

## **Strongest 571**

### Chapter 571: We Need To Get Rid Of That Boy

"Die!" one of the agents of the Agnis Family shouted as he targeted one of the players inside the arena. However, before he could even hit his target, his head exploded and turned into particles of light.

The black-robed man frowned, at his comrade that died out of the blue. His gaze then landed on William who was holding a wooden staff in his hand.

The Half-Elf had a smile on his face, and even winked at the black-robed man before running towards one of the agents.

William brandished his wooden staff, and smashed his target's head like a watermelon before continuing his rampage.

"Stop him!" the black-robed man ordered. "Kill him first!"

The other agents complied with their leader's order and circled William to give him no room for escape. It was quite unfortunate that the Half-Elf had no intention of escaping. His goal was to eliminate the subordinates of the black-robed man, before dealing with him for last.

William sneered as he pointed his wooden staff at the approaching agents who had no idea what was in store for them. He waited until they were only thirty meters away from him before activating his war art.

"Quick Shot War Art, Second Form," William said as he took aim.

"Shotgun!"

Immediately, a loud clap reached the agent's ears. Two of the black-robed man's subordinates that had attacked William's right side, turned into particles of light.

The other agents paused momentarily due to the sound of William's skill. However, that only lasted for a moment before they continued their advance.

William waved his hand and six purple blades materialized around him. He was currently using the Runemaster Job Class and activating the skills that he had mastered over the years that he had spent in the Southern Continent.

Wendy was the one that had increased the levels of this Job Class, and even developed a few tricks of her own, which she had shared with William. The Half-Elf was quite impressed with Wendy's ability to create things from scratch, even without the knowledge of skills that came from Skill Trees.

When William asked the System about this, it only said that any kind of skill could be created as long as the theory behind it stood. Since that was the case, William decided to further enhance his lover's created skill in order to make it more deadly.

The blades that surrounded William were called Runic Blades. They were blades that dealt Ethereal Damage to their enemies. What made this blade scary was that they ignored armor, and other kinds of defenses.

Although they were not lethal, they had one annoying ability, and that was to drastically weaken those that they had slashed, as well as slow their movements by half.

"Go!" William ordered and the six purple blades flew towards their individual targets.

The agents' initial reaction was to defend themselves, using artifacts that blocked physical attacks. However, the Runic Blades were more of a spiritual attack, than a physical one. The blades easily passed through their armors, making them feel that their world had slowed down.

After making sure that his targets had a taste of the nasty blades, William charged forward and smashed their heads like watermelons. He knew that if he could dispose of them now, the black-robed man wouldn't have any allies left when he dealt with him later.

Nine died, six remained.

After seeing William's performance, the other players rallied behind his back and attacked the six remaining agents that the Half-Elf had pointed out earlier.

Faced with over a hundred people. The black-robed man decided to become serious and activated his Battle Aura.

He was an Adamantium Ranked Warrior.

He was the strongest warrior in the Grand Arena, so he wasn't too worried about the number of enemies that were charging towards him.

"You think all of you can beat me?!" the black-robed man shouted as he wielded his dual swords. "Die!"

With a powerful slash, a raging inferno snaked towards the approaching players, turning them into particles of light.

Those who managed to dodge the first strike, didn't survive the second, and were burned completely.

Twenty-four players remained, including William and Chiffon.

Out of those twenty-four, six of them were the agents from the Agnis family, leaving only eighteen players on William's side.

"I'll deal with him," William said as he stood in front of the Black-robed man. "Please, deal with the others."

The other players exchanged a glance with each other before charging towards the remaining agents.

The agents were stronger, but now that their opponents were working together against them, they were slowly being pushed back.

William's Runic Blades flew towards the leader of the agents, but the latter easily incinerated them with his fire magic.

The black-robed man had seen how his subordinates had died under William's attack, so he didn't underestimate the Blades that flew in his direction.

After destroying the Ethereal Blades, the black-robed man jumped to his right side. A second later, he felt something brush past his body, creating a small scratch on his left shoulder.

'An invisible energy-based attack?' the blackrobed man thought as he eyed William with caution. 'I need to close the distance.'

William clicked his tongue in disappointment because the man was able to dodge his attack. However, this only lasted for a brief moment.

'I'll make sure that you won't be able to run away later,' William vowed as he closed the gap between them.

Meanwhile, while William was busy fighting the Black-robed man, Chiffon had killed one agent from the Agnis family.

Chiffon was a Brawler.

She had been taught to fight, while she was still young by one of her mother's attendants. Her fast reflexes, and mobility allowed her to hit her enemies, before they could hit her.

If she were to gain William's Zen Master Job Class (Monk's next Job Class), she would be twice as fast, and three times more deadly.

Her Devourer's Gauntlets also helped her increase her repertoire of skills that she could use at any time. If one were to look closely, they would notice that Chiffon's feet were actually floating above the ground.

William had told her earlier to use the flight skill, and hover just an inch above ground. Although she didn't understand why she had to do that, Chiffon was very obedient to William. This was why she didn't question his order and did as she was told.

The audience that were watching the battle clenched their fist in excitement and frustration.

When they heard William's words, they thought that the Half-Elf was just spouting nonsense. However, after giving it some thought, they realized that the black-robed man had always been in the arena every time there was a Battle Royale.

They didn't notice this fact before because the Black-robed man always lost in the end. The audience thought that he was just unlucky, but now that William had exposed their modus operandi, the players that had been stuck in the Second Floor for months, felt cheated.

All of their gazes shifted to the VIP Area, where the Agnis Family was seated. Their blood boiled in anger. If not for the fact that they were the current rulers of the Second Floor, and had formed a contract with the Guardian, they would have already attacked them by now.

"We need to get rid of that boy," the Patriarch of the Agnis family said as he placed his teacup on the table. "He must not be allowed to remain on the Second Floor of the Tower."

The Elders of the family nodded their heads. Although they could tell that their agents were slowly getting the upper hand, they didn't wish for the hearts of the inhabitants of their domain to be stirred up by the Half-Elf's words.

Although they had a contract with Tony, the Guardian of the Second Floor, they didn't wish for any form of rebellion under their nose. Before a small spark could turn into a mighty blaze, they would snuff it out, preventing all sources of future troubles.

While they were thinking this, the majority of the players had been killed by the Agents of the Agnis family.

Only six players remained in the arena.

If one of them died, the battle would be over and the rest would be able to advance to the next round.

William, Chiffon, and the four agents, including the Black-robed man glared at each other.

'Boss, what should we do?' an agent asked through a special artifact they used for communication. 'If we kill one of them, the other will be able to pass. The Patriarch said that no matter what happens, the Half-Elf must stay. Should we target him and leave that pink-haired girl alone?'

The Black-robed man shook his head. 'None of them must escape. Neutralize them first and we'll kill them at the same time.'

All the agents nodded their heads in understanding.

"Now!" the Black-robed man ordered and all of them ran in William's, and Chiffon's direction.

The two didn't move and stood their ground.

When the black-robed man was only twenty meters away from the two, the same feeling he had felt earlier nagged at his head.

'I'm just overthinking things,' the Black-robed man thought as he ignored his sixth sense. 'I'll end this as quickly as possible.'

Fifteen meters....

Ten meters...

Five meters...

When the agents were only five meters away from the two teenagers, a devilish smile appeared on William's face.

This smile made the hairs on the back of their necks stand on end. A second later, the ground under their feet swelled.

A powerful explosion reverberated inside the Stadium which made the audience, and the members of the Agnis Family cry out in shock due to the unexpected development that none of them was able to foresee.

#### Chapter 572: Do You Miss Him?

A loud explosion spread across the Grand Arena, making everyone's eyes widen in surprise.

Earlier, William was just not randomly fighting against the Black-robed man. He was busy planting Rune Mines, using the power of the Runemaster skill in preparation for this moment.

William knew that even though the players sided with him, their opponents were simply too strong, and organized. The agents' teamwork were superb, so an impromptu alliance wouldn't be much of a threat for them.

Since that was the case, William just planted as many mines as he could. He intended to make them explode simultaneously, to create a deadly attack that would instantly obliterate anyone who stepped upon them.

A dust cloud had settled inside the arena, and none were able to see the outcome of the battle. Two minutes later, the dust cloud receded showing a fifty-meter wide crater. At the edge of the crater, two figures stood.

William and Chiffon were safe and sound, but none of the agents could be seen anywhere.

