

Strongest 431

Chapter 431: Second Top Priority

It had been several days since Conner had returned to the Capital City of Gladiolus to manage the affairs of the Hellan Kingdom. Working beside him was none other than the son of the Prime Minister, Brendan.

Conner liked the boy's work ethics and even thought about formally inviting him to be a member of Deus because of his outstanding management skills. However, he didn't do that because he still didn't trust him completely.

For now, Conner decided to observe him and see if he could find any weaknesses that he could exploit to make the teenager become a loyal member of Deus.

"How is the migration of survivors coming along?" Conner asked.

Brendan stood and bowed respectfully before giving an answer. This earned him a nod of appreciation from Conner who liked obedient and capable subordinates to work under his wing.

"Sir, the majority of the survivors are now making their way towards the capital," Brendan reported. "The migration is being delayed because the teleport gates can only be used at fixed intervals everyday."

Conner nodded. He was also aware of this inconvenience, however there was nothing he could do about it. The one who had complete control over the settings of the teleport gates was none other than King Noah.

The Royal Family has a unique artifact inside the castle that they could use to manipulate certain things within the Hellan Kingdom. With this artifact, the King would be able to change the settings of the teleport gates, barriers, defensive mechanisms, and attack runes embedded in the capital city's walls to resist any kind of invasion.

Conner had tried to make Prince Lionel tweak the settings of the teleport gates, but the Crown Prince was unable to even activate the unique artifact.

The Leader of Deus cursed King Noah for not even teaching his heir the basics of controlling this important tool that could have made his life easier.Â

"What about our food reserves?"

"The food reserves we have can last up to five years."

"Good. is there anything else you would like to report?"

Brendan looked like he was hesitating to say something, so Conner urged him to speak his mind.

"It is about the Princes of the Hellan Kingdom," Brendan said. "What are your plans for them, Sir?"

Conner frowned as he looked at the teenage boy in front of him who returned his gaze fearlessly. He could see the ambition in Brendan's eyes and the Leader of Deus chuckled internally because he thought that he had finally found out Brendan's desire.

"You don't have to worry about Prince Lionel and Prince Rufus," Conner replied. "They are no longer here in the capital."

"May I ask where they are now?" Breandan inquired. "I am feeling restless knowing that the two of them could return anytime to take my authority away from me."

Conner smirked internally because Brendan had just confirmed the hunch he had in mind.

'Your appetite is big, boy,' Coroner thought. 'Still, I guess making him the puppet ruler is still better than having a moron sit on the throne. At least, I don't have to worry about the Kingdom suddenly collapsing because the one at the top is giving stupid orders to his underlings.'

Conner pretended to be deep in thought before answering Brendan's questions. "Both princes are currently in the Anaesha Dynasty. Do not ask why they are there because I won't be telling you any more information about them. As for the youngest Prince, you also don't have to worry about him."

Prince Ernest had disappeared and was nowhere to be found. The members of The Organization assigned to monitor him were unable to locate his whereabouts. It was as if the Prince had disappeared into thin air a few days before the Continental Spell was unleashed.

Even so, Conner wasn't bothered. A Young Prince without any followers was no longer a Prince, but a helpless child. Prince Ernest didn't pose any threat to them, so he was less inclined to waste any manpower to look for his whereabouts.

Brendan sighed in relief before returning to his seat. He read the reports of his underlings who had also participated in the migration of the survivors. Ezio had instructed him to gather any information that he could get from The Organization.

Since the Shadow Assassin had decided to check the movements of the Elves, he decided to let Brendan take charge of the information gathering in the Hellan Kingdom. This way, they would be able to maximize their strengths and do their individual missions respectively.

Suddenly, the ring on Conner's hand started to glow. He ordered Brendan to leave the room and return after an hour. The latter obeyed and left the Leader of Deus to his devices.

"Report." Conner ordered as Calum's image projected in front of him.

"Sir, there are no signs of the Young Knight Commander in the Hellan Kingdom," Calum reported. "We've already asked around using our vast network and no signs of him have been seen anywhere."

Conner tapped the top of his desk as he thought of what to do next. Having William as an ally would allow him to form a Non-Aggression Pact with Princess Sidonie and the Kraetor Empire. This was tantamount to having a possible ally in order to attack the Elves using the Hammer and Anvil military strategy.

Conner would act as the decoy and allow the Elves to focus their forces on him, while Princess Sidonie and the Kraetor Empire would hit them from the back. When their prey had been cornered, with no place to run, that is when Conner would unleash his trump card and annihilate all the pointy eared bastards who dared to step inside his territory.

For that to happen, he would need to talk to William.

At that exact moment the door opened and a man who seemed to be in his early thirties entered the room with a smile.

"Sir, there is something that I'd like to discuss with you," the man said as he walked towards Conner.

"Floyd, you should really know how to knock before you enter my office," Conner replied in displeasure. "I am in the middle of an important talk. You barging in like this makes things difficult for me."

"Important talk? Sounds interesting," Floyd's smile widened. "Go on, Sir Conner. Tell me the details of this important talk. Perhaps, I can be of assistance to you."

"Before that, can you tell me why you are here instead of focusing on the task that I have given to you?"

"It is exactly because of this task that I came here to see you Sir. I've run into some difficulties along the way and I require some more resources and, perhaps, an audience with the creator of the Super Soldier Project."

Conner frowned as he eyed the Scholar that had joined their organization not too long ago. Floyd was the one responsible for building the laboratory in the Barony of Brandford, which William had ransacked.

"Resources that I can give you," Conner replied. "However, an audience with the creator of the Super Soldier Project? Just what do you want to discuss with her?"

Floyd didn't wait for Conner's invitation and directly sat on the chair beside his table.

"What she wrote was truly amazing. Only a true genius would be able to come up with a way to turn ordinary beasts and humans into killing machines that are very hard to kill. I want to discuss with her on how to enhance the capabilities of the Super Soldiers and further increase their fighting prowess."

"You want to meet the creator to discuss a way to make the Super Soldiers more powerful?"

"Exactly." Floyd nodded. "Now that I've told you the reason for my visit, tell me more about this important talk that you were having with Sir Calum over there."

Floyd waved at Calum's projection and the latter snorted back at him. Conner and Calum both didn't like Floyd's disrespectful attitude, but they had to admit that he was a very capable individual.

This was why the two tolerated him to a certain extent even though the scholar always brute forced his demands on the two of them.

"We are talking about how to have a dialogue with the youngest Knight Commander of the Hellan Kingdom. Do you know him?"

"Isn't he the Disciple of the genius who created the Super Soldier Project?" Floyd's expression became animated.

"Yes. William Von Ainsworth is also Celine's one and only Disciple," Conner explained. "We have been looking for him, but his whereabouts are currently unknown. Because of this, I plan to head over to Lont to talk to her personally."

"Nonsense!" Floyd replied in a righteous tone. "As the branch leader of our Organization, you don't have to go out of your way to meet with Celine. Since I also want to meet and talk to her, why don't you give me this task? With this, you will be hitting two birds with one stone. I'm sure that you have many important matters that need your attention. Right, Sir?"

Conner eyed the Sorcerer as he considered his proposal. Floyd idolized Celine and had read all of the research documents that she had worked on while she was still active in the affairs of The Organization.

Floyd had always wanted to meet his idol. Conner and Calum were aware of this, but since Celine had secluded herself in Lont and asked not to be disturbed, they didn't tell the scholar about her whereabouts.

"Can I trust you to do this task properly?"

"Of course, Sir. I promise that I won't let you down. Give me all the information about this William and I'll handle this task perfectly."

Conner pondered a bit before passing a few documents to Floyd for him to read and understand the things they know about Celine's sole Disciple.

"I'll assign people to accompany you. Just make sure to be polite and don't use any kind of thre--"

"It's fine, Sir." Floyd waved his hand to cut off Conner's reminder. "I am a meticulous person. I'll make sure to accomplish this task without fail. As for the men you are going to assign to me, I don't need them. I'll bring my own subordinates to meet with Lady Celine."

Conner reigned in the anger that was starting to rise in his chest. The only reason he was holding himself back from giving Floyd a slap on the face was due to the fact that the Super Soldier Project was in its final phases.

Conflicts at such a crucial stage would not benefit his Organization, so he decided to just clench his fists under the table to stop himself from beating up the man in front of him.

"Well then, please, send these resources to my laboratory sir," Floyd said as he placed a scroll on top of the table. "I'll be taking my leave, and no, you don't have to see me to the door. I can do it myself. Have a good day, Sir Conner."

Floyd left the room in a hurry. He seemed to be very excited about the opportunity of finally meeting Celine.

Conner watched him go with a cold expression on his face.

Calum who saw the exchange lightly cleared his throat in order to catch his leader's attention.

"Sir, are you sure this is a good idea?" Calum asked. "Celine might not like Floyd's pushy attitude."

"Although he is annoying, it is true that the Super Soldier Project is important to us," Conner said after organizing his thoughts. "It might be a good idea to let them meet once. Celine is his idol, so I don't think that he will do anything to harm her or offend her."

Calum sighed and reluctantly nodded his head. For some reason, he had a very bad feeling about Floyd's meeting with Celine.

