

## Strongest 241

### Chapter 241: The Laws Of The Kyrintor Mountains

When William returned to the Ice Lotus Lake, several hours had already passed and it was close to noon time.

The two girls were very happy after getting so many ice lotuses because William promised that all of the members would get an equal share of the harvest. All in all, they managed to successfully get one-hundred eighteen ice lotuses from the lake.

It was more than enough for the two girls to have an alchemist prepare a special cream that they could use to keep their skin looking young and healthy.

For some reason, William could have sworn that Ian was just as excited as the two girls. The snot-nosed-pansy was grinning from ear to ear as he patted his special storage bag used to gather herbs.

"We will rest for an hour before we resume our climb up the mountain," William said. "I don't know what kind of tricks Cadell has prepared for us, but leave the talking to me. Also, I want all of you to read the contents of this scroll."

William handed a scroll to each of his subordinates. What was written on the scroll were the laws that were observed within the Kyrintor Mountains. He believed that the natives in the mountain that deals with foreigners use the latter's ignorance to make things difficult for them.

There was a famous saying in the Art of War back on Earth that went something like this.

"If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle."

This reasoning was very true. When they arrived, they knew nothing about the laws of the Kyrintor Mountains. Because of this, Cadell was able to use the "strong arm" method to make them obey his orders without any form of resistance.

Now that they were also aware of the rules, the natives wouldn't be able to intimidate them like Cadell had done to William when the Mayor tried to force William to answer his questions.

Unfortunately for him, William was made aware of the laws thanks to the help of the System. With this knowledge backing him up, he was able to bring down the Mayor a peg and make him go back empty handed.

"Hissssss! If I only knew of this earlier!" Brutus scratched his hair in frustration. "That Mayor sure got us good earlier."

Kenneth had a wry smile on his face as he rolled the scroll in his hand. He had also finished reading the laws, and felt that there was really a need for him to learn more about the Human world.

"Ignorance is bliss, but in this case it is different," Kenneth said as he gazed at William. "Ignorance of the law is not an excuse, right?"

William nodded his head. "Now that all of you are now aware of the laws, do not let yourselves be intimidated by them. It is now your turn to intimidate them."

The Half-Elf had a devilish grin plastered on his face which clearly meant that he was planning something devious.

Brutus and Bruno also smiled evilly because they now realized what kind of "power" they possessed in the Kyrintor Mountains.

"Still, it will be a good idea if we don't have to get into any conflicts with the local people," Amelia commented.

"Big Sister Amelia is right." Wendy agreed. "At the end of the day, we are still outsiders. It would be bad if we left a bad impression on them."

Ian, who had remained quiet since the beginning, spoke out his mind, "I'm sure that the Commander has allowed us to read the laws because it is necessary that we don't act too passively. If we are as meek as sheep, these Barbarians won't treat us seriously and will even look down upon us."

"Ian is right." William nodded his head. "When two countries are at the negotiating table, the one with the bigger hand has the advantage. If we are too passive, they will only take advantage of it and will force us to 'pay more' than necessary. Let's stop here and rest. We only have half an hour before we resume our travel."

A few hours later, the group arrived at a checkpoint that was blocked by a wooden gate. With the help of the System, finding the shortest route up the mountain was not a problem for them. However, they couldn't avoid these checkpoints because all accessible paths led to these forts which were controlled by the defenders of Kyrintor.

As expected the gate was shut tight and the guards manning it were standing on top of the ramparts while looking at William's group with disdain. Cadell had already told them of the foreigners' arrival and instructed them to not let them in unless they begged and paid them a few hundred gold coins in exchange for safe passage.

However, before they could even state their demands, William had already approached the gate and shouted at the top of his voice.

"On behalf of the Sovereign that watches over this domain, I beseech all of you to open the gates. I ask this request by the Warrior's Oath that the Tribes have pledged at the Peak of Divinity," William shouted. "May the Sovereign of Kyrintor be my witness that I come in peace, seeking guidance on the path of Enlightenment. Please, punish anyone who dares to block my right of passage by relinquishing your blessing on their entire bloodline!"

A peal of thunder echoed within the summit of the mountain as if to reply to William's request. The guards manning the gates were dumbfounded at first, but when they heard the roar of thunder, they hurriedly opened the gates as if their lives depended on it.

The mighty gates opened wide as William and his entourage entered with heads held high. The guards looked at them warily, because this was the first time that someone had used their oath to gain entry into their domain.

This was an oath that they couldn't disobey unless they wanted their Guardian to punish them and remove the power of their bloodline. Of course, not everyone could make this oath. There was one condition and that was to be recognized by an Angorian War Ibex, which was said to be the direct descendant of the Demigod that ruled the Kyrintor Mountains.

Cadell, who was resting inside the fortress, had already been informed of William's arrival at the checkpoint. He had a gloating look on his face as he glanced at Jerkins who was seated opposite him.

"That arrogant boy has finally arrived," Cadell said with a smug expression on his face. "I'd like to see if he can enter the fortress unscathed. Why don't the two of us have a bet, Ambassador? If you win then I'll put in a few good words to the Chieftain about your purpose for coming."

The Mayor of Northwell wasn't serious in his words. He was only saying this in order to tease Jerkins and make the Ambassador feel pressured. Cadell wanted him to know that within the Kyrintor Mountains, it was the tribes that called the shots and not the foreigners who came here to seek an audience.

"Sorry, but I'm not very fond of making bets," Jerkins replied with a smile. "Especially when it comes to bets that I am sure to win."

The Ambassador's confident smile made Cadell's disappear from his face. He didn't know why, but Jerkins sounded very confident. The Mayor suddenly remembered how the boy had talked back to him a day ago and it made him clench his fist in anger.

It was at that moment when a guard came running towards Cadell and whispered something in his ear.

The Mayor of Northwell had a disbelieving look on his face after he listened to his subordinate's report.

"Are you sure? I swear that if you're lying to me I'll have you punished with fifty lashings!" Cadell threatened. He didn't want to believe that the arrogant boy managed to enter the fortress using the aged-old-oath that their ancestors had pledged to the Sovereign of the Kyrintor Mountains.

"Sir, it is true," the guard replied anxiously. "Actually, they are already on their way here."

As if waiting for that cue, a handsome Half-Elf with the "I know what you did last summer" expression entered Cadell's vision.

William swaggered inside the room, along with his party, and sat on the couch as if he was the owner of the place. Wendy sat on his right, while Amelia sat on his left. The rest of the members stood behind him and stared at Cadell as if they were looking at a bug that they could crush at any moment.

"Mayor, I think the two of us need to have a nice, long, talk," William's devilish gaze locked onto Cadell's eyes which made the latter feel very uncomfortable. "It would be best if you stopped playing your petty tricks. It only makes me look down on the person that was hailed to be the 'First Guardian' of the North."

"Boy, is this your way of challenging me to a duel?" Cadell asked with barely restrained anger. "Because if that is your plan, you've succeeded in angering me."

"Me? Challenge you?" William gave Cadell a look of disdain. "How about I return that question to you? Do you dare to challenge me?"

Cadell quieted down when he heard William's question. Although the order of the challenge was only reversed, it held a different meaning if the host of the domain were to challenge their guests to a duel.

This would mean that they didn't have the etiquette of a warrior and a good host. If William was the one who challenged him then he could accept it and even kill William in the duel because it was within their laws.

However, if he were the one to issue a challenge to William, all the warriors in the Kyrintor Mountains would look down upon him. There was even a possibility that he and his entire bloodline would be killed in order to appease the anger of their Sovereign.

Although they were called the Northern Barbarians, the tribes of the North were probably the only people in the Southern Continent who followed the laws of their domain with strict devotion. As long as they abided by the rules, no one would be able to conquer them.

What William and the rest of the people in the Southern Continent didn't know was that the Kyrintor Mountains was not just a simple mountain range. It was a divine artifact that belonged to the Goddess of Order and Law, Themis.

An artifact that was currently in the possession of the Sovereign that ruled the entire Northern Regions, and the one who held it in an iron grip.

#### Chapter 242: My Future Husband Is The Best

The group traveled for two more days before finally arriving at the Third Peak of Chivalry in the Kyrintor Mountains. Along the way, they saw thousands of tents surrounding the peak, which proved that this was indeed a special gathering of the Northern Tribe.

After having a faceoff with William, Cadell didn't try to do anything else. He only grudgingly took the representatives of the Hellan Kingdom to the Grand Residence where their Great Chief lived before he left them to attend to his own matters.

As per custom, the Chief's attendant led them to the audience hall where the Great Chief was already waiting for them. Sitting on his right was his eldest son, Liam, and on his left was his youngest granddaughter, Brianna.

