

## Strongest 1271

Chapter 1271: I Don't Like The Way The Three Of You Are Looking At Me

"So, aside from four of us, you also think that Celeste has no intention of harming Will, right?" Lira asked.

Melody nodded. "Yes. Her sister is one of Will's lovers, and she is also the Bride of Darkness. Although I can't say for certain that she doesn't harbor a grudge against him, I feel like she won't make things difficult for her sister's lover."

Ephemera and Shana nodded after hearing Melody's reply. Among all of them, perhaps it was Celeste who had the most delicate relationship with William, who was the Prince of Darkness.

This was why the Pope had also forbidden Celeste from ever leaving the Palace of Light. The Virtue of Chastity was the strictest virtue of all. The moment the bearer of its Divinity lost her chastity, it would take a while before a new candidate would be born to replace her.

Every member of the Seven Heavenly Virtues, as well as the Seven Deadly Sins, were chosen at birth.

This was a rule that had stayed constant since their Divinities came into being many thousands of years ago.

"As for Audrey, I think she's also on the fence about the notion of attacking William," Shana commented from the side. "It seems that our youngest sister, Cherry, is the only one who harbors hate towards the Dark Prince due to the Pope's influence."

Ephemera shook her head helplessly because there was nothing they could do about their little sister.

"She's been hanging out with Belle these past few days," Ephemera stated. "It seems like she has become the Pope's lackey when it comes to badmouthing William, and making him look like a sex fiend who only knows how to pluck cherries."

After these words left Ephemera's lips, the room descended into an awkward silence. Among the four of them, three had already lost their cherries to William, leaving only Shana with hers intact.

"Well, it's not entirely false," Shana giggled as she looked at the three ladies who were unable to continue the discussion. "I mean, he is an expert in making girls fall for him. If not for the fact that he didn't want to forcefully take my chastity, I might have already been part of the deflowered team.

Lira, Ephemera, and Melody glared at Shana who only covered her lips, while her body shook with her suppressed laughter.

She found her own words quite funny, and the three ladies' glares only tickled her sadistic tendencies.

"What?" Shana asked while smirking at her three sisters who couldn't come up with a rebuttal. "But, joke aside, I feel that the Pope's plan is working. It seems that Belle has this sharp glint in her eye, whenever William's name is mentioned. It's like she wants to strangle him so badly."

"I also feel the same way," Lira commented in a worried tone. "Is it really possible for someone to suddenly develop a grudge against someone they haven't seen before due to hearsay?"

"Of course it's possible," Shana replied. "Didn't we all think that William was the bad guy just because the Pope told us so? If we haven't met him ourselves, we might still be like Cherry, who is badmouthing him behind his back."

Most of the Heavenly Virtues, with the exception of Celeste, and Ephemera, had been raised in the Palace of Light since a very young age.

For them, the words of the Pope were the truth, and their cause was just and righteous.

If not for the fact that they had experienced what William was truly like in his corrupted state, they would have definitely drawn their weapons against him, and hunted him down in the name of the Holy Order of Light.

"Should we also take some time to approach Belle and try to diffuse the situation?" Melody asked.

"That can work." Shana nodded her head.

"It's worth a try," Lira voiced out her support.

Only Ephemera had a complicated look on her face as she gazed at the three ladies who were waiting for her response.

"I don't know if that is a good idea or not," Ephemera replied. "Yesterday, I decided to take a bath with Belle in order to know how she feels about William. What happened during that time wasn't something I expected."

Her words immediately caught the attention of the three girls who pressed her for answers.

"S-She... she said that I smell like the Prince of Darkness," Ephemera said with a serious expression on her face. "When I asked her what she meant by that, she just laughed and said that she was just joking. However, I caught her gazing at my lower abdomen more than once, as if she was seeing something I couldn't see. Her attitude became distant as well, as if she needed to treat me like an enemy or something."

"..."

"..."

"... Did she perhaps discover that you have been marked by him?" Shana, who was the only one that was thinking properly at that time, voiced her thoughts, making Lira and Melody shudder.

If Belle could really see that they had been marked by William then the Pope would certainly go crazy, and might demand that the two of them be imprisoned in the dungeons of the Palace of Light.

"Let's not take a bath with her," Melody stated.

Lira nodded. "I Agree."

Shana scratched her head after coming up to the possibility that Belle might be able to detect William's mark on her sister's bodies. It was quite fortunate that she hadn't allowed herself to tumble on the sheets with William.

While she was thinking these thoughts, she felt three gazes upon her, which made her feel the hairs on the back of her neck stand on end.

"What?" Shana asked with a guarded look on her face. "I don't like the way the three of you are looking at me."

"Shana, you are the only one that can do it," Melody rested her hand on Shana's left shoulder. "Why don't you take one for the team and try to convince Belle that Will isn't that bad of a person."

"That's right," Lira supported Melody's words. "Since you are still a maiden, Belle will not be able to figure out your connection with Will. This is the perfect cover for you. Aren't you glad that you're still chaste?"

Ephemera nodded. "That's right, Shana. You are the only one we can count on. The three of us are now William's women. What will we do if she snuffs us all out?"

Seeing the three ladies staring at her as if she was their last hope, Shana stood up from the couch and headed to the door in order to escape.

Unfortunately for her, she was completely outnumbered and was dragged back to the couch, by the three girls, who wanted to clear the name of the person they loved.

----

Back in the Silvermoon Continent...

William stared at the World Tree in the distance with a serious expression on his face. He couldn't believe that the entrance of the Underworld was found within the World Tree itself, allowing anyone to travel to the Plane of the Dead and communicate with those who dwelt on it.

Right now, his father, Maxwell, and the World Tree were one and the same. He just hoped that his father had regained his consciousness, after helping William turn the entire Elven Race into Drows that would help the black-haired teenager bolster his forces, and fight anyone who dared to get in his son's way.

"Ashe, Sidonie, Morgana, Chiffon, wait for me," William softly muttered as he flew towards the World Tree which held the path that would lead him to where his beloved wives would be.

#### Chapter 1272: Let Her Go, Or I will Get You Pregnant For Real

"Welcome back, Will," Arwen hugged her son tightly before pulling back to look at him from head to toe, as if checking to see if he had any injuries on his body.

"I'm fine, Mother," William commented. "I'm not hurt or anything."

"That's good. I heard from Skyla that you won against Felix and Ahriman, but I didn't know the details of the battle. Can you tell me about it?"

William nodded. He already planned to stay a day or two with Arwen before going to the Underworld to look for the souls of his wives and Celine.

Arwen listened patiently as William told her about his battle with the Heir of Darkness as well as the Primordial God that he served. The Half-Elf didn't cut corners in his storytelling, making sure he included the part when he had gone berserk during his battle with Aka Manah.

When he said that the other half of his soul had stepped up to deal a killing blow to the Primordial God of Darkness, Arwen was already weeping due to sadness and hugged her son tightly for a second time.

She felt as if her heart was breaking due to the hardships that William had been through, and she wasn't there to offer her support to him during his time of need.

The black-haired teenager didn't resist and allowed his mother to pamper him as much as she wanted over the next hour. After that, he went to the Springs of Life to visit Acedia, as well as the bodies of his wives, and see if the spring had done wonders for them.

When he arrived at the spring, William took off all of his clothes and walked into it. Little by little, his body was submerged under water, until he came upon the sleeping Elf, who was hugging Chiffon's body like a hug pillow.

William shook his head helplessly after seeing this scene. His other wives also treated Chiffon like a hug pillow, so he didn't mind it too much.

For the time being, he walked towards Ashe's body and lightly held her hand. The Half-Elf was surprised when he felt that they were soft, and even warm to the touch. A moment later, another realization hit him, which made him hurriedly press his ear against Ashe's chest to confirm whether he was right or wrong.

A heartbeat.

William listened again and again to the strong beating heart that was telling him that his wife's body had somehow, miraculously, come back to life.

He thought that the Spring of Life would only preserve their bodies, but he was greatly mistaken in his assumption.

The Spring of Life was responsible for sustaining the World Tree, which was also called the Tree of Life. This was a secret that had been passed on from one Saintess to the other, but only they knew this fact.

Also, even if a dead body were to regain its bodily functions when soaked in the springs for a long time, it would be of no use if the soul was gone.

