

Strongest 501

Chapter 501: I Thank Whatever Gods May Be For My Unconquerable Soul

"Big Brother!" Princess Aila screamed as she rushed towards Prince Alaric that had been blown away by a spell that had been cast by an Elven Prodigy.

"You're the Crown Prince of the Zelan Dynasty?" the Elven Prodigy sneered. "Pathetic."

"Don't be like that," another Elven Prodigy commented from the side. "He is still the Crown Prince. If we capture him, we will get merits from the Commander. Also, that girl beside him is not half bad. I call dibs on her, you get the Crown Prince."

"Haven't you had your fill of Human girls yet? You have almost bedded over a hundred of them."

"How can those women compare to a princess? Don't worry, after I'm done with her, you can play with her next."

"Sounds good. I'll take you up on that offer."

Princess Aila ignored the two Elves and focused her attention on her Big Brother. She used her Life Magic to cure his injuries, and ensured that his life would no longer be in danger.

The Elven Prodigy who called dibs on Princess Aila whistled when he saw her use Life Magic. It was a rare magic, even among the Elves. Someone who was born with this magic would be sent to the forest where their Spiritualists resided, to be trained as a healer.

The other Elven Prodigy sighed when he saw this. If he had a choice between Crown Prince Alaric and Princess Aila, he would definitely choose the latter. For him, a Crown Prince's life was nothing compared to a talented Life Mage.

While this was going on, King Minos' and Drauum's battle had reached its climax. The Ancient Golem played a dirty trick and attacked one of the Minotaurs that had accidentally wandered in the path of their battle.

King Minos naturally did his best to protect his people, and that is where the Ancient Golem dealt him a crushing blow that gravely injured him.

The King of the Minotaurs gritted his teeth as he smashed the Earth Spear that had embedded itself on his chest. Fortunately, it didn't hit his heart, but his movement slowed because of it. Drauum used this to his advantage and immediately gave King Minos a beating.

Ezkalor clicked his tongue when he saw this, while Zyphon only shook its head.

Enero, and the Purple-Haired Woman snorted, while the teenage boy just gave a devilish smile.

Regardless of how it transpired, the result was already obvious. Drauum threw King Minos to the center of the city. The King of Minotaurs crashed to the ground and created a crater, sending dust and rubble flying everywhere.

"This war is already over!" Drauum shouted. "Surrender or d--"

The Ancient Golem wasn't able to finish his words because a loud sound spread across the battlefield. At first they thought that it was just some random noise that the Defenders were using to scare them.

However, they then realized that there was a certain pattern to the noise that resembled music.

Yes, it was some kind of music.

A music that made anyone who heard it feel a sense of tension.

Drauum and the other Guardians narrowed their eyes as they looked in the direction of the castle.

Suddenly, a powerful and unyielding voice reverberated across the city of Gladiolus

"Out of the night that covers me,

Black as the pit from pole to pole,

I thank whatever Gods may be,

For my unconquerable soul."

William walked down the stairs that was leading to the palace with even steps as he gazed fearlessly at the smoke-filled city that was in ruins.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance, I have not winced nor cried aloud," William said as he continued to walk down the stairs. "Under the bludgeonings of chance, my head is bloody, but unbowed."

Princess Sidonie's and Morgana's expressions changed as they observed their beloved. With a glance, they could tell that something was very different about William. However, they couldn't determine what it was.

All they knew was that the person that they had loved had returned, and had come to save the people that were important to him.

William continued to walk, unimpeded as he quoted the rest of the poem that had left an impression on him back on Earth. A poem that had given him hope when everything was lost.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears

Looms but the Horror of the shade,

"And yet the menace of the years

Finds and shall find me unafraid."

Countless portals appeared behind him, and in the sky. They illuminated the surroundings in a bright light, and yet, those that came out of it, made everyone shiver in disbelief.

Even the Guardians of the Silvermoon Continent flinched because the pressure that descended on them was on par with their current strength.

"It matters not how strait the gate,

How charged with punishments the scroll..."

William raised the scepter in his left hand and pointed it at Drauum who took the role as the leader of the Elven Invaders.

"For I am the master of my fate," William declared. "I am the captain of my soul."

(A/N: This poem is called Invictus by: William Ernest Henley.)

A Giant Ox with Dark-Blue Skin stood right behind William. Blue flames poured out of its eyes, shoulders, hands, and feet. It gave a mighty roar that spread far and wide.

Elandorr, who was standing in the center of the Elven Army, trembled when he recognized the Giant Ox standing behind William. How could he possibly forget the creature? The Elven Commander had its Millennial Core inside his storage ring.

Erchitu raised his hand.

Suddenly, the Storage Ring of the Blademaster that had killed him glowed briefly.

A few moments later, A Giant War Axe made of Adamantium flew out of it. It traveled at a straight path until it was caught by a large and powerful hand.

The Bone Dragons carrying the Diabolical Death Knight, Grim Nightmare Revenant, and Arcane Spectral Lich hovered above William.

The Arcane Spectral Lich glanced at its surroundings and the blue flames that glowed on its hollow eye sockets turned red.

"Unforgivable," The Arcane Spectral Lich said with undisguised anger.

He was the first King of the Hellan Kingdom, so it was impossible for him to not recognize the Kingdom that he had built. The Lich glared at the Elves, but it didn't attack them right away. He was not the commander of this army.

The one who would give the orders, was the one holding the Scepter that commanded the entire Undead Legion.

Nuckelavee chuckled evilly as it raised its spear and pointed it at the Elves. One of the races that it had fought during the Era of the Gods were the Elves. They were among the races that had ganged up against the Humans, thousands of years ago.

Seeing his old enemies, the Devil of the Sea that had been trapped in the Undying Lands was now feeling giddy. Just like the Arcane Spectral Lich, it was holding itself back for the massacre that was about to occur.

William raised his right hand, and four colorful lights flew towards his body. He had recalled Wendy, Ashe, Thor, and Ragnar back to the Thousand Beast Domain where they would be safe from the second round of battle that was about to ensue.

Although they were injured, the system had assured him that their lives weren't in danger. For this, William was thankful.

The Half-Elf then glanced at Dia who had weakly called out to him from afar. Est leaned against her body as he looked at William with a relieved expression.

"Do you want to stay?" William asked.

Est nodded his head. "I want to see its end."

William gave her a brief nod before shifting his gaze back towards his adversaries. He didn't try to dissuade Est's decision. Since his lover wanted to see how this war would end, he would let her witness it all, while sitting in the front row seats.

William scanned the faces of the Elves before stopping on the Ancient Golem. William had to admit that Drauum had given him a lot of headaches in the past. That was how strong the Guardian of the Elves was.

Then, two more Guardians appeared which had completely flipped the scales of the battle in the Elves' favor.

The red-headed boy chuckled. The once scary existence that had forced him into a corner, was now like a bug in his eyes. A bug that he had long wanted to crush beneath his foot.

"You said a while ago for everyone to surrender, or die, right?" William sneered at Drauum. "Don't worry, I won't ask you to surrender."

William channeled his will into Malacai's Scepter before a devilish smile appeared on his face.

"Tell me, you bastard Elves," William said in a teasing tone. "Would you like to try dying once?"

Chapter 502: The Wrath Of The Righteous [Part 1]

The three Goliaths, Monstrous Skeleton Sovereign, Giant Slaying Draugr, and Nuckelavee, towered beside William. They simply stood there, like three tall mountains, but that was more than enough to make the expressions of the Elves turn pale.

The portals above William's head, and in front of him, were still active as hundreds of thousands undead soldiers marched forward. Like the System had told him before, they numbered over twenty million. A number that had exceeded the army of the Elves, and to a certain extent, the army of the Kraetor Empire as well.

"I call upon the heroes, whose names have been forgotten," William said softly as the undead warriors all raised their weapons in recognition of his words. "In an Era where hope was scarce, and many were saddened."

"When all hopes were lost, and victory was out of sight.

That was the time when humanity showed its true might."

Hundreds of thousands of lights shot out from William's chest as they landed on the battlefield. All the members of the Minotaur Tribe that had died in the battle, and those that he had recalled inside his thousand Beast Domain, once again appeared on the battlefield.

Similar to Erchitu, all of them had dark-blue skin. Their eyes, and parts of their body, flared with eerie bluish flames, as they stared at their adversaries that had taken their lives.

Surprisingly, it was not only the Minotaurs that appeared. Elves, and humans were there as well. They had turned into undead revenants, and shared the same features as the Minotaur race.

The Elves shivered as they recognized some of their fallen comrades had once again risen up from where they had fallen. Only this time, they were fighting on the side of Humans.

Williams' words rang loudly in the surroundings as he raised the dead from their slumber in order to fight for his side.

"Come, brave warriors of old," William ordered. "Monsters abound, and war behold."

"Show them the might of those that were forgotten.

Make them see the error of the path they have trodden."

William waved his Scepter once and all the undead took a fighting stance.

"Kill!" William ordered. "Send these foul elves and their guardians to the afterlife! Show them the Wrath of the Righteous!"

Nuckelavee roared and charged forward. The Giant Skeleton and Draugur ran behind it and the ground trembled in their wake.

The Arcane Spectral Lich urged his Dragon and it stood between Drakon Nalzrig and Dia. The Lich gave Est a sidelong glance before facing the Guardian Beast in front of him.

"Is it fun to bully children?" The First King of the Hellan Kingdom asked. "You don't need to answer. I'll chop your body apart and use it as an ingredient for my experiments."

Although he had turned into a Lich after touching Malacai's staff, and had been inside the Undying Lands since then, he still held strong feelings toward the Kingdom that he had founded.

Drakon Nalzrig felt an unprecedented danger come from the Arcane Spectral Lich whose hatred for him was evident. However, he also understood that they were at war and it was only natural that the Lich didn't like him.

"I don't mind killing you twice, Lich," Nalzrig replied. "I'll grind your bones and use it as fertilizer."

The Lich chuckled as it raised its magic staff. Talk was cheap, it was now time to take action.

Several Dark Rays shot out its staff like laser beams. The King of the Winged Serpents cast a magical barrier to protect himself from the attack, but to his surprise, the Dark Rays passed through his barrier, and caught him completely off guard.

A pained cry erupted from Nalzig's lips as the Lich's Undead Magic tore off his draconic scales and dissolved his flesh. This was the first time that he had experienced something like this, and he immediately retreated to a safe distance in order to heal his injuries.

"Just like an earthworm that has been sprinkled with a bit of salt," the Lich teased. "Does it hurt? Don't worry. There's more where that came from."

The Undead Dragon flapped its wings and gave chase. The Arcane Spectral Lich had already confirmed Est's identity and because of this, he wouldn't allow anyone to hurt him.

Draum's body crashed heavily towards the Elven Formation, severely injuring the Elves that were unlucky enough to be on the same spot where he landed.

