

Strongest 1261

Chapter 1261: An Ending No One Wants To See

"Is there any news from the Elun Empire?" one of the King's asked the Pope.

"No," the Pope replied. "We can't get too close because there are several Pseudo-Gods guarding the place. We don't know what happened when Ahriman's Avatar appeared. The Pseudo-God we sent said that he no longer sensed its presence in the capital, but this might just be a trick in order to lure us into a trap."

While the battle between William's and Felix's forces was at its peak, the various leaders of the Central Continent were in the middle of a high-level conference.

Only Emperor Leonidas, and Empress Andraste, weren't present because the two of them had mobilized their armies and personally led the charge to the Elun Empire.

"Then, what should we do?" an Emperor inquired. "Should we just wait until their battle is over?"

"Yes," the Pope answered without any hesitation. "Let them kill each other first. It will not be too late to attack once there have been massive losses on both sides."

The Kings and Emperors knew that this was the best course of action, but they were still worried. Ahriman had the power to appear in any place in the Central Continent, and if Felix's army decided to attack their territories, they would be helpless against them.

Sensing their anxiety, the Pope reassured them that the Holy Order would immediately come to their aid, if and when Ahriman's forces came knocking on their doors.

What they didn't know was that while they were meeting in the conference room and waiting for the outcome of the war between the Heir of Darkness and Prince of Darkness, the battle was already over.

Because of this lapse in the Pope's judgment, someone was able to take advantage of the situation and lay claim to the Elun Empire, who had lost its royal family and military power.

Capital of the Elun Empire...

"Where finally here," one of the Elders of Deus said with a solemn expression on his face. "Are you sure it's going to be fine?"

"Yes," a soft, and silky voice replied from inside the carriage that was being pulled by a Black Gryphon. "Let's go. You have nothing to fear as long as I'm here."

"As you command, Pontifex," the Elder commented. "Raise our banners. We will enter the city!"

""""Yes!""""

Thousands of men wearing black robes, raised the banner of Deus as they marched towards the capital city, on where the battle had just ended.

When Astrape, Bronte, Titania, and the other Pseudo-Gods saw the banners that were approaching the capital city, they allowed them to pass unhindered.

William had told his subordinates about their ally, who had only been waiting for the Half-Elf's attack in the Central Continent. The members of Deus had long amassed their forces, and were more than ready to fight side by side with William as they faced the forces of the Heir of Darkness.

Unfortunately, the battle that transpired had happened so suddenly, that the members of Deus weren't able to mobilize and reinforce William in time.

Only the members of Deus who had been hiding in the Kraetor Empire, as well as the neighboring kingdoms of the Elun Empire, were able to rally under the banner of their Supreme Pontifex, who went by the name Nisha.

Seeing the destruction of the Capital City, and the countless corpses around them, even the members of Deus, who were notorious for being unscrupulous, couldn't help but frown.

"Head to the Royal Palace," Nisha ordered. "We will wait for our Lord's arrival there."

"Yes, Your Excellency!"

As the carriage trudged the path towards the Royal Palace, Nisha watched the scenery from the window of her carriage with a calm expression on her face. The black-haired teenager and her had agreed on an alliance, and one of the duties that the Half-Elf had assigned to her was the management of the lands that he had conquered.

William was someone that didn't want to handle the paperwork, and sit on a throne supervising ministers all day long. He had decided to push this job to Nisha, who was more than capable of managing tens of thousands of people at the same time.

In short, Nisha would serve as William's steward in the territories that the Half-Elf had declared as his territory.

Right now, the Elun Empire's Royal Family had been extinguished, which was ripe for the taking.

However, this alliance held certain conditions as well. In exchange for Nisha managing his Domain, the Half-Elf told her that he would not allow any acts of oppression or violence under his rule.

He had known that the members of Deus weren't the best when it came to good morals, so he stressed this point in the negotiation, which Nisha readily agreed to.

Deus might be a group of bad people, but even bad people had someone they were afraid of. If you were to randomly choose an ordinary member, or an Elder of the organization and ask them what they were afraid of, ten out of ten would say that they were afraid of their Supreme Pontifex, who was known to execute those who defied her orders.

"We're here, Your Excellency," the Elder stated before respectfully opening the door of the carriage.

A moment later, a woman wearing a black dress stepped out of the carriage. Her face was covered with a veil, preventing anyone from seeing her face. The only thing they could see was her curvaceous body that was enough to make the blood of any able-bodied-men, and even women, give her looks of infatuation.

"Place our flags around the city walls, and on the top of the castle," Nisha ordered. "Let everyone know, especially that old Pope, that the city is already under our control."

""Yes, Your Excellency!""

Several minutes later, the banner of Deus, which was composed of four pairs of black wings, fluttered over the city walls, as well as over the highest point of the castle of the Elun Empire.

This sudden change had caught the attention of the Pseudo-God that was monitoring the city, and used his ability to display this in the conference where the Pope of the Holy Order of Light presided.

After seeing the black wings fluttering in the breeze, the Kings, and Emperors, took a deep breath because they had recognized the emblem on the flags.

They had also had their own dealings with Deus, and even asked them for a few favors in the past. All of them knew how notorious this organization was and even the Pope couldn't help but frown after seeing the flags of their organization's mortal enemy.

Originally, the Pope wanted to take the Elun Empire under the banner of the Holy Order, but after seeing that Deus had already occupied the capital city, the Pope became silent.

Having the power of the Alliance, and the Four Pseudo-Gods at her beck and call, the Pope had a high chance of overthrowing the Organization who had fought them in the shadows.

But, she was hesitating to do this. For one thing, the Pseudo-God that was monitoring the capital city had stated that he could sense over eleven Pseudo-Gods inside the city.

This number was quite alarming, and the Pope wasn't stupid enough to deploy her troops and fight the existences that far exceeded the number of Pseudo-Gods under her command.

There was also the fact that William had millions of beasts serving under him, which was the same reason why the Pope wanted the Heir of Darkness and Prince of Darkness to duke it out with each other first, before they gatecrashed their party.

"Deus has occupied the Elun Empire," an Emperor commented. "Are they the allies of the Demon or that Half-Elf? Is the battle already over? Who won?"

The other rulers had the same questions inside their heads, but the Pope couldn't give them any answers.

The Nymphs had already fired a warning shot against the Pseudo-God that was spying on them from a distance, which forced the spy of the Holy Order to retreat to a safe location.

'Should I ask Melody to let her Patron Goddess descend upon Hestia?' the Pope pondered.

Using the Celestial Raiment wasn't something that they could do very often. Just like any other artifact with Divine Powers, certain conditions must be met before they could be activated.

'I am lacking information right now,' the Pope thought. 'It's not good to be hasty. I'll just wait a few more hours to see if there are any changes in the Capital City before I make my decision.'

Somewhere in the Fortaare Desert...

Nemesis, who had been ordered to keep William safe, stared at the Half-Elf while under concealment.

She had seen how William was able to wound Ahriman with his Divinity, making the Goddess of Retribution and Revenge feel as if she needed to kill the Half-Elf in order to prevent him from killing Gods in the future.

However, before she could do this, she received a stern warning from the Primordial Goddess of Darkness to not do anything and only do what she was told.

A God Slayer was an existence that challenged the order of the Gods, and this was not a simple matter. If word got out that William was a God Slayer, even the Primordial Goddess whose power outmatched the majority of Gods in the Temple of the Ten Thousand Gods, would find it hard to keep William's life intact if the Gods decided to launch a manhunt for him.

Fortunately for the Half-Elf, after his full-powered attack against Ahriman, the God Slayer Divinity inside him had entered a state of hibernation, preventing anyone from discovering the truth.

Only the Goddesses that had descended in Hestia, alongside Gavin, were aware of this fact. Unless one of them spread this news in the Temple of the Ten Thousand Gods, the Half-Elf's secret would remain hidden for a while longer.

An hour later, Eros and Astrid returned to Lyssa's side, who was currently guarding the unconscious teenager lying beside her feet.

"I don't sense Ahriman's presence anywhere," Eros stated. "The same can be said for Adephagia."

Astrid nodded her head in agreement. "I can only think of two reasons why we can't find them. The first one is that Ahriman might have already died, so his presence couldn't be sent anywhere, or he found a way to escape this world.

"As for Adephagia, I think the time she could stay in Hestia has run out. Maybe she's back in the Temple, which would explain why we can't sense her Divinity."

Lyssa nodded her head in agreement. "Actually, I am about to reach my limit as well. It will be best if we send this boy back to his subordinates first. Let them take care of him for the time being."

"Okay, I'll take him back," Eros volunteered as she picked up the unconscious Half-Elf in a princess carry. "Are you two coming with me, or are both of you heading back to the Temple first?"

Astrid and Lyssa glanced at each other before telling Eros that they would accompany her for the time being. Although they couldn't sense Ahriman's presence, they decided to not drop their guard and escort the unconscious Half-Elf back to his people first.

Nemesis watched them go before shifting her gaze to the distance where a little white flower bloomed. A moment later, the Winged Goddess turned into particles of light to return to the Temple of the Ten Thousand Gods.

She had already completed her mission, so whatever happened next was no longer her problem. The Winged Goddess would just let Eros, Astrid, and Lyssa handle the rest.

Nemesis knew that she couldn't tell anyone what she saw in the mortal realm, or else her mother would become very disappointed with her.

In order to not make things difficult for herself, she was willing to turn a blind eye to the young man who was under the Primordial Goddess' protection.

"I just hope you know what you're doing, Mother," Nemesis muttered as she ascended back to the Heavens. "Letting someone like him live, might spell disaster to our entire race once he has fully mastered his powers."