Conner also shared his opinion, but he believed that the scholar wouldn't overstep his bounds. Afterall, Floyd wasn't much of a fighter. He was a scholar, so fighting was something he let his subordinates do. As long as Floyd didn't do anything stupid, Conner was confident that he could patch things up with Celine if he gave her suitable compensation.

The leader of Deus rubbed his forehead to ease the anxiety he was feeling. Their first priority was to find the monument that would lead them to the Undying Lands. The second was the Super Soldier Project that they would use to fight against the Elves.

As long as these two things were in his control, he wouldn't have to worry when the temporary alliances fell apart after dealing with the Elven Army.

Conner called for Brendan once again to continue their work in dealing with the current problems that the Hellan Kingdom was facing. If not for the fact that two foreign invaders had trespassed his domain, the entire continent would have already been under his complete control.

He didn't care about the process. All he cared about was the result.

And the result he wanted was the one-sided massacre of the Elven Race whom he hated to the bone.

Chapter 432: So, You Chose, Death

A week later, Floyd brought a hundred men with him to travel to Lont. He still needed to tie up a few loose ends in his laboratory and assigned his subordinates to take care of the experimental subjects that were currently in their Final Stage

Floyd was aware that Celine was a powerful Dark Sorceress.

Although he idolized her, he was someone who would do anything to get what he wanted. It doesn't matter if he used force, schemes, or deceit to get his way. As long as it worked, he was fine with it.

Since that was the case, he decided to bring his seasoned elites to assist him in his endeavor. Although settling things peacefully was the ideal result, having a Plan B when things didn't go his way was a very normal thing for him to do.

Anyone who wielded Dark Magic should always be treated with caution. What people didn't know was that Dark Magic had two branches. Dark Magic, the regular dark magic which most Dark Magicians were capable of using and True Dark Magic that was imbued by the power of the Ancients.

If a Dark Magician and a True Practitioner of the Dark Arts fought, the winner would always be the latter. There was simply no chance that someone who wielded Dark Magic, bereft of True Darkness, could win against those whose very hands and feet were bound by an entity that was darker than black.

Celine was one of those who wielded True Dark Magic and was not afraid to use it if anyone dared to tick her off.

Some say that there were three strict requirements before one could wield the true power of Darkness.

The first one was betrayal.

The second, enslavement.

And the rumored third requirement was to completely, and utterly, surrender oneself into Darkness.

Whether these rumors were true or not, nobody knew. Only those who wielded the true power of Darkness knew these secrets, for they do not share this with the unworthy.

After several days of travel, Floyd and his men finally arrived at the border of Lont. However, they couldn't proceed any further for they noticed several strong existences guarding the small town that they were planning to visit.

"A Millennial Beast and over a dozen Wyverns," one of Floyd's subordinates said with a frown. "What kind of town is this?"

Although they were not afraid of having a brawl with the Ourobro and the Wyverns, that didn't mean that they could just provoke them willy nilly. They were still powerful beasts in their own right and one mistake could lead to a tragic ending.

"What now, Sir?" a skinny man wearing a black robe asked.

Floyd frowned. The reason why he brought a hundred men with him was to ensure that he could subdue Celine if their talk got out of hand. He had no intention of sending them to fight against these strong beasts and risk any casualties on their side.

"Kell, Kazz, Kurt," Floyd called out.

""Sir!""

Three men with identical faces stepped forward and bowed their heads respectfully.

"Kell. You have already met Celine in the past right?" Floyd inquired.

"Yes, Sir," Kell replied. "I've delivered two letters to her under Sir Conner's order."

"Good. Now, give this letter to her. Make sure to wait for her reply before you return to me.

"Yes, Sir!"

Kell took the letter and merged with the ground.

He and his brothers had the unique ability to become completely one with the Earth. This allowed them to travel unimpeded to many places. Because of this, they were assigned many missions to spy on and infiltrate heavily guarded locations that other people wouldn't be able to bypass.

Floyd smiled because he couldn't wait to meet his idol in the flesh. He just hoped that Celine would agree to his request. That way, he wouldn't be forced to use his Plan B.

Celine was lazing around on her sofa when she heard a knock on her door. She immediately stood up because the knock that was used was the hidden code made by the members of The Organization when they planned to communicate with each other.

When she opened the door, she didn't see anyone, but she wasn't the least bit bothered by it. She casually picked up the letter that was left on the doorstep and read its contents.

'Upgrading the Super Soldier Project?' Celine mused. 'So, someone picked up the research I tossed aside when I was still active in the organization. Conner also wanted to meet with William to talk to him?'

Celine read everything in the letter and frowned. She had no intention of working with The Organization at this point in time because she was only interested in dealing with the Elves.

Aside from helping them with the creation of the Artificial Miasma and giving them some half-finished projects, like the Super Soldier Project, Celine had chosen to distance herself from them.

She devoted herself to doing experiments after receiving the organization's payment of the extremely rare ingredients that she had lost because of the unexpected attack of the Golden-Scaled Crocodile.

Celine had also busied herself in training William, so she didn't have time to participate in the discussions and planning within Deus.

Also, the fact that Conner wanted to meet her Disciple made her raise her guard. If possible, she didn't want William to meet Conner at this point in time. Celine was afraid that William would immediately become hostile with the leader of Deus after what their Organization had done to his family and kingdom.

The beautiful Elf entered her house once more to write a short letter, which she left on her doorstep.

A minute after Celine closed the door, the letter merged with the ground and disappeared completely.

"She dares to refuse my proposal?" Floyd read Celine's handwritten letter with a dumbfounded expression. "How absurd! Such a waste of God-Given Talent! This won't do."

Floyd carefully folded Celine's letter before placing it inside his storage ring.Â

'If I remember correctly, that William boy had two cousins,' Floyd thought. 'Celine might change her mind if I take them as hostages. I'm sure she doesn't want her disciple to feel sad, so she will compromise and agree to talk with me face to face.'

He then stared at the town in the distance as he decided to proceed with plan B.

"Kell, Kazz, Kurt," Floyd said. "Go pay a visit to the Ainsworth Residence first. Capture any red-haired person you see and bring them here. One of them is a teenage boy, the other, a child not more than five years old. If you are discovered, escape immediately. Do I make myself clear?"

""Yes, Sir!"" The triplets said in unison before they merged with the ground.

They were Deus' best Infiltration Agents that could practically go anywhere because they had mastered being one with the Earth. Floyd believed that if any of them wanted to escape, no one in the small town of Lont could stop them.

"Eyah!" Eve shouted as she pointed her small wooden stick forward. The seven ducklings, and one goose, followed behind her, as they marched around the garden of the Ainsworth Residence.

'To think that I, the feared Millennial Beast of the Eastern Regions, would become a Beast Companion of a little girl. If my acquaintances discover this, I'm going to die in shame.' The White Goose lamented his fate as he followed Eve around like a pet.

While the White Goose was weeping internally, it felt something off with the surroundings. As a Millennial Beast that specialized in sensing Magic and Spiritual Power, it immediately noticed the unwanted pests that had intruded upon the Ainsworth Residence.

One of them made a beeline towards Eve, while the other two made their way to the main residence.

Eve and the ducklings were unaware of the approaching danger and were parading around the garden like little soldiers off to war.

The White Goose was not far behind them and was paying close attention to the person that was buried deep beneath the Earth.

'Such an adorable little child,' Kell, the eldest of the three triplets thought as he observed Eve from the ground. He didn't snatch Eve right away because he was scanning the surroundings for possible dangers that he may have overlooked.

As one of the Organization's best infiltration agents, their specialty was infiltrating heavily guarded places. Being cautious was part of their creed. After observing his surroundings for five minutes, Kell deemed that it was safe to continue his mission.

He had already scanned the ducklings that were following the little girl around like obedient children. They were just ordinary livestock, and Kell didn't pay too much attention to them. Even the White Goose that was trailing a few steps behind them was nothing special.

After making sure that the coast was clear, he finally moved in to capture his target.

Half of Kell's body emerged from the ground. He then stretched out his hand to grab the adorable girl and drag her away by force.

He was just about to grab Eve's arm when a white blur appeared in front of her. Instead of grabbing Eve, Kell grabbed the neck of the White Goose who was looking at him with disdain.

"So, you chose, Death," the White Goose said in a tone filled with malice. It had long wanted to vent out the frustrations in its heart. With such a good opportunity at hand, how could it possibly let it go?

A bloodcurdling scream rang out from the garden of the Ainsworth Residence, making anyone who heard it shiver.

Not long after, two more screams reverberated from within the main residence.

Eve was currently lying on the ground asleep and being protected by her seven ducklings. The White Goose had cast a sleeping spell on her, because it was afraid that David would once again descend from the Heavens if he showed Eve something that might give her trauma.

The three screams continued to resound within the town of Lont for two full minutes before the surroundings quieted down.

Vlad walked out of the Main Residence holding a man in each hand. He then tossed them aside as if they were pieces of trash before returning inside the house. Jekyll arrived just in time to see his father close the door.

He then stared at the two unconscious men who had ghastly expressions on their faces.

