

Strongest 1141

Chapter 1141: Just What In The Nine Hells Is That Brat Up To?

"They finally started moving," Joash said as he shifted his gaze to the two round mirrors in front of him. "The Demons are now going to war."

Byron and the Pope of the Holy Order nodded their heads in understanding.

"We will wait for you to report their movements to us," Byron replied. "Are you confident that you will be able to hold them back for two months?"

Joash shook his head. "Originally, I thought the same. But now, I think the most I can do is delay their advance for a month. Their numbers, the quality of their army, as well as their siege weaponry has far exceeded my expectations. I'm afraid my fortress will fall in less than a month, but I will try to hold it for as long as possible. How are things on your end?"

"We need one more month to complete the battle array," the Pope replied. "Two more Pseudo-Gods will descend from the Heavens in a month. By then, Ahriman's and our High-End fighters will be evenly matched. The Demons may number in the millions, but our forces combined number in the tens of millions. Unless Ahriman has nothing cooked up under his sleeve, I don't see any possibility for their invasion to succeed."

Joash snorted as he gazed at the Pope who was in control of the strongest organization in the world.

"Ahriman is a Primordial God," Joash stated. "He may be sealed, but he is not stupid. I'm sure that he is also aware of the disparity of numbers. I don't believe that he had nothing up his sleeve."

The Pope smiled because she agreed with Joash's conclusion. Byron, on the other hand, was still frowning.

"Are you sure that it is a wise idea to leave the Prince of Darkness alone?" Byron asked. "There is still the possibility of him being the Dungeon Conqueror, right?"

The Pope sighed before giving her answer. "We have no choice. We signed an agreement with him. Until Felix is dealt with, the Holy Order of Light and the Prince of Darkness will not fight against each other. Also, him being the Dungeon Conqueror is merely a hunch. Right now, the disappearances of Dungeons have stopped completely.

"This coincides with the movements of the Demons, so the other possibility of the Dungeon Conqueror being Ahriman's pawn is also valid. We are afraid of getting pincerred from the back, and the front, so we decided to position the majority of the alliance's forces in the center of the continent. That way, we will be able to act as soon as any signs of internal trouble arise."

Joash didn't join the discussion because he didn't plan to share the information he had about William. Because Vesta was currently in the Thousand Beast Domain, he was quite aware of what was happening on William's end.

For him, William was a dark horse, and must be treated carefully. The Black Dragon had a nagging feeling that it would be better to betray the Holy Order of Light, than betray William, who had now stepped into the rank of Demigods.

'I don't know why his conquest for Dungeons had stopped,' Joash thought. 'He hasn't been inside the Thousand Beast Domain for quite some time now. Did something happen to him?'

The Black Dragon lightly tapped the armrest of his throne, as he listened to Byron's and the Pope's exchange.

Although legions of Demons were currently headed in his direction, he didn't feel any fear towards them. He knew that his Fortress' role was to only delay the inevitable war between the Demons, Humans, Elves, as well as the other races of the world.

Joash believed that the victor of this battle would be those who had the greatest conviction. As someone who was also planning revenge, the Black Dragon was leaning more on William, despite the fact that the Half-Elf was currently at a disadvantage.

'Just what are you doing right now, boy?' Joash thought as his conference with Byron and the Pope ended. 'I hope that you will give me a wonderful surprise the next time we meet on the battlefield.'

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Hestia Academy...

"Did you see his reaction?" the Pope asked Byron through the round mirror. "He knows something, but he's not sharing it with us."

Byron nodded his head in agreement. "Unfortunately, we can't force him to tell us anything. Right now, we are relying on him to hold the Demons back."

The Pope's lips curled up into a sneer as she gazed at the Headmaster of Hestia Academy who was trying to sugarcoat Joash's lack of interest in sharing the information about William.

Seeing the Pope's reaction, Byron sighed as he held up both hands.

"There have been no signs of the boy anywhere," Byron stated. "The last time someone saw him was when the two Virtues were released. Since then, no one has been able to pinpoint his current location. Even the alliance's and the underworld's information network couldn't sniff out his whereabouts. He seemed to have disappeared into thin air, just like the rumored Dungeon Conqueror who has been conquering dungeons left and right."

The Pope chuckled after hearing Byron's voice that had a trace of anxiety in it.

"So what if he is the Dungeon Conqueror?" People asked in a challenging tone. "Back then, his father might have been able to move in the world unhindered, but that was only because he controlled ten Demigods.

"A month from now, the Order of Light will have four Pseudo-Gods serving our noble cause. Even if the number of Demigods he possessed became twenty or thirty, they are still no match against the existences that surpassed their rank."

Byron sighed as he looked at the Pope with a fed up gaze.

"That boy should not be underestimated," Byron replied. "You keep on forgetting that he is also part of a Prophecy. Do you honestly believe that dealing with him will be so simple?"

The Pope gave Byron a teasing smile that made the latter feel uncomfortable.

"It is not that I am underestimating that boy, William," the Pope stated. "It is just that we are already preparing a ceremony that will ensure that he will be properly dealt with at a later time."

Byron frowned. "A ceremony? What kind of ceremony?"

"I will keep it a secret for now. The surprise will lose its effect when it is out of the bag."

"Fine."

Byron couldn't help but wonder where the Pope's confidence was coming from. It seemed that after the two Virtues were defeated, the Pope decided to take matters in her own hand in order to deal with William.

'I don't know if I should pity him or not,' Byron mused as he thought of the boy who had caught his interest early on. 'The Holy Order of Light is a bunch of crazy people. Getting entangled with them would only lead to endless trouble. I'm just glad that I'm not their enemy.'

Byron ended his conversation with the Pope as he contacted his agents who were scattered all over the continent.

He had a nagging feeling that William was doing something big. However, he just couldn't put his finger in it.

"If he is really the Dungeon Conqueror, he must never stop conquering Dungeons in order to raise his army," Byron muttered as he stared at the map of the Central Continent on his table. "But no reports of Dungeons being raided have appeared during the past few weeks. Just what in the Nine Hells is that brat up to?"

Chapter 1142: I'm The Bane Of Your Existences

A month after William had entered the Seventh Sanctum...

"Foolish child that is corrupted by Darkness, do you really think you can defeat us even with the help of that Black Phoenix behind you?" A blonde beauty whose eyes flashed with lightning bolts said with a sneer.

"It seems that this mortal thinks that he can casually waltz into our domain and defeat us just because he has a beast that is on par with one of us," a silver-haired beauty with a stern expression stated.
"Child, we know that you are now the current Dungeon Conqueror of this world, but so what? In front of us sisters, you are nothing!"

The silver-haired beauty's words boomed like thunder, pushing back the flames of the Black Phoenix, Sepheron.

Although Sepheron was now a Pseudo-God and a Black Phoenix, its element had turned into the element of Darkness. Light was its natural enemy, and lightning was a form of light.

The twin Pseudo-Gods of Lightning and Thunder stared down at the black-haired teenager who was looking at both of them with an amused expression on his face.

< Astrape And Bronte >

-Twin Pseudo-Gods of Lightning and Thunder

These two beautiful deities are the protectors of the Seventh Sanctum. Together, they can call upon a devastating storm to wreak havoc on their enemies. Their main weapons are golden lightning bolts that can instantly turn any mortal they hit to ashes.

"I came here thinking that I'd only be getting one Pseudo-God," William said. "Who would have thought that there would be two of you here? This saves me a lot of trouble. Capturing both of you and making you submit to me will make my month-long troubles worthwhile."

The Half-Elf smirked as he read the information about the two Pseudo-Gods that were in front of him.

"Arrogant child, it seems that the outside world has changed a lot since we were born. They have completely forgotten that there are some existences that are far above their ability to control."

"So what if you are the Dungeon Conqueror? In front of us, you are nothing! Die!"

The Twin Pseudo-Gods held hands and fired a gigantic, golden lightning bolt in William's direction.

Sepheron was about to step in front of William in order to protect him, but the Half-Elf ordered it to not interfere.

"I admit that I'm not as strong as the two of you," William said with a smile. "However, there are a few things that I am not afraid of and two of them are thunder and lightning!"

William raised his hand and the golden lightning bolt that was meant to kill him stopped completely. It hovered a few inches away from his right hand, and didn't dare to move any further.

