

## **Strongest 811**

### Chapter 811 - You're So Noisy, Shut Your Trap

"Are you deaf?!" The Dread Lord roared. "Answer me!"

The Dreadlord's roar broke William out of his daze. He then focused his attention on the glowing orb, and completely ignored the projection that was demanding answers from him.

"You! What do you think you are doing?!" the Dreadlord's face contorted in anger as he somehow guessed what William was planning to do.

"You're so noisy," William answered. "Shut your trap."

"Y-You! Do you know who I am?! If you don't stop what you are doing, I'm going to make you regret being born!"

"You're annoying. Do you really think I am afraid of a mere projection? If you have the guts then come and find me."

William then raised his left hand and made a clenching gesture. Several cracks appeared in the projection's image, followed by the Dread Lord's shouts filled with anger.

"I'll kill you!" the Dreadlord roared in anger. "I'll kill all of you!"

William gritted his teeth as he swung his fist towards the projection, shattering it into pieces. The projection was merely a projection. Aside from threatening, and glaring at William, there was nothing that the Dread Lord could do.

After that, he bit on his finger and poured a few drops of his blood on the glowing orb of light. The hold on Xenovia's soul was quite strong, so normal means wouldn't allow him to break it.

The Dread Lord had placed a small part of his will into the exceptional warriors that he had corrupted and turned into High-Tier Undead.

As long as the Dread Lord's will remained, these Greater Undead would remain loyal to him for all eternity. Because of this, William had gained a greater understanding about his hidden foe.

It also allowed him to think of various countermeasures on how to contend with the Dread Lord over the control of these powerful Undead that was working under him.

"Fortunately, he only left a small fragment of his will in your soul," William muttered as he started to convert Xenovia's soul to his side. "If he placed more importance on you then the price I would need to pay would be higher."

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Inside the Black Tower...

An angry roar spread across the dark hall that led to the center of the Tower.

"You filthy half-blood!" the Dread Lord smashed his fist on the arm support of his throne made of dragon bones.

Several pipes were embedded in his body, which were connected to a giant crystal ball, where countless souls were wailing and begging for mercy.

The Dread Lord roared for the second time before raising his right hand.

"N-Noooooo!" one of the souls inside the giant crystal ball screamed in fright as it was pulled towards the Dread Lord whose mood had turned for the worse.

After half a minute of futile struggle, the soul landed in the Dread Lord's hand.

"You lowly mortals dare to defy me?!" the Dread Lord screamed at the cowering soul in his hand. "No one can defy me!"

With an angry snarl, the Dread Lord ate the soul in his hand, consuming its spiritual essence.

"None of you can defy me!" the Dread Lord raised his hand and more souls flew out of the giant crystal ball, which flew straight to his mouth. He then chewed the souls angrily as the power in his body increased.

"I'll make you pay for this, you lowly mortal!" the Dread Lord vowed and the Black Tower gave an ear piercing screech, which made the Bone Dragons flying above it roar in fury.

One of them broke away from the group and flew in the direction of the Glory Shelter. It only had one purpose and that was to raze it to the ground, and kill the Half-Elf that dared to defy its master.

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William coughed a mouthful of blood as his link with Xenovia was forcefully terminated.

'I knew it,' William thought as he wiped away the blood from his lips using the back of his hand. 'Wrestling for the control of a contracted Higher-Tier Undead from its Master is not an easy task. Fortunately, I got lucky this time.'

The Death Lord had stopped struggling completely. The green orbs of light that glowed in its eyes had diminished, and were replaced by a golden fiery blaze.

"Will, are you alright?" Lilith asked anxiously. "Are you hurt anywhere?"

The Amazon didn't know why William had spat a mouthful of blood. Currently, William was suffering from lack of blood.

Every drop that was lost would cause him to be one step closer to losing control of his senses.

"I'm fine," William reassured her.

William was about to say more when he heard the mighty roar of the Bone Dragon from the tower.

He knew that things were about to get very dangerous, so he forced himself to stand and face the new threat that was headed their way.

"Lilith and Raizel, you stay here with Xenovia," William ordered. "She has been converted, so she won't hurt the two of you."

William then mounted the Undead Wyvern's back and glanced at the Bone Dragon that was only minutes away from the stadium.

"Xenovia has a certain amount of control over the Undead," William stated. "With her around, the army will hesitate to invade the stadium. I'll deal with the Bone Dragon. All of you just do your best to protect yourselves."

The red-headed teenager didn't wait for their reply and immediately ordered the Wyvern to fly towards the sky.

He had just converted Xenovia, and the loss of blood was giving him a stinging pain in his head.

William knew that he had to finish the battle as soon as possible, or else he would risk his blood thirst going out of control.

When that happened, there was a high chance that William would lose all reason and attack any living creature within his vicinity and drink their blood, with or without their permission.

From on top of the tower, Xenovia stirred.

She first looked at her hands then her body before shifting her gaze to Raizel, who was looking back at her with tears streaming down her eyes.

"Big Sister?"

"It's me."

Xenovia reached out to briefly hug Raizel, whose tears had already stained her beautiful face.

"We can talk again later," Xenovia stood as she helped Raizel stand up. "For now, we should focus on protecting the shelter. Also, can you tell me who that person is?"

Raizel smiled as she glanced at William who was guiding the Undead Wyvern to clash against the Bone Dragon that was two times bigger than it.

"His name is William," Raizel said. "You can call him Will for short."

Xenovia nodded. Although her consciousness had been seized by a Dread Lord, she was still aware of what she was doing.

She remembered the people that she killed under the Dread Lord's orders, the short battle he had with William, and the faceoff that happened inside her Sea of Consciousness.

Xenovia had long lost hope of being able to break free from the Dread Lord's control.. If not for William's assistance, she would have still been trapped inside her Sea of Consciousness, and been part of the great calamity that was about to descend on the Deadlands.

Chapter 812 - I'm Not That Fragile

William urged the Undead Wyvern to make a beeline towards the Bone Dragon that was twice its size.

The Half-Elf knew that he couldn't allow the Dragon to get near the Stadium. Once it decided to go on a rampage and unleash its Dragon Breath, everything they worked hard to protect would be all for naught.

He was still reeling from the discovery that he had made a few minutes ago, and the stinging pain inside his head was making things worse.

'Too bad I can't convert this dragon in my current state.' William felt regretful as he neared the Bone Dragon whose glowing eyes had already locked onto his body.

Instead of backing away, the Half-Elf urged his flying mount to go faster.

The Undead Wyvern heeded William's orders and flapped its mighty wings. The dragon didn't expect William to ram its body using his mount, so it was too late to do anything when the two collided in mid-air.

The Dragon screamed as it clawed the Wyvern's head, holding it in place. It then opened its mouth to unleash a Dragon Breath at point blank range, but it stopped after seeing that its main target had disappeared from the Wyvern's back.

It was at that moment when a teasing tone spoke from on top of its head.

"Looking for me?" William sneered as he raised his fist. "You're lucky I'm low on blood. I would have loved to make you my mount if I hadn't used too much of it to convert Xenovia."

After saying those words, William smashed his fist on the Bone Dragon's head, cracking its skull.

The Dragon screamed as it let go of the Undead Wyvern in its grasp. It squirmed in the air as it tried to dismount William from on top of its head, but the Half-Elf was like a leech that refused to let go.

"What? Do you have a complaint?" William laughed as he once again raised his arm. "Tell it to my fist!"

The skull of the Bone Dragon almost shattered in half after William delivered his second blow. However, due to the effects of the black tower and the red mist, the damage he dealt was quickly regenerating.

Even so, that didn't stop the Dragon from screeching hatefully at the Half-Elf who was dead set on smashing its head to bits.

"Screeching helps?" William asked in a teasing tone as he continued to smash his closed fists on the Bone Dragon's head. "Not at all."

William was grinning like a madman as his blood thirst gave his eyes a golden hue. This was the sign that he was nearing his limit, and was about to lose control.