As the Goddess of Divine Retribution and Revenge, she had the power to punish evil deeds, and those with undeserved good fortune.

Under her watch, no one could experience excess happiness or excess sadness.

She was like the God of Harmony that liked to let the scales always balance each other out.

Nemesis knew that William's fate had tilted into extreme sadness and suffering. If this was an ordinary matter, the Winged Goddess would arrange for the Half-Elf to regain some sort of happiness and good fortune in order to balance things out.

However, she couldn't do that because of William's nature.

In the end, the only thing she could do was keep her silence and pray that in the future, the unconscious Half-Elf wouldn't bare his fangs on the Gods that truly cared for him.

Because if that were to happen, it would be a very sad thing, and even she didn't want to see this kind of ending.

Chapter 1262: Both Of You Are Right. Good Things Must Be Kept In The Family

"Only during times like this will you get the opportunity to see a peaceful expression on his face," Invidia said as she cradled William's head in her arms.

"Yes," Princess Aila replied in a sad voice as she watched Invidia breastfeed William while taking on Ella's form. "The wounds on the surface have already closed up, but the damage within is healing very slowly."

"You don't have to worry about that. The reason why we're both here is so we can patch this guy up, so let's just do our best."

"Yes."

Princess Aila had already taken off her clothes in order to help the Half-Elf recover. She then lowered her hips, as she slid William's... inside of her, helping him to directly tap into the source of her Life Essence, which she had gathered in her womb.

When the unconscious William was brought to the Royal Palace of the Elun Empire, Chloe immediately called for Invidia and Princess Aila to come and check his condition. After performing an initial diagnosis on the Half-Elf's body, Princess Aila came to the conclusion that the black-haired teenager's soul had shifted a bit, and was in need of immediate treatment.

Since only Invidia and the angelic Princess had the ability to heal William in his current state, Chloe opened the portal to the Thousand Beast Domain, and brought the Half-Elf to the Villa there.

Chloe had been given partial authority to come and go inside the Thousand Beast Domain, and open portals if needed be. She didn't feel safe letting William stay in the Royal Palace where the woman named Nisha was staying.

Even though Deus and William had formed an alliance, for some reason, the Succubus felt that the veiled woman was a dangerous individual, and refused to allow her to get close to William while the latter was unconscious.

While the two beautiful ladies used their bodies, and essences to let the black-haired teenager recover as soon as possible, William's other subordinates were busy discussing their next course of action.

The Armies of the Kraetor Empire and the Amazon Empire had already entered the boundaries of the Elun Empire. Astrape and Bronte met with Emperor Leonidas and Empress Andraste.

They were already familiar with Lilith, so the discussion about allowing the two armies to enter the Elun Empire went smoothly. Both of them were William's allies, so having them around would increase the security around the Half-Elf.

After a unanimous vote by William's subordinates, they decided to stay in the Elun Empire for the time being.

The Bull Demon King and Princess Iron Fan were tossed inside the Dungeon of Atlantis and were being closely monitored by Triton and Leviathan. Both Pseudo-Gods were riddled with injuries, so it was near impossible for them to resist being imprisoned by a Peak Pseudo-God that had dominion over the sea.

"To think that our mighty neighbor, who used to make things difficult for us would suffer such a fate, I can't help but feel sorry for them right now," Emperor Leonidas said as he stared at the Capital City that had barely survived the clash between the Heir and Prince of Darkness.

"True," Empress Andraste. "Under the whims of the Gods, we mortals cannot even raise our heads to resist. The only thing we could do is lament our luck for the calamity that would soon fall upon our heads, which is something that we have no control over."

Emperor Leonidas sighed. "I guess, my grandson-in-law just acquired an entire Empire for himself. I just don't know if he will be able to hold on to it for long."

"Well, since he will be my daughter's husband in the future, it is best to keep the good things within the family," Empress Andraste smirked.

The two rulers exchanged a knowing glance at each other. Neither of them had any intention of handing the Elun Empire to the Holy Order of Light, which had plans to claim the territories that were once conquered by the Demon Army.

Right now, the Kingdom of Zabia and Slovell Kingdom were being argued over by the Alliance. Some of the Kings near the two kingdoms insisted that this would be their compensation for helping the war.

However, Emperor Leonidas and Empress Andraste knew that no matter how much the Kings and Emperors argued with each other, the one who would have the last laugh would be none other than the Holy Order of Light and not them.

This was also why the Emperor and Empress of the two Empires that sandwiched the Elun Empire decided to help the Half-Elf become the new Emperor of the territory that had lost its ruler.

"Both of you are right. Good things must be kept in the family."

An old man holding the hand of a red-headed girl walked up to the two sovereigns with a smile on his face.

Emperor Leonidas and Empress Andraste could tell at a glance that the old man was a scammer and immediately raised their guards up, just in case the old man tried to scam the two of them.

Seeing their guarded expressions, James laughed before introducing himself to the two.

"The name is James," James stated. "James Von Ainsworth. I am William's Grandfather and current Head of the Ainsworth Family. Simply put, William's best interest is my best interest. Since we are all part of the same family, we should discuss our family's interests together."

Immediately, Emperor Leonidas and Empress Andraste looked at the old man as if he was their best friend that they hadn't met for a very long time.

All three smiled at each other because just like James had eloquently had stated, William's best interest, was also their best interest.

Eve looked at the three adults with a curious gaze. Although she didn't understand what the three of them were talking about, she had a feeling that all three of them were up to no good!

While the three powerful people chatted with each other, the Pseudo-Gods under William's command were on high alert.

The Four Pseudo-Gods that belonged to the Holy Order of Light, and the one Pseudo-God that belonged to Hestia Academy had stopped several miles away from the Capital City of the Elun Empire.

These Five Pseudo-Gods hovered in the air as they observed the Pseudo-Gods that belonged to William's group.

"Should we hit them?" Loxos asked. She was feeling annoyed because one of the Gods had a long distance ability that allowed him to spy in their location.

"No," Titania replied. "However, if they advanced even a meter away from their spot, feel free to fire at them."

With William's absence, she became the commander of the Pseudo-Gods under William's command. As a Fairy Queen, she was well versed in deciding important matters that involved her own interest.

"Okay!" Loxos pumped her fist excitedly as she gazed at the Pseudo-Gods in the distance. The young lady who seemed to be in her early teens was raring to open fire at the Pseudo-Gods who was starting to get into her nerves.

The reason why Loxos was feeling fearless was due to their advantage in numbers. She would never dare to provoke the other group of Pseudo-Gods if their own numbers were smaller than them.

Fortunately, the Pseudo-Gods belonging to the Holy Order of Light kept their distance, and didn't provoke the other Pseudo-Gods whose strength was not to be taken lightly.

This tense standoff continued for four hours before the Pseudo-Gods belonging to the Holy Order of Light left the scene, leaving a disappointed Loxos behind.

"Have you confirmed that there are no traces of Felix and Ahriman in the Elun Empire?" the Pope asked.

"Yes," The Pseudo-God replied. I made an intensive observation and only the Prince of Darkness' forces remain in the capital city of the Elun Empire. Also, the armies of both the Kraetor Empire and the Amazon Empire are stationed just outside the city walls. It is safe to assume that the Prince of Darkness has won the battle.

"However, we cannot confirm if Felix and Ahriman's Avatar are still alive. It is highly possible that they managed to escape."

The Pope tapped her finger over her desk as she stared at the floating round mirror in front of her.

"How about the Prince of Darkness?" the Pope asked. "Have you seen him?"

The Pseudo-God shook his head. "No."

"Do you think he is injured?"

"I don't have enough evidence to reach that conclusion. Also, even if the Prince of Darkness is indeed injured, it is impossible for us to launch an attack in the capital."

The Pope frowned after hearing the Pseudo-God's words because this particular individual was known for being a strategist in the Heavenly Domain.

"Are they that formidable?" The Pope asked.

"Formidable is an understatement," the Pseudo-God replied. "I'm afraid that even if you use the Celestial Raiment to call upon a God from the Temple of the Gods, it would still not be enough to beat the Prince of Darkness."

"Can you tell me why you say that?" the Pope inquired. She was curious what kind of existence was present in William's camp that could match the power of the Goddess of Faith, who would descend with most of her powers intact.

"Let's just say that I saw an old familiar face in the Capital City," the Pseudo-God replied. "As long as he is there, we cannot act rashly because that person is known for his unscrupulous methods."

Although the person the Pseudo-God saw had a different face, the presence residing in his body was something that he couldn't possibly forget.

In truth, the Pseudo-God was just making an excuse.

Although the old coot was now weaker than him because he had lost his Divinity when he died, he still didn't want to fight James, whom he once served as the mighty All Father of Asgard, and protector of the Nine Realms.

Chapter 1263: A New world Order

Three days later under Invidia's and Princess Aila's care, William finally woke up.

He had no recollection on what happened during his fight against Felix, and what happened when he disappeared on the battlefield

Astrape, Bronte, Titania, and the Nymphs, told him about how his fight with the Heir of Darkness transpired.

They also told him about the powerful Demon who had taken over Felix's body, Aka Manah, who pierced William's chest with his Demonic hand, in an attempt to make him submit to Ahriman's control.

A frown appeared on William's face when Titania told him that he had almost attacked Chloe and Astrape in his berserked state.

Fortunately, something caught his attention, making him turn into a lightning bolt, and head towards the North where the Demon Continent was located.

After his subordinates finished their report, he asked everyone to leave him for an hour, so that he could process the things that they had told him. Even though everyone knew that there were other pressing matters to be discussed, they decided to give William some time to organize his thoughts before consulting him on what their next course of action would be.