This was the case with William's wives. Even if Ashe's, Princess Sidonie's, and Chiffon's bodies were to regain their heartbeats, allowing their blood to circulate inside their bodies, they were nothing more than living husks that held no soul inside them.

However, for William, this was already a good thing. As long as he was able to bring his wives' souls back, they would be able to assimilate with their bodies which were only waiting for their true masters' souls to return to them.

After checking Ashe's body, William went to inspect Princess Sidonie's body next. A minute later, the Half-Elf sighed in relief when he found out that her body had also recovered just as much as Ashe's.

The Prince of Darkness then stared at Chiffon's body, who was now wrapped up in Acedia's hair, forming a cocoon.

Clearly, the lazy, sleeping, bum, didn't want her hug pillow taken away from her.

"Let me inspect her body first," William said through telepathy as he started to poke Acedia's cheeks. "Or would you rather let me inspect your body first?"

Acedia wasn't fazed by William's words, and remained in her position, while hugging her hug pillow.

The Half-Elf sighed after seeing this scene, so he lowered his head and talked to Acedia using the most devilish voice he could muster.

"If you don't let her go, I'll make you pregnant."

The Half-Elf then pulled back to see Acedia's reaction. Just like he expected, the beautiful Elf opened her eyes and gazed at him in a sleepy manner.

The two stared at each other for a full minute before Acedia closed her eyes to continue hugging the soft, little Dwarf, who had become her favorite pillow.

"Fine, have it your way," William said through telepathy as his naughty hand slid under Acedia's nearly transparent clothes that clung to her body.

The lazy Elf's brows briefly moved when the Half-Elf started to grope her left breast, pinching and flicking the pink tip that was starting to harden under his touch.

Acedia didn't budge and simply allowed William to do whatever he wanted. For her, keeping her hug pillow was more important than stopping the black-haired teenager, who now had a devilish smile on his face, from groping her breast.

William laid behind Acedia and this time, he used two hands to grope, and knead her breasts that perfectly fit his hand. But, no matter what he did, Acedia didn't budge, and just allowed him to do whatever he wanted.

The Dark Prince then used his powers to push the water around him, Acedia, and Chiffon away, creating a dry place within the Spring of Life.

"This is your last warning," William whispered in Acedia's ears. "Let her go, or I will get you pregnant for real. Since the only thing you do is sleep, it will be a good idea to let you raise my child in your womb, while I am away."

A moment later, the sleeping Elf faced him with eyes half open.

"Can you?" Acedia asked. "You've been married to your wives for a long time and you've only managed to get Celine pregnant, who is not even your wife. Just where is your confidence coming from?"

Acedia's challenging tone made the corner of William's lips curl up. The reason why his wives weren't getting pregnant was because he had asked Optimus to control the virility of his seed to prevent it from happening.

Back then, he had unlocked this restriction because he wanted Celine to get pregnant with his child, making him his woman.



Now that Donger had merged with his body, he could get any lady pregnant just by releasing his seed inside their womb.

Due to William's request, Donger and Optimus worked together to prevent William from siring women left and right as the Prince of Darkness. This was why even though Lira had kept his seed inside her womb until it swelled, making her look like a pregnant lady, she still wasn't able to conceive William's child due to the restriction he had imposed upon himself.

"Are you sure you want to get pregnant?" William asked as he caressed the side of Acedia's face. "The world is not safe to raise a child right now. But, if you want it, I will make it happen. Can you raise my child during this chaotic time?"

After a few minutes of silence, Acedia unwrapped her hair from around Chiffon's body, presenting her to William for inspection.

"Don't get the wrong idea," Acedia said. "I'm not letting you inspect her because I am afraid that I will get pregnant with your child. Since I sleep at the roots of the World Tree, I can sense, and feel the pulse of the world.

"This world... is afraid of something, but I don't know what it is. Until this issue is resolved, I don't want to raise our child when I am unable to protect them from things that are beyond my control."

William lowered his head and planted a kiss on Acedia's lips for a few seconds before pulling back.

"I believe you," William replied. "But, make no mistake. I will have you bear my child when things have settled down. For now, just keep everyone safe for me. You can do this, right?"

Acedia nodded her head, earning her another kiss from William.

After inspecting Chiffon's body, it was now Acedia's turn for inspection.

An inspection where the lazy Elf offered no resistance whatsoever.

## Chapter 1273: Current Problem of The Elven Race

Acedia held the back of William's head, while he slept soundly with his head buried in her chest.

He didn't do anything to her aside from kissing her lips, and suckling her breast while drinking her blood.

The two of them had an unwritten understanding with each other, that—although the two of them wanted more—this was not the right time to do it.

In truth, Acedia used a bit of her Divinity to allow William to sleep peacefully because she sensed that the latter hadn't gotten any good sleep as of late. Her Sin was the Sin of Sloth, so she could immediately tell if someone was slacking or not.

For the most part, the Half-Elf had been too busy to even sleep properly, and this concerned her greatly.

William might look fine on the surface, but deep inside, he was nearing his limit. This was why Acedia didn't hesitate to forcefully make the Half-Elf sleep after he finished drinking her blood.

When Arwen came to the Spring of Life to check on William, she saw him and Acedia hugging each other, while they were submerged in the water. The doting mother gave Acedia a thumbs up, which the latter ignored her completely, pretending to be asleep.

Several hours later, William finally opened his eyes. The first thing he did was kiss Acedia's cleavage, leaving a kiss mark behind. This was his way of getting back to her after she used her Divinity to make him sleep.

In truth, William could have resisted her attempt to make him rest, but knowing that she was doing this for his own good, he decided to just allow her to take care of him, and embraced a refreshing and dreamless sleep.

William didn't pull back right away from Acedia's embrace. Instead, he hugged her back and just listened to her heartbeat. The Lazy Elf, in turn, lightly petted his head as if patting a little boy who had done a good job.

They stayed like this for a few more minutes before William reluctantly pulled back, and carried Acedia to the surface of the spring.

There, they exchange kisses for a few more times before the Half-Elf bid his farewell.

He didn't promise Acedia anything like "I will come as soon as I can, so wait for me.", because that would be the worst thing to say to the lady who had already waited for him for a very long time.

Instead, he just showered her with kisses, and told her he loved her because that was enough to convey his feelings for her.

When William returned to the surface, Arwen came with him to talk to his father.

Maxwell had woken up from his slumber a few days ago, so it was possible to have a dialogue with him. When they arrived at the World Tree, William pressed his right hand over its trunk, and closed his eyes.

The next time he opened his eyes, he found himself in a white world, where his Father, Maxwell, stood with his arms crossed over his chest.

"I have an idea why you came to see me, but just to be sure that we're on the same page, tell me why you have returned to the Silvermoon Continent," Maxwell said.

William held Maxwell's gaze as he spoke his reason for coming to see him.

"I want to go to the Underworld," William replied. "Can you help me?"

Maxwell sighed before nodding his head.

"Your mother and I share a special connection so whatever she hears, and see, I can hear and see as well," Maxwell explained. "Good job in defeating Felix and his minion Aka Manah. As for Ahriman... well,

I hate to tell you but it takes more than killing a Primordial God to kill him. Even if his body is destroyed, his Divine Soul could leave his body and escape."

William nodded in agreement with his father's words. Although the attack he dealt to Ahriman was lethal, no traces of him were seen after the battle, so the three Goddesses, Eros, Astrid, and Lyssa, believed that Ahriman is still alive.

"Well, let's not talk about that Primordial God. It will take him a very long time to recover, so let the future generations deal with him," Maxwell changed the topic as he eyed his son. "Let's talk about the goal you want to accomplish by going to the Underworld. If you're asking if it's possible for me to open a path to the Underworld then the answer is yes.

"However, that's it. I can just open a path that leads to the Underworld. As to how you can actually get to the place you want to go, you will have to handle it yourself."

"I understand." William nodded. "As long as there's a way, I will find it."

Maxwell smiled as he walked towards his son and patted his shoulder.

"As expected of my son," Maxwell said. "If not for the fact that Arwen is a very jealous lady, and being forced to become one with the World Tree, I might have had four wives by now."

William gazed at his father with a calm expression on his face. A part of him wanted to say "Rookie Numbers" to his father because he had far surpassed ten lovers already. However, for the sake of the family's peace, he kept his mouth shut and just nodded his head.

