

Strongest 1111

Chapter 1111: Invitation For A Meeting

When William opened his eyes the next morning, he found two seductive ladies sleeping naked beside him.

The two girls held him in a firm embrace, as they slept soundly in his arms.

Originally, he hadn't planned to take their first time together, but somehow, one thing led to another and the Half-Elf was swept away by the flow and the passion of the two girls who loved him very much.

The black-haired teenager smiled mischievously as his two naughty fingers explored the forbidden fruits of the two beautiful ladies who were pretending to be asleep.

Just as he expected, his naughty fingers were able to get a reaction from Charmaine and Chloe, who had both still been maidens till a few hours ago. It only took William five minutes to make the two ladies squirm under his touch, which led to a beautiful spring morning.

Two hours later, William left the Thousand Beast Domain with a relaxed smile on his face. As he was about to look for his Fifth Master, Albert, he found Lilith talking with the Amazon delegation stationed on the Floor of Asgard.

The Amazon Princess had a serious expression on her face as she talked to her people about the current affairs of the Amazon Empire.

William thought that something was wrong, so he decided to ask what was happening. It was then when he learned that the Amazon Empire had sent a thousand of its warriors to the Kora Empire, which bordered several Demonic Teleportation Gates, just like the one William and his entourage used to arrive at Joash's Stronghold.

"I see." William rubbed his chin. "Did Joash communicate with the various rulers of the Central Continent?"

Lilith nodded. "Yes. He also asked us to give his forces peaceful passage once the defenses of his Fortress were breached. Although no signs of the Demonic Army can be seen at the moment, Joash said that it might only take Felix a month, or two, to gather an army to attack his Fortress."

William could only smile wryly because he knew that once the Fortress was breached, the Central Continent would be hard pressed to contain the Demonic Invasion.

Although Joash had already taken control of several teleport stations and assigned his men to guard them, it would still be useless in the end. The Demon Army had built several hidden teleportation gates that even Joash didn't know about.

Even if he were to destroy the ones that were under his control, it would still be in vain if he didn't destroy the hidden ones as well.

Joash knew this as well, but there was nothing he could do. Luciel didn't trust him enough to tell him all the locations of the portals that had been secretly built over the years. The only thing he could do was to buy time for the Central Continent to mount a defensive counterattack in order to push them back.

"How about you, Your Excellency. Do you have any plans for the Demonic Invasion?" one of the Amazons who had known Lilith for a long time asked. She also knew that their Princess was now William's fiance, and they were serious in their relationship.

"Of course, I have a plan," William replied, "but I can't tell you about it. For now, I will make my preparations, just like everyone else. I wish you all goodluck in your endeavors."

The Amazon could only nod her head to acknowledge William's words. She and her team then bid their Princess goodbye before leaving to send Lilith's message to her mother, Empress Andraste, back in the Amazon Empire.

When it was only William and Lilith left in the hallway, the Amazon Princess gave the black-haired teenager a hug.

"It seems that you had fun with Charmaine and Chloe last night," Lilith said as she held William in a firm hug.

"Yes," William replied. "It wasn't my intention, but it somehow ended up that way."

"I believe you."

"Thank you."

William planted a kiss on Lilith's forehead before looking at her with a serious gaze.

"Starting tomorrow, I will visit the dungeons around the Central Continent, especially the ones near the border," William stated. "How about you? What do you plan to do?"

"I will stay here on the Floor of Asgard," Lilith replied as she lightly touched her earring. "Since I can come to the Thousand Beast Domain anytime I want, it will be best if I stay here in order to stay updated with the news. That way, I can relay the recent events to you."

"Understood," William replied as he, too, lightly touched the earring in his ear. Both earrings allowed them to communicate with each other over great distances, and allowed Lilith to freely travel to the Thousand Beast Domain.

Not only that, they also had other special functions, but they only worked if they were near each other.

The two held each other for a few more minutes before they parted ways. They understood that they had their own roles to play, and both were important.

The rulers of each floor of the Tower of Babylon had also been informed of the current situation. William thought that it would be better to not leave them in the dark, so they could take preventive measures to keep their Domain from being invaded by Demons.

In the end, the Guardians of the Tower created a special place where all the leaders were to meet in order to discuss their course of action.

William was also invited, and the Half-Elf happily accepted it. During the meeting, the black-haired teenager was the one who told everyone about what had happened in the Demon Continent, which made the rulers doubt whether he was telling the truth or not.

Frankly, William didn't care what they thought because it was none of his business to know what they planned to do in their own Domain. He had already made a declaration that the Floor of Asgard would not allow anyone to enter its Domain a month from now.

This was to ensure that no Demon would be able to create problems for his Domain, while he was away. As long as the Floor Master willed it, no one could enter his Domain unless he gave his tacit approval.

Some of the other Floor Masters thought that this was a good idea, and imitated William's declaration. Of course, there were others who thought that he was just spouting off a bunch of nonsense, and treated the whole affair as a joke.

When the meeting ended, he decided to temporarily pass the authority of the Floor of Asgard to Lilith, while he was away.

After tying up the loose ends, William was about to call it a day when a black bird that materialized out of nowhere, landed on his shoulder.

William noticed that there was a note tied on its leg, so he took it, making the bird disappear without a trace.

The black-haired teenager arched an eyebrow after reading its contents. There were no greetings, or any other messages on the piece of paper except for two things.

A time and place.

William smiled because the Primordial Goddess had told him this information beforehand. Unlike Ella, the Primordial Goddess had managed to create her own natural born avatar in Hestia.

If she wished for it, she could descend into her avatar for a limited period of time. She could also use a fraction of her power during her possession, which allowed her to do many things.

However, she couldn't push her avatar's limit to that of a Pseudo-God, for fear of it breaking. Being able to wield the power of a Demigod was a simple matter to her.

William was curious about what kind of person the Primordial Goddess' avatar was. The Goddess had told him that her avatar had lived a normal life in Hestia, without knowing about her existence.

The Half-Elf found this method intriguing and looked forward to meeting the leader of the organization that had almost pushed the Southern Continent to the brink of collapse.

Chapter 1112: Having A Taste Of Her Hard Work

A woman with long black hair, and wearing a veil to cover her face sat on the balcony as she sipped her tea.

She was looking directly at the magnificent castle of Asgard that looms in the distance. Although she had seen many castles in the Central Continent, she had to admit that it was quite a marvelous sight to see.

It was at this moment when she saw a black mist fly in her direction. The woman smiled because William had come earlier than their scheduled appointment.

"You're quite early, Lord Ainsworth, or should I call you, His Highness?" the woman asked in a polite, and respectful tone.

"Lord Ainsworth?" William chuckled as the blackmist gathered and materialized to form the handsome Half-Elf. "This is too formal. Also, if you call me Lord Ainsworth, I feel the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. Just call me William or Will. No need to be formal since we are on the same side."

"No, Lord William," the woman corrected. "We're not on the same side. At least, not yet."

"Is that so?" William smiled as he sat in front of the woman that was wearing a veil. "Since you asked me out on a date, I thought that this is already a done deal."

"Hardly, this is just the start of our negotiations."

"Negotiations? Go on. I'd like to hear your proposal."

The woman stared at the black-haired teenager who had a relaxed smile on his face. Through her veil, she could sense that William was oozing with confidence. Also, he didn't even ask why she was wearing a veil, nor did he order her to take it off so that he could see her face.

Usually the rulers, the head of the families, as well as the Overlords, whom she had met in the past, would always ask this of her. Naturally, she declined their requests because she didn't want anyone to see her face.

Even her closest aides in Deus didn't know what she looked like.

"First, I would like to hear Lord William's plan," the woman asked. "What is it that you want?"

"What I want is really simple," William answered. "The first one is to find a way to revive my wives. The second is revenge, the third? Well that can wait after I'm finished dealing with Felix and Ahriman," William answered. "Unfortunately, the thing I wanted the most is impossible to achieve at this point. That leaves dealing with Felix and Ahriman first."