Nuckelavee's horse neighed in contempt as it charged towards the Pseudo-Demigod whom it wanted to crush under its heels.

Kasogonaga, who had been fighting alongside Psoglav gazed at the Devil of the Sea with genuine surprise.

"It really is Nuckelavee!" Kasogonaga gasped as the giant abomination rampaged within the disorderly Elven Army.

After the surprise passed, a devilish smile appeared on Kasogonaga's face. There were several instances when it had fought side by side with Nuckelavee during the Era of the Gods.

The rainbow-colored Anteater knew how strong it was, so it had a smug expression on its face as he once again turned into a spiky rainbow-colored-wreckingball that was out for blood.

Psoglav sneered at the Elves that had lost their composure. Its Doppelganger was keeping up with Kasogonaga to ensure that the Anteater would not delve too deep into the enemy's ranks again.

After the Incident with Erchitu, Kasogonaga had learned its lesson and stayed within reasonable bounds.

Just as the three were engaging multiple enemies, a Bronze Dragon swept down from the sky. Its target were the two beasts that were creating a lot of casualties due to their teamwork.

The Bronze Dragon opened up its mouth and unleashed a Dragon Breath at the Demonic Dog who had just finished killing two elves in succession.

"Sh*t!" Kasogonaga cursed loudly. It braced itself for the impact because the Dragon had attacked him from his blindspot. He was unable to dodge, nor cast a protective barrier because there was no time for it.

Right before the Dragon Breath hit the Demonic Dog, a giant shadow covered it. Searing flames streaked past Psoglav's side as a Giant Ox stood in front of it, protecting it from one of the Dragon's strongest moves.

Erchitu stood tall as blue flames erupted from its mouth, colliding with the Dragon's Breath. The two attacks cancelled each other out.

The Bronze Dragon was about to soar towards the sky in order to flee, but a Giant Axe flew in the air and partially cut the base of its wings, preventing it from flying away.

The Dragon screamed in pain as it tried to stabilize its body from the air, but Erchitu didn't give it that opportunity. The Giant Ox summoned his axe back and threw it once again. This time, it cut off the Bronze's Dragon's wing completely, sending it crashing towards the ground.

Erchitu once again summoned his axe as it ran towards the fallen Dragon. Once near, Erchitu jumped into the air and body slammed the Dragon with all its might.

The Bronze's Dragon's body was sturdy, so it didn't take much damage from Erchitu's attack. However, the Giant Ox's true motive was to pin the dragon down, as his weapon... hacked it to pieces!

The Adamantium Axe descended with fury at the Dragon's neck, sending sparks flying in every direction. The Dragon roared in pain as the Adamantium Axe embedded its blade a few inches into its neck.

Erchitu didn't relent in his attack and continued to slash his axe, with the intention of cutting the dragon's head off completely.

When the Dragon's head was finally cut off from its body, a whip of darkness wrapped around it. Psoglav pulled the head towards him and happily stored it inside his storage ring. The Dragon's Millennial Core was located in its head, so Psoglav had no intention of letting it go.

"Erchitu is that really you?" Psoglav asked as it looked at the disgruntled Giant Ox in front of it.

'Yes,' Erchitu replied through telepathy.

Psoglav didn't know why, but it felt relieved after hearing its friend's confirmation. It thought that the Giant Ox in front of it was only an empty husk that William had reanimated using Undead Magic.

Knowing that his friend was alive... rather, dead, but alive, the Demonic Dog's anger decreased significantly as it ran towards its Doppelganger, and the rainbow-colored Anteater, who was laughing crazily as it slaughtered as many Elves as it could.

The scary part was that, everytime an Elf died, they would immediately rise up as undead warriors.

This unholy practice unnerved the Elves and made them feel despair.

Elandorr knew that it was only a matter of time before the place where he was would be overrun, so he decisively gave the order to retreat.

"Vanguards! Hold them back!" Elandorr ordered. "Rearguards prepare to cover our retreat!"

Little by little, the Elven Army got pushed back. It didn't even take half an hour before all of them had completely left the vicinity of the city.

Ezkalor and Zyphon no longer spectated as they did their best to cover the Elves' retreat. Unfortunately, the Grim Nightmare Revenant, and Diabolical Death Knight engaged them in one-on-one combat, giving

the two Giants, The Monstrous Skeleton Sovereign, and the Giant Slaying Draugr free reign to massacre the elves as they pleased.

Eneru was currently locked in a battle with Jekyll, and this time, it was Jekyll that had the upper hand. He was unable to catch the Qilin during their earlier battle because the latter had used ranged attacks to bombard him with lightning bolts.

The Qilin that had lost a good chunk of his power had opted for ranged combat. Eneru knew that he couldn't beat Jekyll at close range, so he used cheap shots to harass the Taotie from afar.

All of that ended when William and his undead army appeared.

For some reason, the Qilin was unable to use his incredible speed to escape, and only flew at his normal speed.

Eneru glared hatefully at William because he knew that this powerful suppression was coming from him. The Half-Elf noticed that the Qilin was glaring at him, so he did what he had to do and waved back at Eneru with a smile.

The Qilin almost spat blood at the shamelessness of the Half-Elf who had interfered with his fight against Jekyll. Due to the slight loss of concentration, a massive tail slapped the side of its head, and sent it crashing towards the houses near the Eastern part of the city.

King Minos had already received treatment from William and had re-joined the battle against the Qilins and Dragons that posed a threat to the Minotaur Race. Although he felt disgruntled that Nuckelavee had taken his prey, he also didn't want to mess with the Devil of the Sea.

He had seen with a single glance that he was not the Devil's match. Since that was the case, he then focused his attention on the other threats of the battlefield and plucked their lives one by one.

For every Qilin and Dragon that fell, the sneer on William's face widened. With a wave of his scepter, these magical beasts were revived and bared their fangs at the Elven Army.

Every minute that passed, thousands died.

Every minute later, thousands of undead were born.

The Staff of Malacai glowed eerily in William's hands as he stood on the back of a Bone Dragon.

William's Beast Legion wanted to join the battle, but William prevented them from doing so. Only King Minos, the Minotaur Revenants, Kasogonaga, and Psoglav had been given the permission to continue to fight.

(A/N: Minotaur Revenants are the Minotaur Races that William had once again brought back to life in order to fight for his side. Erchitu is one of them.)

The Half-Elf didn't want to see any members of his Legion to risk their lives now that the Undead Army was under his command. Although he could bring them back to life as an undead, William knew that they wouldn't be the same as when they were alive.

Besides, even if the Skeleton Soldiers were smashed to bits, as long as he held Malacai's Scepter, those broken bones would re-attach themselves and continue to fight.

Simply put, there was no need for William's Herd and Legion to risk their lives in a battle that was dominated by the Undead, whose numbers were steadily increasing, as the life of Elves, and their Magical Beasts, were culled like grasses on the open plains.

Chapter 503: The Wrath Of The Righteous [Part 2]

"This is no longer a war, this is a massacre," Princess Eowyn muttered fearfully as she gazed upon Nuckelavee, who was like a God that swung its spear to smash the Ancient Golem into broken pieces of stone.

The Elves forced themselves to not scream in fear as their Guardian was smashed in front of them. They then gazed at the Monstrosity that towered over them, who had now set its sights on new targets... namely the Elves.

"Stop him!" Princess Eowyn ordered. "Stop him at all costs!"

The two Blademaster that served as Princess Eowyn's bodyguard glanced at each other before resolving themselves.

They summoned their weapons and armors before charging towards the Pseudo-Demigod that had just obliterated their Guardian. Although both knew that they were not its match, they just couldn't possibly stand by and do nothing as members of their race were slaughtered without mercy.

"Die, Monster!" One of the Blademasters shouted as the sword in his hand glowed brightly. "Crescent Flash!"

A five-meter-long blade of light slashed down on the Devil that had its back turned on the Blademaster. The blade cut off Nuckelavee's right arm from its body, which made the Elves that encircled it cheer.

However, what happened next immediately brought them despair.

The severed right arm that laid on the ground casually flew in the air and re-attached itself to Nuckelavee's body. The Devil of the Sea then turned its head to look at the Blademaster with a teasing smile.

The Blademaster's body became stiff and unmovable due to Nuckelavee's devilish stare. Even though the Blademaster had the rank of a Saint, it was nothing compared to an existence that had fought against Demigods during the Era of the Gods.

With a simple thrust, Nuckelavee's spear pierced through the Blademaster's chest, killing him instantly. It then chuckled and threw the body to the side as if it just killed some random elf.

The Devil's laughter had gripped the hearts of the Elves and made them feel despair. Some of them were even starting to think that this was all a dream. A terrible nightmare that they should wake up from, or else they would die in their sleep.

Drauum, who had once again reformed itself, smashed its body towards the monster whose evil knew no bounds.

The Ancient Golem called forth the power of the Earth to entrap Nuckelavee in an Earth Prison. The land answered Drauum's call and rose up to wrap itself on the monster's body. Soon, the Devil had been firmly trapped in a rock prison, forming a small mountain at the center of the battlefield.

Elandorr, and the Patriarch's had just breathed a sigh of relief when a powerful explosion erupted in front of them. The Stone Mountain blew up like a volcano and sent rocks and dirt flying in every direction.

A moment later, Drauum was sent flying by a powerful blow that erupted from the tip of Nuckelavee's spear.

Drauum didn't know that it had stepped on a landmine when it decided to imprison the monster in a dome of soil and rocks.

Nuckelavee hated being imprisoned. Since the Demigods were unable to contain him, they decided to just ask the Gods for help to deal with him. The God of the Earth rose up to bind Nuckelavee with the Earth, but just like what happened to Drauum's attempt, it ended in failure.

Only the Gods of the Sea managed to effectively entrap Nuckelavee in the depths of the ocean. However, even that entrapment only lasted for a few months. When Nuckelavee broke out of its watery prison, it became more enraged, and this time, it rampaged until the Giant Race was almost wiped out from the face of the world.

The Gods then knew that the Monster didn't like to be bound and every attempt only made it stronger, and madder with rage. This was how Nuckelavee got the title "Devil of the Sea" because the moment it rose up from the ocean, it had completely become a Devil that no one in the world of Hestia dared to fight.

Nuckelavee's eyes turned bloody red as it charged towards Drauum that had failed to stop it. With a thrust of its spear the Ancient Golem was once again destroyed. After destroying its target, it swept around him, slicing the bodies of the elves within thirty-meters around it in two.

"By the Goddess!" one of the Patriarch's gasped as the Devil glared in their direction.

Elandorr and Shefal also felt the Devil's stare and it filled their hearts with dread.

Right at that moment, A Winged Serpent riddled with bloody holes on its wings, and body, fell down from the sky.