'Optimus, did you record these events?'

< Yes. Do you wish to view them? >

'I do.'

Immediately, the obsidian gem in William's chest glowed before a projection appeared in front of him.

The Half-Elf watched everything unfold with a serious expression on his face. The moment he went berserk, William noticed that his strength had surpassed what he could normally do when he was in a normal state.

After the Crimson Crown of Darkness that held Aka Manah in place was destroyed, the Half-Elf saw how his berserked state had tortured Felix before killing him and absorbing his heart.

'He should have suffered more than that,' William clenched his fist. The black-haired teenager could only lament that he wasn't in full control of himself when the Heir of Darkness died.

Although Felix's death had been gruesome, the Half-Elf wasn't satisfied by it. He had long wanted to skin Felix alive, and let him suffer other torture methods. William would repeat this over and over again until he was satisfied before finally ending the green-haired Demon's life.

The next scene however surprised him.

It was the battle in the Fortaare Desert where Gavin, Adephagia, Eros, Astrid, and Lyssa, fought together in order to corner Ahriman.

He watched how he tried to attack Gavin when the latter tried to stop him from charging at Ahriman in his berserked state.

The black-haired teenager's eyes widened in shock when he saw how his other half took control of his body for a short period of time in order to deal a lethal blow to Ahriman.

Everything ended at the part where William's other half had lost consciousness and entered a state of hibernation, leaving the Half-Elf with a few unanswered questions.

The first question of course was whether Ahriman was dead or not.

The Primordial God of Darkness and Chaos was someone that William wanted to kill more than he wanted to kill Felix. However, he also knew that it was impossible for him to kill a God, unless the Job Class, Pseudo-Godslayer was equipped.

With this Job Class currently grayed out, just like his Familiamancer skill. The black-haired teenager had no way to use it.

Even after the projection had long disappeared in front of him, William was still in a state of daze. His body felt so heavy, and he felt so empty.

Unable to personally torture Felix, and not knowing whether Ahriman lived or died, he felt as if a gaping hole was left in his heart. He was at a loss on what to do because the goal that he had set for himself had suddenly disappeared without a trace.

Only when he heard a knock on the door did William break out of his daze.

"Come in," William said before rubbing his face with his palms in order to organize his thoughts.

"We met again, Lord William." a woman wearing a veil to cover her face entered the room with steady steps. "I hope that you've been well since our last meeting?"

"I've never felt better in my life, Lady Nisha," William replied in a tone dripping with sarcasm. "To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

Nisha ignored the sarcasm in William's words and sat on the opposite couch, facing the black-haired teenager.

"I came to talk to you about matters of the state," Nisha said calmly. "As much as I want to let you rest for a while longer, we cannot afford to delay the important issues that plagued the Elun Empire."

"What issues?"

"Several. But, the most pressing one is the need to have a new Emperor sitting on its throne."

William frowned before leaning on the couch and eyeing the veiled woman whom he had embraced before he left the Floor of Asgard.

"You already know that I have no interest in governing lands," William replied. "Let my grandfather deal with it."

Nisha chuckled as if she had just heard a funny joke. After her fit of laughter ended, she rested both of her hands over her lap and stared at the black-haired teenager who seemed to be thinking of other things aside from her.

"Your grandfather has already left the capital city," Nisha stated. "He said that there are still places he needed to go, and he won't be back for a long time. His Excellency, James, also asked me to rename the Elun Empire to Ainsworth Empire as soon as possible. He added that you shouldn't look for him because he will just appear when he feels like it."

William shook his head helplessly. It was very typical of his grandfather to come and go as he pleased.

"We've already talked about this. As long as you keep your end of the bargain, you may rule the Elun Empire as you deem fit," William commented. "I will not tolerate the harassment of innocents. Do I make myself clear?"

"Of course," Nisha replied in a heartbeat. "However, you will still need to attend the coronation ceremony to formally declare the founding of the Ainsworth Empire. This is something that must be done, even if it's just a formality. The role I will play is that of a Minister, who will handle things in your absence, is that acceptable?"

William nodded. He didn't have any complaints with this kind of arrangement.

"Now that the important issue has been dealt with, let's talk about the second important issue," Nisha said as she stood up from the couch and made her way to where William was to sit beside him.

"What major issue?" William asked as he glanced at the mature lady who was now sitting beside him. "Are you talking about the Alliance and the Holy Order of Light?"

Nisha nodded. "Actually, this next issue is truly important and it concerns the Demon Continent."

William frowned. "What about the Demon Continent?"

Nisha didn't reply right away. Instead, she summoned a black, round mirror and tapped its surface with her finger.

"Now that the Demon Continent has lost their leader, and Ahriman's hold on the Demon Army has disappeared, civil strife is happening within the Demon Realm. Your cousin, Eve, has gone to the Demon Continent in order to pacify the uprisings and prevent further bloodshed.

However, that is not the main concern. The Holy Order of Light is planning to conquer the entire Demon Realm and make it their exclusive territory. Right now, the Demon Army has suffered major losses, and their casualties numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

"It will be impossible for them to resist the Holy Order of Light's vanguard, which is now being held back by the Black Dragon that governs the Amberfang Fortress..."

Nisha paused long enough to allow William to digest her words. Although William wasn't the smartest of person, it was quite clear on what the beautiful woman wanted him to do.

"Are you saying that I should be the next Demon Lord?" William snorted. "I don't see any benefits in doing so."

Nisha nodded her head as if to agree to William's words.

"True, there are no immediate benefits that you may gain if you came to their rescue." Nisha then removed the veil covering her face and gave William a very sweet smile. "But, doing so will make things difficult for the Pope that leads the Holy Order of Light. Now that the Heir of Darkness is out of the picture, her next target is none other than..."

"Me," William commented. "Very well. I'll play along with this plan of yours."

"Good," Nisha said with a mischievous glint in her eye.

She had long hated how the Holy Order of Light did things, and she would jump at any opportunity to make them suffer losses.

Now that William was awake, and his army still intact, it was time to make the world know that a new World Order was about to be born from the ashes of the war that took the Central Continent by storm.

Chapter 1264: Don't Test My Patience

A month after the battle in the Elun Empire...

"To think that we were allies just a month ago," Joash, the mighty Black Dragon that ruled over the Amberfang Fortress said in disdain. "Now, they are trying to break past the fortress that served as the first line of defense against the Demon Invasion in the Central Continent. Humans truly are fickle creatures."

After a month of constant bombardment by the five Pseudo-Gods that belonged to the alliance and the Holy Order of Light, the leyline that was sustaining the barrier of the fortress had almost dried up.

According to Joash's estimate, the barrier that protected the fortress would only last for one more day before it disappeared completely.

He already knew that both sides had only been using each other for their own interests. Joash needed the power of the Alliance and the Holy Order to have his revenge against Luciel and his family for what they did to his wife.

The Alliance and the Holy Order of Light wanted him to block the first wave of the Demon Army's attack, and prevent them from reaching the Central Continent using the sturdy walls of the Amberfang Fortress.

Unfortunately, Ahriman already had a way of entering the Central Continent without needing to bypass the Amberfang Fortress, which served as the first line of defense of the Demon Continent against any invasion coming from the Central Continent.

Because of the recent happenings in the Central Continent, no one had time to deal with Joash and his Demon Army who were still stationed inside the Amberfang Fortress.

The other armies, including those of the Elves and the Humans, had returned to the Central Continent on the first day, because Felix had conquered the Zabia Kingdom.

The only army left on the Fortress was the army that belonged solely to Joash, and they were completely outnumbered, and outmatched by the combined force of the Alliance and the Holy Order of Light.

The Pope promised that the lands of the Demon Continent would be divided equally among the members of the alliance, as compensation for letting them annex the Zabia Kingdom, Slovell Kingdom, as well as the Zoterra Empire.

These were the former territories that Felix had captured, but were now under the jurisdiction and full control of the Holy Order of Light, making the Alliance dissatisfied with them.

In order to appease the various rulers, the Pope decided to attack the Demon Continent and use the lands that belonged to it to tempt the other sovereigns into participating in the battle.

Naturally, the Holy Order would keep their word. However, they also planned to get a big slice of the pie, which included the Demon Capital, Astryae.

The next day...

"Just a little more!" one of the Commanders leading the Human armies shouted. "Everyone, are you ready to pay these Demons back for the war they started?!"

""""Yes!""""

"Are you ready to avenge our fallen comrades, as well as punish them for the monstrosity they unleashed on the people of the Central Continent?!"

""""Yes!""""

The Commander glanced at the barrier that had several cracks on its surface before raising his weapon high.

"Everyone get ready!" the Commander shouted. "We charge as soon as the Barrier breaks!"

""""Yes!""""

As if waiting for that moment, the sound of tens of thousands of crystal cups reverberated in the battlefield, as the barrier that protected Amberfang Fortress finally fell.

"Charge!" the Commander ordered as he rode his Wyvern towards the Fortress who had lost its protection.

Countless Hippogriffs, Gryphons, Wyverns, and even Dragons flew towards the Amberfang Fortress. They had only been given one order and that was to kill as many Demons as they could and find a way to open the gates, allowing their main army to push through.

They were not worried about the appearance of the Demigod, Joash, because others would deal with him.

If in the past, these Human armies wouldn't dare to attack the Demon Continent because they were going to face a Demigod. However, after the Pseudo-Gods had made their appearance, the balance in power had shifted to those who had more of these beings, whose strength had surpassed the Demigod Rank.