The Dentist of Lont grabbed the two men before proceeding to the garden. There, he found a bloody body and a White Goose whose feathers were now stained with blood.

"Don't worry, I didn't kill him... yet," the White Goose said as he stepped on the man's hand, crushing all of his bones.Â

A hoarse scream filled with pain escaped the man's lips before his eyes rolled up into their sockets as he fainted.

Jekyll appraised the White Goose and nodded his head in appreciation. "You're not half bad. Are you Eve's protector?"

"You can say that," the White Goose replied as it flapped its wings to clear the blood from its feathers. It then used a water spell to clean the blood off of the ground.

"Are you done with him?" Jekyll inquired.

"Yes, you can have him," the White Goose replied before walking towards Eve. It then used a floating spell to lift the girl from the ground and used the water spell to clean the dirt from her clothes.

He then maneuvered the floating girl back to the residence where she could sleep in her own room. The seven ducklings followed behind Eve and chirped happily as they watched their mother float in the air.

Jekyll chuckled before turning his head to the side.

"Are these friends of yours?" Jekyll asked.

Celine looked down on the three men before firmly nodding her head. "It seems that we have some uninvited guests snooping around."

Jekyll smiled as he pressed his hand over the heads of the two men. He planned to forcefully scan their memories, which would bring them great pain, but the Dentist couldn't care less.

Celine watched from the side and looked at Jekyll's interrogation technique with great interest.

A minute later, Jekyll dropped the two men on the ground and flashed Celine a dazzling smile.

"It seems that we have caught a big fish," Jekyll said. "Are you familiar with a man named Floyd?"

Chapter 433: Let Me See How Fast You Will Run

An hour had passed since the triplets had infiltrated Lont and there had been no news of them since. Floyd was already frowning because he thought that it wouldn't take that long to capture a teenager and a child from within the small Town of Lont.

'Did something happen?' Floyd thought as he observed the Giant Golden Ape in the distance.

Floyd's subordinates, that he had brought along, were also getting impatient. They were among Floyd's best men and had done many things for him for the past few years. These people had been with him even before he had joined Deus, and always accompanied him during important missions.

Another hour passed and then two.

Finally, Floyd realized that something was terribly wrong with the lack of feedback from his three subordinates.

He was about to send more men to infiltrate the City of Lont when Kell, the oldest of the triplets, emerged from the ground in front of Floyd.

"What happened?" Floyd asked. "Where are your brothers?"

Kell lowered his head in shame before pulling out a letter.

"Sir, Celine asked me to pass you a letter," Kell said as he handed the letter to Floyd.

Seeing that his subordinate wasn't planning to answer his inquiry, Floyd took the letter in his hand and read its contents. Perhaps, the letter would give him the reason why his men had failed to abduct the members of the Ainsworth Family to be used as bargaining chips in his negotiation with Celine.

Dear Floyd,

Your subordinates have already told us everything and I got to say, I'm fairly disappointed with how you handled the situation. Conner and I have an agreement that forbids any member of Deus to touch my Disciple.

To think that you would be stupid enough to use the loophole to try and kidnap William's family members in order to use as hostages against me? Such audacity.

My Disciple holds the people important to him very dearly. Touching them is akin to touching his reverse scale. If you had succeeded in capturing Matthew or Eve, trust me, you would have an enemy that wouldn't rest until he cut you apart at every joint, healed you repeatedly, and did so again as his beasts feasted on your flesh in front of you.

You are a scholar, and yet, you failed to understand something so simple. Resorting to violence because you couldn't have your way? Are you a child?

Floyd snorted as he paused his reading of Celine's letter. He wasn't scared of William. He was merely a bug he could crush at any time. The fact that Celine was spouting such nonsense only made his irritation and impatience grow exponentially.

After forcing himself to calm down, he continued to read the hateful letter in his hand that had been handwritten personally by the person he idolized the most in the Southern Continent.

I don't know why you are looking for my Disciple, but he is certainly not here. With that said, why don't you tell me why you are looking for William? Write a letter and hand it over to your subordinate.

Naturally, you may choose to ignore this letter as well. I already know how many men you have and their abilities. If you still feel like catching the members of the Ainsworth Family under my watch, feel free to send your men.

I have been feeling bored as of late, so having a few idiots to kill will certainly raise my mood.

I look forward to hearing your reply, Celine.

'Arrogant Elf.' Floyd muttered. 'But a genius like you has the right to be arrogant. Don't worry, I won't hurt you. I'll just make you understand that you are wasting your talent by staying in this small town in the countryside, instead of conquering the world by my side.'

Floyd thought that Celine had single handedly caught the triplets that he had ordered to infiltrate Lont. Although he didn't know how the Dark Sorceress did it, Floyd was convinced that it was not an impossible thing to do.

He then asked Kell several questions, but the latter stayed silent. Even the threat of torture didn't loosen his subordinate's lips which convinced Floyd that Celine may have taken Kell's brothers as hostages to prevent him from saying anything.

Left with no choice, he was faced with two decisions.

'Should I just brute force my way in?' Floyd thought. 'Or should I negotiate?'

Floyd pondered for a full five minutes before making his decision. He wrote a letter and handed it to Kell, who once again merged with the ground to return to Lont.

The scholar had a sneer on his face as he looked at the sun in the sky.

'Four more hours until sunset,' Floyd mused. 'There's still time. You arrogant woman, you think that just because you know Dark Magic, I will fear you? How naive.'

Floyd had made two plans in his mind. One was to initiate a negotiation with Celine in order to lure her out of the town. As long as the beautiful Elf decided to meet them, he would order his men to capture her at all cost.

He had also considered her to be a bargaining chip to make William submit to him as well. The only reason he had aimed for the Half-Elf's relatives was due to the fact that Celine had refused his proposal. If things had proceeded smoothly then none of this might have happened.

His second option was to wait for nightfall.

Floyd had made a dozen special artifacts that only worked at night. It allowed them to erase their presence and completely turn invisible. Although it could only accommodate ten people at a time, it was more than enough to create a raiding team that could even bypass a Millennial Beast's highly sensitive perception.

Floyd was able to create such an artifact from a scroll he had unearthed in a ruined temple found inside a Hidden Domain that he had stumbled upon by chance. Unfortunately, after he took the treasures inside the Temple, the Domain collapsed. Floyd was barely able to leave out of it alive, but the things he gained from it was worth it.

Floyd didn't believe that Celine would be able to do anything once he and the rest of his subordinates had passed through the Town's Gates that were being protected by the Giant Golden Ape and the several Wyverns patrolling the sky.

"This Floyd really thinks too highly of himself," Celine said as she handed the letter to Jekyll who was sitting across from her. "I'm guessing that he's just using this tactic to delay time. Perhaps he is waiting for nightfall before he goes in for the kill."

Jekyll took the letter from Celine's hand and read its contents.

"I expected more from the members of the Organization you joined, but I guess they are feeling too full of themselves from the lack of opposition," Jekyll commented after reading the letter. "It sure is convenient when anyone that could threaten them has been turned into a crystal statue. They think that they can move unhindered in the Hellan Kingdom."

Celine nodded her head in agreement.

Kell stood at the side with his head bowed in silence. After his painful experience with the White Goose, the eldest of the triplets was already at the verge of death. Then Jekyll took him back to his laboratory.

Jekyll had made him drink a bottle of Regeneration Potion made from Mountain Troll's Blood to help regenerate the loss of blood and mend the broken bones in his body.

The Dentist of Lont had tweaked Kell's body in a way that made him and his two brothers completely subservient to Jekyll, obeying his every command.

"So, what should we do now?" Celine asked as she eyed the smiling Dentist in front of her.

After seeing Jekyll's true form, Celine felt more at ease about being able to protect Lont because her ally was a force to be reckoned with. If they were to add Vlad into the equation then Floyd's group was like a group of small puppies facing off against a dinosaur.

"Having more subordinates is always a good thing," Jekyll replied with an award winning smile. "These triplets are good. Their skills are very unique and are quite useful. If Floyd has more men like them, I would be more than happy to take them all in."

Jekyll looked at Celine mischievously. He was like a little boy that had been given some toys on his birthday and was on the lookout for more.

Celine gave Jekyll a refreshing smile as she nodded her head in understanding. Although she was a member of The Organization, she didn't like people barging into her home turf uninvited.

Also, Floyd's purpose was to make her and her only Disciple submit to him by force. This ticked Celine off. William was her only Disciple and was one of the handful of people she truly cared about.

If the Ainsworth Family was William's reverse scale, then the Half-Elf was Celine's reverse scale. No one was allowed to make her, and her Disciple kneel, because that would be a slap to her face as his Master.

'Floyd, you fool,' Celine mused. 'Let me see how fast you will run after you've poked this hornet nest. I'm sure that you will not forget this experience for the rest of your life.'

Celine and Jekyll smiled evilly. It was now time to get the freeloader Demigod to do his job.. This way, the members of The Organization would experience the worst possible nightmare, while all of them were awake.

Chapter 434: Kinship Evolution

"Nooooooooo!"

"Run!"

"Forgive me!"

"Please! Have mercy!"

"I don't want to Die!"

Floyd gritted his teeth as blood seeped from the corner of his lips. He ignored the despairing screams around him and decisively used the teleportation artifact in his possession.

