

Strongest 851

Chapter 851: Let It Be Known That On This Day, We Dwarves Had Kept Our Oath

Lindir dove deep into the sea in search for the last remaining mirror that would put an end to his nightmare.

After a brief internal struggle, he finally agreed to Xenovia's proposal. However, what surprised him was that the Death Lord actually had a dejected look on her face as if she was deprived of her favorite toy.

An hour later, he and the rest of his Shelter were all searching underwater for the mirror that would decide their fate.

As Lindir dove in the murky darkness, he caught a brief ripple of power, which caught him by surprise.

'It's over there!' Lindir propelled himself deeper in the water as his senses locked on to the object that had caught his attention.

Soon, his hand grasped the edges of the mirror that had been lying at the bottom of the sea, for who knows how long.

His subordinates had noticed their leader's sudden movements and followed behind him. When they saw that the famed mirror was within his grasp, all of them celebrated and circled around him in delight.

If in the past, Lindir might have felt smug about this achievement. But now, he just felt empty inside.

He even had the thought of breaking the mirror in his hands to prevent Morax from attaining his goal, but he knew that it was impossible.

Why? Because the mirrors were indestructible.

Sighing in his heart, Lindir made the long journey back to the surface with the last mirror in his hands.

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Back in the Glory Shelter...

Cathy opened her eyes and sighed.

'The time has finally come,' Cathy said softly as she bit on the tip of her finger and placed it on the sleeping Half-Elf's lips. 'Will, it's time for you to wake up. The time of reckoning has come.'

Lilith and Raizel were also in the room with her, but both of them were busy looking outside the window and didn't notice Cathy's gesture.

As the drop of blood entered William's lips, his eyes slowly opened.

He looked up at the pretty lady who was looking down on him with a finger pressed over his lips, as if telling him not to say anything.

Soon, Cathy withdrew her finger, which had already healed, and placed her hand to the side.

She mouthed the words good luck before leaving the room.

Just as she had told William, there was very little that she could do to help him. Her role was to be a spectator, but she wasn't able to remain indifferent after seeing that the Half-Elf had fallen into the trap that Morax had laid out inside Xenovia's Sea of Consciousness.

William watched her go with a complicated look on his face. He had many questions to ask Cathy, but now was not the time for it. He, Lilith, and Raizel had things to do, and this was not the right moment to interrogate the pretty lady who seemed to have a knack for leaving William at a loss for words.

"Lilith, can you leave the room for a bit," William said to the surprise of the two girls who didn't expect him to wake up at this moment.

Truth be told, they hadn't even sensed Cathy's departure from the room, which added to their confusion.

"Okay," Lilith replied. "I will be waiting outside. Just call for me when you need me."

William nodded and gave her a kiss on the cheeks to assure her that everything was going to be fine.

As soon as the door closed, Raizel approached the bed and looked at William with a serious gaze.

"It's now or never," Raizel said with a determined look on her face.

William just smiled and held her hand. "Don't worry. I got this."

Raizel took a deep breath to calm her senses before lowering her head. They had done everything they could leading up to this moment.

No matter what happened, they couldn't afford to fail.

A minute later, Raizel took a step back with her eyes firmly closed.

William was lying on the bed just like before as if he had been asleep the whole time.

Five minutes passed before Raizel finally opened her eyes. She then lowered her head to kiss William's left cheek and whispered that everything was going to be fine.

"It's showtime," Raizel said as she walked towards the door with steady steps.

The moment of truth has arrived, and as the main actress of the show, she needed to play her part and play it well.

Lilith who was waiting outside the door looked at the young beauty with a smile.

"Did the two of you finish whatever you were doing?" Lilith asked.

"Yes," Raizel said with a complicated gaze as she held Lilith's hand. "Come with me to the rooftop."

"What about Will?"

"Let's look for Cathy to look after him."

Lilith could only nod her head as Raizel led her towards the empty hallways. While this was happening, the sky above the Deadlands had started to darken. The faint rumbling of thunder could be heard from the heavens, as Morax's laughter reverberated across the land.

"Everyone, today is the day that you will remember for the rest of your lives," Morax declared. "It is the day that all of you will witness the birth of a New World Order! Come! I invite all of you to partake in this grand event! I will be waiting for all of you on the outskirts of the Black Tower!"

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Swiper gazed in the direction of the Black Tower with dread. His hands started to shake with anxiety and fear.

Even so, he forcefully clenched his fists and gritted his teeth.

'I hate to be on the losing side!' Swiper cursed internally in order to prevent his subordinates from losing their morale. He forcefully held back the words of anxiety in his chest as he continued to gaze at the Black Tower in the distance.

His subordinates, who were standing behind him shivered, as they gazed at the Tower that filled them with dread. It was as if they knew that if they did something stupid, all of them would end up dead.

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Eldon's gaze was solemn as he, and his men started to don their armor one by one. All of them were Dwarves, and they were a race that was known to stand against evil in any form.

After he finished putting on his armor, he scanned the faces of his subordinates, who had supported him up to this day.

"Today might be our last day here in this world," Eldon said. "We've had our fair share of ups and downs, but today, all of that will end. Either we return to our homeworlds, or return to the embrace of the Earth Goddess.

"Regardless of the outcome, I, Eldon Dragonfury, stand before you now as your brother, your friend, and your comrade."

Eldon raised his sledge hammer high up in the air.

"Glory to the Earth Goddess!"

""For the Earth Goddess!""

""For the Earth Goddess!""

""For the Earth Goddess!""

Eldon marched outside of his shelter followed by his trusted subordinates. All of them had prepared themselves for the worst, so they marched proudly as they faced the greatest battle of their lives.

"Hope, let it be known that, on this day, we Dwarves have kept our oath," Eldon said softly as he led his men to battle. "Just as our forefathers did in the days of old."

Chapter 852: I Don't Want To Be Cannon Fodder

On the day the Ninth Mirror was found, everyone alive... and dead in the Deadlands started to stir.

Morax stood on the tip of the Black Tower with his eyes glowing with a golden color. The air picked up and powerful gusts of wind buffeted the surroundings, but aside from his hair and clothes, the Dread Lord was unfazed and smiled with delight.

Wade, Lindir, and the other Leaders who switched to Morax's camp, stood at the base of the tower looking at this sight with fear and expectations.

All of them were aware that, right now, Morax was the most powerful person in the Deadlands and nothing could stop him from doing whatever he wanted.

'Only fools would fight against such greatness,' Wade thought as he gazed at his fellow Leaders that had switched sides long ago. He then shifted his attention to Lindir who was looking up at the Dread Lord with a calm expression on his reptilian face.

As the one who found the last mirror, he was given special privilege to join Morax's side at the last minute. No one found this surprising because, for them, this was the best choice that the Leader of the Swamptide Shelter could make at the moment.

"Greetings, friends, why don't you all come a bit closer?" Morax said in a teasing tone. "Relax, I won't bite."

The Demonic Shelter, led by Swiper, and the Dwarven Shelter led by Eldon stood on the outskirts, just outside the Domain of the Black Tower.

Swiper and Eldon didn't comment and simply made their stand. Not far from them, two beautiful ladies stood on the rooftop of a small cafe, and observed the Black Tower from afar.

"Lilith, take this," Raizel said as she handed Gleipneir to the Amazon Princess.

Lilith didn't take the golden lasso that could change into a golden rope or chain depending on the wielder's will. Instead, she looked at the young beauty in confusion.

"Why? Isn't this your weapon?" Lilith asked.

Raizel shook her head. "The way I am now, I cannot bring out Gleipnir's full power. Only you can do it, so it should be in your hands."

"Then what about you?" Lilith inquired.

Raizel smiled as she raised her clenched fist. "I may not look like it, but I'm very good at hand to hand combat. Actually, this is my specialty. I just use Gleipnir so that others will think that it is the only weapon I have in my arsenal."

As if to prove her point, Raizel punched at the building across them, without moving from her spot. Suddenly, a meter-wide crater appeared in the wall of the building, proving that she was capable of dealing serious damage with just her bare fists.