"I-Impossible!"

"How can a mere mortal like you stop our attack?!"

The Half-Elf smirked as he grabbed the edge of the golden lightning bolt. Soon, it shrank in size until it was only a meter long. William then twirled the golden lightning bolt into his hands and shot it up towards the sky.

A few seconds later, it returned to William's hand like a loyal pet that awaited its Master's command.

"Weaponize," William said softly and the golden lightning bolt formed a solid shape.

A moment later, the black-haired teenager held a metallic, golden lightning bolt in his hand that shone brightly.

"Weird, is this just a coincidence?" William muttered as he stared at the golden weapon in his hand. It reminded him of the weapon that Dias had used against him when they fought each other in that dream-like place where he saw Ella in her human form for the first time.

"You... just who are you?!" Astrape, who wielded the power of lightning, asked. "How can you hold that Divine Weapon as if it was nothing?"

"Didn't I tell you earlier?" William replied as he twirled the golden lightning bolt in his hand. "I am not afraid of lightning and thunder. Fate has decreed that both of you are to become my subordinates. This is your destiny."

"Destiny?" Bronte sneered. "The only thing that is destined to happen here is your death!"

The silver-haired deity screamed creating a powerful shockwave that pushed Sepheron several meters away from where it was.

William's robes fluttered in the breeze as he looked at Bronte with a devilish smile on his face.

Seeing that their special attacks weren't working against the black-haired teenager, the twins exchanged a glance at each other before flying towards William with the intention to fight him in close combat.

A moment later, three beams of light zigzagged across the sky as the two deities fought tooth and nail against the Half-Elf who was having no trouble fighting them at the same time.

Although they were Pseudo-Gods, their specialty lay in controlling lightning and thunder. Their physical prowess might be stronger than most, but it was only at the Demigod Rank.

William was now a Demigod, and was very experienced in physical battles. After making Chloe one of his women, he had also gained the familiar's battle experience, which increased his close combat capabilities to the next level.

After several minutes of exchanges, the two deities backed away and stared at William who still had a devilish smile plastered on his face.

"Now do the two of you understand?" William asked. "Both of you cannot beat me. I'm the bane of your existences."

"I'd rather die than serve you!"

"I will not bow down to someone that is corrupted by Darkness!"

William chuckled because he found the two deities' words very funny. Whether they liked him or not, he really didn't care. The moment he took the Dungeon Core from the Seventh Sanctum, both Astrape and Bronte were as good as his.

"Well then, it's time to end this battle," William declared as he activated his Lightning Strider Skill. The golden lightning bolt in his hand turned into a dark lightning bolt that he stabbed into Astrape's chest, making the Lightning Deity scream in pain.

Soon, the color of her hair changed from blonde, to black, as William forcefully corrupted her with the power of Darkness.

"You fiend!" Bronte roared as she attacked William in order to allow her sister to escape, but a flaming wing slapped her away, and prevented her from stopping her sister's corruption.

Bronte then gathered all the Divinity that she could muster as she prepared for a suicide attack, which she hoped would be strong enough to kill the black-haired teenager who was making her twin suffer.

"Die!" Bronte charged at William with a booming thunderous roar that split the sky in half.

However, before she could even punch the hateful Half-Elf, her sister, Astrape, stood in front of him with her hands spread wide, making Bronte hesitate for a brief moment.

However, that one moment of hesitation was fatal.

A black lightning bolt shot out of Astrape's body and headed straight towards Bronte's chest, who was completely caught by surprise.

"Nooooo!" Bronte screamed as she tried to pull out the black lightning bolt that was embedded on her chest. "I don't want to be corrupted! I refuse!"

Astrape then moved towards her sister and whispered something in her ear.

"It's fine Bronte," Astrape whispered. "Fall with me into darkness."

Without another word, Astrape held the black lightning bolt in her hands and pressed it deeper into her sister's chest.

Bronte looked at her sister in shock and disbelief as the power of darkness broke past her resistance.

"S-Sister...," Bronte said weakly as her beautiful silver hair slowly turned black.

"Don't worry, I am here with you," Astrape whispered in a voice that was filled with assurance and comfort. "We will still be together, forever."

A tear slid down the corner of Bronte's eyes as the final resistance in her heart disappeared. Soon, her entire being had been corrupted by Darkness.

"Astrape greets my new Master," Astrape said as she knelt in front of William.

"Bronte greets my new Master." Bronte knelt the same way her twin did.

William smiled as he presented his hands to the two deities, which they happily received.

"From now on, the two of you will become my Shield Maidens," William declared. "You will follow me in battle, and fight for me."

""We hear and obey, Master.""

Astrape and Bronte kissed the backs of William's hands, swearing their loyalty to him. A moment later, a golden portal appeared behind the two of them, revealing the room where the Dungeon Core was located.

William walked through the golden portal and pressed his right hand over the Dungeon Core that shivered under his touch.

"Do not be afraid," William said softly as if coaxing a child. "You are no longer alone."

Soon the Dungeon Core shrank and flew towards the obsidian gem in William's chest.

The black-haired teenager closed his eyes and saw, amidst the darkness, several golden orbs that glowed brightly. They were the Dungeon Cores that he had absorbed and were now under his command.

On that day, the Seventh Sanctum disappeared from the face of the world. In its place was just a gigantic crater that spanned many miles.

William disappeared without a trace and headed to his next destination. Although he now had two additional Pseudo-Gods under his command, the Half-Elf knew that this was far from enough.

"Optimus, what is the closest forbidden ground from here?" William asked.

< To the Southwest lies the Forbidden Ground called Tir Na Nog. Here are its coordinates. >

William looked at the information that was presented to him. A minute later, he nodded his head in understanding.

"Well then, I guess I'll be fighting fairies this time," William chuckled as his body turned into a black lightning bolt that streaked through the night sky. Now with three Pseudo-Gods under his command, he was confident that he would be able to conquer the next SS-Ranked Dungeon in less than a month.

Chapter 1143: Thank You As Well, Master

William sighed in pleasure as Charmaine gave him a massage.

The pretty Elf was his personal maid, as well as his Head Maid inside the Thousand Beast Domain. The moment he returned, he immediately asked her to prepare a bath for him, and told her to give him a massage afterwards.

The conquest of the Seventh Sanctum had not been an easy task because the last Boss Floor where Astrape and Bronte were located could only be opened if a puzzle was solved.

The puzzle pieces could be collected on each floor of the Dungeon. However, William didn't know this because he just focused on finding the entrances inside the Dungeon, so he could proceed to the next floor.

After reaching the last floor, the Half-Elf was forced to return to the lower floors to search for the pieces of the puzzle, which took a lot of time.

The Dungeon floors of the Seventh Sanctum were very wide. They were similar to the floors of Atlantis, where it would take a day or two to find the entrances to each floor.

Fortunately, William had a legion of Myriad Ranked Beasts that could scour the Dungeon floors and terrorize the monsters that spawned inside it.

The remaining Monster bodies that his legion of Myriad Beasts hadn't consumed were directly sent to the Thousand Beast Domain, and divided among its inhabitants.

Monsters ate the flesh of stronger Monsters in order to advance their rank. Since Kasogonaga was no longer around to help feed the Requiem Antz, William took it upon himself to ensure that they were properly nourished with strong Monsters to increase the Queen's Rank, and allow her to give birth to stronger Monsters.

"You're very stiff, Master," Charmaine said as she patiently massaged William's back. "I'm sorry. Because I'm not strong, I am unable to help you clear the dungeons faster."

"Your role is more important than clearing dungeons, Charmaine," William replied. "The only thing you need to take care of is the management of this Villa and me. You don't have to worry about anything else. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Master."

"Mmm."

Charmaine could feel her cheeks burning because William's words plucked her heartstrings. She then proceeded to dedicate her entire focus on massaging her Master's well-toned naked body to the best of her abilities.

While the Half-Elf was enjoying this peaceful moment, Chloe, Sepheron, Astrape and Bronte were busy clearing the floors of the Dungeon of Tir Na Nog. It was one of the Forbidden Grounds in the Central Continent, which was ruled by the Fairy Queen, Titania.

The black-haired teenager decided to take a break from Dungeon diving and allowed his subordinates to clear the dungeon for him. He ordered them to only call him once a problem arose, or if they reached the Final Floor of the dungeon.

