

Strongest 1151

Chapter 1151: The Day When The World Descended Into Darkness [Part 2]

At a seaside villa in the Silvermoon Continent...

Four Elven Elders, who were part of the council, drank tea as they discussed the problems that they were facing. They were the Elders who secretly supported the invasion of the Southern Continent and hated the Human race.

The Elven Patriarch who proposed that they surrender Arwen to the Demons in order to appease them was also there, calmly drinking tea with his friends.

"Have you all heard the latest news?" the owner of the seaside villa asked. "The Demons appeared in the Central Continent using a backdoor that was never heard of before. The Alliance is now in chaos, and those that border the Kingdom of Zabia are now panicking."

Although he hated Humans, there was no joy in his voice. The Demons stepping foot in the Central Continent was bad news for them. It meant that Ahriman had a method to traverse great distances, and send his army anywhere that he pleased.

"I heard about it," the Patriarch of the Nasir Clan, Gealan, who had proposed to offer Arwen to the Demons, replied. "I say that we stop wasting any time and kidnap the Saintess."

"Are you crazy?" one of the Elders asked. "That is tantamount to betraying our race!"

"Fool! Can't you see our current situation?!" the Patriarch of the Nasir Clan replied. "If we surrender the Saintess, the Silvermoon Continent might not be spared, but our Clans will receive the good graces of the Heir of Darkness!"

"Y-You mean to say that we switch to the Demons' side?!" another Elder gasped in shock.

"Yes. What of it?" Gealan answered with a snort. "Think about it this way. If we defect now, we will gain an advantage the moment the Silvermoon Continent is conquered. We can be the governors who will

lord over the Elven Clans as well as the Royal Family. Although we have to bow our heads to the Demons, the rest of our race will bow their heads to us. Isn't that a nice tradeoff?"

"Madness! What you're saying is madness!"

"He's right. Gealan, you're going too far!"

"Old friend, has your greed for power corrupted your way of thinking? You will even betray our race just to get the right to enslave your countrymen?"

Gealan scoffed at his friends, who were still clinging to their noble mentality.

"If you don't want to help me then fine, I'll do it alone," Gealan said. "However, don't go begging for my help once I get a high position in the new empire that the Heir of Darkness will build. Mark my words, the time of Men and Elves is over. The time of Demons is nigh. Only fools and those who still refuse to accept reality will suffer in the end. I have given all of you a chance. Are you with me or against me? Choose now!"

The three Elven Elders glanced at each other with worried expressions on their faces. Fear was evident in their eyes because what they would do was akin to treason. They knew that Gealan was serious, and he would really try to capture the Saintess and offer her to Felix.

They were aware that the Sacred Grove was heavily guarded, but on the off chance that Gealan succeeded, and was indeed able to gain the good graces of the Heir of Darkness, then they would have lost their chance to let their Clans escape the cruel fate that would befall them.

Gealan scanned the faces of the other Patriarchs while sneering internally. He called them fools in his heart because they were still undecided even at this point in time.

Finally, after five minutes, one of the Elders reluctantly nodded his head.

"How confident are you that you will be able to abduct the Saintess?" the Patriarch asked.

"Very confident," Gealan answered in a heartbeat. He was afraid that if he didn't assure his allies, he would not get their support when taking Arwen into their custody. "I have a map of the Sacred Grove, and know of a backdoor that leads into it. This is the escape route that the royal family had built just in case the Elven Lands were about to fall. We can use it to enter the Sacred Grove, and capture the Saintess without anyone noticing."

The Elders exchanged a glance with each other because they didn't expect that Gealan had planned this far. If there really was a high chance of success then they would take that risk in order to support Gealan's plan.

"Very well, I will join you in this endeavor."

"I will join it as well."

"Just tell us when."

Gealan was overjoyed because he was certain that if the three other Elven Patriarchs helped him then the chances of their success increased dramatically.

Just before he was about to tell them more about his plan, he noticed that the surroundings had turned dark without him noticing it. At first, he thought that he was imagining things, but after gazing at the sky, he saw that it was covered with storm clouds.

Thunder boomed in the heavens, and flashes of lightning snaked across the sky.

Suddenly, all the patriarchs felt a chill run down their spine, which gave them a foreboding feeling.

"W-What is that?!" one of the Patriarchs' pointed in the distance as something big emerged from the dark clouds in the sky.

Within the storm clouds, where thunder and lightning roared in unison, black flames could be seen if one were to look closely.

It was as if the entire sky was burning, and it made Gealan and the other Patriarchs feel their hearts trembling in fright.

"I-It can't be," Gealan stuttered. "J-Just how?! We have our warships patrolling the borders of our continent. They would immediately send a signal if he..."

Gealan wasn't able to finish his words as a soul-shaking screech erupted from the heavens. A moment later, the head of a black phoenix peered from the storm clouds and flapped its mighty wings to head in their direction.

Behind the majestic creature, a handsome Half-Elf stood with his arms behind his back. His short black hair fluttered faintly in the breeze as his golden eyes locked on the body of the four Elders who had just been discussing the abduction of his mother.

Beside the Half-Elf, three gorgeous ladies stood.

One of them was the Fairy Queen, Titania, and the other two were Astrape, and Bronte, the twin Deities of Lightning and Thunder.

The Black Phoenix then landed on the ground and lowered its body to allow William to disembark. Behind him, the three Deities followed, as if all three of them were shield maidens, accompanying their lover to war.

William stopped a few meters away from the fear-stricken Patriarchs, who finally realized who he was.

"Good day, Gentlemen," William said in a teasing tone. "I am on my way to the Capital City, and seem to have gotten lost along the way. Would any of you be so kind as to point me in the right direction?"

The Half-Elf gave the other three elders a dazzling smile, which made them almost faint from fright. They were just discussing kidnapping the Saintess and presenting her to the Heir of Darkness a mere moment ago, so they could gain his good graces.

Gealan's body shuddered uncontrollably when William's gaze shifted in his direction. The Half-Elf had a devilish smile on his face as if telling the Elven Patriarch, "I know what you did last summer", which made the latter's eyes roll up into their sockets before he collapsed on the ground, unconscious.

"Oh, dear," William patted his forehead as he stared at the fainted Elf on the floor. "Astrape, would you be so kind as to wake him up? It's not good to sleep on the floor, you know?"

"Yes, Master," Astrape replied and pointed her finger at the old man, shooting a strand of black lightning bolt at his body, making him squirm on the ground as if he was suffering from epilepsy.

"F-Forgive me," Gealan pleaded as soon as he recovered his consciousness. "I-I was wrong. This humble servant made a terrible mistake!"

"Humble servant?" William chuckled. "You're not qualified to become my servant. I prefer beautiful ladies to serve me, and not an old bastard who would gladly betray his race just to gain a little advantage over his countrymen. Astrape, continue."

"With pleasure, Master." Astrape shot another lightning bolt at the Elf making the latter scream in fear, pain, and desperation.

The Half-Elf savored the Elf's scream, while looking at the faces of the three Elves kneeling in front of him.

"Raise your heads," William ordered.

The Elf Patriarchs dared not disobey as they looked up at the handsome Half-Elf, whose devilish smile scared them to death.

"So, tell me, who among you can guide me to the Sacred Grove?" William asked. "If you are nice, I'll be willing to give you this pack of gummy bears."

"I will guide you, Your Excellency!"

"No! I will do it!"

"Let me do it, Your Excellency! I know the Silvermoon Continent like it is my own backyard!"

William smiled as he nodded his head in satisfaction.

"Very well, since the three of you are so excited to help me, I'll let the three of you lead the way," William replied. "However, if you are going to try something funny..."

The black-haired teenager's words trailed off as he placed his right hand over Gealan's head. The old man then squirmed under William's touch as his skin color slowly turned black.

The Patriarchs watched in horror as Gealan's entire body had turned completely black, leaving only his hair a silver color, before his eyes turned crimson.

"D-Drow," one of the Patriarchs said in a fearful voice.

William chuckled as he eyed the three patriarch's who had all collapsed on the floor and looked back at him with fearful gazes.

"Hmm. I changed my mind," William said as a sinister grin appeared on his face. "I think I'll give your entire race a makeover."

Soon, three blood curdling screams erupted in the sea-side villa as William forcefully turned them into the creatures that they hated the most.

On that same day, dark clouds covered the entirety of the Silvermoon Continent, as William made his way to the Elven Capital.

Along the way, several Elves saw the Black Phoenix in the sky, and the Dark Prince who stood on top of it. However, they didn't do anything.

They couldn't do anything.

The only thing they could do was watch as he paraded across the sky, accompanied by the thunder and lightning. Their booming cries in the Heavens announced the coming of their Prince, letting everyone know that he had arrived in the Silvermoon Continent.

On that fateful day, Darkness descended upon the Elven lands, and those in the Capital City of Morne Entheas felt their hearts trembling, as they waited with bated breath for the Prince of their Prophecy to arrive.

