

Strongest 731

Chapter 731: Shed Tears When Others Won't, And Fight When Others Don't

Malacai walked inside the Temple of the Gods that was located at the heart of the Ares Empire.

Behind him, several guards, and priestesses, lay on the ground, asleep. The Dracolich didn't harm them in any way, and merely put all of them to sleep.

When he reached the depths of the shrine, he waved his hand and the water around the statue of the Goddess rose to the air, and took on a crimson hue.

Soon, the statue glowed, and a sigh escaped its lips.

"Malacai, old friend, to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?" Astarte, the Goddess of the Amazon Race, asked with a smile.

"Pleasure? I didn't visit you for pleasure," Malacai answered as he approached the Goddess who was looking at him with a playful gaze. "I came here to ask you if your warriors are prepared for what is about to happen."

Astarte chuckled as she walked in circles around Malacai. "For thousands of years, my warriors' strength has grown stronger with every generation. They've adhered to the laws that I have given them, with the exception of a few who chose to fall in love, instead of mating with the strongest of men.

"Still, the children that were born out of love were still Amazons. Their bodies were forged by the strength of their ancestors. So, if you are asking me if they are prepared for war then the answer is yes. Now, old friend, it is my turn to ask you a question...

"Are you prepared for what is about to come?"

Astarte lightly caressed the side of Malacai's bony face with the back of her hand. The Dracolich didn't pull away and allowed her to have her way.

"Do you even need to ask?" Malacai answered with a snort.

Astarte smiled, but this time, the smile contained a sadness that only Malacai and her understood.

Malacai gazed one last time at Astarte's beautiful face, before turning around to leave the temple.

"When the time comes, I will come for you again," Malacai said without looking back.

Astarte watched his retreating back, with the same sad smile plastered on her face. Only when she could no longer see him, did she open her lips and spoke, ever so softly...

"Malacai, you see things others can't.

Hear things others don't

Shed tears when others won't

And Fight when others don't."

The Goddess sighed one more time before she walked back to her original place.

"After thousands of years, you will once again stand on the frontlines of the battlefield," Astarte said firmly as the crimson waters parted for her to cross over. "You've lived a very hard, and painful life, old friend."

Soon, the waters fell down on the pool and returned to its original color.

Astarte's statue stood tall and proud.

Waiting for the day when the Ancient Guardian of the World would come to visit her, one last time.

Two ravens cawed in the sky before landing on a branch of a tree. They looked at the old man who was peacefully taking a nap on the branch opposite theirs. The two ravens glanced at each other before once more cawing, in order to wake up the old coot who was still enjoying his afternoon siesta.

James opened his eyes and gazed at the two ravens who were looking back at him with fed up expressions on their faces. The old man yawned and scratched his head before winking at the two ravens that had been away for several days.

"Do the two of you have any news for me?" James asked.

The two ravens cawed once again and flapped their wings to fly towards him. Both of them landed on James' shoulder and closed their eyes. James, too, closed his eyes, as he felt the familiar connection between his two companions.

Images started to appear inside his head as the two ravens shared their memories with him.

After seeing all of their memories, James sighed and nodded his head in understanding.

"Continue to monitor them and keep me updated," James ordered as he jumped off the tree. "I'm going back to the Tower of Babylon."

The two ravens nodded their heads before flying towards the sky. James watched them go until they had disappeared from the horizon.

He didn't have much time left, and he needed to arrive at the Tower as soon as possible. Vlad and him had parted ways because the Demigod said that he needed to meet some of his old acquaintances.

James didn't mind because both of their goals were the same. Since that was the case, it was best for them to travel separately, in order to accomplish their individual tasks with ease.

The old bandit placed his fingers over his lips and whistled. He whistled many times, and each note was different.

After two minutes, James stopped and stood at ease.

Suddenly, a neigh sounded behind him. James smiled as he watched an eight-legged horse gallop in his direction from the sky.

The horse's coat was white as snow, and its eyes were as black as coal. Clearly, this was not the same horse that he had ridden long ago, but James still felt the undeniable connection between him and the magnificent steed.

It didn't take long before the eight-legged horse landed a few meters away from him. It neighed and approached James with an eagerness that had been rooted in its bloodline.

James lovingly stroked its head and caressed its neck.

"You must be his great, great, great, great, grandson," James said softly as he played with the horse's ears. "Will you accompany me in this lifetime?"

The horse neighed and nodded its head in acknowledgement.

"Then, I should give you a proper name," James stated as he eyed the horse, but the latter shook its head and neighed in disapproval.

James' eyes widened for a brief moment before it was replaced with an understanding gaze.

"So, you wish for that as well." James patted the horse's head with a smile. "Very well, I will honor your wish."

The horse neighed softly and rested its head on James shoulder. The old man wrapped his arms around the horse and rubbed its neck, just like he did long ago.

"Sleipnir, your name will be Sleipnir," James whispered in the horse's ears.

The horse's ears twitched, and uttered a satisfied neigh before nudging James head with the side of its cheeks.

It then took a few steps back and made a gesture with its head.

James chuckled and nodded. He then mounted the back of the horse. Even without a saddle, he sat comfortably on its back. Sleipnir was confident that no matter how fast it ran, the rider on its back would not fall off.

Since that was the case, he pawed the ground with its hooves before dashing forward.

Soon the eight-legged horse galloped into the sky, headed towards the Tower of Babylon.

As the wind brushed past James face, a few bittersweet memories resurfaced inside his head. They were the memories of a time long forgotten, memories of the path he had trodden.

"Make it in time, Sleipnir," James ordered. "For Asgard, and the Nine Realms!"

Chapter 732: A War Where The Entire World Is At Stake

"Vlad, it has been a long time since you last visited me, what kind of bad news brought you here?"

A giant creature with a lion's head and a body protected by a turtle-like carapace looked down on Vlad with surprise etched on its monstrous face.

The giant creature had six feet, with bear-like claws and a scaly tail like that of a serpent's.

Its name was Tarasque.

It was recognized by all as the strongest land dwelling Demigod in the World of Hestia.

"You make it sound like I only visit you when I bring bad news," Vlad replied in a helpless tone.

"So, you're saying that I'm wrong?"

"... No. You are right. I do bring bad news, but it annoys me that you thought of me that way."

Tarasque chuckled as it laid on the ground. Since the Demigods lived long lives, they didn't usually seek each other out unless something of great importance was transpiring in the world.

Of course, not all Demigods got along. Some of them hated each other, and would often get into fights whenever their paths crossed. Each had their own territory, so it was quite easy to locate them.

Vlad decided to visit the strongest in their circle first, before going to the nearest Demigod in the area.

Vlad and Tarasque stared at each other. Although Vlad had many things to say, he instinctively felt that the twenty-meter-tall Demigod was already aware of the things that were happening to the world.

Still, Vlad knew that if he didn't break the ice, nothing would happen and their staring game would continue.

"I came here to talk about Malacai," Vlad said after organizing his thoughts. "He has regained his freedom."

Tarasque nodded its head.

"All the Chimaeras are duty-bound to study the ancient glyphs inside the Strathmore Forest," Tarasque commented. "Just like your ancestors before you, everyone has been paying close attention to any

information that relates to Malacai. Now that he is free, it can only mean one thing, and one thing only..."

Vlad clenched his fist. Tarasque had been around since the Era of the Gods, so it knew more about the history of the world. During the war, this powerful Demigod chose the side of the Dwarves.

He had taught them how to build their kingdoms under the Earth, and forge powerful armor and weapons in order to protect their race and civilization.

Because of this, the Dwarves were one of the races that had survived that warring era, and had flourished since then.

"War...", Vlad stated. "A war that no one had seen before."

"Not just an ordinary war, Vlad, but a war that will surpass the Era of the Gods. A war where the entire world is at stake."

"Then we..."

"No." Tarasque firmly shook his head. "The stage has been set, but we are not part of the performing actors who will play the initial act. Our part will come near the end. Yes... near the end, when the pillars that hold the very foundation of this world will be shaken."

Tarasque said solemnly as he looked at the clear blue sky.

"Even now, I can feel that a great danger is approaching us, and yet... i cannot see past the skies of this world," Tarasque commented. "Right now, our homeland is like a sand castle on the beach, hoping that the waves won't reach us. But, sooner or later, the tides will rise. The waves will come, and when they do, they will wash away everything that has been built since time immemorial."