"I see..., love is a wonderful thing," the woman said dreamily as she eyed the Half-Elf.

"It is," William replied with a smile.

Nisha had been evaluating William with a critical eye. Right now, their Organization was torn on whom to support. The Heir of Darkness, or the Prince of Darkness. Both of their prophecies said that they would conquer the world, but if there are two conquerors, which one would triumph over the other?

"Tell me, Lord William, are you interested in creating a new world order?" Nisha asked.

"New world order?" William rested the side of his face on his right fist. "Sounds exciting. Are you planning to be the Empress of this world?"

"I don't dare to even consider that, Lord William," Nisha replied. "I only want to right what is wrong, and ensure that the innocent will no longer suffer. A world where everyone will be free and no slaves will be sold to and abused by their new Masters. I wish for that kind of world, Lord William."

"I see." William nodded. "You must be delusional then."

The Half-Elf chuckled as he took the teacup on the table and took a sip from it. After tasting it once, he returned the cup to its plate and eyed Nisha with eyes filled with mischief.

Nisha didn't even bother to look at her teacup that the black-haired teenager in front of her had taken a drink from. A frown had appeared on her beautiful face due to William's words. This was one of the rare occasions that she was thankful that she was wearing a veil to hide her current expression.

"Delusional? Such a harsh word, don't you think so, Lord William?" Nisha inquired.

"Not really," William answered with a teasing smile. "I'll tell you upfront, the world you want is not going to become a reality. Take for example Felix and Ahriman. All they want is to make the entire world submit to their will. Both of them are Demons, and their Demonic tendencies will be the law that rules this world... that is if they managed to conquer it.

"Do you honestly believe that someone like you, can make them change their minds? You're talking with the Primordial God that started the Dark Era of this world. If you really think that you can convince them to make your dreams a reality then you should really slap yourself in the face. That way, you will wake up from your delusions."

Nisha didn't reply, instead she took a sip from the cup that William had drunk from earlier. After emptying the cup, she shifted her attention on the castle of Asgard and sighed.

"The reason why I wanted to meet with you is because my instincts are telling me that what Felix and Ahriman can't do for me, you can make it a reality," Nisha commented. "But, looking at you, I can already see you just sitting on a throne, and ordering people to manage your Domain for you, while flirting with your wives. Such an irresponsible ruler. You don't have what it takes to rule the world."

"And that makes me the perfect candidate, right?" William said with a smirk. "Since I'm the type that just allows my subordinates to manage things for me, that means that they can do whatever they want, while carrying out their goals, using my name. That must be a dream come true for you, no?"

Nisha chuckled before shifting her attention back to William.

"So, do we have a deal?" Nisha asked.

"That will depend if you can satisfy me," William answered. "What can you offer me in return?"

"I can give you everything."

"Where do I sign?"

The woman, and the black-haired teenager stared at each other. Although a veil stood between the two of them, both understood that each side was only being half serious with their words.

"I guess, it's time for another round of negotiation," Nisha said as she walked back to her room. "Come, Sir William. They said that talks of conquest are better discussed in the bedroom."

William chuckled as he stood up to look at the lady who had already removed the veil from her face.

"Whoever said those words, should be given an award," William said as he moved towards the black-haired woman, whose beauty could bring down nations. "I hope that we will be able to discuss a lot of things."

Nisha took off her dress and made an inviting gesture. "I hope for that as well, Lord William."

William smiled as he held the mature beauty in his embrace. Nisha's right pupil had started to turn a golden color. Clearly, a certain Primordial Goddess thought that this was a good opportunity to descend to Hestia, and have a taste of the fruits of all of her hard work.

Chapter 1113: What Lay Underneath His Smiling Facade

Celeste and Baba Yaga were currently seated on a bench overlooking the gardens of Asgard.

Claire sat on Celeste's shoulder with a solemn expression on her face. After meeting her twin, Chloee an hour ago, she got wind of the latest changes that had happened to William.

When she asked if it was fine if this information was known to her, Chloee said that William allowed it. She added that Celeste should decide if she would leave with him, or return to Hestia Academy when morning came.

If this question was asked to Celeste a month ago, her answer would definitely have been "I will go back to Hestia Academy".

But, now, things had changed.

After what happened to her sister, she felt that the only one that could find Celine's whereabouts was William. Because of this, she didn't want to leave his side until she confirmed that her sister was safe.

Also, she had heard what the cloaked figure had said due to her superior hearing. The information shocked her because she didn't expect her sister to be pregnant with William's child.

When she first checked her sister's body, after Celine had given her first time to the Half-Elf, Celeste didn't find any signs of life in her womb. This meant that her sister conceived after William had met up with her in the Demon Continent.

In a way, Celine defied the prophecy that she was born with. Instead of being Felix's bride, she chose to bear William's child instead.

Although, in the end, Celine did become a Bride of Darkness, the child she kept was not from the Heir, whom she was prophesied to be with, but the Prince, who was supposed to be Celeste's partner.

The Maiden of Chastity fully understood that she was not in love with William. He was a Disciple of her Familiar, and a student in the academy that she was teaching at.

They could be considered colleagues, being two of the only Familiamancers in the world. Unfortunately, he lost Conan and Elliot during the battle in the Demon Continent. This created a terrible backlash where half of William's soul ceased to exist.

She couldn't even imagine the pain that he had been through after that half of him died. Chloe's transformation gave her a slight discomfort, but she knew that what she had experienced was nothing compared to what William had gone through.

As the beautiful Elf thought of the events that had transpired in the Demon Realm, she was surprised by the fact that the current William was even able to smile, despite losing his wives, friends, as well as half of his soul.

"This is madness," Celeste muttered as she clenched her fist tightly. "How can he act so carefree after what happened to everyone? Is this the result of him becoming corrupted by Darkness?"

Baba Yaga who was seated beside her sighed. "Darkness, Light, truth be told, these two are interchangeable. Those who stand in the light, are no different from those who stand in the dark. As long as they are Human, Demon, Dwarf, Elf, Gnome, or even a Fairy, all of them are sinful creatures.

"You know this very well, since you are part of the Holy Order of Light. They act as though they are the Saviors of the world, but underneath that smiling facade lies a Darkness that even makes us Demons shudder."

Celeste couldn't refute Baba Yaga's words because she had seen some of the things that the Holy Order did to their believers.

"So, are you saying that Felix and Ahriman are not evil?"

"Of course they are evil. The Demon God of Darkness that covered this world in Eternal Darkness, which ignited the war between the different races. Now that he has his Heir to do the dirty work for him while he recovers his power in the shadows, this world will once again be embroiled in a war that no one wished to see."

Celeste sighed before turning to look at the old witch whom her sister had treated as her adopted mother.

"Then, what should I do?" Celeste asked. "Should I stay, or should I go?"

"Silly girl. You already know the answer to that question," Baba Yaga replied. "What you are looking for is someone to tell you that what you are doing is right."

"Then, am I doing the right thing?"

"Do you want an honest answer?"

Celeste nodded. "Yes."

Baba Yaga looked at the colorful flowers in front of her before sharing her thoughts.

"That boy, William, is headed for destruction," Baba Yaga said. "Underneath his smiling facade is a soul that weeps for the loss of his beloved. Having half a soul is not an easy thing. There will come a time when he will lose control, and destroy everything around him.

"Friend, foe, lovers, he will not be able to recognize any of them. That is the extent of how much damage his soul had received. The only thing that is keeping him together is his wish for revenge. If he manages to win, and end Ahriman's tyranny..."

Celeste subconsciously stopped breathing as she waited for Baba Yaga to finish her words.

"...the thing that keeps him together will be lost. That is where you come in."

"Me?"

Baba Yaga nodded. "Celeste, prophecies aren't set in stone. Even though Celine did what she could to defy the Fate that was given to her, the fact still remains that you were chosen to be his bride, not your sister."

"SO, I should love him then?" Celeste's expression became serious as she looked at the Old Hag, who only chuckled after hearing her words.