Chapter 1152: Wherever You Are, That will Be My Home

Elven Capital City, Morne Entheas...

"Can you repeat that?" The Elven King, Rydel Ashthalas Nienna, asked his trusted Aide to repeat his report because he couldn't believe what he had heard.

"Your Majesty, the Prince of Darkness, William Von Ainsworth, is currently headed to the Capital City," the Royal Aide replied. "According to our estimates, he will arrive here in two hours."

Rydel's face became serious after hearing his Aide's confirmation. He had placed Border Patrols, on both the land and the sea, and yet, the Prince of Darkness was able to make landfall in the Silvermoon Continent without causing any warning to come from the Elves patrolling their borders.

"Does the council know of this as well?" Rydel inquired.

The Royal Aide nodded his head. "They are currently having an emergency meeting about how to deal with the current situation."

Rydel closed his eyes for a few minutes before coming up with a decision.

"Call the Queen, the Princes, as well as the Princesses," Rydel ordered. "Tell them to wear their best clothes, and be ready to leave the castle in thirty minutes. Inform them that we will head towards the Sacred Grove in order to meet the Prince of Darkness."

"Your Majesty, won't you consider evacuating?" the Royal Aide pleaded. "There is still time. We can prepare a flying ship so that you and the rest of the Royal Family can escape."

"Escape?" Rydel asked in a helpless voice. "Escape where? There is no safe place to hide. Even if the Saintess' son chose to ignore our existence, the Royal Family can't leave its people behind. If the Silvermoon Continent were to fall today, the Nienna Family would fall alongside it. Send my orders to the army to be on standby."

The Royal Aide sighed as he bowed respectfully to carry out the orders of his King.

The only thing he could do now was pray.

Pray that their Saintess' son would be merciful and not enslave their people.

"Aenarion, your grandson has arrived," one of the Elders said with a serious expression on his face. "Tell me, what should we do now?"

Aenarion scanned the faces of everyone inside the conference room before voicing his opinion.

"There are two options left for us," Aenarion replied. "The first one is to fight, and the other is to negotiate. I don't know what my grandson is thinking right now, but I'm sure that he isn't as bloodthirsty as the Demons."

"Not bloodthirsty?" another Elder mockingly chuckled after hearing Aenarion's second option. "Did you forget? He killed all the men that went to the Southern Continent, and only spared the women. Out of the millions that went, only a few thousand remained, and you call that not being bloodthirsty?"

Aenarion sneered at the Elder that spoke up. "We were the invaders who attacked his homeland. The fact that he even spared anyone is proof that he isn't bloodthirsty. So, what do you suggest? Do you want to fight him?"

"Yes!" the elder replied. "With our Guardians fighting alongside us, we still stand a chance! Isn't that what we had agreed to do last time? We chose to fight! Whether it be the Heir or Prince of Darkness that came to our lands, we would not surrender!"

The other Elders nodded their heads in agreement. They had indeed agreed that they would fight against those who wished to conquer their lands. This was why they sent some of their warriors to assist the Alliance in the Amberfang Fortress.

"Very well, if that is what you wish to happen then you can fight," Aenarion stood up from his chair and walked towards the exit of the conference room. "From now on, I am no longer the Head of the Council. All of you can discuss how you will fight against my grandson. I will have no part in this."

Aenarion left the conference room with a determined look on his face. He was quite certain that William wouldn't come to the Silvermoon Continent unless he could guarantee that he could overpower their forces.

Since his grandson had arrived, that only meant one thing.

The Half-Elf was not afraid of fighting head-to-head with whatever the Elf Defenders could throw at him.

"I need to go to the Sacred Grove," Aenarion muttered. "If my guess is right, the first thing he will do is visit his mother."

Although he hadn't interacted with his grandson in the past, Arwen did, and his daughter allowed him to read the letters that she had exchanged with William. After reading those letters, he had gotten a better understanding of what his grandson was like.

'If the council really plans to declare war against him, this place will become a bloodbath,' Aenarion thought. 'I just hope that William will hold back and show mercy. Or else, it will end up being a one-sided genocide. Arwen, make sure that you keep your son calm until I get there.'

Aenarion summoned his Hippogriff and immediately flew towards the World Tree that could be seen in the distance. Although he didn't want to admit this, he didn't have the qualifications to negotiate with his grandson for the safety of their race. The only one with the best chance of succeeding would be his daughter, Arwen.'

Aenarion glanced over at the Horizon and saw the Darkness slowly creeping towards them. He knew that it was only a matter of time before William arrived, and when he did, the Silvermoon Continent would never be the same again.

--

William stood on top of Sepheron's back as the Black Phoenix leisurely flew towards the World Tree.

The Half-Elf had ordered it to take its time flying towards their destination to give the Elves some time to understand that he had arrived in their ancestral home.

The four Elf Patriarchs, who had now become Drows under William's power, flew beside the Black Phoenix, while riding on top of Winged Scorpion Antz.

They were the ones that escorted William, and did their best to make themselves useful, so that the Prince of Darkness could revert them to their original forms.

"Charmaine, join me," William ordered and several portals appeared behind him.

Charmaine, and the Elves, who were led by William's personal maid, flew out of the portal. All of them were riding their winged horses, and formed a battle formation in front of the Black Phoenix.

'How does it feel to see your homeland after so many years?' William inquired via telepathy to the pretty Elf that was at the forefront of the Half-Elf's Valkyrie Squad.

'It feels nice,' Charmaine replied, 'but my place is no longer here. I now belong to you, Master. Wherever you are, that will be my home.'

'You're getting good in your flattery.'

'I'm not flattering you, Master. I'm just telling the truth.'

William smiled because he knew that Charmaine was telling the truth. He had already recognized the pretty Elf as his concubine, and intended to take care of her for the rest of her life.

The pretty Elf had also told William about her wish to build a family with him when the war was over, and the Half-Elf agreed to grant her desire. Since she was already his woman, it was only normal for him to ensure that she would be happy by his side.

As the two were chatting casually, the Half-Elf noticed that several strong presences had appeared in his path.

"About time you guys showed up," William smirked as he saw the Ancient Golem, Drauum, as well as the other Guardians of the Silvermoon Continent, appear before him.

In the past, he treated these beings akin to Gods.

Creatures that could easily end the life of his friends, family, lovers, and acquaintances, depending on their whim. Now, William looked down on them, as he ordered his forces to stop their advance.

He wanted to know what the Guardians of the Silvermoon Continent wanted from him.

If they came here for a fight then William would be more than happy to pay them back for the transgressions that they made in his homeland many years ago.

Chapter 1153: The Half-Elf Who Holds Grudges

"We've met again, Half-Elf," Drauum said as he looked at the black-haired teenager who was seated on top of the Black Phoenix.

None of the Guardians said anything, but they already had an idea who the Black Phoenix was, and this discovery made their mood plummet.

"Indeed," William replied as he looked at the Ancient Golem that had made things incredibly difficult for him during the war in the Southern Continent. "Titania, would you be so kind as to give that golem a slap as a greeting?"

The Fairy Queen nodded as she jumped off the Black Phoenix's back. A moment later, she reappeared in front of the Ancient Golem and gave it a resounding slap that made it skid a few meters across the ground.

Drauum was now a Pseudo-God, but he was only in its initial stages.

Titania on the other hand, had been a Pseudo-God for thousands of years, and was already at the peak stage of the Pseudo-God Rank.

For her, slapping Drauum was just a trivial thing.

After carrying out William's orders, she flew back towards the Black Phoenix and landed beside William. She had pledged that she would serve him faithfully for three years, and she had no intention of breaking her promise.

The Guardians were all shocked when they saw William's "greeting". They didn't expect that the fairy-like beauty that was standing beside the Half-Elf was actually a Pseudo-God because they didn't feel an aura emanating from her.

Myrendor, the Ent King, stepped forward, and warned his comrades not to be reckless. He was currently the strongest creature in the Silvermoon Continent, and his strength was also at the Peak of the Pseudo-God Rank.

"Why have you come to the Silvermoon Continent?" Myrendor asked.

William scoffed at the Ent King. "Do you even need to ask? I'm here to conquer your lands, and make everyone submit to me. If you don't like it, we can fight. End of story."

The Ent King didn't reply right away, but appraised William with his ancient gaze. He could tell that the black-haired teenager had already stepped into the Initial Stages of the Demigod Rank, but something was telling him that if the two of them fought one on one, the victor would be none other than the Half-Elf in front of him.

"Will there be no compromise between us?" Myrendor inquired.

"No," William answered in a heartbeat. "From this day onwards, the Silvermoon Continent belongs to me. Meaning, all of you belong to me as well."

"You've grown too cocky, boy."

Drauum stared at William with a calm expression on his face. Although he knew that the lady that slapped him was stronger than him, she was just as strong as Myrendor.