Seeing that his son was such an understanding and supportive person, Maxwell decided to tell him the 100 ways on how to make any girl fall in love with him.

William listened to this, and just kept on nodding as if he was learning a lot of things from an expert. After Maxwell finished his coaching session, he told William that he needed to wait until midnight before the boundary between the World of the Living and the World of the Dead became thin, allowing him to briefly open a passageway to connect both worlds.

Since he still had a few more hours to spare, the Father and Son pair continued to talk about the future.

"I know that this is a bit late coming from me, but are you interested in having a little brother or sister?" Maxwell asked.

William blinked once then twice before looking at his father with the "Are you on drugs?" gaze, making the latter chuckle.

"I am now able to materialize my original body out of the World Tree for an hour or two," Maxwell said. "I still haven't told this to your mother because I didn't want to give her false hope. I only experiment whenever she is asleep."

"I think Mother will be happy to know that you are able to leave the World Tree for brief periods of time."

"I'm sure she will, but let's just keep it a secret for now. I want to make sure that there will be no problems when I embrace her again."

The Half-Elf smiled because he felt as though his father's worries were quite funny. Clearly, he didn't want any mishaps to happen after years of being unable to hold the woman he loved, due to being assimilated by the World Tree.

"I understand," William replied. "I will keep this as a secret from her."

Maxwell happily patted William's shoulder as if a great burden had just been taken off his shoulders. "Great! As expected of my son."

After a few more minutes William opened his eyes and returned to the real world. Arwen who was standing beside him looked at him with a hopeful look in her eyes.

In truth, she was quite worried that Maxwell wouldn't be able to help William with his goal to go to the Underworld, but after the black-haired teenager assured her that his father was going to help him, the beautiful Elf hugged her son in happiness.

Clearly, she was also looking forward to talking to William's wives, whose bodies had been lying peacefully within the Spring of Life.

Suddenly, several Elves appeared in the Sacred Grove, including Princess Eowyn. Now that the battle against the Heir of Darkness has ended, most of them felt relief because their race was no longer in danger.

However, none of the Elves still had reverted to their original forms, because William wanted to make sure that none of them disobeyed his command.

Still, he assured them that he would return them to their original forms after five years, or when the Ahriman's death was confirmed.

Until then, the Elves would remain as Drows and follow William's orders.

For the Elves, five years was nothing. They were a long-lived race, so their sense of time was different to that of a Human. As long as William kept his word, they would not disobey his commands, and follow his lead wherever he may go.

"Good Day, Your Majesty," Princess Eowyn bowed respectfully to the black-haired teenager who had now become the Emperor of the Ainsworth Empire. Since this was the case, the Princess of the Elves, treated him in a manner befitting of his status.

"Eowyn." William gave the Elven Princess a brief nod. "What brings you here?"

"Your Majesty, I came here to ask if it is safe to return the Elf children back to their territories since the fight against the Heir of Darkness is over," Princess Eowyn replied.

William rubbed his chin as he pondered the answer to this question. Although his battle with Felix had ended, he would still be fighting against the Holy Order of Light, and he wasn't sure if they would attack the Silvermoon Continent or not.

Since he was also the temporary ruler of the Drows, it was up to him whether the Martial Law Decree would be lifted, so that all the Elf children could return to their respective hometowns.

"Ahriman's death still isn't confirmed, so it's too early to think that the battle is over," William replied after careful consideration. "For now, let them stay in the shelters for three more months. If nothing happens during that time, you can give the order for them to return to their hometowns."

"As you wish, Your Majesty," Princess Eowyn bowed her head respectfully.

Beside the Elf Princess, Pearl remained silent and kept her head lowered. William had allowed her to stay by Princess Eowyn's side as her protector, to ensure her safety.

While she still harbored a grudge against William, it was no longer as intense as it was in the past. Part of this was the fact that the Half-Elf had fought for the sake of the race, and rid them of Felix's and Ahriman's threat.

"Is there anything else you need from me, Eowyn?" William asked. He had long stopped calling Eowyn, Princess Eowyn, because he needed to act as someone with the bearing of an Emperor.

This was to ensure that his subordinates would understand the role he played, allowing them to adapt to their Master's new rank and responsibility.

"Yes," Princess Eowyn answered. "Thank you for your time, Your Majesty."

William gave the Princess a curt nod before turning around to open a portal that would lead him to the Thousand Beast Domain.

The path to the underworld would open in several hours, so he decided to make some last minute preparations before entering the Domain that belonged solely to the dead, where the God of Death was supposed to reside.

Princess Eowyn glanced at William's retreating figure with a complicated look on her face. In truth she wanted to say more things to the Half-Elf, but after seeing his reaction, she could tell that he wasn't in the mood to talk about politics.

In truth, the Royal Family, and the Elven Council, had already lost the power to make decisions regarding the affairs of the Elven Race.

They only took orders from William, who held the power to lift the curse from their bodies.

However, the Half-Elf wasn't always there to oversee the Elven Race, because of this, she wanted to ask him to delegate a person who would handle the affairs of the Elven Kingdom, and give them a sense of security in these troubled times.

'I guess I should talk to Master first and let her handle this,' Princess Eowyn thought as she glanced at Arwen, who was currently communicating with the World Tree.

Although the Prince of Darkness was a mighty existence, he deeply cared about his family, and Princess Eowyn hoped that Arwen would help them deal with the current problems that their entire race was facing at this point in time.

#### Chapter 1274: Dammit! Stop Pushing Responsibilities On Me!

After dinner, Arwen talked to William about a lot of things. This included the current state of the Silvermoon Continent.

In truth, after the Council was dissolved, nobody else had the power to decide things for the Elven Race.

Even the Royal Family couldn't decide anything in fear that William might sneeze in their direction from thousands of miles away.

In short, no one, aside from the Half-Elf, could dictate what the Elves could do. That was fine in itself, but there was one problem.



William wasn't always in the Silvermoon Continent, and he had no interest in running Kingdoms, and Empires, which led to the current problem.

Who would call the shots when the Dark Prince was nowhere to be found?

This was the question that all the high-ranking members of the Elven Families had, since everyone typically just listened to whatever their Patriarchs were telling them.

"I'm the Saintess of the World Tree and my job is to look after your father," Arwen said. "Also, I am not cut out to carry big responsibilities. My father, your no-good-grandfather, can act as a steward, but knowing him, he would just do it half-heartedly.

"If only your grandfather, James, were here, I'm sure that things would run smoothly, but since he's off to who-knows-where, we're just stuck waiting for you to make decisions, and we both know that you don't like doing that for the entirety of the Elven Race, right?"

William nodded his head. Since he had no intention of handling the affairs of the Ainsworth Empire or the Demon Continent, he left it all to Nisha.

The Half-Elf believed that even though his secret mistress was very capable, controlling his Empire, as well as the Demon Realm, had already made her hands full. Adding more would just make things spiral out of control, so the Half-Elf decided to put in a figurehead that would lead the Elven Race.

"Have Eowyn become the temporary Steward of the Elven Race, and make my grandfather, Aenarion, her Minister," William commented. "I'm sure that the two of them will do just fine in my absence."

Arwen nodded his head because right now, this was the best course of action. Although Princess Eowyn was still far from becoming a monarch, she had experienced many hardships, allowing her to find solutions to most of the problems that the Elven Race was facing.

After discussing with Arwen the final details of the plan, William used the authority of the World Tree to send a Continental Message to every drow, and elf, living in the Silvermoon Continent.

"From this day onwards, I delegate the Fourth Princess, Eowyn Elbereth Nienna, as the Steward of the Silvermoon Continent," William declared. "Her word is my word, and anyone who dares to defy or manipulate her words, in any which way, will be subjected to the worst execution possible.

"The one who will help her carry out her duties as the Steward of this land will be none other than my grandfather, Aenarion. I expect all of you to follow their words, because those who don't will regret it for the rest of their pitiful and long life."

After William's speech ended, all the drows, as well as the members of the Royal Family, couldn't help but think of the beautiful Elf Princess who had single-handedly handled the evacuation of the Elf children before the war started.

They were quite impressed on how Princess Eowyn managed it, and they were starting to think that she might just be able to lead them, on behalf of the Half-Elf who was usually nowhere to be seen.