"What is the latest news about the Central Continent?" William asked. "I've been gone for a month, so Felix might have already made his move, right?"

"Yes, Master," Charmaine replied. "According to our spies, they started their march towards the Fortress of Amberfang a month ago. It will probably take a week or two before they reach their destination. Moving an army of that size is not a simple task."

William nodded his head in understanding. Because of the Thousand Beast Domain, he could easily go anywhere, while bringing his army with him. Felix didn't have that option, so he had to use the traditional approach of marching his army across vast swaths of lands.

"How about the movement of the Alliance?" William inquired. "Did Ephemera send you a message?"

The corner of Charmaine's lips curled up into a smile after hearing the name of the Virtuous Lady of Justice.

Ephemera had contacted her using the communication crystal that William had secretly handed to her, without Lira's knowledge. The Half-Elf was sure that if he had also handed Lira a communication crystal, the Virtue of Temperance would call him everyday, even if she had nothing to report.

"Ephemera said that all of the Seven Virtues are to remain in the Palace of Light until further notice," Charmaine replied. "However, the elites of their army have already positioned themselves in the center of the continent. Their role is to give support to whichever side needs reinforcements when the Demons cross over the borders of the Central Continent."

"I see."

"Master. Ephemera also kept on complaining that you broke your promise to meet her after a week. She even explicitly told me to report to her right away the moment you returned."

"... I forgot about that completely." William chuckled as he imagined Ephemera's irritated expression when she found out that he still hasn't come out of the Seventh Sanctum. "Have you told her that I am back?"

"No," Charmaine answered. "I decided to wait for your instructions before doing so."

"Very good. Remind me to reward you later."

"Then, Master, will you give me what I want?"

William didn't reply to Charmaine's question, and the Elf didn't insist on continuing the discussion.

"Master, I finished massaging your back," Charmaine said. "Please, turn around."

William turned around and faced the pretty Elf who had devoted everything to him.

"Charmaine."

"Yes, Master?"

"Wait a little while longer, okay?" William said. "I promise to embrace you soon."

Charmaine smiled sweetly as she nodded her head. "Understood. I will patiently wait for that day."

William closed his eyes as Charmaine's experienced hands massaged his thighs in order to remove the exhaustion he felt from his Dungeon expedition.

"Tell Ephemera that I have returned," William replied. "I will talk to her tomorrow. I don't want her throwing a tantrum because I broke my promise to meet her."

"Understood," Charmaine replied.

Although she felt envious of her Master's Secret Mistresses, she knew that William cared about her in his own way.

"Ah. there was something else that our spies reported about the Demon Army," Charmaine said as she lightly knocked her fist against head as if punishing herself for forgetting something important. "It seems that your cousin, Eve, is within the ranks of the Demon Army. According to the reports, she can be found at the rear of their battle formation."

William opened his eyes, and a streak of black lightning flashed within their golden depths.

"Understood," William commented. "When our spies contacted us again. Tell them to pay extra attention to the movements of my cousin."

"As you wish." Charmaine nodded her head. "Is there anything else that you would like to tell them, Master?"

"No," William replied. "You can have them carry out their missions as usual."

"Understood."

"Charmaine."

"Yes?"

"Thank you," William said as he closed his eyes to rest.

The pretty Elf looked at her Master's sleeping face for a full minute before lowering her head to give him a lingering kiss on the lips that lasted only for a few seconds before she pulled back.

William had given her the privilege to become intimate with him, but only when they were alone.

"Thank you as well, Master," Charmaine replied as she continued to give her exhausted Master a massage. Although this was the only thing that she could do for him at the moment, she was more than happy to be of use to him when he needed her the most.

Chapter 1144: I've Always Wanted To Meet You

The day after William returned to the Thousand Beast Domain...

After getting a good night's rest, William joined everyone to have breakfast together. It had been nearly a month since everyone had seen him, and they were quite curious about the things that he had done in the outside world.

Since they were staying inside William's Domain, they were unable to get out of it, unless the black-haired teenager had given them the ability to do so.

Among the ladies, only Chloe had the ability to leave the Domain anytime she wanted.

William had placed a spawning location inside the City of Alabaster. Since it was a trade-city where information from all parts of the Central Continent could be gathered, the Half-Elf thought that it was the ideal place to gather the recent news and rumors that were spreading in every kingdom and empire across the land.

Chloe could freely teleport inside the city and return inside the Thousand Beast Domain, anytime that she wanted. This was how she was able to communicate with the spies that were under Joash's control in the Demon Continent, as well as Ephemera's weekly report on what was happening in the alliance.

"Lord William, do you have any pressing matters to do today?" Shannon asked as she gazed at the Half-Elf with an expectant gaze from under her fox mask.

"No," William replied. "Do you need me for something?"

Shannon nodded her head. "You see, my Fox Mask is almost out of power. Without it, I will not be able to control my Divinity and I might cause everyone here in the Thousand Beast Domain to commit suicide~"

"... That is indeed a problem."

"I know, right?"

William drank his wine before placing the cup back on top of the table. He then gazed at the young fox lady who had decided to stay with him, after she had escaped from Hestia Academy.

"Since you asked me if I'm busy or not, it means that you need my help to recharge the power of that artifact, right?" William inquired. "So, how may I help you?"

Although the Half-Elf was now immune to the power of Shannon's Divinity, the rest of his subordinates, with the exception of those who held powerful Divinities and Chloe, were not. He would not allow the Fox Lady's Divinity to run wild under his watch.

"It's simple really, I just need you to help recharge the Fox Mask with the power of Darkness," Shannon answered.

"That's it?" William asked back.

"Yes. simple, right?"

"For some reason, I have a feeling that it will not be that simple."

Shannon chuckled and her laughter was like the peeling of bells. William still didn't know what Divinity she held. All he knew was that she could cause a one-sided genocide the moment she took off the mask from her beautiful face.

"I will help you this afternoon," William stated after thinking for a while. He would still need to drink blood from Charmaine and the maids, before having a session with Princess Aila to stabilize his soul.

After contracting the twin Deities, Astrape, and Bronte, he felt a sudden pressure in his soul that gave him some slight discomfort. It was as if his soul had become unstable once again after gaining the power of the twin Deities who held the power of Lightning and Thunder.

Shannon nodded. "Okay. This afternoon will be good as well."

After getting William's reply, Shannon left the dining table while humming a happy tune. She then returned directly to her room without giving anyone a side-long glance. Originally, her mask still had two-weeks worth of power in it, but she didn't like to take chances.

Shannon knew how important the people inside the Thousand Beast Domain were to William, so she didn't want to harm any of them by accident.

After returning to her room, Shannon went to her drawing room where a blank canvas was waiting for her.

"Well then, time to start," Shannon said softly as she pressed her brush on the canvas' surface.

Soon the brush moved in fast and powerful strokes, as Shannon drew the portrait of a beautiful, white-haired girl with crimson eyes. The white-haired beauty was wearing a silver tiara on her head, studded with red gems, which complimented the color of her eyes.

There was a small golden snake that was coiled around her neck, and its head rested on her shoulder, as if taking a nap. It was like an accessory that laid motionless, giving the drawing in front of Shannon a melancholic atmosphere.

After drawing the lady, she then drew a garden of blooming flowers that created a picturesque backdrop that heightened the presence of the silver-haired lady, whose eyes were filled with sadness.

Shannon stopped moving the brush in her hand and admired her work for half a minute before nodding her head in satisfaction.

"I've always wanted to meet you," Shannon said softly as she dabbed the brush in purple paint and drew a portal in her painting.

Soon, the canvas disappeared and it was replaced by a misty blue portal that showed the garden she had just drawn.

Shannon smiled as she walked through the portal like she had done when she took everyone to the Demon Continent, in search of the Half-Elf who had now fallen into Darkness.

Southern Continent, Hellan Kingdom...

Estelle looked at the garden in front of her with a sad expression on her face.

When the curse was lifted from her body, she was in a party that was held to celebrate the union of Brianna and her younger brother, Prince Ernest.

Her transformation created a scene, which caught everyone's attention. After the light receded from her body, her beautiful appearance mesmerized the young nobles, as well as the influential people that had come to celebrate Prince Ernest's and Brianna's engagement party.