The Black Phoenix, whom he knew was Sepheron, was only in the Middle Rank of the Pseudo-God Rank. Drauum believed that if they really fought, their side would have the advantage because they still had three Demigods on their side, not including the two hidden Demigods that protected the Elven Royal Family from the shadows.

"Titania, slap that nuisance over there," William ordered. "He thinks too highly of himself."

After hearing William's words, Drauum immediately merged with the Earth to prevent the Fairy Queen from dealing with him.

Unfortunately, he had greatly underestimated Titania, who commanded the power of Nature.

Holding her flowery staff in her hand, the Fairy Queen slammed it on the ground, creating a powerful shockwave that forced Drauum to reappear on the surface.

Before the Ancient Golem could even understand what was happening, a delicate looking hand appeared in his vision.

The next second, he found himself flying several meters away from where he stood. He landed on the ground, shattering into pieces.

"When powerful beings are talking, you better keep your mouth shut," Titania said as she flapped her beautiful butterfly wings to hover in the air. "You are not qualified to join their discussion."

Drauum roared in anger as he increased the size of his body until he was over a hundred-meters tall.

The first thing the Ancient Golem did was to summon a gigantic boulder the size of a mountain and threw it in William's direction. He might not be able to beat the Fairy Queen, but the Half-Elf was only a Demigod.

He was confident that once his attack connected, the arrogant Prince would understand that he wasn't someone that William could bully.

Just as the mountain-sized boulder was about to smash into the Giant Phoenix, Bronte, who was standing beside William hovered in the air and uttered a deafening roar.

The gigantic boulder shattered into pieces, and was blown away by the Thunder Deity's powerful sonic scream.

Myrendor spread his arms wide, and several roots jutted out of the ground, shielding themselves from the rain of falling rocks that were sent flying in their direction.

"So what if you're big?" a mocking tone said right beside Drauum's ears. "You know what they say, the bigger they are..."

"The stronger they are!" Drauum interjected as he tried to smash the fly that stood on his shoulder.

Astrape chuckled as she raised her hand, and summoned a black lightning bolt that crackled joyously in her hand. With one powerful throw, the black lightning bolt smashed through Drauum's chest, making it explode.

Drauum's upper half, as well as lower half crashed on the ground, creating a dust cloud that pushed his allies away due to the powerful shockwave that the black lightning bolt created.

"The bigger they are," Astrape said with contempt. "The harder they fall."

Drauum's head remained on the ground as he tried to forcefully re-attach his body, but his body was not listening to him.

"Y-You! What did you do to me?!" Drauum demanded in anger. This was the first time that he was experiencing something like this. Usually when he fought, whenever his body shattered, he could easily reattach the pieces without too much problem.

Because of this, Drauum had become arrogant because he couldn't be killed due to his cheat-like ability. He believed that even if his opponent was more powerful than him, they couldn't kill him no matter what kind of method they used against him.

However, right now, no matter how much he tried to recall his body parts, they weren't listening to him. The Ancient Golem stared at his arm that had fallen not far from his body. Tendrils of black lightning snaked around its surface, which prevented Drauum from reconnecting it to his body.

The same was happening to his other body parts. Right now, the Ancient Golem couldn't do anything but stare at the black-haired beauty who was playing with a black lightning bolt in her hand.

"Y-You are also a Pseudo-God?" Drauum asked. This time, his arrogant tone disappeared and was replaced with dread.

Astrape ignored him and simply shifted her attention to the Half-Elf who was looking down at her with satisfaction.

The Lightning Deity felt her cheeks burning as a blush appeared on her face. She could tell with a glance that William was very satisfied with how she had punished the arrogant Golem, that dared to call him cocky.

"Well done, Titania, Astrape, and you too, Bronte." William said with a smile. "Astrape, if that Golem says one more word, blast his head to oblivion. I don't like being interrupted when talking to people."

Astrape bowed respectfully. "I hear and obey, Master."

William then shifted his attention to the Ent King whose expression had become grim.

"So, do you still want to fight?" William asked the Guardians of the Silvermoon Continent that were standing in his way. "I have an important matter to take care of in the Sacred Grove. If you don't wish to fight then get out of my way. But, if you wish to fight then so be it. I still haven't fully settled the score with you guys when it comes to what you did in the Southern Continent. I am someone who holds grudges, you know?"

William gave the Guardians a devilish smile, which made them shudder.

In the end, the Ent King, Myrendor, who was currently the strongest being in the Silvermoon Continent, was forced to step aside and allow William to pass.

The Guardian Deer Zyphone, the Golden Elder Dragon, Ezkalar, the Winged Serpent, Drakon Nalzig, as well as the Ancient Golem whose eyes stared hatefully at William, couldn't do anything but watch the black-haired teenager fly past them.

Ezkalar, the Elder Dragon that had thought highly of William back in the Southern Continent, sighed in his heart.

"It seems that the prophecy was right," Ezkalar said in a helpless tone as he gazed at the Black Phoenix that was flying further and further away. "It seems that the Silvermoon Continent can't fight its Destiny."

The Guardians of the Silvermoon Continent could only reluctantly nod their heads as they, too, gazed at the Black Phoenix that was flying straight for the World Tree.

They had already tried to stop him, thinking that they could overpower him with their might and numbers, but they didn't expect that the Half-Elf had come prepared. With four Pseudo-Gods by his side, who had the ability to immobilize Drauum, and thereby rendering him useless, they would be forced to fight an uphill battle against William.

Myrendor knew that the chances of winning were slim, so he was forced to eat his pride and step aside to allow the Half-Elf to pass through their blockade.

"What now?" Drakon Nalzig, the Winged Serpent, who once fought the Arcane Spectral Lich in the Southern Continent, asked.

After a while, Myrendor raised his head and looked up towards the sky, which was now covered with dark clouds, blocking the sunlight and keeping it from reaching their ancestral lands.

"Now, we wait," Myrendor replied in a voice that had accepted their current circumstances. "We wait for the results of the negotiations that will happen in the Sacred Grove that will decide this continent's fate."

Drauum, who was now able to reattach his body, looked in the direction William had gone before merging with the ground. He had felt William's killing intent when the latter looked at him earlier, and knew that if their paths were to cross again, he would once again be subjected to another round of humiliation.

The Ancient Golem didn't want that to happen so he made the decision to make himself scarce and lie low for the time being.

Deep down, he felt a lingering fear in his heart that was made of stone. He never thought that the boy that he had bullied several years ago would swagger into his home turf, and put the Ancient Golem in his place.

For the first time in his life, Drauum regretted the decision he made back then. If he hadn't supported the Southern Invasion, the Half-Elf wouldn't have kept a grudge.

A grudge that he still hadn't paid in full.

Chapter 1154: All For The Sake Of His Vengeance

As William approached the Sacred Grove, so did the dark clouds that covered the entirety of the Silvermoon Continent.

Sepheron landed a few hundred meters away from the World Tree as per William's order. The Half-Elf then flew towards his destination alongside the three Pseudo-Gods, and the Valkyries that were led by Charmaine.

'So, this is the World Tree,' William thought as he gazed at the gigantic Tree that was thousands of meters tall. As the Half-Elf neared his destination, he saw a White Crane hovering in front of him, blocking his path.

The black-haired teenager smiled as he ordered for everyone to stop, before flying alone towards the Crane that was eyeing him calmly.

"Sister Skyla, it has been a while."

"Krooo."

William reached out to give the crane a hug and patted her head. Skyla had always visited him in the Southern Continent, and even went as far as to go against the Elves in order to save the Half-Elf in his time of need.

The black-haired teenager only had love for the White Crane who served as his mother's best friend and protector, as well as the messenger who brought their letters to and from the Southern and Silvermoon Continents.

"Have you been well?" William inquired.

"Krooo," Skyla replied.

"Can you take us to Mother?"

"Krooo."

The White Crane then flapped its wings and flew away, leading William and his entourage towards the Saintess who was already waiting for his arrival.

A few minutes later, Skyla descended from the sky and landed beside a beautiful Elf, whose green eyes had locked onto the black-haired teenager, whom she was seeing for the first time.

As soon as William landed a few meters away from his mother, Arwen, wasn't able to control her overflowing emotions and ran towards him.

A moment later, the black-haired teenager found himself being held in a tight embrace, as the Saintess' warm tears fell on his shoulder now that she was finally able to see her son.

William closed his eyes because even though the fragrance was different, the feeling was the same. He had been held like this a few times in the past by his adoptive mother, Ella, whenever the two of them were together.

The Half-Elf could feel the same warmth and love coming from his birth mother, that he had received from his adoptive mother, as he was being embraced by the woman whom he was seeing for the first time.

In the end, William also hugged Arwen back as he savored the feeling that he had almost forgotten, due to Ella's passing in the battle that happened in the Demon Realm.

Everyone present in the Sacred Grove watched this scene with varying emotions, but none dared to interrupt in the reunion of mother and son.

After several minutes had passed, Arwen reluctantly took a step back as she took a better look at her son.