The strongest Demigod of Hestia sighed.

"I will be honest with you, Vlad," Tarasque said with a serious expression on its face. "I am scared. Very scared."

Vlad could feel the hairs at the back of his neck stand on end after hearing Tarasque's helpless voice. He knew that a great war was about to begin, but he didn't know what kind of war was about to transpire.

If even the strongest among them was feeling faint just thinking about the inevitable battle that was about to come then what could he do?

What could anyone do?

As if noticing the changes that were happening in Vlad's expression, Tarasque shook his head to dispel the worries inside his head.

"Rest assured, when the skies of this world fall down upon our heads, I will be there to catch it," Tarasque said. "But, I will not be able to hold it up alone."

The strongest Demigod of Hestia stood up from the ground and gazed at Vlad with a determined expression.

"Go, Vlad," Tarasque ordered. "Inform the others. When the sky turns red, and the fires of destruction descend upon the world, the final battle of this world will be fought."

Vlad unconsciously gulped because Tarasque's words were like a prophecy. Even though he had no evidence, his instincts were telling him with certainty that the words of the Monstrous Beast in front of him would come to pass.

"How long do we have?" Vlad inquired. He wanted to know how much time he had left to prepare for what was about to come.

Tarasque didn't answer right away as it once again stared at the sky.

"I don't know," Tarasque replied. "Perhaps, only Malacai knows."

Tarasque started to walk away, and Vlad simply stood there looking at the Behemoth that had promised to be there when the sky was about to fall. The Demigod's back that once looked strong and invincible, was now hunched as if carrying a heavy burden.

'What kind of war could possibly surpass the war that happened during the Era of the Gods?' Vlad thought long and hard, but he couldn't think of an answer to his question.

He had not been born during that dark and tumultuous time of the world, so he had no idea how big the scale of the upcoming war was going to be.

If even the combined strength of the Demigods of the world couldn't stop what was coming then was there any hope for them at all?

Vlad didn't have the answer to these questions. Although he was one of the few that stood at the peak of the world, he was not omnipotent.

'There's no use of thinking about this now,' Vlad gritted his teeth as he transformed into his true form. He still had a few places to visit, and pass along the words that Tarasque had told him. No matter what happened in the future, one thing was certain.

The Demigods could no longer be aloof and stay away from the affairs of the mortal realm.

High above the Kyrintor Mountains...

Takam looked at the starry skies with his arms crossed over his chest. His eyes glowed with power as a magic circle formed under his feet.

He was gathering the power of the Kyrintor Mountains to perform a Tenth Circle Spell.

That night, all the members of the tribes knelt down as they transferred the power of their faith to their Sovereign.

The entirety of the Southern Continent was unaware that something beyond their understanding was happening in the distant mountains, located on the Northern tip of the Hellan Kingdom.

In this dark, and quiet night, when the moon was nowhere in sight...

The vanguards of Humanity were making preparations to fight.

Chapter 733: What Makes You Think That I Will Cooperate With You?

"These are dark and difficult times," the old hag, who was also Celine's Master, sighed as she gazed at the sky.

As one of the Demigods of the World, her sensitivity to sense something that could threaten her existence was very high.

Among her peers, the only one that could threaten her was Tarasque, but she knew that the Pacifist Demigod would not openly attack anyone unless they attacked it first.

"Master? Is there something wrong?" Celine, who had just returned after foraging in the forest asked as she placed the basket filled with herbs on the table.

"Yes," The old hag said as she sat on her favorite chair, "but you don't have to worry about this, Celine. At least, not yet."

Celine stared at her Master in confusion. Her Master was one of the most powerful beings in the world of Hestia, and it was very rare for her to see the old woman feeling depressed.

This old woman was notorious for her witchcraft, and no one in the Demon Continent would dare to annoy her. Although many treated her as an evil being, Celine treated her with love and care.

Aside from her sister, Celeste, Celine treated the old hag as her mother. Even though they weren't related by blood, the old witch and Celine treated each other as family.

The name of Celine's Master was Baba Yaga. A very powerful demon that had terrorized the world, more than a thousand years ago. Now, she lived in seclusion and enjoyed a peaceful life in the depths of the forest. Away from the affairs of the world, and away from the politics of the realm.

'This unsettling feeling... Just where is this coming from?,' Baba Yaga thought as she held a crystal ball in her hand. 'All I know is that it is coming from somewhere beyond my reach.'

The ball in her hand glowed, but the only thing the witch saw was a blaze that threatened to consume everything. No matter how hard she screamed, she couldn't find the source of these flames that made her heart tremble.

"Celine, stay here for the time being," Baba Yaga ordered. "Don't leave the Demon Continent for the next few days."

Celine nodded her head. She didn't have any plans at the moment, aside from spending time with her Master until the prophecy came to pass.

"Don't worry, Master," Celine replied. "I'll stay with you for the time being."

A smile appeared on Baba Yaga's wrinkly face. "Good."

As Celine's Master, she didn't want her Disciple to come to any harm, especially when it was something that she couldn't foresee no matter how hard she tried.

"Where are we going, Elliot?" Chloe asked.

"Don't worry, we won't go very far. Just the outskirts of the City of Orion," Elliot replied. "Where just going to meet a few friends."

Chloe frowned, but she still decided to follow Elliot. She noticed that although the Angelic Familiar was smiling, his body language was telling her that he was feeling anxious.

The two familiars left the academy and headed to the City of Orion. Elliot said that he would be meeting his friends, and asked Chloe to accompany him. The little fairy thought that since Elliot had just arrived in the academy, he needed someone to act as a tour guide to the city.

Since she wasn't doing anything important, she decided to accompany him and take him to the best places to eat in the City of Orion.

However, after arriving at the city, Elliot flew towards the west. Chloe found this strange, but she didn't say anything and continued to follow the Angelic Familiar whose smile had already disappeared from his face.

"Are we going to the Wild Squirrel Forest?" Chloe asked after seeing that they were headed into the direction of the forest, outside the outskirts of the forest. "Elliot, do you plan to catch a squirrel?"

Elliot allowed a chuckle to escape his lips before answering Chloe's question. "I'd rather hunt squirrels than face the things that we are about to face."

The Angelic Familiar didn't say anything else and continued to fly. Half an hour later, they arrived at a clearing inside the depths of the forest.

There, a robed figure stood at the center. A blue bird was perched on the person's shoulder. The moment the bird saw Elliot, it immediately uttered a shriek and glared hatefully at the two approaching familiars.

"Did the two of you wait long?" Elliot asked as he hovered in front of the robed figure.

"Just two days," the robed figure replied in an irritated manner. "First you ask me to come here as soon as possible, but the moment I arrive, you ask me to wait until you come to find me. Tell me, did you ask me to come just to humiliate me?"

Elliot wagged his finger at the robed figure while clicking his tongue.

"I'm not that bored," Elliot replied. "Since I ask you to come, naturally it is something of importance. But before that, remove your hood. Talking to you like this is getting awkward, don't you agree?"

The robed figure snorted, but still removed the hood from their head.

A familiar pretty face appeared in front of the two familiars. It was none other than William's ex-fiance, Rebecca.

Chloee glanced at Elliot and was about to ask for an explanation when the Angelic Familiar raised his hand to stop her from talking.

"Listen, right now, we don't have much time," Elliot said as he looked at the two girls, and the blue bird that was perched on Rebecca's shoulder.

The bird was none other than Meredith whose rank had dropped to the Centennial Rank after its battle with William. Even now, the Blue Bird hated the Half-Elf with a vengeance. If not for Rebecca's urging, it wouldn't have accompanied her on her journey to the City of Orion, where the Hestia Academy was located.

"We need to create a high-level magic circle that will amplify your magic power, Rebecca," Elliot said. "We must do this within two days. Have you brought the items I asked you to bring?"

Rebecca nodded, "I brought them all. But, what kind of high-level magic circle are you planning to make? I don't know much about them."

"Don't worry, Meredith will teach you how it is done."

"And what makes you think that I will cooperate with you?" The Blue Bird spoke in contempt as it eyed Elliot as if he was its mortal enemy.

Aside from the Angelic Familiar's hair color, hair style, and bearing, Elliot's face was an exact copy of William, which made Meredith's blood boil.