Since then, she had received numerous marriage proposals, but she turned all of them down. However, the letters, as well as personal visits didn't end, which frustrated the young lady, whose identity was known to all.

She was none other than Estelle Newmont Vi Hellan, the one and only Princess of the Hellan Kingdom.

After Princess Sidonie's disappearance, she was crowned the new number one beauty in the Southern Continent, and many young men wished for her to become their bride.

Unfortunately for them, Estelle only had eyes for one man, and yet, that man was somewhere far from her reach.

As she was thinking of her beloved Half-Elf, she felt a fluctuation in the air. The golden snake that was coiled on her neck raised its head as it hissed at the purple portal that materialized out of nowhere.

A few seconds later, a lady with long white hair, who was wearing a Fox Mask, appeared in front of her.

Estelle immediately summoned her holy sword and pointed it on the stranger that had appeared uninvited inside the Royal Gardens of the Palace.

"Who are you?" Estelle asked as the holy sword in her hand shone with a golden radiance.

Shannon smiled from under the mask as she raised both of her hands in surrender, to prevent the silver-haired lady from attacking her.

"Salutations," Shannon replied. "Although I may look suspicious, I guarantee that I am not. I hail from the Central Continent, and I came here to share some news with you about your beloved, William."

"Will?" Estelle frowned. "How do you know about him? Who are you?"

The young fox lady held her skirt and made a curtsy as she introduced herself to one of the people whom William held very dear in his darkness-stained heart.

"Shannon," Shannon said in a respectful tone. "I came here to ask you a favor, Your Highness."

"A favor?"

"Yes. a favor in exchange for an opportunity to see your beloved, who is stopping himself from seeing you due to his current state."

Estelle narrowed her eyes as she stared at the mysterious lady that seemed to know William very well.

"Start talking," Estelle ordered. "What is your relationship with Will?"

Shannon smiled from underneath her mask before raising her head. She then stared at William's best friend, and lover, whose sword was now pointed in her direction.

"Worry not, Your Highness, I am not your enemy," Shannon replied. "In fact, both of us are allies. After all, I am Will's..."

Chapter 1145: I Need To Be With Him

A tear fell down the side of Estelle's face, followed by another after she heard what had happened to William and the others in the Demon Continent.

Ashe was her loyal attendant that had served her for many years. Estelle allowed her to follow William to the Central Continent because she was worried about him. She didn't expect that her dear friend, whom she treated as her sister, had died while trying to save William from the hands of the Primordial God of Darkness and Chaos.

"H-How is he right now?" Este asked as the tears in her eyes blurred her vision.

"Broken beyond repair, and corrupted by darkness," Shannon replied. "Right now, he is busy raising his army for vengeance, and it won't be long before he faces Felix and Ahriman on the battlefield once again."

Estelle wiped the tears in her eyes as she made a decision. She would not allow William to fight alone, especially in a battle against a God.

"I need to be with him," Estelle muttered. "I need to go to the Central Continent."

Shannon nodded her head in agreement. However, her next words made the silver-haired lady look back at her with confusion.

"Before you go to the Central Continent, there are a few people that you should bring with you on your trip," Shannon stated. "You need to go get William's first wife, Wendy, Amelia, and Priscilla."

Estelle blinked once then twice before she regained her composure.

"I can understand why I should take Wendy with me," Estelle said. "She is William's... first wife."

Estelle said the words "first wife" through gritted teeth as if she didn't like saying it. She was the first one who found William, and the first one to love him. However, due to the curse on her body, she was unable to confess her feelings to him, which gave Wendy the opportunity to take first base, and secure the position of first wife.

This time, it was Shannon's turn to blink from under the mask. She then tilted her head in confusion as a thought appeared inside her head.

'Is there perhaps a Faction War going on among William's wives?' Shannon thought. 'This sounds interesting.'

A few minutes later, Estelle regained her composure as she shifted her attention back to the fox lady, and asked her to continue what she was about to say.

"Well, just like I said earlier, You need to bring Wendy, Amelia, and Priscilla with you on your journey. You can also bring Ashe's twin, Isaac with you. Is that still her name?"

"Amirah," Estelle replied. "Her name is Amirah."

Shannon nodded. "I'm sure that you will also bring her with you because she is your loyal attendant. But, does she look like Ashe?"

"Yes," Estelle replied. "Their only difference is the color of their eyes and hair."

"I see..."

"Why? Is that going to be a problem?"

Shannon rubbed her chin. "It depends on how much Will misses Ashe. Although I don't think he would go so far as to harm his wife's twin sister, their resemblance might make his corrupted heart waver."

Estelle thought about it for a moment before firmly shaking her head. "He will not do that. I don't know how much William had changed after his heartbreaking experience, but I still believe that the old him still remains inside him somewhere."

The corner of Shannon's lips curled up from under the mask, but she didn't reply to Estelle's statement. She had already noticed that William didn't care about Celeste even though she looked just like Celine.

Even Chloe, who resembled Celine in a way, was not treated as a substitute by William. This just proved that the Half-Elf would not reach out to embrace them, but this could change at any given time.

After all, William's concept of right or wrong was starting to change as well. Although he tried to act normal on the surface, his core character was slowly changing. The drastic change happened after the two Virtues were captured.

It was at that moment when William's darker tendencies surfaced, which almost ended up on Lira's and Ephemera's total corruption. If not for the fact that the remaining half of William's soul had taken a firm stance to prevent them from falling into depravity, the two Virtuous Ladies might have lost their true self, and become mindless slaves that would move according to his bidding.

"I also believe in him," Shannon replied with a firm tone. "However, it is still best to be careful."

Shannon then stood up from the bench and walked towards the purple portal.

"Time is almost up, and I need to go back just in case he comes to find me," Shannon said. "I will be waiting for you in the Central Continent."

Estelle also stood up from the bench as she looked at the mysterious lady that had come to find her to talk about William. Although this was the first time that she had met Shannon, she knew that she wasn't lying to her because she had an ability that detected whether someone was lying to her or not.

"Tell me, why did you choose to talk to me, instead of Wendy?" Estelle asked. "I believe that you would achieve the same results if you had talked to her instead of me."

Shannon stopped walking just before she was about to enter the portal. She then turned her head to look at the silver-haired princess who was looking at her with a curious expression.

"Because that girl is scary," Shannon replied. "From what I've seen, dealing with her will be troublesome, so I decided to talk to you instead. I know that you are someone who looks at the bigger picture. Talking to you is infinitely better than talking to that... lady, who can smash a boulder with a single punch."

"So, you're telling me that she's hard to deal with."

"Exactly."

Shannon chuckled before entering the purple portal she had created. A few seconds later, the portal dispersed leaving Estelle alone in the garden, staring into space.

"Will, wait for me," Estelle said softly. "I will come to you."

Chapter 1146: What You Wish For, Is Almost Within Your Reach

When Princess Aila's and William's lips parted, the angelic Princess panted for breath, before weakly leaning her body on the Half-Elf's chest.

"Thank you, Aila," William said as he lightly patted the angelic beauty's head. "Rest for now."

Aila nodded. "Un."

William gently laid the Princess down on her bed, before covering her with a blanket. He knew that Aila needed some time to recover her Life Essence, so he would let her sleep for the time being.

Before the black-haired teenager could even leave the room, Aila had already fallen asleep due to her exhaustion. The Half-Elf gave the angelic beauty one last glance before closing the door behind him.

'Now I need to take care of replenishing the power of Shannon's Mask so no one will be forced to commit suicide.'

Originally, William was surprised when he saw Princess Aila and Shannon who had escaped Hestia Academy. Now, he was quite thankful that the two ladies were with him because they aided him in many different ways.

Princess Aila helped him stabilize his soul, by giving him Life Essences on a regular basis, while Shannon would often tell him of recent events that even their spies in the Demon Continent, as well in the Central Continent, were not aware of.

Both of them were currently indispensable to William, so he would be more than happy to help them if they were to need his assistance.

After walking for a few minutes, he finally reached Shannon's room and knocked on the door.

"Shannon, it's me," William said.

"Come in."

Shannon's voice replied from the other side of the door.