Before the Elves could even react to this new development, A Golden Dragon and a Giant Deer, came crashing down from the sky as well.

One of the wings of the Golden Dragon was torn off, and the Giant Deer had lost one of its Antlers, leaving a bloody gash on its head.

Everything descended into silence as the Elves looked down on their fallen Guardians with pale expressions.

Suddenly, a soft sob was heard.

One of the teenage elves had finally lost her composure and cried. This was the spark that started everything. The Elven soldiers who were at the frontline of the war turned their backs on their enemies and started to run away in panic.

The women screamed in despair as mass hysteria spread across the Elven Ranks.

"Stop running!" Elandorr shouted. "Deserters will be killed on sight!"

His voice was loud, but none of those in front cared for his orders. In the face of existences that had even defeated their Guardians, what role did a mere cannon fodder have to play?

In a desperate attempt to restore order among their ranks, Elandorr nocked an arrow on his bow and shot one of the Deserters that ran away from its post. His arrow flew straight and true and embedded itself in the Elf's head, killing him instantly.

However, that was a mistake.

A very big mistake.

Fifteen seconds hadn't even passed since the Elf had fallen on the ground when it once again stood up. Its eyes that blazed in a bluish glow stared at Elandorr with the arrow still sticking at its forehead.

It then gave a guttural cry before charging at the nearest Elf, biting her neck with its teeth. Although this was not the first time they had seen this scene happen, the way the Elf died was different. They didn't die from the enemy's blade, but at the hand of their own Elven Commander.

The Vanguard then stared at Elandorr with undisguised fury. They had already lost their reasoning due to the madness that was happening around them, but seeing their own kind, killed by their Commander, and then turning into an undead made them feel that they were just disposable pawns that could be tossed away at any time.

While their minds were in a confused state, a soft voice that offered an olive branch reached their ears.

"Those who don't want to die, I will give you a chance to live," a Half-Elf whose red hair swayed in the breeze said with compassion. "Anyone who can bring Elandorr to me alive will be spared. Not only him, but the Patriarchs of the Elven Race as well.

"I promise on my handsome face that those who heed my order will not die today. This is a first come first serve basis. For every Patriarch that you capture, I am willing to spare twenty people. As for the Elven Commander, I am willing to spare fifty people.

"There are Six Patriarchs here, so that sums up to a hundred and twenty people. If you add Elandorr that would bring the total to a Hundred and Seventy. According to my rough estimate, there are still over two million elves remaining... among those two million, I will only spare a hundred and seventy."

William chuckled like an innocent teenage boy that had just received a kiss from a beautiful girl. However, instead of spreading happiness, it spread despair to the entire Elven Race who was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

"Stop! We surrender!" Shafel shouted. "You won this war! We accept our defeat!"

William stopped laughing and stared at Shafel who was standing at a raised platform.

"So, what if I won?" William asked back in a teasing tone. "What of it?"

"There is no need for us to continue this bloodshed," Shafel said in a respectful and polite manner. He also bowed his head in apology. "We are willing to heavily compensate you for our transgressions."

If anyone from the Elven Council could see the domineering Elder of the Gilwen Clan, they would probably rub their eyes in disbelief.

Shafel had never bowed his head, and acted in a respectful manner except when he was in the presence of the King. Even the Head of the Elven Council, and Arwen's father, Theoden, didn't receive any polite words nor acts of respect from the proud Elder of the Gilwen Clan.

It just proved how dire their situation was.

William looked indifferently at the bowing old Elf as he raised his head arrogantly. "I believe that I mentioned earlier that I will not ask any of you to surrender."

The Half-Elf paused as he let his words linger in the air for a few moments before continuing his speech.

"Meaning, I have no intention of accepting any form of negotiations or surrender," William said coldly. "What I want to see... is for all of you to die."

"You can't do that!"

A familiar voice reached William's ears. The Half-Elf turned his head to the side to look at the Elven Princess whose tears were falling down the side of her face.

"This is not something the son of the Saintess would do!" Princess Eowyn shouted. "This is not something that the son of our Hero would do!"

William chuckled for a brief moment before shaking his head. "Princess, do you think attacking the Kingdom of the Hero that saved your race is something that the Elves should do? Do you think it is something that those who owe our family a favor would do? I think not."

The Half-Elf stared down at the entire Elven Race with disdain from on top of his Bone Dragon.

"You are the invaders, and oppressors. You conquered our lands due to your greed and arrogance. Did you even stop to think that those whom you conquered would one day rise up and point their weapons at you?"

"Did you not even think of the possibility that they would rebel and conquer you back?"

"Did you ever think that a repeat of the Demon Race's invasion would not ever happen again?" William shook his head. "If you think that way then all of you are fools. Now, enough talk. Those who want to live, you know what to do. Those who don't want to live, you can just stand to the side and wait for your death."

The Undead Legion encircled the Elven Army, leaving no room to escape. On William's order, the countless skeletons, and undead soldiers stepped forward, in order to herd the Elves and make them compress against each other.

"Only a few will live. Are you one of those select few?"

William's devilish words spread across the Elven Army as their willpower wavered. One by one they stared at Elandorr, as well as the Elven Patriarch's who were standing at the raised platform at the center of the army.

No one wanted to die, if there was a way to live then why not take it?

Chapter 504: The Wrath Of The Righteous [Part 3]

As the Elves were thinking these things, a Golden Portal appeared above the center of the Elven Army.

"Enough!"

A powerful voice forced the Undead Legion to stop their advance.

A giant bird clad in flames flew out of the portal and hovered above the Elven Army.

"Know your limits, Half-Elf. If you do not cease your arrogance, I will be more than happy to teach you a lesson!"

The proud and majestic voice gave hope to the Elves as they looked up at the blazing bird that hovered above their heads.

The Demigod Phoenix, Sepheron, that served as the protector of the Elves in the Silvermoon Continent had forced its appearance using the Teleportation Gate of the Elves. It felt the aura of the Guardians weakening and knew that they were in danger.

Because of this, it hurriedly crossed the distance in order to save them from certain demise.

The Elves regained their confidence and cheered for the arrival of their Demigod. A few moments ago they were already feeling despair, now that the head of the Guardians had arrived they had once again regained their courage that had been nearly snuffed out like the flame of a candle.

William gazed at the Majestic Phoenix that burned brightly in the sky. It was like a beacon of hope amidst the darkness that would shine for eternity.

"Big words from a flashy chicken that dares to barge into someone else's house and even have the audacity to tell the owner what to do?" An amused voice said. "Haven't you heard of the saying, the guest does as the host pleases?"

High up in the Kyrintor Mountains, Takam sat on his throne. The side of his face rested on the palm of his left hand. The Sovereign that ruled the Northern Tribes then raised its right hand and a beam of blue light shot out from it, traveling at great speeds.

"I am not pleased by your attitude," Takam said. "It's time for you to know your place."

As soon as his speech was finished the beam of light had arrived at the battlefield. The Phoenix opened its wings wide and created a fiery magical shield that protected its entire body.

The moment that beam collided with the shield, no explosion happened, or any of the sort. Instead. The beam spread across the magical shield, enclosing the Demigod of the Silvermoon Continent in an Icy Prison.

Soon, magical chains descended from the sky and bound the Sepheron.

Several cracks immediately appeared on the Ice that were currently holding the Demigod in place. At a glance, one could tell that the Ice Prison wouldn't hold for long. However, what was even more surprising was that they saw an individual standing on top of it with a smile.

William, took out a pocket cube from his storage ring and dropped it on the Ice Prison. The Cube immediately expanded and covered the entirety of the cage. It then slowly shrank, as sparks emitted from all over the cube's body.

'System.'

< I'm on it! >

< Sacrificing 100,000 God Points to bind the Demigod for a few seconds! >

The sparks appearing on the Pocket Cube disappeared as it shrank to the size of a carriage.

William stood on top of the cube, with a serious expression on his face. This was a critical time and even the air around him seemed to be at a standstill. This was a decisive moment, and William waited with bated breath for the result of his gamble.

Drauum, which had just reformed itself, shouted at William and fired a massive Earth Spike at the cube that had imprisoned Sepheron. He didn't know why, but he had a bad feeling about the weird cube that had imprisoned the Demigod that protected the Silvermoon Continent.

William jumped off from the cube to evade Drauum's attack. The moment the Earth Spike hit the Cube, a loud cracking sound was heard. Parts of the cube started to shatter, emitting a fiery blaze that was threatening to burn it down.

Soon, more cracks appeared, and burning beams of light shot out from those cracks, which made William frown.

"You fool who dared to entrap a Demigod, I will burn you to ashes!"

Sepheron's mighty scream resonated through the sky as the cube trembled violently. It started to break apart, and the top part of it burst open, as if it was hit by a cannonball.

"I will end you!" Sepheron shrieked. The cube now expanded threatening to explode.

Drauum had a satisfied look on his face as he sneered at the Half-Elf that was standing on top of the Bone Dragon. Once Sepheron had broken out of its cage, they would work together to annihilate the pesky undead warriors and display William's severed head on a sharp pike, as a warning to everyone that dared to oppose them.

However, before the Demigod was about to break free, the cube disappeared from the sky, taking the Demigod along with it.

A series of notifications appeared on William's status page which made the Half-Elf laugh out loud.

His laughter was like the sound of fingernails scratching a blackboard, which irritated Drauum's and the Elves' ears.

"What have you done?!" Ezkalar, who had somewhat recovered, asked out loud. "Where is Sepheron?"

William stopped laughing. However, a very domineering smile spread across his face as if he had won the lottery a thousand times over.

< Ding! >

< Demigod Sepheron had been successfully sent to the Auction House of the Gods >

< Auction will begin in two days. >

< Host had been given a special token to watch the auction at a VIP seat >

(A/N: You might be wondering where he got those God Points, right? Then let me remind you about a certain Millennial Dragon that disappeared in the story. Yes, he was sold in the Auction House for 100k God Points. Now you know.)

"You don't have to worry about him," William replied with a smug expression. "You won't be seeing your precious Demigod ever again. This is the price you Elves have to pay for trespassing on our domain."

At first, Drauum didn't believe William's words. Sepheron and the Guardians had a strong connection to each other. Although it was certain the Sepheron was very much alive, since it was an immortal creature, The Ancient Golem couldn't sense the Demigod's location no matter how far he extended his senses.

"What have you done?!" Drauum demanded. "Where is he?"

William narrowed his gaze as he looked down at the annoying golem on the ground.

"Do you want to meet him so badly?" William asked back as he took out another cube from his storage ring, and shook it in his hand. "I can do that."

Drauum unconsciously took a step back when it heard William's threat. It still didn't know where Sepheron was, but it was sure that the Demigod was no longer in the Southern nor in the Silvermoon Continent.