Aenarion, who was smoking his pipe outside of their Family's Main Residence, almost choked after hearing William's words.

"Dammit! Stop pushing responsibilities on me!" Aenarion shouted at the sky. "I'm already old! I want to retire!"

Unfortunately, William, as well as Arwen, were too far away to hear his complaints. Even if they were near, they would have just completely ignored him, forcing him to work regardless of how he felt about it.

If James was there, he would have clicked his tongue, and wagged his fingers at William's other grandpa, who didn't even have a tenth of his shamelessness.

"You're already this old, and you still don't know how to scam people? Shame on you."

That would have been James' comment towards Aenarion if he was still in Hestia. Unfortunately, the Old Bandit of Lont had already returned to the Void and continued his journey to visit the different realms that the Army of Destruction were currently raiding.

Princess Eowyn, who had just seen and heard William's declaration, felt a complicated feeling rise in her heart. She was the one that talked to her Master, Arwen, about the problems that plagued their race.

Never in her wildest dreams would she have thought that just a few hours after that, she would be delegated as the Stewardess of the entire Silvermoon Continent!

Princess Eowyn wanted to cry because William irresponsibly tossed such a big responsibility to her without batting an eye.

Fortunately, another poor soul had been tasked to help her, which was William's grandfather, Aenarion, who was currently cursing his no-good-grandson.

If the Pope only knew how casually William treated the Domains under his control, she might have coughed up a mouthful of blood and strangled the Half-Elf for being useless.

If all of those territories belonged to her, she would definitely use everything in her power to ensure that every resource and manpower belonging to those lands were firmly grasped in her hands.

What the beautiful Elf Princess and the middle-aged Elf didn't know was that William was laughing evilly in his heart, after he had finished tossing the responsibility to the two of them.

Although many might think that his decision was kinda abrupt, he had thought hard about it, and came to the conclusion that this was the best scenario for the Silvermoon Continent.

Although they had been turned into drows by him, William was confident that the Elves didn't want a Half-Elf to rule them.

Since that was the case, they would willingly follow Princess Eowyn's order, even if she was just a figurehead who was following William's orders.

Even though the Dark Prince was still the one giving the orders, they would gladly turn a blind eye to this, and pretend that the order came from the Princess, who was of pure Elven blood.

It might look and sound stupid from an outsiders point of view, but for the Elves who cared about their heritage, this was enough to keep them satisfied, and allow the Silvermoon Continent to function properly even if William was away.

Chapter 1275: He Just Doesn't Look Like Him. He Is him!

William sat in front of the World Tree in the Lotus position.

He had been meditating for the past few hours, while waiting for midnight so he could enter the Underworld.

His father, Maxwell, had told him that he could only open the path, but as to how William would reach his destination, it was all up to his ability.

Using the memories of the World Tree, Maxwell told William the things he needed to know about the Underworld.

For one thing, he wasn't supposed to eat anything that came from that world. Second, when he left it, he mustn't look back, no matter who or what was calling out to him.

As long as he was able to meet these two conditions, he would be able to return to the world of the living, without suffering any side-effects from his journey to the Underworld.

"It's almost time."

Maxwell's voice resounded inside William's sea of consciousness, prompting the Half-Elf to end his meditation and open his eyes.

"The entrance to the Underworld will open for only ten breaths," Maxwell said solemnly. "Once it is open, make haste. The World Tree can only open it once a month. However, if you fail to enter it tonight, you will have to wait a full year before you can try again. As to how you will return, you will need to find the answer on your own. This is only a one-way trip."

William nodded his head in understanding. He had already left Soleil with his mother. The only problem was whether he would be able to travel from the Underworld to the Lands of the Living, with this method.

The moment the Half-Elf nodded his head, dark storm clouds covered the star-studded sky above his head. Lightning crackled, and thunder roared.

The very fabric of the world was being forcefully torn apart as the passageway that led to the Underworld appeared at the base of the World Tree.

A second later, a black lightning bolt passed through the portal, leaving the Sacred Grove behind.

It didn't take long before the portal closed again.

The dark clouds covering the sky disappeared, allowing the beautiful stars to shine upon the land. Everything returned to its peaceful state, making what happened earlier seem like a figment of someone's imagination.

Arwen gazed to the place where her son disappeared with her hands crossed over her chest. She knew that this was no ordinary undertaking, and William's life might be at risk, but she didn't say anything to try and persuade him, or stop him from going.

Arwen liked to believe that her son would be able to bring back the four women who loved him so much that Ahriman killed them for trying to save him during the battle inside his Domain.

"Be safe Will," Arwen muttered as she pressed her hands together in prayer. "I, and those who care for you, will be waiting for your return."

----

William passed through a tunnel that was constantly changing.

If an ordinary person would traverse it, they would find themselves hard pressed to push forward because the path spiraled up, down, left, right, and center.

The Half-Elf was certain that he had already been flying for what seemed to be an hour, and yet, the path in front of him seemed unending.

Finally, as the second hour passed, William saw a red light in the distance.

As he neared his destination, he noticed that the small red light he saw was actually a river of flames.

The moment he stepped out of the tunnel he was traveling through, his feet immediately landed on the riverbank, making him feel as if he had just jumped off a speeding truck.

Fortunately, he was stronger than an ordinary mortal, or he might have collapsed on the ground, and rolled towards the flaming river.

William didn't really know if he would burn up if he happened to fall on it, but something was telling him that he didn't have the leisure to find out the answer to this question.

As William scanned his surroundings, looking for a way to continue his journey, he noticed a small wooden platform in the distance, where several people were lining up.

It looked like an old, decrepit port that could easily collapse at any given time. However, the Half-Elf felt that this was the place he needed to go if he wished to continue his journey into the Underworld.

When he was only several meters away from the port, the people that were on the queue looked at him with a glare.

"Wait, I know you!" a Demon with a missing ear shouted. "You're that blasted Dark Prince who attacked our camp in the Elun Empire!"

"Oh! Now that you mention it, he does look like that person."

"Fool. He just doesn't look like him. He is him!"

"Hahaha! So, you also died? What a joke. It seems that in the end, Felix, and Ahriman, had the last laugh."

All the Demons on the queue started to laugh. They were the Demons that had died in the war, and although they didn't like Felix, they also hated anyone with the surname Ainsworth.

Eve was an exception. Everyone loved her, and even the battle-hardened Demons treated her with respect.

William ignored their taunts, and simply looked at the long line of souls in the distance. He was wondering whether he should line up, or he should just beat the sh\*t out of the Demons who were at the front of the queue, so he could save himself the trouble of wasting his time.

Just before the Half-Elf was about to make a decision, the ringing sound of a bell was heard in the distance.

Slowly, but surely, a boat started to appear on the fiery river.

Riding on top of it was someone wearing black robes, and holding a lit lantern in his decrepit hand.

The black-haired teenager had read, and heard, stories about a being that ferried the dead in the Underworld.

The Half-Elf had no doubt in his mind that if he wished to reunite with his wives, the first thing he needed to do was to ride the boat, and somehow convince the ferryman to take him where he wanted to go.

A journey that would shake the very foundations of the Underworld, was about to begin.

Chapter 1276: The First Circle Of Hell

As the boat neared the old, decrepit pier, all the souls that were in the queue perked up.

Earlier they were feeling brave as they made fun with William, but in the face of the ferryman, who would send them to their final destination, anxiety, and fear, started to sink into their very core.

The moment the boat docked into the pier, the being that was almost three-meters tall, and wearing a black robe that covered its entire body, including its face, raised the lantern in its hand.

"I will only be ferrying a hundred souls at a time," the Ferryman said. "In half an hour, another Ferryman will come to fetch the next batch, so all of you, make sure to line up properly."

William wanted to cut in the line, but before he could even execute this plan, the Demons that were beside him all started to make a ruckus, catching the attention of the Ferryman who was watching over the souls that were boarding his boat.

"You bastard! Why are you cutting in line?!"

"Uncultured plebeian who can't even line up properly? Weren't you taught by your parents about good manners and right conduct?"

"Tsk, just because you are more good looking than me, you think you can break the rules? Not on my watch, playboy."

"What Prince of Darkness? All I see is Prince of Cutting in Line. Shame on you bro, shame on you."