The little girl was quite adorable and she looked at William and the rest of the representatives from the Hellan Kingdom with a curious gaze. She gave them a smile, but remained seated like a proper noble lady during special occasions.

The name of the Great Chief of the Northern Tribes was Evander Zeke. After his father had stepped down from his position, Evander ruled the Tribes well. He brought them prosperity and happiness for many years, and all the other tribal leaders were very satisfied with his way of managing things.

This was also why he was loved by his people.

Now that his second son was looking for a bride, the tribes gathered and brought the most beautiful ladies in their domains to get the chance of becoming the Second Warrior's wife. In their society, an ordinary man could have one wife, while a warrior could have four.

This was a way to preserve their lineage because the lives of warriors were very unpredictable, especially during times of war. Since the chances of them dying was high, the Tribes had agreed that having more than one wife was needed in order to preserve their legacy as the brave warriors of the Kyrintor Mountains.

Sir Jerkins gave the Great Chieftain a respectful bow before sitting on the mat provided for them. William and the others followed the Ambassador's respectful greeting and sat down as well.

"Guests from afar, I welcome you to the Third Peak of Chivalry," Great Chief Evander said with a smile. "Two days from now, our tribes will hold a special celebration. Please, stay and enjoy the festivities. As for your purpose of coming, I think I have an idea of what it is."

The Great Chief of the Tribes paused before giving Sir Jerkins a serious expression. "We will hold our talks a day after my second son has chosen his brides. I am quite busy with the preparations for this special occasion and have no time to entertain you and your purpose for coming."

Sir Jerkins gave the chief a courteous nod, "We are more than willing to experience the hospitality of the Great Chief and his people. Since Your Excellency has already issued your decree, we will naturally obey and not discuss anything related to politics.

Great Chief Evander gave Jerkins a nod of approval. "It is always a pleasure talking to you, Sir Jerkins."

"You, too, Your Excellency," the Ambassador replied.

Their meeting with the Great Chief ended there and they were ushered to the guestrooms that had been prepared for them. Wendy and Amelia were currently William's fiances, so the three of them shared a room.

Five minutes after the attendant left their room, an adorable girl sneakily entered their quarters and hurriedly closed the door behind her.

Her bright and clear gray eyes looked at their guests with a sense of anticipation.

"Do any of you know Ernest?" Brianna, the youngest granddaughter of the Great Chief asked with an innocent smile on her face. She then casually sat on a sitting mat and locked her eyes on William's handsome face.

"Are you talking about Prince Ernest?" William asked back.

The little loli nodded her head in acknowledgment of William's question. The smile on her face widened as she looked at William expectantly.

"How is he?" Brianna inquired. "Does he think of me?"

Brianna's stare was so pure and innocent that William felt that his heart was melting. He then took out a sealed scroll from his storage ring and handed it to the girl who seemed to be a good friend of the Youngest Prince of the Hellan Kingdom.

Before he left for the Northern Regions, the Prince gave William a letter. The Prince said that William should personally hand it to the youngest granddaughter of the Great Chief. He also added that the Knight Commander must ensure that no one else would be there when he passed the letter to her.

Brianna practically snatched the scroll from William's hand when the boy handed it to her. She immediately broke the seal and started reading the contents of the letter. William, Wendy, and Amelia, watched in amusement as the little girl squirmed in her seat as if reading a letter that had been given to her by her crush.

She let out small giggles from time to time which brightened the mood inside the guest quarters. A few minutes passed before the little loli gently rolled the scroll and placed it inside her own storage ring.

Brianna gazed at William with a look of admiration that almost made the Half-Elf avert his gaze due to its intensity.

"Ernest said that you are the youngest Knight Commander in the Hellan Kingdom," Brianna said. "Is it true?"



"Not only the youngest, but the most handsome Knight Commander in the kingdom," William replied with a smug smile on his face.

"Little Ernie warned me about your narcissism, but seeing is believing." Brianna giggled. "Well, you are indeed handsome, but give Little Ernie a few years and he will be more handsome than you."

"Impossible!"

"It's not impossible!"

"How can that little shrimp compare to me? Just look at how awesome I am. Compare it to that little brat who still hasn't grown his hair and tell me if he could surpass my good looks," William raised his head arrogantly. "Even if you give Prince Ernest a hundred years, he would still not be able to reach the level of my handsomeness."

"No! Little Ernie will be more handsome after a few years!" Brianna disagreed. "My future husband is the best!"

"Tsk, is this what they mean when they say that love is blind?" William muttered. "Fine. I won't argue with a little Loli. It's just not worth it."

Wendy and Amelia, who was seated beside William, giggled at the same time. They knew that their commander was just teasing the young girl, but it was still amusing that the youngest granddaughter of the Great Chief was able to fight back and put the narcissistic Half-Elf in his place.

Brianna's eyes then sharpened as she cleared her throat. "Tell me, are you all here to ask the Northern Tribes to become your allies?"

Her adorable facade disappeared and was replaced by a serious expression that didn't match her age.

## Chapter 243: William's Undercover Plan

William was surprised at the sudden change in the little girl in front of him. He didn't know if he should speak honestly or wait for Sir Jerkins to personally talk with the girl's grandfather about the proposed Alliance between their Tribes and the Hellan Kingdom.

However, after some thought, he decided to trust his instincts and answer the girl's question.

"Yes. That is the purpose of our visit," William replied after careful consideration. From what he could tell, the girl didn't just visit them to ask about her 'Fiance's' well-being. Her sharp and intelligent eyes reminded William of his Grandpa's eyes when the old man was scheming something behind his grandson's back.

Brianna didn't give him any malicious vibes, and Ella, who lay not far away from them, had also given her silent approval.

"Listen very closely." Brianna lowered her voice as if afraid that someone might overhear their discussion. "Aside from your group, there are two other parties. They arrived here on the Third Peak two days ago. I'm afraid that your proposal for an Alliance will not go smoothly."

Brianna was about to say more, but was interrupted by a knock on the door. She hurriedly changed her expression to that of an innocent and naive little girl who could be easily tricked by other people to follow them in their own homes.

"They say that in the Hellan Kingdom, there are many beautiful clothes and jewelry, is that true?" Brianna asked just in time for the door to open wide.

"Brianna, you shouldn't disturb our guests," Liam, Brianna's father, appeared in the room with a stern expression. "Didn't I tell you to not wander around during this time?"

Liam then faced William and the two girls beside him before giving a brief bow. "I apologize for my daughter's transgressions. She's quite ignorant of the world and will often do something mischievous. I hope that she didn't disturb or offend you in any way."

"Father, I'm only asking them about fashionable clothes like the one that the Green-Haired Big Sister is wearing." Brianna pouted. "Big Brother, I'm not disturbing your rest, right?"

"Of course not," William replied. For now, he decided to play along and save the little loli from getting spanked by her father. "Lady Brianna is a very kind and respectful young lady. Even in the capital, there are few girls who have her charm and elegance."

"See? Big Brother praised me. I'm a good girl and I'm not doing anything bad." Brianna looked at her father with a face filled with injustice.

Liam's gaze finally softened as he gently brushed her head. "Let's go back. Your mother just finished baking cookies."

"Yay! Cookies!" Brianna ran out of the room in high spirits.

Liam watched her retreating back with a helpless smile on his face. He then faced William and the two girls and gave a respectful bow before leaving the room, closing the door behind him.

Before the two girls could even say anything, William hurriedly covered their lips with his hand and said in a loud voice.

"We've been traveling for three days straight and I haven't had the chance to make love to the two of you," William said in a tone that was laced with perversion. "Why don't the three of us do some catching up before dinner? I'm sure that the Great Chief will not mind us being a little late."

The Half-Elf signaled the two girls with his eyes as he half-dragged them to the bed.

Wendy's and Amelia's faces had already reddened because even if they knew that William was just acting, both of them were still chaste maidens who had only heard a thing or two about what couples do in the bedroom.

William gently pushed the two girls onto the bed and lay between them. He then pulled them closer to him as he said words of love into their ears.

"There are three people listening to our conversation," William whispered to Amelia's ear. "One is hiding behind the painting on the wall, the other behind the door and the third is right outside our window."

The Half-Elf kissed Wendy's forehead before whispering the same things he said to Amelia to her ears.

The two girls then played their roles and acted intimate with William.

Amelia played with William's ears, while Wendy rubbed his chest. William, on the other hand, laughed in a very lecherous manner that irritated the three men listening to their conversations.

In the end, the three left them alone when they realized that William was hell bent on playing with the two pretty girls beside him.

When the "eavesdroppers" had disappeared, William nodded to the two girls which signaled that the pests had left.

"Do you think they also sent people to monitor the others?" Amelia whispered in William's ears.