When William entered the room, he found the young fox lady in the process of placing a painting inside a small purple portal beside her. Shannon had her own personal space, similar to a miniature domain, where she could store her paintings when she had finished drawing them.

"Have you been painting?" William asked.

"Yes, I just finished drawing one," Shannon said with a mischievous tone, which made William wonder what she had drawn.

"I came here to replenish the power of your mask."

"I know. Thank you for coming. You are a lifesaver."

The fox lady then waved her hand and two chairs made of ink appeared beside her. She then made a gesture for William to sit, before sitting on one of the chairs by her side.

The black-haired teenager sat, facing the mysterious fox lady who had come to their rescue when they were in the Northern Regions of the Demon Continent.

"So, how can I help?" William inquired.

Shannon didn't answer William's inquiry right away. Instead, she slowly took off her mask, revealing only half of her face.

William looked at Shannon with a calm gaze, and the fox lady smiled before taking the mask off completely. Honestly, she didn't know if William would be able to resist her Divinity, so she only showed half of her face just to be sure.

However, after seeing that he was completely unfazed by her beauty, Shannon felt relieved so she finally removed the mask that kept her Divinity from leaking.

Shannon's hair was white, and her eyes were purple. Unlike Estelle's silver-white hair, the fox lady's hair was more lustrous and silky. When she visited the newly crowned Princess in the Hellan Kingdom, she had changed her hair color to black, so that she wouldn't scare Estelle away.

That was Shannon's other form, one that she used when she was about to go into battle. It was an ability that allowed her to change her specialty from magical attacks to a physical one.

"Take this mask and give its lips a kiss." Shannon said with a smile as she passed the mask to William's waiting hand. "Long kisses are good because it will help charge it faster."

The Half-Elf stared at the Fox Mask in his hand before raising it towards his face. He then kissed its lips, and instantly felt his power being siphoned towards it. Even so, William didn't stop the kiss and simply allowed the mask to absorb as much as it wanted.

Shannon, who was watching from the side, smiled because William didn't hesitate to listen to her request, even if it sounded a bit suspicious.

'Does he trust me that much, or does he simply not care?' Shannon thought. 'I hope it's the former.'

Five minutes later, William pulled his head back and panted for breath. He had allowed the mask to absorb almost half of his strength, but only a tenth of the mask's Divinity had been recharged. This made William understand how much energy the mask needed in order to prevent Shannon from accidentally killing his subordinates.

"This mask sure is a handful," William commented as he passed the fox mask back to Shannon. "How long will it take before its power dissipates?"

Shannon took the mask and carefully tested its power to suppress her Divinity.

"At most, this will last me for a week," Shannon replied. "We just have to recharge it on a regular basis in order to ensure that no accidents will happen."

William frowned because he felt that there might be another way to allow the Mask's Divinity to recover faster.

As if reading his thoughts, Shannon chuckled before shaking her head.

"There is another way, but now is not the right time to do it," Shannon replied. "Even if Lord William agrees, I will not agree to it. So this is the only method we can use right now."

William's gaze narrowed as he looked at the fox lady who was secretly eyeing the lips of her fox mask. "Tell me the other method. If it is more efficient, I don't mind doing it."

Shannon firmly shook her head as she stared back at William with a resolute expression on her face.

"As much as I wanted to give you the answer, Lord William, I'm afraid that I can't do it," Shannon replied. "Now is not the time, and I don't want to force things to happen before the time is ripe."

"You sound like some kind of farmer. Are you planting trees perhaps?"

"I am merely a garden, Lord William." Shannon chuckled. "It is Lord William who is busy planting seeds everywhere. Aren't you afraid that something might start to grow from them?"

William ignored Shannon's teasing words because what she said would never happen. Right now, no matter how many times he embraced a woman, they wouldn't become pregnant. This was his way of preventing himself from siring children that were not born out of love, but born from the needs of his body.

"Since you refuse to tell me the other matter, I will not insist on it," William said as he stood up. "I will return in two days to recharge your mask. Is there anything else you need from me?"

Shannon hesitated before nodding her head.

"I just want to ask you a personal question, Lord William," Shannon stated. "It will be fine if you don't answer this question. I'm just asking out of curiosity."

"What is it?" William inquired.

"Do you have any lovers from your hometown?"

"I do."

Shannon nodded. "Then, do you also plan to bring them here inside the Thousand Beast Domain, so that they can be by your side?"

"No," William shook his head before walking towards the door. However before he left the room, he gave Shannon a glance. "I will appreciate it if you don't mention them again."

"I'm sorry, Lord William," Shannon bowed in apology. "I will not ask anymore questions about them."

William nodded before leaving the room. He needed to check on the progress in the Dungeon of Tir Na Nog, so he decided to leave the Thousand Beast Domain for a short period of time.

Two minutes after William left the room, Shannon shook her head with a smile.

"The heart moves where the heart wills," Shannon said softly. "Even if you try to deny it, you still think of them, and they think of you as well."

The fox lady then sighed as she raised the fox mask and looked at it with a smile.

"Cheers, Lord William," Shannon said as she moved her lips towards the Fox Mask's lips. "May the future be the one I envisioned it to be."

Shannon kissed the fox mask's lips, and felt the lingering warmth that her Prince had left behind. She didn't lie when she said that the time she was waiting for wasn't ripe. For that to happen, they must first deal with the Heir of Darkness, as well as the Primordial God who sought to harm her Prince.

"Patience, Shannon," Shannon said softly after she pulled back from kissing the Fox Mask in her hands. "What you wish for, is almost within your reach. You just need to assist him for now, before you take everything... away from him."

Chapter 1147: Being Popular Sure Is Troublesome,Aren't I Right?

Silvermoon Continent...

Arwen sighed as she leaned her back against the trunk of the World Tree.

She could feel the restlessness and tension of the entire continent, because the entire Silvermoon Continent was supported by the life force of the World Tree. If the World Tree withered, so would the homeland of the elves.

This was why the Sacred Grove was the most important place, and most protected region, in the entirety of the Silvermoon Continent.

"This feeling didn't feel as bad when the Demons attacked almost two decades ago," Arwen muttered. "Now, even our son has been thrown into this mess. Just what did our family do to deserve all of this?"

The World Tree didn't respond and maintained its silence. It just allowed the beautiful Saintess to vent out her frustrations, until none were left. This had been a regular occurrence as of late, and Arwen didn't even care if someone were to walk into the Sacred Grove and see her talking to herself.

"Even Acedia hasn't awoken even once since she returned." Arwen sighed for the second time as she thought about her Disciple, who slept in the Spring of Life, located at the roots of the World Tree. "It seems that she exhausted herself trying to help our son in the Demon Realm. My poor Disciple... I better ask William to take responsibility when I see him."

Arwen sighed for the third time as she closed her eyes to listen to the beating life force of the World Tree. She had been listening and paying close attention to its heart beat because she knew that it was her husband's heart that was supporting their entire race.

"Maxwell, what should I do for him?" Arwen asked. "What can I do for him?"

Once again, no answer came. Perhaps Maxwell was sleeping, or perhaps something else was happening that prevented him from replying to his wife. Whatever the reason may be, Arwen felt very lonely and sad due to the current situation in the Demon, Central, and Silvermoon Continents.

Skyla watched Arwen from one of the branches of the World Tree. She sensed that her best friend's safety was under threat, so she was keeping close watch for her.

Aenarion had visited Arwen and told her that some of the Elders from the Elven Council proposed that she be offered as a sacrifice to the Demons to quell their anger.

Arwen only closed her eyes as she refused to think that those same Elders were part of her race. She even said that she was starting to doubt the intelligence of the members of the Elven Council.

Both she and Aenarion knew that regardless of whether Arwen was sacrificed or not, the Demons would not halt their advance towards their homeland, in order to get revenge for the defeat they suffered nearly two decades ago.

Suddenly, a falling ringing sound entered Arwen's and Skyla's ears. Near the entrance of the Sacred Grove, the Elven Princess, Princess Eowyn, as well as her guard, Pearl, could be seen.

"Master, I have come to see you," Princess Eowyn said as she walked towards the place where Arwen was seated. "Have you been well?"

The Saintess gave the Elf Princess a sweet smile that made the latter very happy.

"My Father asked me to give you these berries that I personally picked from our ancestral lands," Princess Eowyn stated as she happily passed the basket that was filled to the brim with red berries to her Master. "How is Elder Sister doing?"