The Demons were making so much noise that William was very tempted to burn their souls until nothing was left with his flames of darkness. However, he was hesitant to do it because he might break some unwritten rule within the Underworld, and it might get in the way of his goal to look for his wives.

Because of this, the Half-Elf endured and simply stood with his arms crossed over his chest, while the Demons threw taunts at him.



"What's happening here?" the Ferryman approached while still holding the lantern in his hand.

"Sir, this Plebeian is trying to cut in line!" one of the Demons shouted. "Can't you tell him that he should line up properly? You know, like civilized people do?"

"Just because he is better looking than me, he thinks that he can do whatever he wants!" another demon shouted. "I believe in equality! I say that he should follow the rules and fall in line like the others!"

"That's right!"

"No cutting in line!"

"We will not waver!"

"Lolita no touch!"

After a minute of shouting, the Ferryman finally had enough and raised its bony hand to silence everyone.

"Stop making a ruckus," the Ferryman shouted. "What do you think of this place? An auction house? The Underworld has rules, and whoever breaks those rules will need to get punished."

The Ferryman then glanced in the direction of the Half-Elf before pointing its bony hand on his face.

"For the crime of trying to cut in line, you will come with me," the Ferryman stated. "If you resist, you will be imprisoned for a hundred years before you can even enter the cycle of reincarnation."

The Demons who heard this suddenly had smug expressions on their faces. They even sneered at the Half-Elf with some even mouthing "serves you right!"

William ignored all of these pettiness and decided to follow the Ferryman without resisting. He still didn't know the rules of the Underworld, so he went along with the creature in front of him, and just behaved for the time being.

After taking William onto the boat, along with 99 other souls, the Ferryman raised the lantern in its hand, signaling that the boat was already full.

A moment later, the sound of a bell was heard in the distance, and the boat finally departed from the pier, leaving tens of thousands of souls behind, waiting for the next Ferryman to arrive to take them to their final destination.

William stood on the boat and gazed at the fiery river around him. From time to time, a black soul would come to the surface and give a sad wail that made the other souls on the boat shudder.

These were the souls that had committed grave crimes when they were still alive, and they would be spending a dozen years, trapped inside the river, before they were taken to the next level of the Underworld, where they would receive their next round of punishment, depending on the nature of the crime they committed.

After a two-hour journey, the boat finally reached its destination, which was another port. This particular port, in general, was well maintained, and looked many times better than the old decrepit one where they had left two hours ago.

"All of you disembark," the Ferryman commanded. "This place is called Limbo. You can stay here for as long as you like. If you wish to leave and enter the Cycle of Reincarnation, just go to one of those people holding placards over there.

"They are the staff here in the Underworld that will help you cross over to the Cycle of Reincarnation. Take note that you will need to pay Hell Credits in order to hasten the process of your reincarnation, so make sure to listen to their advice properly on how to earn credits."

The Ferryman pointed in the direction where several men and women were holding placards with various words written in it in different languages.

Out of curiosity, William narrowed his eyes and looked at one of the Placards that was being held by a beautiful lady with both hands to see what kind of services they were offering.

"Got Erectile Dysfunction, step right up! I'll fix you with a Quickie!"

William blinked as he looked at the Placard for the second time because he thought that he had read it wrongly. However, after reading it three more times, he finally concluded that there was nothing wrong with his vision.

He then shifted his gaze at another beautiful lady who was holding another Placard that was only three-meters away from the Placard that he first saw and read the words written on it.

"Premature Ejaculators? No worries, be happy! You're not alone!"

The Half-Elf didn't disembark from the boat because the Ferryman told him not to do so. Also, he had no intention of lining up in any of those places, because he didn't come to the Underworld to enter the Cycle of Reincarnation.

When the last soul had left the boat, the Ferryman once again raised its lantern, making the boat leave the pier, and move deeper into the Underworld along the River of Flames, carrying the Half-Elf, who had entered the Underworld even though he was still very much alive.

Chapter 1277: I Just Have The Perfect Job For You!

An hour later, the boat stopped on what seemed to be a small island located in the center of a lake-like body of the river of flames.

On the island was a small, two-story house that seemed out of place when compared to the rest of the fiery river of hell. Even so, in William's eyes, it was the first normal thing he saw after entering the Underworld.

"Come with me," the Ferryman said as it disembarked from its boat. It didn't even bother looking at William because the Half-Elf had nowhere to go except to follow it inside the house.

A moment later, the Half-Elf found himself seated on a comfortable couch, and holding a cup of tea. In front of him was a small plate of cookies.

Although he wasn't expecting this situation, he wouldn't complain about it, and simply sipped his tea, and ate some cookies to pass the time. He didn't know why the Ferryman brought him to this place, but since he had nowhere to go, might as well make himself comfortable.

A few minutes later, the three-meter-tall Ferryman returned holding another plate of biscuit in its hands. After placing it on top of the table, it took off its hood, and William who was about to eat another cookie looked at the Ferryman in shock, dropping the cookie in his hand.

The three-meter tall robed figure shrank until an adorable little girl, who was only a little more than three feet tall, stood before him.

"Hah... wearing the Ferryman uniform is so exhausting," a child-like voice said. "Hey, you're a living person right? How did you get in here?"

William wasn't able to answer right away because he still couldn't believe his eyes. The three-meter tall Ferryman, who had looked so intimidating a moment ago, had turned into a doll-like beauty, who seemed to be only around three and a half feet tall.

But, that was only a part of what had surprised William. He had seen the girl before, and it was none other than the Half-ling he saw in his dreams.

Her near-perfect beauty was surreal, that even Princess Sidonie paled a bit when compared to her. She had this kind of innocence that Chiffon had, and yet, William believed that the girl in front of him had seen more horrors than he had seen in both of his lifetimes.

"What's wrong?" the girl blinked in confusion. "Is there something wrong with my face?"

"No," William replied after he had recovered from the shock. "I just didn't expect that the Ferryman would be someone as cute as you."

"You are the second person that has told me that." The girl giggled as she looked at William with great curiosity. The Half-Elf was the second living mortal that she had seen in the Underworld, and she was quite curious about how William managed to enter their Domain.

"I'm guessing that the first one who told you that is your parents," William said.

"Yes. My Father."

"He must be a good father."

"Yes! My father is the best, second only to my Grandma."

"Is that so?" William smiled as he looked at the bubbly, and doll-like beauty in front of him. "You must really like your Grandma if your father is only second best."

The girl once again giggled and gave William the "isn't that obvious" gaze.

"My name is Erinys," the girl stated. "What is your name?"

"William," William replied. "You can call me Will."

"Okay, Will. You're still alive, right?"

"Yeah."

Erinys looked at William from head to toe before shifting her gaze back to his handsome face.

"So, Will, how did you manage to get here?" Erinys inquired. "When I saw you earlier, I thought I was just seeing things, but after taking a closer look, I could tell that you don't belong to the Underworld. Did

you end up here by accident? If yes, can you tell me how you got here? I want to go to the World of the Living as well!"

"You want to go to the World of the Living?" William asked back. Actually, he didn't know how to answer this question because the path he took using the power of the World Tree was a one-way trip.

Maxwell had repeatedly told him that in order to return to Hestia, he must find his own way back using his own means.

"Yes! So, tell me how you ended up here! I want to go there too!" Erinys held William's right hand, with both of her hands, as she gazed up at him with eyes filled with excitement. "Don't worry. I promise I won't tell anyone, so take me back to the surface!"

Her look that was filled with longing and anticipation made William feel a bit awkward because he didn't know how to answer her question. In the end, the Half-Elf decided to tell the little girl the truth about why he had come to the Underworld, making the latter's eyes sparkle as if she was meeting the prince charming from a fairy tale.

"I've met these girls before, and I know where they are," Erinys said while still holding onto William's hand. "But, I can't take you there because you are still alive, and my father might get angry at me. He just recently allowed me to be a Ferryman so I can earn some Hell Credits for the things I was ordering online on Ama-Soon, which is a subsidiary of the God-Shop. I don't want to get grounded, so I can't take you there personally."

William sighed internally after Erinys confirmed that his wives were indeed in the Underworld. However, the problem was that the area where they were in was restricted, and couldn't be accessed by normal means.