Although the Half-Elf said that they were no longer being monitored, she still felt that it was better to play it safe rather than be sorry later.

"Definitely," William answered without any shred of doubt. "I just hope that the others have noticed them too and made proper arrangements."

"Do you think they will continue to monitor us?" Wendy inquired. "Will they do something to us during our stay like put something on our food and water?"

William shook his head to deny Wendy's words. "They are not allowed to treat us like that. However, that doesn't necessarily mean that others won't. Remember what Brianna said? Aside from us, there were two other parties that have arrived before us. I'm guessing that whoever they might be, they are not on good terms with the Hellan Kingdom."

'It's quite unfortunate that I wasn't able to bring Aethon with me,' William thought with regret.

The little Wren was left inside the academy in order to observe anything suspicious that was happening inside it. With its knack for looking for news like a journalist, William was confident that it would have something to report once he returned to the academy.

As much as he wanted to gather information about the "unknown parties" he couldn't do anything that might arouse suspicion from the warriors that were patrolling the Third Peak of Chivalry.

The Chief's attendant had explicitly told them to not leave their quarters unless it was something very important. From that alone, William could tell that the Chief was hiding something from them. However, he was powerless to do anything at this point in time aside from sighing in regret.

It was at that moment when his gaze landed on Ella who was resting on the floor beside the bed.

"That's it!" William sat up from the bed in excitement. He then hurriedly talked to Ella using telepathy which was a special ability that William could use when talking to the "Leader" of his herd.

Ella nodded her head in agreement to her son's suggestion. Since William couldn't leave the room then it would be up to her to gather information.

As an Angorian War Ibex, no one in the Kyrintor Mountains would dare block her passage. Even the Great Chief would have to give her face and allow her to wander around the Third Peak as she did her investigation.

William hoped that when Ella returned, some of the questions he had in his mind would finally find their answers.

#### Chapter 244: The Role Of A Chess Piece

"So, are you telling me that Lady Wendy has left the academy?" Carter asked. He just finished making a new set of candies that were meant for the beautiful young lady whom he had set his eyes on.

"Yes," Charlotte replied with a smile. "The Knight Commander was assigned a special mission and he took her with him."

"Is that so..." Carter smiled, but he was inwardly feeling irritated. He was currently under a strict deadline and he had no idea when his target would be returning to the academy.

'I guess, I will just have to improvise,' Carter thought as he pulled Charlotte for a kiss. "I have a request for you, My Love."

Hearing the Professor's intimate words made Charlotte's heart skip a beat. "I want you to distribute these candies to the officers of the First and Second Years of the Magic Division. They have done a good job in surviving the Dungeon Outbreak and this is my reward for them."

"I don't mind doing this for you, Professor. But, what kind of reward will you give me afterwards?" Charlotte inquired.

Over the past few days, she had received a lot of personal training from Carter. The Professor had already successfully won the noble lady's heart. His every whim, and orders, were carried out by Charlotte without fail.

"Visit my room tonight," Carter raised her chin with his fingertip. "I will make sure that you will have a satisfied smile on your lips when you close your eyes to sleep."

He then lowered his head and kissed her lips which made the young noble lady very happy.

Charlotte left Carter's room in a good mood and headed towards the dormitories of the First and Second Year students in the Magic Division.

Five minutes after Charlotte left his room, the door opened and Charlotte's best friend, Annie, entered the room.

Carter had used his suggestion spell to make the girl come to his room, so that he could ask her about the latest news that was circulating around the merchant groups. Just like always, Annie told him that the Kingdom seemed to be preparing for the possibility of another Dungeon Outbreak and was stocking up on weapons and armors.

The professor didn't find anything wrong with this because he would do the same if he was in the King's position.

"What are you eating?" Est asked when he saw Isaac holding a pouch in his hands while chewing on something.

Isaac presented a different pouch to Est with a smile. "Young Master, they are candies. The Secretary of the Third Year Magic Division, Lady Charlotte, gave it to us. She said that it was a small reward for doing a great job during the Dungeon Outbreak."

"Lady Charlotte?" The image of the pretty daughter of the Marquesse appeared inside Est's head as he accepted the pouch from his retainer. He then casually picked up a candy from the pouch and ate it.

The sweet taste flooded his mouth and Est felt light-headed for a brief moment before everything returned to normal.

"This is quite delicious," Est said after finishing the candy. "Do you know where she bought this?"

Isaac shook his head, "Lady Charlotte said that these were hand made so they couldn't be bought in any stores. However, she promised to give us more after the maker had finished making another batch."

Ian, who usually quarreled with William, was not around. Because of this, Isaac felt a little bit lonely because there were very few occasions when he had to separate with his twin. After the two finished eating the candies inside their pouch, they returned to their duties as officers of the Magic Division.

Both of them were secretly looking forward to the next batch of candies that they would be receiving as soon as it was made.

After Carter received the "resources" from the Demon Continent, he immediately went to work and produced as many as he could for the first batch. These candies were different from the first one he distributed months ago because it was fifteen times more potent.

Usually, those who ate his candies would take at least two months before the suggestion spell inside their bodies matured. With this new candy, it would only take a week or two before the effect came into fruition.

Not only that, there was another spell added in it that Carter planned to activate during the Inter-Division Ceremony. By then, everyone that had eaten the candy would give in to their inner desires and would wreak havoc on those around them.

Since the Demon General had given Carter the marching order to execute his plan at the soonest possible time, he also made sure that the resources that his subordinate received were more than enough for the massive undertaking.

Even Carter felt that what the Demon General asked of him was overkill, but he didn't have any intention to complain. What he wanted to do above all else was to pin down the girls that he had set his eyes on, and make them his personal broodmares.

After the Demon's defeat in the Silvermoon Continent, the number of powerful demons that had been born was very low. This was why they decided to capture the talented humans from the Southern Continent and bring them back to the Demon Continent through the portal they had hidden along its borders.

Carter didn't know much about the specifics, but the Demon General gave vague hints that they had "helpers" in the Southern Continent. It was these helpers that had provided him the identity as the Professor of the Academy and allowed him to infiltrate their strict regulations with ease.

There was no need for a chess piece to question his master's orders. Carter was fully aware that he was just one of the many pawns of the Demon General that were deployed to the Human Lands.

Although all of them were given different roles, their goals had always been the same.



Their only goal, in their lives as chess pieces, was to bring back the glory of the Demon Race. Nothing else mattered, not even their lives.

#### Chapter 245: Connal, The Second Warrior Of The Northern Tribe

Thousands of warriors gathered around the Third Peak of the Kyrintor Mountains.

William and his comrades were so impressed with the Northern Army that they had no choice but to admit that it was a force to reckon with. Earlier, Ella had snooped around the Third Peak, but she didn't find anything much aside from the guests' identities.

When William found out the nationalities of these guests, he kept it to himself because there was no point in sharing it with the others. He decided to just let things go with the flow for now until he discovered their purpose for coming.

Jerkins looked at this sight with a calm expression on his face. He could tell that this was something that the Great Chief wanted to show them on purpose. It was a subtle way of saying that the Northern Tribe were not only a strong ally, but an equally strong enemy.

The ambassador glanced to his right side and frowned. His greatest fears had been confirmed. Sir Jerkins had a feeling that instead of finding allies, they would find a new threat that would stab them in the back if the war were to commence in full.

"What's wrong, Ambassador?" Cadell asked with a gloating expression on his face. "Are you familiar with our new friends?"

"Very," Cadell replied. He sighed internally as he gazed at the vast army in front of him. 'Your Majesty, I think we are too late.'

The Mayor of Northwell chuckled. He was in a really good mood and he felt that this was a good opportunity to slap the faces of the representatives of the Hellan Kingdom.

'You want us to become your allies? Fat chance.' Cadell sneered. 'We've waited too long for this moment. It is now time for the Northern Tribes to expand!'

Not far away from their location, the Great Chief of the Tribes stepped onto an elevated platform and raised his hand.

The warriors shouted their war cries and, soon, the entire peak had been washed by the tremendous pressure that came from these mighty warriors.

Sir Jerkins, Kenneth, Ian, Brutus, and Bruno weren't able to stop themselves from taking a few steps back due to the Aura that was unleashed by the warriors. Although none of the warriors intended for this to happen, the force of their united cries was strong enough to push back those who were not used to this kind of deterrence.

The other "guests" of the Northern Tribes were in a similar situation. They were also unable to resist the oppressive aura that descended upon them and had to take a few steps back to regain their footing.

Only William, Wendy, and Amelia were able to stand their ground. Earlier, William had firmly wrapped his arms around the waists of the two girls in order to prevent them from being pushed back. Although the auras of the warriors were strong, it couldn't compare to the Aura his grandfather had unleashed when William sparred with him back in Lont.