The thing was, as William gave into his primal urges, his strength also rose exponentially. With a resounding crack, the Bone Dragon's skull collapsed completely, and it fell from the sky, headed straight for the Undead Army.

A loud crashing sound echoed across the battlefield as the Dragon and the Undead around it were smashed to pieces.

When the dust cleared, the Half-Elf—whose eyes had completely taken on the golden hue—snarled at his surroundings.

Without warning, he dove into the densely packed Undead Army and started a rampage.

William had finally lost his senses and was only acting on instinct.

The Undead didn't back down and swarmed him like a colony of ants.

Lilith, Raizel, and Xenovia, watched from afar as hundreds of scattered bones flew in the air. William duked it out with the enemies in front of him. His nails had grown and all of them were like sharp blades that cut everything in half.

No matter how many skeletons and zombies swarmed on top of him, all of them were slashed and blasted to pieces without fail.

It was a very gruesome sight and, for the first time, Lilith felt genuine fear as she looked at the crazed Vampire Prince who had lost his reason.

"We need to help him," Lilith said as he glanced at Raizel and Xenovia. "We can't allow this to go on. The longer he remains in that state, the more danger we would find ourselves in later."

Raizel firmly shook her head after hearing Lilith's words. "I know that it is dangerous, but right now, we can't afford to incapacitate him. The Undead Army is still there, and if we tried to hold them back, they would be able to overpower us in strength and numbers."

"Are you telling me to wait until the Haunting is over?" Lilith asked. She understood what Raizel was saying. However, for some reason, she didn't like to see William in this crazed state.

She would rather see the Half-Elf be arrogant and narcissistic than be a blood thirsty Vampire that could no longer distinguish friend from foe.

"We have no choice," Raizel sighed. "We just have to wait until the Haunting Ends. It would be more dangerous if we tried to interfere right now."

Xenovia nodded her head in agreement. "I am now connected to him, so I can generally tell what his condition is. It seems that he has allowed his Blood Thirst to get the better of him, while saving up his remaining willpower to resist it at a later time. We will do more harm than good if we try to stop him by force."

Lilith could only reluctantly nod her head after hearing Raizel's and Xenovia's explanations.

The only thing she could do was to pray for the Haunting to end. That way, they could go to the Half-Elf's rescue and let him drink their blood, until he returned to normal.

After two agonizing hours of waiting, the Undead Army started to recede and return to the black tower.



Xenovia hurriedly called the Undead Wyvern that had just finished its regeneration after its collision with the Bone Dragon.

Lilith and Raizel accompanied Xenovia as they followed the Half-Elf who was still dead-set on attacking the retreating Undead.

When they were directly above the Half-Elf, Raizel used her golden lasso to bind William.

However, the Vampire Prince had sensed the danger that Gleipnir possessed and grabbed it with his hand.

Suddenly, he gave it a pull, which caught Raizel completely by surprise.

The young beauty was pulled off the Wyvern's back, and fell towards the ground, much to Lilith's and Xenovia's horror.

Before the two could even save her, a swarm of bats enveloped Raizel's body before flying towards the ground.

When the swarm of bats disappeared, William stood with Raizel in his arms.

"Don't!" Lilith shouted in panic when she saw William lower his head.

The Vampiric Prince ignored Lilith's shout and sank his fangs into Raizel's neck, drawing blood.

William was about to feast on his prey when a pair of delicate arms wrapped around his head.

"It's fine," Raizel whispered. "Drink as much as you want. I'm not going anywhere."

William's eyes trembled as his fangs stopped penetrating deeper into her neck in order to draw out more blood.

"It's okay," Raizel's words once again reached his ears. "I'm not that fragile. Losing some blood isn't a big deal."

William pulled his fangs back and licked away the blood that was flowing out of Raizel's neck. He licked the wound clean as well as the bloodstains that had traveled down her neck.

Soon, the wound on the young beauty's neck disappeared completely.

The red-headed teenager sighed as he closed his eyes. He managed to regain control of his sanity before it was too late, and was able to prevent doing something that he would regret for the rest of his life.

He knew that if he had continued to sink his fangs deeper into Raizel's neck, he might have sucked her dry, or worse, turned her into a full-fledged Vampire whose humanity would have been lost forever.

## Chapter 813 - Stop Dilly Dallying And Start Sucking! [Part 1]

Inside the Glory Shelter...

"Go on."

"No. It's better that we don't do this."

"There you go again, Will," Raizel berated. "Because you kept refusing to drink blood, you went completely berserk. If not for the fact that you stopped at the last minute, I might have become a dried husk."

"She's right, you know," Xenovia, who had her arms crossed over her chest and was leaning on the wall, commented. "Also, now that the Haunting is over, we might find some guests arriving in a few hours who will check the Shelter's condition. I bet they will be surprised to see it still standing."

Lilith who was seated at the couch across William nodded her head. "After you drink Raizel's blood, you can have a bit of mine. Xenovia had already talked to Cathy in secret, and she also agreed to give some of her blood to you. So, stop dilly dallying and start sucking!"

"..."

William knew that arguing with the three ladies inside the room was useless. Although he didn't want to admit it, he understood how dire his current circumstances were. He believed that if he was not able to drink any blood in the next few hours, he would once again fall into a berserked state.

"Very well," William relented. "But, I'll only drink blood from your fingertip, Raizel."

Raizel shook her head firmly. "My fingertip doesn't have much blood. At most you can only get a few drops."

The young beauty wrapped her arms around William's head and pulled it close.

"Just do it, Will," Raizel said. "Not for yourself, but for us who you need to protect. With someone working behind the scenes, we need you more than ever."

Raizel pressed William's lips on her neck and closed her eyes. She had locked William's head in a firm grip. Clearly, she didn't plan to let him go until he had drunk her blood properly.

The young beauty wasn't aware that William was already finding it hard to resist the temptation that she was offering him. With the last push she gave him, the red-headed teenager finally relented and sank his fangs into Raizel's tender neck.

Just like he did last time, he drank her blood sparingly. Although his body needed it, his psychological state was full of guilt and shame of needing to do this with her.

He didn't mind drinking Lilith's blood, or the blood of any other woman. However, Raizel was different.

William held complicated feelings in regards to her. This was why he had some aversion to taking blood from her body.

A few minutes later, William finally pulled back.

"Thank you," William said.

Raizel smiled and nodded her head. "You're welcome. Lilith, it's your turn next. I'll go find Cathy and bring her here as well. Big Sister, would you like to accompany me?"

"Why not?" Xenovia replied with a knowing smile.

Raizel smiled back. She even playfully winked at Lilith before leaving the room with Xenovia.

When the door closed, William and Lilith stared at each other in silence.

After a few minutes, William sighed and stood up from the couch. He then sat beside Lilith and gazed at her beautiful amber eyes, which were very similar to Raizel's.

"What did she tell you?" William asked. "Did she confirm anything?"

Lilith shook her head. "The only thing she shared with me is the story about her family. She even admitted that she was a Daddy's Girl."

The Amazon Princess smiled after saying this, which made William cough lightly.

"How about you?" Lilith inquired. "Did you learn anything from her?"

This time, it was William's turn to shake his head. "No matter how much I tried to trap her using words, she slid through my questions like a slippery eel. Ah, but there is one thing she did mention that I found interesting."

"Oh? Care to share what it is?"

"Yes. She said that her mother was her father's favorite when it came to love making. She added that among his father's wives, only her mother had a bubble butt, which he finds irresistible. I don't know if she was making fun of me or not."

The corner of Lilith's lips twitched after hearing William's words. She even saw the Half-Elf sneakily glancing downwards, as if trying to confirm something.

"If you want to see it, I can show it to you," Lilith smiled sweetly. "The question is, do you dare?"

William lightly cleared his throat as he shifted his attention back to her face.

Lilith was surprised because there was a mild flush that appeared on William's cheeks. This was the first time that she saw the Half-Elf blush after knowing him for a long time. Clearly, her innuendo had an effect on his usually calm demeanor.