After asking more questions, Erinys told William that the ladies he were looking for weren't in the same place, and were scattered across the different layers of the Underworld.

According to the doll-like beauty, the Underworld had Twelve Layers, which they referred to as Circles.

The First Circle was called Limbo. This was the place where the spirits of the dead gathered before they would be sent to the Cycle of Reincarnation.

Depending on the severity of the sin they bore, they would need to spend a few years earning Hell Credits in order to pay off the crimes they had committed when they were still alive.

Those whose sins far surpassed the norm were immediately tossed into the Fiery River, where they would spend several years before they were picked up and sent to Hell.

There, the Gods that managed Hell would deal with them.

"The Underworld, Heaven, and Hell are closely linked together," Erinys said in a sage-like manner. "The Underworld is more like a hub, where the dead are sent to either Hell or Heaven, depending on their past karma. However, since the lower layers are closer to hell, you could say that they are a part of Hell as well.

"The River of Hell runs down to the Sixth Circle, and from there, it makes its trip to Hell, where the members of the Ars Goetia ruled. I have never been to Hell before, but one of these days, I'd like to visit there as well. But first, I want to go to the World of the Living."

Erinys sighed, and her adorable face looked so sad that even William was moved by how genuine she longed to go to the Surface World.

"Although I can't promise you anything, you are free to come with me back to the World of the Living once I rescue my wives from this place," William said, making the doll-like beauty look back at him with renewed hope.

"It's a deal!" Erinys jumped up and down while still holding William's hand. "Very well, although I can't personally take you to where they are, I will tell you the shortcut for how to get there!"

"Really?"

"Un! But first, we must leave Limbo first. To do that, you need to earn Hell Credits, and I have the perfect job for you!"

William looked at the smiling girl in front of him, and felt as if he was making a deal with the devil. Even so, if he would really be able to go to where his wives were, then he would be willing to take the chance, and put his trust in the little girl, whom he had seen in his dreams.

#### Chapter 1278: Love Counseling In Limbo

"... This is your idea on how I can gain Hell Credits?" William asked the doll-like beauty that was looking up at him with a satisfied look on her adorable face.

"Yes!" Erinys said with confidence. "It will take you a while to get to the second layer, but with this, gaining Hell Credits is assured."

William pinched the bridge of his nose in order to reign in the feelings of dissatisfaction in his heart. Erinys had taken him back to the main island of Limbo, and the little girl brute-forced her way to get a seat at one of the limited tables in it.

That in itself was fine, but right now, he was forced to hold a placard in his hands that said "Love Advice. Consultations are now open!"

According to Erinys, each soul that they counseled would automatically give them 100 Hell Credits, which would allow them to purchase many things within the Underworld Exchange Commission, and one of them was the ticket to allow the Half-Elf to enter the second Circle of the Underworld which was called, "Living A Hella Loca".

He had no idea why the second layer of the Underworld was named that way, but according to Erinys it is the most fun place in all of the Underworld.

She added that famous celebrities could be found there, and these people perform on the stage to entertain everyone, allowing them to earn Hell Credits to buy the ticket to proceed to the Third Circle of the Underworld, or exchange it for amazing items in the Exchange Commission.



The little girl seemed quite excited because she had never tried this before. William didn't know how a little girl, with no experience in relationships, would be able to give advice to the souls who were desperate for answers.

However, since he was just the one holding the placard, and Erinys would be the one giving the advice, both of them would split the Hell Credits eighty-twenty.

Eriny's would get eighty, William would take twenty.

Since William needed to get the ticket for the Second Circle, he needed to earn enough Hell Credits to buy it, this was how Erinys decided he'd be able to earn a lot of Hell Credits in a short amount of time.

Just as the Half-Elf was about to ask the adorable Halfling to think of better ways to earn Hell Credits, the soul of a man who seemed to be in his mid-twenties approached his table.

"Can you give me some advice?" the man asked.

Erinys, who was seated and acting as the counselor, glanced at the Half-Elf beside him with a smug look on her face. She was giving William the "See? I told you so" gaze, making the Half-Elf roll his eyes before shifting his attention to the soul in front of them.

"Please have a seat," Erinys said with a sweet smile on her face.

After the soul was seated, Erinys asked him a few questions in order to better understand what happened in his past life, so she could give him better advice.

"You see, I had a girlfriend, but it didn't work out," the soul said. "She said that I was too nice and broke up with me. Can you tell me the reason why that happened?"

"Oh! That's simple," Erinys replied. "It is because, sometimes, being too nice turns off the other party. A relationship is give and take.

"If only one side is doing their best, and giving everything to the other party without expecting anything in return, the girls would think of him as boring. This is why some ladies like bad boys. They get the thrill of staying with them."

William, who was just holding the placard, gave the Halfling a side-long glance because he didn't know the little girl to be able to actually give sound advice in something she never experienced herself.

"... Does that mean that I have to be one of those bad guys in order to have a lovelife?" the soul asked.

"Of course not," Erinys answered. "It just means that you weren't able to meet someone that was meant for you in your past life. However, do not be discouraged. Just as there are millions of fishes in the sea, there are millions of ladies who will appreciate someone who truly wants them to be happy."

"Thank you very much. Now I feel better."

"No problem. Next person please~"

William hadn't noticed this until halfway through the counseling, but several souls had lined up in front of Erinys' booth to seek some love advice.

The little girl became so excited because her plan to gather Hell Credits was working better than she expected.

However, instead of simple Love Counseling, it turned into general counseling with the souls asking Erinys' for advice even for the most mundane things.

"It hurts when I do this," the soul said as he twisted his shoulders in a certain angle.

"Then don't do that," Erinys' replied. "Next please!"

"How often do people die if they do a free-fall from a thirty-story building?"

"Just once. Next!"

"What seems to be the problem?" Erinys asked.

"Nothing. I'm just fine," the soul answered.

Erinys glared at the soul who just lined up for no particular reason. "Then why are you here and wasting my time? Next one please!"

"My back hurts when I wake up in the morning."

"Just wake up in the afternoon or the evening then. Next please!"

"Little girl, can you guess how I died?" a soul asked the smug-faced Erinys with a teasing look.

"What's your zodiac sign?" Erinys asked back.

"Cancer."

"Exactly. Next!"

William didn't know how many hours passed, but the line in front of them wasn't shrinking. In fact, it was even getting longer.

The Half-Elf once again glanced at the Halfling beside him and wondered if Erinys' adorable features were attracting these souls to her, even though they weren't really seeking love advice.

In the end, he assumed that this was indeed the case because among all those who were present in Limbo, Erinys seemed to be the easiest to approach.

Half a day later, Erinys stretched her arms upwards as William placed his placard down. The consultation was over, and the other souls who weren't able to ask her for advice were given tickets with numbers on them, allowing them to gain early access when her consultation session resumed the next day.

"See? I told you that we can earn many Hell Credits this way." Erinys giggled after looking at the bracelet in her hand that recorded the number of credits she earned after her first day of consultation was over.

"I should have done this sooner!" Erinys grumbled. "The Ferryman wage can't even compare to this!"

William had no choice but to reluctantly nod his head because this was indeed a good way to earn Hell Credits. Although he only gained 20 Hell Credits per consultation, his credit count now surpassed ten thousand.

Unfortunately, the ticket he needed to buy to proceed to the next Layer of the Underworld was worth a hundred thousand Hell Credits.

According to his calculation, he would need at least seven to nine more days before he reached his goal.

After resting for fifteen minutes, Erinys dragged the Half-Elf back to the port, and used her boat to return to her home.

The moment they arrived, the little girl dragged the Half-Elf to her room and used him as a hug pillow to sleep. She threatened him that if he left without her permission, she would no longer help him gather Hell Credits, which made the Half-Elf toss away his thought of sneaking away.

"So cold," Erinys' muttered in her sleep. "It's like I'm hugging ice. It feels so good."

The Half-Elf wanted to flick the little girl's forehead because she was using him as some kind of ice cooler to make herself comfortable as she slept, but held himself back.

Right now, his only guide through the Underworld was Erinys, so he couldn't afford to provoke the doll-like beauty, who seemed to be someone important in the Underworld.

He noticed this right away when Erinys forcefully took over the booth from one of the staff members of the Underworld. The man manning his booth left without even saying words of complaint, and even complimented Erinys for trying to help the souls who were currently stuck in Limbo, until they earned enough Hell Credits to pass to the other side.