The Blue Bird had regretted the fact that it hadn't been able to kill the Half-Elf when it had chosen to self-destruct in order to end William's life. To this day, it held its grudge deep inside its heart, and it would do anything if it meant being able to end the life of the hateful Half-Elf who had killed her through disgust.

"Don't you feel it?" Elliot asked Meredith whose magical power was slowly increasing. "Or are you pretending not to feel it? Your rank may have degraded, but you were once a Demigod. Surely, your instinct was as still sharp as it was back then, no?"

He wasn't afraid of the Blue Bird because its rank was only that of a Centennial Beast. This was one of the reasons why he had asked Chloe to accompany him in order to deter the spiteful Phoenix, who was out for vengeance.

"So, what of it?" Meredith replied. Its voice was laced with hate, but Elliot's words had caught it off guard. "Are you saying that you know where this feeling is coming from?"

Elliot nodded. "Like I said, we don't have much time. You can feel it too, right? With every hour that passes, that powerful pressure is coming closer and closer. If you don't cooperate with us, that malevolent feeling you are experiencing will come to find you."

Meredith narrowed its eyes. It was still half in doubt of Elliot's words, but there was no denying that the Familiar had aptly described what she was feeling. Its instinct was screaming at it that something beyond the scope of its powers was coming beyond the horizon.

For the time being, it decided to push aside its grudge and find out the reason for its anxiety.

"What do you want me to do?" Meredith asked.

Elliot sighed internally because the first hurdle had been overcome. As long as he was able to get Meredith's cooperation, the next stage of his plan would proceed smoothly.

"I want you to make a high-tier magic circle that will bend space," Elliot explained. "We will use the items that Rebecca has brought to empower it."

Meredith frowned before shaking its head. "It will not be enough. I saw the items she brought, and it will not be enough for whatever you planned to do."

"You don't have to worry about this," Elliot casually waved his hand. "The only thing you need to do is to create the magic circle, and reinforce it with the items that Rebecca had brought. I will handle the rest."

Meredith snorted due to the Familiar's disregard for its opinion. However, it was still curious about what Elliot was planning to do, so it decided to cooperate for the time being.

"Remember, you must finish the magic circle within two days," Elliot said with a serious expression. "I don't care if you hate me and William, but for your sake, you better not try something funny. I swear that if the magic circle isn't complete within two days, I will personally bury you in night soil."

Meredith shuddered as the traumatic memories once again flashed inside its head. The Ice Phoenix looked at Elliot's face and felt its heart tremble. The incident that happened in the Savadeen Mountains had left a deep scar in its heart.

If that were to happen another time, the Ice Phoenix, who had guarded its domain for hundreds of years, would never be able to lift its head high ever again.

Chapter 734: A World That Is Far From My Reach

A day passed after Elliot and Chloe had left the academy.

Elliot had already told William that he was planning to tour the city with Chloe, so the Half-Elf didn't think much about it.

The Angelic Familiar was almost always wandering around the academy, and William had already gotten used to it.

As for Conan, the pitiful Devil would do its best to run away from Claire. However, for some uncanny reason, the little moody fairy was always able to find Conan's hiding place. It was as if she had placed some kind of tracker to him, making him unable to escape her grasp.

Because of this, the Little Devil had returned inside William's body and refused to come out. This was the only way that he could think of that would allow him to escape the Physical Examination that Claire had been performing on him these past few days.

In the end, Claire had no choice but to set aside her plans for an extensive examination and accompany William to the shrine located on the East side of the academy. The moody little fairy had somehow gotten the Headmaster's approval, which surprised the Half-Elf.

Because of this, his impression of Claire rose. However, that impression hit rock bottom when he found out the real reason why Byron agreed to let William see Shannon.

Claire simply said that if Byron didn't agree to allow William to go to the shrine, she would ask her sister to break Byron's prized collections. Because of this threat, Byron reluctantly agreed to accommodate Claire's request and gave his approval.

After hearing that Byron had compromised, Celeste decided to accompany William to see Shannon. It was not only her that chose to accompany the red-headed teenager. Princess Sidonie, Chiffon, Kenneth, and Lilith chose to accompany him as well.

Ian also wanted to go, but Celeste told her that Shannon's power might overwhelm her spiritual resistance, and force her to commit suicide. Even William wasn't an exception, but Celeste believed that as long as she and the rest of the sins were around, they could prevent the worst case scenario from happening to the Half-Elf.

As the group walked towards the shrine, Celeste decided to ask the question that had been on her mind since William opened up the subject of how he became aware of Shannon's existence.

"Who told you about Shannon?" Celeste asked. "As far as I know, less than ten people in the world know where she is currently staying. I know all of those people, so it is impossible for you to get any information from them. How did you find out about her existence?"

William pondered on how to best answer this question, but every excuse that appeared in his mind was not feasible. In the end, he decided to use the safest method to answer Celeste's inquiry.

"A God told me about her," William replied. "That God also told me that I needed to solve her problem. By doing so, I will be rewarded with riches that would make me a happy man."

Celeste eyed William with a doubtful expression, but she also couldn't rule out the Half-Elf's words. Since the people that knew about Shannon's plight were trustworthy people, only those outside of their circle could have told William where she could be found.

"Listen. I know you have a strong willpower, but the person you will face is beyond comprehension," Celeste warned. "If I deem that you are unable to hold on to your reasoning, I will immediately evict you from the shrine. Do I make myself clear?"

William nodded. He had heard about Shannon's notoriety, and because of this, the shrine had become a restricted area and was heavily guarded.

Several layers of protection had also been added in place creating multiple barriers that prevented others from going in, and coming out of, the shrine.

The Guards allowed William's group to pass because they had already been informed of their coming. Celeste was also one of the handful of people that could enter the place, so seeing her with William put the guards at ease.

"This layer of security is even tighter than the one that guarded the treasury of our kingdom," Princess Sidonie said after they had passed the last checkpoint, leading to the shrine.

"Over a hundred people have died coming here," Celeste commented. "Some of them were high-ranking nobles of the Empires of the Central Continent. Unfortunately, their curiosity had gotten the better of them and their lives ended before they could even do great things to benefit the world."

Celeste then gave William a side-long glance before shifting her attention back to the entrance of the Shrine.

"I just hope that you don't end up like them, William," Celeste said. "You are one of the pillars of the young generation. If you die here, it will be a great loss for Humanity."

Celeste didn't add that if William died, her sister, Celine, would also be very sad. The beautiful Elf swore that she would do her best to prevent William from taking his own life the moment he saw the person that had been staying in the shrine since she was five years old.

"Remember, if he does something funny, all of you will restrain him as soon as possible," Celeste said to the members of the Deadly Sins that had come with William. "Knock him unconscious if you have to. Just don't let him end his life."

Princess Sidonie, Chiffon, Kenneth, and Lilith nodded their heads. Their faces became serious as Celeste opened the door that led to the innermost area of the shrine.

The sound of a chime reverberated in the surroundings as the door was opened. The bells were placed there to alert Shannon that someone had entered the Shrine.

William's gaze froze when he saw the person that was sitting in the center of the room.

She held a paintbrush in her left hand and her eyes were focused on the canvas.

William felt something grip his heart, as his thoughts started to grow hazy. Even so, he focused his willpower on his sight, as he took in the visage of the girl whose sadness was etched on her beautiful face.

"I see that you have brought me some guest, Professor Celeste," a soul stirring voice escaped the young lady's lips. She then turned her head to appraise the guests that had come to visit her.

"My heart tells me that the three of you are my sisters," the young lady said and a trace of surprise could be detected in her soul stirring voice.

After a while, her gaze landed on William, and a smile of ridicule appeared on her beautiful face.

"Tell me, stranger. What kind of crime did you commit for these girls to bring you here to die?" the young lady asked. Her sad gaze, and voice, carried a power that made William's legs weaken, and almost made the Half-Elf collapse on the ground.

Fortunately, the others were paying close attention to him. Princess Sidonie and Chiffon hurriedly supported his body, so that he could remain standing.

This act made the young lady that was seated on the chair arch an eyebrow in surprise. With a glance, she could tell that the red-headed teenager was someone that her "sisters" cared for. This piqued her interest, and she once again gazed at the man whose breathing was starting to get heavy.

"I...," William tried to force a word to clear his thoughts that were starting to scatter.