"I know that I'm asking for too much, but, can I drink some of your blood again?" William inquired.

He was doing his best to change the subject, and the Amazon Princess was more than happy to set the issue aside for the time being.

"Of course," Lilith replied. "Just like Raizel told you earlier, we need you now more than ever. You're not allowed to go out of control again. Do I make myself clear?"

William nodded. "I can't make any promises, but I will do my best to prevent it from reaching that point. I will no longer be stubborn when it comes to drinking yours, Raizel's, and Cathy's blood."

"Good. It is troublesome when you don't cooperate. Right, you've been drinking Charmaine's blood and the blood of the Elven beauties in your Thousand Beast Domain, right? Why don't you take some of Avril's blood as well."

"Let's cross that bridge when we get there. Also, I doubt that the leaders of the different shelters will find my blood sucking tendencies to their liking."

"They don't have to like it. I'm sure that if they had to choose between turning into an Undead or losing some of their blood, they would no doubt choose the latter hands down."

William could only smile bitterly at Lilith's words. Although her tone carried a trace of ridicule, the possibility of it happening existed. While the Half-Elf pondered over the Amazonn's words, Lilith took this opportunity to take off her upper clothes, which made William almost choke on his saliva.

"Why are you removing your clothes?" William inquired as he moved backwards.

"I don't want to get it stained with blood," Lilith answered in a casual manner. "Do you know how hard it is to remove the bloodstain from clothes? Washing it doesn't really work, and we can't use our powers in this place. Don't worry, I won't bite. The only one that will be doing the biting is you."

William did his best to keep a straight face as he looked at Lilith's smiling face.

The Amazon didn't know, but he had heard the line "I don't want my clothes to be stained by blood" countless times already.

Charmaine and the Elves had said the same things before. Even his lovers, Wendy, Ashe, and Est, had done the same when he was still in the Southern Continent. Although he didn't do anything untowards to Charmaine and the other Elves, it won't change the fact that it was impossible not to feel any kind of appreciation in seeing the naked upper body of a lady.

Especially if that lady was someone as beautiful as Lilith.

Chapter 814: Stop Dilly Dallying And Start Sucking! [Part 2]

William tried to ignore the soft peaks that were pressing against his chest as he drank Lilith's blood.

He was no longer an inexperienced man, and had already had his share of holding beautiful women in his embrace. All of William's wives, and lovers could easily make any man go crazy, so his resistance to seduction and carnal temptations was very high.

If this scene had happened before William had entered the Deadlands, he wouldn't be too affected even if Lilith had gone full commando.

However, because of a Raizel's mysterious identity, the red-headed teenager was finding it hard to not be conscious of Lilith's womanly charms.

Since a certain possibility existed, William wasn't too adverse to having skin-to-skin contact with the Amazon Princess, whose soft moans were starting to make him feel hot and bothered.

It came to the point where William momentarily stopped sucking her blood, and asked her if she could cover her mouth, to prevent her sensual voice from escaping her lips.

Lilith agreed to William's request, and did her best to prevent her voice from distracting the Half-Elf. However, a new problem emerged.

In an attempt to prevent herself from sighing in pleasure, the Amazon Princess lightly nibbled on William's ears, which made the Half-Elf's body uncontrollably shudder. It was like a current of electricity had passed through his spine, making his entire body tingly and sensitive.

"Stop nibbling my ears," William said.

"Okay," Lilith agreed.

She had thought of teasing the Half-Elf by nibbling on his ears. However, she didn't expect that she would find this action of hers to his liking.

In the end, Lilith decided to lightly bite on William's shoulder, to prevent herself from making sensual sounds.

William didn't find anything wrong with Lilith's action, and continued to sparingly drink her blood. His body was strong enough to endure a bit of pain, and the Amazon wasn't purposely hurting him, so it didn't pose a problem.

After a quarter of an hour, William pulled back and patted Lilith's head. The Amazon had been too engrossed in what she was doing, and didn't notice that the Half-Elf had finished drinking her blood.

When she regained her senses, Lilith pulled back and stared at William's face.

She didn't know if William had drunk enough blood, or was just embarrassed, but the Half-Elf's expression was quite rosy.

William was looking at his right side, clearly telling Lilith that he didn't want to look at her naked upper body.

Instead of feeling offended, Lilith found William's reaction cute. If not for the fact that both of them were still in the denial stage, she might have already planted a kiss on his cheeks, just like Raizel always did to the two of them.

Lilith didn't want to ruin the chemistry that was starting to form between them, so she decided to back down for now and wear her clothes.

William sighed internally with relief when he felt that Lilith had no immediate desire to cross that line that they had set for each other.

As if waiting for them to finish, a knock was heard on the door.

William and Lilith exchanged a glance before nodding at each other at the same time.



"Come in," Lilith said after opening the door.

Cathy, who served as Raizel's second in command, walked inside the room with an anxious look on her face.

Raizel and Xenovia followed behind her. Both of them knew that Cathy would run away if the two of them weren't present. They were there to offer their support to her, and ensure that everything was going to be fine.

"Are you really a Vampire?" Cathy asked as she stared at William, half in awe, and half in fear.

"Part Vampire," William answered. "But, not a full-fledged one."

"Will I become a Vampire if you suck my blood? Those who were bitten by the Undead turn into one in less than an hour. Will the same thing happen to me?"

"No. Rest assured, you will stay a Human."

Cathy breathed in a sigh of relief. Although she trusted Raizel and Xenovia with her life, it was still impossible not to be anxious after being stuck in the Deadlands for nearly half a year.

For the residents of the Deadlands, anyone that was bitten by the Undead was a goner, and no one could save them, even if they tried.

Now that her greatest fear had disappeared, she didn't have much reluctance in offering her blood to William.

Cathy knew that William had fought alongside Raizel, and Lilith, for their sake. She was not a fighter, and had often thought that she was merely baggage. Her only redeeming feature was a pretty face. However, compared to Lilith and Raizel, she was like the stars, surrounding the moon.

She was just a backdrop that highlighted the beauty of others. Nothing more, nothing less.

Now that she had been given an active role in ensuring that their Shelter would remain standing, she decided to agree to Raizel's, and Xenovia's, proposal to offer her blood to William in order to keep his sanity in check.

Ten minutes later, Cathy stared at William in a daze after having her blood taken from her. She had prepared herself to endure pain during the process, but the pain she experienced only lasted for a brief moment before she found herself lost in euphoria.

"I-If you need blood in the future, don't hesitate to look for me," Cathy said as she held William's hand firmly. "I promise that I will keep this as a secret from everyone. So, please, don't hold back and call for me when you need it!"

"O-Okay. I will." William was overwhelmed by Cathy's over-enthusiastic words. For a brief moment, the Half-Elf could have sworn that he saw hearts in the pretty-lady's eyes, which only lasted for a few seconds.

"Another one has fallen." Raizel shook her head because she had already expected this scenario in her head.

Lilith could only nod to the side in agreement.

Unlike her and Lilith, Cathy wasn't a fighter. Her willpower wasn't that strong, so it was very easy for her to become Charmed and be affected by the otherworldly pleasure that followed the brief pain of having William bite her in order to drink her blood.

In fact, Xenovia had to drag the pretty girl out of the room because Cathy refused to let go of William's hand.

The Death Lord didn't know if she should laugh or cry at this outcome. The only thing she did know was that if she didn't take Cathy away from William, Lilith would use force and knock the starry-eyed lady unconscious.

After Xenovia and Cathy left the room, Lilith and Raizel gave William teasing gazes, but the two girls didn't say anything. They knew that if they were to make fun of the red-headed teenager, the latter might return to being stubborn, and refuse to drink blood again in the future.

"Let's talk about serious matters first," William said in order to change the awkward atmosphere inside the room.

Lilith and Raizel nodded their heads and sat properly facing William.