Lilith nodded her head in acknowledgement and no longer argued about Raizel's decision to lend Gleipnir to her. She could indeed use the artifact's true power, which only the members of the Amazon Royal Family could activate.

"Let's go, we will assist Eldon and Swiper," Raizel said as she jumped off the roof.

Lilith didn't have any complaints and followed behind her. Their priority was to stop Morax from taking full control of the tower, and in order to do that, they must deal with his lackeys first.

"Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!" Morax sneered at the insignificant mortals that were trying to get in his way.

"Why resist? Don't you know how futile your resistance is?" Morax laughed. "Why don't you just join me instead. That way, you can also witness something that will be remembered for eternity."

Eldon took a step forward and pointed his sledgehammer at the Dread Lord who was looking down at them, as if they were as insignificant as ants.

"The only thing I want to see is how I will smash my hammer on your face!" Eldon declared.

Morax gave an exaggerated sigh as he opened both of his hands wide. "As expected of a dirty Dwarf. You smell like dirt. I don't need your despicable race in my new kingdom."

"What kingdom? The only thing you will see is kingdom come!"

"Wade, teach these Dwarves how to be Human. They lack class."

Wade and the other leaders summoned their weapons, with the exception of Lindir who just crossed his arms over his chest.

"What? Are you not joining?" Wade asked. "Do you perhaps hate the idea of hitting your Dwarf friend?"

Lindir snorted as he brushed off Wade's Taunt. "Don't tell me you can't handle a mere Dwarf and a few Demons? Oh, wait. Are you perhaps afraid of Eldon? Are you afraid of that trash, Swiper?"

"F*ck you, Lizard!" Swiper wasn't able to tolerate Lindir's total disregard for him. "Don't let me get my hands on you later! I'll barbecue you and eat your bones!"

Lindir shrugged. "This is what I hate about you, Swiper. You're all talk and no bite."

"Come here, you F*cker! I will destroy you!" Swiper took out his weapon and took a fighting stance.

Lindir just ignored the taunt and even gave Wade the "why are you still here?" stare.

Wade and the others looked at Lindir with contempt but none of them voiced their opinions. If they really couldn't handle Eldon's and Swiper's forces then they would lose face in front of Morax, who was watching this scene with an amused expression on his face.

Bone dragons hovered above the tower, as well as countless Undead Gargoyles and Specters.

On the ground, Skeleton Warriors, and every Undead Creature in existence propped up from the ground numbering in the thousands just like a horror movie.

"Dwarf, if I die here, I swear I will haunt you for life," Swiper said as he prepared himself to fight for his life. "Just why am I standing on your side? I want to be on the winning team dammit!"

"Then don't die, problem solved," Eldon grinned as his sledgehammer started to glow. "Also, no one asked you to stand on my side. You can still go over to their side, you know?"

"I don't want to," Swiper replied. "Anywhere where Avril and Wade are, I don't want to be on that side."

"And why is that?"

"They're just cannon fodder. I don't want to be cannon fodder."

Eldon laughed as he gazed fearlessly at the overwhelming number of enemies that were in front of him.

Soon, two ladies appeared on his right side, and the Dwarf gave them a brief nod of acknowledgement.

"Where is the boy?" Eldon asked.

"Sleeping," Raizel said. "This fight is so boring for him that he just couldn't be bothered to appear here."

"Is that so?" Eldon muttered. "It's a shame, I want to have a drink with him when this is all over."

Lilith smiled as she held Gleipnir in her hands. "Don't worry, you can have a drink with him later. For now, let's handle the small fries."

Eldon nodded. "Aye. sounds like a plan."

Morax pointed at the fools who stood before him and gave his order.

"Kill them all," Morax ordered. "If they don't want to serve me when they are alive, they will serve me in death."

With the Black Tower almost in his grasp, the Dread Lord treated this small interlude as a show for entertainment. After all, once the power of the Deadlands had been harnessed by the mirrors and the Black Tower, he would open the void and bring everyone, living and dead, back to the Celestial Realm where he would personally take his revenge.

Chapter 853:

"Glory to the Earth Goddess!"

""For the Earth Goddess!""

"Kill!" Eldon roared as he charged forward.

Lilith, Raizel, Swiper, as well as the members of the Dwarven and Demonic Shelters ran to meet their enemies in battle.

"Kill them all!" Wade ordered. "Leave no one alive!"

Although he felt pity that the two beautiful women were going to die at their hands, he just shrugged it off as if it was not important.

'If it's just women, I can have my fill after I leave this place,' Wade thought as he raised his weapon. 'The only thing I need to do is show merits in battle in order to gain Morax's good graces.'

As the two forces were about to collide, Lilith jumped high in the air with the golden lasso twirling around her.

"Bind the Firmament, Gleipnir!" Lilith shouted and the golden lasso in her hand extended like a giant golden serpent out for blood.

Lilith lashed out on the oncoming enemies and sent them all flying with one strike. Even Wade didn't expect Raizel's weapon to be used in such a manner, and he was caught completely by surprise.

Even so, he was a seasoned fighter, so he was able to block in time and used the momentum of the blow to propel himself backwards.

'This is good as well, the Undead will weaken them first before I go for the kill,' Wade sneered as he landed hundreds of meters away from the frontlines.

He then glanced at the other members of his Shelter. They had suffered serious injuries from Lilith's surprise attack, and the smugness he felt earlier disappeared completely.

Eldon sent a Death Lord flying with his sledgehammer. Although he wasn't even five feet tall, and his reach wasn't that far, his sledgehammer made up for those losses and made him a mean fighting machine on the battlefield.

Anyone that got hit by his sledgehammer either got smashed to pieces, or turned into meat paste. As the leader of the Dwarf Race, his innate strength was similar to Chloe's in her transformed form.

Swiper, whom Lindir teased as trash, slashed everything within his strike range. Although he wasn't as strong as William, Lilith, Raizel, and Eldon, he was still stronger than the other Leaders in the Deadlands with the exception of Avril.

Eldon laughed as he fought back to back with the Boarkin who was showing his tenacity.

"As long as you can keep swinging your sword until the end, you will not die."

"Shut up, Dwarf. Don't jinx it!"

Raizel delivered several punches and kicks at those surrounding her, practically obliterating the Skeleton Warriors that had come at her from all directions.

Her face was calm and her gaze was steady. It was as if being outnumbered a thousand to one was not a big deal to her.

Suddenly, a Death Lord riding a bone dragon descended from the sky and charged in her direction.

Lilith was busy dealing with the monsters around her, but she was still able to spare some attention to the young beauty that was very dear to her. When she saw the Bone Dragon attacking Raizel's blindspot, she immediately lashed Gleipnir like a whip in order to protect her from the sneak attack.

The golden lasso extended and wrapped itself on the Bone Dragon's body. With one mighty shout, Lilith pulled and smashed it to the densely packed undead like a giant wrecking ball.

Raizel glanced at Lilith's direction giving her a brief nod for helping her evade an attack from behind.

Not long after, the young beauty heard the sounds of wind whistling and immediately glanced at her right side.

Another bone dragon with a Death Lord was flying towards her location, but this time, she was prepared.

With a loud shout, Raizel stomped on the ground sending rock flying in all directions. After that, she used her foot to propel herself to the air, just in time to land on the Bone Dragon's back.

"Die!" The Death Lord shouted as it slashed its weapon at the young beauty who had hitched a ride on its mount.

Raizel stepped to the side, dodging the Death Lord's blow by a few inches.

The dragon flew high in the air as the Death Lord and the young beauty fought on its back.

The two exchanged several blows at each other before Raizel found an opportunity to kick the Death Lord of the Bone Dragon's back, sending its body crashing towards the ground.

Lilith who was paying close attention to the battle smiled when she saw Raizel get the upper hand, however, the smile instantly disappeared on her face after she saw that someone else had appeared on the back of the Black Dragon.

"Behind you!" Lilith shouted with all of her might, but it was too late.

Raizel's expression twisted in disbelief as a blue crystal blade pierced through her chest from the back.

She stared at the sword for a few seconds before the light in her eyes dimmed, and her body lost its strength.