This feeling was far stronger than the Befuddlement Spell that Byron had cast on him when he was being interrogated back in Antilia Island.

That was the last word that William uttered before he felt a pain at the back of his head.

As his eyes slowly closed, and his senses started to abandon him, the sigh of the beautiful girl, who made his soul tremble, reached his ears.

It was such a sad sigh, filled with loneliness and helplessness. That was the last thing that William heard before he fainted in his lovers' embrace.

"Sisters, come visit me when you have time," the young lady commented as she looked at William who was being supported by Princess Sidonie and Chiffon. "If you care about his well being, it will be best if you keep him away from this place."

The young lady then lifted her brush and started to draw on the blank canvas. "I will wait for all of you to tell me stories of the outside world.. A world that is far away from my reach."

Chapter 735: Tomorrow, I Will Paint Again Tomorrow

When William opened his eyes, he found himself back inside his room in the dormitory room.

The windows were open, and yet, the room was dark. The Half-Elf tried to recall what happened before he lost consciousness. Slowly, but surely, the images gradually resurfaced in his memories, giving him a clearer picture of what Shannon looked like.

Inside the room, there was a young lady sitting on a chair and holding a brush in her left hand. She had long white hair, and her eyes were purple in color. The thing that stood out the most about her appearance were the ears that were on top of her head.

Shannon's ears didn't resemble those of any humanoid species. They looked like fluffy Beastkin ears that he had seen in some comics and T.V shows back on Earth.

William couldn't recall if they were cat ears, or fox ears because her smooth, and soul-stirring voice, made him unable to form any coherent thoughts.

All he could tell was that the girl was similar to him. A Half-breed of shorts.

Half human, half Beastkin.

The Half-Elf rubbed the back of his head. It was there where someone had hit him, but the pain was long dissipated. Clearly, he had already been healed from his injury and only remained unconscious due to the power of Shannon's strong divinity.

While he was deep in his thoughts, the door of his room opened. Ian came in pushing a trolley of food that she had taken from the dining hall of the Dormitory.

"It's good to see you are awake," Ian said as she walked towards him with a smile.

William frowned as he gazed back at his lover. "How many days did I sleep?"

"Only a few hours," Ian replied as she looked at him with a worried look on her face. "Do you feel hurt anywhere?"

William shook his head. "I'm fine. I don't feel pain anywhere."

He wasn't lying. William had already asked Optimus to run a diagnostic scan to check his condition, and the results showed him that he was perfectly fine.

"Good. I was surprised when you were carried back to the dormitory by Kenneth. I didn't expect you to return in that manner."

"I also didn't expect that I would be brought to that state. It seems that I need to change my strategy when interacting with Shannon."

William sighed. Just a mere glance, and a few words from Shannon was enough to make him unable to hold on to his rationality, and it unnerved him.

Ian transformed into her mermaid form and cupped his face. She then planted a kiss on his forehead before patting his head.

William closed his eyes and allowed himself to be embraced by the lady who had given half of her heart to him.

"You don't need to rush things," Ashe said as she pulled William closer until his head rested on her chest. "You can take it slow. Shannon is not going anywhere. Sidonie and Chiffon told me everything already."

"Mmm," William replied as he felt Ashe's softness and warmth.

The two of them stayed like that for a few minutes before the beautiful mermaid reluctantly took a step back.

"Eat first," Ashe said as she walked towards the food trolley. "It is now eight in the evening and you've been sleeping for ten hours."

Ashe didn't wait for William's reply and arranged the food on the table in his room. The smell of delicious food reached his senses, and it was then when he realized that he was very hungry.

After eating everything that Ashe had brought for him, William walked towards the balcony of his room. Ashe followed suit, and the two of them sat there while looking at the stars in the sky.

"Ashe, Aamon's last test is a little difficult," William said after a few minutes passed. "However, worry not. I will find a way and lift the curses placed on you, Est, and Isaac. I promise."

Ashe nodded her head. "I believe you."

The two stared at each other for a little while before they shared a short, yet love-filled, kiss on the lips. After the kiss ended, Ashe pulled back. Although she wanted to remain, she had an appointment with Princess Sidonie, and Chiffon.

William's three lovers decided to have a meeting about how to help William accomplish his last mission. They planned to keep this as a secret for the time being until they found a way to overcome Shannon's powerful divinity.

"I'll be going now," Ashe said as she caressed William's cheeks. "Just call for me if you need anything."

"Mmm." William nodded his head in understanding.

Ashe undid her transformation before leaving the room. William watched her go with a sigh.

The Half-Elf once again looked at the stars. It had been a while since he had done this after leaving the Tower of Babylon.

"The stars of Hestia are really different from the ones on Earth and Asgard," William said softly.

He had been in Hestia for more than eighteen years of his life. Since the day he was born, he had encountered several hardships, and faced challenges that someone of his age shouldn't have had to face.

Ten minutes later, William returned to his bed to sleep. Even though he had already slept for many hours, he was still feeling exhausted. Perhaps it was the side effect of being in Shannon's presence, or perhaps it was due to the sneak attack he received back then.

"Tomorrow." William yawned as he closed his eyes. "I will try again tomorrow."

The Half-Elf hoped that when morning came, he would be able to find some clues about how to help Shannon solve her problem.

Inside the Shrine located on the East side of the Academy...

A brush danced across the canvas giving color to Shannon's creation.

Her eyes were focused on the canvas as the brush started to move in a blur. With each stroke, her masterpiece came closer to completion.

The colors she used were purple, red, orange, and gold. These combinations of colors breathed life to the scene that she was currently painting.

In a world dyed in purple, red giants walked in an orderly manner. Their hands and feet were swathed with a tinge of orange and gold, showing the color of flames.

Thousands of these red giants appeared on Shannon's canvas, and all of their expressions were fierce. After making the last stroke, Shannon paused.

The painting was only halfway finished, because she couldn't paint more than this.

"Tomorrow. I will paint again tomorrow," Shannon said softly as she stared at her incomplete work. "Your Excellency, what do you think? Is it good?"

A lady wearing a celestial robe walked towards Shannon and peered at the painting. She then patted Shannon's head, as if telling her that she did a good job.

Shannon allowed herself to be pampered because it was only in these moments when her desolate heart would feel a tinge of fleeting happiness.

"Rest, my dearest," the otherworldly beauty said as she kissed Shannon's cheeks. "Tomorrow, you will be having guests."

Shannon nodded her head as she allowed herself to be half-carried towards her bedroom. It had been a long day, and she was indeed tired.

She hoped that when morning came, her sisters would come to visit her.

Although her existence had broken the rules of the world, it was something that couldn't be helped.

After all, she was someone that was not supposed to be born.

Chapter 736: I Am Not A Suspicious Person

"This should be the place that the Lady of the Lake told me about," William Pendragon stared at the Big Oak Tree in front of him.

He closed his eyes and tried to recall everything that the Lady of the Lake had told him. William had a good memory, so it didn't take long before the memories of his meeting with the lady resurfaced inside his head.

""--

"Located in the East, deep within the Bridgefell Grove, lies an Old Oak Tree. It is the biggest and tallest tree in the forest, so you will identify it right away.

"On the ninth hour, of the ninth day, of the ninth month, a portal between Midgard and Alfheim will appear at the base of the Old Oak Tree.

"You May enter Alfheim through this passage. However, know that this passage only opens once a year. If you want to return to Midgard, you have to return on the ninth hour, of the ninth day, of the ninth month, and cross the bridge between the worlds once again."

""--

William once again opened his eyes as the memory subsided.

"I need to find Acedia and bring her to the Violet Ever Garden," William said softly. "There she will remain for the rest of her life."

The image of the sleeping Elf with golden hair flashed across his mind. In his memory, the young lady was sleeping on a bed of roses.

While William was still lost in his thoughts, a soft whistle was heard around him.

Suddenly, the air's movement picked up and it made William's hair, and clothes flutter.

Right before his eyes, a golden portal materialized out of thin air at the base of the Oak Tree. William hurriedly walked towards it because the Lady of the Lake didn't tell him how long the portal would last. It would be best to enter it as soon as possible to prevent any further delays.

If he missed the opportunity, he would have to wait for another year before he could repeat the quest that was given to him. For William, who was carrying a great burden on his shoulders, time was of the utmost importance. He couldn't allow himself to fail this quest and be delayed for another year.