"Gods, no." Baba yaga chuckled. "William, doesn't see you as a lover candidate. Right now, he sees you as a hindrance. But, even so, because you are Celine's sister, you have this protective halo around you that prevents him from tossing you aside. He instinctively knows that if he harms you in any way, Celine will be angry at him."

Celeste could only smile bitterly after hearing Baba Yaga's words.

"I think what you should do is return to the Holy Order of Light for the time being," Baba Yaga advised. "Right now, William is going to focus on capturing the Dungeons to raise an army for his inevitable battle against Felix's and Ahriman's forces. You can't do anything for him right now, but you can do something for him later."

As if the final piece of the puzzle fell in place, a realization appeared inside the beautiful Elf's mind.

"You're right," Celeste replied. "Right now, I really can't do anything for him. But, once I'm in the Palace of Light, I can search for ways to bring his wives back to life, right?"

"The possibility exists," Baba Yaga smiled. "Celeste, dear, do me a favor."

Celeste nodded. "Anything. As long as I can do it."

"Although this is only a hunch, the God that took your sister, as well as the souls of William's wives, might be the God of Death, Thanatos. Look for information about him, and if possible, find a way to reach his Domain. If you manage to find anything, share this with William. Perhaps this will help him fight against the corruption that is eating his soul at this very moment."

"Thanatos...," Celeste muttered before nodding her head. "I will do my best."

"Good." Baba Yaga smiled. "Doing our best is the only thing we can really do at this point in time."

Baba Yaga then looked at the heavens with a bitter smile.

"Man proposes, God disposes," Baba Yaga said softly. "If this is really the will of the Gods, then us mortals have no choice but to... defy them. That is the only thing we can do, to fight against the Fate that toys with the lives of those who want to live a peaceful life, in this world that is on the brink of collapse."

Chapter 1114: What Can You Tell Us About The Prince of Darkness?

For the first time in many years, all the Rulers of the different kingdoms, empires, and influential families were gathered in a magical conference, hosted by Hestia Academy.

Byron was an influential person, and had left communication crystals with all the leaders of the Central Continent, as well as the Silvermoon Continent.

Because of this, he was able to make this grand conference possible. None of the rulers had to leave their respective kingdoms. All they needed to do was activate the artifact that Byron had left them in order to participate in an important discussion regarding the looming crisis that was about to start in the Demonic Continent.

"I'm sure that all of you gathered here have already been told that the Demonic and the Elven Prophecies have come to pass," Byron said as countless eyes looked at him through the projections that surrounded him.

Although some were still skeptical, Byron's position as the Headmaster of Hestia Academy gave weight to his words. All of them listened to him with varying interests as he continued his explanation.

"The Heir of Darkness, Felix Gremory, is now in the midst of uniting the Demon Clans in order to raise an army to strike beyond the borders of the Demon Realm," Byron explained. "There are two possible targets, the first one is the Central Continent, and the second one is the Silvermoon Continent.

"Regardless of who he plans to deal with first, we should unite under one banner in order to prevent him from getting his way."

One of the king's, whose kingdom was located at the Southwestern edge of the Central Continent, chuckled.

"Headmaster, even if the Demons did manage to raise an army, I doubt that they would be stupid enough to attack the Central Continent," the king said. "Most likely, their target will be the Silvermoon Continent because they are easier to defeat."

The members of the Elven Council, who were also invited in the meeting, frowned at the Human king who had a carefree smile on his face.

"I'm sure that you wouldn't be smiling if your Kingdom bordered the Demon Continent," the Emperor of the Kora Empire, Fannar Kora, sneered. "It must be nice to be so far away from the immediate area of conflict."

The king of the Southwestern Kingdom gave Fannar a teasing smile as he replied to his words.

"Well, it can't be helped," the King replied. "It's not my problem."

Fannar snorted at the King who was quite far from his reach. Everyone in the conference knew that if the Emperor of Kora had his way, he would have already made plans to send an expedition to conquer the territory of the arrogant King who didn't know his place.

However, before the situation escalated, Byron's steady and firm voice reached everyone's ears.

"It is very easy to think that you will not be involved in the war that is about to transpire," Byron said. "However, now is not the time for conflicts. Naturally, I will not force any of you to help if you really do not want to, but know this.... Those who will not participate in this endeavor will be ignored by the Alliance, if and when they need help in any form."

The Headmaster of Hestia Academy smiled as he scanned the faces of the different people that were looking at him at the moment.

"Verbal agreements will also not be entertained," Byron added. "During this time, we need sufficient manpower to deal with this crisis. Saying your support, and not acting on it will be treated as a major offense in the Alliance. Isn't that right, Your Excellency?"

A middle-aged woman wearing a papal gown appeared beside Byron. She was holding a golden staff in her hand as she gave the King who had a carefree manner a side-long glance.

"Yes," the middle-aged woman said. "Those who do not fully participate in this grand undertaking will be tossed aside. I will personally deal with them. If and when I deemed that they didn't have any goodwill in regards to the alliance, they will be labeled as heretics by the Holy Order of Light."

The King who had a carefree smile earlier suddenly became serious when he heard the Pope's subtle threat.

The reason he didn't take the matter seriously was because the Demon Continent was far away from his kingdom. Also, Byron was only the Headmaster of an academy. No matter how great its reputation, his Kingdom also had its own academy where the elites of his kingdom studied.

He didn't find it worthwhile to flatter the Headmaster who was known to be a pacifist.

However, the Holy Order of Light was a different matter. Every ruler knew that under their Righteous Cause was a darkness that wouldn't lose to the underworld criminals that lurked in their respective Domains.

Unlike Byron, the Holy Order of Light was not known to show any mercy for those who do not agree with their vision. Of course, during times of peace, their stance was through diplomacy, but, during times of war, they could easily send an elite force to assassinate any member of the royal family in order to make them align with their goals.

The middle-aged woman's appearance changed the atmosphere of the room, which made the rulers, especially those who were very far away from the borders of the Demon Continent, take this matter more seriously.

Byron took this opportunity to return everyone's attention to the strategy that they wanted to achieve. "Right now, several Kingdoms and Empires have agreed to send reinforcements to the Empire of Kora, which has the highest chance of getting invaded first. Our Academy has already fought against the forces of the Heir of Darkness in the North, and I will tell you what kind of enemies we will be facing against.

"According to the information we gathered, the Heir of Darkness has four Pseudo-Gods, and two Demigods under his command. Just as the name implies, they are stronger than Demigods and are much more dangerous. With them aiding the Heir of Darkness, resisting their advance will be extremely difficult."

At the mention of the Pseudo-Gods, everyone's faces turned grim. They were well aware of how strong Demigods were, and had treated them as the Apex Creatures of the world. However, after hearing that there were creatures that were stronger than the Demigods, they felt that the Heir of Darkness posed a serious threat to the world.

"Isn't the hurdle too big?" the Patriarch of one of the most influential families in the Central Continent spoke. "If we are really facing Pseudo Gods, then sending our armies to fight against them is a futile endeavor. We will just be slaughtered like pigs."

"True," Byron replied. "So, should we just allow Felix to conquer our lands unhindered? Should we just kneel and submit to him? I will assure you that once this is over, there will be no Kings, or Emperors in this world. It will only be the Heir of Darkness who will rule over us all."

As everyone pondered Byron's words, a light cough caught everyone's attention.

All eyes turned towards the Elven Council who had remained quiet until now.

"We already know about the Heir of Darkness," one of the Elven Elders said. "What can you tell us about the Prince of Darkness? Surely, you have information about him, right?"

For the Elves, the Heir of Darkness was already bad news because the Demons had long wished to conquer their Domain. However, the Prince of Darkness was a Prophecy that was made by their Elven Oracle. In their eyes, the Prince was just as troublesome as the Heir, and they needed all available information about him.

Byron glanced at the middle-aged woman beside him, and the latter just shrugged. Clearly, she didn't want to be the one to tell the news to the Elven Council.