The Half-Elf raised his head to look at the VIP seats of the Agnis Family. They were the family that had conquered the SecondFloor and had turned it into a place where they farmed tokens, and enslaved the players who wished to climb the tower.

If possible, William wanted to knock them off their high horse, but he also understood that he didn't have the power to do that right now.

As William thought of these things, a playful voice resounded inside his mind.

[Congratulations! You have cleared the Second Floor of the Tower of Babylon!]

[You have been rewarded with 10,000 Tokens!]

[An additional reward of 2,000 Tokens will be rewarded because less than five players remained in the Grand Arena!]

[Tokens in Hand: 15,500]

[Would you like to proceed to the next floor?]

[Yes / No]

William glanced at Chiffon, and the latter nodded her head. It was her way of telling William that she also heard a voice inside her head.

Before William could even say anything to the little girl, an arrogant voice echoed in the arena.

"Honored Guests, would you like to work with the Agnis Family?" a middle-aged man asked. "If you agree, not only will we help you climb the tower, we will also provide you with resources that will make your journey smoother.

"In return, all we ask is that you pledge your loyalty to our family. If you have further conditions, we are willing to accommodate them."



The Patriarch of the Agnis Family was moved by William's ability and fighting prowess. If he could make him a subordinate of their family, he would definitely bring them glory as he continued to climb the tower of Babylon.

William ignored the Patriarch and held Chiffon's hand firmly.

In truth, after finding out the Agnis Family's underhanded trick, William's impression of the rulers of the Second Floor had hit rock bottom. He felt very dirty staying on the Second Floor, so he wanted to leave the place as soon as possible.

"Let's go," William said.

He had no intention of becoming a subordinate of a family who enslaved others.

"Yes, Big Brother," Chiffon replied.

Two beams of light shot out towards the sky. Those who had been forced to work for the Agnis Family looked at this sight with tears in their eyes.

They had long lost their determination to climb the tower, but after seeing the two players win against all odds, their passion was reignited.

The Agnis family had no idea that after this incident, the foundation and power that they had built in the Tower of Babylon for many years would soon crumble under their feet.

Oogwei happily ate the bowl of lettuce that was presented to him by Xod. It had been a while since new players had appeared on the Third Floor, where he supervised.

"I'll be back," Oogwei said after eating the last lettuce in the bowl. "I want to have a nice chat with that Half-Elf."

Xod snorted, but didn't say anything else. Although a bowl of lettuce was only worth a single token, the Guardian of the First Floor didn't like losing. Oogwei knew this, so it decided to leave its friend alone for the time being.

It was quite curious about William and wanted to have a chat with him. The Guardian of the Third Floor wanted to know why the Half-Elf was climbing the tower.

It was widely known in the Central Continent that If someone were to reach the Hundredth Floor of Babylon, they would be able to make a wish.

Whatever this wish would be, it would be granted without fail.

This was the promise of the God that created the tower, and since then, many had attempted to climb it. Unfortunately, all of them stopped at the 51st Floor and were never heard from again.

Oogwei wondered if William also came here to make a wish. Although it found the Half-Elf interesting, the Guardian of the Third Floor knew that no matter how strong he was, the red-headed teenager would not be able to get past the 51st Floor.

It was simply impossible. A fact that all the Guardians in the Tower of Babylon had long accepted by now.

A Four-Tailed Black Fox, with a crescent moon on its forehead, landed on a mountain overlooking Silverwind City. Seated on its back was a delicate-looking teenage boy with silver-gray hair and blue eyes.

"Master said that Will is currently here," the teenage boy muttered. "I wonder what he will say when the two of us meet again."

The Black Fox turned its head to look at its companion.

[Are you perhaps afraid of meeting him?]

"I would be lying if I said that I said that I wasn't."

[Should we continue?]

The teenage boy nodded his head. "Nothing is going to happen if I stay behind the scenes. Let's go, Luna. I want to see how Will is doing."

[Do you miss him?]

The Black Fox asked with a smirk. It knew that its companion was still feeling guilty about what happened in the Southern Continent.

"Why should I miss him?" the teenage boy asked with a calm expression. "I'm sure that he has forgotten me by now. Enough of this, Luna. Let's go."

The Black Fox nodded its head and once again took flight. They had traveled from the Silvermoon Continent, and its companion was one of the four candidates that were chosen to participate in the Tournament of the Kraetor Empire.

Although the Elves had suffered terribly during the war, they were mostly the clans that were Anti-Human. Many in the Silvermoon Continent, including Arwen's father, Theoden, were against the war.

It had been too late when they discovered that something was amiss.

They didn't ask for it, and yet, they also suffered due to the selfishness of Shafel and the other Patriarch's that led the Anti-Human Faction.

With Sepheron and Eneru gone, the Elves were in no position to antagonize anyone. They only hoped that the Demons were still weakened from the war that happened many years ago, and would not launch another attack in their domain for the next hundred years.

The Tournament in the Kraetor Empire was a good way for the Elves to recover their dignity. This was why they had sent their envoys to participate in the Grand Tournament that would be happening very soon.

#### Chapter 573: I Walk In The Darkness So That Others May See The Light

"Eve. Where are you, my cute granddaughter?" James shouted.

The White Goose glared at the noisy old man who had come to the lakeside. It was currently swimming in the middle of the lake, with a sleeping girl on its back. Seven ducks slept beside the little girl, encircling her in a protective formation.

The Seven Ducks whom she had cared for since they were young were now full-fledged adults. These ducks would attack anyone who dared to hurt Eve, and bite their noggins if they were a boy.

Because of this, Eve's playmates were only girls. James and Mordred didn't have any complaints with this setup. Anna would shake her head from time to time because of how overprotective the men of their family were towards her daughter.

"Oi! Goose, bring my granddaughter here!" James ordered.

A second later, James heard an annoyed voice speak inside his head.

"Shut up, old man. The Mistress is sleeping. Tone down your words and stop shouting."

"Then bring her here now. There's an important guest that wants to see her."

The White Goose frowned before wading towards the lakeside. It had enlarged itself earlier because Eve wanted to play in the lake while on its back. However, after playing for a while, the calmness of the lake made her sleepy, so she decided to take a nap on the White Goose' back along with her ducklings.

The white Goose stepped on land, but still retained its size. If possible, it didn't want to wake the sleeping girl on its back and simply glared at James as if it wanted to peck him to oblivion.

James looked at his adorable granddaughter with a fawning gaze. Seeing how peacefully she slept, he decided to just wake her up after they returned to the residence.

The old man and the White Goose walked side by side as they headed towards the direction of Lont. A guest had arrived, and James hurriedly looked for Eve because her presence was needed.

It didn't take long before the two arrived at the Ainsworth Residence. As if sensing that she had returned home, Eve's eyes fluttered. Half a minute later, she opened them and looked at her surroundings, while still half asleep.

"Grandpa?" Eve asked as she saw James walking beside the White Goose.

"Good Afternoon, Eve," James said with a smile. "Someone came to visit you."

Eve's drowsiness went away when she heard that someone came to visit her. There was someone she misses very much, and she hoped to see him soon.

"Big Brother?"

"William? No. It's someone else."

"Who?"

James smiled and pointed at the entrance of the Ainsworth Residence. A beautiful lady dressed in ceremonial garb stood near the doorway. The moment she saw Eve, a gentle smile appeared on her face.

The guest of the Ainsworth Family walked towards the White Goose to have a better look at the girl that she had come to see for the first time. She had not met Eve before, but she and William were good friends.

There were times when the red-headed teenager would talk about his cute cousin in the countryside. That was how she knew Eve's name. She just didn't expect that she would be sent to William's hometown, to take the little girl under her tutelage.

Eve looked at the beautiful lady and felt a strong connection to her. This connection was hard to describe, especially for a little girl. Because of that, Eve said the closest thing that she could to describe the feelings welling up inside her heart.

"Big Sister?"

"Yes. From now on, you can call me Big Sister."

Ariadne smiled and patted Eve's head affectionately. Now she understood why William kept on bragging about his cute cousin.

Eve was probably the most adorable little girl that she had seen in her lifetime. Also, the powerful Divine Energy emanating from her body was proof that she was destined to be an Apostle of a God.

A few minutes later, James, Mordred, Anna, and Eve gathered in the garden where they all had afternoon tea and snacks.

Ariadne had waited for everyone to gather before she spoke of her reason for coming. Mordred and Anna exchanged a glance at each other in disbelief. James, on the other hand, frowned. He then placed his tea cup on the table before speaking out his mind.