Joash knew that the time had come, so he emerged from the Amberfang Fortress and unleashed his Dragon Breath towards the incoming Human armies who planned to breach the defenses of his fortress.

However, before his Dark Flames could even reach their target, swathes of Golden Flames descended from the Heavens and devoured the power of his Dragon Breath.

Joash wasn't surprised by this outcome because he had already accepted that there was simply no way for him to overcome the difference in ranks.

Five Pseudo-Gods against one Demigod.

This matchup was simply too funny to even consider Joash's chances of winning. The Pseudo-Gods didn't attack the Black Dragon who hovered in the air with the arrogance of someone who used to sit at the apex of the world.

It was at this moment when the projection of the Pope appeared in the sky, looking down on Joash and the defenders of Amberfang Fortress.

"Since you had allied yourselves with us against the Heir of Darkness, I will be magnanimous and allow you and your men to surrender," The Pope stated. "We will not treat you unfairly, but you will have to be locked up until the duration of our conquest in the Demon Continent. This is my last act of mercy. Surrender, or perish!"

Joash flapped his wings calmly as he faced the Pope's projection in the sky.

"How about, No?" Joash replied. "If you want my head so badly, come and get it!"

"Fool," the Pope snorted as she pointed her finger at the Black Dragon who dared to defy her act of mercy. "The time of Demigods is over. You are but an old relic of the past that no longer serves a purpose. Go and end his suffering. Kill him!"

One of the Pseudo-Gods stepped forward and summoned a sword. The other Pseudo-Gods didn't make a move because they felt that it was far beneath them to deal with a Demigod with all five of them.

'Good thing I allowed Vesta to accompany that brat,' Joash thought. 'Now, I don't need to worry about her safety.'

The Black Dragon of the Demon Realm roared in arrogance as he flew towards the Pseudo-God with bloodshot eyes.

Just as the Pope had said, he was once one of the Apex Beings of the world. Even when facing beings whose rank far surpassed his realm, Joash was fearless.

Although he regretted that he was unable to personally kill Luciel, who had been hidden in the dungeons of the Demon Capital, there was nothing he could do about it.

His last family member, Vesta, was somewhere safe, so he no longer needed to hold back as he performed his duty as the Protector of the Demon Realm.

When the Black Dragon and the Pseudo-God were only hundreds of meters away from each other, a call—that made Joash's heart skip a beat—reached his ears.

"Father!"

Joash turned his head to look at a young lady with long green hair, and a green tail that resembled that of a dragon.

"W-What are you doing here?!" Joash cried out of anger and disbelief. He was prepared to fight to the death because he believed that her daughter was in safe hands. However, after seeing Vesta, he immediately changed his flight path and made a turn to go to where his daughter was.

The Pseudo-God, of course, didn't plan on letting Joash go.

"You are stupid for showing your back at your enemy!" the Pseudo-God shouted as he slashed on the Black Dragon's back, with the intention of severing it in half.

But, before his blade could even touch the Black Dragon's scales, a spear infused with lightning bolts repelled the attack aimed at Joash's back.

The Black Dragon shifted his gaze towards the black-haired teenager whose robes were fluttering in the wind.

The lightning spear he threw earlier returned to his hand, and it crackled with lightning bolts as if finding this battle laughable.

"William," Joash muttered.

The Black Dragon didn't want to admit it, but he found himself sighing in relief after seeing who the newcomer was. He didn't ask the black-haired teenager to come to his aid or anything because of his pride.

However, against all odds, William had appeared, which only meant one thing.

"From now on, the Demon Realm is under my protection," William declared and hundreds of portals appeared in the sky and on the land. "If you don't wish to die, all of you should go back to where you came from. Don't test my patience."

Seven Pseudo-Gods stepped out of the portals alongside hundreds of thousands of Beasts, whose bloodshot eyes were looking at the combined might of the Alliance, as well as the Holy Order of Light.

The battlefield came to a complete standstill as countless beasts of different sizes and types poured out of the portals. The Pope had already been informed that there was a high possibility that William might be this generation's Dungeon Conqueror.

She thought that this was only a bunch of nonsense, but after seeing that scene in front of her, she had no choice but to think of the worst case scenario.

If the Alliance and the Holy Order had been feeling confident before, that they could bring down Amberfang Fortress on their own, now, they were feeling anxious.

In the face of millions of Beasts whose numbers were still increasing, they were having second thoughts about whether they should continue to fight or retreat as fast as they could.

Chapter 1265: William's Stick May Break My Hips, But Your Words Will Never Hurt Me!

"Don't test my patience."

If William had said these words a year ago, the Alliance and the Holy Order of Light would just have trampled him alongside the defenders of Amberfang Fortress.

However, right now, none of them could afford to do it because of the sheer number of High-Level Beings that were under William's command.

Oliver and Baba Yaga were both Demigods, but they were not the only Demigods under William's control.

The Second last Bosses of the dungeons found in the Forbidden Domain were Demigods as well.

Under Titania's command, three Fairy Princesses led the dungeon monsters that belonged to Tyr Na Nog to battle.

Countless Satyrs, Dryads, Kelpies, and other fairy-type monsters emerged in the hundreds of thousands.

Naturally, the monsters that belonged to Atlantis, the Seventh Sanctum, as well as Hyperborea joined the battle as well.

All in all, there were twelve Demigods, eight Pseudo-Gods, thousands of Myriad Beasts, and countless Millennial and Centennial Beasts under William's command, which was more than enough to trample the entire alliance.

In the past, antagonizing a Dungeon Conqueror who was as strong as William's father, Maxwell, was already a bad idea. Even more so for the current William who had far surpassed all of his predecessors

and had successfully conquered the Forbidden Grounds, which the other Dungeon Conquerors hadn't dared to challenge.

"A-Are we supposed to contend with that?" One of the Grand Generals commanding the army of the Kora Empire felt his heart shudder inside his chest. He knew that attacking such a force was akin to an egg being thrown against a rock.

They simply stood no chance against William's army and would just be throwing their lives away.

The battle immediately came to a complete standstill as the Alliance and the army of the Holy Order of Light held their ground. None of them knew what to do and were waiting for their superior's orders.

"It seems that we don't speak the same language," William's cold, and merciless words descended upon the sky, making everyone's skin crawl. "I already said that you shouldn't test my patience, and yet, all of you... are... still... here."

As if responding to William's words, the Nymphs rose to the sky and unleashed a barrage of silver arrows at the Pseudo-Gods in the distance.

"Hahaha! Come if you dare!" Loxos shouted as she manipulated the trajectory of Opis' attacks, while Hekaerge allowed the young lady to see her targets over a great distance. "Didn't you hear my Master's words? He said scram!"

The silver arrows pummeled the Pseudo-Gods, forcing them to defend against, or dodge, the relentless attacks coming from the three Nymphs who were earnestly attacking them with the intention to kill.

"Loxos seems to be more fired up than usual," Astrape commented. "I guess she will ask for a reward later."

"Well, she did spend a night with Master as her reward for doing her best last time," Bronte replied with a smile. "It seems that she enjoyed her first time with him."

Titania who was standing beside the two blushed after hearing their conversation. She hadn't taken that last step with William, but she did allow him to suck her blood, as well as do a few other things whenever they were together.

"..." Triton, who was the only guy in the lineup of Pseudo-Gods, decided to turn a deaf ear to the ladies' conversation.

He was more curious about how their opponents would react to the Nymph's provocations. In truth, his blood was boiling inside his chest as his thirst for battle soared. Seeing that there were five Pseudo-Gods on the opponent's side made him wish that they would attack them, so he could join the battle as well.

"What's wrong?! Are you Pseudo-Gods or are you ants?" Loxos taunted. "Bunch of weaklings! Come and fight me if you dare! I'm here! Come! Make my day!"

Loxos' taunts reverberated across the battlefield, making William remember how they first met in the dungeon of Hyperborea. The youngest of the three Nymphs had also cursed and taunted him many times when they fought.

In the end, William punished the foul-mouthed girl by stuffing her lips with something that prevented her from talking.

Since then, Loxos had become very obedient to William, and would often take the initiative to visit and donate her blood to him, so that they could spend some time alone together.

"This girl..." One of the Pseudo-Gods was reaching the limit of her patience as she dodged, and blocked the attacks that were coming from the three Nymphs. "I want to slap her so badly!"

As much as the Pseudo-God wanted to shut the annoying Nymph up with a solid slap on the face, it was impossible for her to do that. They were simply too far away, and the other Pseudo-Gods on William's side would not stand idly and allow them to attack the Nymphs under their nose.

"This is hopeless," one of the Pseudo-Gods stated. "Sound the horns to retreat!"

As soon as the Pseudo-God gave the order, the officers in the flying ship at the center of the army of the Holy Order of Light began to blow the horns, signaling that it was time for them to retreat.

The Alliance, as well as the members of the Holy Order, sighed in relief as they retreated in an orderly manner. There was simply no way for them to contend against William's army, so this was the best suitable outcome.

The Pope, who was observing the battle, had come to look for Melody to tell her to use the Celestial Raiment to fight William and his army. She believed that as soon as the Goddess of Faith made her appearance, the hateful Prince of Darkness would flee with all of his might.

Sadly, the Virtuous Lady of Faith was nowhere to be found. The only one that the Pope found was Shana, who said that Melody was currently on her period, and had left the battlefield in order to take some time off.

"What? She was fine yesterday," the Pope stated. "Where is she? I'll talk to her personally. This is such a crucial time and she decided to play truant? Unforgivable."

Shana shrugged and simply told the Pope that she could try to find Melody if she wished. However, the chances of that happening was nil.