It was his life saving trump card that would send him thousands of miles away from the Nightmare that was currently unfolding in front of him. Never in his wildest dreams did he think that he would meet an existence that stood above the food chain in one of the only small towns that could be found in the countryside.

If he had only known that such an existence was safeguarding Lont, he wouldn't have dared to sneak inside the town with his men to capture Celine and the surviving members of the Ainsworth Family.

The last thing that Floyd saw was the cold, chilling, gaze of a middle-aged man with long black hair before he sent himself thousands of miles away from the person who had single handedly dealt with the elite members of his organization.

Floyd appeared on top of a mountain overlooking the capital city of Gladiolus. His shaky legs gave way under him and he collapsed on the ground gasping for breath.

'Curse you, Celine!' Floyd gnashed his teeth in anger. He had seen the beautiful Elf with her arms crossed over her chest while looking at his and his men's suffering.

Celine didn't even bother to hide the disdain on her face. It was as if she was telling Floyd that he was an idiot for even thinking of going against her.

The scholar cursed Celine's name over and over again until he finally calmed down. He was quite worried about the fate of his subordinates, but he didn't dare return to Lont to see if any of them had managed to escape.

Floyd had barely escaped with his life, so he wasn't too optimistic about the survival of his men.

He was at a loss about what to do because the traumatic experience was still fresh in his mind.

The disheveled scholar stared at the city in the distance with a dazed expression. Only when the sun rose from the East did he start to stir.

Floyd stood and walked in the direction of his lab with shaky steps. Clearly, even after a few hours of meditation, he still wasn't able to clear his mind from the penetrating stare of the Demigod that had wormed its way inside his heart and soul.

"Dark Thrash!" Wendy ordered.

A three-meter-tall, Black Husky, with blue lightning bolts streaked through its fur, and steel blades shaped like wings on its back and front legs, charged with incredible speed at its targets.

Wendy sat firmly on its back as the tip of her spear thrust forward. Flashes of lightning illuminated the surroundings as Thor twisted its body to the side. Moments later, the Black Husky reappeared a few meters away from its target.

The upper half of the Blue-Scaled Naga's body slid to the side before collapsing on the ground. Blue blood spurted in the air like a fountain as the Boss Monster of the Twentieth Floor died under Thor's and Wendy's Special Attack.

Wendy patted her new mount, Thor, and praised it for doing a good job as they looked at the Monster they had felled together.

Unlike the Goblin Crypt, the monsters in the Dungeon of Atlantis don't turn into particles of light when they died. Their corpses remain after they were killed, and would be absorbed by the dungeon after an hour if left alone.

Perhaps this is due to the Dungeon's High-Rank, or perhaps it was due to other factors. Right now, William and the System didn't have enough information about High-Rank dungeons in his world. They were planning to visit other dungeons to investigate more and compare it to the unusual traits of the Dungeon of Atlantis.

William threw the corpse through a portal that led to his Thousand Beast Domain. He had already assigned some Goblin Warriors and Centaurs, that specialized in dismantling beast corpses, to handle the dirty work.

Ragnar, sat beside Ashe and looked at this scene with a calm expression. However, that was only on the surface. If one looked at its back, its tail was wagging excitedly left and right as if it was itching to join in the action and kill some Boss Monsters as well.

After the two finished their Growth phase, their ranks immediately jumped to Class B (Mid) Beasts. However, it didn't end there. For some reason, the King Chess Piece resonated within William's Spiritual World and unlocked a special function that became available to his Familia Members.

This function was called Kinship Evolution.

William already had this skill in his Quick Shot Shepherd Job Class, but he still hadn't assigned any skill points to it. He had been so busy crafting acid bombs for his Aerial Cavalry that he didn't have the time to upgrade the level of his Quick Shot Shepherd Job Class.

His Alchemist Job Class had reached its max level just a day ago, which also marked the completion of his Acid Bomb Project. This was why he decided to join Wendy, Ashe, Est, and Isaac, in their dungeon fight against the Boss Monster of the Twentieth Floor.

William knew that he would need the power of his main Job Class, so he decided to increase its level to the limit as well.

He was able to practice alchemy with peace of mind because Ashe and Wendy had been leveling his other Job Classes for him.

This was the advantage of having a Familia. William could just assign any Job Class to them and allow the two girls to increase its level, while the Half-Elf focused on equipping his King's Legion with powerful bombs that would be used in the future.

His only regret was that he was unable to enter Est's Dreams and accidentally *Ahem* add her to his Familia as well. There was some kind of powerful barrier that prevented William from entering her dreams.

Although William felt a little regretful, he wasn't too bothered by it. From time to time, Est would come to find him and the two of them would train inside William's world.

What kind of training are they doing? Of course it was a training to allow Est to increase her knowledge when it came to the things that lovers did.

Est was still very passive and allowed William to teach her the things that she needed to know. From kissing, headpats, cuddling, hand holding, and anything in between, William patiently taught his timid lover, who had the knack of making his heart skip a beat due to her cute reactions, everytime they did THIS and THAT.

While the Half-Elf was remembering the intimate kiss he shared with East just a few hours ago, Wendy jumped off Thor's back and the latter returned to his original form, which was only half a meter tall.

'Maybe I should get that Kinship Evolution skill and try it with Mama,' William thought. 'I wonder what form she would transform into?'

"Ruff!"

"Don't worry, we will get our turn next." Ashe patted Ragnar's head and the latter wagged its tail happily.

In the past, Ian and Ragnar didn't get along. It was because Ragnar felt that Ian hated William, whom it recognized as its parent. Now, it was able to feel Ashe's love for William, which made Ragnar's attitude to Ashe have a complete reversal.

Just like Wendy, Ashe had also gained the ability of Kinship Evolution and her partner was none other than Ragnar.

Ashe had tried to use this ability a few hours ago and the result far surpassed William's expectations.

When Thor and Ragnar underwent Kinship Evolution, their Ranks immediately jumped to the Centennial Rank.

Thor's Centennial Form was called Blade Xolotl, and Ragnar's Centennial Form was Grand Cerberus.

As the name suggested, Ragnar would transform into a three-meter-tall, three-headed-dog that wielded the power of Fire, Wind, and Earth. With Ashe wielding the element of Water, the two of them were able to form combination attacks by merging the elements together.

Est felt very jealous about this because she knew that the two beasts were William's kids, born from his blood. Technically, they were his babies and two of these babies were now chummy with William's other lovers, which made her feel left out.

Because of this, William promised her that he would ask Dia if she was willing to become Est's companion, once she woke up. This made Est very happy because Dia was also William's baby, so naturally, Dia would then become her baby also.

It was at that moment when Oliver received a message from Celine through their special means of communication.

After receiving his Mistress' message, the Parrot Monkey asked William if the two of them could go somewhere private so they could talk.

William knew that his Second Master wouldn't ask him to talk in private if it wasn't important, so he bid his lovers goodbye and told them to return to the Chieftain's Residence for the time being.

Although Brianna turned a blind eye to their disappearances every now and then, William knew that the adorable loli's inner curiosity would make her want to know where they went whenever they disappeared from the residence.

Although William didn't mind sharing his secrets with Brianna, he still held back in the end. The granddaughter of the Great Chieftain was quite mature for her age.

William was afraid that if Brianna discovered that he had a Domain, a private army, and a couple Dungeons that he could visit whenever he wanted, she would do her best to try and join in on the fun and beg him to allow her to go with them.

Although William trusted Brianna, he didn't trust Prince Ernest. If possible, he didn't want any members of the Royal Family to learn about his secrets. He was still disgusted about the fact that Prince Lionel had betrayed their Kingdom and even tried to capture his Big Brother and Big Sister.

If the Crown Prince hadn't been imprisoned by the members of The Organization, he might have already killed the bastard Prince and fed his corpse to the Supreme Killer Koalas inside his Thousand Beast Domain.

Chapter 435: Stabbing A Tender Heart

William clenched his fists as his killing intent swirled around his body. Oliver had informed him that Deus had tried to infiltrate Lont in order to kidnap Matthew and Eve. The Parrot Monkey added that their goal was to use the two of them as hostages in order to make William submit to Floyd's demands.

Although they didn't know what these demands were, they understood that they had to hold significant weight for Floyd to personally attack Lont with his men.

"Don't worry, our freeloader Demigod has already dealt with them," Oliver said. "Unfortunately, Floyd got away. No. More likely, Vlad allowed him to get away. Demigods don't usually antagonize mortals because it is beneath them to do that."

William took deep breaths in order to take hold of his emotions. The mere thought of having Eve kidnapped was enough to make him go on a killing spree. Fortunately, Floyd didn't succeed, or else William would have immediately left the Kyrintor Mountains and hunted Floyd down like a rabid dog out for blood.

"Please tell Master to thank Lord Vlad for me," William replied after he regained his calm.

Oliver nodded as he assured William that he would pass on his message to Celine.

"Ah, Mistress also wanted to tell you something else," Oliver said. "She said that you should continue your training and do your best to recruit more allies."

"Second Master, did you not tell the Master about the Dungeon of Atlantis?"