"We do have information about the Prince of Darkness," Byron replied.

"Give us his name," the Elven Elder requested.

Byron sighed as he looked at the Elves who were watching him with serious expressions on their faces. He could understand their concern because they might be facing the brunt of two prophecies at the same time.

"The Prince of Darkness is none other than the son of the previous Dungeon Conqueror, as well as the Saintess of the World Tree," Byron said with a solemn expression on his face. "His name is..."

"William Von Ainsworth."

Chapter 1115: Are You Not Going To Stop Them?

"I will go back to Hestia Academy," Celeste said as she looked at William with a calm expression on her face.

"I see," William replied. "Be careful and make sure that you don't fall into Felix's hands."

Chloee, who was seated on William's shoulder also nodded her head in agreement with William's words. Even though she had become William's woman, she was still Celeste's familiar and cared for her as well.

"Will, I'm sure that you already know this, but it's possible that the different Kingdoms and Empires will target you right now," Celeste stated. "Word has already spread that you are the Prince of Darkness, and some will definitely try to reach out to you for an alliance, or aim for your life."

William nodded in understanding. "Don't worry. I will keep this in mind. Thank you for the reminder."

Celeste wanted to say more, but her words were stuck in her throat. In the end, she decided to just keep her plan to herself because she didn't want to give William false hope.

"Chloee, take care of yourself," Claire said as she looked at her sister.

Although many things had changed in her current appearance. For Claire, Chloee would always be her sister, and the latter knew this as well.

Chloee nodded. "I will. Take care of Celeste for me. If something happens, contact me right away. No matter where I am, I will come flying."

Claire smiled because she knew that she could count on her sister when things went South. No more words were spoken between them because everything had already been said.

"Let's go to the Bifrost Bridge," William said. "I will send you directly to Hestia Academy."

As the two left the Palace of Asgard, Baba Yaga who was observing them from her scrying mirror sighed. She had already decided to follow William because she knew that he held the key in order to find her one and only disciple, Celine.

The Old Hag no longer had any attachments to the Demon Realm, especially since what was waiting for her back there was forced servitude. She didn't like the thought of being part of an army that would

trample the lives of innocent people. All she wanted right now was to find Celine, and care for her until she gave birth.

For her, Celine's children could be considered her own grandchildren, so she was quite excited to hold them in her arms as well.

While the Old Demigod was deep in her thoughts, a rainbow bridge shot towards the sky, passing through time and space.

A minute later, it disappeared, proving that Celeste was no longer on the Floor of Asgard.

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Hestia Academy...

The moment Celeste appeared in the academy, several students gathered around her due to the means by which she had reached the academy.

Out of nowhere, a rainbow bridge appeared and from it, the beautiful Elf descended like a celestial being visiting from the Heavens.

Byron, who had sensed Celeste's presence hurriedly went to meet her, in order to discuss the current situation of the continent. He took her to his office and made her narrate everything that happened to her.

"So, William is still on the Floor of Asgard, right?" Byron asked.

"Yes," Celeste answered.

"Did he tell you about his plans?"

"No."

Celeste lied with a calm expression on her face. Due to her Divinity, no one would be able to tell whether she was lying or not. Before she returned to the academy, William told her that he didn't trust Byron, and would greatly appreciate it if Celeste didn't tell him about his plans for the future.

The beautiful Elf agreed to his request, so he didn't inform the Headmaster about William's plan to visit the various dungeons located at the Northern Regions of the Central Continent. This was to prevent anyone from laying a trap to capture William, who was now considered a threat to the peace of the world.

"That's quite unfortunate," Byron shook his head in helplessness. "Are you planning to go to the Palace of Light later?"

Celeste nodded. "I will go there, but before that, I need to visit the library first."

"The Library? What are you planning to look for?"

"The identity of the God that took my sister away."

"I see." Byron rubbed his chin as he eyed the beautiful Elf who was deeply concerned about her sister's whereabouts. "Very well, I will give you permission to visit the restricted area. Perhaps getting your sister back will solve one of our problems as well."

"Thank you, Headmaster."

"This is the least I can do for you, Celeste."

After Byron took some time to tell Celeste about the plans of the alliance, the beautiful Elf left the Headmaster's office and headed straight to the library.

"Byron seems to be hiding something from us," Claire said as she sat on Celeste's shoulders. "He didn't tell us about the Alliances' plan against William."

"The Headmaster is no fool," Celeste replied. "Maybe he felt that I sympathized with William and withheld the plans they had for him, but knowing how the Holy Order of Light operates, I can make a guess as to what their next move will be."

"And that is?"

"Use William's family in the Southern Continent as hostages."

Claire rubbed her beautiful face with both of her hands after she heard Celeste's hunch.

"That is the most stupid thing that they can do at this point in time."

"I know, right?"

Claire then eyed Celeste whose pace had started to quicken.

"Are you not going to stop them?" Claire asked.

Celeste shook her head. "Do you really think that William hasn't considered this possibility already? After what happened to his cousin, Eve, I'm sure that anyone who dares to touch his family right now will regret it for the rest of their lives. Also, I have a feeling that even if William doesn't make a move, no harm will fall upon his loved ones in the Southern Continent."

Celeste didn't know where her confidence was coming from, but she believed that the Half-Elf had already made the necessary preparations to protect his family.

Since that was the case, she would just focus her energy on helping him find information about the God that took the souls of William's wives, as well as Celine, away.

Chapter 1116: I Like To Break The Rules

A month passed since Celeste had left the Floor of Asgard to return to Hestia Academy.

So far, her search yielded no results, but she didn't stop searching. After she had read all the books in the restricted area of Hestia Academy, she went to the Palace of Light to seek the answers she was looking for.

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Somewhere in the Central Continent...

"Y-You heretic! Do you really think that the Pope will not avenge us?" a Crusader of Light shouted. "You should just surrender yourself! Perhaps our Pope will show you merc—argh!"

The pained cry reverberated in the plains as William crushed the crusader's hand with his foot.

"You devil!" the crusader roared. "You will be purged from your sin—"

The crusader wasn't able to finish his words before his head rolled across the ground. William then flicked his hand and the corpse was engulfed in black flames, turning it to ash in a matter of seconds.

"That's the fifth team that they tried to send to the Southern Continent," Chloe said. "I told you they were a nuisance."

"It's fine," William replied with a smile. "Just gather the heads and drop them off at the usual place."

"Understood. Do you know how many heads are adorning the gate of the Tower of Babylon now?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. I want those heads pierced by a stake and displayed for everyone to see. I don't care how many they send, I'll just kill each and everyone of them."

Just as Chloe was about to gather the hundreds of heads that had scattered on the ground, she sensed several presences flying to their direction.

"So, you are here."

A voice that was familiar to William said with killing intent.

"Yes," William replied as he turned around to look at the three beautiful ladies as well as the hundreds of flying ships that they had brought with them. "Took all of you some time to get here."

A young beauty with long, purple hair, eyed William with a sneer. She was none other than the Virtue of Justice, Ephemera, who had once joined the Tournament of Champions, but was defeated in the end.

The two other beautiful ladies standing beside her were the same ladies that had accompanied her to the banquet at the Misty Sect, they were the ones that carried the Virtues of Temperance and Fortitude

"Come with us peacefully, and you won't get hurt, Your Highness," Ephemera said in a teasing tone.

William ignored her and turned his attention on the black-haired beauty that had busied herself with collecting the heads of the crusaders that her Master had slain.

"Chloe, did these girls set up an appointment with me? William asked.

"No," Chloe replied as she picked up the last severed head on the ground. "I didn't receive a notice."

William nodded his head as he shifted his attention back to Ephemera who had an arrogant expression on her face.

"Sorry, but if you want a piece of me, you better get in line like everyone else," William said with a devilish smile on his face.

"Arrogant heretic," Ephemera sneered. "It seems that you still don't know your place. I will give you one last chance. Surrender and come peacefully, or we will make you sorry."

William gave an exaggerated sigh as he glanced at Chloe's direction.