"Just as expected, you have all of my good genes," Arwen muttered. "Your no-good father only gave you his hair color, but aside from that, everything else was inherited from me."

William smiled after hearing Arwen's comment. Although Skyla had already told him what his mother was like during her visits, hearing her voice and seeing her for the first time still made an impact on him.

"You've suffered a lot," Arwen said softly as she lightly brushed William's hair with her hand. "Come, let me introduce you to your no-good father first. The rest can wait until then."

William nodded as he allowed Arwen to pull him towards the World Tree. He had already noticed several personages that were standing in the distance and recognized a few of them, like Princess Eowyn and Pearl.

The Half-Elf paid them no mind because he didn't come to the Sacred Grove to talk to them. He had more important matters to attend to, and their talks could wait until he was done with his business.

"Maxwell, your son is here," Arwen said as soon as she stood before the trunk of the World Tree. She then turned her head towards William and looked at him apologetically. "He has been dormant for quite some time, and no longer responds to my calls. I think he is in deep sleep after upgrading the Guardians to Demigods, in addition to turning Drauum and Myrendor to Pseudo-Gods."

William nodded his head in understanding as he pressed his right hand on the trunk of the World Tree and closed his eyes.

Immediately, he found himself in a radiant place that was brimming with life force.

"So, you have come."

A voice filled with happiness, as well as confidence, reached his ears. A few seconds later, a man in his early thirties appeared in front of William with a smug smile on his face.

"I knew that this moment would arrive, but I never expected that you would come before me in this form," Maxwell frowned as he eyed his son from head to foot. "Care to tell me what happened? Time flows differently here, so you don't have to worry about sharing your story. Perhaps, after you've told me everything, only a minute or two would have passed in the outside world."

The black-haired teenager smiled and nodded his head. When he saw Maxwell the first time, it was when he was passing on the power of the Dungeon Conqueror Job Class to William. Back then, his father looked so awesome, and so domineering as he stood on the shoulders of mighty beasts whose might and ferocity were second to none.

With their help, he was able to stop the advance of the Demons and ensure that the Silvermoon Continent wasn't overrun by their wish of conquest.

Maxwell remained silent as William narrated his tale. He listened to the battle between his son and the son of his enemy, Luciel, as well as the interference of the God of Darkness and Chaos in their duel.

He frowned when William told him that several of his wives died at the hands of the God of Darkness as they did their best to rush to his side.

The more Maxwell listened, the more his frown deepened. When he heard what happened to his niece, Eve, the former Dungeon Conqueror's eyes were already bloodshot. It was as if he was ready to immediately leave the sanctuary of the World Tree and raise an army to destroy those who bullied William and his family.

When William finished, Maxwell heaved a long and deep sigh as he patted his son's shoulders.

"You suffered a lot," Maxwell said as he looked at his son's golden eyes, brimming with the thoughts of revenge. "Now, tell me. What can I do for you? I know that I haven't been a good father because I wasn't there when you needed me the most. However, if there is something I can do for you, just say the word. As long as it is within my ability, I will make it happen."

William knew that Maxwell wasn't just saying these words to make him feel better. He could tell that his father was serious, and wanted to make up for the years that he hadn't been by his side.

"Actually there is a favor that I'd like to ask you, Father," William said. "But, doing this might not make Mother happy."

Maxwell crossed his arms over his chest. He could tell that whatever William was planning to do wasn't good if he was telling him that his wife, Arwen, wouldn't like it.

"I'll hear you out first," Maxwell said with his arms crossed. "Even if Arwen doesn't like it, as long as I think that it will be useful to you, I will make it happen."

After hearing his father's words, William told him about his plans for the Elves and the Silvermoon Continent without leaving anything out.

Maxwell didn't say anything, but after his son finished his explanation, he sighed internally. William was right when he said that Arwen wouldn't like it. What the black-haired teenager was trying to do was to force the entire Elven race to make a decision.

A decision whose answer would only work in his son's favor.

"You're right," Maxwell said in a helpless voice. "Arwen wouldn't like this."

William nodded in agreement, but he had no intention of turning back. Even if Maxwell didn't support him, he would still make it happen.

Chapter 1155: Have You Not Slept Enough?

"Are you sure about this?" Maxwell asked.

William nodded. "Yes."

"Very well, I need to prepare on my end. Give me an hour."

"Understood. Thank you father."

"Don't thank me. What I need you to do is prevent your mother from going ballistic and blaming me for listening to your request."

William chuckled because a part of him wanted to see how his mother would go ballistic after his plan came to fruition. Although he felt sorry for his mother, he had already made a decision, and would not change his mind even if it was her.

A moment later, William opened his eyes as he pulled his hand back from the trunk of the World Tree.

Arwen looked at him with a smile because she could tell that William was able to communicate with his father, even if only for a brief period of time.

"Mother, can you show me the way to the Springs of Life?" William asked. "There is someone I need to see there."

Arwen's smile widened and gave William a playful wink after hearing his request.

"I'd be happy to," Arwen replied with a glint in her eye. She looked like someone who was about to matchmake her son to her neighbor's daughter. "You know, I've always wanted to have a grandchild. I think it is about time you give me one, no? It just so happens that I have one good candidate for you. Don't worry, you'll be meeting her soon enough!"

Arwen excitedly grabbed hold of William's hand as she dragged him towards the entrance that led to the underground pathway that would lead them to the Springs of Life that nourished the roots of the World Tree.

The corner of William's lips twitched after hearing Arwen's request. He made a mental note to not let his Grandpa, James, and his mother meet because the two would definitely get along and join forces to ensure that William would start making babies for their sake.

"Arwen, can we have a chat with your son?" the Elven King, Rydel, said in a respectful tone as he called out to the Saintess who was currently dragging her son away. "It will not take long, I assure you."

Arwen stopped walking and glanced at the Elven King before shifting her gaze to her son.

William gave the Elven King a side-long glance before giving his reply.

"We can talk later," William replied. "Don't worry, I don't plan on leaving the Silvermoon Continent anytime soon. We have all the time in the world to talk, Your Majesty."

William's said these words in a teasing tone, mixed with sarcasm. Clearly, he didn't think too highly of the Elven King, especially after what happened in the Southern Continent. The only reason why he bothered to reply was because he could tell that Arwen and the Elven King were not in conflict with each other.

Since that was the case, he wouldn't antagonize him too much, so that his mother wouldn't feel conflicted.

"I see," Rydel replied as he decided to take a step back. "Thank you for hearing me out."

The Elven King could tell from William's stance that he didn't want to be distracted from whatever he was going to do. Right now, he didn't want to offend the young man, so he decided to just wait for him until he returned.

Arwen didn't talk again until they had entered the path that led them underground. Just as William had guessed, she and the Elven King had an amicable relationship with each other. This was also why she had accepted Princess Eowyn to become her disciple.

After walking for several minutes, they finally arrived at their destination.

"Well then, I guess I will leave you two young ones to talk," Arwen said in a playful tone. "Don't be shy, okay? That girl is my Disciple, and she's just a year older than you. I don't mind if you give me five or six grandkids. I promise to take good care of them for you!"

After saying those mischievous parting words, the beautiful Elf patted her son's shoulders and gave him a thumbs up before going back to the surface.

William could only shake his head helplessly as he stepped into the spring.

He had already seen the person he wanted to meet, but the latter was submerged under the water. Her long blonde hair was scattered around her, and no matter how careful William was to not step on it, he found this quite a difficult task.

In the end, he decided to just float on the water's surface, so he wouldn't step on her hair. Back when he was still in Midgard, the blonde Elf didn't like it when others did something with her hair without her permission.

She could be quite petty at times and would always hang William upside down whenever he did something she didn't like.

"All you do is sleep," William stated as he looked at the beautiful Elf that was submerged underwater. "Have you not slept enough?"

As if in reply to his words, the delicate body that was under the water started to float towards the surface of the spring. The water droplets slid down the sides of her face, until none were left. Her white and wet dress hung to her skin tightly, revealing the curves of her body, which reminded William of the stubborn beauty whom he held in his loving arms a lifetime ago.

The black-haired teenager reached out to caress the side of the Elf's face, and gave it a light pinch.

"It has been a while, Acedia," William said softly. "I missed you."

The blonde beauty slowly opened her eyes and gave William a reproachful look before closing them again, which made the Half-Elf chuckle.

William slowly descended in the water until his feet hit the ground. The water reached up to his chest, and drenched his clothes completely, but he didn't mind.

The Half-Elf then hugged the beautiful Elf and closed his eyes. The memories of his past life flooded inside his mind. Truth be told, he felt very guilty because he wasn't able to keep his promise to her due to his untimely death in the war that happened in Midgard.

The blonde beauty didn't move, and simply allowed William to hug her. Since the Half-Elf's eyes were closed, he didn't notice the single tear that slid from the corner of her eye.

After thousands of years, the two of them had finally reunited and, perhaps this time around, they would never be parted ever again.