The little girl, who had buried her head on his chest and was using him as a cooler, slept soundly, without any care in the world.

William, on the other hand, was talking with Optimus about the different functions that he was unable to use in the Underworld.

Just as he expected, he was unable to open the portal that led to the Thousand Beast Domain.

However, aside from that, everything else was working properly. This made the Half-Elf breathe a sigh of relief because he was still able to use his powers, even if he still hadn't found a way to leave the Underworld.

'I wonder what kind of place awaits me in the next layer,' William mused before closing his eyes. So far, his expedition in the Underworld was moving smoothly.

However, he had a feeling that not everything would be smooth sailing, especially in the higher layers of the Underworld, where his wives were currently staying.

Unknown to the Half-Elf, a pair of viscous eyes were watching him right now. He had long known that William would come to find him, but he didn't expect the Half-Elf to come so soon.

But, since he was already here, he would just wait patiently and allow the black-haired teenager to reach him using the rules of the Underworld.

He was very curious about how the one that his Mother held in high esteem, would fare in the Underworld, where the souls of the departed stayed until their final judgment fell upon their heads.

## Chapter 1279: Tell Me Everything You Know About The Dark Prince

While William was busy in the Underworld earning Hell Credits, a week has passed in Hestia.

On the surface, everything looked peaceful, but underneath this calm facade was a storm brewing somewhere in the Central Continent.

"Are you sure that the Dark Prince is not in the Ainsworth Empire or the Demon Continent?" the Pope asked her agents, whom she had asked to gather information on William's whereabouts.

She and the high-ranking archbishops of the Holy Order of Light were painstakingly planning a Blitzkrieg attack on the Ainsworth Empire once they had gathered sufficient manpower to capture or kill the Prince of Darkness, whose whereabouts were currently uncertain.

"Yes," the Pope's informant replied, whose projection could be seen in the round mirror floating in front of the Pope. "Only his High-Ranking officers, including the Pseudo-Gods, have been seen patrolling the Ainsworth Empire. No trace of the Dark Prince has been seen or heard since he stopped us from entering the Demon Continent."

The Pope nodded her head as she pondered her next move.

'Was he perhaps more injured than he looked?' the Pope thought as she lightly tapped her finger on top of the table. 'This is certainly a possibility. Fighting Ahriman's Avatar is no easy feat so getting seriously, or fatally, injured is normal.'

Even the Pope knew that facing off against Ahriman's Avatar was something she couldn't do, even with all the Pseudo-Gods under her command.

"Very well, monitor them for two more days then update me," the Pope ordered. "If the Dark Prince doesn't show up, inform me right away."

"Understood." the informant nodded.

After talking to her informant, the Pope left the room to look for Belle, who was currently being accompanied by Cherry.

The little girl had taken a liking to Belle, and the latter also liked the little girl who treated her as an older sister.

The Pope had been feeding Belle half-truths about the Half-Elf's history, and made sure to tell her how much of a womanizer he was. Surprisingly, whenever the Pope mentioned that the Dark Prince had many women, a hint of irritation could be seen on Belle's face.

Because of this, the Pope assumed that Belle hated those who treated women like playthings, so she made sure to feed her with lies that the Half-Elf was treating the women from the territories he ruled like they were disposable toys.

However, instead of getting the reaction she wanted, Belle only looked at her with contempt. Which made the Pope wonder if the latter had seen through her lies. Since then, she no longer mentioned anything about women in front of the black-haired beauty.

What she didn't know was that Belle knew how William treated his women. He would not casually toss anyone whom he recognized as his lover away.

Naturally, the Pope didn't know this, so she ended up kicking herself on the foot after she'd made the Half-Elf look like some kind of sex fiend who would stick his member into every woman he saw.

'If in two days time, if the Half-Elf still doesn't make his appearance, I will make a preemptive strike on the border of the Ainsworth Empire,' the Pope mused. 'This will allow me to know for certain if the Half-Elf is present or not.'

Ever since the Alliance disbanded, the Pope had been feeling restless. She felt as if everything she had done had all been for naught. Even though she had acquired an Empire that had lost its ruler, she was still discontent since she had been forced to surrender the territories of the Zabia and Slovell Kingdoms to the alliance.

'Bunch of ingrates,' the Pope seethed in anger. 'After I deal with the Prince of Darkness, I'll deal with you fools next.'

After a few minutes of searching, the Pope found Belle in the garden reading several books about the World of Hestia.

This had been her favorite pastime since she had been summoned by the Pope to fight against the Prince of Darkness, whom she couldn't beat due to William's strong army that outclassed the armies of the Alliance as well as the Holy Order of Light.

Although they hadn't fully seen how the battle in the former Elun Empire had unfolded, they had experienced firsthand how powerful Felix's army was. They had seen for themselves that William had the power to fight them head-on.

"Belle, in two days time, prepare to set out," the Pope said. "We will make a preemptive strike on the Ainsworth Empire."

"Okay," Belle replied. "However, I will only make my move once the Prince of Darkness makes his appearance. If he doesn't appear, I will not fight."

The Pope nodded. "That's fine. You are our secret weapon, so we need to keep your identity a secret until the big fish arrives."

Belle smiled, but didn't say anything else. She wasn't a gullible child who would believe everything she heard from the old woman who wanted her to fight the Dark Prince.

What she wanted to do was to see for herself if the man she loved had really changed so much after being corrupted by darkness. If he really had taken the wrong path then she would give him a good beating until he realized his mistake.

As the Pope left with a satisfied look on her face, Shana appeared in the Garden and sat beside Belle. She had been forced by Melody, Lira, and Ephemera, to talk to the black-haired beauty, and casually tell her about the Half-Elf who had made her three sisters fall in love with him.



Shana wanted to know if Belle was really brainwashed by the Pope or not. If she was, then the Virtuous Lady of Prudence would do her best to inform her of the truth, without letting her become suspicious of her.

However, before she could even say anything, Belle looked at her with a smile and said.

"Your name is Shana, right?" Belle asked. "Cherry told me all of your names when we were chatting with each other."

Shana nodded. "Yes. I am Shana. Your name is Belle, right? How are you adapting to our world? Is it really very different from the one you came from?"

"Oh, yes. The world I came from is very different from this one. By the way, I heard from Cherry that you, and your sister, Melody, had been captured by the Dark Prince, right?" Belle inquired. "Can you tell me more about him? What is he like?"

Shana who had been suddenly bombarded with questions about William smiled.

"Well, this is going to be a long story," Shana replied. "Do you want to come to my room, or should we go to yours?"

"Let's go to your room to talk," Belle stated. "Tell me everything you know about the Dark Prince."

Shana nodded her head. This was the real reason she'd come to see Belle, and she was glad that everything seemed to be moving smoothly.

As the two walked away, the faint sound of footsteps followed behind them.

Unseen by the two of them, a certain Virtuous Lady followed them from behind while she was invisible.

The Pope had ordered her to guard Belle for the entire day, and see if someone among her sisters would approach her. Now that Shana had made her move, Cherry followed behind them.

Cherry liked to stalk her sisters during her free time, and treated it as a game. She had been very good at hiding her presence over the years. Unfortunately for her, William had Optimus and was therefore able to see past her ability.

Because of this, she was captured and her memory was erased.

As Shana led Belle to her room, the sneaky little girl followed very closely.

When the blue-haired beauty was about to close the door of her room after Belle had entered, she felt a gentle breeze pass by her.

Thinking it was just her imagination, she closed the door and led Belle to the living room, where the two of them would have a nice long talk, about the Half-Elf that was currently doing his best to reunite with his wives in the Underworld.

---

Ainsworth Empire...

The Six-Eared Macaque scratched one of his ears before glancing to the East.

He was one of the four Celestial Monkeys that defied the laws of the world. If Sun Wukong was the Great Sage Equal to Heaven, the Six-Eared Macaque was the Great Sage of Informing Wind.

Among many things, he had a unique ability to eavesdrop on secrets that were being told thousands of miles away from him.

William had given him a specific role and that was to Eavesdrop on whatever the Pope of the Holy Order of Light was doing and inform his allies about it.