Sepheron simply vanished, as if it was thrown into a domain that it couldn't escape from.

"Now where was I?" William casually played with the cube in his hand as he looked down on the Elves. "Ah yes... only a hundred and seventy of you are going to live. You better act quickly, my patience is limited."

As if agreeing to William's words, the three monstrous beasts, and the three Sovereigns riding on top of the Bone Dragons advanced towards the Elves.

Nuckelavee chuckled as it thrust his spear forward, killing a dozen Elves without warning.

The Arcane Spectral Lich also fired a cone of cold energy that froze several elves in place. It then snapped its fingers causing the frozen elves to shatter into hundreds of pieces.

"As you can see, I don't have all day," William commented from the side. "Well, I suppose I can let my Legion kill to their heart's content until only a handful of you are left. I guess I'll spare twenty people at most."

Hearing William's words, the Skeleton Soldiers rushed towards the Elven Army like a swarm of locusts. Their intention? Complete annihilation of the Elven Army.

"Don't you have any compassion?" Zyphon the deer tried to stand up as it gazed pleadingly at William. "The Elves have already surrendered. This war is over."

William snorted as he stared at the Guardian Deer of the Elves that reminded him of Spire.

"It's not over until I say it is over," William answered crisply. "I can still turn a blind eye to your actions since you didn't play any active role in this war. However, if you get in my way, I swear upon my name that I will exterminate your entire Clan when I go to the Silvermoon Continent. Do not test my patience."

Zyphon lowered its head dejectedly because it could tell that William didn't want to negotiate.

The officers of the Kraetor Empire clicked their tongue because they thought that it was a waste to kill the Elven Women who were known for their beauty. If they could have them, they would definitely profit from this expedition to the Southern Lands.

Prince Jason was of the same mind. However, after seeing what William did to the Demigod of the Elves, he was forced to keep his idea to himself.

Even the Protectors of the Kraetor Empire felt threatened by what William had done to the one and only Demigod of the Silvermoon Continent.

They didn't dare to gamble with their lives to see if William could do it a second time.

Empress Sidonie had a serious expression on her face as he observed the Half-Elf from afar. This had gone beyond her calculations, and flipped the plans that she had prepared on their head.

Morgana however was different. After William had made his appearance, Sidonie's other half became silent. She just looked at William with a sad expression. Her eyes could see things that Empress Sidonie couldn't see.

After seeing William's current state she knew that the boy had paid a high price in order to obtain the power he had now. A price that saddened her.

Alessio who was standing at the center of the Elven Army gritted his teeth as he made a decision.

He used the special invisibility spell that he was proficient in and vanished in place. A minute later, he reappeared behind Elandorr and gave a quick jab to the Young Elven Commander's jaw, knocking the lights out of him.

"I captured Elandorr!" Alessio shouted. "Anyone who sides with me will be part of the fifty people that will be spared from death! Who is with me?!"

The Elven Warriors froze in shock at Alessio's sudden betrayal. However, some of them were relieved. They didn't dare make the first move because they didn't want to be seen as traitors of their race.

However, since someone had already seized their Elven Commander, it was now time to switch sides in order to live.

"I will go with you!"

"I will, too!"

"Me too!"

Several Elite Warriors stormed towards Alessio and surrounded him. They raised their weapons and pointed it at the Elves who were planning to save Elandorr from Alessio's grasp.

"Okay, you and fifty of your men will be saved," William declared. He then sent a mental message to Nuckelavee which sent the Monstrous Devil to where Elandorr was held.

The Elves screamed as they hurriedly parted to give way to Nuckelavee. However, the monster didn't shy away from killing anyone within its spear's reach. Seeing that William was serious in exterminating them, the remaining Blademaster by Princess Eowyn's side decided to capture one of the Patriarch's in order to save the Princess' life and the life of her entourage.

"Very decisive, I like," William praised the Blademaster. "Aren't you glad, Princess? You get to live another day."

Princess Eowyn bit her lip in frustration as she wiped away the tears on her eyes. She didn't want to give William the satisfaction of seeing her sorry state.

What the princess didn't know was that William had already decided to let her live, along with her entourage. The Half-Elf knew that he wouldn't be able to face his mother in the Silvermoon Continent if one of her Disciples died under his subordinate's hand.

The Blademaster's betrayal was the last straw that broke the camel's back, and the Elves began to swarm the location of the remaining patriarchs. Not only that, they started to fight each other. Princess Eowyn covered her lips and averted her eyes. She didn't want to see the gruesome scene that was happening around them.

The once prideful and elegant Elves had now turned into distorted creatures that clung to life.

Skyla had already told William some of the backgrounds of these clans from the Silvermoon Continent. They were the clans that were Anti-Humans and had given his Grandfather, Theoden" who was also the head of the Elven Council" a lot of trouble.

Since that was the case, William decided to eradicate all of them since they were making things difficult for his family.

Nero clicked his tongue as he watched the Elves kill each other as if they were fighting against their most hated enemies.

The Undead didn't stop killing either as the ranks of the Elven Army thinned. William didn't bat an eye and raised the dead that had fallen on the ground, over and over again.. He wanted the Elves to experience fear, and despair, before their lives ended at the hands of their own comrades.

Chapter 505: The Darkest Places In Hell [Part 1]

'I will give you a little reward for this victory,' Malacai said through the scepter in his hand. 'Since your current state is still unstable, I will allow you to spare the Elven Women. You will need a constant supply of blood, right? The blood of the Elves is rich in Magic and Spirit Power. It will allow you to regain your strength sooner.'

William nodded his head and told his Legion through telepathy to focus on killing the men and spare the women for the time being.

Frankly, he didn't want to drink the blood of his lovers, so this alternative was fine too. The thought of sinking his fangs on their tender bodies, and drinking their blood had already crossed his mind. But, right now, he wasn't confident that he would be able to stop once he started.

He was afraid that he would suck them dry if he got lost in his blood thirst. For the time being, he needed to get used to drinking blood, and controlling his urges first.

Soon, the millions of Elves that had invaded the Southern Continent shrank to only tens of thousands.

All of which were women that William had spared for the time being. Skyla, who had not participated in the war against the Elves, stood indifferently on top of the Hellan Royal Palace. Secretly it was relieved that William didn't go through with a full extermination and allowed the women to live.

Although a tens of thousands was nothing compared to several million, it was still better than mere hundreds.

The Elven women cowered in a corner as their comrades, who had been turned into undead, looked back at them with blank stares.

William raised his staff and the millions of undead Elves vanished from where they stood. They were sent directly to Avalon where they would stay for eternity. The next time they would leave that place was when Malacai emerged from his prison.

That wouldn't be happening for a few more years, and William no longer needed to think about the consequences that the Dracolich would bring to the land. The two of them had made a bet, and William barely won that bet.

Once Malacai had been freed from his shackles, the Dracolich wouldn't antagonize William or any of those who were important to him. And for that price, William had almost lost his humanity and his life.

The defeated Guardians looked on helplessly at the remaining survivors who seemed to be on the edge of losing their sanity. Ezkalar sighed as he closed his eyes. This was not the ending that he had envisioned, and the current circumstances left him helpless.

Half of the Dragons had been reanimated and turned into Zombie Dragons. The remaining half, now cowered behind Ezkalar in the hope that their Sovereign would protect them.

The Qilins had all been wiped out, and turned into Undead Qilins. Eneru could only grit his teeth in frustration when he saw his clan members' current forms.

Right now, he was being pinned down by Jekyll. The Taotie had long wanted to end Eneru's life, but he couldn't. Killing a Qilin would bring extreme bad luck to his killer, so the Taotie couldn't kill him even if he wanted to.

As for William, the curse of the Qilins couldn't affect him. This was why he didn't bat an eye when he ordered his undead army to wipe them all out, except for Eneru.

The undead warriors dragged Elandorr and the Patriarch's to William's location. They were currently captives and were forced to kneel in front of the Half-Elf whom they referred to as a filthy Half-breed.

Naturally, William wanted to personally deal with them. However, before he could even say anything, a loud slap resounded in the air.

Elandorr's body flew to the side as Psoglav hatefully gave him a slap on the face.

"How dare you desecrate Erchitu's body?" Psoglav growled in anger. "How dare you do that to my friend?"

The Demonic Dog stepped on Elandorr's leg, crushing the bones completely. The Young Elven Commander cried out in pain, but his suffering was far from over.

"My turn!" Kasogonaga stepped forward and turned into a spiky wrecking ball. "I'm Roll--"

"Oi!" Psoglav hurriedly grabbed the spikes of the rainbow-colored Anteater, before Kasogonaga could start rolling. "Idiot! If you roll now, wouldn't he turn into meat paste? How can we torture him if you kill him quickly? We have to avenge Erchitu's death!"

Kasogonaga undid his transformation because he realized that the Demonic Dog was right. The Anteater hatefully stepped forward before it slapped Elandorr's other cheek with its little paw.

"You scum! You're lucky that I was reminded not to kill you right away!" Kasogonaga shouted as he angrily stepped on Elandorr's forehead. "I will make sure you die slowly after killing Erchitu!"

Elandorr wanted to scream that he wasn't the one that killed Erchitu, but Psoglav had already used a spell on his body to prevent him from speaking. It then suffered Kasogonaga's one-sided cursing, and slapping.

William had promised Psoglav that he would give Elandorr to him. Although he had hated the Elf for what he did to Erchitu's corpse, the Giant Ox was now very much alive--rather dead--but still alive in a way.

Since he couldn't touch Elandorr, William then focused his attention on the Patriarch's of the Elven Clans.

They were the ringleaders of the Elven Invasion, so William didn't plan to go easy on them. He would make sure that none of the Elves would dare attempt to invade the Human lands a second time.

"Do you know your sin?" William asked the Patriarchs who had been forced to kneel before him.

"Yes," the Patriarch of the Rhys clan replied in a defeated voice. "It was a mistake coming here to the Southern Lands."

The other Patriarchs' except Shafel bowed in apology in an effort to pacify William's anger.

"Fools. It's too late to ask for forgiveness," Shafel snorted. "Do you think he will spare your lives just because you apologized? All of you are already this old, and yet you still cling desperately to life? Pathetic!"

"Shut up!" the Patriarch of the Saleh Clan shouted. "You are the mastermind of this expedition! You bribed us to join you in this endeavor. The fault lies in you!"

"That's right!" The Patriarch of the Nasir Clan supported his friend's claim. "This is all your fault. If you didn't threaten us back then, we wouldn't have joined you!"

The other Patriarchs also spoke up and blamed Shafel. They even teamed up and painted the Ex-Patriarch of the Gilwen Clan as the supreme traitor of the Elven Race.

William watched this farce with amusement. Seeing all the heads of the different clans blame Shafel, made the old man's face turn red in anger.