Chapter 1156: 'I'll Be Back Soon

Acedia's head rested on William's legs, as the latter lightly patted her head.

They were still in the Spring of Life, and William was not in a hurry to return to the surface and deal with the Elven King, or any of the other members of the Elven Race who had come to negotiate with him.

For the black-haired teenager, what the Elven Race thought, or wanted, was of no concern to him. The only things he cared about were the people that were important to him.

"I'm sorry that I wasn't able to keep my promise," William said as he placed his left hand on top of Acedia's hands, which were resting on her abdomen. "I died before I could return to your side. After that, I gradually forgot about you when I started to live my life as an Einherjar."

The blonde beauty didn't reply and simply continued to sleep, while William lightly brushed her hair with his hands. Although his touch was a bit cold, she could feel the warmth in his voice as he talked to her about the past.

"Also, during my last moments, I'm glad that I was able to see you again," William stated. "Dying in your arms as Asgard burned around us was something I will never forget. Thank you for coming to see me one last time. If you didn't do that, you might not have died with me back then."

Acedia didn't reply, but her hair moved to form a hand, which lightly patted William's head, as if telling him that she was fine with dying by his side.

"Sometimes, I wonder....," William muttered. "If Truck-kun didn't hit me back then when I was about to choose a world to reincarnate to, would I still have met all of you again?"

On the way to the Silvermoon Continent, William had a few days to think about random thoughts, and the one thing that particularly caught his attention was when he was born in Hestia.

If Truck-kun didn't appear, he would have definitely stepped into the Silver Portal, which would have taken him to a different world. If he had reincarnated in that place, the chances of meeting Wendy, Ashe, Chiffon, Princess Aila, and Acedia, would have not been possible.

Everything started at that point in time. Perhaps, Fate played a crucial role in making him meet his past wives, and lovers in a world that was quite different from the one he expected it to be.

Acedia didn't know who Truck-kun was, or what William was mumbling about. All she knew was that the black-haired teenager had come to find her, and it made her feel warm inside.

William stopped talking, and simply pampered the blonde beauty that was sleeping peacefully by his side.

After a while, he felt like teasing her, so he lightly tickled her Elven Ears, trying to get a reaction from her.

As if annoyed by what he was doing, Acedia opened her eyes and glared at the Half-Elf, which forced William to stop teasing her.

"Fine," William said as he placed his right hand on the back of Acedia's head before he stopped floating on top of the water.

A few seconds later, William was once again standing on the ground as he held the blonde beauty in his arms.

William then lowered his head and kissed Acedia's lips, which made the latter close her eyes once more. The Half-Elf kissed her softly. It wasn't the strong and passionate kiss in which he intertwined his tongue with hers.

It was just a kiss on the lips, which conveyed his pent up feelings for her. Acedia gladly accepted William's kiss, and kissed him back, albeit it was a bit clumsy.

Peck, after peck, the two kissed until William reluctantly pulled back. However, Acedia still hadn't had enough and used her hair to hold the back of the black-haired teenager's head and pulled him down to kiss her again.

"You're hopeless," William said helplessly as he kissed the sleeping beauty who refused to let him go.

Five minutes later, the Half-Elf pulled back and kissed Acedia's forehead one last time before holding her in place.

"Acedia, I have a favor to ask," William stated. "Did you know that Ashe, Sidonie, and Chiffon died?"

Acedia opened her eyes and lightly shook her head. After sacrificing the homunculus vessel that Arwen had made for her in the Demon Realm, she had fallen into a deep sleep, and only woken up a day ago.

"Ahriman killed them," William said. "In order to preserve their bodies, Ella encased them in blocks of ice. However, that will not be enough. The wounds they received from the God of Darkness and Chaos contain his vile powers, which will slowly corrupt their bodies, turning them into Shadow Warriors.

"In order to prevent that, I will need the power of the Spring of Life to cleanse the corruption, as well as nourish their bodies. Will you watch over them in the Springs of Life, while I handle some matters on the surface?"

Acedia didn't hesitate and nodded her head. She knew how much William loved his wives, so she would look after their bodies while he was away.

"Thank you," William replied.

As soon as he received Acedia's permission, William summoned the three blocks of ice from his Thousand Beast Domain.

He then pressed his hands on the block of ice that imprisoned his wife, Ashe, and broke it apart with his powers.

Soon, Ashe's body, which still had a gaping wound in her chest, fell into William's embrace. The Half-Elf then gently placed her on the surface of the Spring of Life and kissed her lips, before letting her submerge fully into the water.

The corruption of her wound, that was tainted with a black color, slowly dissipated in the spring waters, until it disappeared completely. The wound in Ashe's chest also recovered at an incredible rate, proving how strong the regeneration ability of the Spring of Life was.

After two minutes, Ashe's body laid at the bottom of the spring, as if she was just sleeping. A faint light shone in the black obsidian gem on William's chest, and the black-haired teenager then felt a sadness that he thought that he had completely forgotten.

The next one he placed on the Spring's waters was Chiffon. His pink-haired wife who liked to be cuddled every night, lay stiffly in his arms. The sadness that William felt made his heart ache as he kissed her adorable lips, which were now colder than his own.

He watched as her small and delicate body was submerged into the water. The wounds on her chest also regenerated, as her body was nourished by the spring.

Last, but not the least, William held his wife Princess Sidonie. The most beautiful lady in the Southern Continent, who had asked him to give her his babies, had a pained look on her face. Clearly, before she died, she was subjected to intense pain, which made her have this kind of expression.

William kissed her lips and lightly caressed the side of his face as he slowly submerged her in the Spring waters. A moment later, the pained expression disappeared, and was replaced by a calmness that he rarely saw on the beautiful Princess' face.

"I'll protect them."

The black-haired teenager raised his head to look at Acedia who had stood up from the water. She gazed down on the three ladies that William had married with a tender gaze.

"Thank you," William replied. He knew that Acedia would truly protect his wives' bodies with her life.

William then walked towards Acedia and hugged her.

"I have to go," William whispered as he hugged her tighter. "I will come back later."

"Okay," Acedia replied as she rose on tiptoes to kiss William's lips. The kiss did not last more than five seconds, but it was enough for the blonde beauty to assure William that everything would be fine.

"Smile," Acedia smiled as he cupped William's face. "The world is not ending just yet."

William smiled faintly as he nodded his head.

"Goodnight, Acedia."

"Un."

William kissed her lips one last time before he gently placed her in the water to sleep beside his wives.

A minute later, William stared at the four beautiful ladies that were lying in the Spring of Life. Each one of them loved him, and he loved them just as much.

"I'll be back soon," William said as he turned to walk back towards the entrance. He didn't look back, because he was afraid that if he did, he might not be able to bear parting with his wives.

The part of his soul that was still free from corruption was making him feel a great sadness that he was unable to brush away, even if he was now the Prince of Darkness.

Soon, the glow in the Obsidian Gem on William's chest faded.

The pain also slowly disappeared, and was replaced by a coldness that permeated William's entire body. Now that the bodies of his wives were in safe hands, he could now focus on his revenge against the Heir of Darkness, who had started his invasion of the Central Continent.

Chapter 1157: Defy Me, And I Will Make You Regret It For Eternity

The moment William returned to the surface, Arwen took him to a small clearing within the Sacred Grove where the important people of the Silvermoon Continent gathered.

"Um, you see that no-good, middle-aged Elf over there?" Arwen asked as she pointed to the Elf that was seated closest to them at the round table. "That is your grandfather, Aenarion. He was the head of the Elven Council till an hour ago before he resigned from his position. Don't mind him too much, he's not too important, and is just about good enough to be a side character."

Aenarion, who heard his own daughter disparage him, didn't know if he should laugh or cry at Arwen's audacity. For the time being, he just smiled and waved at William, which the latter acknowledged with a nod.

"Mother, even side characters have roles to play," William replied. "Don't belittle Grandfather, even if he is just a side character. Relax, even if he is a side character, he is still family. I won't treat him any less even though he is a no-good grandfather."

"As expected of my son, you really inherited all my good genes!"

"Mmm."

The Elven King, as well as the other important Elves in the Silvermoon Continent glanced at Aenarion, who was doing his best to keep the smile on his face. The mother and son pair had made sure to say that he was just a side-character thrice, which made his heart weep bitter tears.

William scanned the faces of everyone in the clearing before making a gesture for Charmaine to come to his side.

The pretty Elf who also served as William's personal maid obediently followed her Master's orders and stood beside him.

"Charmaine, if you wish to speak to your sister, you can do it. I don't mind," William whispered. "There is also a chance that she might accompany us in our journey, so it would be best to patch up your relationship with her. In the end, Pearl is still your sister. Just like me, she is still part of your family."

"Understood, Master," Charmaine replied as she bowed her head respectfully to William. "I will talk to my sister, and do my best to brainwash her to become Master's concubine as well."