Melody didn't want to fight William, so the moment she sensed that the Pope might ask her to use the Celestial Raiment to fight him, she immediately returned to the Palace of Light, using the special artifact that was also given to her by the Pope.

Right now, she was their Trump Card, so she was given plenty of life saving artifacts, including an artifact that allowed her to teleport directly to the Palace of Light if her life was in danger.

The Pope seethed in anger after seeing Shana's reaction. However, since she wasn't the lady she was looking for, the Pope left to look for Melody, while the forces of the Alliance and the Holy Order of Light retreated in haste.

"That's right! Run!" Loxos' voice rang out from the heavens as she continued to guide Opis' arrows, hitting one of the retreating Pseudo-Gods in the butt. "Hahaha! Bullseye!"

The Pseudo-God that got hit cursed loudly, but he continued to back away as fast as he could.

"Don't let me catch you alone, little girl!" the Pseudo-God shouted. "I'll crush that jaw of yours to make sure that you stop shouting nonsense!"

"William's stick may break my hips, but your words will never hurt me!" Loxos shouted as she once again guided Opis' attacks towards the retreating Pseudo-God, forcing the latter to shout in pain. "Scram in my name!"

Astrape, Bronte, Titania, Chloe, Charmaine, and all the ladies who could be considered as William's lovers couldn't help but blush after hearing Loxos' words.

Even Opis, and Hekaerge, couldn't help but glance at their little sister, who had gotten carried away with her words, not caring about what she was saying at the moment.

"I guess I'll punish her later," William muttered as he gave the laughing young Nymph a side-long glance before shifting his attention to the retreating army in front of him.

Now that he had taken the initiative to attack the Alliance as well as the Holy Order of Light to protect the Demon Realm, he knew that the temporary truce between them had officially ended.

William had known from the start that the Pope was only biding her time to attack him.

Her intention was to subjugate and conquer as many territories as possible before dealing with the Prince of Darkness who was the worst eyesore in her eyes.

However, what she didn't foresee was that the Half-Elf had already breached her inner circle.

If she only knew that out of the seven ladies under her command, three had already submitted to William, and two others didn't want to fight him.

Even Audrey, who was the Pope's staunch ally, was having second thoughts about pointing her blade against the Half-Elf, who had already sunk his fangs into her sisters' tender breasts and marked their wombs as his.

Chapter 1266: May We Please Know Your Exalted Name?

A week after William's appearance in the Demon Continent...

"That damned brat, just who does he think he is?!" the Pope cursed out loud as she paced around her room.

After William's intervention, the alliance had no choice but to pull their forces away from the borders of the Demon Continent and return to the Central Continent.

William's ultimatum was that if he saw even a single soldier within the boundaries of the teleportation gates that led to the Demon Realm, he would attack that kingdom, or Empire, and murder the royal family, just as Felix had done to the territories that he had conquered in the past.

The Kings and Emperors of the various nations treated this ultimatum seriously, and had therefore decided to immediately pull their forces back from the front lines.

There were even talks of ending the crusade then and there and returning to their territories since the threat of the Heir of Darkness and the God that backed him up was over.

Although there was no evidence about what happened to Ahriman after the war, many believed that since the Dark Prince had dared to change the name of the Elun Empire to the Ainsworth Empire, the God whom they feared might have been subjugated, or weakened to the point that he no longer posed a threat to anyone.

Also, Emperor Leonidas, the Emperor of the Kraetor Empire, and Empress Andraste, the Empress of the Amazons, both declared that they were William's allies, and assured everyone that the Half-Elf had no intention of conquering their Domains.

Because of this, most of the smaller kingdoms, whose manpower was low to begin with, pulled out of the Alliance and returned to their homes, declaring that the war against the Primordial God of Darkness and Chaos was over.

"Damn you, Leonidas. You too, Andraste!" the Pope gritted her teeth in anger as she thought of the two Sovereigns who had made the alliance's will waver.

Empress Andraste even chided those who still believed in the Holy Order, telling them that they were just being used by the Organization to help them capture more territories to be taken under their wing.

Emperor Leonidas seconded Empress Andraste's declaration, citing that the Zoterra Empire, Slovell Kingdom, and the Zabia Kingdom, were solely under the Holy Order's jurisdiction.

He added that if the Holy Order really had everyone's benefit in mind, they should surrender the control of these territories and let the Alliance divide it among themselves.

As if a spark was ignited, all the King's and Emperor's agreed to this statement, pressuring the Holy Order of Light to make a decision.

In the end, the Pope had no choice but to sacrifice her control over the Zabia Kingdom and Slovell Kingdom and allow the Alliance to divide the lands among themselves as compensation for the manpower they provided during the war.

She was able to keep the Zoterra Empire under the Holy Order's command, saying that without them, Felix's and Ahriman's advance wouldn't have been stopped, and his reign of terror would have continued if remained unchecked.

The Sovereigns of the various nations all agreed to this point, so they no longer troubled the Holy Order and entered a negotiation with each other about how to divide their spoils of war.

After pacing back and forth for nearly half an hour, the Pope sighed before walking towards the window of her room.

Right now, she was in the Palace of the Zoterra Empire and staring at the new Domain that their Organization had acquired. Although it was indeed a vast kingdom, it was not enough to sate the Pope's ambition to make everyone submit to their Order's will.

"It's a bit early, but I guess this is the only option I have now." The Pope's expression became solemn as she stared towards the North where the Demon Realm was located.

"You fancy yourself being the Demon Lord, right? Fine. Have it your way. There is always a way to chop off a Demon Lord's head."

With a look of contempt on her face, the Pope opened a portal that would lead her directly to the Palace of Light, where the ladies who held the powers of the Heavenly Virtues resided.

After the incident a week ago, the Pope had taken the Celestial Raiment back from Melody and handed it over to Audrey for safekeeping. She didn't like the Virtuous Lady of Faith's attitude during the critical moment when William was trampling all over their dignity.

The Pope had started to suspect that after being captured by William, she had already joined his side, making her disobedient to her orders.

The artifacts that had been left in the Thousand Beast Domain were still active, allowing her to gain some vital information from the Demons who would discuss the events that were currently happening inside it.

What she didn't know was that this was all William's ploy, and the discussions that she had heard were all staged.

He was intentionally feeding the Pope half-truths and lies in order to make her believe that she had managed to one-up the Dark Prince when it came to information gathering.

After reaching the altar, located at the very top of the Palace of Light, the Pope glanced at the Seven Virtues that represented various Divinities.

Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, Faith, Charity, and Chastity.

The Seven Heavenly Virtues that represented the power of her organization. Now, she planned to further strengthen her power, and allow her to contend with the Dark Prince, whom she currently despised with every fiber of her being.

"I have gathered all of you here today to perform a ritual that will rid the world of the threat that the Prince of Darkness poses," the Pope said in a steady voice. "Given that the Alliance has already disbanded, it is now up to us to right what is wrong, and punish the evil that threatens the peace of the land."

Lira, Ephemera, and Melody, all cursed the old hag in their hearts. These girls were now William's women, and anyone who slandered their Beloved was something they couldn't tolerate. However, the Half-Elf had ordered them to act normally, and not do anything to make the Pope suspicious of them.

"That's right!" Cherry shouted as she raised her delicate hand. "Kill the Dark Prince!"

The Pope looked fondly at the little girl, and nodded her head.

"In these dark times, I ask that you lend me your power and support," the Pope stated. "Please, go to your respective positions, so that we can activate the power of the Palace of Light."

The Seven Virtuous Ladies were quite curious about why the Pope had asked them to gather at the Altar of Light.

During the past months, the Pope and the Archbishops were preparing for something big, adorning the altar with offerings, and refining the runes of the Magic Circle that was capable of casting an Eleventh Circle Spell.

A Spell that had the power to break the rules of the world, just like Deus had done in the Southern Continent when they had turned the adults into crystals, and forcefully barred anyone from entering the Southern Lands.

Although they were reluctant to do so, the ladies stood in their respective places to allow the altar to draw on the powers of their Divinities, allowing the spell to activate.

"Start the ritual!" the Pope ordered.

Immediately, the Archbishops present in the scene began to chant, activating the power of the Altar of Light.

A moment later, the bodies of the Virtuous Ladies glowed faintly as the powers of their Divinities were being siphoned by the runes of the magic circle, making its power grow with each passing second.

"I beseech the powers above to grant your humble servant an audience," the Pope said firmly. "For the sake of all that is good, I humbly ask that you grant us the power to ward off the Darkness that threatens these lands."

The runes of the altars shone in a radiant light as the Eleventh Circle Spell that the Archbishops were chanting was slowly being realized.

"Heroic deeds in every age

Command the world's esteem;

Each finds a place in history's page,

'Midst gloom a glory beam.

And we full oft revert to this,

To show man's true descent

From Him who is the source of bliss,

Tho' now by passions rent.

But we need not consult the past;

The present bears this fruit:

The hero race will ever last;

The tree is sound at root.

And never has the world excelled

The present in this line;

Our loving Lord has not withheld

From us this trait Divine.

And we should not from them withhold

The praise we feel is due

For deeds of love, and actions bold,

For spirit kind and true.

Their worth we now should recognize,

Not chant it o'er their graves;

The hero of the past we prize,

No less the man who braves

The dangers of the present hour,

The sneers which now are rife,

Not for the sake of earthly power,

Nor yet to save his life.

But for the good of fellow man,

And for his Master's sake,

He shuns no cross, and fears no ban;

'Tis these a hero make."

(A/N: I was looking for some epic poems about heroes, and this one stood out. It is a poem made by Joseph Horatio Chant. All rights go to their respective owners, and I'd like to use this opportunity to share this wonderful poem to the world.)