"Why should I? This is your secret. If you want her to know, tell her yourself."

Although Oliver had kept his correspondence with Celine about William's current affairs, he never told her about William's new Goblin Army or about the Dungeon of Atlantis.

Although he could be devilish at times, Oliver was someone who respected the privacy of others. Unless it was truly important, he wouldn't share any secrets with Celine without the permission of the person involved.

The Parrot Monkey would even leave William's side whenever he spent his time with his lovers. This was his stance when it came to the Half-Elf's welfare, whom he also considered to be his own Disciple.

"Thank you, Second Master," William said. He was touched because he didn't expect that Oliver would keep the secrets he held from his Master, Celine.

"You're welcome," Oliver replied. "Ah! Before I forget there was one more message from the Mistress. She said that Ezio went to the Zelan Dynasty to spy on the Elves. According to him, the Teleportation Gates will be completed in a month and a half."

Oliver paused for a while before continuing his message.

"He added that if you have any plans to sabotage it, you should meet with him a month from now at the border of the Zelan Dynasty. That is all."

William frowned. A month may seem like a long time, but it was also too short to do anything. Right now, he still hadn't met Takam's requirements, so he wouldn't be able to count on the Titanic Green-Scaled Trollhound for help.

The Half-Elf sighed as he rubbed his forehead. Oliver just watched him from the side, his eyes filled with pity.

Time was of the essence, and William was doing his best to make ends meet. After making up his mind, William decided to pour the next few days into advancing his Job Classes as much as he could. That is the only way for him to stand a chance against the Elven Army who was about to call for reinforcements from their homeland.

Royal Palace of the Zelan Dynasty...

Arslan stared at the capital city of the Zelan Dynasty--Briar Glen--with a sad expression on his face. The once lively city was now a dark and gloomy place. The occasional laughter that usually permeated the air could no longer be heard. It was replaced with a solemn atmosphere that made his heart ache.

A few moments later, he heard the sound of footsteps approaching him from behind. He turned around and knelt on the cold tiled-floor and waited for his Master's orders.

Yes. Arslan was now a slave that served directly under the Elven Princess. If one were to ask if he liked his current circumstances, the answer would definitely be No. However, Arslan had to admit that Princess Eowyn had treated him well and didn't order him anything unreasonable--like harming his own people.

Most of the time, Arslan just stayed inside the man servant's quarters as he waited for the Princess to summon him. He would accompany her wherever she went and served as her bodyguard.

The survivors who recognized him during these excursions outside the palace would look at him in pity. Their greatest prodigy was now a slave and serving their conquerors. This left a bitter aftertaste in their hearts.

This was what Elandorr had wanted to happen. He wanted the Humans to despair and forget any notions of resistance. This was why he urged Princess Eowyn to go on Humanitarian Missions to the different cities of the Zelan Dynasty to give food to the survivors who were struggling to survive.

Princess Eowyn also understood the meaning behind it, but she still thought that this was for the best. The sooner the Humans submitted to their race, the sooner their suffering would end. At least, that was what she thought.

However, behind closed doors, the Elves would trample on the Humans' dignity. They would humiliate and degrade them, until they pleaded for mercy. The Elves made sure that the Humans knew their place and treated them like slaves.

A month after the invasion, the survivors were starting to lose hope. Arslan's capture was the last nail of the coffin and it made what little hope that they had in their hearts vanish completely.

Arslan sighed in his heart. He knew that today would be just like any other day where they would visit another city and parade him around like a monkey.

'I hope that Paul managed to find the Crown Prince,' Arslan thought as he raised his head to look at the beautiful Princess who looked at him with a smile.

Although Eowyn was beautiful, Arslan couldn't find it in his heart to be attracted to her. How could he possibly hold tender feelings to the Elven Princess whose race had made their lives a living hell?

No.

Love and affection were not the things he needed. What he wanted was a blade. A sharp, and cold, blade that would end the life of this beautiful princess who was now standing in front of him.

Although he knew that the Princess was innocent, this was the only way he could vent out his anger for the deaths of the children in the capital. Children that had died due to the neglect of the Elves.

Innocents that had been treated like trash until their dying breath. But that was not the end of it. The Elves would gather these bodies and throw them outside the city gates where a giant pit was dug.

There they would be set ablaze until only ashes were left.

Sounds like a proper burial?

It would seem that way.

Unfortunately, the Elves had other things in mind.

In that very same pit where the ashes of his people were being kept, Ash Golems would emerge. These three-meter-tall Golems were Class B (High) Beasts that the Elves were planning to use as Cannon Fodder for the upcoming war with the Hellan Kingdom and the Kraetor Empire.

Arslan had watched this phenomenon happen countless times already. Everytime it happened, his hatred for the Elves would increase.

He prayed, with every fiber of his being, that an opportunity would come. An opportunity that would allow him to personally kill Elandorr or the Elven Princess by his side.

Princess Eowyn felt someone staring intently behind her. She then turned her head to look at Arslan with a smile.

'Just one chance,' Arslan thought as he smiled back at the innocent Princess whose beauty was coveted by all of the young Elves in the Silvermoon Continent.Â

'All I need is one chance to send you to the afterlife. I wonder... will you still smile at me as I slit your throat in front of your people?'

Arslan's smile deepened.. He looked forward to the day where he would personally stab his blade right into the Elven Princess'... tender heart.

Chapter 436: Wars Doesn't Prove Who's Right Or Wrong [Part 1]

Empress Sidonie lazily opened her eyes as she looked outside the window of her room. A sigh escaped her lips as she looked towards the West, where the Hellan Kingdom was located.

The kingdom where her beloved Half-Elf currently resided.

< I bet you the entire Anaesha Dynasty that he's not thinking about you. >

Morgana teased Sidonie from within their shared Mindscape. Her other half would always look to the West whenever her mind wandered.

'I know,' Empress Sidonie replied. 'Right now, we are too insignificant to catch his attention.'

< Should we attack the Hellan Kingdom? That way, Darling will be forced to pay attention to us. Just send a million ants over and the capital will be yours in a matter of days. >

'That is too boring, Big Sister. We can't win his heart by trampling on his homeland. In fact, it would only make him hate us, which is not something we want to happen.'

Morgana chuckled within their shared Mindscape. If Empress Sidonie had her way, conquering the Hellan Kingdom was an easy task. However, what she wanted to conquer was William's heart, not the nation he lived in.

'Several chess pieces are still missing,' Empress Sidonie said as she walked towards the window. 'It is still too early to make our move. Besides, there are still the Elves that are currently having fun in the Zelan Dynasty.'

< Ah... the Elves. They will make good slaves. We should get some for the feisty boys in the Kraetor Empire. Have you noticed? Prince Jason is making it very obvious that he wants to pin you down in his bed. >

'He's not qualified,' Empress Sidonie replied as she thought of her ambitious Cousin. 'How about you, Big Sister? Are you interested in him?'

< Hahaha. Surely you jest? The only one that I want to ravage me is Darling. Prince Jason may be handsome, and an excellent warrior, but my heart only beats for Darling. >

Empress Sidonie smiled sweetly. The power of Lust was slowly awakening inside her body. Her desire to make William fall head over heels for her would sometimes cloud her reason, but thanks to her strong will power, she was able to brush it away.

Love and Lust had a very thin boundary between them. What Empress Sidonie wanted was Love. Morgana wanted Lust.

They loved, and lusted over, the same man and it was driving both girls to do things they had never done before. It was driving them to feel things they have never felt before.

< Sidonie, the Elves will finish their teleportation gates in less than two months. Our side needs two months. If we don't act soon, the advantage we have will be for naught. Our warriors may be strong, but they are still young. When the Elven reinforcements arrive, it will be too late to do anything. >

'Don't worry, Big Sister,' Sidonie replied with a calm expression. 'I already thought of a way to deal with that matter.'

< Oh? Pray do tell. Don't hide things from me. >

Empress Sidonie giggled as her eyes looked at the setting sun. how could she possibly allow the Elves to have their way? In her eyes, they were just chess pieces that she could use to make her game of Love much more interesting.

William's flying carriage landed at the Ainsworth Residence.

It had been two weeks since Oliver had passed Ezio's message to him, and he had done everything that he could in that span of time.

Since he was able to access the Dungeon of Atlantis no matter where he was, he decided to return to the Town of Lont in order to formulate his plan to prevent the Elves from completing their teleportation gates.

"Will!" Eve shouted as she ran towards William who had just stepped out of the flying carriage.

William grinned as he picked up his beloved cousin and spun her around, making the little girl giggle in happiness. Seven ducklings chirped from beside his feet as if telling him to put their Mama down.

The White Goose, on the other hand, stayed a few meters away from William and gave him an appraising glance.Â

'Not the same, but similar,' the White Goose thought as he used his sensitive senses to examine the Half-Elf who was showering Eve with kisses on her cheeks.

Unlike Eve who was overflowing with Spiritual Power, William's presence was only average. However, due to the White Goose being at the peak of the Millennial Rank, it was able to subtly feel the power of the Divinities within William's body.

This made it consider William as someone that it needed to take precaution against, because for some odd reason, it had a feeling that even if it used its full power, it wouldn't be able to defeat the Half-Elf in a one-on-one battle.