Immediately, her attacker supported her body, preventing it from falling off the Dragon's back.

The attacker was wearing a black cape that had the ability to turn its wearer invisible. This was one of the gifts that Morax had given Avril, alongside the blue crystal blade in her hand, for swearing fealty to him.

"Nooooo!" Lilith roared as she used Gleipnir to propel herself toward the Bone Dragon that was carrying the hateful Elf who had attacked someone very dear to her.

"Get your filthy hands off my daughter!" Lilith shouted as Gleipnir transformed into a golden dragon that was out for blood.

With a mighty roar, the golden dragon flew towards the Bone Dragon in a fury.

Avril sneered as she held her prize in her loving embrace. As soon as the Golden Dragon was about to hit the Bone dragon, it was sent back by a powerful punch that came from the Dread Lord, who had remained a spectator until a moment ago.

"Enjoy your reward," Morax said. "Let the others handle the rest."

Avril slightly bowed her head as she gazed at the Dread Lord who had honored his part of the deal.

"Thank you, Your Excellency," Avril said.

"It's just a simple thing. I look forward to your performance in the future."

"I will not disappoint you, My Lord."

After saying her words of gratitude, Avril guided the Bone Dragon towards the Black Tower.

Lilith was about to follow her but Morax flicked his hand and sent a red lightning bolt towards her.

The Amazon Princess was forced to block it using Gleipnir and the impact sent her hurtling towards the air, far from her precious daughter, who had died in Avril's hands.

The Amazon smashed on the ground, creating a crater. However, she ignored her injuries and shouted with all of her might.

"Give her back to me!" Lilith shouted. "Give me back my daughter! Give Raizel back to me!"

Her anguished cry spread across the battlefield, but no one paid her any mind. Not even the Dread Lord who had prevented her from taking her daughter back from the beautiful Elf, who'd had her eyes on the young beauty ever since she had taken a leading role in the Deadlands.

Title: Get Your Filthy Hands Off My Daughter!

Chapter 854: Will She Be Really Of Any Use?

Inside the Black Tower...

"Finally, you now belong to me," Avril caressed the young beauty's face lovingly. "I've waited for this day for so long... now, you're finally mine."

When Avril had given Morax the mirror, her wish was to make Raizel hers. However, she didn't plan to have a Master and Servant relationship. What the beautiful Elf wanted was Raizel's everything.

Including her soul.

Morax agreed to her request and crafted her a blue crystal blade that had the power to enslave the souls of others. As long as that person's heart was pierced by the blade, they would lose control over their entire body, and their soul would be sealed by the power of the blue crystal blade.

"I'm very sorry, Raizel," Avril said lovingly. "I didn't want to hurt you, but this was the only way we could be together. Don't worry, I promise that I will not mistreat you. I will not allow you to get hurt by anyone, you will be safe with me."

When Raizel first appeared in the Deadlands, Avril didn't pay her much attention. However, the beautiful Elf started to take notice of her when Xenovia had died.

The young beauty had done her best to protect the Glory Shelter all by herself, and Avril watched her the entire time.

Her bravery, her youth, and beauty started to pluck the heartstrings of Avril's heart, which left her obsessed with the red-haired young lady.

At first, Avril decided to get close to her by asking her to become her right hand woman. The beautiful Elf even offered to take care of the entire Glory Shelter as long as she could have Raizel by her side.

Unfortunately, the young beauty politely rejected her offer with the excuse that Xenovia wouldn't want that to happen. On the surface, Avril accepted her reason, but deep inside she lamented that a dead Human had prevented her from taking what she wanted.

Every week that passed, Avril's obsession with Raizel grew. In the end she herself found this to be abnormal because no matter how much she cared for the young beauty, she still felt that her obsession was getting out of hand.

Avril had a unique ability of being able to sense the strong power hidden in the bloodline of people. This was how she had recruited powerful warriors to serve under her when she was still in her homeworld.

When she became trapped in the Deadlands, she thought that this ability of hers was gone because she felt nothing towards the people that had found themselves stranded in this strange world like her.

Aside from being able to sense the power of hidden bloodlines on other people, Avril had another ability. That ability was to temporarily copy that person's power for a short period of time by drinking their blood.

Naturally, she didn't plan to drink Raizel's blood because she adored her. She only wanted to have the young beauty by her side and possess everything she had, including her soul.

"Raizel, my lovely Raizel, I love you," Avril said as looked into the young beauty's dimmed eyes, which contained no consciousness of their own. "Tell me, you love me too, right? Just nod your head, My Love. That is enough."

The blue blade glowed briefly in Avril's hand as if issuing an absolute command to the lady she wanted to have for herself.

Raizel nodded her head, which made Avril very happy.

"I knew it!" Avril smiled happily. "I knew that you loved me, too."

Overcome with happiness, the beautiful Elf kissed Raizel's forehead and cheeks.

Avril's hand then moved downwards, stopping on Raizel's chest as she held it fondly.

"My love, today I will take your everything," Avril said as her hand continued to move downwards and stopped at Raizel's abdomen, which she lovingly rubbed before looking at the young beauty's eyes that were devoid of consciousness. "Including your most precious possession."

She then grabbed Raizel's hand and led her towards the bed.

Avril took off her clothing first, then Raizel's before making her sit on top of the bed alongside her.

"I order you to love me," Avril said and the blue crystal blade that floated in the air once again glowed briefly. "Make love to me, my beloved. You don't have to worry about the meaningless battle that is going on outside, just focus on me, and me alone."

Raizel moved and pulled Avril's naked body close to her. Avril didn't resist, and even enjoyed the sensation of Raizel's body pressing against hers. A moment later, the young beauty's hands wrapped around the Elf's body, holding her in place.

Raizel then lowered her head to kiss Avril's neck, repeatedly, which made the beautiful Elf sigh in pleasure.

Suddenly, Avril felt a piercing pain in her neck which put her in a daze.

"Darling, is this how your race shows their love to another?" Avril asked, and glanced at the glowing crystal blade in the air. Since the power of the blade was still in effect, she thought that this was part of Raizel's culture when professing their love to their beloved.

Soon, the pain disappeared and a blissful expression spread across Avril's face.

"Y-Yes! This is it! This is what I want," Avril said as she held Raizel's head against her neck. "Give me more! Make me feel good!"

A minute later, Avril started to feel lightheaded. It was at this moment when she realized that something was amiss.

"S-Stop!" Avril ordered. "Raizel, stop now!"

The young beauty ignored her and kept on drinking the beautiful Elf's blood.

"I said stop!" Avril mustered her strength to push Raizel away, but the latter had locked her in a firm hold, preventing the beautiful elf from breaking free. "I order you to stop! STOP! STOP IT!"

The blue crystal blade glowed brightly as if reinforcing Avril's command, but the young beauty ignored her and kept on sucking the life force from her body.

Soon, Avril felt faint as her consciousness started to blur.

"Sto....Stop. Pl.... Please... St...Stop," Avril begged as she found herself about to lose consciousness. This was the moment that the beautiful elf realized that the blue crystal blade wasn't affecting the young beauty, whose soul she had thought to have been under her complete control.

Her hands were still trying to push Raizel away, but they no longer contained any strength in them. Soon, her hands fell to the side as her body slackened completely.

Only the sound of someone sucking blood echoed inside the closed room.

Ten minutes later, the young beauty finally pulled her fangs out of the neck of the no-longer beautiful Elf, who had almost turned into a dry husk.

Raizel pushed the body aside indifferently, making it fall to the ground.

"You dare covet my daughter in this manner?" Raizel's words were deep and menacing. "Unforgivable."

The young beauty then picked up her clothes from the floor and put them on as fast as she could.

William, who was possessing Raizel's body, was doing his best to calm the killing intent that was rising from his very soul.

As someone that had been enslaved by the Collar of Wisteria in the past, the Half-Elf had gained full immunity to all kinds of enslavement spells, including those that target the soul

Currently, Raizel's body was still under the enslavement spell, but William's soul had overpowered the Blue Crystal Blade's influence and had taken full control of Raizel's body.