"I see, so this is all your fault," William nodded as he stared at Shafel. "If not for you then all of this wouldn't have happened."

"That's right! It is his fault!" The Patriarch of the Eroan Clan immediately supported William's claim. "Lord William, please, allow me to atone for my mistake by killing this traitorous Elf with my own hands."

"No! Lord William, please, allow me to kill him!"

"No! I will kill him!"

The Patriarchs' raised their voice and fought for the chance to prove to William that they were innocent, by killing Shafel.

William just nodded in understanding, as he listened to their pleas.

"Very well, I will give you all a chance to atone," William said with a smile.

"The Saintess' son is wise, and merciful."

"Truly the son of a hero."

"The Nasir Clan will forever remember this favor. Once you visit your mother on the Silvermoon Continent, we will give you the grandest of welco-argh!"

A blade pierced through the Patriarch of the Nasir's Clan's chest, which prevented him from finishing his words.

The old man looked at the blade that pierced his chest in disbelief before falling headfirst to the ground, dead.

Shafel spat on the dead Elf's body before laughing out loud. He knew that William had no intention of sparing any of them, so asking for forgiveness never crossed his mind.

He was indeed the Mastermind behind this invasion, and had already accepted his fate.. His only regret was that the Guardians of the Silvermoon Continent didn't get the opportunity to kill the Filthy Half-Breed before everything was too late.

Chapter 506: The Darkest Places In Hell [Part 2]

The Draugr pulled his blade out of the body of the Elven Patriarch and smiled. Although the smile was creepy, it gave its intended effect on the other Patriarchs and made them shout out in fear.

"Why did you kill him?" William inquired in a troubled tone. "Didn't you have your fill of killing a while ago?"

The Draugr gave a dry chuckle and scratched its head. It was acting as if it was an innocent child that had made a mistake.

"Alright, no killing for now, okay?" William coaxed the undead warrior and made it back away.

The Half-Elf then looked down on the dead Patriarch with a troubled expression.

"Oh dear, what should I do with you?" William rubbed his chin as he pondered. "Well, for the time being, why don't you stand up first?"

William snapped his fingers and the lifeless corpse propped itself up to stand once again. It even did a comical pose as if waiting for William to praise it.

"You vile creature!" the Patriarch of the Saleh Clan cursed out loud. "Using Death Magic is a transgression to all living things! Also, where did you take our Demigod? Are you not afraid of the Wrath of the Heavens?! Are you not afraid of the Gods?!"

William smiled when he heard the Patriarch's condemnation. "Wrath of the Heavens? You Elves should have thought of that first before you came here to wage war on us. As for the Gods? Why should I be afraid of them?"

"Ah! Thank you for reminding me about the Gods. I don't really get along with the Sun God, so I'll make sure to take a piss on his altars, statues, and temples, when I visit the Central Continent."

William didn't know if it was only his imagination, but for a brief moment, he thought he heard Lily's loud laughter, after he said that he would piss on the statues of the Sun God in the Central Continent.

"Y-You! Heretic! You even slander the Gods! You and your bloodline will be cursed for eter--ack!"

The undead Patriarch who was doing a comical pose a moment ago used its dagger to stab the neck of the Patriarch of the Saleh Clan.

The old man spat a mouthful of blood as he stared fearfully at William. "I d-don't want to t-turn into an undea..."

"You talk too much," William cut off the Patriarch from finishing his words.

The Undead Patriarch that had stabbed the Elf's neck took that as a hint to continue his act. It then stabbed the Elf's chest and ended his life once and for all.

A few seconds later, a second undead stood up and just like the first undead patriarch, it did a comical pose by raising both of its hands in the air as if praising the sun.

"Forgive me, but I'm not an expert in torture," William said with a teasing smile. He then turned to the Arcane Spectral Lich and gave it a brief bow. "Your Majesty, how about you handle the rest?"

The Lich nodded its head and created black chains in the air. Those chains tied up the bodies of the Patriarchs including Shafel. Suddenly, several silver chains materialized in the air and pierced through the Patriarchs' chests where their hearts were located.

A few seconds later, William saw an interesting sight. The Arcane Spectral Lich waved his hand in an attempt to pull out the silver chains from the Patriarchs' bodies.

Soon, screams of despair reverberated in the air as the Lich pulled out the souls of the Elves that it had bound with its powers.

The First King of the Hellan Kingdom was a scholar, and his specialty was Soul Research. In his pursuit of immortality, he tried to find a way to keep his soul alive, even after death. It was quite unfortunate that he lost the bet with Malacai when he failed to resist the corruption of its Scepter.

In fact, the three Sovereigns who rode on top of the Bone Dragons were once powerful men during their era. Unfortunately, they also wished to become immortal, but the immortality that they had found was not the one that they had envisioned.

Sadly, it was now too late for regrets. All of them had achieved their goals, but they had become Malacai's subordinates in the process. Only William was able to resist the corruption of the Scepter after paying a high price for it.

The Arcane Spectral Lich then opened a black bottle, and the souls of all the Patriarchs were sucked inside it.

Having lost their souls, their bodies collapsed on the ground. It was still alive, but since there was no soul inside it, they were as good as dead.

It was the Arcane Spectral Lich who had asked William earlier if the Half-Elf could hand over the remaining Patriarchs to him. Seeing that both of their goals were the same, William agreed to the Lich's request.

After getting what he wanted, the Lich gave William a bow before returning to its Bone Dragon.

William then turned his head to the side only to see Psoglav gnawing on an arm. Naturally, the arm belonged to Elandorr who was currently being kicked repeatedly by Kasogonaga without mercy.

Psoglav noticed his stare and gave him a satisfied smile. "You want some?"

"I'll pass," William replied before shifting his attention to Alessio, and the men that had captured the Patriarch's of the clan.

All of them felt their hearts tremble when William's gaze landed on them. They had seen how the Half-Elf had treated the Patriarchs of their Clans, and were worried that they would suffer the same fate.

"Relax, I will keep my word and not kill any of you," William said with indifference.

Alessio and the other Elves internally breathed a sigh of relief. Since William had already said that he wouldn't kill them then it must be true, right?

"All of you go over there," William ordered as he pointed in a direction, over a hundred meters away from the Elven women. "I don't want to see your faces."

Alessio and the Elves hurriedly obeyed their command as they cursed William in their heart. If they could only speak out loud, all of them would also be saying that they didn't want to see his face either.

Arslan who was part of the Elven Princess' entourage clenched his fist as he eyed Alessio and the Elves from a distance. The corner of the young man's lips curled up into a smile as he channeled his magic to the ground.

Moments later, a loud explosion took place and Alessio, as well as the Elves near him howled in pain. The Leader of Deus that was stationed in the Silvermoon Continent, had his lower half blasted to pieces.

The other Elves that were near the area of explosion had their legs destroyed as well. Panic immediately ensued among the remaining survivors as they ran towards the place where the Elven Women had huddled themselves.

"Y-You lied," Alessio said hatefully as he glared at William. His lower half had been completely obliterated. Unless a powerful restoration spell was cast on him, he would die in less than five minutes.

"What are you talking about? I didn't lie," William replied with a frown. "You should probably ask him, instead of me."

William raised his chin and pointed it in the direction where Princess Eowyn and her entourage was stationed.

Arslan and William exchanged a glance, and the Prodigy of the Zelan Dynasty placed his arms over his chest and gave William a respectful bow.

Princess Eowyn, and her wards, noticed this exchange and connected the dots together. Arslan was well known for his undetectable Earth Bombs that could instantly kill any Elves of the Platinum Rank.

However, it was not only one, but three Earth Bombs that exploded at the same time. It was more than enough to end the life of anyone, but the latter decided not to kill Alessio instantly. He wanted the hateful Elf to suffer first before his life ended.

Arslan had sneakily planted the bombs in a location, and asked William to lead Alessio to that place in order to have his revenge.

The Half-Elf had rejected Arslan's condition to kill the Elven Princess, so the latter compromised and asked for Alessio's life. The Elf was the one responsible for the creation of the Ash Golems, and for Arslan, that was an unforgivable act.

Due to their need to increase their fighting force, Alessio had ordered the Elves to torture the survivors of the Zelan Dynasty, while Princess Eowyn was not in the capital. Some of the children were not strong enough to endure the torture and died right away.

These dead children were then thrown into a pit where Alessio conducted a vile ceremony and transformed them into Ash Golems.

Frankly, Arslan only wanted to kill Princess Eowyn because it would be a great blow to the Elven Army. He knew that the Princess was innocent, so when William rejected his offer, he shifted his attention to his original target, which was Alessio.

The Half-Elf readily agreed to his request, and tweaked the Slave Collar that was on his neck. Arslan would be able to use his powers, and send William some crucial information about the movements of the Elves, while spying on the Elven Princess.

"Y-You," Princess Eowyn looked at Arslan in disbelief. "Why?"

Arslan looked at the Elven Princess with pity. "You're far too naive. You must have grown up a sheltered lady. A flower in a greenhouse that had no idea about the horrors of the outside world."

Arslan removed the collar on his neck and threw it on the ground. The Blademaster that guarded the Princess stood in front of her and raised his sword in Arslan's direction.

"Don't you dare harm the princess!" The Blademaster growled.

He wouldn't be able to face the Elven King if something happened to Princess Eowyn. His comrade had already died under Nuckelavee's strike, and he was the only one that remained to protect the daughter of his King.

Arslan ignored the Blademaster's words. He just eyed Princess Eowyn as he continued his words.

"You asked me why, so I'll give you an answer," Arslan said as he raised his hand and pointed it at Alessio, who was miraculously still alive and howling in pain. "Because this is the will of the victors of this war."

Arslan once again snapped his finger, and the ground underneath Alessio's head swelled up.

Princess Eowyn closed her eyes and averted her gaze, just in time to hear a loud explosion take place.

She didn't need to see the result of the explosion, because there was no need to see anything. This was how the Leader of Deus in the Silvermoon Continent had met his end, but Arslan was not finished, at least not yet.

Arslan once again glanced in the Princess' direction before saying a few more words that the latter would remember her the rest of her life.

"The darkest places in hell are reserved for those who maintain their silence at times of crisis," Arslan said before walking away towards Prince Alaric and the members of the Freedom Fighters.

"Nothing in all the world is more dangerous than sincere ignorance and conscientious stupidity. Remember that, Your Highness. It is not too late for you, and the Elven Royal Family, to learn from your mistakes."

Princess Eowyn felt her cheeks burn in shame and guilt due to Arslan's words. She had silently turned a blind eye to the things that were happening in the Zelan Dynasty, thinking that it was the Elves' way of venting out their frustration due to sufferings that they had experienced in the hands of Humans.

She thought that after venting it out for a while, the Elves would change their views and treat the Humans more kindly. However, she was wrong.

And now, the Elven Race had paid the price for the consequences of their actions.