James' Battle Aura was so strong that it had blown William far away when he experienced it for the first time. Compared to that, the show of power from the Northern Warriors was like a gentle breeze that only ruffled William's cloak.

Cadell, who had secretly observed William, frowned when he saw that the boy seemed unaffected. Even the Great Chief, who had given William a side-long glance, gave the red-headed boy a rare nod of admiration.

After the Warriors had finished their greeting, Great Chief Evander began his speech.

"Today is the day when the Second Warrior of our Tribe will choose his bride candidates," Evander announced. "This is a blessed day and I look forward to meeting my future daughters-in-law. May the Feast that we have prepared satisfy all of you and may the Great Northern Tribes forever be Victorious!"

The warriors roared in agreement to their Great Chief's words. They raised their weapons up high and cheered for the Second Warrior's "Bride Selection Event".

A man who was almost two meters tall walked behind Great Chief Evander. He was not wearing any upper clothes and his body was like that of a body builder back on Earth. His amazing physical prowess and sharp features made him strikingly handsome.

According to William's estimate, he was at least in his late twenties. The Half-Elf watched as the Second Warrior of the tribe, Connal Zeke, raised the spear in his hand and shouted a war cry.

The Warriors replied with "Aho! Aho! Aho!" that reminded William of a documentary about the Spartans of ancient Greece.

"My brothers, and sisters, today is a very special day for me," Connal shouted. "I emerged from the trial of Fate only a month ago and finally realized that it is now the time for our tribe to rise up and look for greener pastures.

"I, the Second Warrior of the will lead this charge for the sake of our Tribe. However, as many of you know, it is our custom to leave behind our descendants if we are to fall in battle. Because of this, I finally decided to marry and ensure that my bloodline will still flourish even if I am to fall in battle!"

""Aho! Aho! Aho!""

It was the tribe's custom that the man should leave behind his descendants before going to war. Since the Second Warrior had no offspring, the Great Chief decided to call out all the tribes for a Bride Selection Ceremony.

Sir Jerkins was having a hard time keeping the calm expression on his face because the Second Warrior's declaration had brought his worst fears to life. The North had the intention of going to war, but it was not to aid the Hellan Kingdom. It was to conquer them from the back!

The Ambassador and William shared a knowing glance. Both of them knew that their trip had been in vain and that they had to inform the King that they would be fighting on three fronts.

The Tribes of the North, the Anaesha Dynasty to the East, and the Zelan Dynasty to the South.

Their ally, the Kingdom of Freesia was in the Far East. Although they had already sent a messenger to their King to ask for aid during the war, the additional enmity of the Northern Tribe made their already perilous situation, more unstable.

Connal glanced in William's direction and gave him the smile of a second-rate Antagonist. To the Half-Elf's surprise, Connal ignored the two beauties by his side. The Second Warrior simply made the "cutting the neck" gesture before stepping down from the elevated platform.

'Well, at least he's a little different from those Antagonists that lust after beautiful young women,' William thought. He then glanced at the foreign guests at his right side. 'We cannot avoid having conflicts with these guys. The only problem is whether we can leave this place in one piece or not.'

If William was alone, he could definitely slip away without any problems. Unfortunately, he had his squad with him and there was no way in hell that he would leave them here at the mercy of their enemies.

#### Chapter 246: The Wind May Blow, But The Ice Will Never Melt

Rowdy laughter and jest filled the air as the warriors of the tribe ate, drank, and laughed like this was their last day before going to the battlefield.

William's group was allocated a table not far from the Great Chief's, but far enough to tell them that they were not their priority.

On the Great Chief's left and right sides, were tables of the representatives from the two Dynasties Anaesha and Zelan. On the Anaeshan side, there were four people that shared the table, with six guards standing behind their backs.

On the Zelan side, there were five people, with the same number of guards standing behind them.

"The guy wearing a red robe is the second prince of the Anaesha Dynasty, Aziel Sy Anaesha," Sir Jerkins informed William, who was seated opposite him. "The one seated beside him is his half-sister, the second princess, Valeria Sy Anaesha. I don't know who the two men who are seated beside them are, but I'm guessing that they are their protectors."

William nodded his head in agreement. The Second Prince and Princess both had silky light-brown hair and were blessed with good looks. If they were brought back to Earth, both of them would be great endorsers of high-end fashion clothes for the rich and famous.

"Let's not mix with them. Those two are Mithril Rank Fighters. How about the other side?"

Jerkins glanced at the other table and began to introduce them as well.

"The man wearing black clothes is the Crown Prince of the Zelan Dynasty," Jerkins had a rare tinge of admiration in his voice as he introduced the devilish looking man to William. "His name is Prince Alaric Sol Zelan. I can't believe that an important person like him actually came here to the Kyrintor Mountains."

As the Crown Prince of a dynasty, Prince Alaric held great power and influence in their domain. For him to come to this place meant that it was of the utmost importance to their Dynasty.

"The beautiful lady seated beside him is the Third Princess, Princess Aila Sol Zelan. Although she's only sixteen years old this year, she has many suitors in the Zelan Dynasty, but the King hasn't found any of them worthy of his daughter. Perhaps she's here to become... a bride."

William observed the devilish looking Prince and angelic looking Princess from their table. Both of them had light-purple hair and eyes that made them stand out from the gathering. William was envious of their creamy white skin because it was a shade lighter than his.

After a short observation, he noticed that even though Princess Aila was smiling, her smile never reached her eyes. It even held a tinge of resignation as if she was someone who had surrendered herself to her fate.

'A pitiful political tool,' William thought. He then shifted his attention to the Crown Prince of the Zelan Dynasty. Perhaps it was coincidence, or perhaps it was Fate, but the Crown Prince also chose that time to look at William.

The two stared at each other for half a minute before giving each other a brief nod. Although that exchange didn't last long, William didn't feel any hostility from the Prince, which surprised him.

It was very different from the vibe of the Second Prince of the Anaesha Dynasty who blatantly showed his disdain for William's group whenever his eyes glanced in their direction.

Unlike the Second Warrior of the Tribe, Connal, Aziel Sy Aenasha looked at Wendy and Amelia in a lecherous manner.

Aziel felt excited at the possibility of having his way with the two beauties, while the representatives of the Hellan Kingdom watched helplessly as he ravaged the girls in front of them.

'Yep, this one is the true cannon fodder in this gathering,' William mused internally. 'I wonder if I'll get some God Points if I beat him up.'

Inside the Temple of Ten Thousand Gods...

Lily: I donate 250 God Points.

Issei: 250 for me as well.

David: 250.

Gavin: Okay, 250 for me as well.

After the feast ended, Connal stood up and respectfully bowed to Princess Aziel. He then extended his hand in a gesture and waited for the beautiful young lady to place her hands over his.

Princess Aila smiled and held Connal's hand. The Second Warrior held her small hand firmly, and gently pulled her close to him.

This rare act of gentleness from the Second Warrior earned him cheers and teasing remarks from the Warriors that were seated around the Great Hall.

"From this moment onwards, I declare Princess Aila as my main wife," Connal said. Even though he tried his best to hide it, everyone could still feel the happiness hidden behind his declaration.

It seemed that the Second Warrior was really in love with the Princess and it showed in his eyes and actions.

"I am honored to be chosen as your main wife, Proud Warrior of the North," Princess Aila replied. If she hated the fact that she had been forced by her father to marry Connal, she didn't show it on her face.Â

"I propose a toast for this wonderful pairing!" Aziel, the second prince of the Anaesha Dynasty proposed. "May their union bring prosperity to the Southern Continent!"

Another round of cheers resounded all around them as the warriors gave Connal and Princess Aila their blessings.

Prince Aziel then walked towards the main table of the Great Chief and stopped in front of Brianna.

"Although you're only eleven years old this year, I am looking forward to your growth, My Lady," Prince Aziel said with a smile. "I am very happy to have you as my future bride."

"Huh?" Brianna widened her eyes in shock. She then glanced at her Father in confusion.

Her father, Liam, drank wine from his goblet with a determined expression. He didn't even look at his own daughter and pretended that he was not aware of her stare.

Brianna felt her heart grow cold as she stared at her grandfather. Great Chief Evander was different from his son and faced his granddaughter's gaze with a smile.

"Brianna, the Second Prince of Anaesha has decided to make you his second wife," Great Chief Evander said. "I'm sure that you will be happy in the Anaesha Dynasty. Isn't that right, Prince Aziel?"

"Of course, Great Chieftain. I promise that I will take good care of your granddaughter. I will ensure that she grows up as a proper lady."

"Good."

Brianna lowered her head and clenched her fists under the table. Her father and grandfather hadn't told her anything about this marriage agreement. No, they hadn't told her because they knew that she wouldn't agree to it.