William then grabbed the hateful sword that was floating in the air and smashed it with his bare hands. The blade shattered into countless pieces before turning into particles of light. The spell that bound Raizel's body had finally been broken, making the Half-Elf's anger subside by a small margin.

After making sure that the enslavement spell had been broken, William gave the lifeless Elf on the ground a side-long glance before leaving the room.

He still had things to do and couldn't be bothered in dealing with the Elf that had tried to make someone very precious to him, her personal plaything.

"Raizel, I'm inside," William said as she walked the abandoned hallways of the Black Tower. "Once I am in the throne room, we will proceed with the second phase of our plan. Hurry up and go to your mother. I'm sure that she's gone ballistic by now."

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Raizel, who was possessing William's body, jumped from roof to roof as she headed in the direction of the Black Tower.

The moment her original body was captured, she left the Glory Shelter in order to meet with Lilith.

"Pa, be careful," Raizel replied as the blue gem on William's chest glowed. "I am on my way."

"Don't worry about me." William's voice reached her ears. "I'm more worried about your mother. She's probably going all out right now in order to get your body back."

A brief silence passed between the two before Raizel asked William a question.

"Is Avril dead?" Raizel asked.

"No," William replied. "I was very tempted to kill her, but since you told me to spare her, I just transformed her into a vampire and made her my eternal slave. She won't be moving anytime soon because I ordered her to not move a muscle until I tell her to do so."

"Thank you, Pa."

"Will she really be of any use?"

Raizel smiled as she neared the battlefield. "In time. Let's deal with the Black Tower First."

Raizel's eyes locked on the Amazon Princess whose blood, and tears had merged with Gleipnir, allowing her to wield the artifact's power to its fullest.

Her heart ached knowing that her mother was going all out for her sake, but this was something that needed to happen.

Only by combining their full powers would they have a chance to stand against the Dread Lord, whose Divinity was returning and would allow him to return to the realm of the Gods.

Chapter 855: Hurry! Save Her! Save Our Daughter!

Lilith's tears fell like rain as she smashed every Undead in her path.

She was doing her best to get near to the Black Tower, in order to save Raizel, but Morax was preventing her from doing so with a devilish smile on his face.

Clearly, the Dread Lord was enjoying the Amazon Princess' anguish, and using it to entertain himself, while the nine mirrors were absorbing the power of the Deadlands.

"Get out of my way!" Lilith roared as the Golden Dragon charged towards the Dread Lord. she had done this many times, and everytime she did, the Dread Lord would simply repel it as if he was merely dealing with an insect.

This was Lilith's strongest attack. However, she was not fighting against a Demigod, but a Pseudo-God.

With a flick of his finger, the Golden Dragon shattered, sending a backlash into the Amazon Princess' body.

Blood streamed down the side off Lilith's lips as she bit her lips in frustration.

"You said she was your daughter, right?" Morax asked with a smile. "Well, if you really want to be by her side, I can make that happen."

Lilith held Gleipnir firmly as she tried to muster her remaining strength. She ignored the Dread Lord's words because she knew that Morax was just trying to break her spirit and resolve.

The last thing the Amazon Princess wanted was to give the Dread Lord the satisfaction he was looking for. Even if her body and bones broke, she would never allow Morax to break her spirit.

Lilith knew that if she broke down now, she would never see her daughter again.

'There's only one way,' Lilith gritted her teeth as she transformed Gleipnir into a golden dagger. 'I will sacrifice half of my lifespan to smash that tower to pieces and save Raizel!'

Morax raised an eyebrow because he didn't know what Lilith was planning to do. However, he wasn't too worried. His powers had far surpassed anyone in the Deadlands and no matter what they did, it would still be futile in the end.

"Shatter the Firmament," Lilith held the golden dagger with both hands and aimed it at her chest. "Gleipnir!"

Lilith brought the golden dagger down with all her might to stab it into her chest as she closed her eyes, and yet, the pain didn't come.

Unsure of what was happening, she opened her eyes and saw a hand firmly holding the blade of the dagger, preventing it from reaching its intended goal.

"W-Will?" Lilith asked as she looked at the handsome Half-Elf who was looking at her with an affectionate gaze.

"You will go this far for me...," William said softly as he took the dagger of Lilith's hands.

Morax frowned when he saw the Half-Elf appear on the battlefield. He didn't expect the single variable that stood in his way to wake up from his comatose state at the last moment.

"Will, Raizel got taken," Lilith cried as she grabbed William's arm. "Hurry! Save her! Save our daughter!"

William pulled Lilith's closer to him and whispered in her ear.

"Don't worry, Raizel is safe," William replied. "Come with me."

William didn't wait for Lilith's reply and simply carried her away from the battlefield.

When Eldon saw the Half-Elf taking Lilith away, he immediately shouted and ordered everyone to retreat. Swiper, who was fighting side by side with the Dwarf, also commanded his subordinates to run away from the battlefield.

"Hahaha!" Morax thought that the Half-Elf was going to fight him, but seeing his fleeing figure made him laugh out loud. "In the end, in the face of absolute strength, all tricks are meaningless! Go after them! Don't let them escape!"

The swarm of Undead as well as the Leaders of the Shelters all ran after the retreating Warriors who had dared to fight against them. Morax watched them go and laughed out loud. It had been a while since he had been entertained to this extent, and he wanted to savor it until the very last minute.

"What are you doing?!" Lilith shouted as she struggled within William's embrace.

The Half-Elf was carrying her in a princess carry and jumping from rooftop to rooftop, trying to gain as much distance as he could from the vicinity of the Black Tower.

"Ma, don't struggle," William said. "It's me, Raizel."

"Stop talking nonsense!" Lilith replied as she smacked William's chest with her closed fist. "This is no time for jokes!"

"I'm not joking," William landed on top of a rooftop and allowed Lilith to stand on her two feet. "It's really me. I switched bodies with Papa. The one that Avril captured was him."

"Give me proof! If you don't give me any I'll go to the Black Tower with or without you!"

"Proof? That's easy."

William lowered her head and whispered something in Lilith's ears. A moment later, the Amazon Princess' eyes widened in shock as she looked at the Half-Elf in disbelief.

She had spent a lot of time with Raizel, and she had told the young beauty many of her secrets. Right now, the red-headed teenager in front of her just told her some of the things that she asked Raizel to keep secret.

"I-It's really you, Raizel?"

"Yes. It's me, Mama."

Lilith cried as she hugged her daughter who was currently inside William's body. She had been so desperate trying to advance earlier because she was worried about her condition.

"You're worried about me, but you're not worried about Papa?" Raizel asked in a teasing tone.

"Why should I worry about that idiot?" Lilith complained. "If he had only told me about your plan, I wouldn't have been this anxious!"

"But, if we had told you, you wouldn't have acted the way you did."

"Both of you are cruel. Do you know that my heart almost broke when I saw you get stabbed? How can the two of you do this to me?"

Lilith complained as she shed bitter tears while hugging William tightly.

"I'm sorry." William patted Lilith's back in order to comfort her. "However, the battle is not yet over. Ma, I need it now."

"Are you talking about That?"

"Yes. After you and Papa became one, his body gained the ability to contain your power, Mama. Now is the time to put it to use and show that Dread Lord that the one who will have the last laugh will be us."

Lilith nodded. "Pay him back for the suffering I experienced."

"Papa will pay him tenfold," Raizel nodded with a smile. She then lifted Lilith's chin and pressed her lips over hers.

Lilith's body glowed briefly before it lost all of its strength.

Raizel supported the Amazon Princess' body and held her tight.

"Pa, I'm ready on my side," Raizel said. "How about you?"

Inside the Black Tower...

Several skeleton bones littered the ground as William made his way to the empty throne room. The reason Morax always sat on the Dragonbone Throne was due to the fact that it was the main control mechanism that controlled the Black Tower.

Currently, Morax had already gained full control of the tower, so he no longer needed to sit on the throne. The Nine Mirrors were in the process of gathering all the Laws of the Deadlands, and merging it into one single law that would be absorbed by Morax, giving him power over Life and Death.