William blinked in confusion because Charmaine's response wasn't the one he was expecting.

"... That is not what I am asking you to do," William said.

However, before William could even continue his words, Charmaine cut him off and immediately told him about her plans.

"Don't worry, Master," Charmaine replied with words filled with assurance. "I will be discreet and apply Aphrodisiac to her food, and drinks before tying her up with a red ribbon, and tossing her in the Master's room to be enjoyed at a later time."

Arwen who was listening to the side reached out to hold Charmaine's arm as she looked at her with a serious expression on her face.

"Young lady, my son is not a vicious wolf who will eat any young lady he sees," Arwen said with a look of disapproval. "But, seeing how pretty your sister is, I will make an exception. Make sure to strip your sister butt-naked before tossing her into my son's bed. Men are weak to beautiful, naked, ladies. I know because my husband is the same. He was unable to take his eyes off me when he peeked at me while I was taking a bath."

Charmaine held Arwen's hand firmly as she looked at the Saintess with respect and admiration.

"Mother-in-law, allow me to introduce myself again to you. My name is Charmaine, and I am now Lord Williams's concubine," Charmaine said with a blush. "I will do my best to give birth to your grandchildren. How many do you want to have?"

Arwen lightly squeezed Charmaine's hand as she looked at the pretty Elf with a fervent gaze. "Girl, you are good. I expect you to give me two to three healthy grandkids after a few years. Don't let me down, okay?"

"Y-Yes! I will do my best, Mother-in-law!"

"Mmm. Now, go get your sister. The more the merrier."

"As you wish, My Lady!"

William pretended that he didn't hear the two ladies' conversation as he walked towards the seat of honor which was on a raised platform, overlooking the other officials of the Silvermoon Continent.

Truth be told, the seat of honor was where his mother would sit during conferences. Within the Sacred Grove, her authority was higher than the Elven King's, as well as the Head of the Council's. This proved how important the Saintess was to the Elves, and through her, they would be able to communicate with the World Tree that granted its blessings to their entire race.

The moment William appeared in the clearing, all the Elves that were seated stood up. They watched as he walked with steady steps towards Arwen's chair that held the seat of authority within the Sacred Grove.

Even after the black-haired teenager sat on the chair, all of them remained standing. William was radiating an authority that was no less than the Elven King, which made the high-ranking officials feel anxious.

"Everyone, please sit," William ordered after looking at the Elves who were looking at him with grim faces. "Relax, I don't bite. I just kill people when I'm annoyed."

William smiled as he crossed his right leg over his left leg, and rested the side of his face on his closed fist.

The Elves sat one by one as they stared at the Prince of Darkness who was said to be the one to cover the entire world in Darkness.

"So, why are all of you here?" William asked in a teasing tone. "Surely, all of you didn't come here to just look at my handsome face, right?"

Aenarion smiled because his grandson's dominating presence reminded him of the Dungeon Conqueror who had asked for his daughter's hand in marriage almost two decades ago.

Rydel, the King of the Elves, stood up and stared at William with a calm gaze.

"On behalf of my people, I have come to ask what His Excellency wished to do in the Silvermoon Continent," Rydel said. "If it is something that we can do then we are willing to offer you our assistance."

William smirked as he gazed at the Elven King who was looking at him with a calm expression on his face.

"The Heir of Darkness and I cannot co-exist under the same sky," William replied. "What I want from all of you is to fight him with all of your hearts, can you do that?"

Rydel nodded his head. "Actually, before His Excellency even came to our lands, we were already planning to do just that. We even sent over a thousand Elite Elven Warriors to the Amberfang Fortress to resist the Demon's Invasion."

"I know," William replied. "But your response is pretty lukewarm. Only over a thousand elite warriors? The other Kingdoms and Empires have sent hundreds of thousands of soldiers to support the Amberfang Fortress, as well as the Alliance's main army in the Central Continent."

"Well, not that it really mattered since Felix had used a backdoor to appear in the Southwestern regions of the Central Continent anyway. The alliance is now moving their forces to stop his advance, even as we speak."

Rydel wasn't able to refute William's words because what he said was correct. In order to show that the Silvermoon Continent was on the same page as the Alliance, he had sent around two thousand troops to help defend the Amberfang Fortress from the Demon Invasion.

Most of the Elven Elites were still in the Silvermoon Continent and manning their borders. Their goal was to fight against the Heir and the Prince of Darkness and prevent them from advancing deep into the Elven Lands.

However, for some reason, William was able to sneak past their defenses without their notice, which led to the current situation, making the King, as well as the Elven Council, feel helpless.

"We will put more effort in assisting His Excellency to win against the Heir of Darkness," Rydel said as he slightly bowed his head. "This time, we will give it our best and not hold back."

William chuckled after hearing Rydel's response. He knew that the King only meant half of what he said. The black-haired teenager knew what the King and the Elven Council were thinking.

They would watch as he and Felix fought against each other until their forces had diminished, giving them the opportunity to go for the kill. Unfortunately for them, William wasn't stupid, and had already formed a plan in order to make all of the Elves submit to his will.

"As it should be," William said in a teasing tone. "All of you will do your best and fight for me, right?"

"Of course, Your Excellency! As long as we all fight side by side, that Heir of Darkness is not a match against us!"

"He is just a pig waiting to be slaughtered."

"Agreed! This war is as good as won!"

One by one, all the Elven Elders showed their support to William's cause, which made the Half-Elf chuckle internally.

"I am very happy to see that all of you are very enthusiastic," William commented. "By the way, all of you look good in black."

Rydel and the rest of the Elves frowned because they didn't understand what the Half-Elf was saying.

A moment later, a loud scream broke everyone out of their daze. All the Elves looked in the direction of one of the Elf women who was part of the Elven Council.

"No! Don't look at me!" The woman cried out in fear as she tried to cover her face with her hands.

Rydel, Aenarion, as well as the rest of the Elven Council shuddered when they saw that the Elf woman's skin color had turned completely black. But, it was not just her. It took a few more seconds for everyone to realize that every one of their skin's color had turned completely black, and their hair had changed to a silver color.

"D-Drows!" Rydel gasped as he looked at his hands, which were now as black as coal. "Y-Your Excellency, what is the meaning of this?!"

William, who was watching the scene in front of him with a devilish smile on his face, only chuckled after hearing Rydel's question.

"Don't worry. Those who seriously fight for my cause will have their skin color reverted to what it once was," William said casually.

The Half-Elf knew that Elves prided themselves for their bloodline and the superiority of their race. They hated the Drows because they thought of them as their complete opposite. Cruel, sadistic, and treacherous, these were the qualities that the Elves hated the most.

For them to become the very existence that they hated, had given a great blow to their pride, which made them feel fearful.

It was at that moment when William's voice spread across the entire Silvermoon Continent as he made an announcement.

"Those who will fight for me will return to their original appearances, and those who don't will remain Drows for eternity," William declared. "Don't worry. I am not that evil and spared the young from this fate. However, that can still change depending on my mood. So, if you don't want your children, the next generation of Silvermoon Elves, to become drows, you better fight with everything you have."

William had left a brand of Darkness on the World Tree so that he could communicate directly to Maxwell. His Father had told him that his preparation was complete and was only waiting for the black-haired teenager to give him the signal to start.

After the Half-Elf gave the go ahead, the transformation of all the Elves in the Silvermoon Continent had begun. Of course, there were a few exceptions.

Acedia, Arwen, Aenarion, Princess Eowyn, Pearl, the children, as well as William's family in the Silvermoon Continent were unaffected by the change.

They had retained their essences as Elves, while the rest of the population slowly transformed into Drows.

Screams of panic, and fear reverberated in many places across the Silvermoon Continent as the Elves looked at the changes that were happening to their bodies.

"You only have one chance at Salvation."

William's words spread across the entire land as if he was offering them an olive branch to turn the entire situation around.

"Fight for me, and I will give you salvation. Defy me, and I will make you regret it for eternity. I have given all of you a choice. If you don't like it then all of you can just stay Drows forever."

The black-haired teenager then raised his hand, compelling all the newly transformed Drows in the Sacred Grove to stand.

He then placed his hand down, and everyone knelt in front of him without even uttering a word of complaint.

Rydel and the Elders of the Council knew that William was dead serious. With such an overbearing method to compel them to fight for this side, they didn't have any leeway to take the matter lightly.

Either way, all of them were doomed to follow his orders, or suffer damnation for eternity. In the end, they had no other choice but to swear their allegiance to him.

All the Elves knew that once William gave the order to march to war, there would be no turning back for any of them.

Surprisingly, Arwen's expression remained calm even after he saw the transformation of the Elves around her.

She had recognized the three Drows that escorted William to the Sacred Grove, and knew that they were once part of the Elven Council. The Saintess already understood that her son didn't come to the Silvermoon Continent just to see her.

Arwen knew that no Elf could escape the curse that William had unleashed upon them until this war between him and the Heir of Darkness was over.