Princess Aila, who was seated not far from the young girl, looked at her in a calm manner. Deep inside, she pitied Brianna. She could see herself as the youngest granddaughter of the Great Chief. Both of them were in the same position.

Both of them were just tools used for political gains between the powerful factions in the Southern Continent.

They were the sacrifices that were needed to seal the Tri-Party alliance between the Northern Tribes, and the two Dynasties, which will attack the Hellan Kingdom on all fronts.

Prince Aziel extended his hand to grab Brianna's small hands, in order to drag her to his own table. However, before the Prince could even touch his "bride's" hand, another hand held his in a firm manner.

Prince Aziel flinched because the hand that held his own was very rough and one could tell that it was not the hands of a noble.



The Prince turned his head to look at the fool who dared to get in his way. There he found a Half-Elf that had red hair akin to flames, who was looking at him with clear, light-green, eyes that were as beautiful as sapphires.

"I'm sorry, but I fell in love with Lady Brianna the moment I saw her," William lied with a straight face. "I was planning to ask the Great Chieftain to make her my fiance, but I never thought that she was already betrothed to another."

Prince Aziel snorted as he glared at the annoying Half-Elf in front of him. If someone had dared to grab his hand without his permission in the Aenasha Dynasty, that person's hand would have been cut off, and his body whipped a thousand times over.

He laughed in anger as he tightened his grip on William's hand. Prince Aziel had every intention of breaking the offender's hand to teach him a lesson.

"Since you already know that the Young Lady is betrothed to me then why are you getting in my way?" Prince Aziel asked. "Know your place, and go back to where you belong, Hellanian!"

William chuckled as if what Prince Aziel was saying was complete and utter nonsense. "You ask me why I am getting in your way? You're not very smart are you, Second Prince of the Aenasha Dynasty."

William raised his chin in an arrogant manner and acted like a First-Rate Antagonist. "I came here for one reason, and one reason only, and that is to 'snatch' this beauty from your hands. Like I said, I fell in love with her and I'm not planning to hand her to anyone. Not to you, nor any other man in this great hall."

The hall quieted down as the warriors looked at William with a grim expression. Their hands moved towards the handles of their weapons. They were only waiting for their Great Chief's order to hack the arrogant Half-Elf to pieces.

Great Chief Evander was about to say something, but William didn't give him that opportunity.

"I challenge you, Aziel Sy Anaesha, for the hand of Lady Briana," William declared. "I issue this challenge in adherence to the laws of the Third Peak of Chivalry. I call upon the Sovereign of the Kyrintor Mountains to bear witness to this challenge."

William then strengthened his grip on the Second Prince's hand which made the latter wince in pain. After seeing the Prince's reaction, William released his hand and faced Great Chief Evander.

"The Wind may blow, but the Ice will never melt," William said as he ignored the pained expression of the Second Prince and faced Great Chief Evander fearlessly. "Isn't that right, Great Chief of the Northern Tribes?"

#### Chapter 247: Don't Worry. I Won't Let Him Marry You

In the beginning, William wasn't planning on doing anything. However, when Prince Aizel was about to grab Brianna's hand, his body moved subconsciously.

When he came to himself, he was already grabbing the Second Prince's hand and looking at the latter's glaring face.

Perhaps, due to himself being a victim of an arranged marriage, William felt that Brianna was very pitiful. She had just turned eleven, but was now forced to marry someone she didn't even like.

For a brief moment, the image of Brianna's clear and confident eyes appeared inside William's mind. In the next instant, those same eyes clouded over and lost their brilliance. Deep inside his heart, the Half-Elf didn't want the lively young lady to lose her radiance.

Because of this, his body moved before his mind could even think of a way to save the young girl. While the second prince was talking, the system had informed William that there was a special rule in the Peak of Chivalry that allowed special challenges to be issued.

This peak was used to settle disputes between the tribe in the form of one-on-one mortal combat. This was a bloody tradition in the Northern Tribes, but it was a tradition that all of them recognized.

No matter what happened, no matter the result, the winner was King!

Great Chief Evander stared at William with a serious expression. The phrase "The Wind may blow, but the Ice will never melt" had a significant meaning to the Northern Tribe. It was the promise that their Great Sovereign had given them before he ascended to the First Peak of Divinity.

Since then, their Sovereign had never again appeared before them. However, his blessing still remained. Only the Oracle, who served their Lord, would descend from the First Peak to relay their Sovereign's order.

Ignoring this phrase was tantamount to ignoring the Sovereign's pledge to his people. Great Chief Evander breathed deeply before reluctantly acknowledging William's challenge.

"The Wind may blow, but the Ice will never melt," Evander said. He then looked at the Second Prince of the Dynasty of Anaesha and sighed internally. He had already given his word, but he was powerless against the rules of their domain.

He'd rather break his promise to a mortal prince than ignore the pledge of a Demigod.

"According to the laws of our tribe, within the Peak of Chivalry, challenges can be issued if there is a conflict of interest," Great Chief Evander stated with a serious expression. "Since the representative from the Hellan Kingdom also wishes to marry my granddaughter then a fair duel is needed. This is the law of our people."

"Great Chief, need I remind you that...," Prince Aziel wasn't able to finish his sentence because Great Chief Evander had thrown an onyx medallion in his direction.

"I've returned the token that you have given me." Great Chief Evander stood straight and released his imposing aura. "If you wish to be betrothed to my granddaughter, you will have to fight for her hand in marriage. If not then she will become this... boy's bride."

Prince Aziel narrowed his eyes. His mission was to ensure that the alliance between their Dynasty and the Northern Tribes succeeded. This was why his father had entrusted the medallion in his hand as a bargaining chip for Brianna's hand in marriage.

The Second Prince knew that he couldn't back down from this duel, because he would be ridiculed by his brothers if he returned as a failure.Â

Prince Aziel wasn't afraid of fighting William in a duel because he was a warrior. The Anaesha Dynasty was a dynasty that was ruled by military strength. All the weaklings were weeded out, and this also included the members of the Royal Family.

The Prince had fought several duels before he was recognized by his father. It was also why he was the one chosen for this extremely important mission. If he succeeded then he would be showered with praises. If he failed...

"To think that a Half-Elf slave would dare to challenge this Prince. How the Mighty Hellan Kingdom has fallen," Prince Aziel said with contempt. "Tell me slave, who are you and what is your standing in your kingdom?"

William shifted his head to the side to look at the glaring Prince who was so close to having one of his blood vessels ruptured.

"William Von Ainsworth," William said with a smile. "I am the Commander of the Second Knight Order of the Hellan Kingdom."

William then gazed at Great Chief Evander as he continued his speech. "I am the Commander of the Angorian War Sovereign. Nice to meet all of you."

Great Chief Evander's, Liam's, and Connal's eyes widened in surprise. The warriors that surrounded the great hall, on the other hand, started to whisper at each other while glancing at William from time to time.

"A Slave Commander?" Prince Aziel chuckled. "This is the most ridiculous thing that I have ever heard in my life. Very well, I accept your challenge, Slave."

Prince Aziel stepped forward and looked down on William because he was half a meter taller than the boy. "I will ensure that you understand your position in society. I'll trample on your face and use it as a sharpener for my sword. I will make sure that you regret challenging this Prince."

"You know, that is what all the side-characters say," William replied. "Since you are able to spout this bunch of nonsense, that means that you are just a small fry in the Anaesha Dynasty."

A loud clap resounded inside the great hall as William's wooden staff and Prince Aziel's sword clashed against each other. In that initial clash, both men were able to hold their ground.

"I guess you can back your words to a certain extent," Prince Aziel said.

"Mmm." William hummed. "However, I'm more handsome than you, so it's still my win."

"Keep talking while you still have your tongue, brat."

"Did anyone tell you that you have bad breath?"

The two were about to clash again when Great Chief Evander clapped his hands to put a stop to young men who were very close to fighting inside the banquet hall.

"Since the two of you are going to fight, we will relocate to the Arena of Chivalry," Evander declared. "All the warriors of the Northern Region will witness this battle. Do your best and show us the might of the Hellan Kingdom and the Anaesha Dynasty."

Prince Aziel snorted and backed away. He returned to his table in a bad mood.

"Don't worry," William said as he patted Brianna's head. "I won't let him marry you."

William didn't wait for Brianna's reply and returned to his table. As soon as he arrived, Sir Jerkins dragged him to the side and talked to him in hushed whispers.

"Why did you do that?" Jerkins inquired. "We are already in a precarious situation. We might not even be able to leave this place if the Tribes have really allied with the Two Dynasties."

William patted the ambassador's shoulder, "It is because we are in this precarious situation that we must show our strength. If the warriors of the Northern Tribe recognize our valor, they will be less willing to put us under house arrest."