Arwen accepted her Disciples' gift before patting the root beside her.

Princess Eowyn understood the gesture and sat beside her Master, whom she hadn't seen for quite a while.

"How is his Majesty doing?" Arwen asked.

"Overworked," Princess Eowyn replied with a sigh. "He is currently inspecting the quality of the weapons and armor that will be used in the defense of our homeland. We have already sent our promised aid to the Alliance, so we are now in the process of strengthening our border defenses."

Arwen nodded her head in understanding. She knew the basic things that were happening in the Silvermoon Continent because she could share her senses with the creatures that frequented the Sacred Grove and used them as scouts to check on the current movement of the Elven Army.

"Master, I heard that some of the Elders made a stupid proposal about you being a sacrifice, is that true?" Princess Eowyn said.

The Royal Family had allowed the Elven Council to decide several matters that affected the Silvermoon Continent, and could act even without the Elven King's permission. However, that didn't mean that the Elven King had taken a "completely hands off" policy when it came to the welfare of his people. The Royal Family still had the strongest army in the Elven Empire, but they were mostly used to defend, and manage domestic disputes.

Now that the dangers of two Prophecies were looming above their heads, the Royal Army had been sent to strategic locations in order to resist any kind of invasion that would happen on their homeland, giving the Elves a sense of security, despite the anxiety that they were feeling.

"Yes," Arwen replied. "But, you don't have to worry about them. They're just senile old men who have long lost their way. It is just a waste of time to argue with them."

"Master, just say the word and I'll ask my father to delegate some of our forces to guard the Sacred Grove. I will guarantee that you will be safe under their protection."

"Thank you, but there is no need for that."

Arwen lightly patted Princess Eowyn's hand, while the latter gave her a worried look.

"I'm not joking, the Sacred Grove isn't as defenseless as you think it is," Arwen stated as she looked up at the top branches of the World Tree. "Isn't that right? Dear Friends?"

Princess Eowyn looked up with curiosity to see who her Master was referring to. A few seconds later, two individuals appeared on one of the lower branches of the tree.

A lady with long silver horns on her head, and an old man, who was wearing a golden robe on his body gave Arwen a brief nod. Princess Eowyn's eyes widened in shock because she was quite familiar with the two individuals.

They were none other than two of the Guardians of the Silver Continent that protected it from harm.

The Guardian Deer, Zyphon, and The Golden Elder Dragon, Ezkalar.

William had met both of them in the Southern Continent, and had even fought them on the battlefield. Perhaps due to the danger that was about to fall on the Silvermoon Continent, the World Tree expanded a huge amount of power, and channeled it to its guardians.

The Ent King, Myrendor, and Drauum, had been blessed by its enormous life force, increasing their strength and allowing them to step on the realm of Pseudo-Gods.

The rest of the Guardians had reached the Peak of the Demigod Rank, making them a force to reckon with.

After expending more than half of its energy, the World Tree became dormant, and only the beating of Maxwell's heart assured Arwen that her husband was still fine.

Although the forces of the Demons were still stronger than the defenders of the Silvermoon Continent, they were not as helpless as many of the Elves thought they would be.

"With the two of them guarding the Sacred Grove, anyone who dares to kidnap me will have an untimely end," Arwen commented. "So, do not worry about me. Also, tell your father to take proper rest as well. We will need his guidance when Darkness knocks on our borders."

"I will, Master," Princess Eowyn replied. "Master, how is Elder Sister?"

Arwen chuckled. "Sleeping as always. You know how lazy Acedia is. She probably won't wake up even if she is hit by an earthquake."

Princess Eowyn smiled because her Master was right. Her Elder Sister only knew how to sleep, sleep, and sleep some more.

Sometimes, she even worried if too much sleep was bad for her Elder Sister's body, but since her Master told her that Acedia was fine, Princess Eowyn no longer insisted on visiting her.

"I'll come and see you again Master when I have the time," Princess Eowyn said as she stood up and gave her Master a respectful bow. "Please, take care of your health and be safe."

"Thank you," Arwen replied as she hugged her disciple. "Take care of yourself. We are going to face difficult times and, as a Princess, you have a lot on your plate as well. I hear that some Human ambassadors, as well as messengers from other races, have come to offer marriage alliances with you. Being popular sure is troublesome, aren't I right?"

Princess Eowyn's smile stiffened when she was reminded of the second reason why she wanted to escape the castle. In the end, she could only sigh inside her heart as she bid her Master goodbye.

If marrying people would ensure the safety of their lands, she would gladly do it. However, she knew that even with a political marriage, they would not be able to give her the safety that she was looking for.

She would rather marry the Heir, or the Prince of Darkness, if that would spare her people.

Unfortunately, those two individuals had no need for political marriages. They had the power to take everything from them.

Their lands, their people, and their future.

In the eyes of these two individuals, everything that belonged to the Silvermoon Continent, including her, were merely spoils of the war that would soon cover the lands with rivers of blood.

Chapter 1148: I Came To Conquer You

William was meditating at the rooftop of his villa in the Thousand Beast Domain when Astrape's voice reached him.

"We are here, Master," Astrape reported.

"Understood," William replied as he opened his eyes. "All of you did a good job. It just took you a week to reach the 100th Floor of Tir Na Nog."

"We just don't want to disappoint you, Master."

"I'll reward you and your sister later. I'll be there shortly, wait for me."

"Understood."

William stood up from his cross legged position and did a few light stretches before opening a portal in front of him.

Immediately, he appeared in front of a giant golden gate, which had the symbol of a butterfly wing, engraved on its surface. Runic letters could be seen on the gate and William took his time to leisurely read what it had to say.

"Beyond this gate lay the Fairy Queen of Tir Na Nog,

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again,

Mine ear is much enamored of thy note.

First, rehearse your song by rote

To each word a warbling note...

Come, my lord, and in our flight

Tell me how it came this night.

Within the darkness of your soul,

A small strand of light will save us all."

"Such a poetic fairy queen," William nodded his head in admiration.

Astrape smiled as she stood beside the black-haired teenager. "It seems that Master will be the angel that will wake her up from her flowery bed. Somehow, I feel jealous of her already."

"Don't be like that, Sister," Bronte commented from the side. "I'm sure Master will treat us all ladies fairly. Isn't that right, Master?"

William chuckled as he nodded his head. He then pressed both of his hands on the golden gate and pushed it open.

As if waiting for his arrival, the gate opened wide, and allowed him to enter.

As soon as William stepped inside the Final Boss room, he found himself standing in a field of flowers. At the center of it all was a giant flower.

A few seconds later, the giant flower bloomed and opened wide, revealing an otherworldly beauty that befit her title as the Fairy Queen.

Her long red hair that was similar to the color of a rose, was braided in princess style. She wore a fairy-like dress that highlighted her features. Behind her back was a golden butterfly wing that faintly shone in the sunlight.

In her hand, she held a flower staff that emanated a radiant glow, ready to strike at a moment's notice.

When William entered the Boss Room, he was expecting to meet a mature woman, but the young lady in front of her seemed like someone that was of similar age to his wives, Ashe and Princess Sidonie.

The black-haired teenager had seen many beautiful ladies, but he had to admit that the Fairy Queen in front of him, made his tainted heart skip a beat.

'It's probably due to her Fairy Charm,' William thought as he walked towards the Fairy Queen who simply stood on top of the giant flower in full bloom.

When he was only fifty meters away from her, he stopped and slowly rose from the ground until both of them were of the same eye level.

"I greet you, Fair Queen of the Fairies," William said with a smile. "Truth be told, I wasn't expecting you to look like this."

"The lives of Fairy Queens are very long," Titania replied in an enchanting voice that could easily charm anyone below the rank of Demigods. "Far longer than the lives of the Elves, as well as the other long-lived races of the world. Although I look like this right now, I am already thousands of years old."

William nodded his head in understanding. "I'm sure you already know why I am here, right?"

"Yes," Titania answered. "I knew that one day someone would step in here to challenge me. However, I didn't expect you to also be the Dungeon Conqueror. Are you here to kill or conquer me?"

"I came to conquer you."

"As expected, it has come to this."