"There is a Dread Lord that is trying to forcefully gain authority over the Deadlands, and that creature is extremely powerful," William stated. "Fortunately, due to various circumstances, he is stuck inside the Black Tower. The bad news is that the longer he stays there, the more powerful he becomes, and the more influence he has on this world.

"With every Haunting, the casualties in the Deadlands will rise. Their souls are unable to leave this place, and because of that, the tower would forcefully draw them in. the Dread Lord will then have the option to feed on these souls, or turn them into an Undead. The stronger the soul, the more powerful the Undead Warrior will be.

"A good example of this is Xenovia. The only way to prevent this from happening is by using the Flames of Purification. If I were to use the Flames of Purification, the soul will be cleansed from the influence of the Deadlands and will be able to return to the Cycle of Reincarnation."

"However, I can't use the flames repeatedly. If I use it, my strength will diminish, which will lead to my blood thirst getting out of control again. Because of this, I only plan to use the Flames of Purification as a last resort."

Lilith and Raizel nodded their heads in understanding.

William was about to say more, but the sound of vehicles approaching the Glory Shelter reached his ears.

"Our guests have arrived," William said. "Raizel, I will leave the decision up to you whether or not we should tell the others about this. However, just like our accusation of Swiper, we have no proof to back

our claim. Even if we present Xenovia, they will just think that she is no longer the person that she was before, and merely an Undead that is here to help us spread lies, and shake their beliefs about the Deadlands."

Raizel sighed, "Even if that is the case, we still need to tell them. I don't care what they think. They can choose to believe it or not, none of it is my business. As long as my conscience is clear, that is enough."

Lilith looked at the young beauty in admiration. If it was her, she would decide to keep this information a secret until she had solid proof to present to the leaders of the various shelters.

"Since you have already decided then we will share this information with the others," William replied with a smile. "I just wonder what their reaction will be."

Raizel smiled as she looked at William and Lilith. "I guess we'll just have to find that out ourselves. Let's go and meet them. Perhaps our success in defending the Shelter will bring credibility to our words."

"And if it doesn't?" Lilith inquired.

The corner of Raizel's lips curled up as she glanced at the Amazon Princess beside her. "If it doesn't work then we can consider secretly abducting Avril and using William's good looks and charisma to seduce her. If that doesn't work then we can have him suck her blood. Perhaps, the negotiations will go smoother if she becomes addicted to the pleasure."

"You're joking, right?" William asked with a dumbfounded look on his face. Although he was confident in his good looks and his overflowing charisma, he didn't want to resort to such an underhanded scheme, just to have the leader of the Mimameidr Shelter side with them.

Also, he was a married person. Seducing others was not his cup of tea.

Raizel didn't answer, but only gave William a mischievous smile.

That smile was more than enough to tell the red-headed teenager, as well as the Amazon Princess, that the young beauty would really carry out this plan if they were left with no other alternative.

## Chapter 815 - You've Created A Miracle

"I can't believe it," Wade said in disbelief. "How did they survive?"

The leaders of the different shelters had seen the traces of destruction as they made towards the Glory Shelter. Several buildings were destroyed, and the remains of a Bone Dragon that laid in a crater, shocked them silly.

However, this was not the thing that surprised them the most. The most surprising part about all of this was that the Glory Shelter was still standing, and looking at it from a distance, it received little to no damage from the Haunting that had passed several hours ago.

"Just what is going on?" Even Swiper couldn't believe his eyes.

During the battle in the Mimameidr Shelter, all of them saw the Bone Dragon fly towards the Glory Shelter.

Swiper was inwardly shocked when this happened, but he also celebrated the unexpected development. With such a powerful creature joining the assault, he already assumed that the Glory Shelter, as well as the annoying Half-Elf, would be burned to ashes, leaving nothing behind.

When Avril proposed that they visit Raizel's Glory Shelter to rescue survivors, Swiper and the other leaders all agreed to accompany her.

For them, this was just a way to pay their respects to Raizel and the people that had stayed behind. All of them thought that they would just be seeing charred ruins when they arrived at their destination.

This was why none of them were able to believe the scene right in front of their eyes.

"Let's go," Avril said after taking control of her emotions. "Let's go and see Raizel."

The other leaders subconsciously nodded their heads as they restarted the engines of their vehicles. They were curious about how Raizel had done it.

They wanted to know how the Glory Shelter survived the attack of countless undead, as well as the fury of a Bone Dragon, which they knew was something they didn't dare to face head-on.

As they neared the Shelter, they saw Raizel standing at the entrance with her arms crossed over her chest.

William and Lilith stood behind her like two bodyguards with indifferent expressions on their faces.

Neither of them cared about the Leaders of the Shelters, the only one they cared about in this God forsaken world was Raizel.

"Raizel, I'm very glad to see that you're safe," Avril said as soon as she jumped off her truck.

Raizel gave Avril a brief nod before replying, "I'm glad to see you, too, Avril."

"How did you do it?" Swiper asked as he walked towards Raizel. "How did you survive?"

The young beauty ignored Swiper and treated him like air. She even didn't bother to look at him and only focused on Avril who was looking at her with complicated emotions.

"Lass, do you know what you've done?" Eldon, the Dwarven leader, asked while playing with his beard. "You've created a miracle."

This time, Raizel shifted her gaze to Eldon. She smiled at the Dwarf who had treated her and her shelter like allies in the past.

"I wasn't the one who made this happen." Raizel shook her head. "It was none other than William and Lilith. Without their help, the Glory Shelter would have long been turned into ruins by now."

All the leaders shifted their attention to the red-headed teenager and the Amazon behind Raizel.

They were well aware of Raizel's fighting prowess. This was why they believed that she alone was not enough to protect the Glory Shelter from annihilation.

"It seems that we need to re-evaluate these two newcomers," Wade commented from the side.

In the Deadlands, the only thing they respected was strength. Only the strong would be able to survive in this harsh environment where death could claim them at any moment.

"Indeed," Lindir, the leader of the Lizardfolk nodded his head. 'Befriending them isn't a bad option.'

Avril smiled and approached Raizel and gave her a light hug. She then approached William and extended her hand for a handshake.

"I know that we parted on bad terms, but I believe that the bridges haven't been burned yet," Avril said. "Let me introduce myself again, My name is Avril Zaleria."

The beautiful elf's long, green hair fluttered in the breeze, and her eyes—that were the color of rubies—looked at William with admiration.

William was about to brush her off, but he saw Raizel's stare, which made him remember that he needed to leave a good impression on Avril in order to help smooth out their relationship.

"William Von Ainsworth," William replied with an award winning smile that would put his Grandpa, James, to shame. "Just call me, Will."

"You're a Half-Elf, right?" Avril asked.

"Yes." William nodded. "I am Half Handsome, Half Elf, so Half-Elf."

Avril chuckled as she playfully batted her eyes to William. "You're not only strong, but you also have a sense of humor. Men like you are rare here in the Deadlands."

"You praise me too much," William replied. "I'm sure that if Miss Avril went all out, fighting against a Bone Dragon would be just as easy as taking a stroll in the park."

"Surely you jest, Will."

"Not at all."

Contrary to his playful demeanor, William was inwardly shocked because he didn't expect Avril to be very strong. He had been around strong individuals all his life, so even if people tried to suppress their aura, he would know right away if they were hiding their strength or not.

Because of this discovery, William decided to be serious in befriending Avril. He had a feeling that the beautiful elf would play an important role in the inevitable faceoff against the Dread Lord in the future.

"Enough flirting!" Swiper shouted. "I smell something fishy going on. How could a small shelter like yours survive the Haunting? What method did you use in order to live another day? Spill it!"

William glanced at the irritating Boarkin that was always trying to find ways to put them in a bad light.

"You smell something fishy?" A smile filled with ridicule appeared on William's face. "When was the last time you took a bath? Have you been drinking your own piss this whole time? Well, considering that you're still alive, you must have put your betrayal plan on hold."

Swiper was about to retort, but he managed to catch himself in time after seeing that Avril's glare was clearly telling him to shut his trap.