The Dread Lord was currently unaware of what was happening inside the Black Tower because it was enveloped by a barrier that prevented anyone from getting in, with the Exception of the Dread Lord himself.

After dealing with the Death Knights that were guarding the throne, the young beauty sat on it and closed her eyes.

"I'm ready," William replied. "How is your mother?"

"She's complaining to me and says that she will murder you later," Raizel replied with a giggle.

"Sounds like she's fine."

"She is, but she's currently unable to move."

William smiled. He knew that Lilith might be very angry with him right now, but there was nothing he could do about it. For now, he set aside the Amazon Princess' wrath and focused his attention on the matter at hand.

"Raizel, be careful."

"I will. Let's switch now. Papa."

"Okay."

The young beauty sitting in the throne room slowly opened her eyes. She then briefly scanned her surroundings before resting her hands on the armrest of the Dragonbone Throne.

Now that she was safely inside the Black Tower, it was time to move onto the third phase of their plan. Raizel narrowed her eyes as she started to snatch control over the Black Tower right under the Dread Lord's nose.

Chapter 856: There Is Nothing In This World That I Can't Steal!

When William opened his eyes he found himself holding the Amazon Princess in his embrace.

The Half-Elf's heart ached when he saw Lilith's tear and blood-stained face.

"I'm sorry, Lilith," William said softly. "I hurt you."

"W-Will?" Lilith gazed at him in confusion. "Where is Raizel?"

"She's inside the tower. We swapped bodies in order to proceed to the third part of the plan."

"... Will she be safe?"

William shook his head. "I don't know, but I believe in her. After all, she is our daughter, right?"

The Half-Elf used his robe to wipe away the tears and blood-stains on Lilith's face. He could tell that she was very weak right now, and his heart ached more knowing that all of this happened because they didn't tell her about their plan to infiltrate the Black Tower and wrest it away from Morax's control.

"So, the reason you gave me Gleipnir earlier was to...?"

"To protect yourself. It is a weapon that can only be used by the Amazon Royal Family, so it was best to have it on your side while we infiltrated the tower."

Lilith could only sigh after hearing William's explanation. Because of Gleipnir, she was able to wreak havoc on the battlefield. The only one that could stop her rampage was the Dread Lord who was far above her league.

"How about that b*tch, Avril? I want to kill her!"

"You don't have to worry about her. I killed her for you."

"You should have left her to me. I would have strangled that b*tch to death."

William patted her head as he held her tight. Technically, he didn't lie to her. Avril was indeed dead because the Half-Elf had sucked almost all of her blood and transformed her into a vampire.

If not for Raizel's request to spare her, William would have definitely given the Elf a gruesome death.

"Merge with me," William ordered. "I don't know if it will work, but I have a feeling that it is possible."

Although he couldn't talk to Optimus, or see his status page, William was confident that Lilith had already been registered as one of his Familia members.

Right now, the Amazon Princess was very weak and he would be worried sick if he left her all alone while he fought off the Undead.

It was better to take her along so that he could have some peace of mind as he waited for the moment when he would give Morax his just desserts for hurting the members of his family.

William kissed Lilith, and the latter kissed him back. Soon, the blue gem on his chest started to glow, and a familiar feeling washed over the Half-Elf's body.

Lilith turned into particles of light and entered the crystal in William's chest. Although he didn't receive any powerful boosts like what he did when he merged with his wives, he was fine with it.

The only thing on his mind was to ensure that Lilith would be safe from harm as he helped Eldon and Swiper resist the Undead Army.

"Are you regretting it now, Eldon?" Wade asked. "If you weren't so stubborn, you wouldn't be in your current situation right now."

"Why are you only asking the Dwarf and not me?" Swiper complained as he glared at the man who had stepped forward to antagonize them.

"In my eyes, you're just cannon fodder," Wade shrugged. "No one cares about you, Swiper."

"You F*cker! I'll kill you!"

"Can you?"

Wade laughed when he heard the Demonic Boar's angry words. For him, Swiper was just a clown strutting around the Deadlands. He was not like Eldon whom Wade considered an equal.

"Look at you acting so smug," Eldon sneered. "Do you think that you've already won?"

Wade chuckled as he made a gesture around them.

There were Undead as far as the eyes could see and they had trapped the Dwarven and Demonic Warriors in an encirclement.

Wade was confident that no matter what the two did, they wouldn't be able to escape this place, so he found Eldon's words very funny.

"I don't think we've won," Wade replied. "We. Have. Won. Surrender now and Lord Morax might find it in his heart to show mercy on you all. Refuse and you will still be joining us, but as Undead. Either way, we will still be comrades in the end, so why continue to resist?"

Before Wade could continue his lengthy persuasion, a commotion broke out in the East as several skeletons were blown high into the air as they broke into pieces.

A few moments later, a lone figure broke out from the encirclement and casually strolled towards Eldon and Swiper.

"Sorry, I'm late," William said with a smile. "Well then, shall we get this party started?"

--

Morax watched William from afar. He would love to personally smash the Half-Elf with his own hands, but he couldn't leave the Black Tower at the moment.

Eight Mirrors floated around the tip of the tower, while the ninth hovered at its center.

Morax floated a hundred meters above the Ninth Mirror.

A moment later, the Black Tower pulsed with power. The dark clouds hanging above it parted, revealing a blood-red-moon.

Morax sighed as he watched this scene because he knew what was going to happen next. The Dread Lord glanced at the Seven Glowing Mirrors and knew that the time was close at hand.

'When the Eighth Mirror finishes collecting the Law of Rebirth, all eight mirrors will then transfer the laws they collected to the Ninth Mirror merging them all into one,' Morax mused. 'Seven have been collected thus far which means that the eclipse will start right about... now.'

As if waiting for that moment, the bottom corner of the blood-red moon started to darken.

The Lunar Eclipse, that opened the pathways to the different worlds, would allow Morax to travel freely without being detected by the Gods.

'Just a little more,' Morax thought. 'Just a little more and I will be unstoppable!'

--

'Just a little more,' Raizel thought as beads of sweat formed on her forehead. She didn't try to take control of the Black Tower right away. Instead, she familiarized herself with the important functions of the Tower.

If she tried to hijack the Tower, Morax would immediately feel it and stop her from getting in the way of his plans. What Raizel wanted to do was to use a Blitzkrieg attack that would render the Death Lord momentarily helpless.

'Papa, has the lunar eclipse started?' Raizel asked as she finished analyzing the Black Tower's basic functions.

'Yes,' William replied as he smashed a Death Knight to pieces. 'Right now, it's halfway finished.'

'Understood.' Raizel took a deep breath as she readied herself for the next phase of their plan. During this time, she would be vulnerable to all attacks. So, if Morax decided to attack her, she would have no means to defend herself.

As if sensing her fears from their connection, William's teasing voice echoed in Raizel's head.

'Are you scared?' William asked.

Although he couldn't see his daughter, he could guess what she was thinking at the moment. The throne room inside the Black Tower was a cold and lonely place. It was very easy for people to lose their warmth, and think of negative thoughts while sitting on the Dragonbone Throne.

William wished that he could take her place, but he also had an important role to play. The only thing he could do was give Raizel words of encouragement that everything was going to be alright.

'A little,' Raizel replied.

'Don't be,' Lilith's voice suddenly interjected between their conversation. 'The three of us are in this together. You are not alone.'

Raizel felt something warm spread inside her chest as she gripped the cold armrests of the Dragonbone Throne with shaking hands.

Truth be told, she was very scared, to the point that she couldn't stop her body from trembling. Even so, Lilith's voice and love reached her, so she was starting to regain her composure.

'It's almost time, Raizel,' William said. 'The Eighth Mirror has nearly collected the Laws of Rebirth. It's now or never.'

Raizel took a deep breath as she held the armrests of the throne firmly.

Now was not the time to think of scary things.

'Ma, Pa... I will wait for both of you, in the future,' Raizel said as she fully activated the power of Lilith's Divinity of Greed. 'Just you wait Morax. There is nothing in this world that I can't steal!'