"Are you going to take Eve away from us?" James asked. He spoke casually, and yet, his words seemed to contain an underlying challenge.

It was as if he was telling Ariadne to "You won't be taking my darling granddaughter away from me under my watch".

Ariadne smiled because she already expected this outcome.

"Eve is still young," Ariadne replied. "I can't bear to take her away from her family. This was why I have decided to stay here in Lont while I teach her the duties of an Apostle."

Mordred and Anna sighed in relief. Being chosen as an Apostle of a God was an honor, but it was also a heavy responsibility. Eve was still young, and they didn't want their daughter to leave them at this stage.

James hummed and nodded his head.

"Very well. I will allow you to teach Eve, but you have to make an oath that you will not secretly take her away, while we're not looking," James said. Although he knew that Ariadne was an Oracle of the God William followed, he still couldn't trust her because of the fact that he kept on forgetting what she looked like!

'What a troublesome ability,' James thought. 'No matter how hard I try, her face slips away from my memory.'

Eve ate the cookies on her plate with gusto. She looked at Ariadne from time to time, and the latter would smile back at her each time the lady sensed her stare.

Unlike her family, Ariadne's ability didn't work on her. Even if Ariadne were to wear normal clothes and was tossed inside a crowd, Eve would be able to recognize her right away.

Ariadne had said that she came here to teach her how to become an Apostle.

Eve didn't understand what an Apostle was. But, for some reason, she felt that being an Apostle wasn't a bad thing.

Ariadne sighed in her heart. She was someone that could see glimpses in the future, but she couldn't see the future of certain people. The Oracle of the God of Shepherds knew that her duty was not an easy one.

For some reason, she was feeling uneasy. She kept on dreaming about a man with black hair, and eyes. He sat on a black throne, surrounded by beautiful women and a little girl sitting on his lap.

Behind him, several powerful beasts stood as if waiting for his command to unleash havoc across the land. Above him, a Black Phoenix had its wings spread wide as if to usher a new Era.

Ariadne's hand trembled as she remembered the scene in her dream. That man looked at her and smiled. Although she couldn't remember what he looked like, she could still remember the words that he had told her.

"I walk in the darkness so that others may see the light."

Yes. That man decided to walk in the darkness.

However, in doing so, he also covered the entire world in darkness.

#### Chapter 574: Oogwei's Test

"I see, so that's how it is," William said as he ate a sandwich.

"Right." A small turtle unceremoniously bit into his own sandwich. "Right now, the possibility of the Agnis Family sending players to make things difficult for you is very high."

"What a petty family."

"I know, right?"



Chiffon happily ate her sandwich, while listening to her Big Brother and the small turtle.

When they arrived at the Third Floor, they found themselves standing on a cliff, right beside a raging waterfall. The scenery around them was so beautiful that it reminded William of the Waterfall Town of Lauterbrunnen, which was found in Switzerland.

Some said that the author of the Lord of the Rims, was inspired because of the magnificent view and decided to write a story about it.

Seeing this scene, William could understand how that author might have felt due to the sheer beauty of the surroundings.

After taking careful considerations, William decided to have lunch with Chiffon first, before exploring the Third Floor of the Tower of Babylon.

After spreading a picnic blanket, and taking out the sandwiches that he had prepared beforehand, the two sat and admired the view before biting into their sandwiches. A minute later, a black turtle crawled onto their picnic blanket and asked if it could have some of the food they had.

Due to his appraisal skill, William was able to find out the true identity of the little speaking turtle. Since the being in front of them was the Guardian of the Third Floor, William decided to become civil and sacrificed one of his sandwiches for World Peace.

After eating the sandwich, Oogwei introduced itself and told William a little bit about its domain. The Half-Elf thought that this was a perfect opportunity to get firsthand information about the tower from one of its Guardians.

Oogwei was an easy going fellow, so it answered most of William's questions, with the exception of the things that it was forbidden to tell mortals.

"Tell me, are you climbing this tower because of a wish?" Oogwei asked after finishing the sandwich which was given to it.

"A wish?" William tilted his head. He then placed one more sandwich on Oogwei's plate as thanks for answering most of his questions. "What wish?"

It was now Oogwei's turn to be confused. The little turtle looked at William with the "Are you joking with me?" look. However, since it was a being that could be considered as a Demigod, it could tell that William wasn't lying and was really not informed about the Tower of Babylon.

"This Tower is made to grant mortals riches, resources, power, and influence beyond their wildest dreams. But that's not all," Oogwei explained. "Whoever reaches the 100th Floor will be given the opportunity to make a wish. It doesn't matter what kind of wish it is, for it will be granted without fail."

William nodded his head in understanding. He had no intention of climbing up to the 100th Floor of the tower. His goal was to clear the 51st Floor in order to lift the curse that was placed on his lovers.

"I am only here to clear the 51st Floor," William replied. "After that, I will return to the Kraetor Empire."

"51st Floor, is it?" Oogwei nodded its head. "Indeed. You will not be able to proceed if you can't even clear the 51st Floor. However, I don't think you, or anyone in this world, has the ability to do that."

"What do you mean?"

"The Guardian of the 51st Floor has gone crazy. Well, not the crazy kind of crazy, but something similar. If I were you, I would just stop at the 50th Floor. Going to the 51st Floor would be a suicidal move."

William frowned as he ate his sandwich. After properly chewing it, he then asked the question that had been in his mind since he arrived at the City of Babylon.

"How come no one has been able to clear it?" William inquired. "With so many talented people in the world, I find it hard to believe that it has remained unconquered for hundreds of years."

Oogwei sighed internally. It really wanted to tell William the reason, but it was bound by the rules of the tower. In the end, it bit off a bite of its sandwich and completely ignored William's question.

William had a feeling that it was one of the things that Oogwei couldn't tell him, so he didn't continue to ask in this direction. Instead, he asked a question that made the turtle look up at him with a smirk.

"What kind of Test do I have to do in order to proceed to the next floor?" William inquired.

"Good question," Oogwei answered. "Actually, you should be taking a test in that town located down there in that valley."

The little turtle pointed at the town nestled at the center of the valley that boasted an out of the world scenery that would put all Instagramme pictures to shame.

"However, since I have taken a liking to you, I decided to give you a different quest. Of course, this will also give you better rewards. Are you interested?" Oogwei said in a challenging tone.

William pondered for a bit before nodding his head. He couldn't detect any kind of malice coming from Oogwei, so he believed that the turtle didn't mean them any harm.

"Excellent." The turtle grinned. "Allow me to introduce you to my disciples."

A brief moment later, four demi-human turtles appeared behind Oogwei carrying different kinds of weapons.

"Introduce yourself to our guests," Oogwei ordered.

The two-meter-tall turtle holding a wooden staff stepped forward and took a fighting pose.

"My name is Donutella," Donutella said with a determined expression. "Nice to meet you."

William cringed internally because he was reminded of that super sweet chocolate spread that was used by the kids in the orphanage. He had to use all of his willpower to prevent himself from teasing the turtle who had a funny name.

The next one to step up was another demi-human turtle wielding two swords. Just like Donutella, he took a fighting pose and introduced himself.

"My name is Leonardude." Leonardude snorted. "Only fight me if you dare. As long as I am around you won't be abl--"

"Watah!"

A loud shout cut off Leonardude's words as another turtle took a step forward while brandishing its nunchucks.

Chiffon clapped her hands in admiration because the way the turtle wielded its weapon was simply fascinating.

"I am Michaelangelhoe," Michaelangelhoe took a pose after showing his demonstration. "I am not a hoe."

"... " William and Chiffon didn't know what to say and simply stared at the turtle with a funny name just like its companions.

The last turtle stepped forward, while holding the two shortwords in his hands.

"I am Narnyah~," Narnyah said with a smile. "Nice to meet you."

William choked on the sandwich he was eating and had to beat his chest in order to help the food go down. He was already expecting the last turtle to introduce itself as Raphaella or something similar, but the name it gave was something out of the blue.

After recovering from his earlier mishap, William eyed the lady turtle who was looking at him weirdly.

"Um, are you sure that your name isn't Raphaella?"

"I just said my name is Narnyah~."

The corner of William's lips twitched because whoever made this plot, needed to have his brain thrown in the gutter.

Oogwei, who had just finished eating his last sandwich, looked up at William with a smirk.

"If you want to pass the third Floor, you have to defeat my disciples first. Don't worry, they will take it easy on you."