Although he was filled with indignation, he chose to take a step back in order to look at the bigger picture. All the leaders wanted to know how Glory Shelter was able to survive, including him, so he had no choice but to swallow his anger and allow Avril to take charge of the situation.



Seeing that this was the right moment to hold an important talk, Raizel invited all the leaders inside her Shelter to have breakfast with them.

William's discovery was something that needed to be known by the public.

The young beauty hoped that they could set aside their differences for the time being in order to tackle this problem together.

After all, this information was something that she couldn't keep to herself. Everyone needed to work together in order to face the Mastermind that was orchestrating everything from the shadows.

A Mastermind, who was making all of them dance on the palms of his hands.

#### Chapter 816 - I'm Sure That Our Suffering Has Just Begun

All the leaders, as well as their subordinates, patiently waited for Raizel to start the meeting that she had proposed after breakfast.

All of them were dying to know how the Glory Shelter was able to survive the Haunting, and how they were able to beat the Bone Dragon whose might was at the Pseudo-Myriad rank.

A few minutes later, Raizel appeared in front of them with William and Lilith by her side. The three of them had discussed how they were going to explain what happened during the Haunting, and the route they would take in informing everyone about the existence of the Dread Lord that William had accidentally discovered, while trying to convert Xenovia to fight for his side.

"Before I discuss what happened last night, I want to know first, how everyone fared in fending off the Undead that attacked Mimameidr Shelter," Raizel said. "I'm curious to know how the Undead Army divided themselves in order to deal with all of us. Can someone do me the honors?"

Since Raizel asked how the defense of her Shelter transpired, Avril stood up and gave her a short version of the battle.

Contrary to what they expected, the Undead didn't only march on the bridge, leading to the Mimameidr Shelter, but also traveled underwater.

This had never happened in the past, and Avril and the other leaders were caught off guard by the sudden development.

Fortunately, the Shelter had high walls protecting it on all sides. Although the Undead had launched a sneak attack using the sea, the defenders were seasoned warriors, so they were able to react accordingly.

Additionally, the siege machines that the Mimameidr Shelter possessed decimated the Undead who came within their range. This played a major role in keeping the number of deaths as low as possible.

However, since the numbers of the Undead Legion by land, air, and sea were too numerous, the Shelter still suffered over two hundred casualties. Although two hundred casualties in a span of four hours may seem like a small number, that was precious manpower in the Deadlands where the number of people didn't surpass two thousand.

Thirty of them were from the Demonic Shelter, who fought off the invaders that charged through the main entrance of the Mimameidr Shelter.

Swiper fought alongside his men and made sure that the Undead wouldn't be able to breach through their defenses, leaving the other defenders to deal with the sneak attacks that came from the air and sea.

Skeleton warriors, and zombies, were only low-Tier Undeads that fluctuated between Rank E and D. They weren't very hard to deal with. As for the Higher Undead, most of them were Rank C up to A.

Naturally, there were a few Centennial Ranked Undead among the mix, but the Leaders were strong enough to keep them at bay. Especially Avril, who was like an arrow turret that released countless arrows with every minute that passed.

After hearing the beautiful Elf's explanation, William and Lilith frowned. Although the number of Undead that attacked the Glory Shelter was less than Mimameidr Shelter, the quality of the Unholy Army that they fought was greater.

Although Xenovia and the Bone Dragon weren't enough to make the combined forces of the Alliance lose the battle, they were more than capable of increasing the number of casualties up to a thousand if they had gone to the Elven Shelter.

"That is the hardest battle I have fought here in the Deadlands," Avril stated. "If possible, I don't want to experience it again, but I'm sure that our suffering has just begun."

The other leaders nodded their heads in agreement. They were already dreading the day when the next Haunting would knock on their Shelters' gates. If they could replicate the Glory Shelter's achievement in the previous war then it would greatly benefit the survival of everyone in the Deadlands.

Raizel sighed when she heard Avril's story. She had already expected that many would die, but knowing that some of them were her acquaintances made her sad.

It took her a while to regain her composure before shifting the topic back to how their Shelter survived the Haunting. This was the explanation that everyone inside the room was waiting for, and they paid extra attention to the young beauty that was standing in front of them.

"Just like you guys, we were also attacked by countless Undead. There were several Death Skeleton Warriors, DeathKnights, Dullahan, Greater Zombies, Undead Gargoyles, an Undead Wyvern, as well as a Bone Dragon."

Raizel paused as she observed everyone inside the room who were all looking at her with great interest.

"I only played a small role in that war," Raizel stated. "The one that really took the brunt of the Undead Army was William. He fought on the front lines and kept the Undead's attention on him. This was why the Glory Shelter remained intact."

"Of course, the Undead Gargoyle, and Undead Wyvern posed a threat, but we were able to handle them and keep them at bay. If not for William's valiant efforts, the Glory Shelter would not be standing here today."

Swiper, who was listening to Lilith, immediately stood up and sneered at William.

"Do you really think that we will believe your words? Swiper asked with ridicule. "How can that filthy Half-Elf face off against an entire army alone? Do you think we are gullible kids that you can hoodwink?"

"I'm not forcing you to believe me," Raizel replied. "This is simply the truth. Whether you accept or not is irrelevant, so, shut the f\*ck up."

Lilith looked at Raizel disapprovingly. For some reason, she didn't like the young beauty cursing at others. Although she hated Swiper and wanted to curse his entire lineage up to his 10th Generation, she refused to stoop down to his level.

William, on the other hand, gave Raizel two thumbs up in his heart. If B1 and B2 were there, they would have definitely done the same and gazed at the young beauty as if they had found a long lost friend.

The Half-Elf didn't like Swiper, so seeing the young beauty nag at the Demonic Boar, made the red-headed teenager extremely happy.

It was at this moment when William took a step forward and presented himself to everyone. Since the ball had been passed to his side of the court, he would definitely show Lilith and Raizel a good performance.

After all, James had taught him that one should never appear weak during negotiations.. That way, people would have a better impression on you, and take your words far more seriously.

#### Chapter 817: Only A Fool Will Believe Such Nonsense

The other leaders looked at William with an appraising gaze. They knew that Raizel wouldn't joke around about something of this magnitude, but they simply couldn't accept her explanation at the drop of the hat.

Seeing that all of them were doubting Raizel's words, William simply smiled and patted Raizel's shoulder, telling her that he would handle the rest.

"I have something important to tell everyone in this room," William said as he scanned the faces of the leaders who were looking at him with varying expressions. "There is a mastermind behind the scenes, and he's the one responsible for the Hauntings."

"What?!"

"Someone is manipulating the Haunting? So, it's not a natural phenomenon?!"

"Lad, is what you say true?"

The leaders voiced their opinions one by one. They were all shocked at this revelation because they had all accepted that the Haunting was a part of this world's cycle.

Ever since they appeared in the Deadlands, the Hauntings were already there, this was why they never considered any other explanation as to why it occurred on a regular basis.

"There you again, spouting a bunch of bullsh\*t." Swiper laughed. "Proof! We need proof! You can't just randomly tell us something and expect us to believe your claims!"

Several of the Leaders nodded their heads in agreement. Although it was not hard for them to accept the possibility of someone manipulating the Haunting from the shadows, evidence would make things more credible.

"I have evidence, but can you people handle it?" William asked.

He looked at everyone inside the room with an indifferent look. After careful consideration, he still decided to take a chance and present some evidence to back up his claims.

"Sir William, please, show us your evidence."

Avril took a step forward. As the representative of the Alliance, she decided to see William's evidence first, before making her decision as to whether she would believe him or not.

William nodded his head and looked at the door at the side of the room.

"You may enter now," William said. "It's time to say hi to your old friends."

As soon as William finished his words, the door of the room opened.

A Death Lord wearing red armor, and helmet stepped in. Only its golden glowing eyes could be seen beneath its visor, and it made everyone in the room gasp in shock.

"Death Lord!" Swiper roared as he hurriedly raised his weapon. "You foul Half-Elf! You're in league with the Undead!"