The Half-Elf gave the Ambassador a refreshing smile as glanced in the direction of the Second Prince of Anaesha. "Besides, wouldn't this be a good opportunity to kill a prince? Once he's dead, the Anaesha Dynasty and the Northern Tribes will end up in conflict. Isn't this a good thing for us?"

Sir Jerkins quieted down for a few seconds. He never expected the young boy in front of him to be resolute in taking down a Prince from the neighboring dynasty. After organizing his thoughts, he finally asked the most important question.

"Can you beat him?"

William smiled, "I have no choice but to beat him. If I don't beat him, we will have no chance of leaving this place alive."

William didn't lie. Right now, they were deep inside the enemy's territory. The only way for them to survive was to create as much chaos as possible and break the Tri-Party Alliance that had been formed between the Two Dynasties and the Northern Tribe of the Kyrintor Mountains.

#### Chapter 248: Lightning God War Art, Eighth Form

The feast ended abruptly as everyone headed towards the Arena of Chivalry. This was a giant pit located in the Third Peak of Chivalry where duels were held.

The arena was half a kilometer long, and felt very ancient. There was a carved statue of a humanoid goat with wings that towered over the far end of the arena. William assumed that this was the image of the Sovereign of the Kyrintor Mountains that the tribes worship.

The Half-Elf had changed attire and wore a white and red robe with a hood. Currently, William was not using the hood so it lay harmlessly on the back of his neck. He was holding the wooden staff in his hand and stood in the center of the arena.

Aziel was wearing a full set of black and gold light-weight armor. The Aenasha dynasty was a dynasty of warriors. They had very few magicians, but they had two Sword Saints among their ranks. They also had an Ant Queen Myriad Beast Guardian that ensured that their territory wouldn't be conquered by anyone.

The spectators stood along the sides of the huge pit and looked at the two warriors with interest. All of them disliked William and hoped that Prince Aziel would wipe the floor using the arrogant Half-Elf's face.

Sir Jerkins, and the other representatives of the Hellan Kingdom, had grim expressions on their faces as they watched the battle from above.

Briana, who was the "prize", sat beside her grandfather with her hands clasped together. It was as if she was praying to the Sovereign of the Kyrintor Mountains for William's victory.

The Crown Prince, Prince Alaric, and Princess Aila, sat beside each other as they, too, waited for the start of the battle. In the depths of Princess Aila's beautiful purple eyes, a rare feeling of admiration and envy welled up. She wasn't able to stop herself from giving Brianna a brief glance before shifting her attention back at the arena.

How the Princess wished that she was in Brianna's position. She also wished that a knight would appear out of nowhere and save her from her fated marriage.

"Are both of you ready?" Great Chief Evander, who was seated on a High-Seat at the top of the cliff overlooking the arena, asked.

"Ready," William answered. He took a fighting stance holding the staff in his hand and pointed its end in Prince Aziel's direction.

Prince Aziel nodded his head and brought down his visor. He took a fighting stance and held his sword firmly in his hand.

Seeing that both fighters were raring to go. Great Chief Evander raised his hand and announced the start of the battle.

"Fight for honor! Fight for Glory! May the best man win!" Great Chief Evander shouted. "Start!"

The warriors around the arena raised their weapons and shouted.

""Aho! Aho! Aho!""

William locked his sights on Prince Aziel's body as the power of his passive skills boosted his stats. He had shifted to the Monk Job Class because it was currently the best Class to use during a battle. Not only that, the extra stat points it gave was a welcome addition to William whose powers were still sealed.

Name: William Von Ainsworth

Race: Half-Elf

Health Points: 7,500 / 7,500

Mana: < Disabled >

Job Class: Shepherd (Lvl 30)

Sub Class: Monk (Max)

< Strength: 55 (+45) >



< Agility: 50 (+20) >

< Vitality: 30 (+35) >

< Intelligence: 60 (+20)>

< Dexterity: 45 (+50) >

Titles:

< Giant Slayer >

< Friendzoned >

< Domain Master >

Both fighters took a step forward and charged at each other. Prince Aziel suddenly increased his speed and instantly appeared five meters in front of William. The Second Prince was known for his uncanny ability to easily unleash a flurry of sword strikes that rendered his opponent in a helpless state.

He was using a long, silver, saber sword that was slightly longer, and bigger than the normal saber sword. Although it looked heavy from an outsider's perspective, for the Prince, it was as light as a feather because it was a soul bound weapon that was especially made for him by the Grandmaster Blacksmith of their Dynasty.

It was a sword that could easily slice through steel armor, as if it was made from tofu.

Prince Aziel sneered in his heart. His plan was to cut the Half-Elf's arms off before torturing him. He would mutilate William's face until even his family wouldn't be able to recognize him anymore. After that, he would chain him up and bring him back to the Palace and have him live as a chained dog for the rest of his life.

The sword blade blurred as the strike reached its designated target.

William raised his staff in an attempt to block it which made the smile on Prince Aziel's face widen. He disdained the Half-Elf for even attempting to use a useless staff to block his sword. He looked forward to seeing his "future" slave's expression when the weapon in his hands was cut into pieces.

Unfortunately, what happened next made the smile on Prince Aziel's face stiffen.

The staff that he had thought would be cut in half successfully blocked his attack and was even about to fall on top of his head!

The Prince hurriedly jumped to the side to dodge the unexpected counter attack from his opponent. However, William was hot on his heels.

"Relentless Dragon Rush!" William roared as he sent a flurry of thrusts aimed at Prince Aziel's head, neck, chest, eyes, and shoulders.

The Prince hurriedly parried the attacks he could, and dodged the others. Prince Aziel took several steps back in order to gain distance from the opponent that he had only considered to be a fool for challenging him in a duel.

Forced into a corner, Prince Aziel shouted and released his Sword Aura. The sword in his hand extended and turned into a Giant Silver Snake that forced William to stop his assault.

After finally taking a breather, Prince Aziel's face within his helmet reddened in anger and shame. For him to be forced to use his Sword Aura and Intent first made his killing intent explode from his body.

"I'll kill you!" Prince Aziel roared and thrust forward.

The Giant Silver Snake hissed and charged towards William with rage.

This time, the situation was reversed. It was now William's time to retreat as the snake mercilessly hounded his heels.

"Come, Soleil!" The ring on William's hand transformed into a golden spear. He had already stored his wooden staff and now held the spear firmly in his hands.

Right now, it was noon-time in the Kyrintor Mountains. Although the temperature was freezing, the sun shone in the sky like a King watching gladiators battle to entertain him. The spear in William's hand started to get warm, which caused steam to rise from its handle and blade tip.

William channeled his Aura into his weapon before throwing it towards the sky. Everyone was dumbfounded by the Half-Elf's move because they couldn't understand the logic behind his actions. Even William's comrades were caught by surprise by their Commander's antics.

Wendy's hands were clasped together over her chest as she observed the person she liked. She had faith in William and trusted him completely. The beautiful girl knew that her Commander was not someone who did things arbitrarily. She knew that there was a hidden meaning behind his action that would allow him to win the duel.

After throwing Soleil towards the sky, William summoned his bow and quiver. He immediately nocked an arrow on his bow and aimed it in Prince Aizel's direction.

"Lightning God War Art, Eighth Form," William said. "Exterminate, Khryselakatos!"

The tip of the adamantium arrow glistened in an eerie green glow before it was released from the bow. It flew towards the Prince leaving a trail of green mist behind it. Halfway through its journey, the arrow multiplied into over a hundred replicas.

Prince Aziel immediately made a blocking gesture which made the Giant Silver Snake stand in front of him. A few seconds later, a pained shriek resounded in the arena as the Adamantium arrows embedded themselves into the Silver Snake's body.

Green smoke rose up from the arrow heads which formed a green poisonous cloud that enveloped the Giant Snake's body.

Prince Aziel hurriedly dropped the sword in his hand and ran away from the poisonous cloud. As a member of the Royal family, he was well versed in using poison, because it was the most effective way to eliminate his opposition.

His instinct told him that the poison was very potent, so he didn't hesitate to drop his weapon to retreat.

Unfortunately, William's Lightning God War Art lasted for a full minute and the Half-Elf had sent another barrage of poisonous arrows in his direction.

Out of desperation, Prince Aziel raised the Onyx Medallion, that he had given Great Chief Evander before, in order to save his life.

"Heed my call and come to my aid!" Prince Aziel shouted. "Come forth! Blood-Eyed Torment Ant Soldiers!"

The Onyx Medallion shone and three two-meter-tall Ant Type Beasts emerged in front of Prince Aziel.