As soon as he stepped into the portal, he found himself falling in what seemed to be an endless tunnel. He kept falling, and falling, and falling, until he lost count of how many minutes had passed since his descent had begun.

As the teenage boy thought that he would be falling for the rest of his life, his descent came to an abrupt end. William's feet had landed on solid ground, and due to the unexpected outcome, he lost balance and fell on his bum.

With a pained expression on his face, the silver-haired Pendragon looked at his surroundings. The place where he appeared looked very ancient, and the flow of magic was thick in the air. Although William wasn't sure if he had really arrived at Alfheim, this was the only explanation that he could think of at this moment.

After standing up and dusting the dirt from his clothes, William once again scanned his surroundings. The Old Oak Tree didn't look any different from the one he saw. However, the trees surrounding the clearing where it was at were different from the ones he had seen in Midgard.

As William was thinking about where to go, he noticed some kind of structure that was not far from the Oak Tree.

Since he didn't know where to go, William decided to investigate the place first.

'Is this some kind of ruin?' William thought as he entered the dilapidated stone structure that reminded him of a small coliseum.

The first thing he saw when he entered was a small altar. William's eyes widened in shock when he saw what seemed to be a person lying on top of it.

The silver-haired teenager immediately walked towards the altar to check if his guess was right.

When he was only several meters away from the person who was lying on the altar, he noticed that he was stepping on something golden. Upon closer inspection, he realized that he was stepping on hair.

William knelt down and held a handful of it. The smooth, and silky golden hair felt good to the touch. His gaze then moved towards the person lying on the altar.

'Could it be?' William mused as he let go of the hair and stood up. He then walked towards the altar to confirm his suspicion.

When he was only a meter away, he finally saw the identity of the lady that was lying on top of it.

A beautiful Elf who seemed to be in her late teens was sleeping peacefully on a bed of roses. She looked exactly like the projection that the Lady of the Lake had shown him a few months ago.

"Excuse me. Are you perhaps Acedia?" William asked.

The sleeping lady didn't answer, so William once again asked his question.

After asking for the third time, the young lady seemed unresponsive, so William decided to move closer and try to wake her up by force.

However, just as he was about to lightly shake her body, something grabbed his feet and hoisted him up in the air.

William panicked and tried to break free, but it was to no avail. He hung in the air, upside down, unable to free himself no matter what he did.

It was also at that moment when the sleeping beauty opened her eyes and gazed lazily at him.

"Who?" the golden haired beauty asked sleepily.

"M-My name is William," William replied. "I am not a suspicious person. I am on a quest to help someone named Acedia. Do you happen to know who she is?"

After careful consideration, William decided to play it safe by telling the young lady in front of him half-truths. Although he already knew that the lady with golden hair was Acedia, he understood that he shouldn't call her by name because it would mark him as a suspicious person.

By being vague that he wasn't aware of who she was, William would be able to diffuse the current situation.

Unfortunately, the golden-haired lady didn't care whether she knew of him or not. She simply closed her eyes and once again went back to sleep, leaving William dangling in the air, held only by the hair around his feet and ankles.

""--

William abruptly sat up from the bed as he woke up from his dream. The faint rays of the sun landed on his face through the window, making him realize that morning had come.

"What an unreasonable dream," William thought as he scratched his hair.

The girl in his dream, Acedia, had not only captured him, but also treated him like a toy by shaking him like a pair of maracas, while being held by her hair.

It was akin to torture, and William had woken up when he had finally reached his limit.

The Half-Elf shook his head as he walked towards the bowl of water on the table. He used it to wash his face, and drive the remnants of sleep that still stuck on his face.

William was already used to having dreams about his past memories in Midgard, but instead of feeling happy, he felt worried instead.

"Who is that girl?" William thought as he scratched his head. "She doesn't look like Master, so I can cross her out for the time being."

Although William wished that the golden haired beauty that he saw was Celine, Their faces were quite different from each other. His other lovers, namely Ashe, and Chiffon, looked exactly like their counterparts in his previous dreams, but the Rapunzel in his dreams was someone he hadn't met before.

After wracking his head, William knew with certainty that he hadn't seen the girl before. The only thing that bothered him was that she looked oddly familiar. The Half-Elf couldn't explain it, but he was sure that he had met that lady before.

As he was starting to doubt his memory, a sudden knock on the door of his room brought him out of his daze.

"Who is it?" William asked. Only a handful of people would knock on his door so early in the morning, so he asked just in case that he was wrong in his assumption.

"It's me, Kenneth." the silver-haired elf replied. "Breakfast is now being served in the Dining Hall. Do you want to come and eat with me?"

William opened the door, and his ex-roommate's delicate looking face appeared in front of him.

"Good morning, Will-huh?!"

Kenneth wasn't able to finish his words, because William had reached out to grab a few strands of his hair and gave it a light tug.

"It feels different," William muttered. He then started to rub Kenneth's head to feel if the latter's hair was similar to the hair in his dreams. "Completely different."

Kenneth stared at William with a dumbfounded expression as he grabbed the hand that patted and stroked his hair so early in the morning.

"Just, what do you think you are doing?" Kenneth asked while giving William a glare.

Although he and William were close, the Half-Elf had never been this touchy, and it made Kenneth feel uncomfortable.

Realizing that he had subconsciously made a mistake, William hastily pulled his hand back and apologized to Kenneth.

The feel of Kenneth's hair was different in his memories, so the Half-Elf was able to breathe a sigh of relief.

"Fortunately it was a miss," William muttered absentmindedly.

"Miss? What miss?" Kenneth frowned. He had just forgiven William for touching his hair, but the red-headed teenager's sudden rambling piqued his curiosity.

"Nothing." William cleared his throat in embarrassment. The two then made their way towards the Dining Hall to have their breakfast.

Although the memories of his past lives were credible, William was still not certain if the golden-haired Rapunzel in his dream was also present within his current reality.

Chapter 737: The Unsung Heroes Of The World

It was the weekend so William and the rest didn't have any classes.

After having a hearty breakfast to wash away the abuse he received in his dreams, William, accompanied by Ian and Kenneth, went to meet with Princess Sidonie and Chiffon.

Princess Sidonie and Chiffon shared a room together, so it wasn't hard to meet them. At least, that was how it was supposed to be normally, but there was one problem. The girl's dormitory was completely off limits to male students.

Although William didn't have any complaints about this rule, he could only shake his head helplessly because the same didn't apply to the girls. The female students of the academy could freely visit the boy's dormitories anytime they wanted.

The only limit was the nightly curfew, which prevented them from staying longer than seven in the evening.

Half an hour later, William, his lovers, and Kenneth, walked in the direction of the shrine.

William walked hand in hand with Chiffon, while Princess Sidonie explained to him the plan that they had formulated to allow William the ability to resist the power of Shannon's divinity.

"I was really surprised when I saw Shannon yesterday," Princess Sidonie said as she held onto William's arm. "There has been no precedent in the past, but I can't believe that someone like her exists."

Princess Sidonie wanted to explain more, but it seemed that a powerful restriction was preventing her from telling William about Shannon's true identity. In fact, it was not only her. Chiffon, Kenneth, Lilith, and Celeste weren't able to say anymore either.

There seemed to be an invisible law that prevented anyone from sharing the information they had about Shannon. Because of this, Princess Sidonie just told William the plan they had in mind.

"Although I'm not a hundred percent sure that this plan will work, it has at least a seventy percent chance of success," Princess Sidonie said. "You need to merge with one of us when meeting with Shannon. The power of our Divinity will help you resist her Divinity to a certain extent."

William nodded in understanding. Unlike the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Virtues, the Half-Elf wasn't able to hold his wits around Shannon for even half a minute. This degree of suppression was something he had never felt before.

It was different from the overbearing suppression that came from a Demigod. It was simply a force that ignored the laws of the world, and made anyone who set their eyes on her feel that their world had lost all of its colors.

"Why didn't I think of this?" William felt like slapping his forehead for not thinking of this simple method to deal with Shannon's Divinity.

Princess Sidonie giggled as she held unto her beloved. "Now, one question remains. Who will you merge with? Chiffon or I? Or... would you rather merge with Kenneth?"

Kenneth who was walking behind William frowned. He didn't understand what Princess Sidonie meant by merging. However, he was willing to extend his help to William if that would help the Half-Elf accomplish his goals.