The Fairy Queen didn't say anything else and simply appraised the black-haired teenager in front of her. Her green eyes, that seemed to be able to see a person's soul, looked at William from head to toe then back again.

William allowed her to stare at him as she pleased, and didn't make any move to attack. Even Astrape, Bronte, as well as Sepheron, remained at the back. Everyone inside the Boss Room knew that the outcome had already been decided the moment they reached the last floor of the dungeon.

After staring at William for five minutes, Titania closed her eyes as if she was having an internal struggle.

The Half-Elf remained where he was, as he gazed at the otherworldly beauty in front of him. Titania was like a painting that came out of a fairy tale, and it made the black-haired teenager wonder if her pride would allow her to kneel to him.

"Let's negotiate," Titania said as she opened her eyes. "Three years. I will serve you faithfully for three years. After that, you will return Tir Na Nog to this place, and not bother me ever again. If you agree to this condition, we can form a Master and Servant contract."

"If not then I will immediately destroy the Dungeon Core, turning everything in this Dungeon, including me, to ashes. So, what is your decision, oh Mortal who is tainted by darkness?"

William slowly flew towards the Fairy Queen and landed a meter away from her. He had thought of many scenarios on how he would force the prideful Queen to submit to him, but the latter seemed to have come to a compromise.

"I agree to your condition," William replied. "Let's form a contract."

Titania nodded and a flower rune appeared on the back of her right hand, which she had pressed over her chest.

"I, Titania, hereby swear upon my True Name, that I will faithfully serve the Dungeon Conqueror for three years," Titania pledged. "May the God of Fairies serve as witness to my pledge, and I pray that my new Master will stay true to the conditions of our contract."

Titania then reached out and held William's left hand. Soon, the flower rune on the back of her right hand disappeared, and reappeared on the back of the Half-Elf's left hand.

Titania then knelt on the ground before kissing the flower rune on William's left hand as a sign of her absolute fealty to her new Master.

"Rise, Titania," William ordered.

Titania rose and found herself staring at William's eyes. The Half-Elf then moved closer and whispered in her ear.

"Tell me your true name," William ordered.

Titania closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She knew that the time had come for her to share the name that would give the young man in front of her the power to control her faith.

"My name is Tiana," Tiana said. "Tiana Shae Asteriea."

Tiana then moved closer to plant a soft kiss on William's lips, which only lasted for three seconds before pulling back.

"May you keep my name safe in your lips, and heart, My Lord," Tiana said. "Please, honor your covenant with me."

William nodded and held the beautiful Fairy Queen in his embrace. "Your name is safe with me. All I ask is you never betray me. Can you promise me that, Tiana?"

"I can," Tiana pledged. "Until the three years is over. I, as well as Tir Na Nog, will fight for your side. Also, My Lord, if I may give you a word of advice."

"Speak."

"If you plan to make more Pseudo-Gods as your subordinates, you can only add two more. Adding more than that will cause your already damaged soul to shatter."

William sighed because she knew that Tiana's words were true. Right after their contract was made, he felt discomfort in his soul. He had just stabilized it with the help of Princess Aila, but now, it seemed that he would need another session when he got back in the Thousand Beast Domain.

"Thank you for your advice," William replied. "Welcome to my Legion, Tiana."

Chapter 1149: Tomorrow, The Suffering Will Start

A week had passed since William had made a contract with Tiana.

In order to stabilize his soul, which had shifted due to the Fairy Queen's power, William spent three days recovering with the help of Princess Aila.

Although he knew that he was burdening the angelic Princess, there was nothing he could do because she was the only one that could help him. Fortunately, after three days, William's soul finally stabilized.

In order to play it safe, William stayed in the City of Alabaster for four days in order to fully recover. At the end of the week, he left the city in order to go to his next destination.

Demon Continent...

"They're finally here," Joash said as he looked at the countless flags that fluttered three miles away from the walls of his fortress.

Standing at the very front of the formation was the Bull Demon King, as well as Princess Iron Fan. The two Pseudo-Gods' mere presence was enough to make the defenders inside Amberfang Fortress feel anxious.

The Black Dragon, Joash, stood tall at the top of the tower and gazed at the two beings whose ranks were higher than his. As if sensing his gaze, the Bull Demon King and Princess Iron Fan stared back at him.

The demonic lady even gave Joash a teasing smile before covering her lips with her fan.

"So, that is the little fortress that blocks our way?" Princess Iron Fan said. "How troublesome."

The Bull Demon King nodded his head in agreement. "Indeed. Even with our strength, it will take a while before we break the barrier that protects the fortress."

Princess Iron Fan chuckled as if she found the whole situation laughable. Her eyes turned into crescents as she internally sneered at Joash's pathetic attempt to hold them back.

At the center of the formation, Felix drank some wine from his golden goblet as he stared at the fortress in the distance, after emptying his cup, he tossed it towards the serving maid who deftly caught it with her hands.

"Messengers, hear my decree!" Felix ordered. "We will rest for today. Tomorrow, we will start our conquest!"

""Yes, Your Excellency!""

The messengers then passed Felix's message to the entirety of the army, telling everyone to prepare to make camp. They had been traveling for several days, and the majority of the warriors were exhausted from their long march.

Felix wasn't heartless enough to prevent his men from resting up before they started their assault. He had already envisioned the faces of those who planned to stop him from his conquest and a sneer appeared on his face.

"Fools, when morning comes, all of you will understand how stupid all of you are," Felix muttered as a devilish smile appeared on his face. "I can't wait for tomorrow to come."

Just as Felix was thinking of his inevitable victory, a red-headed little girl was busy feeding her ducks with bread crumbs. Although the journey from the capital to the Amberfang Fortress was long, Eve's body wasn't exhausted from the trip because her attendants had taken very good care of her.

The ducks had now all become very plump because, aside from Eve's feeding, all of them were being spoiled by her attendants.

"Are you guys still ducks?" the White Goose asked the ducks in disdain. "In my eyes, I don't see ducks but little piglets that are being fattened up to be roasted."

The ducks turned their heads at the annoying white goose and quacked at him to make him shut up.

Eve who was watching this scene giggled because she could see that the White Goose had a point. Her ducks were now very plump, and she wondered if they could still fly in their current state.

"Eve, I know you love these freeloaders, but do yourself a favor and lower their food intake." the White Goose complained.

The ducks quacked louder as they all glared at the White Goose as if telling him "Who are freeloaders? We're not free loaders!"

The White Goose looked at the ducks in disdain and was tempted to give all of them a slap. Although they were treated very well by the Demons, that didn't change the fact that their Master was forced to become Ahriman's Priestess against her will.

"It's fine, Zander," Eve said after she stopped giggling. "I will lessen their food intake as you suggested."

All the ducks moved towards their Master, and pressed their heads on Eve's legs as if telling her to reconsider.

"You guys should go on a diet," Eve said as she picked one of the ducks and lightly shook its belly. "See, you're so heavy now."

The duck looked at Eve with a face filled with injustice, before lowering its head in defeat. The little girl giggled as she placed the duck back on the ground before moving towards the exit of her tent.

She didn't go out, but merely peeked at the Demons who were busy doing their chores. She had already been informed that they would rest for the day, and start the battle in the morning.

If possible, Eve didn't want to see anyone die. She didn't care if they were Demons, Humans, Elves, Beastkins, or anyone from one of the other races. For her, war was just wrong.

Although she hadn't experienced it herself because the children of Lont were under Vlad's protection during the war, she felt very sad when her parents turned into crystals. She didn't want to experience that feeling of loss again.

The little girl knew that Felix was her cousin's enemy. Although Eve didn't like violence, she didn't mind if William beat the crap out of Felix, and fed him to the fishes.

She was still an Ainsworth.

Her cousin's enemy was her enemy.

"Your Holiness, are you perhaps hungry?" Eve's personal attendant, Carol, asked. "I can ask the cooks to prepare food for you. What do you want to eat?"

"Porridge will be fine," Eve answered. "Also, how many times should I tell you not to call me, Your Holiness, when it is only us, Carol?"

Carol bitterly smiled as she shook her head. "His Excellency, is paying close attention to your movements, Your Holiness. If they see me acting too familiar with you, they might remove me as your attendant."

Eve sighed before nodding her head. "Very well. I'd rather you call me, Your Holiness, than to have you replaced as my personal attendant."