Chapter 857: Today, I Shall Be The King Of This World

Morax's gaze was focused on the eighth mirror that was slowly being filled up by the Law of Rebirth.

The Deadlands had Eight Laws, and the Laws of Death and Rebirth were the most important of them all.

Above his head, the lunar eclipse was almost complete, and it would take at most a half a minute for everything to fall in place.

William glanced at the Black Tower as he fought off against the Undead alongside Eldon and Swiper. He knew that Raizel would make her move at the last minute in order to thwart Morax's plan for complete domination.

Suddenly, the Deadlands was covered in darkness.

Only the glowing mirrors and the Black Tower, which was pulsing with power, were the only light-sources in the area.

"It's time," Morax grinned as the first mirror shot a beam of light towards the Ninth Mirror, which was floating above the tower.

One by one, all of the mirrors did the same and transferred the power of the Laws that they had collected to the Ninth Mirror in order to merge them together.

The Black Tower glowed, and pulsed like a beating heart as the Ninth Mirror completed the merger of the Laws of the Deadlands.

A concentrated golden ball appeared on its surface as it faced upwards, reflecting Morax's triumphant gaze.

"Today, I shall be the King of this World!" Morax declared as he raised his hands in elation. "Tomorrow, I will be the Conqueror of Worlds!"

Morax's laughter spread across the Deadlands as the Ninth Mirror glowed brightly. Clearly, it was about to shoot out a beam of light that would infuse the power of the Deadlands in Morax's body.

This power was more than enough to heal all of the injuries he had received from the Gods, and allow him to return to his peak. As a former God, Morax had long wished to return to the Celestial Realm, and take revenge on those that had plotted against him.

With a sound that resembled the shattering of thousand crystals, the Ninth Mirror released the powers that it had gathered into its body.

Morax closed his eyes in ecstasy as he waited for the power to surge inside his body.

It was at that moment when an explosion erupted on the battlefield where William and the rest were fighting.

Eldon and Swiper looked in awe as the red-headed teenager floated in the air, bathed in a golden light that illuminated the entire Deadlands like a sun.

"Good job, Raizel," William said softly as a devilish grin appeared on his face.

A series of notification sounds echoed inside William's head and rows upon rows of text appeared on his status page.

< Ding! >

< Vampiric Necromancer has reached its maximum level! >

< Automatic Class Ascension Initiated! >

< Congratulations! >

< You have changed your Job Class to Vampiric Prince! >

< Ding! >

< Vampiric Prince has reached its maximum level! >

< Automatic Class Ascension Initiated! >

< Congratulations! >

< You have changed your Job Class to Vampire King >

< Ding! >

< Due to the power of the Deadlands, your Job Class Vampire King will be upgraded to its Ultimate Class, Vampire Progenitor. >

< Do you wish to proceed? >

< Yes / No >

Although this was the first time that he had heard about an Ultimate Class, William didn't hesitate and chose Yes.

He knew what he was up against, and he needed all the power he could muster in order to stand toe to toe with a Pseudo-God.

Immediately the blood vessels in his body bulged as the power of the Ultimate Class spread across his entire body.

William was familiar with this feeling, because it was the same feeling he felt when he had merged his Job Classes together and obtained the Einherjar Job Class.

Morax, who felt that something was amiss, opened his eyes and saw the Ninth Mirror shoot a beam of golden light towards the Half-Elf who was fighting on the outskirts of the Black Tower.

"Impossible!" Morax gasped in shock at the unbelievable scene that was happening in front of him. "This is impossible! What is happening?!"

The Dread Lord looked at the Ninth Mirror in disbelief because he couldn't understand what was happening.

Everything was going according to his plans, but at the last second, the power he had gathered for himself was now being given to his mortal enemy!

"Bastard!" Morax shouted as he smashed the Ninth Mirror into pieces, but it was already too late.

The Laws of the Deadlands were now merging with Wiliam's body. Even from afar, Morax could feel the Half-Elf's power rising at an incredible rate.

A few seconds later, Morax felt his connection with the Black Tower slowly start to weaken. It was then he realized that someone had tampered with the Tower's settings and ruined the plan he had painstakingly made over the years.

"You hateful wench!" Morax roared in anger when he sensed Raizel's presence inside the throne room. "I'll kill you!"

Morax immediately descended from the sky with fury with every intention of ripping the young beauty to shreds for getting in his way.

Raizel immediately raised the defenses of the Black Tower that were under her command, but all of them were broken by the enraged Dread Lord, who had punched a hole in the tower itself in order to reach the throne room as fast as possible.

The young beauty had just managed to take over fifty percent of the Black Tower's functions, so she wasn't able to fully use its maximum capabilities.

Even so, she still managed to slow down the Dread Lord's descent, buying herself some time to acquire more of Black Tower's abilities.

"Die, Wench!" Morax hurled two black spears that pierced through the Black Tower's floors and descended upon the defenseless lady sitting in the throne room.

A pained cry escaped Raizel's lips as the two spears penetrated her chest and shoulder, pinning her to the throne. The young beauty managed to move aside at the last second, preventing the black spear from piercing her heart directly.

Raizel bit her lips, until it bled, to prevent herself from screaming. Her blood stained her clothes, and her attempt to seize full control of the Tower came to a complete halt.

Due to the injuries she received, the defenses that she had erected all shattered, allowing Morax to descend to the throne room unhindered.

"You whore! How dare you get in my way!" Morax's thrust his clawed hands towards the girl's chest with the intention of ripping her heart out from her body.

However, before the Dread Lord's hand could even touch the young beauty's body, a foot suddenly appeared in his line of sight.

Everything happened so fast that Morax didn't have time to process what happened. The only thing he knew was that he felt pain at the center of his face, before his entire body slammed into the wall of the throne room.

"You!" Morax roared as he pointed at the Half-Elf who was currently pulling out one of the black spears from the young woman's body. "I should have killed you! I should have ended your life long ago!"

The Dread Lord's hateful shouts passed through the Half-Elf's ears like a passing breeze. After pulling out the two spears that had impaled his daughter, William started to heal her injuries using the power of his blood.

A few seconds later, the gaping wounds regenerated completely, leaving no scars behind.

"Sorry, I'm late," William said as he patted Raizel's head. "Don't worry. You're safe now."

Raizel's tears streamed down on her face as William's warm hand washed away the fear and pain that had taken hold of her body a few moments ago.

"Lilith, look after Raizel," William stated as he faced the Dread Lord whose face had already contorted into that of a beast due to extreme anger.

The Amazon Princess appeared beside William. She then hurriedly went to hug Raizel and wrapped the young beauty in her protective embrace.

"Kill him!" Lilith ordered. "Make him pay for hurting my daughter!"

William nodded. "Don't worry. I planned to do that from the very start."

He had no intention of letting Morax live after what he had done to Raizel. Not only did the Dreadlord make a weapon that would enslave his daughter's soul, the hateful Avril wanted to take everything from her as well.

This had crossed William's bottom line and he had been feeling murderous long ago. Although he was still not a match against the Pseudo-God in front of him, it was only a matter of time before the power of the Deadlands finished merging with his body.

When that time came, the Half-Elf believed that he would have the power to smash Morax's body and soul to a pulp, using the Laws that governed Life and Death.

Chapter 858: Does This Look Like The Face Of Mercy To You?

The Black Tower trembled as two figures fought inside it in close combat. The powerful shockwaves buffeted the Amazon Princess and the young beauty that was seated on the throne.

William was doing his best to mitigate the damage that was being sent in their direction by using his body to deflect the shockwaves that were supposed to hit them.

The Half-Elf's powerful regeneration ability was able to heal the damages that he received from exchanging blows with Morax.

The Dread Lord knew that William was only buying time for the power of the Laws to merge with the Half-Elf's body completely. In order to slow down the merging process, Morax had unleashed several attacks at the two ladies, forcing William to go to their defense, which made him suffer serious injuries.

Raizel and Lilith were not being idle either as they worked together to take control of the Black Tower.