The other Leaders in the room also grabbed their weapons, with the exception of Avril. Although she had the strong urge to take out her bow and attack, she endured it using her will power. She then shifted her attention to William who had the "I was expecting this" expression on his face, which made the frown on her face ease up a bit.

"Swiper, it's been a long time and you still haven't changed," the Death Lord said in a teasing tone. "I'm surprised that your Shelter managed to survive this long with you in the lead."

Swiper, who was about to attack, halted his steps. The Death Lord's voice sounded awfully familiar that it was more than enough to stop him in his tracks.

The Death Lord took off its red helmet, and showed its face to everyone in the room.

Gasps of disbelief, fear, and excitement spread across the room, as Xenovia, the former leader of the Glory Shelter, appeared in front of them once again.

Everyone looked at her pale face, that was deprived of life, and yet, they could feel the powerful life force emanating from inside her body. Xenovia gave everyone a sweeping glance before briefly nodding her head in greeting.

It was then when everyone realized that the person that was in front of them was indeed the woman who had sacrificed her life to save the members of her Shelter from the Undead Army that had claimed her life.

"X-Xenovia?" Avril asked in an uncertain tone. "Is that really you?"

"Yes, Avril," Xenovia replied. "It's me."

Xenovia then stared at the leaders and called out to those familiar to her with a casual greeting.

"Eldon, you're just like Swiper," Xenovia grinned. "Nothing has changed since I last saw you. You're still short."

"Damn woman!" Eldon huffed. "How many times should I tell you not to look down on me because I'm short!"

Xenovia chuckled before shifting her attention to another target.

"Lindir, you and your lizardfolk are still alive?" Xenovia eyed the Lizardman from head to foot. "It seems that your tail has finally grown back. Can I slice it off again? The last time I had a barbecue with your tail was more than half a year ago. I still remember how delicious it was."

"F\*ck you!" Lindir shouted in anger.

"... you're not handsome enough to ask me such a thing."

"Die!"

"I'm already dead, you know?" Xenovia roared in laughter after teasing the Lizard who was holding his spear in an attacking stance.

"Okay, that's enough, Xenovia," William tapped the Death Lord's shoulder. "We still have important things to talk about."

"Tsk, and I was only getting to the good part." Xenovia sighed.

William shook his head and faced the Leaders, and their subordinates with a calm expression on his face.

"I fought against Xenovia during the battle, and managed to break the connection of the Dread Lord on her soul," William explained. "During the process, the Dread Lord and I fought inside Xenovia's Sea of Consciousness. It was there that I realized that the Haunting was not a natural phenomenon, but an orchestrated attack in order to wipe out every living being in the Deadlands."

"Wait!" Swiper interjected. "I know a bit of Dread Lords, and I know how powerful they are. If what you say is true then none of us would be alive here and now. Although the Undead Army are numerous, they are not that strong. But, if that Undead Army, the Bone Dragons, and the Dread Lord, attack all of us at the same time, none of us will survive."

William looked at the Demonic Boar as if he was an idiot, which made the latter have the strong urge to bash in the Half-Elf's handsome face until it turned to meat paste.

"I was about to get to that part, but you interrupted me," William said with mild contempt. "Seriously, someone put a leash on this pig. He's always interrupting important talks. If you don't want to listen, get out of this room. You're just a nuisance."

William crossed his arms over his chest and used his chin to point at the door. "Anyone else who doesn't want to take part in the discussion, the door is over there. I will not escort you out."



"Madness," Swiper walked towards the door without even giving William a second glance. "Only a fool will believe such nonsense. It is very obvious that you are colluding with the enemy. That is the only explanation there is as to why this shelter survived, while others didn't."

The door closed with a heavy slam, shattering it to bits. Clearly, the Demonic Boar did it on purpose in order to make a statement. His action and words moved the hearts of the other Leaders in the room, and some of them were on the verge of following in his footsteps.

However, before these Leaders could even make their opinions known, William cleared his throat and glanced at Xenovia.

"Beat that pig to a pulp and hang him somewhere where I can see him later," William ordered as he pointed at the door. "How dare he destroy private property? Does he think that he's some kind of big shot or something?"

"What if we did the same to the other Shelters, and broke all of their doors because we felt like it? Will that make us cool as well? Go and teach that swine a lesson. Also, make sure to have him compensate us for our damaged door. Do the same to those who will side with him. Make sure to give them all a good beating, understood?"

"Yes, Sir," Xenovia replied with a smirk. She had long wanted to beat Swiper up since the day she arrived in the Deadlands. However, as the leader of a Shelter, she needed to hold back to ensure that no conflicts would arise.

Things were different now. Not only was she stronger than she was in the past, she also had William who was far stronger than her. With the two of them working together, she believed that the Leaders would think twice before messing with them.

A minute after Xenovia left the room, Swiper's screams echoed in the hallway. The Demonic Boar's pained screams made those who planned to leave the room change their minds completely.

They had known how strong Xenovia was when she was alive, so they were able to tell that her current form was much stronger. This gave them a sense of invisible pressure that prevented them from leaving the room.

"Now, where was I?" William scratched his head as he gave everyone a teasing smile. "Ah... about the Dread Lord, are you people now interested in hearing what I have to say?"

The Leaders exchanged glances with each other, and reluctantly nodded their heads. Now that they had seen Xenovia appear in front of them, they were more willing to listen to William's explanation.

They knew that if what he said was true then they were truly facing an uphill battle.

A battle where their chances of winning were close to none.

Chapter 818: With This The First Step Has Been Completed

"The truth is, I don't know much about the Dread Lord," William said. "I only know he exists. As to what he plans to do here in the Deadlands, I have no idea what it is."

All the leaders frowned after hearing William's explanation. They thought that the Half-Elf would tell them more about the Dread Lord, but the information he had was limited.

"So, aside from his existence, you don't know anything else?" Wade inquired.

William nodded.

"Then what is the use of this information?" Lindir clicked his tongue in irritation. "So what if a Dread Lord is pulling the strings from behind. What can we do about it? Are you telling us that we should raid the Black Tower?"

"Actually, that is an excellent idea." William smiled. "Why shouldn't we?"

"Hah? Are you nuts?!" Wade glared at the Half-Elf who had a carefree smile on his face. "You want us to raid the stronghold of the Undead Army? That's just suicide!"

William shook his head. "Regardless of whether you want to raid it or not, the fact remains that the Hauntings will still continue whether you like it or not. With each cycle, more of your subordinates will

die. A time will come when the Shelters will no longer have the strength to attack the Black Tower. By then, all of you will just be waiting for your death."

William stopped to allow his words to sink into everyone's heads. All of them were smart people, and they also understood that the Half-Elf's words were right. Unfortunately, after being in the Deadlands for a very long time, they had experienced the might of the Undead Army.

They were afraid that if they attacked the Black Tower, they would just be poking a hornet's nest and it would spell everyone's doom.

While everyone was deep in thought, a gruff voice broke the silence.

"How about we negotiate with the Dread Lord?" Eldon asked. "Maybe we can come to a compromise."

All the leaders stirred after hearing Eldon words. They had never thought of this angle, and some of them thought that this idea might indeed be possible.

"How about it, William?" Eldon stared at the Half-Elf who had his arms crossed over his chest. "This is not a bad idea, right?"

William smiled. "Might as well."

"Oh. You think that compromising with the Dread Lord is possible, too?"

"At the very least, I want to see the face of the person that wants us all killed."

Eldon laughed after hearing William's reply. "Not bad. You sure have guts. I like it! Unfortunately, my daughter is back in my homeworld. If it's you, I don't mind you becoming my son-in-law."

The smile on William's face stiffened. He had no idea on how to reply to Eldon casual statement, so he just gave the Dwarf a brief nod before continuing the meeting.

"When do we go to the Black Tower?" William inquired. "The Haunting just ended, so I think we should do it before the next cycle begins."