Chapter 507: Making A Mark In The Pages Of History [Part 1]

"Do you regret it?" Evexius asked Conner, who was standing behind him.

The leader of Deus who was assigned to the Southern Continent didn't give an answer. He merely stood there, and looked at William with a calm expression on his face.

Evexius didn't pry any longer, because it would be uncouth. Since Conner had already made his decision, he had to accept the results of his actions. Whatever Conner thought of the current situation, none of that mattered anymore.

Right now, he was part of the Kraetor Empire, and Evexius had no intention of letting a capable man like him escape from their grasp.

William gazed at the Kraetor Army that had been watching their battle in the distance. Their flags fluttered in the wind creating an imposing sight. However, right now, they were no longer feeling as composed as they were when the battle had started.

Empress Sidonie met William's gaze with a smile. She then gave a silent command to the Flying Golden Ant, where her throne was enshrined, to move.

Opening its wings, it flew towards the sky, carrying the Young Empress with it.

The Protectors of the Kraetor Empire, as well as the person wearing a robe followed behind her. Evexius, and Prince Jason remained because they understood what Empress Sidonie wanted to do.

The Kraetor Empire had no desire to expand their conquest of the Southern Continent. Doing so would only cause trouble for them. Empress Sidonie had known this beforehand, so she didn't give out an order to attack the Zelan Dynasty or the Hellan Kingdom.

Also, after meeting William, her perspective had also changed. She also no longer cared for Dominion. Her pursuit now lied elsewhere. When she reached the Halfway point between The Kraetor Army, and William's Undead Legion, she ordered the flying ant to land.

William mounted his Bone Dragon and headed to where the Young Empress was. Erchitu, the Diabolical Death Knight, Grim Nightmare Revenant, and the Arcane Spectral Lich accompanied the Half-Elf as well.

The Bone Dragon landed fifty meters away from the Flying Golden Ant. William and Sidonie exchanged glances before simultaneously dismounting their mounts and walked towards each other.

They only stopped when they were only three meters apart. Their escorts stood behind them and waited patiently for the dialogue that was about to start.

"Congratulations, Sir William for winning the war against the Elves," Empress Sidonie said. "With this, the Southern Continent will experience a brief period of peace, while we wait for the Continental Spell to lose its effects."

William nodded as he stared at the beautiful lady in front of him. "Does the Kraetor Empire wish for a peaceful co-existence between our Kingdoms?"

"Yes."

"Good."

Empress Sidonie walked forward as she extended her hand for a handshake. William also took a step forward and held Empress Sidonie's soft, and delicate, hand firmly.

Not far away, the Elves and their Guardians looked at this scene bitterly. Eneru who had returned to his humanoid form had his head lowered.

Jekyll had beaten him black and blue earlier, and only released his hold on the Qilin when the Elves and the other Guardians had finally surrendered to William.

The Taotie stood beside the depressed Qilin with a smug expression on his face. Since Eneru had regressed in his rank, Jekyll didn't have much trouble in subduing him. However, the Qilin's lightning bolts still pained him.

Even before William and Sidonie had taken the liberty to formally end the war, Eneru had been subtly congregating all of his magic power inside his body for one last hurrah.

He was only waiting for the perfect opportunity in order to make his move.

The moment William and Empress Sidonie shook hands, the sound of cheering ensued on both sides. Finally, the war had officially ended. The tension that everyone had been holding in, was finally released and their body slackened a bit.

Even Jekyll lowered his guard and allowed a smile to appear on his face.

Then it happened.

Without signs or warnings, Eneru acted.

"Die!" Eneru roared as his hand stabbed forward like a knife. His aim was to stab William's chest and pierce through his heart. Everything happened so fast that no one was able to react. Eneru could travel as fast as a lightning bolt, so doing a surprise attack was easy for him.

He crossed the distance between William and him in the blink of an eye, and delivered his final blow with all the power he could muster.

His hand met some resistance because the one he hit was wearing armor. This resistance lasted only for a brief moment before the Qilin's hand stabbed through flesh, and pierced the heart.

"Y-You!" Eneru exclaimed as he hurriedly pulled out his hand, but it was already too late.

Blood flowed from the wound in Empress Sidonie's chest, because she had used her body to block Eneru's attack. William hurriedly reached out to catch her body, while the Protectors of the Kraetor Empire angrily lunged at Eneru, who was about to escape.

Black chains materialized out of thin air and wrapped around Eneru's body, preventing him from turning into a lightning bolt and fleeing.

Nero's fist collided with the Qilin's cheeks, sending blood and teeth flying. The Qilin was immediately pinned down and pummeled with punches and kicks from the angry Protectors of the Kraetor Empire.

While this was going on, Empress Sidonie weakly reached out to hold the side of William's face.

"I-It's a shame," Empress Sidonie said as blood seeped out of the corner of her lips. "I still... wanted to... have... your babies."

After saying those words, the Young Empress breathed her last breath and died with her eyes looking up at William. Those beautiful hazel eyes had completely lost their luster, and looked at the Half-Elf lifelessly.

Evexius and Prince Jason who were standing at the Kraetor Empire cried out and rushed towards their Empress Side.

Prince Jason couldn't believe what had just transpired. Everything felt surreal, that he thought that he was just seeing an illusion. One moment, the beautiful lady whom he was so strongly attracted to was shaking Williams hand, the next, she was dying.

This sudden transition was hard for him to accept.

He couldn't accept it.

Afterall, he had already planned to propose to Empress Sidonie once they had returned to the Anaesha Dynasty. He would take her back to the Kraetor Empire where the two of them would be wed.

For him to see his bride candidate die right in front of him was unacceptable!

"Kill!" Prince Jason ordered. "Kill the Elves!"

The Army behind him roared in anger and charged along with their Prince. The Ants that were under Empress Sidonie's control entered a berserked state as they made their way towards the Elven Women who screamed in fear at the approaching army, who was hell bent to exterminate them all.

"Stop!" Drauum shouted as it stomped his foot on the ground. Thousands of Earth Spikes pointing forward emerged from the ground. It didn't plan to harm the Kraetor Army, but only to deter them.

Although the Elves had already surrendered, that didn't mean that the Guardians would just stand by and allow the remaining survivors to be massacred.

They, too, were surprised by Eneru's selfish action that had brought them unwarranted hate from the Kraetor Empire.

Drauum gritted its teeth in anger. Right now, it wished that it could drag Eneru to its side.. That way, it could personally tear the Qilin's body apart and show the Kraetor Army that they had nothing to do with his individual action.

Chapter 508: Making A Mark In The Pages Of History [Part 2]

The Guardians mobilized their strength in order to create a defensive perimeter to prevent the enraged army's advance.

While all this was happening around him, William stared at the lifeless body in his arms. Empress Sidonie's body was still warm, but he knew that this warmth would soon disappear, and be replaced by coldness.

It would be very easy for him to turn her into an undead, but he couldn't do that. The moment he used Undead Magic to bring her back to life, the Young Empress would spend eternity in an undying body, and her soul would be put under a curse of servitude as well.

William couldn't do that. He couldn't possibly do that.

Empress Sidonie's last words made William finally realize how serious she was in becoming his lover.

"She said that if there came a time when the Hellan Kingdom were to really face the threat of total annihilation, we would join the war and prevent that from happening."

A voice filled with pity, and regret said beside William.

"I had a hunch when I first saw you in the Anaesha Dynasty, but now, I am sure of it." Evexius sighed. "Our Empress favors you, and even went as far as to drag our entire army into this war. It's quite regrettable that her feelings were one-sided."

William gently closed Empress Sidonie's eyes before removing the torc that was wrapped around his arm. This was given to him by Cernunnos when he visited the Centaur Tribe back at the Whimsical Forest.

The Half-Elf had worn it like an arm bracelet all this time. It had accompanied him since the beginning of war, and Cernunnos had watched everything that William had experienced since he left the domain of the Lord of the Forest.

"Your Excellency, please, bestow your mercy upon this lady," William said as he placed the golden Torc on Empress Sidonie's chest. "Look favorably upon her, this one time."

A few seconds later, Cernunnos voice reached William's ears.

"Are you sure?" Cernunnos asked. "This bracelet is supposed to save your life once. Do you really want to give this opportunity to another?"

"Yes," William replied. "Please, save her."

The golden torc glowed as Cernunnos granted William's request.

"Fine. You Humans are truly fascinating creatures. It was entertaining to watch your struggles. May you not regret this decision in the future, Little Will."

The Lord of the Wilds wanted to say something, but after careful consideration he decided to just let the matter rest. This was a matter between Humans, and he decided that Humans should be the ones to resolve it as well.

Cernunnos was the protector of the balance of nature. He didn't want to dabble its hands in the affairs of mankind.

The wound on Empress Sidonie's chest healed at a rapid pace. Soon, her expression became ruddy as a gentle warmth washed over her body.

Suddenly, the lady in the red-headed boy's arm drew in a sharp breath. Her eyes abruptly opened, and the first thing she saw was William's relieved expression.

Her hand unconsciously moved towards her chest, where a gaping hole used to exist. Feeling her skin under her palms, Empress Sidonie looked at the Half-Elf that was looking down at her with gentle eyes and asked a question.

"I'm alive?" Empress Sidonie asked.

"Yes," William replied. "You are alive."

"How?"

"It's a long story. I will tell you another time."

Evexius' eyes widened when he saw the Young Empress come back to life. As a person that had reached his current rank, he had already affirmed that Empress Sidonie had died.

He didn't hear Cernunnos and William's exchange, and only thought that the boy was giving the Empress a parting gift when he placed the golden torc on her body.

The Young Empress tried to stand, but her body was still weak, so William supported her to stand upright. The two of them then gazed at the battle between the Kraetor Empire and the Guardian of the Elves.

The Protectors had already torn Eneru's body limb by limb, and were about to join the battle when they noticed the Young Empress leaning on William's body.

"Stop the war," Empress Sidonie ordered. "Much blood has already been spilled. There's no need to add more."

William gave a mental order for the Undead Legion to interfere as well.

The moment Nuckelavee faced the Kraetor Army, all of them froze in place. They had seen how this monster had one-sidedly beaten up Drauum, and massacred the Elven Army. None of them dared to challenge its notoriety.

The Guardians of the Silvermoon Continent breathed a sigh of relief when William's Army moved in to stand between the Kraetor Army and the Elven Survivors. They were hard-pressed earlier because they were only defending.

They didn't dare kill any warrior of the Kraetor Empire because they knew that if they did that, they would step beyond the point of no return.

They couldn't afford for such a thing to happen!

"The Empress lives!" Nero shouted with all his might. "The fighting ends now!"

Prince Jason, who was commanding the army, turned his head to look at where his Empress had fallen. When he saw that she was indeed alive, relief flooded his heart. However, this was soon replaced by jealousy when he saw that her slender body was leaning on William, who was supporting her.