Suddenly, a beam of light shot towards the Heavens from the center of the Altar of Light.

The dark clouds that hovered above the Palace, that had stood for thousands of years, were banished and a clear blue sky replaced it.

The Virtuous Ladies who stood in their respective places felt their Divinity being exhausted at a rapid rate.

Cherry, who was the youngest of them all, had already crouched down and was gasping for breath, as the power of her Divinity was being forcefully absorbed by the altar that used it to activate a spell that would break the laws of the world.

A minute after the light ascended to the Heavens, the sky changes its color from blue to gold.

At the center of this Divine radiance, was an Orb of Light that was slowly descending from the Heavens.

Although it was still far away, the Pope, the Virtues, as well as the Archbishop, could feel its Divine Power. It was very different from the presence of the Pseudo-Gods that they had summoned in the past.

The light emanating from the orb of light had a gentle, and even warm nature. Even so, the power it exuded surpassed any beings under the banner of the Holy Order of Light, making the Pope's wrinkled hands tremble.

"Peak Pseudo-God," the Pope muttered. "The heavens have answered our prayers."

Peak Pseudo-God, an existence who was only a step away from attaining Godhood.

Among the beings in the World of Hestia, only two fit this description. The true Overlord of the Sea, Leviathan, and the Overlord of the Land, Tarasque.

These two powerhouses were at the peak of the world, and no one, with the exception of William, could fight against them and win.

When the Orb of Light landed on the center of the Altar, everyone managed to see a silhouette within its very core.

Slowly, but surely, the light dispersed, turning into particles of light that swirled around the person who stood at the center of the altar.

A person wearing a red and white robe with a hood appeared in front of everyone.

There was a small bird on the person's shoulder, who chirped faintly. The person's face was hidden because of the hood, but with a single glance, everyone could tell that the power emanating from their body was real.

"Hero from across the stars, may we please know your exalted name?" the Pope asked as she went down on one knee as a sign of respect from the being that stood before them.

The Archbishops followed their Pope's action and kneeled, while looking with great anticipation on the person whose robes fluttered in the wind.

The Heavenly Virtues didn't kneel, but they panted for breath as they gazed at the person that they had summoned from who knows where. Just like everyone around the Altar of Light, they were curious about who the person standing in front of them was.

Suddenly, a strong gust of wind blew, throwing off the hood that was covering her face.

Silky, long black hair, fluttered in the breeze, as the young lady, who was as beautiful as a painting, gazed at the Pope to answer her inquiry.

"Belle."

The young lady with long black hair, and golden eyes said softly.

"My name is Belle."

End of Volume Volume 7

"The Prince of Darkness"

Chapter 1267: Thinking About The Future

(Disclaimer: Minor R-18 Scenes to start the new volume. Kekeke!)

"Mmm... Hah... No... not there ... Mmh!"

Loxos squirmed under William's touch as the handsome Half-Elf's naughty fingers played with her...

"Will... mmh!... stop!"

The Half-Elf ignored the beautiful young nymph, whose foul mouth had made the Pope's Pseudo-Gods wish that they could slap her countless times to shut her up.

A light, popping sound was heard as William let go of the pink tip that he had sucked hard, before looking at Loxos' flushed face who was on the verge of climax.

His finger's continued to play with her crack, before pressing his lips over her lips, making the young nymph wrap her arms around his neck, enjoying the passionate kiss that was being given to her.

The moment William pulled back to allow Loxos to take a breather, the young lady looked up to him with a longing look in her eyes. Even though she didn't say any words, the Half-Elf understood what she wanted, so he gave it to her.

Soft sucking sounds reverberated inside the room, as the Half-Elf plugged her soft, delicate, and foul-mouthed lips, with his...

The young nymph clumsily licked, sucked, and kissed the thing that would make her a woman soon. Although this wasn't the first time she'd done this, she still wasn't used to servicing the black-haired teenaager, who only gave her a reward whenever she did something good.

"It's time," William said as he lightly rested his hand on top of Loxos' head.

Loxos then released William's member, making a popping sound before giving it one last kiss before it took away her innocence.

William spread the young nymph's legs apart and looked at her maidenhood, which was already overflowing with her need to become one with him. Although he wanted to tease her a while longer, he decided to toss this idea aside.

Seeing that Loxos was now ready for him, he lightly rubbed his member at her entrance a few times before lowering his hips, taking her innocence in one swift, and powerful, thrust.

Loxos' body shuddered, as a pained expression briefly showed on her face. However, the pain disappeared as quickly as it appeared, leaving only a sense of fullness, which she could feel deep inside her lower abdomen.

"With this... I also now belong to you, right?" Loxos asked.

"Yes," William replied before kissing her forehead. "You're mine now."

"I'm glad," Loxo said softly as she wrapped her arms around William, giving him a hug.

The Half-Elf didn't move and also hugged back the young nymph, who had now officially become one of his concubines.

The two exchanged soft, and gentle kisses for a few minutes before William started to move his hips, making the young nymph moan, as the Half-Elf filled her heart, and womb, with the pleasure that only he could make her feel.

After covering the young and delicate body of his newest lover with a blanket, William looked at the capital of the Elun Empire, which was now hailed as the Ainsworth Empire.

Although he didn't ask for Dominion, he would take the territory as his own, rather than surrender it to the Holy Order of Light, who had now become his enemy.

Suddenly the sound of rustling sounded behind him. A moment later, two small, yet warm hands, hugged him from behind, making him feel the warmth that was emanating from her body.

"What are you thinking?" Loxos inquired as she pressed her head against William's back, feeling the heat of his body that she had stroked for the past few hours.

"The future," William replied as he rested his right hand on Loxos' hands that were holding him in a firm embrace.

"Our future?"

"Yes."

The Half-Elf slowly turned around to hug the young lady, whose height only reached up to his chest.

"You know my wives' died during my battle in the Demon Realm, right?" William inquired as he lightly brushed Loxos' hair.

"Mmm," Loxo hummed as she buried her head on William's chest, inhaling his scent, and kissing the obsidian gem in his chest.

"I think it is now time for me to take their souls back from wherever that God of Death took them," William stated. "Also, Celine is pregnant with my child. A few months from now, she will give birth, so I want to find her before that happens."

"I will do my best to help you."

"I know."

William brushed Loxos' lips gently as she held on to him firmly. A few minutes later, he carried her back to the bed. The sounds of Loxos' pleasure-filled sighs reverberated inside the room, which lasted until an hour before sunrise.

When William opened his eyes, the sun was already at its Zenith.

Loxos slept peacefully while clinging onto his body, and the Half-Elf had to move gently in order to not wake her up as he slipped off the bed.

Traces of their lovemaking could be seen on the white sheets, and William gently lifted the young lady with the Wind Element in order to change the sheets and replace them with new ones, allowing her to sleep more comfortably.

A moment later, he used a cleaning spell on his body and kissed Loxos' forehead before leaving the room. The young nymph had been utterly exhausted, and was sleeping soundly on top of William's bed without a care in the world.

As much as he wanted to spend more time with her, time waited for no one and he still had to take care of the many matters that were waiting for him, as the new Emperor of the Ainsworth Empire.

Also, the Demons of the Demon Realm had suffered the most in this war. Millions of Demons had died, leaving entire tribes unable to fend for themselves. Only a few Major Demon Clans still had a decent number of warriors under their command.

However, before they could revert to their previous mindset of dominating the weaker Clans to make their Clan bigger. William put his foot down on their plans, and declared himself as the new Demon Lord.

The first rule he declared was that the warring era of the Demon Continent had ended. Anyone who dared break this law would face his might. Therefore, no Demon Clan dared to defy his decree.

They had seen how the Prince of Darkness fought against the Heir of Darkness and won a resounding victory, forcing all the Demon Clans to acknowledge his strength.

Although the Half-Elf wasn't part of the Demon Race, and should not be eligible to take the role as a Demon Lord, no Demon Clan was stupid enough to voice this opinion out loud.

After all, who in their right minds would dare to challenge the might of the Prince of Darkness, to whom several Demon Clans had already given their allegiance to.

A beautiful lady with long black hair sat on the balcony while reading a book that had been presented to her by the Pope of the Holy Order of Light.

It was a book about the World of Hestia, showing the current geopolitical powers across the Central Continent, Demon Continent, Silvermoon Continent, and to a certain extent the Gunnar Federation that was located on the Western Continent.

As someone that had just arrived to a new world, Belle asked that she be given any information in regards to where she was currently at, as well as any information that they had regarding the Dark Prince, whom the Pope wanted to destroy no matter what.

While Belle was reading, a small Wren landed on her shoulder and chirped a few times.

"I see."

"Chirp."

"Oh?"

"Chirp."

Belle nodded as Aethon reported everything that was happening around the Palace of Light.

After she was summoned to the World of Hestia, the Pope busied herself with the preparations for her crusade against William, who was said to be stationed in the newly founded Ainsworth Empire.

A moment later, the Wren once again took off in order to look for more news, and gossip to share with its Master.

After picking up a rolled up scroll from the side, and checking its contents, a smile that didn't reach her eyes appeared on Belle's face.

"List of the Prince of Darkness' wives, and lovers...", Bell muttered while reading the names on the long list that was procured by the Pope according to her wishes.

Seeing that the number of names had surpassed ten, Belle's eyes glowed faintly.

"I see," Belle said softly. "So, you have chosen death."

The scroll in her hands suddenly caught fire as the black-haired beauty casually tossed it to the side.