William scratched his head as he looked at the Demi-Turtles, and the small turtle who was looking up to him.

"We need to fight them in order to proceed?" William inquired.

"Fighting is too strong a word," Oogwei's replied. "More like competing. You need to defeat them in the thing they specialize in. With each victory, you will get five thousand tokens. Don't worry, you only need to win two out of four matches and you can proceed to the next floor.

William and Chiffon exchanged a glance with each other. They had no idea what the Guardian of the Third Floor was thinking. However, since they were already here, they might as well see what the little turtle had in store for them.

#### Chapter 575: Donutella Versus Chiffon

"I'll be your first opponent," Donutella said in arrogance. "Our battle will be simple. We will play a drinking game. Whoever drinks the most in five minutes will win. Easy, right?"

"Sounds easy enough," William replied. "But, what are we going to drink?"

Donutella snapped its fingers and two tables appeared in front of them. On top of those two tables, several mugs filled with what seemed to be sweetened chocolate could be found. Williams almost gagged at the diabetes inducing scene in front of him.

There was no way he could drink so many chocolate drinks in one sitting.

"I will give both of you a handicap." Donutella crossed its arms. "You can fight me two versus one."

The demi-turtle's tone was filled with confidence. It was as if it was telling William that there was no use even if Chiffon and him teamed up, because it would still be a victor in the end.

The Half-Elf sneered internally at the cocky turtle. Donutella had no idea that the one who didn't stand a chance in this drinking battle was itself.

William patted Chiffon's head and looked at her straight in the eyes. "Chiffon, can I leave this challenge to you?"

"Un!" Chiffon patted her chest with confidence. "Leave it to me, Big Brother."

The pink-haired girl then walked towards the table and looked at the chocolate mugs with sparkling eyes. Clearly, she was very excited to start the drinking competition as soon as possible.

"Are you sure you will not join her?" Donutella asked as it, too, went to the table facing Chiffon's. "You might regret it later."

"Nah, I'm good." William smirked. He was looking forward to seeing Donutella's surprised expression after it realized that its opponent was something it couldn't beat in a drinking game.

The three Demi-turtles, and Oogwei, shook their heads in disappointment. They felt sorry for Chiffon because a little girl had to fight against their group's strongest drinker.

Drinking a mug full of sweetened chocolate may be an easy task. However, if you were to drink many of them at any given time, you will definitely wave your hands in surrender.

"Are both combatants ready?" Oogwei asked.

Donutella and Chiffon nodded their heads in unison. The rules of the battle were simple enough, so there was no need to complicate things.

The Demi-turtle looked at the pink-haired girl in disdain. Clearly, it couldn't believe that an adorable girl like Chiffon could beat it in a game that was its specialty.

"Don't cry later, little girl." Donutella teased.

Chiffon only tilted her head to the side in confusion. She didn't understand why she would be crying when she was about to have her fill of something sweet and delicious!

Oogwei then raised its small foot and declared the start of the battle.

"Start!"

Donutella casually took a mug from the table and drank it in one go.

Chiffon, on the other hand, did the same. She was two seconds later than Donutella in finishing her drink, but Wiliam wasn't too worried.

In a span of ten seconds, Donutella had already drunk four mugs, while Chiffon only had three.

A minute later, Donutella had already finished twenty four mugs, while Chiffon only had eighteen.

The three Demi-turtles and Oogwei were surprised about Chiffon's tenacity. None of them were able to even drink more than ten mugs of sweetened chocolate, but the pink-haired girl had already gone past that mark.

Three more minutes went by, and several mugs of chocolate had already been cleared from the table. Even though this drinking match was Donutella's specialty, it was starting to feel nauseous due to the vast quantity of sweetened chocolate it had ingested.

'Just a minute more,' Donutella thought. 'I just need to hang for a minute and I will win.'

Chiffon placed the mug that she had just finished drinking on the table and gave Donutella a side-long glance.

Oogwei and his disciples thought that Chiffon was about to give up, but their eyes almost fell out of their sockets when they saw what the little girl did next.

The pink-haired girl opened her mouth. Suddenly, the chocolate that was inside the mugs all rose up in the air and flew towards her mouth.

Donutella choked on the chocolate it was drinking after it saw what its opponent had done. It couldn't believe what it was seeing.

"T-Time's up." Oogwei stuttered. "Winner of this match is Chiffon!"

Chiffon smiled as she returned to William's side. The Half-Elf took out his handkerchief and wiped the chocolate stains at the side of her lips. He could read Chiffon's mood and almost laughed out loud.

A single glance was enough to tell William that the pink-haired-girl hadn't had her fill. He was half tempted to tease Donutella, and ask for a rematch in order to satisfy the little glutton, who was eyeing the chocolate mugs on her opponent's table.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the Central Continent...



The Supreme Pontifex of Deus was busy reading the reports of his subordinates that he had sent to the Southern Continent.

"... Ainsworths," the Supreme Pontifex of Deus said softly. "Whenever there is a great upheaval in the world, this family is always involved one way or the other."

The Supreme Leader of Deus frowned as he put the report down on the table. "Alessio was a good subordinate. It's quite unfortunate that he died in the Southern Continent."

The battles between his subordinates was something that he encouraged. This was how his organization managed to become a Faction that rivaled the Church of Light from the shadows.

The Hypocritical Church lorded over the masses on the surface, while Deus wanted to make the world submit to their will.

These two organizations had fought each other for hundreds of years, and their victories and losses were almost the same. Right now, both forces were fighting a different kind of battle. They were looking for a person.

A person that was said to challenge the existing powers in the continent and make everyone submit to his will.

"It will not take long before the Prophecy of the Elves will come to pass. At most a year, maybe two," the man muttered. "We still haven't found the Prince."

Just like the Elves, Deus had also used their manpower to identify suitable candidates that could possibly be the Prince in the Prophecy. They had been doing it for years, but the candidates that they had observed showed no signs of wielding the True Power of Darkness.

Most of the candidates were Dark Mages, and they were very promising as well. However, the reports that the Supreme Pontifex had received from his watchers made him feel that they were overlooking something.

The document that was on the very top of his table, was none other than the information that they had on William.

Bold letters could be seen written at the bottom most part of William's scroll, which indicated the verdict that his spies had concluded after watching William's performance in the Southern Continent.

Dungeon Conqueror Candidate.

That was the conclusion that Berthold, and the other members of Deus had come to, after compiling the information they had on William.

"Dungeon Conqueror?" The Supreme Pontifex muttered as he stared at William's information.

The leader of Deus had the power of clairvoyance. However, no matter how hard he tried, he was unable to read the fate of anyone that belonged to the Ainsworth Family, including the people whose Fates were tied with them.

James and he had fought each other in the past. The same with Maxwell and Morgan because of a difference in beliefs.

The Supreme Pontifex chuckled as he walked towards the balcony of his residence. Right now, an era of change was upon the land.

He could smell it in the wind.

He could feel it in his bones.

He could hear it from the beating of his heart.

The Supreme Leader of Deus was already in the final stage where his ambition would be realized. All he needed was a person.

A person that all the powers in the world were frantically searching for.

'I guess I should send someone to monitor the boy,' the Supreme Pontifex thought. 'It never hurts to put eggs in different baskets.'

The leader of Deus watched the beautiful sunset in the distance, and waited for the light to disappear before going back to his room.

He still had reports to read, and miles to go before he slept.

Chapter 576: Kawabangga Motherf\*ckers! [Part 1]

"What's the next test?" William asked. "We just need to win one more and we can proceed to the next floor, right?"

Oogwei nodded its head. "Right. Just one more win and you guys can proceed to the next floor."

After Chiffon won her fight, William realized that the test that was given by the little turtle, wasn't something that could be easily overcome by any ordinary person.

If Chiffon wasn't the personification of Gluttony, William had no doubt in his mind that they would have lost the first match. Only people with the Devour ability like Jekyll, and Chiffon, would be able to rise up to the challenge.

William looked at the three remaining Demi-Turtles and clicked his tongue internally.

'If each of them specialized in something that we are not capable of, the chances of us winning are slim,' William thought. 'I just hope the next test will be easy.'

Oogwei may not be able to read minds, but William's expression told it what it needed to know. In fact there were several players whom the little turtle had taken an interest in.

It would meet them on its floor and allow its disciples to challenge them all. Some of these players had failed miserably due to a difference in specialty, and had to stay in his domain until they either succeeded, or surrendered.