Currently, the Amazon Princess' Divinity was inside Raizel, so she was using her connection with the Power of Greed, to half the pressure that the young beauty was facing.

Together, they managed to make great progress as they took over 70% of the Black Tower's authority.

'Will, I'm sending you and that bastard outside of the tower,' Lilith said via telepathy. 'I know you can't fight him to the fullest because you are busy protecting us.'

'Okay,' William replied. 'Do it now. He is charging a powerful attack, and I may not be able to block it in time.'

Just as the two finished talking to each other, the Dread Lord raised his hand to unleash one of his ultimate moves.

"Infernal Flare!" Morax shouted. He planned to unleash a Hellfire and burn everything in the throne room to ashes. He no longer cared about the tower, his only desire was to kill the insects that had gotten in his way!

A powerful explosion rocked the entire Deadlands as a blazing inferno razed a quarter of the Undead Army, obliterating them completely.

Swiper, who was near the area of the explosion, was blasted away by the scorching gusts of air that made him scream in fear and pain.

"Back away!" Eldon ordered as the Dwarves under his command ran towards the opposite side of the battlefield.

The sudden attack caught him and everyone else by surprise, and the only thing they could do was to get away from the Dread Lord who no longer had an amused expression on his face.

"I knew I should have killed you earlier!" Morax gnashed his teeth in both anger and regret as he glared at the Half-Elf in front of him. "If only you hadn't arrived here in the Deadlands! If only you were not here!"

William didn't comment and simply hovered in the air, allowing the Dread Lord to shout at him. It was at that moment when he noticed movement out of the corner of his eye.

A certain pretty lady casually walked towards the entrance of the Black Tower with a charming smile on her face. Upon noticing that William had noticed her, Cathy gave the Half-Elf a playful wink before disappearing in its interior.

The corner of William's lips twitched because he didn't expect Cathy to be so carefree, while all of them were fighting with their lives on the line. There were still so many things that he didn't know about her, but there was one thing that he was certain of.

The mysterious lady was on their side.

"I have had enough of this farce!" Morax declared. "If I can't take it then none of you can have it! I will destroy everything in this world! No one shall leave this place alive!"

Morax's body enlarged as he activated the power of his God Core. After staying in the Deadlands for many years, half of his injuries had recovered. Even so, it was still not enough for him to get back to his peak strength.

Even so, the Dread Lord was still a former God of Hell. He had sealed his Domain when he was driven out of Hell, so most of his forces were still intact. Now that it had come to this, he would forcefully open the door of the Deadlands to allow his minions to descend upon the world.

"I will show you the power of a God!" Morax roared.

A blazing flame engulfed his entire body, as a powerful pressure descended from the heavens. Eldon, Swiper, and their subordinates were forced to kneel on the ground because of the Divine power that was crushing their bodies like a mountain.

A few minutes later, the flame receded. A Humanoid Bull wearing red armor and wielding a Great Axe appeared in front of everyone.

It breathed fire from its nose as it locked its gaze on William, who was looking back at him with a weird expression.

"Rejoice Half-Elf! You have forced me to show you my true form!" Morax sneered. "You can die knowing that it was a God of Hell that ended your miserable life!"

Morax pointed his finger towards the eclipsed-moon that was emitting a golden halo.

Half a minute later, war cries spread across the battlefield as red portals appeared in the skies of the Deadlands.

Demonic creatures with red skin, wielding many weapons fell from these portals like rain. Morax, the Great Earl of Hell, had finally decided to go all out and take control of the Deadlands by force.

Although the mirrors had been destroyed, they would reform again after a hundred years had passed.

The Laws of the world would also return once he killed the hateful Half-Elf in front of him. If he could wait for another hundred years, his plan for vengeance was still a possibility.

--

After making a quick detour, Cathy made her way towards the throne room, while dragging Avril's body that was almost like a dried husk.

"You know, Will has many shortcomings," Cathy said as she walked with steady steps. "He's far from being a perfect person. He can be very smart at times, and dumb on other occasions. Just like everyone else, he has a reverse scale... rather, reverse scales."

The pretty lady chuckled as she continued to drag Avril by her hair. "Touch any members of his family and he will go on a killing spree. If not for Raizel's reminder, you would have been dead by now. I'm sure you're wondering why you're still alive, right? Don't worry, you don't need to know the answer."

Cathy's devilish smile made Avril's body shudder uncontrollably. Those were the eyes of a person that was about to kill someone.

"Although I wasn't the one that gave birth to Raizel, she is still William's daughter," Cathy stated. "Meaning, she is also one of my daughters. You b*tch, how dare you hurt a member of our family?"

She tried to open her lips to plead guilty, but a wave of Cathy's hand sealed it completely.

"Save your breath," Cathy said as she pointed at her smiling face. "Does this look like the face of mercy to you?"

Avril's eyes started to tear up because she knew, with absolute certainty, that the pretty lady that was smiling down on her, would not stop until her very soul ceased to exist.

Chapter 859: The Strongest Adversary That He Had Faced In His Lifetime

When Cathy appeared in the throne room, Lilith, who was seated beside Raizel on the dragonbone throne, looked at her in confusion.

"Cathy? What are you doing here?" Lilith was about to ask more, but she noticed the person that the pretty lady was dragging behind her.

Although Avril was almost unrecognizable in her current form, Lilith's hatred towards the Elf had allowed her to know her identity instantly.

"Okay, calm down, Lilith," Cathy said with a smile. "I know how badly you want to kill this b*tch, but she still serves a purpose, isn't that right, Raizel?"

"Yes," Raizel nodded. The young beauty stared hard at Cathy. The diary had briefly talked about her existence, but there had been no detailed reports about the things she did in the Deadlands.

Her name would also be spoken by her Mama (Lilith) from time to time, calling her a very sly person. Since she hadn't seen Cathy at all while she had lived with her family, she thought that the pretty lady was just someone his Ma and Pa had only met in the Deadlands.

Raizel didn't expect that Cathy would appear in the throne room, dragging Avril behind her.

"I think it's about time to put this b*tch to good use," Cathy said with a smile. "Things are getting quite problematic outside, and if we don't hurry, Will is going to get his a*s handed to him."

"Were you always this crass with your words?" Lilith blinked because this was the first time she saw Cathy acting like this. Her impression of the pretty lady changed as she watched her walk towards them.

"Well, there are many things you don't know about me," Cathy replied with a smirk. "But, we don't have time to talk about that now. Raizel, do the honors."

The young beauty nodded her head. She then activated one of the abilities of the Black Tower that required a sacrifice to work.

Avril's body floated in the air until it was securely placed on a floating pedestal.

"F-Forgive... me," Avril forcefully opened her lips to beg for forgiveness. "Spare... me."

Raizel gazed at the Elf who was looking at her with pleading eyes. Truth be told, she didn't know that Avril had planned to enslave her, because the only thing that was written in the diary were the words.

"Fortunately, I had swapped bodies with Raizel on that fateful day. If not, I might have lost someone very dear to me forever."

This entry in the diary had scared her when she had read it. She didn't dare ask her parents what it meant because they would become angry at her for stealing something that she shouldn't have taken.

Because of this, she had done her best to master her soul swapping abilities, until she was able to control it fully.

"I forgive you," Raizel said, "but I will not spare your life. I'm sorry."

Gritting her teeth, she activated the power of the Black Tower.

Several beams of light pierced through Avril's body making her shriek in pain.

The young beauty averted her gaze because she didn't want to look at the horrifying scene of Avril being burned alive.

Lilith and Cathy, on the other hand, watched this with undisguised satisfaction on their faces. They watched until Avril's entire body turned into ashes, leaving only a blue orb of light behind.

Avril's soul hovered above the pedestal and glowed brightly. The entire tower trembled as several runes appeared on its exterior. The blue orb of light turned into particles of light as its Soul Power was all used up.

After powering up the Black Tower, it shot a golden beam of light towards the moon in the sky.

"Petty tricks," Morax sneered at the Black Tower. He didn't know what Lilith and Raizel did, but he had full confidence that he had the power to overcome all obstacles in his current form.