"Were you a good girl while I was away?" William asked.

"Yes!" Eve nodded her head like a good girl.

"Good. I will give you your favorite lollipops later."

"Yay!"

William grinned as he carried his cousin back inside the house. Est, Ashe, Wendy, and Isaac followed behind him. The four girls already knew how much William cared for his family members. Seeing William spoiling Eve made them think that the Half-Elf would definitely dote on his own children when they were born.

The Ainsworth Residence became a lively place after William's arrival. Leah and Isaac worked together in the kitchen to prepare a feast for everyone.

Crown Prince Alaric and Princess Aila also arrived at the residence in order to meet and talk with William. They brought Paul along, so the latter could finally meet the person whom Prince Alaric had mentioned several times during their stay in the Town of Lont.

"It's good to see you again, Cousin." Prince Alaric greeted with a smile.

William smiled and made a gesture for Alaric, Aila, and Paul to join them at the dining table.

"You came at the right time," William replied. "I was planning to look for you later after lunch to talk about important matters."

The smile on Prince Alaric's face widened because he had a hunch about what William's important talk was about.

"Good." Prince Alaric nodded. "I look forward to our discussion later."

The two teenagers exchanged a knowing glance with each other before committing themselves to enjoying the feast that Leah and Isaac had prepared. The atmosphere was quite lively. No one talked about the invaders or the hardships that they were currently facing.

Everyone knew that this was not the place for that and simply enjoyed each other's company.

Two hours later, William and his entourage, Celine, Jekyll, Prince Alaric, Princess Aila, and Paul, sat in the conference room inside the residence.

All of them looked at William and waited for him to start their discussion.

William briefly scanned the faces of everyone in the room. The smiles from earlier were gone, and everyone had serious expressions on their faces. The Half-Elf knew that now was a good time to start the discussion, so he finally told them the reason he had returned to Lont.

"Right now, there is only a month remaining before the teleportation gates of the Elves begin their operation," William said. "We can't allow this to happen, so I have decided to go to the Zelan Dynasty and meet up with Fourth Master to destroy it."

William then glanced at the Crown Prince who was forced to flee from his own Dynasty. He knew that if he wanted to increase his chances of success, he would need people who were familiar with the lands and cities of the Zelan Dynasty.

That way, he would be able to effectively initiate an attack whenever he wanted.

William had long wanted to test his mettle against the Elven Prodigies that his Master had praised many years ago during his training. He wanted to know just how strong they were.. That way, he could make an assessment to know if his own private force would be able to deal a devastating blow to their forces when they clashed on the battlefield.

Chapter 437: Wars Doesn't Prove Who's Right Or Wrong [Part 2]

"Allow me to introduce to you one of the most loyal subjects of our Dynasty," Prince Alaric said as he glanced at the boy that was seated by his side. "This is Paul Collins. He is one of the Royal Guards assigned to protect the family."

Paul stood from his seat and bowed towards William. "It is an honor to finally meet the person that our Crown Prince had been praising for the past few days. I have heard the story of your valor on the Peak of Chivalry when you fought against the Prince of the Anaesha Dynasty. I wish I was there to witness it personally."

William smiled and gave Paul a brief nod. He didn't know what kind of people served as the Royal Guards of the Zelan Dynasty, but Paul's way with words made William think that being eloquent in the art of flattery was a requirement to serve the Royalty of the Zelan Dynasty.

"Thank you for your praise," William replied. "If you had been there, you would have definitely been in awe of how awesome I was. That Prince from the Anaesha Dynasty was just a small fry. I could have easily killed him with a single sneeze if I wanted to, but since I planned to be lowkey, I decided to just use my weakest attack to defeat him."

Paul used all of his willpower to prevent the corner of his lips from twitching. He had just praised William because he wanted to make a good first impression. He didn't expect the Half-Elf to start boasting of his accomplishments in front of him.

Prince Alaric and Princess Aila, on the other hand, averted their gazes. They were also doing their best not to roll their eyes at William's boastful words.

If they believed William's words that using Soleil, to completely incinerate his opponent and turn the entire arena into a blazing hell, was being lowkey then the two of them would be complete idiots.

If that was being lowkey then what was being high key? Obliterating the entire Third Peak of Chivalry?

After William finished praising himself, Prince Alaric continued his introduction.

"Paul is also one of the best scouts of our Dynasty. He is very familiar with the terrain and will be a good ally to help you in your endeavors, Cousin."

"Oh? That sounds promising."

William eyed Paul and nodded his head in appreciation. He didn't need to hide anything from Prince Alaric because the latter was quick to pick up on things.

"As you may have already guessed, I plan to go to the Zelan Dynasty," William declared. "My reason for going there is to sabotage the construction of the teleportation gates that are currently being built by the Elves."

"Since, once that structure is completed, all of us can just plan to roll over and wait for them to chop our heads off one by one. Due to the severity of the situation, I decided to ask for your support in guiding me inside your Dynasty. It will be much easier to find our way around if we have a local to guide us in our travels."

Paul pressed his fist over his chest. "I swear upon my Family's name that I will risk even my life to assist you, Sir William, to the best of my abilities."

William nodded. "I cannot promise that I will be able to help you drive the Elves away from your Dynasty. But, I will certainly do my best to prevent them from calling for more reinforcements. I will count on you, Sir Paul, to find us the best opportunity to conduct our surprise attack."

"I will do my best, Sir William."

"Good. That is all I ask."

The two teenagers shook hands to seal the deal of their cooperation. Prince Alaric also pressed his hand over theirs to tell them that he would also go with them to fight against the Elves.

Princess Aila watched this exchange from the side and made her decision. She would also accompany William to aid him on his mission to fight against the Elves. Although she had only spent a short time with her Master, Owen, the Life Archon had taught her a lot of powerful spells that she had memorized during her stay in Lont.

Princess Aila believed that she would be able to play an important role in healing the injuries of William and his team when the need arose.

Celine and Jekyll exchanged a glance and nodded their heads at the same time. They would also accompany William on this mission and leave the safety of Lont to Vladimir. Once the Elves succeeded, although Lont would be safe, the Capital of the Hellan Kingdom would definitely fall in the hands of the Elves after a few weeks if they did not help William with his mission.

The beautiful Dark Sorceress had no love for her race. In fact, she was like Kasogonaga and Conner who wanted nothing more than to burn the entire Silvermoon Continent to the ground.

Jekyll's main reason for going was that he couldn't allow William to fight the Elves alone. According to Ezio's report, there were at least Six Saint Level Fighters, Three Archmages, and one Grand Archmage among the Elven Forces in the Zelan Dynasty.

William might be able to deal with the Elven Prodigies, but against the powerhouses of the Elven Race, he was just like an egg being thrown at a boulder.

Jekyll wouldn't allow the Half-Elf to suffer miserably in their hands because he had made a promise to William's father. Although his hate for the Elves wasn't as extreme as Celine's, Kasogonaga's, and Conner's, he still found them to be an eyesore in his sight.

The group discussed until late into the night before dispersing to make their necessary preparations.

Just as the sun rose from the East, dozens of flying carriages left the Town of Lont. Eve waved at them from the ground as she watched them disappear into the horizon.

Leah placed her hand over the small girl's shoulder as she sighed in her heart. She and Matthew had also wanted to go, but William rejected their request. The Half-Elf insisted that they needed to stay in Lont because Celine and Jekyll were no longer around.

Eve needing a caretaker was also a factor. William wasn't too keen on letting other people take care of her while they were away. Because of this, Matthew and Leah could only watch them go as they prayed silently in their hearts.

Takam glanced at this flying procession from on top of the Kyrintor Mountains. His age-old eyes softened as these brave young warriors went to the front lines to wage war against the invaders of their lands.

"War doesn't prove who's right or wrong," Takam muttered. "It only shows who's left."

Chapter 438: Confrontation At The Gate Of Beginnings [Part 1]

"Is that the gateway that leads to the Labyrinth of the Minotaur Race?" William asked as he looked at the gigantic gate that was forty-meters tall and twenty meters in width.

"Yes," Erchitu replied with pride. "That gate is called the Gate of Beginnings. It is the gate that leads to the labyrinth where the Minotaur Race has built their sanctuary."

(A/N: William and Erchitu are talking to each other through telepathy.)

Erchitu was ten meters tall. It was as big as the Diabolical Hell Ape, and the Ourobro, Lufie, that protected the Town of Lont..

The gate was four times its size. It was large enough for King Kong and Godzilla to pass through without any problems.

"Um, is King Minos forty meters tall?" William inquired.

Erchitu shook his head. "King Minos is only half my size, but even ten of me would not be able to be his match."

"He's that strong?"

"Naturally. He is afterall, our Sovereign."

William nodded his head in understanding. If he was able to gain the help of the Minotaur Race then fighting against the Elves would be easier. However, this could not be done at this point in time.

A powerful seal had been placed on the Giant Gates and no one could open it from the outside. Even if one were to use powerful spells and strong physical attacks, the gates wouldn't budge nor would it be destroyed. That was how powerful the enchantments on it were.