"Cease all actions!" Prince Jason ordered. "The Empress lives! Long live to her Majesty!"

""Long live to her Majesty!""

""Long live to her Majesty!""

""Long live to her Majesty!""

The cheers of the Kraetor Army reverberated in the air, and the conflict had been averted.

Empress Sidonie, who was leaning on William's body, raised her head to look at her beloved.

"Back in the Aenasha Dynasty, one of the conditions that was written on the contract was for you to grant a request from me," Empress Sidonie said in a soft voice. Clearly, she had still not fully recovered and was still suffering from lethargy.

"I remember," William replied.

There was indeed a clause in the contract where the Empress could ask one favor from William and Elandorr. This particular condition was vague, but William still agreed to it. As long as it didn't go past his bottom line, he was willing to grant Empress Sidonie's request.

"I want to call on that request right now. Can I?"

"As long as it is within what I can do."

Empress Sidonie smiled as her hand reached out to touch the collar on William's neck.

"I want you to place this collar on my neck," Empress Sidonie said. "I want to belong to you."

Evexius and the Guardians that were standing beside the two were dumbfounded by Empress Sidonie's request. Although they were looking elsewhere, they had been secretly listening to the two people's conversation.

When they heard that the Princess wanted to wear William's slave collar, all of them turned their heads to look at the young lady with shocked expressions.

However, none of them said anything. The beautiful lady was doing this of her own free will. This was not a forced enslavement. They only looked at Empress Sidonie with serious expressions and waited for William's answer.

"You... want to become my slave?" William asked in disbelief. For a brief moment, he thought that he had misheard the young lady's request, so he decided to ask for confirmation.

"Yes," Empress Sidonie answered firmly. "I want to be yours. Will you grant this request?"

The beautiful Empress looked at William with pleading eyes as she leaned weakly on his body. William stared straight to her eyes, looking for any signs of falsehood. However, the only thing he saw was his own reflection staring back at him.

Right now, the beauty in his arms was staring only at him, and no other. Even if William didn't want to admit it, he was moved by Empress Sidonie's determination.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

William thought long and hard, but he didn't see any downsides in the Empress' request. In fact, it was to his advantage. Although he didn't want to say it out loud, he was wary of Empress Sidonie's powerful charm.

If she were to really become serious, she could bring the downfall of Empires in the world of Hestia. If she were to become William's slave, the Half-Elf could keep her in check and prevent the worst case scenario from happening.

William raised his hand and touched the collar on his neck. A soft sound of metal being unlocked reached Empress Sidonie's ears.

The Collar of Wisteria had already been passed over by Celine to William. It meant that its current owner was none other than him. Naturally, if he placed the collar on a person, that person would become his slave.

Only William would be able to take the collar off that person's neck, and grant them back their freedom. Naturally, the enslavement would only last for four years. When the four years had passed, the effect of the collar would vanish and the beautiful Empress would once again regain her freedom, even if William didn't remove her collar.

"I'll ask you one last time," William said with a serious expression. "Are you sure about this?"

Instead of answering, Empress Sidonie closed her eyes and raised her chin, presenting her smooth and sensuous neck to William. It was her way of telling the Half-Elf to place the collar on her neck without worries.

Evexius and the Protectors heard a soft clicking sound as William secured the Collar of Wisteria around Empress Sidonie's neck.

The beautiful lady immediately felt a connection between her and William and it made her heart skip a beat. When she opened her eyes, she saw a faint red leash that connected the collar on her neck to William's wrist.

This proved that she was now William's slave, however, the Half-Elf was not aware of this. William couldn't see the leash that bound him and the beautiful Empress in his arms. It was a special ability that was exclusive to those that had been born with the bloodline of the Kraetor Royal Family.

This ability allowed them to find the location of their partner, wherever they may be in the world. Even if William were to hide under a lady's skirt, Empress Sidonie would be able to find him without fail.

It was a secret that was only known to the Kraetor Royal Family, who was one of the major factions in the Central Continent.

Evexius sighed when he saw the collar on the young lady's neck. He then shifted his attention to William. The Grand Archmage of the Kraetor Empire had seen how the boy performed in the battle against the Elves.

Frankly, he had to admit that a young man like William was truly hard to find.

'I guess this is fine as well,' Evexius mused. 'I'm sure that Emperor Leonidas will also agree.'

The Protectors exchanged a glance at each other before smiling inwardly. This was an unexpected turn of events, but overall the Kraetor Empire profited a lot from this war.

They also looked at William with expectations and wondered how the boy would react after finding out that he had just made a decision that he couldn't take back, even if he cried a river.

Chapter 509: Making A Mark In The Pages Of History [Part 3]

Prince Jason, who had just returned from the Army, to check Empress Sidonie's condition, immediately became pale when he saw the collar on her neck.

"Y-You! What have you done?!" Prince Jason charged forward with the intention of breaking the collar on his bride candidate's neck.

How could he possibly accept such an outcome? For the girl he was planning to marry to be enslaved to someone besides him had made him extremely jealous and angry.

Nero immediately blocked the Young Prince's path. The protector had his arms crossed over his chest. It was obvious that he didn't have any intention of allowing Prince Jason to vent out his anger on the two people who had done this of their own free will.

"Give it up, Prince Jason," Nero said firmly. "The Empress had already made her decision. This is not something that you can interfere with."

"How could this be?! Clearly, he used something to befuddle her!" Prince Jason protested. "How can she possibly ask someone to enslave her? This is impossible!"

"Impossible?" the person wearing a black robe said with amusement. "I personally inspected her state of mind. She wasn't under the influence of anything. This was done out of her own free will and choice. Even if you cannot accept it, you have no choice but to accept it."

Prince Jason gritted his teeth in anger. The Protectors had already made their stance and even if he threw a tantrum, it would not do anything. It would only make him look like a child that had lost his favorite toy, which would make the others look down on him.

"This is not over!" Prince Jason swore. "His Majesty will still have the final say in this matter."

The robed man nodded. "This is indeed the case. If you have a complaint, you will have to wait until we return to the Kraetor Empire to voice them out."

Prince Jason snorted and hatefully stormed off. He couldn't bear to see the girl of his dreams being embraced by another man. It was something he couldn't accept, and he would do everything in his power to gain his father's approval when they returned to the Kraetor Empire.

Evexius watched the Prince go and sighed internally. He had already known about Prince Jason's strong attraction to the Empress, but he thought that it was only due to the power of her Charm. He then shifted his attention back to William as he rubbed his chin in contemplation.

'This Half-Elf seemed immune to it.' Evexius mused. 'Perhaps, this is also why the Empress favors him.'

While the Grand Archmage of the Kraetor Empire was deep in his thoughts, an internal struggle had been happening inside Sidonie's mindscape.

< Switch with me! I want to hug darling as well! >

'You can do it later. Let me stay like this for a little while longer.'

< This is unfair! How can you hog Darling all to yourself? I want some of the action, too! >

'Why are you so persistent? It's already a done deal. He can't back away even if he removed the collar on our neck. It's our win.'

< Well, you do have a point. But, still! >

The Young Empress currently had her eyes closed as she leaned on William's body. The Half-Elf only thought that she was still feeling weak since she had just been revived not long ago, so he allowed her to cling to him for the time being.

It was at that moment when Evexius approached him with a smile.

"Congratulations to you, William, and to you, too, Empress Sidonie," Evexius said with a smile. "I'm sure that the grand wedding that will take place a few years from now would be talked about, not only in the Kraetor Empire, but through the entire Central Continent as well."

William, who heard Evexius' words, tilted his head to the side in confusion.

"What wedding?" William asked.

"Your wedding of course," Evexius' smile widened.Â

"Huh? What are you talking about?"

"Don't you know? Placing a slave collar on a member of the Royal Family of the Kraetor Empire is akin to putting a wedding ring on their finger?"

William's body shuddered. He was about to grab the collar from Empress Sidonie's neck, when the lethargic Empress sprang to life and backed away hurriedly. She then hid behind the back of the purple-haired protector, to prevent William from taking the collar off her neck.

The corner of William's lips twitched when he saw how agile the Once-Dead-Empress was. He then shifted his attention to the smiling Archmage by his side and was very tempted to slap Evexius' face.

"What do you mean wedding? I'm not aware of this custom," William protested.

"Well, you're not the first, nor will you be the last person to say that," Evexius replied.

"Um? What do you mean, I'm not the first nor the last person?" William inquired.

Evexius moved close to William and whispered something in his ears. The Half-Elf's expression immediately changed as he realized that he had been set-up by the Succubus Empress.

"Well, don't worry," Evexius patted William's shoulder. "You're still young and the wedding has to wait for a few more years. Besides, the Emperor of the Kraetor will have the final say in the marriage. You just need to visit him in the Kraetore Empire and convince him that you have been duped."

William was about to protest again when he remembered that he still had matters to settle in the Kraetor Empire. Est's, Ashe's, and Isaac's curses could only be lifted after he had a meeting with Lady Astrid's brother, Aamon.

His base of operation was in the Kraetor Empire, so burning his bridges here would only make things difficult for him in the future.

The Half-Elf just stared at the dark clouds that hung in the sky in resignation. He knew that he still had to explain himself to his lovers about his shotgun wedding with Empress Sidonie who had successfully hoodwinked William by using his conscience against him.

Evexius chuckled internally as he looked at the Half-Elf's resigned expression. Having a son-in-law like William would be a huge boon to the Kraetor Empire's prestige. Not only was he the son of the Saintess of the Elves, he was also the son of the Human Hero that had fought off the Demon Invasion.

His lineage was solid, and the merits that he had performed during this war were also noteworthy. With such an imposing resume, it was practically a done deal that William would become a son-in-law of the Kraetor Royal Family.

The only thing that would seal it completely was Emperor Leonidas' Imperial Decree. As long as that was issued, William wouldn't be able to escape, even if he grew wings and flew away.

After lamenting his current situation, William sighed and looked at the Empress who was peeking out from behind the purple-haired woman.

Empress Sidonie looked back at William with a teasing smile on her face. However, her eyes were filled with love. This made the Half-Elf sigh once again before walking towards the Bone Dragon that would take him back to the Hellan Kingdom's camp.

The undead that had escorted William in this endeavor glanced at the Young Empress before following their Vampire Prince back to the City of Gladiolus.

Although they had been dead for thousands of years, they still appreciated the Young Empress' boldness in ensnaring the only person that managed to win against Malacai's bet.

Although there were a lot of twists and turns, the war had finally come to an end.

A few years in the future, the battles between the Elves and the Hellan Kingdom would be compiled and sent out to the various Factions, Kingdoms, Empires, and Academies across the entire world of Hestia.