"Oh? So they are looking for William to make an appearance?" the Six-Eared Macaque smirked as he cleaned out one of his ears with his finger.

A moment later, his appearance changed.

Instead of one of the Four Celestial Monkeys, a black-haired teenager with golden pupils stood on top of the Temple of the Gods with a smug look on his face.

Twirling a golden cudgel in his hand, the Half-Elf somersaulted in the air and summoned a flying cloud.

A moment later, it flew towards the warp gate that connected the Demon Capital and the Capital City of the Ainsworth Empire.

Although the Half-Elf wasn't around, he could make sure that a convenient body double could masquerade with his appearance in the territories he ruled.

Right now, he and the Holy Order of Light were in a Cold War.

William wasn't stupid enough to leave his territories behind without some kind of plan.

The only thing that he didn't foresee was that the Pope would summon an individual who had a very special connection to him.

One who had the power to put him in his place, the moment they met on the battlefield.

Chapter 1280: She Can See Us

"Are you certain that this information is true?" Triton asked the Six-Eared Macaque who were currently masquerading as William.

"Yes," the Six-Eared Macaque replied. "You should prepare for an immediate mobilization once the Pope makes her move. I suggest we attack them before they enter the borders of the Ainsworth Empire. This way, the one who will have the initiative is us, instead of them."

Triton nodded his head in agreement. "I agree with this plan, but how do we know that they are coming?"

The Six-Eared Macaque smiled before pulling off a few of his hairs from his head. He then blew at them and they instantly turned into miniature versions of him, making Triton, and the other Pseudo-Gods under William's command understand what the Six-Eared Macaque was planning.

Their meeting lasted for an hour, as they finalized the counter-plan they would use once the threat of the Holy Order was found approaching the Ainsworth Empire.

Now that William was currently not in the World of Hestia, it was up to his subordinates to ensure that the territories under his command were safe from any form of aggression.

---

Two days later...

Over a hundred flying ships were mobilized by the Holy Order of Light, and all of them were headed towards the Ainsworth Empire.

This was not a full scale war, but only a blitzkrieg attack to better understand the capabilities of William's subordinates, as well as to check whether the Prince of Darkness was really in the Ainsworth Empire or not.

Belle had boarded the flying ship alongside the four other Pseudo-Gods that were under the Pope's command.

The Pseudo-God that belonged to Hestia Academy didn't participate in this operation because Byron didn't want to antagonize William in any way, so he refused the Pope's request for assistance.

The Pope had already expected this response from the Headmaster of Hestia Academy, so she didn't think much of it. She only focused on the operation at hand, and observed her fleet using the round mirror that was floating in front of her.

"We will be arriving in the territory of the Ainsworth Empire in five minutes," one of the Pseudo-Gods said as he looked in the distance. "Everyone, make your final preparations."

Suddenly, a storm of lightning, black flames, and silver arrows rained down on the flying fleet from the sky.

More than a dozen flying ships were immediately destroyed at the first wave of the attacks, and several others had sustained serious damages, preventing them from staying afloat.

In just a span of half a minute, more than half of the hundred flying ships that were supposed to attack the Ainsworth Empire were out of commission. If not for the fact that the Pseudo-Gods had reacted at a timely manner, the entire fleet might have been wiped out due to the ambush that was prepared for them along the way.

While everyone was in a state of panic, Belle knocked an arrow to her bow and glanced at something in the distance. A second later, a golden arrow shot out from her bow devouring the other projectiles that were attacking them from afar.

The arrow flew straight and true, forcing the Three Nymphs to evade it in haste.

"Did that girl just shoot that arrow randomly or did she intend to hit us from the start?" Opis asked as soon as she regained her balance in the sky.

"Impossible, we are ten miles away from them." Loxos denied Opis conjecture. "She can't possibly see us from this distance."

Hekaerge, who represented the Divinity of Distance, glanced in the black-haired beauty's direction, and saw a smirk on her beautiful face.

Belle was looking straight at her, which made Hekaerge feel a tingle run down on the back of her spine. Clearly, their opponent knew exactly where they were, and that was why she had shot in their direction.

"She can see us," Hekaerge said, which made Opis and Loxos look at her in disbelief. "I don't know how she's doing it, but she can definitely see us and attack us from that distance."

"N-No way! That's impossible!" Loxos didn't want to believe her Sister's words. The three of them had to work together in order to create an attack that would transcend distance, and allow them to deal a blow to their enemy from afar.

Opis was responsible for attacking.

Loxos was responsible for aiming.

And Hekaerge was the one that was responsible for allowing Loxos to see greater distances, helping her navigate their bombardment from afar.

The three of them were a set, making them an effective threat to their enemies.

But, their opponent was only a single person and she could do what the three of them could do alone.

How could Loxos possibly accept such a reality?

"Don't lose your focus," Hekaerge shouted. "The fight has only begun!"

Loxos gritted her teeth and resumed her role of attacking the fleet of the Holy Order of Light, while Triton, Astrape, Bronte, and Sepheron, pooled their attacks in their direction, allowing the youngest of the three Nymphs to guide their attacks and allow it to reach the enemy lines.

"Let's retreat for now," one of the Pseudo-Gods from the Holy Order said as the last flying ship burst into flames.

Powerful as they were, they were unable to defend any of the ships, especially when Loxos had decided to combine all of the attacks of the Pseudo-Gods in a concentrated beam of light.

This attack was so powerful that none of them dared to block it. Even Belle's arrow couldn't match its might, which led to the complete and utter destruction of the fleet from the Holy Order of Light.

Fortunately, none of the people on the ships were killed because Belle had used her power to forcefully drag them inside her own portable domain, preventing them from getting killed by the concentrated fire that was coming from an enraged Loxos, whose bloodshot eyes were looking at her from ten miles away.

Belle arched an eyebrow at the young Nymph before flying away.

They had been taken completely by surprise by the Pseudo-Gods' uncanny offensive, making them reconsider using the next strategy that they planned to use, in order to better understand their enemy's fighting capabilities.

The Pope smashed her fist on top of her table after seeing the one-sided beating that her forces had received. They weren't even able to step up to the border of the Ainsworth Empire, nor see the faces of their enemy, and yet, they had already lost the battle before it even started.

'Cursed Half-Elf!' The Pope clenched her fist tightly as she was forced to accept the bitter loss that was akin to a slap in her face. She had already known that William had three Pseudo-Gods that could attack from great distances, but she couldn't understand how their operation was discovered.

She had not told any of the Virtues about her plan, especially the time that it would be executed. Even the personnel that had been assigned to accompany the Pseudo-Gods didn't know where they were headed, so a leak of information was unlikely.

'Could it be Clairvoyance?'

The Pope immediately tossed this idea aside because no one could look into the future where the Holy Order of Light was involved. The Power of the Goddess of Light shielded them from such things, so it was impossible for anyone to use this ability to know their plans beforehand.

'Then how?'

The Pope frowned because she really didn't have any answer to this question. The only thing she could do was make conjectures that, somehow, the three Nymphs that were part of William's forces had the uncanny ability to detect enemies from great distances.

As the Pope was thinking of various hypotheses as to how their enemy was able to triumph over them, a certain Six-Eared Macaque cleaned his ear with his finger, as it laid down on top of the Temple of the Gods in the Demon Realm.

"It's time to eat, Brother Six," Eve called out from the ground. "Sister Ariadne made your favorite Meat Buns. Come and get them while they're still hot."

"Okay, I'm coming," the Six-Eared Macaque replied as it somersaulted from the roof of the temple and landed nimbly beside the red-haired little girl that he had acknowledged as his Master.

Eve held the Six-Eared Macaque's hand and dragged him towards the entrance of the Temple.

The little girl was not aware that her Guardian had just foiled the Pope's grand plan against her cousin, whom she loved very much.

The Six-Eared Macaque just chuckled as he allowed himself to be dragged by the little girl who was the treasure of the Ainsworth Family.

Compared to his former Masters, the Ainsworth was a family he didn't mind serving. He only hoped that the Half-Elf would be back soon, so he could stop impersonating him.

As someone who was quick on his feet, and adept at running away, he clearly sensed the power of the black-haired beauty that held a golden bow in her hand.



Although they won this time, he felt that if the black-haired beauty really became serious, all of William's strongest defenders would be hard pressed to fight with her on equal ground.