Avril nodded in agreement. "I don't know about the others, but I plan to go to the Black Tower tomorrow at first light. The battle has just ended, and we need to repair our weapons, equipment, and the defenses that were destroyed during the Haunting. It will also give us more time to prepare ourselves for what is to come."

Lindir, Eldon, Wade, and the other Leaders thought that Avril's words were on point, so they decided to accompany her to the Black Tower tomorrow.

Naturally, Raizel also voiced her agreement.

After finalizing the time and place where they would all meet, the leaders left the Glory Shelter and returned to the Mimameidr Shelter, dragging Swiper, who had been beaten black and blue by Xenovia who had a grudge with him, out with them.

Raizel watched them all leave from the entrance of the Stadium and sighed in relief.

'With this the first step has been completed,' Raizel thought. She then stared at William and Lilith, who were discussing something a few meters away from her.

A mischievous smile appeared on the young beauty's lips as she formulated a plan in her head.

'It will take some effort, but this is the only way,' Raizel's eyes became determined as she looked at the two people who held the key to victory. 'I just hope that things will turn out well.'

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"I hate that Half-Elf!" Swiper smashed a table after returning to the Demonic Shelter. His injuries had been partially cured by one of the Elves that specialized in Life Magic. Given his strong body and innate regeneration, it would only take him two days to have a full recovery.

Even so, he still hated the fact that the other Leaders had seen his shameful appearance after the meeting ended.

"That b\*tch Xenovia!" Swiper roared. "Even in death she still defies me!"

Swiper picked up the nearby chair and smashed it on the floor until it broke into pieces.

The Boarkin panted for breath as he forcefully controlled his anger. He had been informed of the Alliance's plan to go to the Black Tower the next day in order to negotiate with the Dread Lord that was responsible for the Hauntings.

'I need to inform Lord Morax about their plan,' Swiper thought. Deep down he was feeling anxious as well.

More than a year ago, he had been surrounded by several High-Tier Undead, while scavenging for food along the outskirts of the city.

Left with no choice, Swiper went down on his knees and begged for mercy. Surprisingly, the Undead had spared him. However, they took him back to the Black Tower. It was there that he met Morax.

The Dread Lord that had crossed space and time in order to bring the Deadlands under his control.

Although the Dread Lord was powerful, his forceful entry to the Deadlands had repercussions. One of which was that he was bound to the Black Tower. Most of his powers were also sealed, so he had no choice but to slowly, but surely, hijack the Tower and bring it under his control.

After several years, the Dread Lord managed to take 30% control of the Black Tower's functions. The Haunting was indeed one of the roles that the Black Tower had played in the Deadlands.

It was a way to take the souls of the living into the Black Tower in order to be purified. This way, they would be able to enter the Cycle of Reincarnation as a soul without any baggage.

The Dread Lord managed to influence this function and take over the scale of each Haunting. At first, he merely familiarized himself with how to increase the number and quality of the Undead.

After getting the hang of everything, Morax then started to consume the souls of the people that were trapped inside the tower. This allowed him to weaken the restraints that bound him over time, and gain more control of the Tower's functions.

Unfortunately, after reaching the 30% threshold, his progress stopped.

The Black Tower was important to Morax, and it was the main reason why he crossed the worlds in order to enter the Deadlands.

If he could take the Black Tower back into his own world, then his plan to reach Godhood was assured.

This was why he decided to look for collaborators in the Deadlands. Swiper had served him for a long time, and the Dread Lord had promised the Boarkin great rewards, once his conquest of the Deadlands became a reality.

What Swiper was afraid of was that Morax would toss him aside. Once the leaders and the Dread Lord found a compromise then he would no longer be of use.

Swiper didn't want this to happen, but there was nothing he could do. If he tried to create friction at this point in time, the Leaders would become annoyed with him. Also, he was sure that the Half-Elf would beat the crap out of him again if he interfered.

Since he was left with no other choice, he decided to just be the good dog that he was and notify his Master about their recent plans. Perhaps, out of his loyalty to Morax's cause, the latter would keep him within hand's reach, and keep the promise that Morax had given him back then.

"You bastard Half-Elf.." Swiper gnashed his teeth in frustration. 'If you hadn't appeared in this place, I would have already been the King of the Deadlands! Damn you! I'll kill you even if it's the last thing I do!'

Chapter 819 - The Master Is Expecting All Of You

Inside the Black Tower...

"Interesting." A two-meter tall demon with batlike wings, and obsidian eyes, smiled in amusement. "Swiper said that they want to compromise with me?"

The Death Lord nodded.

"Hmm..." the Dread Lord tapped the arm support of his throne made of Dragon Bones. "Well... this development sure came out of the blue. But, it might not be a bad idea to compromise with these lowly creatures."

The Dread Lord was already planning to increase the number of High-Tier Undeads in the next Haunting, including adding all the Bone Dragons to ensure that the Shelters would finally fall. However, he would have to pay a price to do so.

This was not a price that he was willing to pay unless it was a last resort.

William's interference had put a dent in his plan, and he wanted him dead at all cost. But, now that there was a possibility of reaching a middle-ground, he would not be too close minded and hear them out for the time being.

For him, the Black Tower was more important than the lives of those who were struggling to survive in the Deadlands. Once he reached Godhood, the fools who belonged to the Ars Goetia, would no longer be able to touch him!

"Beleth, Purson, Asmodeus, Belial, and you... Aamon," the Dread Lord said with a sneer. "I can't wait to see the looks on your faces when the very legions that you command... turn their blades against you. That would be a very lovely sight to behold..."

The Dread Lord chuckled after drinking the liquified soul of one of the powerful warriors that he had captured in the Deadlands like wine.

He had been grievously injured during his escape from Hell, and had been recuperating ever since.

He knew that none of the Gods could set foot inside the Deadlands, so he planned to use this Domain as his base of operation until he had gained sufficient strength to return to Hell. Now that a possible compromise was in the works, he could focus all his attention on taking full control of the tower and seize the initiative against the Gods that lorded over Hell.

"Have all the Undead cease hostilities to the mortals in this domain," Morax ordered. "Also, when they visit the Tower tomorrow, make sure that your subordinates behave. Do I make myself clear?"

The Death Lord bowed his head, "By your will, Your Excellency."

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The next day, all the leaders, as well as a handful of their trusted subordinates, gathered in the plaza at the center of the city.

Everyone was present, including the grumpy Swiper who didn't hide his hostility towards William.

The Half-Elf didn't mind the Demonic Boar's hateful gaze. He just treated Swiper like Air and observed the expressions of the Leaders, who decided to brave the dangers of going to the Black Tower to seek a compromise with the Dread Lord.

"Let's go," Avril said.

She was now the official spokesperson of the Alliance, and they hoped that her negotiating skills would be enough to solve the immediate dangers that they were facing.

The procession of trucks headed in the direction of the Black Tower, without being hindered by the Undead. In fact, they didn't see any Undead along the way, which greatly surprised Avril and the others.



When they were only a few hundred meters away from the tower, the trucks came to a halt. This was the first time that they had been this close to the Black Tower because of the almost innumerable Undead Army that guarded its premises.

William didn't bring Xenovia on this journey because he was afraid that the Dread Lord would break the mark that the Half-Elf had placed in her Sea of Consciousness. This mark's purpose was to help Xenovia resist the orders that were coming from the Black Tower, and retain her free will.

"What's wrong?" Swiper asked in a teasing tone. "All of you got cold feet?"

This simple comment earned the Boarkin hateful glares. Swiper just ignored all of them and kept the smug expression on his face. He then gave William a side-long glance to see his reaction, but the Half-Elf wasn't even paying attention to him.

As a Vampiric Prince, William could sense the overwhelming power that the Black Tower was radiating. It was so strong that he could feel the hairs on his body standing on end, giving him goosebumps.

'This is a Divine Structure,' William thought.

Although he couldn't use his appraisal skill at the moment, he was confident that the Black Tower was something that belonged to the Gods.