"Don't send anything back to Babylon yet. Let's just collect the heads of the people here first."

"Understood."

Ephemera, who had heard William's words, looked at him with contempt before raising her hand.

"Capture him!" Ephemera ordered. "If he resists, it's fine if you cut a limb or two. As long as he is alive, we can drag him back to the Palace of Light."

""Yes!""

The Crusaders that were onboard the hundreds of flying ships jumped down and flew in William's direction.

They were an Elite Unit that was specially formed to capture William, and the weakest of them had the strength of a Millennial Beast. Although they were no match against the Prince of Darkness, they knew of a formation that would seal him, and his powers, allowing them to capture him alive.

The presence of four Demigods descended upon the battlefield, and two of them had locked on to William's body. They were the Demigods that belonged to the Palace of Light, which they had cultivated for hundreds of years. They were not part of the original Demigods that were known in the continent, but a secret force that belonged solely to the Holy Order of Light.

This was one of the reasons why they were feared by the various rulers in the continent. Any one Faction that could control more than two Demigods was a force that shouldn't be provoked at all cost.

Several magic circles appeared in the sky, enveloping an area of five miles around William. This was to ensure that he wouldn't be able to escape the encirclement that they had prepared for him.

Unfortunately, they made a mistake. William had no intention of running away from them.

"So, this is where your confidence is coming from." William nodded his head in understanding. "Not bad."

Chloe had already arrived beside William. However, her expression was still calm, and even looked at the Magic Circles in the sky with great curiosity.

"They're quite pretty," Chloe said softly.

"Indeed," William replied.

Ephemera and the two ladies that were standing beside her frowned. They expected William to panic after seeing the forces that they had prepared in order to capture him. However, instead of becoming fearful, the Half-Elf was looking at the four Demigods, as if they were cattle that were being sold in the market.

Suddenly, two shadows appeared behind William.

Baba Yaga and the Parrot Monkey, Oliver, came out from it and looked at the members of the Holy Order that had come to capture William.

"These annoying flies never change," Baba Yaga muttered.

"Yes," Oliver replied as his body transformed and became a six-meter tall chimera. "This is why the Mistress hates these bastards."

The Old Witch and the Parrot Monkey unleashed their Demigod Powers.

After losing Celine, Oliver had forcefully broken the seal that had been placed on his body by his creator and unleashed his true power as a Demigod. He was supposed to be Celine's protector, but due to the restrictions that covered the entire domain, he was unable to break the seal during that time.

This was why he decided to stay by William's side, in the hope that the Half-Elf would look for his Master, who was now carrying his child. Oliver knew that William would stop at nothing to find Celine, so, until their fateful reunion, he would protect the Half-Elf in her place.

"So what if you have two Demigods?" Ephemera asked. "You're still going to submit!"

All of the magic circles in the sky shone brightly and several golden chains emerged from them, wrapping William's, Chloe's, Oliver's, and Baba Yaga's bodies, preventing them from moving.

These were the special formations that the Holy Order had specially designed to capture powerful targets. Even Demigods would not be able to break free from these hundreds of chains that had the power to suppress their ranks and bring them down to the Millennial Rank.

"You're lucky I have strict orders to capture you alive," Ephemera stated. "Otherwise, I have no qualms in bringing back your corpse to the Palace of Light. Let's see how you break free from those chains. Capture them now!"

William chuckled as he glanced at Chloe.

"She wants to see how we break out of these chains," William said.

"Then, let's show her how," Chloe replied as she casually moved her arms to break the chains that bound her body.

William smiled and did the same. He then looked up at Ephemera and the rest of the crusaders who had shocked expressions on their faces.

"Sorry, your chains are so brittle that even the grandma living in our village can break it easily," William chuckled. He then waved his hand and freed Baba Yaga and Oliver from the chains that bound them.

"This is impossible!" Ephemera looked at the Half-Elf in shock and disbelief. "Those chains hold the power of the Seven Virtues! They can't be broken so easily. How can this be?!"

Chloe snorted as she spread her wings wide. "Well, Will and I like to break the rules. Now, it's your turn to suffer."

The black-haired Succubus was about to fly towards the sky when a hand held her in place.

"Don't kill the Virtues," William ordered. "Everyone else is fair game."

Chloe nodded. "Understood."

The Succubus flew towards the flagship where the three virtues were located with a fearless smile on her face. She had always liked to fight, so fighting against many enemies made her blood boil in happiness.

Baba Yaga and Oliver flew towards two of the four Demigods and engaged them in battle.

The two remaining Demigods on the Side of the Holy Order swooped down from the sky and headed in William's direction. Alongside the crusaders who were determined to capture the Prince of Darkness at all costs.

"Awaken," William ordered. "Flames of Darkness, burn my enemies to ashes. Go forth! Sepheron!"

Pitch-black flames emerged from the black phoenix tattoo on the back of William's right hand. Immediately the power of a Pseudo-God descended upon every living creature on the battlefield, making their movements sluggish.

With a deafening scream of challenge, Sepheron, the Ultimate Guardian of the Silvermoon Continent, which had been corrupted by Darkness, emerged from his hand.

Black flames rose up in the sky, and were about to burn the flying ships that were near its Master when William's orders reached its ears.

"Don't burn the ships," William ordered. "I can still use them. Just deal with these small fries."

Sepheron screeched in acknowledgement of its Masters orders and slapped the two Demigods with its wings, sending both of them crashing to the ground.

The Black Phoenix then looked at the thousands of Elite Crusaders that had come to capture its Master with a mocking gaze.

The members of the Holy Order of Light felt their blood turn cold as the Phoenix's gaze landed on their bodies. They knew then and there that they had made a mistake in trying to capture the Half-Elf who had become the Prince of Darkness.

Unfortunately, there was no time for regrets as they desperately flew in different directions in order to escape the monster that they couldn't defeat.

At that exact moment, William's laughter reached their ears. They thought that they were the ones that had set up a trap to capture him, but they were terribly wrong with their assumption.

It was the Prince of Darkness that had set a trap to capture them, and they had fallen for it, hook, line, and sinker.

Chapter 1117: A Wise Shepherd Once Said...

The flagship came crashing towards the ground with a single stomp from Chloe.

Ephemera, as well as the two other Virtues that represented Temperance, and Fortitude, jumped off it and hovered in the air.

They stared at the beautiful Succubus in front of them with grim expressions on their faces, while a battle raged in their surroundings.

"You are Celeste's familiar, right?" Ephemera asked as she summoned her golden sword. "You should be on our side. We are the side of Justice!"

"Yes, I am Celeste's familiar," Chloe replied, "and I am also on the side of Justice."

Ephemera stared at Chloe and attempted to use reason in order to make her change her allegiance.

"If that is the case then we shouldn't be fighting," Ephemera said. "We should work together to capture the Prince of Darkness who will destroy the peace of this world."

"Ah. That is where we disagree," Chloe commented. "My Prince doesn't have any intention of destroying this world. The only thing that he plans to destroy are those people who get in his way... that includes the three of you, and the Holy Order of Light."

"But Celeste is on our side!"

"So?"

Chloe gave the three beautiful girls a very sweet smile that made them shudder.

"You shouldn't have targeted his family, or anyone who is important to him." Chloe's voice became cold and deadly. "He has already lost so many things, and you people still wanted to take away the people that are precious to him? Unforgivable."

"It seems that we agree to disagree," Ephemera stated as the golden sword in her hand shone. "Very well, I will apologize to Celeste later that I had no choice but to kill her Familiar."

"There's nothing to apologize for," Chloe replied. "You don't have the ability to back your words."

As soon as she finished talking, the Succubus disappeared and reappeared in front of Ephemera with her fist posed to strike.

The Virtue of Justice had already anticipated this move, so she immediately used her sword to slash at the annoying Succubus whom she didn't like the moment they met.

A metallic sound rang in the air as Chloee's fist clashed with Ephemera's sword. The purple-haired beauty thought that her sword, which was blessed by the power of her Patron God, would send the Succubus flying.