Those who surrendered were kicked out of the tower where they had to redo everything from scratch.

Oogwei was one of the pacifist Guardians of the Tower of Babylon. For it, finding worthy players was a pastime, and it liked to test them personally each time they appeared in its domain.

"Who wants to go next?" Oogwei asked its disciples.

"I will go next!" Leonardude stepped forward.

However, before Leonardude could say the details of its challenge, it was dragged away by Donutella, and Michalangelhoe.

"Whatever you do, don't challenge them in an eating contest," Donutella whispered. "You've seen that girl's ability, right? The ending will be the same. Although you are our team's greatest eater, and I am the greatest drinker, we won't win against her!"

Leonardude nodded its head. "I know. Don't worry, the one that will be eating will be us, and not her."

Michaelangelhoe heard its two siblings and understood what Leonardude was planning.

"So, you're going to do that, right?" Michaelangelhoe whispered.

"Exactly," Leonardude smirked.

"You're playing dirty."

"This is called tactics. There is nothing dirty about it."

The three Demi-Turtles exchanged glances and smiled evilly.

William's sensitive hearing was able to hear their conversation. However, what the three talked about was not enough to give him a hint of what the next test was going to be.

"Okay, this will be your next test," Leonardude snapped its fingers and a portable kitchen appeared in front of it. "Your next test is that you will cook me some food. If I like it, you will pass my test."

"That's it?" William inquired.

"That's it," Leonardude replied. "Easy, right?"

Donutella, Michaelangelhoe, and Narnyah~ snickered internally. This was a trick that Leonardude always pulled when it planned to fail a player. Even if the food was delicious, it would say that it was trash, automatically making the challenger fail.

Oogwei sighed internally because it could tell that its disciple was at it again. This was not the first time Leonardude did this, but the little turtle didn't prevent it from doing so. It believed that if the players were fated to win, not even this dirty trick was enough to stop them from climbing the tower.

"Very well, I will be the one to take this challenge," William walked towards the portable kitchen and checked the tools that were available. They were the same cooking equipment that were commonly used in the world of Hestia, but William's dish required something more modern.

Because of this, William decided to ask if he could bend the rules of the test a bit.

"Can I use my own equipment and ingredients in his test?" William asked.

Leonardude thought for a moment before nodding its head.

"I don't mind," Leonardude replied. "In fact, this is better. Give me your best shot."

"Thank you."

"No need to thank me. All you need to do is cook."

Leonardude laughed internally because he was confident that no matter what kind of ingredients, or methods William used, the ending would still be the same. The Demi-turtle would just say that the food was not delicious and fail William on the spot.

The Half-Elf was not aware of this sinister plan that Leonardude was thinking.

The reason?

He was confident that he could make something that would make the Demi-turtle ask for more.

'System, get me a portable oven that can be used anywhere. It will be best if it is powered by Magic Crystals or Beast Cores. Also, get me these ingredients. Make sure that they are of high quality.'

< Understood. >

The System immediately opened the God Shop to gather everything that William needed. The Half-Elf didn't even need to spend more than Ten God Points in order to acquire everything that he needed.

William took out a big mixing bowl, and used his magic to create 3/4 cup of warm water. After that, he poured a pack of active yeast inside the bowl and gave it a quick stir.

Chiffon stood by his side and watched William as he did his work. She didn't know what her Big Brother was making, but watching him work with a smile on his face piqued her curiosity.

William placed the mixing bowl to the side and let it rest for a few minutes, as he took out the other ingredients from his storage ring.

The Half-Elf took another mixing bowl and poured two cups of flour inside it. He then added a pinch of salt and sugar before giving it a mix with a whisk. After that was done, he took the mixing bowl with the yeast in it.

William poured a quarter of the flour in the bowl and used his hand to mix it. He added more flour along the way as he kneaded the dough. Chiffon who was watching from the side felt her hand itch because what her Big brother was doing looked fun.

"Interesting," Oogwei muttered as it looked at the dough in William's hands.

The Demi-turtles weren't too impressed because they thought that William was just going to make bread. They ignored William's performance and instead, played cards with each other. Only Oogwei kept on watching William as its eyes sparkled with genuine interest.

William placed the dough to the side to let it rest. He then glanced at Chiffon who looked to be fascinated with what he was doing. In the end, William decided to let the little girl have fun and let her play a bit in dough making.

William gave her a batch of ingredients and watched from the side as Chiffon imitated what he did earlier, albeit a bit clumsy at first.

The pink-haired girl had a photographic memory. She could instantly recall things that she had seen in the past. After watching William's work from start to finish, Chiffon only nodded to follow his steps to create a dough of her own.

The little girl kneaded the dough with great interest. Although she still couldn't smile, William noticed that her eyes held myrth in them. Clearly, Chiffon was having fun with her dough making session.

After watching Chiffon for a while, William returned to his own work. He took the dough and placed it inside the multi-purpose special oven that has a special "speeding up" function that works well when getting pizza dough to rise.

A minute later, William took the dough out of the oven and placed it on top of the table. He then sprinkled some flour on the table before placing the pizza dough on top of it. He then summoned a rolling pin and started to shape it.

Chiffon had also taken the pizza dough from the special oven and started using a rolling pin to shape it, imitating William.

William made the dough on his hand spin, and Chiffon did the same. The two even had a pizza dough spinning contest, which made Oogwei climb on top of the table to have a better look.

After the two had their fill, William remoulded the pizza dough to have the shape he wanted. He then brushed its top with a little bit of oil. He then added pizza sauce, mozzarella cheese, mushroom, sausage, and pepperoni.

William admired his work for a few seconds before placing his creation inside his multi-purpose special oven.

"We just need to wait ten minutes," William said to Chiffon, who was currently placing the toppings on her own pizza.

"Big Brother, what do you call this food?" Chiffon asked after she finished her work.

William smirked before giving his creation a name. "This is called Kawabangga Pizza. This will lead us to victory."

The Half-Elf glanced at the Demi-Turtles that were busy playing cards not far from them. He already had a feeling that this test was rigged from the start, and Leonardude had no intention of letting them win.

Since that was the case, he would force the sucker to accept defeat by using the food that was known to be the favorite of the Ninja Tortols in his world.



The moment he took the pizza out of the oven, a delicious smell spread across the surroundings. Chiffon narrowed her eyes and gulped subconsciously. She was very tempted to eat the Kawabangga Pizza that William had made because it looked delicious.

The four Demi-turtles simultaneously turned their heads to look in William's direction. It was clear that the smell had caught their interest, which made the Half-Elf chuckle internally.

He knew that it was just a matter of time before they cleared the Third Floor of Babylon. However, before that, he planned to do something to the Demi-Turtles first to ensure that his climb to the Tower would be a smooth one.

#### Chapter 577: Kawabangga Motherf\*ckers! [Part 2]

The Demi-Turtles walked towards William's location with calm expressions on their faces. As Oogwei's disciples, they used their strong will power to prevent themselves from stuffing their faces with the unknown dish that William had made for them.

"This is Kawabangga Pizza?" Leonardude asked. "Well, I'll give you a passing grade for the presentation. However, the most important part is the taste."

William nodded his head as he cut the pizza into several slices. After he was done, he took a slice and gave it to Oogwei, the next slice he gave to Chiffon.

The Half-Elf took the third and ate it in front of everyone.

Leonardude gulped and hurriedly took a pizza slice to eat. The other Demi-turtles didn't want to be left out and secured their own.

The moment the pizza entered their mouths, they tasted an explosion of flavors that put them into a daze. William smirked because he got the intended effect that he wanted.

Before Leonardude could even recover his senses, William took advantage of the situation and asked him a question.

"Is it good?" William asked.

"It is the best!" Leonardude replied.

"Did we pass?"

"You did!"

The moment Leonardude gave his approval, the Demi-Turtle realized that he had fallen into William's trap.

The Half-Elf grinned and offered the regretful turtle another pizza slice, which the latter gobbled up in fury.

"This is good," Oogwei stated. "Can you give me a recipe?"

"Of course," William replied. "But on one condition."

Oogwei smiled. It knew that William was planning something, but it didn't know what it was. As a Guardian, there were certain things that it could and couldn't do while it was inside the Tower. However, he was also curious about what kind of condition the red-headed teenager wanted to ask of him.

"Earlier, you said that the Agnis Family will probably hunt us down, and make our climb in the tower difficult, right?" William looked at the Guardian of the Third Floor with a serious expression.