William paused for a moment and turned back to look at the silver-haired Elf.

The details of his most recent dream, and remembering what Princess Sidonie and Ian had told him about Kenneth's battle in the tournament, came to mind as he observed the face that was familiar, yet not.

William shook these thoughts out of his head and chalked it up to Sidonie teasing Kenneth because his hair had grown longer then. Turning his focus back to pondering which of his two wives he would pick to conduct his experiment, he happened to glance down at the adorable girl who was pulling on the side of his robe in order to catch his attention.

Chiffon looked up at him with a tender gaze. The red-headed teenager's heart melted after seeing her expression. Because of this, he said that he would choose his pink-haired wife to merge with him when they faced Shannon a second time.

Princess Sidonie giggled, and Kenneth shook his head helplessly at the Half-Elf's behavior.

As William's group neared the Eastern Shrine, something else was happening in a place that was far beyond their reach.

The three thousand Harbingers of Destruction continued their march as the beautiful blue planet drew closer. They estimated that it would only take them a day or two to arrive at their destination.

Suddenly, one of the three Demigods that were marching in front of the army raised its hand, which made everyone come to a halt.

The thirty-meter tall Giant with long red hair, tied up in braids, looked at the distortion that was slowly materializing in front of their army. The distortion was at least a mile away from where they stood, but the Giant Demigod decided to stop their advance, and observe this phenomenon that he was seeing for the first time in its long lifetime.

Half a minute later, a floating island appeared in the void. In the middle of the island was a Giant Fortress whose presence made the Demigod frown.

The floating fortress was none other than the last bastion of humanity, Avalon.

The gates of the Fortress opened and seven individuals walked out of it. They then jumped down from the floating island.

With the exception of the Arcane Spectral Lich, Diabolical Hell Knight, Grim Nightmare Revenant—who had all summoned their bone dragons—the others landed on the Passage of the Worlds, facing the three-thousand strong Giant Army that was more than capable of annihilating several empires in the Central Continent.

Nuckelavee held the spear in its hand firmly as it stared at the enemies that were in front of it.

The Devil of the Sea was a Pseudo-Demigod, and could fight head on with Demigods, However, the three, thirty-meter tall Giants gave it some pressure.

Clearly, these were no ordinary Demigods. The three Giants were Peak Demigods who specialized in war and destruction. They were similar to Nuckleavee, only bigger and more powerful.

The Monstrous Skeleton Sovereign and Giant Slaying Draugr, was only as tall as the smaller giants, and even they felt that fighting head-on with three Demigods, a hundred Pseudo-Demigods, and thousands of Peak Millennial Giants was too high of a hurdle.

However, none of them would be backing down from this fight. Behind them was their homeworld, and they would not allow these foreign threats to set their home world ablaze.

Malacai stepped forward and stood in front of his subordinates. He was as strong as the strongest Demigod among their enemy's ranks, and his face, which was made completely out of bones, showed no change of expression.

He summoned his staff, which he had lent to William during the battle in the Southern Continent and held it high.

The Fortress of Avalon lit up as the Elven Undead, manned their posts. They activated the Fortress' long distance weaponry in order to support their champions.

Malacai slammed his staff on the ground as the embers on his eye sockets blazed brightly.

"You shall not Pass!" The Ancient Guardian of Hestia roared and the Passage of the World trembled.

Out of sight from the billions of inhabitants of the world, these Unsung Heroes took a fighting stance, as they prepared to make their stand, to fight against the invaders who wished to destroy the world, and everything they held dear in their undead hearts.

Tremohr, the strongest Demigod among the Giant Army, looked down at the undead who dared to block their path.

His brothers, Araznir and Sirion, snorted as they gazed at Malacai with contempt.

As the Harbingers of Destruction, they possessed the unique ability to understand the language of the world that had been assigned to them to destroy.

Tremohr raised his hand and gestured for the Giants to prepare to fight. Although he sensed that Malacai possessed strength equivalent to his, the Dracolich's companions posed no threat in his eyes.

"Kill!" Tremohr ordered. He then ran forward with his Giant War Axe held high, ready to strike and destroy anything that blocked his way.

The other giants roared and charged forward, brandishing their weapons of destruction.

Malacai was unfazed and pointed his staff forward. "Fire!"

Avalon lit up and a powerful magical barrage descended upon the Giants who were rushing towards him in droves.

Due to the size of their targets, the Elven undead didn't even need to aim because they would hit their targets no matter what.

The magical attacks came from powerful artifacts that had been stored inside Avalon for thousands of years. Some of these Artifacts were of the Legendary Ranks, so they posed significant threats, even to the Demigods who were leading the charge of the Giant Army.

This was why Malacai told William that he was not allowed to steal any of the treasures that were kept in Avalon, when the Half-Elf came to ask for his help.

The Giants' advance slowed down as the magical bombardment pelted their bodies. The ancient artifacts, that had survived the Era of the Gods, were not something that they could just shrug off completely.

However, Malacai knew that even with Avalon's powerful bombardement, they were still at a disadvantage in this head-on confrontation. They were not fighting mindless beasts. They were fighting an army that had already taken part in destroying worlds.

As the Giants neared their location, the magical barrage intensified as well. The three Demigods, as well as the hundreds of Pseudo-Demigods were taking the brunt of the bombardment.

Injuries appeared on their bodies, and blood flowed like a river, but their advance never stopped. Sirion, one of the three Demigods, held a scepter in his hand and he enveloped the Giant Army in a magical barrier, which weakened the damage of the spells that were raining down on them.

The other Demigod, Araznir, blew a giant cone shell and the injuries that the Giants received slowly regenerated. Although it was not an instant regeneration, the damage that they had received was slowly recovering with each passing second.

'They're not an ordinary raiding party,' Malacai thought. He then chanted a spell and the tip of his staff glowed eerily.

"Shadow Shackles!" Malacai shouted. Knowing that he wouldn't be able to stop the giant's advance, he decided to cast a 9th Circle Spell that would bind the weaker giants, while he, and his subordinates dealt with the stronger ones.

The ground under his feet was dyed black, and it spread out towards the Giant Army. several black chains sprang out from the ground and bound the giants' bodies.

This was a powerful restraining spell cast by a Demigod, so the majority of the Giant Army came to a complete stop.

Only the three Demigods, as well as the Pseudo-Demigods were able to break free from their bindings and continued their charge.

Malacai knew that this was the best that he could do in this situation and motioned for his subordinates to prepare to fight in close combat.

Although hundred three opponents pitted against seven was still a staggering number, it was much better than seven against three thousand.

Avalon focused on firing its magical barrage at the Giants that had been bound by Malacai, to prevent friendly fire.

Nuckelavee laughed as it charged forward, brandishing its spear. It didn't need to communicate with Malacai because it already knew who its target would be. The Devil of the Sea charged at Araznir who was holding the Giant Cone Shell that was slowly regenerating the injuries of the giants.

As long as the Cone Shell was there, any damage they dealt would be useless!

Malacai flew towards Tremohr because the latter was the strongest among the Giants.

The Arcane Spectral Lich, Diabolical Hell Knight, and Grim Nightmare Revenant focused on Sirion, who held the scepter that mitigated the power of their magical attacks.Â

The Monstrous Skeleton Sovereign and Giant Slaying Draugr was forced to face the hundreds of Pseudo-Demigods on the ground.

With a powerful cry, the Giant Slaying Draugr met the giants head on. He was able to send three of them flying with his weapon, but the rest ganged up on him and tore off his body parts.

The same could be said for the Monstrous Skeleton Sovereign. It was only able to cut off a Giant's head before its bones were smashed to bits.

The power difference between the two parties was too great that it was impossible to change the situation with just determination alone.

The staff on Malacai's hand glowed, and the two fallen Undead Giants that had been torn to shreds were restored to their original state. The two immediately worked together to sneak attack the giants that had trampled on their bodies and gave their enemies serious injuries.

"Foul tricks!" Tremohr roared as he brandished his weapon towards Malacai.

The Dracolich was forced to dodge the attack, and was unable to support the two Undead Giants who had once again been hacked to pieces. This time, the Giants learned from their mistake and threw their body parts in separate directions.

Even if they re-assembled themselves again, it would take a longer time to do so.

Seeing that their first line of defense had crumbled, the Undead that manned the Fortress of Avalon set their sights on the Pseudo-Demigods on the ground.