Carol bowed respectfully to Eve. "Thank you for your understanding, Your Holiness."

"Carol, just tell me one thing. Do you wish for this war to happen?"

Carol didn't answer, and only shook her head. She was afraid that if someone heard her reply, they would use it as a means to replace her as Eve's attendant.

"Understood," Eve nodded. "You may go now."

Carol bowed one last time before leaving Eve's tent to tell the cooks to prepare some porridge for her.

"Tomorrow, the suffering will start," Eve said softly as she sat on top of her bed.

The golden necklace on her neck glowed faintly as Ahriman told her that she didn't need to follow the army when they marched to battle when morning came. The God of Demons knew how precious Eve was, so in order to keep the peace with David, he didn't mind allowing her to keep her innocence a little longer by sparing her from seeing the bloodbath that would happen when morning came.

The God of Darkness and Chaos was the one that started the Dark Era in Hestia, thousands of years ago. He had many tricks under his sleeves, and a puny Amberfang Fortress was not enough to prevent him from having his way.

Chapter 1150: The Day When The World Descended Into Darkness [Part 1]

When the first rays of the sun rose from the East, the Demon Army started to stir.

They had properly rested themselves for a day, while the Pseudo-Gods kept watch over them. All of them knew that, regardless of whether they wanted to fight or not, they had no choice but to hold their weapons for the sake of their families and Clans.

The Demons ate their meal slowly, thinking that it would be their last on. They were supposed to bring down the mighty Fortress in front of them, but they were sure that it wouldn't be an easy task. The majority of them would probably die in the attempt.

Felix sat on top of his golden palanquin as he stared at the Demons who had resolved themselves to fight. A confident smile could be seen on his face, as he made a gesture for his aides to come to his side.

"Messengers, send my decree," Felix ordered. "An hour from now, we will march. Have everyone prepare themselves for war. Today, our army will prove to the world that we are unstoppable!"

The messengers bowed. ""Yes, Your Excellency!""

Felix nodded his head in satisfaction as he stared at the Amberfang Fortress in front of him with a smirk.

"Joash, you are a fool," Felix said. "You picked the wrong side."

Amberfang Fortress...

Archers lined up along the ramparts of the Fortress as they held their weapons firmly in their hands. The armies of the Kraetor Empire, the Amazon Empire, the Elves, as well as the other reinforcements that hailed from the Central Continent, readied themselves.

They were the first line of defense against the Demon Invasion, so they planned to whittle their numbers down as much as they could to ensure that Felix would feel the pain of losing his army.

Joash assured all of them that the Fortress would hold strong, even if the opponents were Pseudo-Gods. His confidence stemmed from the fact that the Fortress was built to withstand any siege, whether it be from the Human Kingdoms or the Demon Realm.

"Do not show any mercy, for your enemies will show you none," Joash's voice spread across the entire Fortress as he stood on top of his tower. "Kill as many as you can. The more we kill, the more they will feel how futile their endeavors are!"

""Yes!""

Joash raised his sword high up in the air as it glinted in crimson light.

"For the Alliance!"

""For the Alliance!""

""For the Alliance!""

""For the Alliance!""

""For the Alliance!""

The Black Dragon looked at the united front that had gathered to face the forces of the Heir of Darkness. He found this scene quite funny because he never thought that he would fight for the side of the Humans and Elves, who had defeated them in the previous war.

"Fate sure knows how to make people, and Demigods, suffer," Joash muttered as he gazed at the Demon Army who had now started to blow their war horns and beat their war drums.

The sound of war spread across the land, making those who stood on the protective walls of Amberfang Fortress grip their weapons as if their lives depended on it.

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One hour later...

"Form Ranks!"

Zagarl, the Demon Commander, who had sent Carter to the Southern Continent to abduct the students of the Hellan Royal Academy several years ago, stood at the center of the army.

"Today, we conquer!" Zagarl shouted. "Tonight, we feast! Raise your swords and spears! Hold your axes and flails. We fight for the Heir of Darkness and our God Ahriman! Offer the blood of our enemies as sacrifices to honor them. I ask you, Warriors of the Demon Realm, are you ready to kill?!"

""Kill!""

""Kill!""

""Kill!""

""Kill!""

""Kill!""

Zagarl then raised his hand as he pointed at the structure that had been built overnight at the center of the Demon Army.

"Open the Gate!" Zagarl ordered.

Immediately, a giant red portal appeared in the center of the Demon Army, which surprised everyone, except for those who were aware of the true plan of the Heir of Darkness.

Joash, who was standing on top of his tower, felt his body shudder after seeing the giant red portal in the distance.

"T-This. No... we've been tricked!" Joash's eyes widened in shock because he knew then and there that the Demons had hidden their true motive well. Their target wasn't the Amberfang Fortress, their target was something else!

"That annoying Headmaster and Pope," the King of the Zabia Kingdom, who had ridiculed the Alliance during the conference said with irritation. "Why do I have to send my army to the front lines when we are at the Southwestern Corner of the Central Continent? They can kill each other as much as they want, but I'm not joining their farce."

The King even laughed at the Emperor of Kora, Fannar Kora, back then because his land was the one that directly bordered the Demon Continent.

The King knew that if the Demons were going to step into the Central Continent, the Kora Empire would be the first Empire to resist their invasion.

He had also heard the news from the Alliance that the Demon Army had camped just outside the walls of the Amberfang Fortress in the Demon Continent. He, as well as the other rulers agreed that the Demons would attack the next day, which was today.

"Cheers to the fools who will be dying today," the King of the Zabia Kingdom said as he mockingly raised his golden wine cup to wish the Alliance goodluck. "May the Kora Empire fall faster and the Order of Light be wiped out from the face of the world. I'm sure that the world will be a better place without them."

The King then drank his wine leisurely as he sat on the balcony of his room.

Suddenly, his surroundings darkened which made him frown.

The King looked up in the sky and saw dark storm clouds gathering over his capital city.

"The court magician didn't say that it would rain today." the King frowned. "He might be losing his touch. I guess it's about time to find another magician to ser—"

The King wasn't able to finish his sentence because at the very center of his capital city, a giant red portal appeared.

"W-What in the world?!" the King felt a sense of dread from every fiber of his being as he stared at the red portal that came out of nowhere.

Half a minute later, the Bull Demon King and Princess Iron Fan emerged from the red portal and hovered in the air.

"Oh my~ What a peaceful city this is," Princess Iron Fan chuckled as she fanned herself. "Well, I guess we just need to renovate it a bit and color the walls with a redder hue. What do you think, Darling?"

The Bull Demon King smiled as he nodded his head. "How about we paint the walls red? That will certainly give this place a little more color."

"I agree," Princess Iron Fan happily replied as her gaze locked on the King of the Zabia Kingdom who was seated on the balcony of his castle.

The Demonic beauty didn't do anything and simply stayed where she was. A moment later, a hoard of Gargoyles flew out of the red portal and started to attack the city.

It didn't take long before a legion of Demons marched out of the portal and shouted their warcries.

The King of Zabia could only watch in horror as the Demon Army arrived at his doorstep. He stood up and looked at the scene with mouth agape as he tried to stop the trembling of his body.

"G-Guards! Anyone! We are under attack!" the King shouted. "Notify the Alliance! We are under attack—arggh!"

A three-meter-tall black Gargoyle descended from the sky and punched the King of Zabia's chest, sending the latter crashing towards the wall behind him.

It then gave a triumphant roar as it raised its claws and charged at the King who was looking back at it with despair.

"S-Stooooooooop!" the king pleaded. "Don't kill meeeeeee!"

The black Gargoyle heard the King's pleas, but it was not obligated to acknowledge it.

The king of Zabia struggled as the Gargoyle grabbed his neck and raised him in the air. It looked at him with a teasing gaze as it slowly tightened its grip on the Human's neck.

Half a minute later, a cracking sound was heard, as the Gargoyle crushed the King's neck before letting him fall to the floor.

The King's body fell on the floor with a loud thud, his eyes opened wide. Before he had taken his last breath, his gaze landed on his prosperous city that was being razed to the ground by the Demons who had appeared unannounced.

On that day, the Kingdom of Zabia fell, shocking the alliance and throwing all the plans they had made into disarray.