Oogwei nodded its head. "Right."

"Can you prevent them from following us?"

"I can't. Guardians are not allowed to harm any player within the Tower.

William sighed before he picked up the pizza that Chiffon had made, and placed it inside the oven to bake.

The Demi-turtles glanced at each other. After tasting William's pizza, they had a feeling that they wouldn't be able to live without it. In order to satisfy this craving, they had to get William's recipe and the weird looking Oven in his possession.

"Master may not be able to do it, but we can," Michaelangelhoe stated. "However, we cannot leave the Third Floor. The only thing we could do is deal with them on this floor."

"That's right." Donutella nodded. "The players in the tower could return to any floor that they wanted, as long as they were able to clear it. Even if you deal with your pursuers on this floor, they could still jump to the Fourth Floor in order to hunt the two of you down."

William listened to the Demi-turtles' explanation with a frown. They had made an enemy of the Agnis Family that ruled the Second Floor of the Tower. Since they were one of the major forces in Babylon, they could send their lackeys to prevent William and Chiffon from climbing higher.

Although William wasn't afraid of conflict, he was not fond of being chased by mercenaries from behind.

Seeing the frown on William's face, Narnyah decided to offer a solution.

"I have an idea," Narnyah commented from the side. "We can capture those pursuers for you and hold them here for a short period of time. Unfortunately, we are not allowed to kill the players, so this is the most we can do for you."

Oogwei listened as it ate its pizza in peace. It had already felt the members of the Agnis Family enter his domain, but they were spawned at the bottom of the valley where the trial town was located. It would take them some time to track William's and Chiffon's whereabouts.

"The fighters of the Agnis Family have arrived," Oogwei announced. "Looks like you made the Patriarch angry with your rejection. He didn't bat an eye and sent forty experts to hunt you down. According to the standards in this world, they have sent fifteen Mithril Rankers, ten Black Rankers, and one Saint."

William scratched his head in irritation, "What a pain."

"Like my Disciples said earlier, we can keep them here for a time. Since they have already cleared this place once, they can come and go as they pleased," Oogwei explained. "My domain is big, so it will take considerable time for them to find you."

"My Disciples' offer still stands. Although they cannot kill players, they can beat them up and detain them for a time. What do you want to do?"

William crossed his arms over his chest and pondered. A few minutes later, he opened his eyes and asked Oogwei a question.

"Xod said that he has the authority to send us to a higher floor in the tower," William said. "Can you do that, too?"

Oogwei nodded its head. "I can send you up to the 9th Floor. However, the ruling family there is similar to the Agnis Family. Since you have passed my test, I can send you there anytime you want. Do you want me to send you there, right now?"

William shook his head. "Not now. However, I will ask this favor later."

The Half-Elf looked down at the Trial Town below the cliff. He decided to get rid of their pursuers now rather than deal with them at a later time.

Inside the Trial Town...

"Have you seen them?"

"No, Sir."

"Keep looking! You need to find them as soon as possible!" Byron, the High-Ranker of the Agnis Family, ordered.

Inside the tower, those that had the rank of Saints were referred to as High-Rankers. They were the epitome of strength, and not many could face them in battle. Every ruling family in the tower had at least one of these powerful fighters under their wing.

They were the so-called deterrence to keep everyone in line and not make trouble for the families that ruled the floors that they owned.

Byron didn't feel embarrassed about hunting down two teenagers because this was his job. The Agnis Family had paid him a hefty amount of Tokens that allowed him to reach his rank after forming a binding contract with them.

"That fool missed a golden opportunity," Byron snorted. "If he only agreed to the Agnis Family, he would definitely become a High-Ranker after three to four years."

Right after Byron said these words, he heard a chuckle behind his back.

"Three to four years to reach Sainthood?" a red-headed teenager said in disdain. "Too slow. Now I understand why you're already this old before you became a High-Ranker. You don't have the qualifications to be one, so you used a shortcut to become a Saint."

The teenager curled up his lips as if mocking Byron's talents.

"It's you!" Byron stood up and lunged at the boy. Although William had ridiculed him, he didn't let it go to his head and prioritized the boy's capture. The warriors of the Agnis Family also recognized the Half-Elf and joined their leader in subjugating him.

William stood still and only smirked at the Saint, and his men, who were only a few meters away from him.

Byron was just about to punch the boy's chest when something golden appeared in his vision. The next thing he knew, he was hurtling towards the ground with blood seeping out of its mouth.

The same thing happened to his subordinates, but they got it worse than Byron because their ranks were lower than him.

The High-Ranker wiped the blood from the side of his lips as he raised his head to look at William, who was holding a golden-metallic rod in his hand.

"Kawabangga, Motherf\*ckers!"

The Half-Elf sneered as he prepared to annihilate the hunters who now became the hunted. William had long known when to show mercy and when to eradicate the problem at its root. The only reason why he couldn't confront the Agnis Family directly was because they had formed a contract with the Guardian of the Second Floor.

The moment someone attacked the members of their family, the Guardian would appear and deal with the threat to honor the contract. Because of this, the ruling family of each floor enjoyed unchallengeable safety in their own domains.

Each Guardian was equivalent to a Demigod, so William didn't want to fight them in a head-on battle.

William might not be able to fight against a Demigod, but fighting against a Saint, and his lackeys, was not a big deal for him when he used his Heroic Avatar.

The Patriarch of the Agnis Family thought that the forces he sent to hunt down William and Chiffon were more than enough to capture two brats. He even thought that it was overkill.

If he only knew William's true identity then he might have turned a blind eye on the incident that happened in his domain, and let bygones be bygones.

Unfortunately, he didn't know.. And this was why the subordinates, whom he had sent to seize the two teenagers, were never heard from again.

#### Chapter 578: Reunion in Hestia Academy [Part 1]

Nine days had passed since William began his climb in the tower of Babylon. The Kraetor Empire had focused all of its attention in preparation for a Grand Tournament, where several prodigies from all over the Central Continent would come to participate.

Of course, Emperor Leonidas had also sent several invitations to the ruling factions in the Silvermoon Continent, the Demonic Continent, and the Gunnar Federation.

The Gunnar Federation was composed of many kingdoms in the Western Continent. Unlike the relationship between the Hellan Kingdom, Anaesha Dynasty, Zelan Dynasty, and Kingdom of Freesia, the members of the Gunnar Federation were all allied with each other.

They had done this to repel the invaders that had attempted to conquer their lands thousands of years ago, and their alliance had remained strong even through the passing of time.

There was no invitation sent to the Southern Continent because they had just suffered a calamity of unprecedented proportions.

"Just as we expected, the number of participants has exceeded our expectations," Evexius said.

Emperor Leonidas nodded his head in agreement. "How about the venue? Will we make it in time?"

"Rest assured, Your Majesty. Our Archamages are giving their best to create hundreds of platforms, where the initial battles will be held. The Grand Arena is also undergoing a massive renovation to accommodate the guests coming from all over the world."

Emperor Leonidas and several rulers of the Central Continent had a meeting earlier, to talk about the prizes that would be given away to the semi-finalists and the champion of the tournament.

Having so many sponsors for the event, the prizes were something that any member of the young generation would gladly get their hands on. According to their discussion, several people from the different empires would serve as referees to facilitate the hundreds of battles that would be happening at the same time.

All the major powers in the continent had unanimously agreed that the Demons were not allowed to become referees and would only send their candidates to participate in the tournament.

The Demon King remained indifferent during the entire meeting, and only listened to the discussion. The Major Powers in the Central Continent weren't afraid of him because if he did anything funny, they would all launch a crusade and erase him from the face of the world.

Also, the Demons still hadn't fully recovered from their invasion in the Silvermoon Continent. It would still take them a decade, or two, to regain the power that they once held. However, even if they did, they would not be stupid to challenge the might of the forces in the Central Continent.

"One of the Elven participants has arrived," Evexius reported. "According to him, there are four of them in total. His colleagues will arrive three weeks from now. For the time being, we allowed him to stay in the special residences we have prepared. He is being given VIP treatment by our men."

Emperor Leonidas nodded. "For now, tell the generals to increase the security in the capital. I don't want any mouse to take advantage of this event to dig into the secrets of our Empire."

"Understood." Evexius bowed.

Although the preparations were getting hectic, he was sure that everything would be finished a few days before the tournament began. This was the grandest tournament since the founding of their empire, and they wanted to impress the guests that would soon be visiting their lands.