The rain of arrows fell upon them, and the ants gave out pained cries as they were hit by the holy arrows that were coated in powerful poison. The ants fell on the ground twitching, but Prince Aziel paid them no mind.

He summoned six more Blood-Eyed Torment Ants and ordered them to attack William. Once again, these ants died in William's hands, but Prince Aziel kept on summoning more. It was as if the medallion's ability to summon was unending.

Great Chief Evander looked at the Onyx Medallion in regret. If only William hadn't interfered with his plans, the medallion would have been his!

The Blood-Eyed Torment Ants Soldiers were only Grade D beasts, but they were numerous. After summoning over a hundred beasts, the effect of William's Lightning God War Art expired and he no longer shot any more arrows at his enemy.

Seeing that the Half-Elf had run out of steam, Prince Aziel laughed and raised the medallion once again. "Show him no mercy! I summon you, Grim Nightmare Ant Commander!"

A four-meter-tall silver ant with green eyes materialized in front of Prince Aziel. The Grim Nightmare Ant Commander's bloody red mandibles opened wide to let out an ear piercing shriek. It was its warcry and acknowledgement to its Master's command to kill the enemy in front of it.

William narrowed his eyes as his appraisal skill identified the latest goon that the Prince had summoned to end his life.

< Grim Nightmare Ant Commander >

-- Colony Commander

-- Threat Level: S (Mid)

-- Centennial Beast

-- Cannot be added to the herd.

Chapter 249: Duel's End

William wasn't able to read the rest of the information of the Centennial Beast in front of him because it gave him no time to do so.

After screeching, the Centennial Ant fired an acid spray in William's direction. The ground he was standing on a while ago melted into a puddle of acid. Since it was an AOE attack, William wasn't able to prevent himself from getting grazed by the acid on his shoulder and legs.

Fortunately, William had coated his body with his Aura, but he still suffered second degree burns from the acid spray. He was, afterall, fighting against a Centennial Beast that was way out of his league.

Name: William Von Ainsworth

Race: Half-Elf

Health Points: 4,500 / 7,500

Mana: < Disabled >

'Just a graze and I received this much injury,' William thought as he distanced himself from the giant ant who was now running towards him. 'If that thing hits me directly, I'm doomed.'

Smoke rose from the injured area of William's body as he dodged the Ant's relentless attacks. Initially, he thought of attacking Prince Aziel, but the latter had summoned dozens of Blood-Eyed Torment Ant Soldiers to protect him.

The prince currently had a gloating expression on his face as he looked at the pitiful Half-Elf.

< Host, it is going to fire another Acid Spray! >

"Yin Yang Cauldron!" William shouted and a cauldron materialized in front of him. It enlarged itself and formed a shield in front of William. The Acid Spray landed on its surface, but the cauldron remained intact.

Wendy and Amelia breathed a sigh of relief after seeing that William was safe. Their hearts were beating wildly inside their chests in anxiousness for the boy's safety.

To William's surprise the cauldron even absorbed the acid spray and stored it inside its "storage space" meant for ingredients. The Half-Elf decided to use the acid to his advantage and ordered the cauldron to spray the acid back.

However, his target was not the Centennial Beast in front of him, but the Prince that had surrounded himself with soldier ants.

Aziel immediately ordered the ants around him to form a meat shield to protect him from the acid spray. The dozen of ants melted as soon as the acid landed on their bodies, but their mass was enough to protect the Prince who hid behind them.

"If one is not enough then have a couple more!" Aziel screamed in fury. "Hear my call! Grim Nightmare Ant Commanders!"

Two more Centennial Ants appeared in the arena. The combined pressure of the three Centennial Beasts made the warriors look at them solemnly.

William still had a calm expression on his face, but that was because his consciousness was elsewhere. He had assigned the system to "temporarily control his body" while he negotiated with someone inside his Thousand Beast Domain.

"Hahaha! You stupid elf! You finally made your appearance!" Kasogonaga roared in anger. "How dare you trap me inside this domain. I will make you pay with your life!"

"Wait! Wait! Listen to me first!" William raised both of his hands in an attempt to pacify the enraged Demigod. "I came here because I have a proposal!"

"I will not negotiate with any elves! Die!"

"If I die, you will be trapped here for Eternity. Do you want that to happen?"

The rainbow-colored, two-meter-tall, curled-up Anteater, stopped in its tracks. It was about to ram itself on William's body, but the moment the elf mentioned being trapped for Eternity, it hurriedly stopped its attack.

"You dare to threaten this Demigod!" Kasogonaga shouted hatefully.

"Just listen first, how about we make a deal? I promise that you will gain benefits from it."

"What deal?! Speak you wretched elf!"

William decided to come clean because he didn't have much time remaining. The system said that he could only take over his body for ten minutes max before the auto-pilot feature was disabled.

"I am currently fighting three Centennial Ants..."

"Hahaha! Doesn't that mean that you're as good as dead? Good! You deserve to die a gruesome death."

"If I die, you will be trapped here for Eternity." William reminded the smug-faced Anteater, which made the latter immediately choke on its own laughter.

"The two of us started on the wrong foot, but let me tell you one thing," William said after taking a deep breath. "I am not an Elf. I am a Half-Elf."

"You're still Half an Elf!" The Kasogonaga didn't want to compromise.

Although it knew that Half-Elves were also treated badly by the Elves, its long imprisonment made it hate anything that had an "Elf" attached to it.

"You hate the elves right? I mean, I also resent them to a certain extent because they forced my mother and I to be separated," William explained.

The Kasogonaga paused and looked at William with a serious expression. As a Demi-God, it had the power to see through all lies and deceit by mortals. No mortal on Hestia could lie to a Demi-God and think that they could get away with it.

William then hurriedly narrated the story about how his father saved the Silvermoon Continent and sacrificed himself to save the World Tree. However, some of the Elders of the Elven Council still hated William's father because he had made the Saintess his wife.



"Hmp! Even after thousands of years, those hypocrites are still hypocrites!" the Kasogonaga stomped the ground with its little foot in anger.

"I'd like to tell you more, but I don't have much time left," William said anxiously. "Right now, I need your help. Please, help me."

The Kasogonaga pondered for a while before reluctantly nodding its head.

"I will help you, but in return, you will allow me to use some of the High-Grade Magic Crystals you have stored inside your Domain."

"Deal!"

Back in the Arena...

"It's time for you to die, you wretched slave!" Prince Aziel ordered the three Centennial Ants to corner William and end his life.

Right now, William's back leaned against the wall of the Arena. The three Centennial Beasts had him surrounded and there was no longer any place to run and evade.

The three ants opened their mandibles wide and attacked William.

Wendy and Amelia covered their eyes with their hands. They didn't want to see their Commander's gruesome death in the jaws of the Centennial Beasts.

Brianna, who was watching the battle, clenched her fists so hard that her nails had dug down into her palms, drawing blood.

Princess Aila, sighed internally as she averted her gaze. She knew that the battle was already at its end, and she didn't want to personally witness the death of a brave young man who only wanted to save the damsel in distress.

It was at that moment when a loud and arrogant voice echoed inside the arena.

"I'M ROLLING!"

A two-meter tall, rainbow-colored wrecking ball slammed on the face of one of the Centennial Ants. After hitting its target, it bounced towards the other Ant and hit its head as well. Naturally, it didn't end there and it hit the head of the remaining ant that had a look of surprise on its face.

Although the Kasogonaga was only a Class C Beast, it was still a Demigod and the "bane" of all ants. Its attacks, no matter how weak it was, would always give the maximum damage towards all kinds of ants which were its food.

The three Centennial Ants collapsed on the ground, shrieking in pain.

The rainbow-colored Anteater, uncurled itself and a long, elongated tongue extended from its snout. The tongue wrapped around the body of one of the ants and pulled it towards the Anteater.

The Centennial Ant struggled helplessly but it was of no use. Faced with the bane of its existence, all of its attempts to break free were futile.

"Nom nom."

The ant was devoured by the smaller Anteater as if it was nothing. It was akin to a goldfish eating a baby shark, but the irony was, there was still room to spare in its stomach!

The stomach of the Kasogonaga was similar to a small blackhole. Any Ant type creatures would be instantly absorbed within that blackhole and they would be digested gradually over time.

After seeing the demise of their comrade, the two Centennial Ants tried to escape, but the Kasogonaga was a step ahead of them. It wrapped the two ants with its tongue and devoured both of them at the same time.

Prince Aziel watched this scene in disbelief. Actually, he was not the only one. Everyone who was watching the battle had dumbfounded looks on their faces.

While everyone was still reeling from the shock, one of the Mithril Ranked warriors from the Anaesha Dynasty shouted.

"Prince! Above you!"

Prince Aziel hurriedly looked above him and saw another unbelievable sight.