After several attempts, the Elves decided that there was no use in trying to destroy the gate and massacre the Minotaur Race while they were weakened.

They left the Gate of Beginnings alone as they focused on stabilizing their control over the Zelan Dynasty.

Suddenly, William's System informed him that several presences were headed in his direction. The Half-Elf casually opened his map and saw thousands of red dots encircling his position.

"Erchitu, they are here," William said as he gazed at the forest in the distance.

The Giant White Ox turned his head to look in the direction where William was looking at and nodded.

Five minutes later, a handsome Elf with long blonde hair and gray eyes walked out of the forest alone and looked at William in disdain.

"Who are you and what are you doing in the territory of the Elves?"

"I am your father. Don't you even know your father's name?"

Elandorr narrowed his eyes at the filthy Half-Elf who dared to taunt him. Just like his father, the young commander of the Elves hated Half Elves. For him, they were a stain in the bloodline of their race and must be purged from the face of the world.

"So, you're not going to name yourself?" Elandorr asked. He eyed William as well as the Giant White Ox beside him.

William smirked as he used his appraisal skill on the arrogant Elf who was scanning his surroundings to see if there were any traps or ambushes that waited for him and his Elven Elites.

"Since you want to know my name so badly then allow me to introduce myself," William replied as he flipped his hair in an arrogant manner. "I am the son of Lady Arwen, the Saintess of the World Tree, and the Savior of the Elven Race, Maxwell Von Ainsworth."

William paused as he raised his chin arrogantly, "My name is William Von Ainsworth."

Elandorr frowned as he appraised the Half-Elf in front of him. Princess Eowyn had approached him a few days ago and informed him that the son of the Saintess was a citizen of the Hellan Kingdom. She had also told him William's name and described his facial features so Elandorr half-believed the Half-Elf's declaration.

Murmurs started to spread among the Elves hidden in the trees. There had been rumors that their Saintess, Lady Arwen, had given birth many years ago, but there had been no proof of this claim whatsoever.

This matter was only known to the Elders and Patriarchs of the Elven Clans. This was also why Arwen made the hard decision to call for her husband's twin, Morgan, and have him take William with him back to the Southern Continent.

Not all the Elves looked at her son favorably. Some of them even want to take his life. In order to guarantee his safety, Arwen gave birth within the Aenarion Family's Hidden Domain, where none of the other Elves were allowed to set foot.

The Elven King also helped shield Arwen and her child from pursuers and even secretly assigned Royal Guards to escort Morgan back to the Southern Continent. Because of the Elven King's protection, those who wished William dead had no choice but to abandon their plans.

They didn't dare provoke both the Elven Royal Family and the Aenarion Family, who was the current head of the Elven Council. Because of this, William had safely departed the Silvermoon Continent and left alone to live in Lont ever since.

"Oh? So, you're telling us that you're the son of our Saintess? Do you think I'm a fool?" Elandorr snorted. "The Saintess never had a child. You dare to slander her good name? You've got guts, you filthy half blood!"

William chuckled. "So, this is how you repay the son of your savior? I thought the Elves were a righteous and proud race. I didn't know that they were a bunch of hypocrites."

"Taunt us all you want, but we will not believe your lies," Elandorr replied.

Even if William was the real son of their Saintess he wouldn't acknowledge it. In fact, one of the missions given by his Patriarch was to kill William the moment he saw him.

"Wait."

A soft voice called out from within the forest. Soon, a beautiful Elf with long, honey-blond, hair and blue eyes stepped out of the forest and looked at William with a curious glance.

"Are you the Knight Commander of the Angorian War Sovereign?" Princess Eowyn asked.

She had also been part of the emergency meeting and decided to come along with Elandorr on this operation. The Sword Saints that guarded her stood behind her back as they, too, eyed William with curiosity.

"Yes." William nodded. "Have you heard of me?"

Elandorr stepped in front of Princess Eowyn and blocked William's line of sight.

"How dare you be rude to our Princess?!" Elandorr shouted. "Kneel and show your respect to the Princess of the Elves. Only then will I show you mercy and let you keep your dog's life."

William shook his head as he looked at Elandorr with a fed-up expression.

"Didn't your Mama ever tell you to not butt in when two people are talking?" William asked. "Or are you telling me that you have no Mama? Sucks to be you then."

Elandorr wasn't someone that was easy to provoke. The reason he was preventing William from talking to the Princess was because he wanted to eliminate the Half-Elf as soon as possible. If Princess Eowyn acknowledged him as the son of their Saintess, it would be very difficult for him to kill William in front of the Elven Army.

"I've had enough of your nonsense!" Elandorr raised his hand and gave the signal to attack. "Kill him! Protect the princess!"

Several whistling sounds erupted from the forest, as all the Elves unleashed their arrows. Elandorr was their Commander, and their patriarchs had told them that his word was law. Also, the Princess was only a Supervisor on this mission, she didn't have the authority to order any of the Elves, aside from her entourage, from following her.

"And so it begins," William said softly as a fearless smile appeared on his lips. "Erchitu, are you ready to rumble?"

Erchitu snorted and stood in front of William. The two of them didn't come here to talk.. They came here to beat the crap out of the Elves and make them understand that there were some people that they shouldn't provoke, no matter what.

Chapter 439: Confrontation At The Gate Of Beginnings [Part 2]

The tinkling sounds of arrows hitting metal resounded at the Gate of Beginnings.

Erchitu's white fur glowed in a radiant light as the arrows bounced off its surface. The Tall Gate behind the Giant White Ox shimmered as it transferred its protection to the Champion of the Minotaur Race.

Erchitu was standing inside the boundary of the gate, and it could harness its power at will. Right now, Erchitu's defenses were as powerful as the Gate of Beginnings which had withstood the strongest attack of the Elven Grand Archmage, as well as the Blademasters who were equivalent to the Saint Rank.

If their attacks couldn't even leave a dent on the gate then mere arrows would have no chance of breaching Erchitu's defenses.

William stood behind Erchitu with his arms crossed over his chest. They had already devised a plan on how to deal with the pesky Elven Army, who had no intention of showing them any mercy.

As long as Erchitu stood within the boundary of the Gate, he was almost invincible. Of course, the Giant White Ox couldn't stay in this state for too long. The Magic and Spiritual Power of the Gate of Beginnings was tremendous and it could only harness it for a short period of time or else its body would explode due to absorbing too much power.

Erchitu had told William that it could only last for half an hour before they needed to switch to their backup plan. The Half-Elf was busy paying attention to the map on his status page to gauge how large an Elven force they had lured into the Domain of the Minotaur Race.

'A little more than two thousand,' William frowned. 'I was expecting more, but I guess they thought that their current forces were enough. I hope the others will be able to accomplish their mission.'

Elandorr raised his hand to order a halt to the barrage of arrows that had dealt little to no damage to the Giant Ox who was protecting the Half-Elf he wanted to kill.

"Mages! Open fire!" Elandorr ordered.

A shower of elemental spells descended upon Erchitu who stood in front of the Half-Elf who was busy eating an apple.

William completely ignored the barrage of spells because he knew that Erchitu would be able to handle them all. He wasn't too worried about the Elves throwing everything at him. What he was worried about was that the Elves would give up and leave him alone.

After three minutes of bombardment, the spells stopped coming. Smoke rose up in the air as the Elves waited to see if their attacks had turned the Giant White Ox into barbecue.

What greeted them was William sitting on a chair, and fanning himself with a feather fan, while eating. He was looking so relaxed, it was as if he was just here to observe his surroundings.

"Eh? Is it already over?" William asked after finishing the apple in his hand. "I thought the Elven Prodigies were strong. I didn't expect them to be so weak. Tsk! Tsk! The old grandma in my hometown can easily lift me up and spank my bum until I cry out in pain. But you Elves? Tsk, what a bunch of weaklings."

William shook his head in dismay and raised his voice so that all the long-eared bastards could hear him.

"It's no wonder why my father had to go to the Silvermoon Continent to save all of you from the Demon Race. What a bunch of Puss*es!" William taunted. "My father and I are not afraid of Puss*es! Hahahahahaha!"

William's irritating laughter grated the nerves of the Elves who were itching to beat him to a pulp. Even Elandorr, who had not reacted to William's taunts earlier, was finding it hard to keep the calm expression on his face as he listened to William's irritating laughter.

"What is a P*ssy?" Princess Eowyn asked one of the Blademasters by her side.

The Saint Class Warrior averted his gaze and pretended that he didn't hear the Princess' inquiry. Princess Eowyn had been raised with love and care. The Royal Instructors, as well as the Saintess, Lady Arwen, didn't teach her anything vulgar, and steered clear from all profanities, lest they influence her in a bad way.

Princess Eowyn looked at the laughing Half-Elf in the distance, and a frown appeared on her beautiful face. Although she didn't understand the coarse words that the Half-Elf was using, she felt that what William was saying was very rude.

"Shut up!" Elandorr shouted. "As expected of a Half-Elf. Everything that comes out of your mouth is disgusting."

"As expected of an Elf," William replied with a sneer. "Your face reminds me of a P*ssy! Hahaha!"

Erchitu who was standing in front of William was fighting the urge to kick the Half-Elf who was seated beside his feet. Although both of them were on the same side, he felt embarrassed listening to William's vulgar words.