"And so it begins," Arwen muttered as she sighed in her heart. "In the end, people will not be judged by the Darkness they lived in, but by the Light they rejected."

Chapter 1158: Sister, We Meet Again

The entire Silvermoon Continent was in upheaval as everyone, with the exception of those who were below the age of eighteen, all turned into Drows.

William didn't even spare the members of the Royal family, with the exception of Princess Eowyn and her protector, Pearl.

Only those that were important to him like his family on his mother's side, Acedia, his Valkyries, and the Elves who were stationed in the Amberfang Fortress were spared of the curse that William had placed on the Elven Race.

As William sat in the seat of honor, a smirk appeared on his face as he gazed at the panicked expressions of the High-Ranking Elves in front of him.

He knew that this was something that they would want to reverse at all costs, so they had no choice but to submit to him, or risk eternal damnation.

"Your Majesty, make sure to send your messengers to every corner of the Silvermoon Continent to pass on my message," William ordered. "I will give all of you exactly one month to make preparations for war. Those who choose not to participate in this fight can forget about reverting back to their true forms. They will stay as Drows forever."

"E-Everyone?" Rydel asked in surprise. "Even the non-combatants?"

"Yes," William replied with a smile. "Even the non-combatants have their uses. For example, they can help carry the army's supplies or help the wounded. They can also be in charge of kitchen duties, as well as other miscellaneous chores that the army needs done."

"In short, I want all able bodied men and women to prepare for war. There will be no exceptions. Of course, they can remain here if they want. I will not force them, but you already know what that means, right?"

William's cold and domineering voice reverberated in the surroundings making some of the Elven Patriarchs shudder.

"T-Then, what about the children?" Rydel asked. "Who will care for them while everyone is away?"

William sneered. "What about them? When the Southern Continent was invaded, and all the adults were turned into crystal statues, what do you think happened to the children they left behind? Actually, you guys are lucky. When the war started in my homeland, it happened suddenly without any warnings."

"No one was able to prepare for the calamity that followed. Many children died of starvation, in addition to being subjected to the merciless killing of the Elven Race. Don't you think I am being very merciful enough, Your Majesty? I even gave you a month to ensure that your 'children' will be able to survive even while their parents are away."

The Half-Elf then shifted his attention to Princess Eowyn whose face had turned pale the moment William made eye contact with her.

"How about you delegate Princess Eowyn to be the person in charge to take care of the Elf children," William smiled mischievously. "I'm sure that she gained plenty of experience while in the Southern Continent. She will be able to do it just fine."

In truth, this was also part of William's plan. Even without the King's orders, he would assign Princess Eowyn as the leader of the young generation and have her take care of the Elves that were left behind.

He couldn't be too cruel with the treatment of the young Elves because his mother, and Acedia, were still Elves. For their sake, he was willing to compromise, and not damn the entire race to oblivion.

The King as well as the Elders stared hatefully at William, but none of them dared to berate him out loud. Seeing their reactions, the Half-Elf couldn't help but chuckle because these were the just desserts that they deserved for turning a blind eye on what happened in the Southern Continent.

Arwen kept silent the entire time. Although she didn't like what William did to her race, this was not the right time and place to confront him about it. She would definitely talk to him, and complain in private. Something she would never do in front of the other Elves, in case they thought that they could use her to oppose the black-haired teenager who was hell bent on getting his revenge.

"I am a busy person, so if you will excuse me, I will take my leave," William said as he stood up from his chair. "Also, feel free to collude with Felix and overthrow me. The moment you do, I will burn the World Tree to the ground, and make all of you understand what it means to taste true despair."

The black-haired teenager walked away without giving the King, or his entourage, a backward glance. Arwen followed behind him, while Charmaine stayed behind.

She still planned to talk to Pearl because her Master had told her that Pearl "might" be joining them soon. Since that was the case, she would make sure that her sister had a smooth transition in her allegiance.

Just like her Master said, Pearl was still her sister. What William didn't know was that Charmaine and Pearl no longer had parents, and had to rely on each other to survive. However, after meeting William, Charmaine no longer felt like she lacked anything in her life.

She had food, shelter, friends, as well as a Master who treated her kindly. If possible, she wanted her sister to understand this. But, knowing Pearl, it would still take some time for her to accept that William was the ideal person to serve under the heavens.

"Sister, we meet again," Charmaine said as she walked towards her sister who was beside Princess Eowyn.

William's personal maid didn't even bow to the Elven King, and completely ignored his existence. In her mind, even Rydel had no choice but to bow to her Master. Since that was the case, she didn't find any reason to go out of her way to show respect to the Elven King, whose current status was lower than hers.

"Charmaine." Pearl looked at her sister with a complicated gaze. "What do you want?"

"I just want to talk in private. Do you have time?"

"Is it important?"

Charmaine crossed her hands over her chest as she looked at her older sister with amusement.

"Is talking to your sister not important?" Charmaine asked back with a smile. "Or, do you not think of me as a sister anymore?"

"Of course I still think of you as a sister, even though you've been brainwashed by that bastard!"

"Oh, that's true. I have indeed been brainwashed by him."

Charmaine nodded in acknowledgement which made Pearl look at her in shock.

"Y-You know that you've been brainwashed?" Pearl asked with a serious expression on her face.

"Yes," Charmaine answered. "I've recovered all of my memories."

Perhaps out of guilt, William had told Charmaine, along with the other Elves that they had been brainwashed several months ago.

The Half-Elf even showed them the memories that had been sealed away by the Arcane Spectral Lich in order to make them submit to the Half-Elf whom they hated.

When Charmaine and the other Elves regained their true memories, in addition to their feelings, they felt angry. Although they held a grudge against William, it wasn't as intense as the hate they felt towards the Arcane Spectral Lich that had taken their precious memories away from them.

In the end, William had given them the option to return to their homelands. Since all of them were still chaste maidens, they could start anew and live their lives without being looked down upon by their race as William's used goods.

Surprisingly, all of them decided to stay with William in the Thousand Beast Domain. They still remembered how William cared for them and treated them with respect. Aside from drinking their blood, the Half-Elf hadn't done anything else.

Also, they had already gotten used to their current lifestyle. After serving William for a few years, they finally understood the kind of person that had been able to defeat them back in the Southern Continent.

"Here is a communication crystal," Charmaine said as she handed Pearl a red gem that William had given her. "You can talk to me directly using this artifact. Just remember that I may or may not reply if I am busy doing my duties. Also, it was nice to see you again, Big Sister."

Charmaine smiled before turning around to follow her Master. She knew that Pearl would contact her sooner or later.

'Sister, I am doing this for your sake,' Charmaine said as a portal opened in front of her. 'I just hope that you think twice before it is too late.'

Chapter 1159: You Want Me To Get That Lazy Bum Pregnant?

"Don't you think you went too far?" Arwen asked as she sat in front of William.

"No," William replied. "I can always do something worse."

Arwen sighed as she sipped the tea that Charmaine had prepared for her. They were currently inside Arwen's personal villa within the Sacred Grove. This was where she stayed whenever she wasn't doing her duties as the Saintess of the World Tree.

"Did you already have this idea in mind when you talked to your father earlier?"

"No. Actually, this was father's idea. I even tried to convince him that this wasn't the best course of action, but he insisted on doing it. It's not my fault."

"That damn bastard!" Arwen angrily slapped the armrest of her chair. "I'm going to give him a good nagging later!"

"Yes. Please, give him a good nagging. He actually dared to think of such a diabolical scheme? I couldn't even think of something this vile. Mother, it's all father's fault."

"Don't worry, Will. I will seek justice for your sake!"

William nodded as if to agree with his mother's words. If not for the fact that Maxwell was currently in a deep sleep after lending his aid to his son, the Ex-Dungeon Conqueror would have definitely used one of the roots of the World Tree to slap his son for being a big, fat, liar.

The Half-Elf chuckled in his heart as he imagined how his father would receive a tongue lashing from his mother without even getting the opportunity to explain his side of the story.

"Mother, Princess Eowyn will not be able to handle the task of taking care of the children on her own," William said. "As the Saintess, you should also lend your hand in calming them."

"... Is this your payback for me not having wiped your bum when you were young?" Arwen inquired as she looked at William with a face filled with injustice. "You're leaving me to clean up this mess for you?"

"Yes," William answered with a smile. "Please, do your best, Mother. I plan to leave a lot of messes."

Arwen snorted. "The only mess that I will accept you leaving are my grandchildren. Acedia is always sleeping. She's so lazy that even making her talk is a herculean task. However, I'm sure that even in her laziness, she would be an ideal candidate to conceive your child, no? Her body is also being nourished by the world tree, and is always fertile. You just need to do it once, and I'll take care of the rest."

William sipped his tea before placing it on top of the table. "You want me to get that lazy bum pregnant?"