However, what happened was the opposite. She was the one who was sent flying due to how powerful Chloee's punch was.

The two ladies that had accompanied Ephemera also summoned their weapons, but Chloee didn't even glance at them. She merely flew towards where Ephemera was, ignoring them completely.

"What should we do?" Temperance asked.

"Let's support Ephemera," Fortitude replied. "She's no match against that evil creature."

Temperance nodded, but before the two could even support their friend. A devilishly handsome Half-Elf appeared in front of them.

"Sorry girls, but I advise that the two of you just stay here," William replied. "If both of you are good, I can allow you to return to your Palace of Light unhurt."

"Do you think we will believe your words, you evil man!" Temperance shouted.

Fortitude didn't say anything. However she did something and that was to unsummon the weapon in her hand, which surprised her friend.

"What are you doing?!" Temperance asked in frustration. "He is the reason why we came here. All we need to do is capture him and our mission is done!"

William just smiled as he eyed the lady who carried the Virtue of Fortitude inside her body. Her Divinity had control over the strength of mind. She was someone who is able to face any adversity with a courageous look, but her current expression told the Half-Elf that she had no intention to fight him.

Temperance, whose Virtue represented restraint and moderation was the one who was not showing restraint at the moment. William even thought that their Virtues had been swapped, because the two of them were acting exactly opposite of their Divinities.

"I might be brave, but I'm not stupid," Fortitude replied. "The moment he escaped from the chains, and summoned that Black Phoenix, our Fates were already sealed."

The sound of screams reverberated in the surroundings as Sepheron burned the Crusaders until not even their ashes were left. The Two demigods were lying on the ground, with their limbs scorched to nothingness.

Although the two of them were still alive, they no longer had the power to fight against the Pseudo-God that was now enjoying a one-sided massacre.

Temperance glanced at her surroundings and realized that her friend was right. Dozens of flying ships remained floating in the sky, but there was no one inside them.

William had already killed them and left them unmanned for future use.

The rest of the ships had already crashed on the ground, unable to fly again.

Temperance bit her lip as she looked at the sorry state of their forces. They had left the Palace of Light, filled with confidence that they would be able to capture William with the forces that were with them.

However, they had miscalculated how strong he was. They didn't know that he had a Pseudo-God bodyguard with him, and thought that four Demigods was enough to capture him.

If they only knew that he could break the Chains of Virtue that they were proud of, they might have borrowed the power of the two Pseudo-Gods that had descended from the heavens to help them in the war against the forces of Darkness.

When Temperance finally raised her head to look at the Half-Elf in front of her, he found the latter looking at Fortitude with a curious gaze.

"What is your name?" William asked as she looked at the beautiful lady with long, blonde hair and blue eyes.

Fortitude hesitated for a while before introducing herself. "Audrey."

"I like you," William said. "Want to switch sides?"

Audrey shook her head. "No."

William chuckled, but he no longer asked the blonde beauty to change her mind. The Half-Elf then glanced in the direction where Ephemera and Chloe were fighting.

The Virtue of Justice had already unleashed the full power of her Divinity, and was fighting Chloe on equal grounds.

Temperance saw this as an opportunity to sneak attack William using the full might of her Divinity as well. Holding the two short swords in her hands, she stabbed William's back, making the two swords pierce through his body all the way.

Her ability allowed her to increase or decrease her speed, as well as the speed of her enemies, according to her preference.

This was similar to Kenneth's power, but Temperance didn't have the ability to stop time. What she could do was slow and hasten things, which made her one of the more difficult enemies to face in battle.

Audrey, who was too late to stop her friend, could only sigh helplessly at her recklessness.

"It's my win, Your Highness," Temperance said in a teasing tone. "You should have come with us quietly. That way, you might have lived to see the sunrise tomorrow."

"Your win? I don't think so," William said as he looked at the two swords that had pierced through his chest. "You are decisive, and your attack didn't have a shred of hesitation in it. Unfortunately, you stabbed the wrong target."

The William that Temperance had stabbed turned into black mists and disappeared.

Temperance's eyes widened in shock at the unexpected scene that happened in front of her. Suddenly, she felt something hit the back of her head, which made her eyes roll up into their sockets as she lost consciousness.

William grabbed the unconscious lady by the hand to prevent her from falling towards the ground.

The Half-Elf held Temperance with his left hand, while his right hand held a chamberpot. This was the weapon that William used to knock the living sh*t out of the aggressive girl, and make her sleep for a while.

The corner of Audrey's lips twitched when she saw this scene. She could tell that the chamberpot was bad news and didn't make a move to imitate her friend's reckless action, which made the Prince of Darkness deal with her personally.

"What are you planning to do with her?" Audrey asked.

"I'll just teach her a lesson and make her understand her place," William replied in a casual manner.

"Can you forgive her for her reckless action and allow me to take her back home?"

"No. Bad girls need to be punished. You're a good girl, so I'm letting you off the hook. Also, there is one thing that I need you to do for me."

William smiled at the blonde-beauty whose eyes were still looking at her unconscious friend.

"What is it?" Audrey asked.

"I want you to send my message to your Pope," William answered. "This message is very important, so you better say it to her word for word. Do you understand?"

Audrey took a deep breath before nodding her head. "Understood. What is it that you want to tell the Pope?"

The blonde-beauty was also curious on what kind of message William wanted to send to the middle-aged woman who lorded over the Palace of Light.

William smirked as he returned the Chamberpot inside his Ring of Conquest. He needed to make sure that the Holy Order of Light understood the consequences of fighting against him.

"Allow me to give you guys some words of wisdom that I learned over the years," William said with a smile. "Tell the Pope that a Wise Shepherd once said, ..

"Eat Sh*t Motherf*cker."

Chapter 1118: Do You Really Believe That I Give A F*ck?

Ephemera and Chloe exchanged blows without holding back.

Despite using the full power of her Divinity, Ephemera found herself being pushed back because Chloe was able to break through her attacks using her Rulebreaker ability.

"You traitor!" Ephemera shouted in anger as she brandished her sword to swipe at the black-haired Succubus whose attacks were becoming stronger and faster everytime they clashed.

Chloe ignored Ephemera's words as she unleashed a flurry of blows which forced the purple-haired lady to block it with everything she had. Unfortunately for her, Chloe's passive ability, which increased her strength due to the injuries she received during battle, had activated and increased her strength to a level that Ephemera's Divinity couldn't cope with.

With one powerful punch, Chloe sent her opponent crashing towards the ground.

Ephemera spat a mouthful of blood as she glared at the unreasonable opponent in front of her. She had long heard that Celeste's Familiars were very powerful. Back then, she thought that this was just hearsay. However, after fighting against Chloe, she realized that the rumors weren't an exaggeration.

The black-haired Succubus was indeed very powerful, and someone like her wouldn't be able to defeat her even if she put her life on the line.

"Are you going to surrender?" Chloe asked as she landed beside Ephemera who received a serious injury from her punch. "Or do you still want to continue?"

"You heretic... the Pope will deal with all of you later!" Ephemera said through gritted teeth.

Chloe snorted before kicking the side of Ephemera's face. She made sure to control her strength in order to not break the girl's neck, and make her die an untimely death. William had explicitly told her that killing the Virtues right now would become detrimental to the bigger picture.

The purple-haired lady skidded several meters on the ground, and rolled a few times before coming to a complete stop. Chloe's kick had knocked her unconscious, ending their battle.

The black-haired Succubus then glanced at William who was high up in the air and gave him a brief nod.

William nodded back before shifting his attention to Audrey, who had a grim expression on her face.

"Go back to the Palace of Light and deliver my message," William ordered.

"What about Justice and Temperance?" Fortitude inquired. "If you allow me to take them back, I will convince the Pope to no longer send anyone to attack you or your family."

"Miss Audrey, although I would love to believe your words, I have to decline your offer."

"But why?"