'Too bad I can't access the System. I would love to drag this thing back to the Thousand Beast Domain to study.' William sighed internally.

Suddenly, a single rider emerged from the Black Tower and headed in their direction.

William, Avril, and those with keen eyesight could tell that this was no ordinary Undead. Due to its exotic armor, the Half-Elf assumed that it was a Death Lord similar to Xenovia.

When the Death Lord and his mount were only a dozen meters away from the trucks, they stopped and an unearthly voice reached their ears.

"The Master is expecting all of you," the Death Lord said. "I came here to escort all of you into the Black Tower."

"He is expecting us?" Avril asked with a frown. "How did he know that we were coming?"

The Death Lord glanced at the Elf and answered her question. "My Master knows everything that is happening in the Deadlands. Worry not. None of you will be harmed during your stay. Now, follow me. Let's not keep my Master waiting."

The Death Lord didn't say another word and turned his mount around to face the tower. He then urged his steed to gallop away, not caring whether the mortals followed him or not.

After the Leaders exchanged anxious glances, the trucks' engines roared to life and followed behind the Death Lord.

William was deep in thought as he stared at the Black Tower as they moved closer. He felt that something was off when the Death Lord said that his Master knew everything that was happening in the Deadlands.

Even so, he decided to put this aside for now.

He had faced many dangerous scenarios, and met many powerful individuals like the Dracolich and certain Gods that made life difficult for him.

A part of him was even looking forward to meeting the Dread Lord.

William hoped that by meeting this being, he would gain a better understanding of the Deadlands, and find a way to return back home where his family, lovers, and the people important to him, were waiting for his return.

Chapter 820: I'm Going To Ask You One Last Time

"Welcome to the Black Tower. You may call me Lord Morax," a two-meter tall demon with bat-like wings, and obsidian eyes, declared. "It is my understanding that all of you came here to compromise with me, correct?"

Avril stepped forward and nodded her head. "My name is Avril Zaleria, and I am the temporary representative of the Alliance. Lord Morax, it is in our sincerest wishes, to have a non-aggression pact between our two parties."

"Mmm... a non-aggression pact? Certainly, that can be arranged," Morax replied with a smile. "But, what can you offer me in return? Since you've come here to ask for a compromise, surely, you've prepared something of value, right?"

Avril took a deep breath as she stared at the Dread Lord who now had taken a seat on his Dragonbone Throne.

"We have discussed this matter for several hours, but we have come up with nothing," Avril answered. "Aside from the resources that can be scavenged here in the Deadlands, there is nothing of value that we can offer you, Lord Morax."

"Exactly." Morax nodded in admiration. "I'm not interested in the resources you scavenge in these lands in order to survive, and this world isn't the best place to find any treasures. In short, whatever little trinkets you have, I'm not interested in them."

The Dread Lord sneered as he eyed the anxious faces of the leaders in front of him.

"So, tell me, Avril," Morax said in a teasing tone. "Since you have nothing to offer, what makes you think that I will agree to this non-aggression pact you speak of?"

"The reason why we came here today is to ask Lord Morax, what do you desire?" Avril asked. "If it is within our capabilities, we will spare no effort to help you achieve it."

"Hoh?" Morax rested the side of his face on the palm of his right hand. "Good question. What do I desire? I desire many things. Revenge is on top of my list, but all of you can't help me get revenge. In the face of my enemies, all of you are mere insects that they can easily crush without even lifting a finger."

"But, even insects have a role to play in the world. Very well, if you can help me find and activate the nine keys of the Deadlands then I don't mind sparing all of your lives."

Morax snapped his fingers and a projection appeared in front of everyone. In it were nine mirrors of varying sizes and designs.

"These mirrors are scattered all over the Deadlands," Morax stated. "If you can find them all, I will cease all hostilities with all of you. In fact, I can even help all of you leave this place, on the condition that all the mirrors will be handed to me."

"T-There is a way to leave this place?" Eldon stuttered. "Is this the truth?"

Morax scoffed. "Why would I waste my time lying to insects? Of course there is a way out of this place, but all the mirrors are needed to open that gateway. If one of them is missing then the ritual will not work. It has to be nine mirrors or none at all."

The Leaders glanced at each other with excitement. They had always searched for a way out of the Deadlands, but their hard work remained unrewarded.

Because of this, most of them had given up and just focused on trying to survive one day after the other, in hope that a miracle would happen and all of them would find themselves free from this prison, where the dead were their judges and jurors.

"We agree to this condition, Lord Morax," Avril said in a serious tone. "However, the Deadlands is big, so it might take us a while to find the mirrors that you are looking for."

"Time, my dear, is what we all have," Morax replied, "but I can't wait forever, so how about this? I will cease all hostilities with all of you for a week. In that one week, you must hand one mirror to me. Every time you hand me a mirror, I will extend the ceasefire agreement to another week.

"When all the mirrors are collected, all of us can work together to perform the ritual that will open the exit of this world. It's a win-win scenario for everyone, don't you think so?"

Avril nodded her head in agreement. "We will do our best to find the mirrors. However, we need to have sketches of them so we will know what they look like. Although I have a good memory, I can't possibly remember them all."

"Worry not." Morax raised his left hand and several golden orbs materialized in the air.. "I will not make things difficult for all of you. All the leaders get to take one."

The orbs flew towards the Leaders of the different Shelters and landed in their hands.

"That is a recording and communication crystal," Morax explained. "The images of the mirrors can be found there. Also, you can communicate to me directly using that item. However, only contact me if the Mirrors are found. Any fool who tries to waste my time will be punished severely, do I make myself clear?"

The Leaders nodded their heads. They could tell that Morax was a very powerful being, so messing with him was out of the question.

Seeing their expressions, Morax smiled as he thought of a good idea about how to motivate his new helpers and make them do their best to find the mirrors.

"I don't want any of you to think that you will not benefit from this exchange," Morax said. "Anyone who is able to give me the mirror will be allowed to make a request to me. As long as it is within my capabilities to do so, I will make it happen."

"Can we trust your words, Lord Morax?" Lindir inquired.

"You're doubting me?"

"N-Not at all, Your Excellency."

The Dread Lord's carefree attitude disappeared and a powerful pressure descended upon everyone in the throne room.

"I will stand by my word," Morax stated icily. "Bring me the mirrors, and I will grant your desire. As long as it is not unreasonable, I will grant it without fail. Remember, you only have one week. After a week, if I still don't have any of the mirrors I have asked you to find, I will send my army to crush all of you. There will be no second chances, do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," Avril replied as she did her best to remain standing.

All the other Leaders also nodded their heads in agreement. It was very hard to object to someone who was more powerful than them. In the face of absolute strength, all tricks were meaningless.

Seeing that all of his guests had understood the gravity of the situation, Morax smiled and the pressure that everyone was feeling disappeared without a trace.

"Ah! Before I forget, was it you who forcefully converted one of my Death Lords without my approval?" Morax's gaze landed on the Half-Elf who was standing behind Lilith and Raizel on the rightmost part of the throne room.

"No," William replied. The red-headed teenager had the "I don't know what you're talking about" expression on his face, which made the smile on Morax's face widen.

"Hahaha, so it wasn't you?" Morax sneered. "So you insist that you were not the person who destroyed my bone dragon?"

"What Bone Dragon?"

"Good... you're good. Very good."

Morax raised his hand and several Death Lords surrounded William, Lilith, and Raizel.

Although he couldn't exert his full divine powers due to his injuries, it was more than enough for him to know when a person was lying. Morax couldn't help but sneer inside his heart as he looked at the Half-Elf who was pretending to be oblivious to his question.

"I'm going to ask you one last time...", Morax said icily. "Are you the one that converted my Death Lord and destroyed my Bone Dragon?"

The Dread Lord eyed the Half-Elf with contempt. He disdained William for not knowing who he was dealing with.. If the red-headed teenager dared to still deny his allegations, he would immediately order his Death Lords to cut him to pieces, in order to serve as an example to the leaders of the Shelters, who had come to compromise with him.