedded themselves on the upper part of Charmaine's right breast and drew blood.

The pretty Elf sighed as she held onto William's neck, basking in the euphoria that she had grown to love.

Anh unconsciously gulped after seeing this scene. As someone that had experienced that wave of pleasure, she understood more than anything how it felt. However, a new thought appeared in the pretty demon's head.

If it already felt good being bitten on the neck, would it feel better if other parts of her body were bitten? This thought made Anh shudder because of her sensitive body. She didn't know what would happen if William were to do something similar to what he was doing to Charmaine to her.

All she knew was that if it felt as good as what she had felt earlier, she might lose herself in that feeling and clasp unto William, like Charmaine was at the moment.

Vesta lightly tugged on Anh's clothes catching her attention.

"Does it really feel that good?" Vesta asked.

"Yes," Anh replied honestly. "It feels really good."

The one-horned Demon could see that the tips of Vesta's ears had already reddened due to the scene that she was witnessing. After getting her answer, both girls shifted their attention back on the Half-Elf who seemed to be enjoying the blood offering that was being given to him.

William drank blood for five minutes, but for the two maidens, it felt like days. Finally after having his fill, William licked the wound clean before kissing it, healing it completely.

"Thank you," William said as he pulled Charmaine close to him to give her a kiss on the lips.

The two kissed passionately for a while before Charmaine became bold and pushed William back on the bed.

"Master, please...," Charmaine said as if possessed. She then cupped William's face, and lowered her head to kiss him repeatedly on the lips.

"Charmaine, at least, let's make the peanut gallery leave first," William replied with a mischievous look on his face as he used his chin to point at the two ladies whose faces had now turned a deeper shade of red.

Charmaine looked at Vesta and Anh absentmindedly before an "Oh" escaped her lips. She then moved to the side to allow William to prop himself up to a sitting position.

"Seen enough?" William asked as he looked at the two girls with a devilish smile on his face. "Are you going to leave, or do you plan to join the two of us? As you can see, my bed is big enough for all of us. I don't mind teaching the two of you the pleasures of being a woman."

Vesta and Anh exchanged a glance before standing up to go to the door. The two of them left, but Anh gave William one last glance before leaving the room. Her face was still beet-red but her eyes held a sense of curiosity that didn't escape William's and Charmaine's gaze.

"She might really have a sensitive body, Master," Charmaine said as she took off William's shirt. "It might be worthwhile to train her."

"I don't know about that," William replied. "Drinking her blood is fine, but doing more than that... I don't think so. Also, Lilith, Chloe, and you, are enough for me."

The Half-Elf's voice became deep as she held onto Charmaine's body.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" William asked. "You can still turn back, you know?"

Charmaine shook her head as she met her Master's gaze steadily. "I have waited for many years for this moment, Master. Please, embrace me."

William smiled as she laid her gently on the bed. He then showered her with kisses, until every part of her body had been marked by his lips.

Soon, Charmaine's sweet sighs of pleasure echoed inside the room. The moment William took her maidenhood, the pain filled her heart with pleasure because she finally belonged to him.

As William and Charmaine tumbled on the sheets, the two ladies returned to the living room. The two of them still hadn't recovered from the scene that they had witnessed, and a seed of curiosity had started to grow inside their hearts and minds.

It was at this moment when Chloe entered the living room and asked if the girls had seen William. Thinking that it was a good opportunity to set William up, Vesta told Chloe where he was.

Chloe thanked her and headed straight towards William's bedroom. The green-haired lady then followed the black-haired succubus in order to see how the situation was going to turn out.

Out of curiosity, Anh followed her as well.

When Chloe opened the door of William's room, Vesta and Anh thought that William would immediately stop what he was doing, but Chloe didn't bat an eye and entered the room, closing the door behind her.

Vesta and Anh exchanged a glance before pressing their ears over the door in order to listen to the commotion that was happening inside.

"To the two little bunnies that are listening outside the door, you have two choices." William's teasing voice reached their ears. "Either you leave quietly... or I drag both of you here inside the room to join us. I'll count up to ten. One... two... three..."

Just before William was about to count to four, he heard the sound of running in the hallways. Chloe who was seated on the bed beside him covered her seductive lips and giggled.

"It seems that you won't be eating rabbit stew tonight," Chloe said.

"I don't mind," William replied as he pulled Chloe close to give her a kiss, while his hips continued to move to bring Charmaine to her limit. "I'll just eat Charmaine for now, and have you for dessert."

"Sounds like a plan," Chloe smiled as she hugged William's neck. "It seems that you will be taking our firsts tonight."

"You don't like it?"

"I like."

A minute later, a sigh of pleasure escaped Charmaine's lips as William released his seed inside of her. She had been waiting for this moment for many years, and her wish had finally been granted.

A wish that William would mark her, and her womb, as his own.