"Your Pope is not stupid. If she dares to hurt my family after this, I will just kill these two girls," William smiled as he lightly shook the unconscious Temperance in his hand. "I'm sure that she wouldn't want to lose two of the Seven Virtues at this point in time. After all, the war hasn't even started yet."

Audrey glanced at her two companions before shifting her attention back to William.

"What do you plan to do with them?"

"Teach them a lesson they will never forget."

The Virtue of Fortitude wanted to ask more, but she knew that if she didn't leave right now, William might change his mind, and capture her as well. After a brief internal struggle, she decided to return to the Palace of Light and pass William's words to the Pope.

"Is there anything else that you would like me to pass to the Pope? Audrey inquired.

William rubbed his chin for a while as he pondered. A minute later he smiled at the blonde-beauty in front of him.

"Tell her that right now, I don't plan to make the Holy Order my enemy," William said. "However, make no mistake. I am not afraid of your people. I am just someone who looks at the bigger picture. If she still wants to fight after this incident, I will make sure to visit your Palace of Light, and personally kick her out of it."

"Either you are very brave, or very stupid," Audrey replied. "Do you really think that this is the extent of the Holy Order's forces?"

William chuckled. "Then let me ask you back, do you really believe that I give a f*ck?"

Audrey glanced at her comrades one last time before turning her head to fly to one of the flying ships near her. She knew that the time of talking was over, and she needed to leave before William changed his mind.

William watched Audrey maneuver the ship away from their location with a smirk on his face. He then opened a portal beside him and tossed the unconscious lady, who had tried to sneak attack her earlier, through it.

Chloe appeared by his side and threw Ephemera inside the portal that William had created like a bag of trash that needed to be disposed of.

Sepheron uttered a mighty shriek before transforming into a black mist. He then flew towards the back of William's hand, leaving only a black phoenix tattoo that he could activate at any given time.

Baba Yaga and Oliver also appeared beside William as the Half-Elf stared at the devastation around him.

Except for the three Virtues, and the Four Demigods, everyone else had been killed. William decided to spare the Demigods as well, so they could return to the Palace of Light and be of use in the war against the Demon Army.

The black-haired teenager waved his hand and took all the flying ships that were still operational inside his Thousand Beast Domain. Since the Holy Order of Light had given him so many wonderful means of transportation, it would be a shame to not use them to his advantage.

Although William could travel instantaneously, his army would still be able to put the flying ships to use.

"Let's go," William ordered as he summoned his Black Qilin, Raiden. "We still have places to visit."

William left the devastated battlefield with a sneer on his face. The Holy Order had annoyed him so much over the past few weeks because of their repeated attempts to send people to harm his family back in the Southern Continent.

If not for the fact that the Primordial Goddess told him their every move, they might have succeeded. Unfortunately for them, William had the Lighting Strider Skill. As long as he had a set of coordinates, he could travel to that location without fail.

This allowed him to dispatch the annoying bastards that the Holy Order had sent in order to try to use his family as hostages and make him submit. However, since he was growing tired of their repeated antics, he decided to stage an act where they could "ambush" him, which allowed him to get two valuable hostages.

The Half-Elf knew that it was only a matter of time before the war started. Because of this, he wanted to use his time to conquer as many dungeons as possible.

Now that he held the two Virtues in his hands, if the Pope continued to get on his way then he would make them his first target once he had gathered his army.

"I just hope that the Pope is not stupid," William muttered as Raiden soared through the sky. "If she is, I'll make sure to bury her and her Palace of Light in filth."

Chapter 1119: Let's Plug Up That Beautiful Mouth Of Yours First

(Disclaimer: Minor R-18 Scenes)

When Ephemera and the brown-haired lady who held the virtue of Temperance regained their consciousness, they found themselves hanging in the air and tied with chains.

The first thing they did was to activate their Divinities to break the shackles that bound them, but nothing happened. No matter how hard they tried, their shackles remained firm and didn't break.

"It's useless."

A teasing tone reached the two ladies' ears as a black-haired teenager materialized in front of them.

A black throne appeared behind him, and the Half-Elf sat on it in a leisurely manner. He then crossed his leg over the other as he rested the side of his face over his closed fist, while giving the two girls a devilish smile.

"You bastard! Free us right now!" Ephemera shouted. "You will not get away with this!"

"You beast! What do you intend to do to us?!" the brown-haired beauty screamed in anger. "If you let us go now, we can still turn a blind eye to your actions!"

William chuckled as he looked at the two beautiful ladies who seemed to not understand the positions they were in. He always thought that the Virtues had a good head on their shoulders like Celeste. But it seemed that his wives were far better than the Virtues, who had lost their composure in front of him.

"I'm going to ask the two of you questions, and you are going to answer them," William replied. "If you do, you will be treated better. If you don't then I will have no choice but to punish you so you girls can learn some discipline."

"We will not tell you anything!" Ephemera shouted.

"Do you really think that the Virtues are the same as those sinful whores that you married?!" Temperance shouted. "Don't compare us to those sinners!"

The smile on William's face widened, but no mirth could be seen in his eyes. Instead, a trace of killing intent passed through them. His wives were a delicate topic, and yet the ignorant lady had dared to call them whores in front of him.

This was something that touched the black-haired teenager's bottom line.

"Whores? Is that what you think of my wives?" William asked.

"Yes! Whores the lot of them!" Temperance sneered. "Filthy girls who will spread their legs for a bastard like you!"

William sighed as he shook his head in disappointment.

"My wives might carried the Sins of the World, but compared to your dirty mouth, they were angels," William stated. "You are one of the Virtues, but everything that comes out of your mouth is garbage. Such a shame."

William then casually opened his status page and clicked the mailbox of the Godshop.

"Sorry for ignoring you all this time, Donger," William said with a smile. "It's time for you to be free."

As soon as William opened the wooden box, a beam of light shot to the air and circled William twice before merging with his body.

William then felt a surge of incredible vitality in his body, making him feel extremely good.

With a pulling gesture, the tied up Temperance moved towards him without the ability to resist. The Half-Elf eyed the beautiful lady in front of him and used his appraisal skill. However, aside from her race, the black-haired teenager wasn't able to see her name, which surprised him.

"A half human, half angel." William arched an eyebrow. "This is the first time I've seen a Nephilim in this world."

"H-How did you know?!" the brown-haired beauty looked at William with shock. "Even the Holy Order doesn't know about it! Who told you?!"

Ephemera who was still tied up in the distance looked at her comrade in disbelief. She had known Temperance for a few years, but she never expected that the brown-haired beauty had such a background.

"Rest assured, your secret is safe with me," William said as he caressed the side of Temperance's face, which made her shudder. "Now, tell me your True Name."

Just like his wife, Ashe, who had a True Name, several beings in Hestia also possessed them. It was known that whoever knew of their True Names would hold power over them. This was why those who bore it, would never tell anyone, aside from the people they trust with their life.

There were even those who went as far as to carry their True Name to the grave, for fear that after they had left the world, certain Necromancers would use their names to summon them back as wraiths, or revenants that would serve them for eternity.

"I'd rather die than tell you my name!" Temperance shouted.

"Are you worried about Ephemera hearing your name?" William asked before waving his hand. "There, I sealed her sense of hearing. She will not be able to hear anything, so feel free to tell me your True Name."

"Keep dreaming!"

"Well, I don't mind doing this the hard way."

William sneered as he made the brown-haired beauty kneel in front of him. He then grabbed a handful of her hair, as he pulled her to him.

"Since you don't want to talk then let's plug up that beautiful mouth of yours first," William said as the clothes he was wearing disappeared. "You called my wives, whores, right? Filthy girls who spread their legs for a filthy bastard like me, right? I'd like to see how long a Half-Angel like you can keep that big mouth of your from spouting nonsense."

Without another word, William shoved his manhood inside the beautiful lady's mouth, while grabbing a handful of her hair.

The first thought that appeared inside Temperance's head was that this was the perfect opportunity to make the Half-Elf suffer by biting his filthy thing that was currently inside her mouth.