They fired a powerful barrage at their enemies, but the Giants endured these attacks.

When the giants neared the floating island, they all jumped into the air.

Their giant bodies landed on the floating island making it tremble.Â

"Die!" One of the Giants approached the fortress and hacked its walls with a giant hammer. A soft hum reverberated in the air as the magical defenses of Avalon activated.

Avalon was the strongest fortress of mankind. It would take more than an attack from a Giant to break its walls. Even so, it was not invincible.

As more Giants reached the fortress, their relentless attacks weakened the magical barrier that protected it. Several cracks started to appear on the barrier's surface, which meant that the damage was slowly, but surely, breaking through its defenses.

Malacai wanted to return to defend the Fortress, but Tremohr had effectively blocked all of his attempts to retreat.

"The dead should just remain dead," Tremohr sneered in contempt. "Allow me to ensure that you will not rise a second time."

Tremohr swung his mighty axe while using an ability that froze Malacai in place. The Dracolich was forced to summon a black blade to block Tremohr's attack, and the two weapons clashed against each other, a powerful shockwave forced the two of them apart, as they stared hatefully at each other.

Suddenly, a loud cracking sound reached Malacai's ears and his already grim face turned grimmer.

The magical barrier that protected Avalon was starting to break, and it was only a matter of time before it shattered into pieces.

At that exact moment, a powerful voice reverberated across the battlefield.

"I Dance Across the Frozen Heavens, All Hail!"

Out of nowhere, a powerful blizzard enveloped the entirety of the floating island. Hovering above Avalon, a young lady with light-blue hair danced and waved her hands, sending giant icicles into the Giants that were hacking at the walls of Avalon.

The lady who had an otherworldly beauty continued to dance and a confident smile could be seen on her beautiful face

Light blue pillars of light descended on the ramparts of Avalon. When the light receded, several young men, and women, who seemed to be in their late teens, appeared with determined looks on their faces.

All of them were holding weapons in their hands and with her orders, they all spread out to attack the Giants who had started to back away from the walls of Avalon.

"Go," Ella ordered. "Show them the power of the newly evolved Angorian War Sovereigns!"

Chapter 739: Battle Through The Heavens [Part 2]

The giants felt that the power of the icicles could threaten their lives so they immediately retreated in haste.

It was at that moment when a young man with light blue hair charged at one of the retreating giants with a speed that overtook the latter in a span of a few seconds.

Due to his size, the giant didn't notice the approaching threat behind its back.

The young man was holding a blade in each hand as he concentrated a great amount of magical power underneath his feet. When he felt that enough power had been gathered, he stomped on the ground and jumped towards the giant.

Knowing that this would not be enough to reach his target, the young man stepped on the air, creating an icy foothold that only lasted for a few seconds, before shattering.

Even so, that was enough to continue his advance forward.

The Giant who had the Rank of a Pseudo Demigod finally felt something threatening approaching him from behind. He hastily turned around to attack whoever was planning to backstab him, but he didn't see anyone.

Levi, one of William's goats, had evolved into a demi-human with the help of Ella's blood. The goat, who had stood with William during his youth, had finally reached the peak of the Millennial Rank.

A Millennial Beast fighting a Pseudo-Demigod was a laughable concept. Their powers were worlds apart. Levi could easily lose his life with just a single, full-powered, slap from the Giant in front of him. However, he was not afraid.

Among his brothers and sisters, he was the one that was least afraid of Giants, even if they were of the Pseudo-Demigod Level.

Levi's body spun in the air and the blades in his hand emitted a bloody hue. With a powerful strike, he slashed down at the nape of the neck of the giant, almost severing it in half.

The young man then landed on the head of the Giant and simply stood as straight as a sword. A few seconds later, the Giant collapsed on the ground, making the ground tremble.

It was barely holding on to life, and only the regeneration ability that was constantly flooding its body was keeping its life intact.

Levi didn't move from the Giant's head and simply stared at the other retreating giants.

"You're not going to finish it off?" a young man, who had similar hair color as Levi asked as he watched the nape of the Giant's neck slowly regenerate.

"I was waiting for you to finish him off," Levi replied as if it was the most normal thing to say.

The young man with curly light-blue hair smirked as he placed his foot on the giant's wounded neck.

Keith, the goat whose name was ridiculed by many in the past raised his hand with a sinister smile on his face.

A blue seed appeared in his hand, which he nonchalantly tossed into the Giant's wound that was continuing its slow regeneration.

A few seconds later, the body of the giant started to shake uncontrollably. Levi and Keith had already retreated at a safe distance as they watched the fate of a Pseudo-Demigod who was at the last vestige of its life.

A green vine laced with thorns, and oozing with blood, slithered out of the Giant's mouth. A moment later, two more vines erupted from the Giant's eye sockets, destroying it completely.

The giant's body twisted and several more vines erupted from the insides of its body, sending blood flying like a fountain. Soon, the Giant stopped moving. Only the vines who were happily sucking its blood continued to move, making the scene similar to what one would see in a horror movie.

"Fun time's over," a confident voice commented from behind the two young men.

"Don't go overboard, okay?" a carefree voice said. "Remember, one mistake and we're goners."

Levi and Keith looked at the two new arrivals and nodded their heads. They were none other than Chronos and Jed.

"Where are the others?" Levi asked as he flicked the blades in his hand, sending the blood that stuck to them to the ground.

"Just like you guys, killing off stragglers," Jed commented before whistling at the giant that Keith had killed. "Aslan and his team are fighting over there, I think."

Jed pointed in the distance where several spells were flying in the air. Two more newcomers joined their group. One young man, and a young woman. They were none other than the other members of Chronos' team, Myr, and Io.

"Let's go," Chronos ordered. "The battle has just started."

The group of six ran towards where their companions were fighting in order to act as reinforcements.

Ella, who was hovering above Avalon had already canceled the Blizzard that she had created. Her eyes glowed with power as she observed the battlefield.

Malacai, who had noticed her arrival, gave her a brief nod before continuing his battle with Tremohr.

Avalon's magical barrier would automatically regenerate, but it required some time to do so. Although he didn't know the identity of the people that had come to help him, one thing was certain.

All of them were on the same side.

The magical bombardment of Avalon had stopped because all of the magical artifacts required a cool down period in order to regain their magical power. Even though the Undead could still use them a few times, the Greater Undead that was giving orders to the Undead Defenders deemed it would be best to let the artifacts recharge, while they still had the leeway to do so.

Below the floating fortress, Nuckelavee's body flew over a hundred meters after it was hit by Araznir's War Mace.

Its body was bleeding all over, but its fighting spirit was still burning brightly. Unfortunately, it would need a few minutes to fully regenerate its injuries, so it could continue to fight against the Demigod that had completely outclassed it in terms of battle prowess.

Araznir was no fool, so he decided to end Nuckelavee's life while the latter was down. The Devil of the Sea tried to forcefully raise its spear in order to block the oncoming attack, but it knew that it could only block the Demigod's attack one last time.

After that, it would be incapacitated, unable to defend itself for the next blow.

The Giant roared as he sent his mace slamming towards Nuckelavee with all its might, with the intention of smashing its body apart.

Nuckleavee gritted its teeth as it prepared itself to block the attack.

However, right before the giant mace met Nuckelavee's spear, the mace stopped mid-air.

Araznir turned his head to the side, as his body subconsciously moved against his will.

There, floating a few hundreds of meters away from him, was a young girl with short blonde hair, with curls at the end, and a pair of blue eyes that was looking at Araznir as if she had found a new toy to play with. Behind her back was a pair of fairy-like wings that were flapping excitedly.

She had used Duel-Ex earlier in order to prevent the Demigod from delivering a crippling blow to Nuckelavee, forcing Araznir to exchange blows with her.

"Pick someone your own size," Chloe said as she wound up her arm to unleash the strongest blow she was capable of unleashing.

Even as a Demigod, Araznir could feel a dangerous feeling coming from the young lady who was nothing more than a bug in his eyes.

Chapter 740: Battle Through The Heavens [Part 3]

Elliot, who was hovering a good distance away from Chloe, couldn't stop his lips from twitching. If not for the current circumstances, he might have teased Chloe that she was a small bug compared to the giant, so telling Araznir to pick someone his own size was laughable.

But, he held his words back and scanned his surroundings.