Meanwhile in the world renowned Hestia Academy...

A lady wearing a white academic dress stood in front of the gates as if waiting for someone. Two fairy-like beings sat on her shoulder and kept her company during this vigil.



Five minutes later, a loud shriek was heard in the sky and a Dark Raven descended a few meters away from her.

A sweet smile appeared on the lady's face as she walked towards it, in order to greet the person whom she had not seen for many years.

Celine dismounted the raven's back and opened her arms wide.

The lady wearing the white academic dress jumped into Celine's arms and hugged her tight.

"Silly girl. You're already this old and you still don't know how to control yourself," Celine chastised her little sister, but her gaze was filled with love and affection.

"I missed you, Big Sister," Celeste said as she continued to hug her twin.

Celine sighed and patted her sister's head. It had indeed been a long time since they had seen each other, and she missed Celeste dearly as well.

After a few minutes, Celeste reluctantly took a step back before grabbing hold of Celine's hand.

"Let's go to my room," Celeste proposed. "I'm sure you are tired of your journey. I'll have the staff prepare us something good to eat, while we do some catching up."

Celine nodded with a smile. She was indeed tired from the journey. But, after seeing that her little sister seemed to be doing well and was very healthy, her exhaustion decreased by a good margin.

Fifteen minutes later, the two beautiful ladies were sipping tea and sharing stories with each other.

"I've heard about what happened in the Southern Continent," Celeste said as she placed her teacup on the table. "Actually, I went there along with an acquaintance in order to check if you were safe and sound."

"Unfortunately, there was a powerful barrier that prevented us from reaching our destination. We tried to break it, but it was of no use. In the end, we decided to return here to the Academy."

Celine sighed, "It's good that you didn't get caught up in that mess. If you were there, things might have become more complicated."

Celine narrated the things that happened right after the Continental Spell was activated. How the elves treated the citizens of the Zelan Dynasty, and how the battle ended. By the time she finished, the sun was about to set.

Celeste felt saddened about the outcome of the war. She was also an Elf, and hearing the news that millions of them had died in battle, made her sigh in regret.

"Wow! What an interesting Half-Elf," One of the fairy-like creatures with short blonde hair and blue eyes, said with a smile. "Where is he now? Did you bring him with you?"

"Chloee, don't be rude to our guest," the other fairy with short green hair, and gray eyes commented. "I apologize for my sister's rudeness. She doesn't think before she acts."

"Don't pretend, Claire." Chloee stared at her twin. "I'm sure that Half-Elf had piqued your interest as well."

Claire didn't deny or affirm Chloee's statement. She just smiled and shifted her attention to Celine. The little fairy's eyes were giving Celine the, "Is he with you?" stare.

"He's not with me," Celine replied with great interest. "William is currently climbing the Tower of Babylon. It seemed that he needed to do something there."

Chloee's eyes sparkled as she flew in front of Celine.

"The Tower of Babylon?" Chloee asked. "That tower that goes all the way up to the sky with no end in sight?"

Celine nodded and appraised the little fairy with a critical eye.

"Is she the chatty familiar you've told me in your letters?" Celine inquired.

Celeste grabbed the over-excited Chloe and held her in place. "Sorry. Chloe can get over-excited at times."

"Don't worry about it," Celine replied. "This is the first time I've seen a familiar like her. She looks exactly like you when you were younger. I guess this is because of your Familiamancer Profession, right?"

Unlike Chloe and Claire who had shoulder length hair that ended up in a curl, Celeste's hair was long, just like Celine's.

"Yes." Celeste nodded. "This is the power of the profession I received in the ancient ruin I talked to you about."

Celeste then released the pouting Chloe from her grasp before looking back at Celine with a serious expression.

"Big Sister, I already noticed this earlier, but, where is the slave collar that was placed on your neck?" Celeste asked.

Celine smiled as she gazed at the Collar of Wisteria that was still on her little sister's neck. The collar that held many secrets that were only known to a handful of people back in the Silvermoon Continent.

"I gave it to my Disciple," Celine replied. She didn't have any reason to hide the truth from her sister because the collars on their necks played a very important role in their lives. "He wore it until the war ended, but due to circumstances, he placed it on the neck of another."

Celeste's eyes widened in surprise. She never thought that her proud sister would pass her collar to anyone.. Because of this, she was itching to know more about her sister's Disciple, whose fate had already been tied with Celine's.

## Chapter 579: Games Of Intrigue

"Have you still not heard of any news from our men?" Waltier Agnis, the Patriarch of the Agnis family asked his right hand man.

He was the person who held the highest authority within the Second Floor of the Tower of Babylon. Ever since their family had changed the rules of the trial, very few people were able to climb to the next floor.

They were using the second floor as a base in order to make the talented challengers of the tower to become their subordinates. This practice had been going on for hundreds of years, and the Agnis Family had profited greatly from this practice.

"There's still no word from them, My Lord." The middle-aged man bowed his head in apology. "The Third Floor is quite big, and our men might be having trouble finding their targets. I already received reports from our spies on the Fourth Floor.

"None of them have seen anyone who closely resembles the two teenagers who passed our trial. It is quite possible that they are still on the Third Floor. They promised to send us a report as soon as they found people matching the portraits that we have drawn for them."

Waltier nodded his head. "Keep me updated for any news regarding those two."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Leave me. I want to be alone."

The middle-aged man bowed again before leaving the room. He pitied the two teenagers because Waltier was known to be a ruthless individual. He was sure that if William and Chiffon were to fall in his hands, their fate would be sealed.

"That red-headed teenager brought up a bad memory," Waltier muttered. The image of a man accompanied by a Taotie appeared inside the Patriarch's head.

That person had challenged their family openly, and they were left with no choice but to apologize and compensate him. That was a stain in the history of their family. One that the patriarch had long wanted to forget, but was unable but to do so.

'Fortunately, he is dead,' Waltier thought as he closed his eyes. 'That Maxwell, I hope he suffers in hell.'

William had stayed on Oogwei's floor for a week. After wiping out the group that were hunting them, he decided to wait until the cooldown of his Heroic Avatar was ready.

He didn't know how many Saints the Agnis Family had under their wing, but William decided to play it safe and learn more about the Guardians of each floor from Oogwei, whom he bribed with several recipes that were not present in the world of Hestia.

The little turtle was more than happy to host William and Chiffon in his Domain. When Oogwei asked if the Half-Elf wanted to meet the ruling family of the third floor, William politely declined. He didn't want to involve others in his affairs.

"So, the Guardians will not make a move even if someone attacks the ruling families," William commented. "However, will they interfere if there is a possibility that the family's entire bloodline was facing extinction?"

"Yes." Oogwei nodded. "Mind you, there are many factional disputes even among the ruling families. There were even cases when they fought against each other to gain the role of administrators for the floor.

"We Guardians stay out of these family feuds, and allow them to duke it out. We will only interfere if less than twenty members of the family remain. So, if you're thinking of attacking one of the families in Babylon, I suggest that you just kill the annoying ones. If you went too far, the Guardians will have no choice but to subjugate you."

Oogwei smirked. The floor that it was planning to send William and Chiffon to was such a floor. The 9th Floor has a very unique balance of power. The two sons of the current ruler of the Tristan Family were at war with each other.

The Patriarch of the Clan was bedridden and there was no telling when he would kick the bucket. Because of this, the two brothers fought for succession because they had differing outlooks on life.

Although the elders in the family tried to mediate, both brothers didn't want to pay them any heed, so the elders decided to just let them do what they wanted.

The Eldest Brother wanted to retain the status quo, but the youngest wanted to bring change. Because of this, the main family, and the branch family were split and fought against each other for supremacy.

The players of the 9th Floor were forced to choose between the two sides. They couldn't advance unless one of the two won their succession war. Their fighting had already been going on for two years, and right now, the Older Brother had the advantage.

This was why the Youngest of the two was desperate for help from new players that entered their floor. He hoped that one of these players would be strong enough to tip the balance in his favor.

Oogwei had made sure to explain the current situation of the Tristan Family to William. After hearing the details, the Half-Elf thanked the little turtle, while he pondered about his next course of action.

He was left with two choices, the first choice was to take the shortcut and jump straight to the 9th Floor, or climb the tower up to the 7th Floor. The Guardian of the 7th Floor was a close friend of Oogwei.

The little turtle assured William that as long as he passed the Guardian's Trial, he could use his authority to help William jump to the 12th floor directly.