However, no matter how hard she bit, she couldn't seem to tear off the thing in half. She could only helplessly accept the punishment that the Half-Elf was giving her as he mercilessly moved her head up and down to suck on his manhood.

"What's wrong?" William sneered. "Donger got your tongue?"

Only gurgling sounds came out of Temperance's mouth as saliva spilled from her seductive lips that would make any man want to kiss them.

Ephemera watched in horror at the scene that was happening in front of her. William smirked and returned her sense of hearing to her, so that the purple-haired lady could hear the vulgar sounds that her friend was making, as William violated her mouth.

When William's and Ephemera's gaze met, her body uncontrollably shuddered. She knew, then and there, that they had made a mistake in angering the handsome Half-Elf.

William's deadly gaze was more than enough to tell her that their fate was in his hands, and there was nothing they could do about it.

Perhaps, due to fear, as well as helplessness, something wet trickled down Ephemera's legs.

The Half-Elf who saw this chuckled as he made a gesture for the purple-haired beauty to come to his side as well.

Since the two Virtues looked down on his beloved wives as if they were the dirtiest girls in the world, he was determined to make Ephemera and Temperance understand that they should never blaspheme the things that William held sacred inside his tainted heart, which had been consumed by darkness.

Chapter 1120: Making A Fallen Angel Fall [Part 1]

(Disclaimer: R-18 Scenes Although mild, can be disturbing to others. Take note that the will be worse than this, so make sure to read the disclaimer I left there as well.)

Ephemera was forced to look at her friend who was currently being forced to suck on William's manhood at a very close distance.

The Half-Elf was holding onto Temperance's head as he moved her head up and down his shaft, while her saliva overflowed from her mouth.

"Isn't this nice?" William asked Ephemera who was kneeling beside her friend. "This is a good way to shut her up, no?"

"What will you get from doing this?" Ephemera asked. She didn't dare raise her voice like she did earlier because she was afraid that William might do the same thing to her. "Can't you see she doesn't like it?"

"Why?" William asked in a teasing tone. "This is punishment. Bad girls should be punished, especially this girl who dared to ridicule my wives. It wouldn't be a punishment if she liked it, right?"

"B-But..."

"If you are a good girl, you won't be punished. You don't want to suffer the same fate as her, right?"

Ephemera bit her lip and no longer said anything. William's gaze scared her. Although the Half-Elf had a smile on his face, his golden eyes were looking at her as if he was looking at a toy that he could play with at any moment.

"Boring." William waved his hand, forcing Ephemera to stand using the chains that bound her.

The purple-haired lady could only helplessly watch from the side as William gave Temperance a breather by pulling his manhood out of her mouth.

The brown-haired beauty coughed repeatedly as if she was trying to take in the oxygen that she had been deprived of due to William's repeated thrusts inside her mouth.

"How is the taste?" William asked with an amused expression on his face.

"Disgusting," Temperance answered. "Just like your face."

William nodded as the smile on his face widened. "Good. it is better this way."

William reached out and unceremoniously ripped Temperance's robes, revealing her body, which was free of imperfections. Her white skin was smooth and youthful, radiating a strength that was not seen in mortal women.

The Half-Elf reached out to caress it out of curiosity, which made Temperance's body shudder due to the coldness of his touch.

The black-haired teenager's hand moved from her arms, towards her neck, and down to her shapely peaks that stood proudly as if to defy him. The black-haired teenager smirked before he lightly squeezed Temperance's right breast that perfectly fit in his hand, in order to test its firmness.

"Not bad," William replied in satisfaction as his hand kneaded it lightly, making Temperance's breathing ragged. "I wonder if the milk you will produce in the future will be tasty."

"Get your disgusting hand off me!" Temperance finally lost her patience and screamed at the devilish man who was taking advantage of her chained state.

William ignored her, and continued to play with her right breast that was now starting to heat up due to the attention it was getting.

"Disgusting?" William chuckled as he summoned a ball gag out of thin air and flicked it towards Temperance's face.

The gag ball automatically forced itself on the latter's mouth, making the brown-haired beauty's eyes widen in shock.

"You won't get a boyfriend with how toxic your mouth is," William chuckled. "Come."

Temperance's body was kneeling just a moment ago, floated in the air, and moved towards William.

The brown-haired beauty's muffled screams spread inside the room, making Ephemera, who was watching her, close her eyes to prevent herself from seeing the fate of her friend.

"Don't close your eyes, and watch," William ordered.

As if he had full control of the purple-haired lady's body, Ephemera opened her eyes and looked at Temperance, who was now straddling William's waist.

The brown-haired beauty's body was raised, with her knees firmly holding onto William's left and right sides.

The chains that bound her, held her in place, ensuring that her well-shaped breasts were only a few inches away from William's lips.

"Tell me, what is the Pope's plan for the war against Felix?" William glanced at Ephemera, whose breathing was starting to get ragged.

"I-I don't know," Ephemera answered. "She didn't tell us anything about her plans against the Heir of Darkness. Our goal was to take your family hostage in order to make you submit to our demands."

"I see," William then lightly caressed the back of Temperance's body, sending shivers running down her spine. He was raising her body's sensitivity in order to prepare her for what was about to come.

Temperance's muffled shouts of protests were the only sounds that were heard inside the room, but William continued to caress her all over.

"You don't really have any body hair," William commented as his fingers moved towards her lower abdomen, up to the entrance of her maidenhood, making the brown-haired beauty panic.

Although she and Ephemera already knew what was going to happen next, Temperance still couldn't help but feel the sense of dread that was creeping up inside her heart.

As if reading her thoughts, William chuckled as he played with her slit with his fingers. He prodded it open, and teased its inside. He made sure to not push in too deep to ensure that her chastity would remain intact.

Ephemera, who was forced to watch the scene, suddenly shuddered. Although William wasn't touching her, and she was still wearing clothes, she could feel fingers prodding her own maidenhood, while the Half-Elf was doing so to her friend.

William had shared Temperance's feelings with her, using one of the abilities that Donger possessed.

As William continued his relentless assault on the brown-haired beauty's entrance, Ephemera felt her own body heating up as well.

"How indecent," William commented as he pulled back his fingers. He could tell that the brown-haired beauty's body was now ready to accept him despite Temperance's muffled screams of defiance.

"Don't worry," William said as his hands rested on the beauty's backside. "Soon, you will be singing a different tune. A tune where you will tell me your True Name."

William kissed her right breast before opening his mouth, revealing his fangs.

"I wonder. What does your blood taste like?" William asked as he squeezed Temperance's backside, making her body arch, pushing her innocent breasts towards him as an offering. "Thanks for the food."

Without another word, William sank his fangs on the brown-haired beauty's breast, making Ephemera gasp in fear.

Blood trailed down Temperance's white, and unblemished skin, streaming down towards her navel.

William bit hard, harder than what he did with his wives and Charmaine, sinking his fangs deeper than ever before.

The stinging pain made Temperance take in deep breaths, as she felt William's fangs push deep inside her body. Soon, the pain disappeared and what followed next was a sweet, and intoxicating feeling of pleasure that made her mind turn blank.

William sucked greedily, while allowing a trace of blood to spill out and stream down her angelic body, which was free from imperfections.

It was his own way of staining her unblemished body with her own blood, while she was assaulted by a feeling of pleasure that she never felt before.

Ephemera's body squirmed as the same feelings of pain and pleasure, that her friend was feeling, assaulted her body. William wanted her to understand what her fate would be if she opposed him, by sharing Temperance's feelings with her.

The purple-haired beauty tried to hold on to what little willpower she had left as she prayed to her Patron God, inside of her heart.

She prayed that William would be sated by the blood of her friend, so the Half-Elf would ignore her completely. However, deep inside she knew.

Ephemera knew that in this dark and miserable place, where she was currently chained, her voice, and prayers, wouldn't reach anyone, except for the black-haired teenager, who held their fates on his sharp and sinful fangs that brought them pleasure beyond their wildest dreams.