Right now, the Angelic Familiar had the form of a twelve-year old William. His blonde hair was standing up as lightning crackled all over his body. A blue bird was perched on his shoulder, and constantly scanning the battlefield, just like him.

Both of them were looking for something, and it was something of the utmost importance.

Elliot had brought Chloe, and Meredith to the Void, in order to prevent a certain incident from happening.

Chloee's role was to help even out the playing field in the fight against Demigods, while Elliot and Meredith focused on finding their target. The Angelic Familiar's and the Blue Bird's strength was only at the Centennial Rank.

Their role was very limited in this battlefield, where their opponents could easily crush their bodies with a single step. Elliot and Meredith understood this, but this was a gamble that they had to take.

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As the war was being waged at the void, several individuals in the world of Hestia were starting to notice.

The Demigods, with the exception of Takam, raised their heads towards the sky. They could feel the powerful fluctuations that were radiating from a place they couldn't see.

Soon, rumbling sounds spread across the entire world. They were like peals of thunder, but only more powerful. Emperors, Kings, nobles, commoners, and Beasts, all raised their heads and looked up at the sky in confusion.

William's body uncontrollably shuddered as he, too, looked up at the sky. He was sensing a familiar feeling.

A feeling that he had felt thousands of years ago, and it made his blood boil regardless of his will.

At that exact moment, almost everyone in the world was staring at the sky. Those who sat at the peak of the mortal realm could see brief flashes of light beyond the heavens. It didn't take long for them to realize that some kind of battle was being waged in a place they couldn't see.

As if by instinct, they felt something stir in their hearts. A feeling of wanting to lend their support to whoever was fighting for their sake.

This power of Faith was unconsciously released from their bodies and traveled towards the center of the world.

This was where a certain tower, that reached high into the heavens, could be found.

Three old people—two men and one woman—stood at the top of the Tower. They were the true owners of the Tower of Babylon, and the tower was created to raise individuals who would be able to protect the world.

Unfortunately, Belial's actions had delayed the progress of Humanity. The Guardian had even taken the lives of talented individuals that should have ushered in a new era for mankind. Although Wiliam had already ended his menace, the lost time couldn't be regained in the span of a year or two.

Now, they could only put their faith in those who wanted to protect the world, and lend them the power of Faith, which was currently being gathered and concentrated at the Tower of Babylon.

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Tarasque sighed when it heard the rumbling sounds in the heavens. It understood that this was just a prelude to what was to come. Even so, it still hoped that the forces fighting for their side would win this first clash in the battle against the Harbingers of Destruction.

The other Demigods of Hestia may not be as knowledgeable as Tarasque, but they were not stupid. They may quarrel and have conflicts against each other, but when faced with an outside threat, all of them would stand united as one.

The battle in the sky waged on, and no one knew about the current situation, except those who were present in the battlefield, and doing their best to defend their homeworld with all of their might.

Araznir easily crossed the distance and brandished his weapon angrily at the little girl who was giving him a dangerous feeling. For him, eliminating those that posed a threat to their army was of utmost importance.

The Giant brandished his mace, and placed all of his strength into it for one powerful strike that would obliterate any foe it hit.

Chloee smirked as she disappeared from where she stood. A few seconds later, she reappeared right in front of Araznir's chest, with her right fist glowing brightly.

"Overwhelming Strike!" Chloee shouted as her fist hit Araznir squarely on the chest.

The Giant sneered because he was sure that the girl's attack wouldn't even faze him. Aside from his strong, and sturdy body, Araznir was also wearing an armor that boasts a very high defense.

The Giant was about to swat the little fairy on his chest when his whole body suddenly bent over like a cooked shrimp. A painful groan escaped his lips, before his body flew backwards for over a thousand meters due to Chloee's powerful punch.

Before they arrived at the Void. Elliot had used his lightning to deal some damage to Chloee in order to lower her health. He did this in order to trigger Chloee's passive Juggernaut skills that increased her strength by a hundred percent.

This punch could easily obliterate Drauum, but Araznir was a Demigod at its peak strength. Even though his body didn't shatter to pieces, Chloee's punch had broken his armor, and gave him a very serious injury.

Nuckelavee and Meredith, who watched the entire scene unfold, were dumbfounded by Chloee's great strength.

Even the two other Demigods, Tremohr and Sirion couldn't help but gape at their companion who was blown away by a single punch.

Malacai, and Ella glanced at Chloee and nodded their heads in appreciation. With such a powerful helper by their side, they would be able to cope better with the Giant Army who earlier had the upper hand.

Just like Malacai, Ella was curious on how the three newcomers had appeared in the void. This place was protected by Time and Space, and very few knew of the method of traversing this dimension.

The reason why Ella managed to appear in the Void was due to the power of Takam's artifact in the Kyrintor Mountains. The power of Faith that belonged to the tribes allowed him to open the fabric that connected the world of Hestia to the passage of the worlds.

Ella and the newly evolved Angorian War Sovereigns used this method to arrive at their destination, and help Malacai deal with the invaders who only sought the destruction of their world.

Chloee was someone who didn't follow etiquette during battles. After hitting her opponent, she flew towards the fallen giant with the intention of dealing as much damage as possible.

"World Ending Strike!" Chloee roared as she did a roundhouse kick and smashed her foot on Araznir's family jewels.

A soundless scream erupted from Araznir's lips as he curled up in pain. Due to the giant's current position, Chloee decided to pummel the giant's head with a barrage of punches and kicks, which almost dislocated the giant's jaw.

The little girl was about to activate another Overwhelming Strike when she felt a threat coming from her right side. Trusting her instincts, she hastily backed away, just in time to see a giant fiery whip that brushed past her body.

Tremohr wouldn't allow Araznir to die, so he immediately came to his companion's rescue. Seeing that she wouldn't be able to continue her rampage, Chloee decided to do the next best thing, and smashed the Giant Cone Shell that lay beside Araznir.

She punched and kicked it until it was smashed to pieces.

Immediately, the regeneration ability that the giants had obtained as a buff disappeared. It was a small compensation for the lost opportunity of ending one of the Demigod's life using her full powered attack that she could only use three times a day.

A series of battlecry spread across the void as the remainder of the Giants finally broke free from Malacai's spell.

After seeing what was happening to their leaders, the Giant Army ran with their weapons held firmly in their hands.

The Giant that ran in the lead of the formation was one of the captains assigned in the army. With his orders, the giants crossed the distance with great strides in order to counter-attack the hateful creatures who were delaying their righteous mission.

Suddenly, a whistling sound reverberated in the surroundings and the Giant Captan screamed in pain.

A silver spear had struck its eye, blinding it completely.

Tremohr glanced at the direction where the spear had come from with an annoyed expression on his savage face. There had been so many pests appearing left and right, and it was starting to get on its nerves.

However, when he saw the person who had thrown the spear that had struck his subordinate, the anger on his face disappeared and was replaced by shock.

"Y-You!" Tremohr pointed at the newcomer in disbelief. "Why are you here?!"

Malacai, Ella, Chloee, and the others glanced in the direction where the giant was pointing at.

It was then when they saw an old man, seated on top of an eight-legged horse.

Ella immediately recognized who the old bandit was, and the corner of her lips rose by a good margin.

"Took you long enough," Ella said. If one were to listen closely, they would be able to find a trace of complaint in her voice.

The old man gave an awkward chuckle, but he didn't reply to Ella's words. Instead, his eyes locked on the bodies of the Giants in the distance.

The Giants, with the exception of the Demigods, unconsciously took a step back when they saw the face of the old man that was excluding a powerful presence.

Although the face was different, they knew for certain that the old man before them was the person who was hailed as one of the Strongest War Gods in existence.

The heavily injured Demigod Araznir, as well as his companion Sirion, hurriedly regrouped with Tremohr, because they felt a threat that far surpassed the combined forces of the people that they were fighting with just now.

"Are you scared?" James asked in a teasing tone. "Good. Because there is a good reason for you to be scared."

The old bandit of Lont narrowed his eyes as a powerful killing intent exploded from his body.

"According to the stars, now is a good day for Giants to die," James said with a smile. "Don't worry. I'll send all of you to hell, free of charge. No need to thank me."

Although he was cracking a joke, none of the Giants laughed.. They only held onto the weapons in their hands firmly, as if their very lives depended on it.