After weighing the pros and cons, William decided to bite the bullet and jump to the 9th Floor directly.

The reason why William decided to go to the 9th Floor was due to the fact that this floor allowed slavery.

The Older Brother wanted the slave trade to continue, while the younger one wanted to abolish it completely. Choosing which side to support was a no brainer to William.

A day later, William and Chiffon faced Oogwei and his disciples. It was now time for them to continue their journey. During that one week living with the Demi-Turtles, the group had become good friends.

The Demi-Turtles were more than happy to spar with William and Chiffon. Through their matches, the little girl had become accustomed to fighting alongside William in group battles.

The Half-Elf was also impressed with how fast Chiffon was able to learn moves that she had seen for the first time. Perhaps it was due to her Photographic Memory, or maybe the pink-haired girl was that talented.

Whatever the reason was, Chiffon was like a sponge that absorbed the different fighting styles of the four Demi-Turtles who had become her friends, in the time that they were together.

"Take care, both of you," Donutella said. "If things get rough, feel free to return to the Third Floor. We will gladly welcome the two of you with open arms."

"That's right!" Leonardude commented. "Come visit us anytime!"

Michaelangelhoe shook William's hand, and gave Chiffon a pat on the head.

"Although we can't accompany you in your endeavors, know that we will wish for your success from this floor." Narnyah winked. "May both of you be safe, and may we see each other again."

""Thank you.""

William and Chiffon replied at the same time. The two of them were very grateful due to the hospitality that Oogwei and the Demi-Turtles had given them during their stay.

The Half-Elf held Chiffon's hands tightly as he waited for Oogwei to send them to their destination. Chiffon leaned close to William and clung to his arm. If not for the fact that both of their hair colors were different, people would think that the two of them were a brother and sister pair that were climbing the tower together.

"See you again," Oogwei said. "Goodluck to both of you."

After saying its parting words, Oogwei raised its foot and both William and Chiffon turned into beams of light that shot towards the sky.

Oogwei believed that although the two teenagers would face difficult challenges as they climbed the Tower of Babylon, he was sure that William, and Chiffon, would be able to overcome them as long as they were together.

'I sent you the help you wanted, Yves,' Oogwei thought. 'Now, it's time for you to give me those heavenly cucumbers you promised me two days ago.'

Oogwei returned to the Guardian's Hall to look for his friend and ask for payment. William didn't know that he, and Chiffon, had been sold by the little turtle for a dozen heavenly cucumbers.

If only he knew that this was just Oogwei's ruse to get some free snacks, William would have tossed the Guardian inside a pot, and used it as the main ingredient for turtle soup.

The Guardians of the Tower had been bored as of late, so they participated in games of intrigue. William and Chiffon were the new players that had caught their interest. They even placed bets on how far the two could climb the tower.

For them, the plight of the players was merely entertainment. As long as they could relieve their boredom, they were more than happy to move the strings behind the scenes.. That way the entertainment that they were watching would be a little bit more interesting.

## Chapter 580: Reunion in Hestia Academy [Part 2]

After knowing the truth, Celeste pressed her sister for answers, which went on for an hour before the two decided to have dinner together.

"I wish I could meet him, this William," Celeste said as she sat on the couch with her twin sister.



Celine smirked. "Don't worry. I'm sure that you'll meet him sooner or later. He's a handful, but I've watched him since he was ten years old. I can vouch that he is a good person, albeit narcissistic."

Celeste giggled as she leaned on her sister. Celine knew exactly what she wanted so she wrapped her arms around Celine and brushed her twin sister's light-green hair, that was as smooth as silk, with her hand.

If the students of the academy could see their beautiful Elven Professor right now, all of them would be shocked because she was acting like a spoiled little girl. Just like Celine, Celeste was an exceptional beauty, even among the elves.

She would often receive marriage proposals from nobles, princes, and even very influential figures that hailed from all over the Central Continent. Unfortunately, she rejected them all.

The Sin she carried and the prophecy of the Elves prevented her from having a relationship with anyone. The collar on her neck also protected her from being enslaved, and forced against her will.

If anyone was foolish enough to take her by force, all of them would suffer a fate that was worse than death.

"Big Sister, is he?" Celeste asked. After hearing Celine's tale, she managed to connect the dots together, which led to a possibility.

However, Celine's answer invalidated the suspicion she had in mind.

"No," Celine replied firmly. "He's not the Prince of Darkness. I used my body to confirm this. It can't be wrong. But, if you still have reservations, you can check every inch of it later when we bathe together.

"There's a possibility that it appeared in a place that I couldn't see. Would you be a dear, and do a detailed diagnosis of my body? Your ability allows you to do that, right?"

Celeste nodded her head. For her sister to use her maidenhood to confirm whether her Disciple was the Prince in the prophecy was something she didn't expect.

She had long known that Celine had wanted to break free from the shackles of Fate that bound her. But, the method her twin sister used was quite extreme.

Celeste didn't want to admit it, but she was quite envious of her sister's strong determination. Unfortunately, she couldn't do the same. The Sin she possessed wouldn't allow that to happen.

"Don't worry, Big Sister," Celeste said as she held Celine's hand. "When I find who the real Prince is. I will do my best to... kill him."

Celine squeezed Celeste's hand and shook her head. "If you were to cross paths with him, run away as far as you can. I will be the one to kill him. You don't need to dirty your hands."

Celeste bit her lip in frustration. It was always Celine that protected her from the shadows. Although she had killed people before, she was not very fond of it. Unlike Celine that wouldn't bat an eye in ending someone else's life, Celeste wasn't that coldhearted.

This was why she was quite thankful that she received the rare profession Familiamancer. It allowed her to summon two powerful familiars that did the dirty work for her.

"I have a favor to ask you," Celine said as she looked straight into Celeste's blue eyes. "I will be going to the Demon Continent soon. I don't know when I will be able to return to the Central and Southern Continent."

"If you crossed paths with my Disciple, look after him for me. He is a magnet for trouble, and I'm afraid that he will be doing something troublesome during his stay here in the Central Continent."

Celeste nodded, but she couldn't help but tease her sister for worrying too much about her Disciple.

"He sounds like a problem child." Celeste chuckled. "Just what did you see in him to make him your Disciple?"

"... I lost a bet with him."

"E-Excuse me?"

Celine chuckled because it was true that she became William's Master because of a bet. Back then, she thought that the boy was just bluffing, so she agreed to bet with him.

She never thought that one of the little Shepherds of Lont, who herded goats, would someday be a conqueror that would command an army that numbered in the millions.

The image of William standing on top of Ella flashed in her mind. A few seconds later, it was replaced by William standing on top of a Bone Dragon, commanding an Undead Army that had massacred the Elves without mercy.

A frown appeared on Celine's beautiful face when she remembered that scene that happened years ago. Although William hadn't turned into a complete undead. He still suffered from bloodthirst due to the effects of Malacai's staff.

During the week that they were together inside Eternity, she had offered her blood to William. Celine thought that William would reject her offer. However, the Half-Elf shamelessly accepted her offer, and sank his fangs into her tender breast.

Back then, the feeling of pleasure that washed over her body intoxicated her. Now, she understood why the Elves that were living inside her disciple's Thousand Beast Domain, were very eager to have their blood sucked by their new Master.

The feeling was simply too good to be true.

Her only gripe was the location where William decided to suck her blood. He could have bitten her neck like he does to others, but the Half-Elf had to take her blood from that part of her body.

A blush appeared on Celine's face when she remembered that scene. She silently cursed William for being shameless, because he did it not once, but twice, during the week that they were together.

"Big Sister, what's wrong?" Celeste asked after noticing the redness of Celine's face. "Is something wrong?"

"No," Celine replied to hide her embarrassment. "I think I had too much of the wine we drank during dinner."

"Big Sister, you only drank one cup. Usually, it takes at least twenty cups before that wine has any effect on you."

"It's been years since I drank wine. I guess my tolerance went down during that period."

Celeste looked at her big sister with a doubtful expression. However, since she didn't want to ruin the mood, she decided to toss it to the side and talk about other things.

During the entirety of the night, the two beautiful elves chatted about the experiences they had during the time that they weren't together. They no longer talked about the Elven Prophecy, or the Prince that would one day claim one of them as his bride.

The two of them only had a few days together, and they were trying to make up for the years that they had been separated. Both of them didn't know when they would meet again. However, one thing was certain.

The peace that both of them shared at the moment, would soon disappear, like the fleeting clouds in the horizon.