She then glanced in the direction of the North where the Ainsworth Empire was located before sipping the tea in her cup.

Several thoughts appeared in her mind, and one of them was on how to castrate the Half-Elf, who had just added a beautiful young nymph to the list of his ever growing lovers, without her knowledge, far surpassing the number of women that the two of them had agreed he could have in the past.

Chapter 1268: I Will Be The One To Kill This Bastard

Deep in the prisons of the Demon Capital of Astryae...

The sound of footsteps emanated down the hallway, echoing off the damp and mossy walls.

When Felix became the Heir of Darkness, all the captive prisoners were forcefully corrupted and used as cannon fodder for the Demon Army.

Right now, there was only one person inside the spacious place that once held the most notorious criminals in the Demon Realm. He had been shackled in the deepest part of the prison, preventing him from seeing the light of the sun again.

The prison door creaked as it opened slowly, revealing the silhouette of the Half-Elf who had personally made his journey to the Demon Capital to see the man, who had made his wife, Chiffon, suffer so many hardships when she was young.

The Demon Lord who once reigned over the Demon Realm raised his head, and looked at the person in front of him. Suddenly, a laugh escaped his lips after seeing the black-haired teenager whose eyes glowed golden in the darkness.

"So, Felix lost, huh?" Luciel inquired.

"Yes," William replied as he looked at Luciel with a gaze that made the latter chuckle.

"And Ahriman?"

"Escaped to the void."

"Hoh~ Not bad."

Luciel's voice held ridicule and contempt toward the Primordial God of Darkness and Chaos, who had lost to the young man in front of him.

"So, what are you planning to do with me?"

"I came here to torture you, but seeing that you're already this broken, I might as well..."

William didn't finish his words. Instead, he slowly pressed his hand over Luciel's chest, while the latter sneered at him.

The former Demon Lord thought that William would torture him to vent out his frustration, but he was wrong.

William didn't just plan on torturing him. What he wanted was to make Luciel feel the pain that Chiffon had felt when she was still in the Demon Realm, and had to fend for herself against her own family.

The black-haired teenager's hand slowly sank on Luciel's chest and made a grabbing motion.

Luciel frowned because he thought that William would squeeze his heart, and rip it out of his chest.

Suddenly, Luciel felt a searing pain that he had not felt before. It was as if his entire body was being ripped in half like a piece of paper.

Slowly, but surely, William started to pull back his hand, making Luciel's entire body convulse as if he was suffering from an epileptic attack.

The moment the Half-Elf's hand broke free from the Demon Lord's body, Luciel's movement stopped completely. In his hand a glowing orb of red light could be seen, and it was frantically trying to break free from William's hold.

"You think physical torture is enough for me?" the corner of William's lips curled up as he stared at the struggling soul in his hand. "You had made Chiffon's life a living hell, and you think you can get away with just physical torture?"

"Just kill me!" Luciel's soul screamed in pain as the small, flickering, dark flames licked the soul's body, making the Demon Lord experience a pain he had never felt before.

William knew more than anyone else how painful it was to have half of a soul torn from its source. This was a pain that transcended all pain, surpassing any kind of physical torture one could experience in their lifetime.

At that moment, the sound of hurried footsteps were heard in the hallway. Not long after, Joash, the Black Dragon, who also had a grudge against Luciel appeared.

"Give him to me," Joash demanded. "I will be the one to kill this bastard."

"Get in line," William replied without even turning his head to look at Vesta's father, who had decisively decided to betray the Demon Race for the sake of vengeance. "I was here first."

The Black Dragon clenched his fist in anger because he was the one who wanted to torture Luciel and make him scream for the death of his wife.

However, William also had a valid reason for making the Demon Lord suffer, so he couldn't find an excuse to get first dibs on Luciel's soul.

Seeing Joash's face, that was contorted with rage, a devilish smile appeared on William's lips. Using the power of darkness, he encased Luciel's soul in a protective coating.

"Fine, I'll give you one day to have your way with him," William said before tossing the orb of light towards the Black Dragon who hurriedly caught it with both hands, as if afraid that the Half-Elf would snatch it back from him. "Remember one day. You are not allowed to destroy, or disperse his soul. I will be the one to do that."

William then walked out of the prison room, leaving the Black Dragon, and Luciel's soul behind him.

Vesta had helped him in the past, so he considered allowing Joash to have time to torture Luciel doing him a favor. Also, even though he still wasn't sure about his hunch, he felt that Vesta would also play an important role for him in the future.

Haleth, Amelia, Pearl, and Priscilla. These were the girls that he had met in the past.

A pretty lady with a single horn on her forehead. William had finally been able to put a name to the face in his dream, which was none other than Anh, the granddaughter of the Patriarch of the One-Horned Clan.

A green-haired beauty with a tail that resembled that of a lizard.

William chuckled because he had made a mistake. It was not a lizard's tail, but a dragon's tail. Vesta was the other lady in his dreams.

Last, but not the least, a Half-ling who looked like a doll that was only a little more than three feet tall.

The black-haired teenager still hadn't met this person, and she was the last missing piece to complete the puzzle that was said to lead to his Hope. He had seen their faces in his dreams, and yet, he hadn't expected to meet these ladies in the real world.

"Only one more left," William muttered as he finally left the Demonic Prison behind him. "I wonder... where could she possibly be?"

William had no answer to this question. However, he had a feeling that sooner or later, the last lady that he had dreamed of long ago, would find her way to him, regardless of whether he looked for her or not in the future.

Chapter 1269: Her Words Are My Words

After leaving the prison, William went to the Royal Palace that was located at the Capital City of the Demon Realm, Astryae.

All the Patriarchs that had survived the war and the newly elected Patriarchs who took over the management of their respective clans—after their Patriarchs had died in the war—gathered in the Royal Palace because the Half-Elf wanted to fully consolidate his authority, and ensure that no seeds of rebellion, or resistance, would emerge from their hearts.

Surprisingly the Patriarch of the Gremory Clan, Alvah survived the war.

William gave the old patriarch a side-long glance, making the latter flinch as if the Half-Elf had spat on his face.

When the Half-Elf went to the North of the Demon Continent to deal with the Gremory Clan, he had every intention to wipe them off the face of the world.

However, due to the appearance of the Demigod, El Sibon, William had no choice but to flee back then, because he was unable to fight against the Demigod who got stronger when it was fighting against womanizers.

The Patriarchs all knelt on the floor, while the Prince of Darkness sat on the Demon Throne.

He sat cross-legged, and rested the side of his face on the palm of his hands, while scanning the faces that were looking back at him in fear, anxiety, and, to a certain extent, hate.

William didn't pay any attention to these gazes because in his eyes, they were not important. The only reason why he was bothering to do this was due to the fact that his wife, Chiffon, was part demon.

Also, Invidia, Superbia, had helped him greatly in the war, so he decided to prevent the Holy Order of Light, and the Alliance to stake their claim in the Demon Realm.

Nisha, who had now become his steward in the Ainsworth Empire, also advised him that the Demon Continent was currently too weak to protect itself from outside forces. She insisted that the moment William were to suddenly disappear, the Pope would once again send her crusaders to conquer the entirety of the Demon Realm as soon, and as swiftly, as possible.

"I'm sure that all of you already know why I have gathered you here today," William said. "I am here to open the election for the next Demon Lord. Naturally, all of you are free to voice who your candidates are. Just know that whoever you voted for that was not me, will be killed before this day is over.

"Not only that, those who nominated and voted for that person will also be killed without question. Now that that is out of the way, I hereby declare that the Tribal Election for the position of the Demon Lord has officially begun."

The Demonic Patriarchs, who heard William's declaration, could only keep their lips shut tight in fear that they would bring calamity upon their heads.

A minute passed and not a single person nominated anyone's names, making the Half-Elf who was seated on the Demon Throne chuckle.

"Alvah of the Gremory Clan, stand up," William ordered. "I heard you muttering a while ago that you want to nominate someone. Can you tell me who that person is?"

Alvah who was suddenly called couldn't stop the corner of his lips from twitching. He had never done such a thing and, clearly, the Half-Elf was putting him on the spot, to serve as an example for the other Patriarchs, whom he had lorded over when Luciel was still the Demon Lord.

"Forgive me, your Excellency, but I was muttering that it should be you who should be the next Demon Lord of this generation," Alvah replied. "There is no one as great, and as worthy, as you to lead us to a new era of prosperity and peace.

"Let it be known, that I, Alvah Gremory, hereby nominate William Von Ainsworth as 51st Demon Lord of the Demon Realm. Those who agree with my nomination, please, raise your hand."

As soon as he finished his speech, all the hands of the Demon Patriarchs shot up to the air, as if they were afraid that if they were even a second late, William would chop their heads off of their bodies.

"Hah, this is so troublesome," William said with a sigh. "Why are you making me do such troublesome things?"

The black-haired teenager sighed for the second time, making all the Patriarchs curse him inside their hearts.

'Who wants you to become our new Demon Lord? We don't want it! If not for the fact that you will kill us if we voice an opposing opinion, none of us would even raise our hands to elect you as our new Lord!'

That was the collective thought of all the Demons inside the throne room, making them feel as if they were all suffering from constipation.

"Fine," William agreed in a reluctant tone. "Since all of you begged me to become your Demon Lord, I guess I'll just let my steward, Nisha, handle everything."

With a casual gesture from William, a lady—wearing a veil to cover her face—entered the throne room. All the demons glanced at their new Lord's right hand, wanting to know more about her.

Sadly, aside from her curvaceous body that was filled with womanly charms, they couldn't see her face, making them feel as if they were dealing with something mysterious.