William was holding a flaming spear in his hands that was over two meters long. His robes fluttered in the air as he raised the spear to strike.

"Bloom in the battlefield," William roared. "Fleur Du Soleil!"

The spear left a blazing trail in the sky as it streaked towards the horrified Prince that was frozen in place.

Prince Aziel's vision was bathed in a golden light. That was the last thing he saw before his body, and ambitions, turned into ashes.

Chapter 250: Calm Your Tiddies, You Bunch Of Pus\*ies!

A hot gust of air washed over the spectators that were watching the battle. The enchantment that was placed on the Arena of Chivalry had activated and prevented the roaring flames from going outside the confines of the Arena.

Jerkins clenched his fist as he exclaimed in both shock and happiness at William's firm stance when it came to killing the Second Prince.

'Good job, boy! Good job!' Jerkins gritted his teeth as the blood boiled inside his body. He wished he could do the same and massacre the other representatives of the Aenasha Dynasty, but he was more of a scholar than a warrior.

The flames of Soleil rampaged as it tried to break free, but the powerful enchantments of the arena kept it in place. Soon, the flames subsided and only a golden spear, firmly embedded in the ground, could be seen where the Second Prince of the Anaesha Dynasty once stood.

Great Chief Evander, and the rest of the warriors, had solemn expressions on their faces as they looked at this scene. Their gazes shifted from the spear stuck in the ground to the boy that was slowly descending from the sky.

< Ding! >

< Hidden Quest Cleared! >

< Beat the Second Prince of the Aenasha Dynasty! >

< Reward: 1000 God Points >

The red-headed boy was surprised when the series of notifications appeared on his status page. Although he wished that he would gain points in defeating Prince Aziel, he didn't expect that a hidden quest would be triggered after he successfully killed him.

William had no qualms in killing Prince Aziel because it was a scenario where either the Prince died, or he died. He wouldn't show mercy to his enemy, especially when that enemy was hell bent on killing him.

William's hand was firmly gripping the feet of the Blood Eagle, whom he named Scadrez. The Half-Elf gave the Great Chief of the Northern Tribe a side-long glance before his feet touched the ground.

"Thank you, Scadrez," William said and the Blood Eagle screeched in reply.

It circled around its master once before disappearing into the air.

William extended his hand and Soleil flew back to him. He held the spear firmly in his grip as he walked towards the spot where the Prince had fallen. There, on the ground, was the Onyx Medallion that he had used to summon the Ant Warriors to fight by his side.

Surprisingly, the medallion hadn't melted and was still intact. William picked it up and was about to appraise it when a scream broke the solemn air of the Third Peak of Chivalry.

"Prince Aziel!" A panicked scream broke out from the representatives of the Aenasha Dynasty.

The two Mithril Ranked Warriors jumped down into the arena and charged towards William. Both of their eyes were bloodshot because they didn't expect that their Second Prince would die in his fight against the Knight Commander of the Hellan Kingdom.

They knew that they would be punished by the King when they returned to their domain, but they hoped that their punishment would be lessened if they presented the culprit to their Monarch.

William didn't move and simply stared at the two approaching warriors in disdain. A mocking smile appeared on his lips as if taunting them for their stupidity.

The two warriors became more enraged and unsheathed their weapons when they were only twenty meters away from their target.

They planned to cut off the boy's legs in order to prevent him from running away, so they could drag him back to their homeland and torture him for life.

The two warriors brandished their weapons at the same time, however, something unexpected happened.

When their weapons were merely a foot away from William's body, both warriors stopped in their tracks. Their expressions and gazes didn't change, but they had stopped completely. It was as if both of them were frozen in time, unable to deliver that disabling blow that would cripple the Half-Elf whose mocking smile widened even more.

"The Wind may blow, but the Ice will never melt," William said softly. "Mortals who disobey this law... will only have one ending."

As if waiting for those very words to finish, both warriors turned into ice sculptures, to the surprise of all the foreign guests who thought that William would die under the two warrior's hands.

Only the Northern Tribe didn't bat an eye and remained indifferent to the fate of the two warriors that had dared to break one of their sacred laws.

William casually brandished Soleil and shattered the two ice sculptures. The Arena of Chivalry only allowed duels that both parties had agreed upon. Those who broke this rule would turn into ice sculptures and their fate would be at the mercy of the person whom they wished to harm.

Since William already knew the rules of the arena by heart, he acted firmly and destroyed the ice sculptures. He had no intention of negotiating with the representatives of the Aenasha Dynasty because both had already shown open hostility to each other.

The Second Princess, Valeria Sy Anaesha, looked on in horror as William made a cutting the neck gesture in her direction. The remaining guards hurriedly stood in front of the Princess and unsheathed their weapons. It was their way of protecting the last "VIP" of their Dynasty within the Kyrintor Mountains.

William ignored the soldiers as his eyes shifted towards the Great Chieftain's location. Half of his mission had been completed and it was time to finish the rest while he still had the strength to stand.

He ignored the pain that was coming from the acid burns on his body as his eyes locked on his target. William raised the spear in his hand and pointed it at the Second Warrior of the Tribe, Connal Zeke.

"When I saw Princess Aila, I fell in love with her at first sight," William said in a righteous tone. "Although I am younger than her by two years, I'm sure that she'll be more beautiful when I come of age. I've always wanted to marry a Princess, so this is an opportunity that I can't afford to miss."

Princess Aila, and the other people that were present on the Third Peak couldn't stop their lips from twitching. Just an hour ago, William declared that he "fell in love at first sight" when he saw Brianna. Now, he was saying the same thing.

All of them wanted to spit on him and ask. "Just how many times do you plan to 'fall in love at first sight?'"

Wendy, Amelia, and the rest of the members of William's Knight Order covered their faces as they looked away in embarrassment. For a brief moment, they wanted to pretend that they didn't know the shameless Half-Elf who had a smug expression on his face at this time.

Even Jerkins' usually calm facade broke apart and was forced to cover his mouth to prevent himself from laughing out loud.

"Commander William, why don't you stop here?" Great Chief Evander was forced to acknowledge William as one of the Knight Commanders of the Hellan Kingdom after he had shown his mettle against Prince Aziel and the Centennial Ants.

Although he didn't know the origin of that rainbow colored Anteater that appeared earlier, a beast that could single-handedly defeat, and devour, three Centennial Ants was no laughing matter.

"Today is the day that my son will choose his brides," Evander continued. "Since he has already chosen the princess as his main wife, it would be disrespectful for the guest to snatch her away, no?"

William smiled when he heard Evander's condescending words. Frankly, he felt like scum right now. But, he'd rather be a scum than a dead scum. As long as they were on the Third Peak of Chivalry, William could use the rules to his advantage. However, once they left this place... the advantage he had would disappear like the fleeting wind.

"So, you are saying that the Second Warrior of the Tribe refuses to accept my challenge?" William nodded his head. "Alright, I will accept your suggestion, but he has to change his title to the 'Second Coward of the Tribe'. I am very excited to share with my kingdom that the warriors of the Kyrintor Mountains are just a bunch of pus\*sies."

William laughed out loud. It was a laughter filled with ridicule and contempt that irritated the ears of everyone that heard it, excluding the representatives of the Hellan Kingdom.

The Great Chief and the rest of the warriors glared at William hatefully, but the target of William's ridicule sat calmly on his seat as if he didn't hear the Half-Elf's mocking words.

The Second Warrior calmly sipped his tea and let the mocking laughter wash over him like a passing breeze. He was not afraid to fight William, because as long as he was in his domain, he would be able to use the power of his bloodline to its limit.

The reason he was not saying and doing anything was because he was waiting for his father's decision. The Great Chief was his father and his words were law. Great Chief Evander had already told him subtly to remain seated and not say or do anything reckless.

As the Second Warrior, he wouldn't allow himself to be enraged by mere taunts. However, Connal didn't expect that William would also mock the warriors of the Northern Tribe.

What he did went past the Northern Tribe's bottomline!

All the warriors roared in anger and brandished their weapons. If not for the laws of the Third Peak, they would have already swarmed the hateful Half-Elf and torn him to shreds.

"What's wrong? Are you guys angry?" William laughed. "Calm your tiddies, you bunch of Pus\*sies! Come, this Sir is here! All of you can fight me at the same time. I'm not afraid of Pus\*sies!"

The Crown Prince of the Zelan Dynasty, Alaric Sol Zelan, had a faint smile on his face as he looked at the Knight Commander of the Hellan Kingdom who was busy taunting the warriors of the Northern Tribe.



Deep inside he was laughing heartily. He thought that coming to the Kyrintor Mountains would be a dull undertaking. He didn't expect that he would find "First-Class Entertainment" in this dull and frigid place.