"Yes. Even if she's asleep, my grandchild would still grow in her belly. She didn't even need to eat because the Spring of Life provides her body with the nutrients she needs. Between the two of us, I'm sure that the child that would grow in her belly would have a very powerful life force. Perhaps, he or she will even become a prominent figure like a Priest or an Oracle when they grow up."

"I'll think about it."

For some reason, Arwen's words sounded quite convincing. Since all Acedia did was sleep all day long, letting her give birth to his child might be a good idea.

'Well, I'll just ask her later,' William thought as he finished drinking his tea. 'If she doesn't reject the idea then I guess we can have Mother perform our wedding.'

Arwen was the Saintess of the World Tree, and had enough authority to conduct weddings. However, she didn't do it for everyone, and only those whom she deemed worthy of her blessings would be given the opportunity to have her as the Master of Ceremony.

"Let's put aside the talk about my grandchildren for the time being," Arwen said as she changed the topic of their discussion. "Tell me about your plans here in the Silvermoon Continent."

William nodded as he placed his cup on top of the table.

"Mother, do you know about me being the Dungeon Conqueror?" William inquired.

Arwen didn't answer right away, as if she was organizing her thoughts before giving William an answer.

"I had a hunch that Maxwell would pass the profession to you one way or the other," Arwen said after a few minutes had passed. "However, I didn't have the evidence to back it up. The power of the Dungeon Conqueror was something that many coveted. It is a power that could potentially overthrow any ruling faction, not only in the Silvermoon Continent, but in the entire world."

The Saintess then looked at her son with a complicated gaze because she now understood how the black-haired teenager was able to have Pseudo-Gods serving by his side. Her husband, Maxwell, had once told her that his greatest wish was to capture the Dungeons that were found inside the Forbidden Grounds.

No Dungeon Conquerors had been able to conquer these Forbidden Domains, even though they already had armies of monsters that were more than enough to conquer any Empire they wanted.

It was every Conqueror's dream to conquer the unconquerable.

Maxwell, as well as the former Dungeon Conquerors, had set the Forbidden Grounds as their final conquest during their lifetime.

"Will, are you planning to go to Hyperborea?" Arwen asked. Her gaze never left her son's face, as if looking for any traces of hesitation in his eyes.

William nodded. "Yes."

He had no intention of lying to his mother because he needed her help to take care of the matters in the Silvermoon Continent while he was busy conquering the Forbidden Domain of Hyperborea.

"When are you going to leave?"

"Two days from now."

Arwen nodded as she stood up to give William a hug. "Be careful."

"I will, Mother," William replied. "Also, while I am away, please look after the bodies of my wives. I left them in Acedia's care in the Spring of life."

Arwen immediately pulled back as she looked at William in surprise.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?!" Arwen immediately walked towards the door as if she was in a hurry. "I have to see my daughter-in-laws at all costs. Acedia may be lazy, but this is the first time that she's had company. Who knows what she might have done to those poor girls. I hope she didn't tie them up to one of the roots of the World Tree."

William stared at his hurrying mother with a frown.

"Acedia wouldn't do something as childish as that, right?" William muttered as he lifted the cup of tea on the table, but paused midway. "On second thought, she might just do that."

William stood up as he also left the villa in order to check on the bodies of his wives. Although she trusted Acedia, the sleepy Elf had a bad habit of playing pranks whenever she had the chance, when they were still together in the lands of Alfheim.

Charmaine watched her Master go with a smile.

Although William had a calm expression on his face, she had seen the faint trace of worry in his eyes, which made the pretty Elf feel warmth inside her heart.

'Master, your heart is still alive,' Charmaine mused as the door closed in front of her.

William might act cold and aloof in front of others, but behind closed doors, he would do his best to make them happy, despite the coldness that permeated from his entire body.

During those times, Charmaine felt how deeply he cared about the woman that loved him, and found herself blessed that she was now one of those women whom William cherished with his darkness-stained heart.

Chapter 1160: I'll Come Back As Soon As I Conquer Hyperborea

When William and Arwen arrived at the Springs of Life they saw the Lazy Bum hugging a pink-haired girl in her arms, using her as a hug pillow.

Arwen pressed her hand over her forehead while muttering "I knew it", while the Half-Elf looked at this scene with a calm expression on her face.

Seeing the peaceful sleeping Acedia, with his wife, Chiffon in her arms, reminded him of the time when his wives were still alive.

Princess Sidonie and Ashe, would usually do the same because Chiffon's body was so soft, and small, which makes her the ideal hug pillow. The pink-haired girl didn't mind being treated this way because she liked to be hugged and cuddled. It was as if she longed for this kind of skinship with girls her age, and treated William's wives, and lovers, as her sisters.

William was also guilty of doing the same on several occasions. Chiffon was simply too adorable, and too hard to resist, so every night she would always be hugged by either him or one of his wives.

"Acedia, let go of my daughter-in-law," Arwen pleaded as she walked into the waist-deep water to approach the girl that was sleeping underwater. "Don't you know that I am also doing my best to make you my daughter-in-law? William might not like you if you treat his wives as your hug pillow."

"Um, I don't particularly mind," William commented.

"But I do!" Arwen looked at the adorable pink-haired girl and felt her heart breaking due to the fact that she had died saving William. "Oh... I wish I had met you sooner. I would have loved to hold you in my arms."

William smirked when he saw that even his own mother wasn't able to resist Chiffon's cuteness. He watched as the Saintess tried to gently peel Acedia's hold off her daughter-in-law, but the latter refused to budge.

In the end, the Half-Elf had no choice to assure his mother that this was a normal thing in his household, so she shouldn't worry about Acedia's treatment of his wife.

"I'm sure that if Chiffon was alive, she wouldn't mind being held by Acedia as well," William said. "It's fine, Mother. Let her hold her for a bit. I'm sure that she's just feeling lonely."

"Are you sure about this?"

"Mmm."

After seeing that her son was really fine with how Acedia was treating his wife, Arwen no longer made a fuss and walked towards her other daughter-in-laws to take a closer look at them.

"I have to give it to you, Will, you have great taste in women," Arwen nodded her head in satisfaction as she looked at the two beautiful ladies who were submerged at the bottom of the spring.

The Saintess then glanced at the Lazy Bum who was still hugging Chiffon before shifting her gaze to her son, who was calmly looking at Acedia.

"Will, Acedia is asleep most of the time so she won't notice if you make babies with her," Arwen said with a smile. "Well then, I'll leave the two of you alone for now, so make sure to let me see my grandchildren a year from now, okay?"

The Saintess then winked at her son before leaving the Spring of Life with a light chuckle. She didn't notice that the face of the blonde beauty, who was submerged under water, had turned red after Arwen declared that William should make babies with her.

Clearly, Arwen did that on purpose to tell Acedia that she got her seal of approval.

William could only shake his head as he watched his mother leave the Spring in a good mood. A few minutes later when he was sure that Arwen was no longer around, he walked towards Acedia.

A while later, William crouched down and submerged himself in the water. Breathing under water was not a problem with him, and he didn't mind getting his clothes wet.

The black-haired teenager was a firm believer that handsome men were not afraid to get wet.

"You heard her," William said as he laid beside Acedia and hugged her from behind. "Mother has been telling me since a while ago that since you are a good-for-nothing that only knows how to sleep, should I just embrace you so that you can raise my child in your tummy, while I am away. What do you think?"

Acedia's long hair moved and wrapped itself around William's body before throwing him out of the Spring of Life.

The Half-Elf gracefully landed on the ground and smiled at the blonde beauty's reaction to baby making.

"I will leave in two days," William stated as he placed both of his hands behind his back. "I don't know when I'll be back, but it should be in around a week or so. I'll come back as soon as I conquer Hyperborea. Until then, keep yourself, and everyone safe."

William then turned around to leave, but before he could even take three steps, a band of long, blonde hair wrapped itself around his waist and gently pulled.

The Half-Elf didn't resist and allowed Acedia to pull him back to the water. When the Half-Elf was submerged on the water, Acedia opened his eyes slightly as she turned her head to look at William.

The black-haired teenager lowered his head and kissed Acedia's lips because he was sure that this was why she had pulled him back into the water.

The two kissed, and kissed some more.

Finally after ten minutes, the hair that wrapped itself around William's body brought him back to the shore.

The Half-Elf glanced at the blushing beauty under the water before waving his hand to bid her goodbye. He knew that Acedia would protect his wives' bodies, so he could leave the Spring of Life without any worries.

"Well then, I guess I should have a long talk with the Guardians of the Silvermoon Continent before I leave this place," William muttered as he walked towards the surface.

The Guardians might have been intimidated by him, so they decided not to fight him. However, they were still tied to the Silvermoon Continent, so they wouldn't turn a blind eye to what William had done to the Elves.

The black-haired teenager knew that he needed to sort things out with them, so that they could be added to his legion. Having a few Demigods, and two Pseudo-Gods added to his roster would certainly create a deterrence that would make Felix, as well as the armies of the Central Continent, think twice before dealing with him.