A moment later, she stood beside the handsome Half-Elf who was giving everyone a devilish smile.

"From now on, all of you will treat her as you treat me," William declared. "Her words are my words, and anyone who defies her would be exterminated without fail. Aside from the administrative concerns, my cousin, Eve, will remain the High-Priestess of the Demon Clan. She will handle anything related to your Spiritual concerns, and her authority is separate from the governance of the Demon Realm."

"She said that she deeply cared for all of you, and couldn't bear to leave all of you in this difficult time. My cousin is such an angel, if any of you make her cry, I'll make sure that you will be ground into meat paste, and your remains be fed to the fishes in the Black Sea."

"Big Brother you shouldn't be like that."

A red-haired little girl entered the throne room with a grumpy look on her face, making the Dark Prince chuckle.

"Fine," William smiled and made a gesture for Eve to come and join him.

The little girl was only planning to stand on the left side of the throne when she was suddenly lifted off her feet by a gentle breeze, making her sit on William's lap, looking up at him.

"Like I said earlier, Eve's words are also law," William declared. "Those who dare to defy her would have their souls ripped out of their bodies, and barbecued on the flames of Darkness. Do any of you have any complaints?"

The Demons who heard this had no complaints whatsoever. After the red-headed girl had become the High-Priestess of the Demon Realm during Ahriman's reign, Eve had done nothing but help those that were in need, giving her a very good reputation even amongst the Demons, whose hate for the Ainsworth name ran deep in their bones.

In short, aside from Eve, the entire Demon Race would gladly spit on anyone who had the name Ainsworth, including William.

Unfortunately, none of them had the guts to do it!

Seeing that all the Demons were only paying him lip service on the surface, the Half-Elf couldn't help but sneer.

If they thought that they could do anything behind his back, they would be severely disappointed. In terms of management control, no one could beat Nisha, who commanded an Organization whose army

may not be as strong as the Holy Order of Light, but their ability to do dirty things under the sun was second to none.

Chapter 1270: It's No Use To Play Dumb Now

A week after William had officially taken the position as the Demon Lord of the Demon Continent, Nisha made many changes in regards to the governing system of the Clans, in addition to assassinating the Patriarchs who still harbored the fire of resistance in their heart.

Nisha might pamper the black-haired teenager because she had become his secret mistress, but in regards to others, she was ruthless, and didn't bat an eye when it came to exterminating the bloodline of the ruling families.

When the bloodline of the ruling families within the Major Clans was exterminated, the one that replaced them was more subservient to the Dark Prince's right hand, who managed the territories under his command.

After this show of ruthlessness, no one dared to question her authority any longer. All of them submitted out of fear that they would be the next ones to be purged by the mysterious lady who always wore a veil to cover her face.

William had taken a hands off approach policy because ruling was not something he wanted to do. Since there was an expert handling things for him, he could just sit back and focus on more important things—like trying to find a way to find the Death God that took the souls of his wives, as well as his Master, Celine, who was pregnant with his child.

He had been reading the books in the Demon Palace for any clue that would lead him to the place he wanted to go. However, even with Optimus' help, the two were unable to find any decent leads, aside from the name of the Gods that they were looking for.

Thanatos.

That was the name of the God that had taken Ashe's, Chiffon's, Princess Sidonie's souls with him, alongside Celine's, when they had that battle in the Northern Region of the Demon Realm.

For William, Thanatos taking his wives was better than having Ahriman absorb their souls. Although it was still a painful thing for him to accept, knowing that their souls weren't completely destroyed made him less worried.

Just as the Half-Elf closed the book he was scanning with the help of Optimus, a knock was heard on the door.

"Come in," William replied. He didn't even bother to look at the door and just picked up another book to read.

The door opened and Nisha came in.

William's steward removed the veil covering her face, showing the otherworldly beauty that she kept hidden from the world.

She then walked towards William and gave him a shoulder massage, while the latter flipped page after page, not even bothering to look at the beauty that could bring the downfall of nations.

Five minutes later, William placed the book down after scanning all the information inside it. He then leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. The Half-Elf had been reading since morning, and now the sun was about to set in the horizon.

He hadn't eaten anything because he was determined to find a way to meet the God Thanatos.

Now that the Heir of Darkness and Ahriman had been dealt with, his next agenda was to reunite with his wives as soon as possible.

"Any luck?" Nisha asked as he lightly rubbed the side of William's head, giving him a head massage.

"No," William replied.

After massaging his head for two minutes, the otherworldly beauty took an ancient scroll from her storage ring and passed it to William.

"Read this," Nisha said. "This contains the information that you are looking for."

The Half-Elf didn't hesitate and unfurled the scroll that was passed to him. A minute later, he glanced at Nisha with the "How did you find this?" stare, and the latter just smiled and planted a kiss on William's cheeks.

"Let's say I have my own ways of gathering information," Nisha replied. "Can I get a reward for my hard work?"

"Of course," William answered.

Nisha smiled before whispering the thing she wanted from the Half-Elf, as if she was afraid that someone else would overhear their conversation.

"This isn't considered a reward," William commented as he gazed at the otherworldly beauty, who only revealed her face to him. "I will do that even if you don't tell me to."

Nisha giggled before pressing her luscious lips on William's own, giving him a long, and passionate kiss that would make all the men in the world jealous.

Two hours later, Nisha left the room wearing the veil to cover her face. However, hidden from everyone, a satisfied smile could be seen on her face.

Clearly, the reward that William had given her had met her expectations.

The next day...

All of William's inner circle gathered inside the conference room of Asgard in order to receive the Half-Elf's order while he was away.

He didn't know how long his journey would take, especially since he wasn't sure of the exact time difference between the different planes of existence. Since he would be gone for an unknown period of time, he decided to allocate roles for his subordinates, so that his Empire would continue to run without problems while he was away.

Since the Holy Order of Light was still a threat, he decided to leave all the Pseudo-Gods behind with the exception of Titania and Levithan.

The Half-Elf carried Atlantis wherever he went, so Leviathan would always guard it no matter what, giving Triton some peace of mind while he defended the lands under William's control.

Loxos was like a newly-wed wife that was heartbroken because her husband was about to go to war, making William promise her that she could sleep with him tonight before he left to go to the Silvermoon Continent, where the path that led to the Underworld was located.

Since the young Nymph was part of the Hyperborean Sisters, she couldn't follow William on his journey. Only by combining Opis', Hekaerge's, and her powers, would they be able to unleash an onslaught that would keep the Pseudo-Gods that belonged to the Army of Light at bay.

"I hope that none of you will allow anyone to rampage in my Domain while I am gone. All of you have permission to kill anyone who creates trouble," Lux ordered. "Triton, you will be in charge of your comrades, and the rest of you will listen to him.

"Nisha will be in charge of running the affairs of the Ainsworth Empire, as well as the Demon Realm. In the case of a sudden attack, Nisha and Triton will coordinate with each other in order to move our manpower to fight those who dare to challenge our might."

"I will be only taking Titania with me as my protector during my trip," William stated. "Are there any questions?"

"Here!" Loxos' hand shot up as soon as William finished his speech. "How long will you be gone?"

William glanced at the young Nymph who was looking at him with a face filled with injustice. "I don't really know how to answer this question because I don't know how long I will be gone. This is why I hope that during my absence, the Empire and the Demon Realm will function smoothly.

"I don't want to return to see everything that we have worked hard for lying in ruins. So, all of you should work hard for my sake. Do I make myself clear?"

""Yes!""

Aside from the Pseudo-Gods, and Nisha, the rest of William's inner circle would join him on his journey. All of them would stay inside the Thousand Beast Domain, while William walked the thorny path to reach the Underworld.

While William was having this discussion, somewhere in the Palace of Light, four Virtuous Ladies gathered.

"I already know that the two of you are now Will's women," Melody said to Lira and Ephemera whom she had invited inside her room, alongside Shana, who was calmly sipping tea on the couch beside her.

"William's women? Don't be absurd," Lira replied. "Why would I be that disgusting Half-Elf's woman?"

Ephemera didn't say anything and continued to sip her tea as if she didn't hear Melody's words.

"It's no use to play dumb now," Melody stated. "I know that you are both his women because Will told me before I returned here from the Thousand Beast Domain."

"Nonsense," Lira scoffed. "Maybe it's you that has become his woman? That Half-Elf is a womanizer after all."

Seeing that further talk would just lead nowhere, Melody sighed and started to undress. The three ladies beside her didn't bat an eye because all of them often bathed together. Seeing each other's naked body was no longer a big deal to them.

When Lira saw the faint glowing crest on Melody's lower abdomen, a sigh escaped her lips. She had already guessed that William had already eaten her sisters when the two had become his "guests" in his Thousand Beast Domain.

"Are you his woman as well?" Lira asked Shana who had just placed her cup on top of the table.

"No," Shana replied. "But, I did things with William that I would not do with any other man. So you can consider me his Half-Lover or something."

Melody waited for Shana's explanation before shifting her gaze back to Lira and Ephemera who were now paying close attention to her.

"Get dressed first," Ephemera said before placing her own cup on top of the table. "Although I don't mind if we talk while you're naked, someone might come in and think that you've awakened a new hobby or something."

Melody shook her head helplessly as she picked up her clothes that were lying on the floor.

The reason why he gathered Lira and Ephemera was to discuss the lady that he had summoned from another world. The Pope was feeding the latter various half truths about William, and she couldn't just sit by and do nothing.

However, since she couldn't find a good opportunity to talk to Belle, she decided to enlist the help of all of her sisters, whom she could trust in order to warn the Half-Elf about the Peak Pseudo-God that threatened his existence.