"So, what are you going to do now?" William asked in an arrogant tone. "Is this the best that you've got?"

The Half-Elf was paying attention to the time. Erchitu only had a quarter of an hour before it would reach its limit. Until then, he would do his best to make the Elves wish that they could hack him to bits.

"Princess Eowyn," William called out to the Princess that was standing several meters away from Elandorr, and protected by two Blademasters. "I've heard many things about you from my mother."

Princess Eowyn's ears perked up as she heard William's words. Aside from her parents, the Elven Princess loved Lady Arwen the most. This was why when the Saintess accepted her as a Disciple, the Princess danced in joy to the amusement of her parents.

"Lady Arwen said good things about me?" Princess Eowyn asked. "What did Master say about me?"

William's smile widened. Of course, his mother had mentioned her two Disciples in her letters, so he had known a few things about the Princess.

"She said that you like to dance when you are happy," William answered. "Also, your favorite food is the red berries that grow near the World Tree. My mother had said that you were an excellent Disciple and that she was very proud of you."

A warm feeling spread across Princess Eowyn's chest when she heard that Lady Arwen was very proud of her.

However, that feeling soon disappeared at William's next words.

"My mother praised the Elves for their pride, dignity, and valor, but I don't see those redeeming features among the Elves in front of me. All I see are hypocrites and ungrateful scum who have aimed their weapons at and tried to kill the son of their Saintess and Savior."

William sneered as he looked at Elandorr in contempt. "What pride? What dignity? You call this valor? So, your Commander belongs to the Elven Clans who hate the Human Hero that saved your lands. If my father only knew that you were all ungrateful bastards, he would definitely not have even lifted a finger and left you all to be enslaved by the Demon Race."

William's powerful words reverberated in the surroundings which made those who heard them feel ashamed of their actions. Although some of the Ancient Elven Clans hated Maxwell, the majority of the Elves treated him as a hero. Some of the young Elven prodigies even aspired to be like him when they grew up.

Hearing William say that they were ungrateful bastards made them falter.

"Shut up! Don't listen to him!" Elandorr ordered. "He is just spouting nonsense."

William ignored Elandorr and shifted his gaze to Princess Eowyn. "See, Princess? This is why my mother was forced to be separated from me. These Elven scum don't recognize me as Lady Arwen's son. How about you? Do you not recognize me as well?"

Elandorr unsheathed his sword. He couldn't allow William to continue with his tirades.

Unfortunately, before he could order a full blown confrontation, Princess Eowyn's firm and dignified voice reached his ears.

"I acknowledge you as our Saintess', Lady Arwen's, son," Princess Eowyn said firmly. "Anyone who dares to say that you are not my Master's son will become my enemy. I swear this upon the honor of the Royal Family!"

Elandorr ground his teeth in frustration. Since the Princess had recognized William as their Saintess' son, any further act of instigation would backfire on him.

The young Elven Commander stared hatefully at William, while the latter looked back at him in ridicule.. Now that William's identity was recognized by the Elven Princess, it was now time for him to initiate the next phase of his plan, to ensure that their mission for coming to the Zelan Dynasty would become a success.

Chapter 440: William Vs Elandorr [Part 1]

"Sir William, I have a proposal," Princess Eowyn said as she stepped forward.

Elandorr tried to block her way, but the Princess went past him as she walked towards the Half-Elf who was sitting comfortably on a chair.

The two Blademasters followed behind her. When she was only twenty meters away from William, she finally stopped walking as she eyed her teacher's son with genuine interest.

'He has Lady Arwen's eyes,' Princess Eowyn thought. 'Senior didn't lie to me.'

Just as Princess Eowyn was appraising William, the latter was appraising her as well.

Deep inside, William felt guilty because he was using the Princess's innocence to set his plan into motion. Although he didn't want her to come into any harm, it was impossible not to have any conflicts since both of them stood on opposing sides.

"What is your proposal, Your Highness?" William asked as he fanned himself with his feather fan.
"Forgive me if I don't stand to kneel to you. My mood has not been good as of late. I'm sure that you can understand my hardships, yes?"

Princess Eowyn smiled as she brushed aside William's disrespectful words towards her. If the Half-Elf had said this in the Silvermoon Continent, he would have been arrested immediately and thrown into jail. Still, the Princess tolerated William's attitude because of her respect for her Master, Lady Arwen.

"We don't need to fight against each other," Princess Eowyn stated. "I can promise you that if you cooperate with us, I will make you the regent of the Hellan Kingdom. Naturally, it will still fall under Elven Rule, but I can guarantee the safety of you and your citizens."

The Elves who heard their Princess's proposal nodded their heads in agreement. If William was truly the son of their Saintess, they would be able to accept his rule as the regent of the Human kingdom that would soon fall under their rule.

"A tempting offer," William replied with a smile. "However, what if I say no? What are you going to do, Your Highness?"

"Sir William, I am only the Supervisor of this expedition, and my authority is limited," Princess Eowyn. "Bestowing you the regency of the Hellan Kingdom was already outside of my jurisdiction. However, on behalf of Lady Arwen, and your father, the Savior of the Elven Race, Lord Maxwell, I am willing to use the full authority of the Royal Family to confer upon you this title and authority."

The Elven Princess looked at William pleadingly. "Please, let us join hands instead of pointing our weapons at each other. There's no need for senseless killing because I believe that all lives are precious... even the lives of the Human race."

Arslan, who had accompanied the Princess, and was listening to their conversation from within the forest, clenched his fists in anger.

This was the first time he was hearing something like this and he looked at William with a heated gaze. He was waiting for the Half-Elf's reply to Princess Eowyn's proposal.

"How about this Princess, I find that guy very annoying to the eye," William said as he raised his chin and pointed it in Elandorr's direction. "I have long wanted to experience for myself how strong an Elven Prodigy is. Of course, if the Elven Commander is scared to fight me one-on-one then he can invite a few more lackeys to help him. I don't particularly mind."

William's declaration caught Princess Eowyn by surprise. She then turned her head to look at Elandorr whose expression had returned to its calmness.

"Sir William, you wish to fight with Commander Elandorr in a duel?"

"Yeah. Unless he is scared of me."

Elandorr smiled evilly as he held the sword in his hand firmly. "I accept this duel. To show my reverence to the Saintess, I will do my best to hold back. Of course, blades have no eyes, I will apologize in advance if I accidentally kill you."

"Okay." William nodded. He was unfazed by Elandorr's attempt to hide his killing intent.

William had already known from the start that Elandorr was dead set in killing him. However, he was not afraid. Because he wasn't fighting alone.

'Finish this as soon as you can,' Ashe said from within William's Sea of Consciousness. 'You can't fight prolonged battles.'

'Understood,' William replied.

He summoned his wooden staff as he stood from the chair and walked towards Elandorr. He hadn't lied when he said that he was itching to test his skills against an Elven Prodigy. His Master, Celine had said that he wasn't strong enough to face one back then. However, he was no longer the twelve-year-old boy that suffered under Celine's beatings.

William was feeling excited at the thought of beating the crap out of the pompous Elven Commander in front of his subordinates.

What William didn't know was that Elandorr was also thinking of the same thing. He wanted to beat up and even cripple the son of the Human Hero that saved their race from the Demon Invasion. He wanted to show everyone that the Elves no longer needed anyone's protection, especially protection from a filthy half blood.

"Ensure his life," Princess Eowyn silently ordered the Blademasters that stood behind her. "The son of the Saintess cannot be killed by Elven hands. I will not be able to face my Master if that were to happen."

The two Blademasters nodded their heads. They were the guardians of the Royal Family, so their orders were absolute.

"I'll give you a handicap," Elandorr said as he pointed his sword at William's face. "I will not use any magic against you. I will beat you using only my sword technique."

"Okay," William replied. "Are you ready?"

"Do your worst. Half blood," Elandorr sneered.

William smiled as he raised his hand towards the sky.

Suddenly, a flaming spear descended from the heavens and William caught it in a firm grip.

"Bloom in the battlefield!" William declared as he aimed his spear at the pompous Elf whose face immediately turned grim when he felt the overwhelming power behind the blazing weapon in William's hands.

"Fleur Du Soleil!"

Elandorr roared as he unleashed his Magic Power to activate a magical artifact that the Patriarch of his Clan had given him as a life saving trump card.

A dome of light appeared in front of the young Elven Commander as he braced for impact.

One of the two Blademasters protecting Princess Eoywn grabbed her waist and instantly teleported away to protect her from harm.

The other Blademaster summoned his sword and shield. He stayed because he planned to save Elandorr if the latter's defenses were destroyed by William's overbearing attack.

While everyone had prepared themselves for whatever was going to happen next, the flaming spear suddenly stopped and shot up towards the sky.

It was then when a chuckle filled with ridicule and contempt reached Elandorr's ears.

"What were you saying earlier?" William asked in arrogance. "You're going to give me a handicap and not use your magic powers? It hasn't even been half a minute and you already used your magic."

William raised a finger and wagged it side to side. "Do not make promises you can't keep. Have you woken up from your daydream, you pompous little prick?"