Although many things would be omitted like Malacai's Scepter, and the Undying Lands, the story would remain true to how the events had transpired. William, along with his lovers, and Empress Sidonie had taken the center stage in this tale.

Many commoners, nobles, and members of the Royal Families wouldn't be able to keep themselves from praising it and calling it a masterpiece.

It was a classic that would still be talked about thousands of years in the future.. A tale that would serve as the first among several sagas of the Legendary Shepherd who had made his mark in the pages of history in a world of Swords and Magic.

Chapter 510: On Behalf Of Humanity, Please, Accept My Sincerest Gratitude

"This is mine!" Kasogonaga declared as he held Erchitu's Beast Core in a vice grip. "You already got that Dragon's head. This is mine!"

Psoglav chuckled as he moved closer to the Anteater who was looking at him with a determined expression.

"What are you talking about? I caught that Dragon's head fair and square," Psoglav said in a calm manner. "Also, I was the one that secured the storage ring from Elandorr."

"Not only did you have that Dragon's head and its Beast Core, you also ate that bastard Elf as well! You've already profited, so this is mine!"

The Anteater was adamant on keeping Erchitu's Beast Core for himself. He planned to eat it in order to raise his ranks, and reach the peak of the Millennial Rank as soon as possible.

"How about we talk about this? Let's negotiate like civil beasts."

"Scram!"

The corner of Erchitu's lips twitched as he watched his two friends started to wrestle in order to gain possession of his Beast Core.

The leader of William's Revenants was very tempted to slap the two annoying creatures and say...

"Am I a joke to the two of you?"

A few minutes later, Kasogonaga happily gnawed on Erchitu's Beast Core. Psoglav laid on the ground unconscious, because the Demigod resorted to violence and rolled all over the Demonic Dog until his eye rolled up in its socket.

This was the scene that William saw when he arrived to check on Erchitu's condition.

Kasogonaga waved at him as crisp sounds came out of its mouth. It was eating Erchitu's Beast Core as if it was eating a bag of potato chips.

"Erchitu, are you sure you don't want to crossover?" William asked. "I will be performing the Ceremony of Purification in an hour. You can still change your mind."

Erchitu shook his head. "No. I will continue to serve until you have crossed to the afterlife. This is what I, and the rest of the other Revenants, decided during our meeting."

"Understood. However, if you ever change your mind, just tell me, okay?"

"Okay."

William gave Kasogonaga a side-long glance before heading outside of the city. The rainbow-colored Anteater had a blissful expression on its face as it continued to eat Erchitu's Beastcore.

The Half-Elf found this sight comedic, but since Erchitu had no qualms with it. He didn't say anything as well.

An hour later...

William stood outside the city where the Super Soldiers, and the Ash Golems gathered. The millions of Skeleton Soldiers that had been in the Undying Lands for thousands of years, were also there.

Even though they were only bones right now, the blue blaze within their hollow eye sockets burned with anticipation.

William looked at this impressive army and sighed. The Undead Legion had protected the last bastion of Humanity for thousands of years. It was now time for them to rest.

Malacai had also given his silent approval of William's actions. Although no words were shared between the two of them, the Dracolich kept mum on what William was about to do.

Instead of Humans, the Undead Elves now resided inside Avalon. They were the replacement army that would serve as the Fortress' protectors for many years to come.

"On behalf of humanity, please, accept my sincerest gratitude for your bravery. Without you, we would not be enjoying the things that we now have today." William bowed respectfully. "May all of you pass safely through the Cycle of Reincarnation and be blessed with new lives that are worthy of your sacrifices."

The Skeletons raised their weapons in salute to William's words.

The Three Goliaths, and the Three Sovereigns who were now mounted on Undead Qilins looked at their comrades. They had refused to cross over to the afterlife, and wished to remain in the World of Hestia.

William respected their decision, and was even glad that they planned to stay. As long as they were around, the Guardians of the Silvermoon Continent wouldn't dare to renege on their promise of surrender.

Then the Half-Elf looked at the Ash Golems and the Super Soldiers that stood beside the Undead Legion.

"I also wish for all of you to find happiness in your new lives," William said softly. "Rest assured, this land is now at peace. Your sacrifices will not be forgotten. I will see to it that none of you will be forgotten."

The Ash Golems and the Super Soldiers made subtle movements. It was their way of thanking William for giving them a chance to cross over.

William raised his right hand, and it was soon covered with a white blaze.

The Flames of Purification burned brightly as its blaze rose over a hundred meters into the air.

"If Fate permits it, let us meet again," William declared. "Goodbye, everyone."

William waved his hand and the white flames fell over the Undead Legion, Ash Golems, and the Super Soldiers.

The flames spread quite fast, enveloping all of them as if they were dried leaves. The Elves, the Kraetor Army, the Minotaur Race, and the survivors of the Hellan Kingdom witnessed this amazing scene with solemn expressions.

Soon, a joyous laughter rang out from the flames. As if a spark was ignited, more laughter followed until it became the sound of cheering.

Thousands...

Tens of thousands...

Hundreds of thousands...

Millions...

Millions of souls rose up and circled around the skies of the capital. Some approached William and thanked him. Others wished him well, and some told him that they would return the favor if ever they crossed paths again in the future.

It was a joyous scene, and yet, William wasn't able to stop his tears from falling. He had locked the emotions inside his heart after witnessing the darkness of humanity.

The darkness inside his heart hadn't disappeared. It was still there, and yet, after hearing the champions of humanity, who stood against the armies of the Gods, thank him for letting them find true rest, he wasn't able to stop the tears from falling like rain.

They were heroes in an era that had been long forgotten, and now, they would embark on a new journey, somewhere out there.

Not even the dark clouds that hung over the Southern Continent could block their path. The surroundings had already turned dark, but the millions of souls shone like countless stars in the sky.

William waved his hand to see them all off, and they waved back at him before ascending towards the heavens.

"Beautiful," Wendy said softly.

Celine, Ashe, Est, and Isaac, who were standing beside her nodded their heads in agreement. It was indeed a beautiful sight.

A sight that they would never forget for the rest of their lives.

A few hours after William finished his Purification Ceremony...

Empress Sidonie looked at her reflection in the mirror and giggled. Her hand caressed the slave collar on her neck that marked her as someone who belonged to William.

According to the customs of the Kraetor Empire, members of the Royal Family that had been given a slave collar, out of their own free will, would become the lifelong partners of the one that placed the collars on their necks.

Although this may sound like a weird tradition, it was actually a rule that was passed down by the First Emperor of the Empire when it was first founded.

It was more like a game.

Every member of the Royal Family in the world of Hestia was protected from the effects of a slave collar. Meaning, even if they were forced to wear collars on their necks, they could disobey the orders of their so-called masters.

This also held true for the members of the Kraetor Royal Family. However, Aamon's condition, before he became their Protector God, was that this game must be added to their tradition. Naturally, he also imposed a requirement for it.

The slave collar must be worn on their own free will. If anyone dared to place a slave collar on the Royal Bloodline of the Kraetor Empire, they would be cursed by Aamon himself and their souls would be dragged down to Hell, to suffer eternal torture, when they died.

As long as this rule was honored, one of the Gods from Hell--who wouldn't lose to Cernunnos when it came to mood swings--would remain the Kraetor Empire's Protector Deity.

Since then, members of the Royal Family had followed this rule. Even the reigning Emperor of the Kraetor Empire proudly wore a slave collar on his neck. This proved how inviolable this custom was.

"Although there were a lot of mishaps, we still did it in the end, Morgana," Empress Sidonie said as she looked at her reflection in the mirror.

< Yes. >

The reflection on the mirror smirked. Morgana then caressed the collar on her neck and sighed.

< The moment the Elves decided to come here to negotiate, their fates had already been sealed. >

Morgana smiled sweetly at her other half, who was looking back at her with a devilish smirk.

Contrary to what the Elven Delegation thought, Empress Sidonie had successfully planted her Charm Spell inside their consciousness, the moment they laid their eyes on her.

From the beginning, Elandorr, and Alessio had already fallen into her hands. However, she didn't exert her control over them until the last minute.

The only one that managed to resist her Charm Spell was Eneru.

A Myriad Beast was not very easy to subjugate, however, when he was injured during his solo attack on the Hellan Kingdom, Prince Ernest was forced to use Heaven's Fury. This attack had not only cut off Eneru's Arm, but also cut dimensional space.

This allowed Lady Eros to send a strand of her Divine Charm to penetrate Eneru's body, while he was fleeing. This was done in utmost secrecy, because Lady Eros needed to follow certain rules imposed upon them by the Temple of the Ten Thousand Gods.

If Prince Ernest hadn't used that attack, Lady Eros wouldn't have been able to place a Charm Spell on Eneru's body, that she could use to manipulate him anytime.

Everything that the Elves planned was known to Sidonie, because she could see, and hear, what her Charmed Ones could. This allowed her to gain full access to confidential information that was known only to the Elves.

Empress Sidonie also gave subtle commands to Elandorr, which had prevented the Elven Commander from issuing critical commands at the right moment.

< Still... Lady Eros should have told us her plan. Eneru suddenly attacking Darling was not something we knew beforehand. If we've only known what our Goddess was planning, we might have made our own preparations. >

'True. But, if we knew about her plan, I'm afraid that the outcome would not be the same. Perhaps Lady Eros knew that we would overthink things and decided to keep us in the dark.'

Eneru's attempt to kill William was orchestrated by the Goddess of Lust. It was her way of helping her girls form a deeper connection with the red-headed boy whom her daughters loved.

Empress Sidonie and Morgana knew that William was someone who cared about people important to him. They were quite touched when the latter used his life saving artifact in order to bring them back to life.

The armor they were wearing was called Immortal Empress Armor. It was Lady Eros' gift to them to ensure their safety. Anyone who wore the armor would be revived from death after an hour passed.

This ability could be activated once every three days.

The Young Empress took a calculated risk, and it paid off.

If William hadn't revived them then their feelings towards William might have changed. Princess Sidonie was looking for someone that would be willing to love her with all of their heart. William's selfless act had made her love for the Half-Elf burn even brighter inside her heart.

'With this, Sir William will be our fiance.'

< Yes! Now, we just need to have a good relationship with his other lovers and it will be perfect. Also, he mentioned that he is planning to visit the Kraetor Empire in the Central Continent. Once he's there... we can immediately make the wedding preparations! We'll be on our home turf! >

Empress Sidonie smiled and nodded her head. She was sure that William would resist with all of his might, but if he really needed to do something inside the Kraetor Empire, he would have to gain the permission of the Royal Family first.

The beautiful lady blushed as she heard Morgana's devious plan to milk William dry and get his babies. Although she had gotten used to her other half's lustful nature, she didn't mind having William's children.

She had long decided that she would only give birth to the children of the man that would capture her heart.