In the air and on the ground, Morax's Demonic Legion had already made William's allies lose their morale. If it was only the Undead, they could still muster some form of resistance with the Half-Elf by their side.

Now that a Demonic Army that numbered in the millions had appeared in front of them, they felt as if they no longer had a chance of winning.

"Kill everyone, but leave this Half-Elf to me!" Morax ordered. "I will personally deal with you and make you wish you were never born."

"Is that so?" William sneered as he flicked his arm to the side. "It's not only you who can call for backup. I can also play that game."

After the beam of light shot towards the sky, William's connection with his Ring of Conquest had activated. Although Morax had a million strong army at his disposal, the Half-Elf didn't give a fart.

"Come forth and show these wannabes what a real army looks like!" William ordered as several golden portals appeared around him.

Soon, the denizens of the Thousand Beast Domain appeared in the Deadlands.

Lamassus flew in the sky, while countless Goblins, Revenant Minotaurs, Centaurs, and other Beasts poured out of the portals on the ground.

Erchitu, Psoglav, Bastian, Fenrir, Scadrez, Sharx, Xerxes, Dazz, Jareth, and all the other Commanders of William's Legion led their own forces in an organized manner. They were not new to the Arts of War, so it was an easy task for them to rally their troops in preparation for a large-scale battle.

Half a minute later, A Giant Red Lobster exited one of the portals. Sitting on top of its head was a rainbow-colored Anteater that was looking down on the Demonic Legion with an arrogant gaze.

"Come!" Kasogonaga shouted in its arrogant voice. "Let's show these small fries what we are made of!"

Over a million Class A Requiem Antz, that were at their peak, poured out of the portals behind the Anteater. Right now, all of the Antz listened to Kasogonaga's commands in fear that he would treat them as a snack if they performed badly.

These Requiem Antz, which had taken the form of crabs, octopuses, and lobsters, were only a step away from becoming Centennial Beasts. This made them a force to be reckoned with and not even William could gauge how destructive they would be once they had crossed into the Centennial Rank.

When that happened, even a kingdom would find it hard to resist an attack of such magnitude.

The boisterous Demonic Legion, which had been shouting their war cries a minute ago, all gazed in shock as an army that was on par with them made their presence known.

"You guys, take care of these small fries," William ordered his Thousand Beast Army before shifting his attention to Morax. "Out of all the forms you chose to take, it had to be a Bull. Do you know? You just shot yourself in the foot."

William didn't know if the suppression of the Shepherd Job Class affected Pseudo-Gods as well, however, since his other powers had temporarily returned to his body, he no longer felt helpless when it came to fighting against the strongest adversary that he was about to face in his lifetime.

Chapter 860: I Want To Know How It Will All End

Inside the Shrine in Hestia Academy...

Shannon's brush danced on the canvas and images started to form on its pristine white surface. She worked tirelessly giving life to scene that was forming right before her eyes.

Her face had a flushed expression as she immersed herself in her craft, painting the scenes in her vision and creating a record for the world to see.

A Giant Humanoid Bull with red-skin and eyes that glowed golden appeared on the right side of the canvas, in front of it was a teenage boy, with his robes flapping around behind him.

Under them, a chaotic mess of Men, Beasts, Demons, and Undead, waged war against each other.

Above them, Bone Dragons, Gargoyles, Lamassus, and Birds with different colors like the rainbow, fought for supremacy.

Shannon's breathing became ragged as the first portrait was finished. The canvas floated to the side and a blank one took its place. The young lady once again rested her brush on its surface and drew the next image that she saw.

She was so occupied with her painting that she didn't notice that she was no longer alone inside her room.

A handsome man with silver hair and blue eyes, held the first painting she made and looked at it with a grim expression on his face.

He recognized the Humanoid Bull, as well as the red-headed teenager that was facing off against it. Expressions of shock, and disbelief appeared in the depths of his eyes, but he didn't doubt the image that the young lady had drawn.

For that was the power that he had bestowed upon her, as a way to compensate the lady for her inability to walk outside and discover the world with her own two eyes.

'Morax... so you are still alive,' Aamon gripped the corner of the canvass, almost snapping it into two. Fortunately, he recovered himself at the last moment and managed to save the painting that the young lady had drawn.

It was at that moment when he noticed that Shannon was looking in his direction, a confused expression on her face.

"What's wrong, Father?" Shannon inquired.

The silver-haired man shook his head. "Nothing. This drawing of yours is pretty good. Do you know where this scene is happening right now?"

Shannon shook her head. "I don't know where it is. The only thing I do know is that I think it's not in this world."

The young lady pointed at the canvas in front of her. Amidst the chaotic images of the battle that was raging on its surface, a certain Black Tower stood up in the background.

The silver-haired man's eyes shrunk after he recognized the Black Tower in the painting.

"The Deadlands... I should have known," the silver-haired man muttered. "Don't mind me. Just continue to paint. I want to know how it will all end."

Shannon nodded with a smile. It was very rare for her father to visit her, so she didn't mind painting for him.

Once again, her brush danced on the canvas as if it was a living thing, and drew the world that was on the borders of Life and Death.

Psoglav and Swiper met on the chaotic battlefield and the first thought that crossed their minds was...

'This person is just like me. We hate losing and we are afraid of dying.'

The Demonic Boar eyed the Demonic Dog before giving him a brief nod. Psoglav returned his greeting as he shared his name with the creature that shared his characteristics.

"Psoglav."

"Swiper."

"You're with that brat, William?" Swiper asked.

Psoglav nodded as he slashed a Death Knight that tried to sneak attack him from behind.

"I've known him since he was a kid," Psoglav replied. "What's wrong?"

"Can he beat that guy?" Swiper glanced at the battle that was raging in the Heavens. Currently, the Half-Elf was on the defensive side and was unable to even touch the Humanoid Bull that was swinging its axe with fury.

When the Demonic Dog looked up, William's arm was cut off from his body and fell down from the sky.

The Demonic Dog casually used a Dark Whip to grab the arm and pull it in his direction.

After gaining possession of the Half-Elf's arm. He took a bite of it and immediately spat afterwards.

"Damn, wrong arm!" Psoglav complained as he threw William's arm back to its owner. "Oi! Will! Next time you get one of your arms cut off, make sure that it's not the left one!"

The Half-Elf caught the arm and reattached it to his body before giving Psoglav the middle finger.

After doing so, the Half-Elf moved to the side, barely dodging the follow-up attack of the Great Earl from Hell.

The corner of Swiper's lips twitched after seeing this unbelievable act of "camaraderie" between the Demonic Dog and the Half-Elf. For a brief moment, he wanted to slap himself to know if he was dreaming.

"Well, see you around," Psoglav said before jumping towards a densely packed formation of low-leveled undead.

Even in war, the Demonic Dog chose to play it safe and only bullied the monsters that were weaker than it.

Swiper watched him go while clenching his fists.

"I knew I didn't choose the losing side," Swiper muttered as he rejoined his subordinates in battle. Although the Half-Elf seemed to be suffering from a one-sided beating, the Demonic Boar believed that his side wouldn't lose no matter what.

'Damn, as expected this bastard is strong,' William thought as he unleashed a barrage of punches, and kicks at the Humanoid Demon that had been bullying him since the beginning of the battle.

Although his suppression worked, it merely lowered Morax's strength to that of a Demigod that was at its middle stages.

Right now, he was currently a Vampire Progenitor. The Sovereign of all Vampires, and yet, his rank was only at the peak of the Myriad Realm. Although there was only one tier between a Myriad Beast and a Demigod, the gap between the ranks was similar to Heaven and Earth.

Only William's powerful regeneration ability was helping him cope with the damage that was slowly stacking up on his body.

Morax blocked William's attacks with his weapon and prevented any blow from landing on his body.

'I need a weapon,' William thought. 'His Great Axe is a Divine weapon and although he can't unleash its power due to his current rank, it is still sharp enough to slice me in half if I'm not careful.'

The Half-Elf was unable to summon any of his weapons, so he was only using his bare hands to fight the Monster that was slowly pushing him into a corner. He knew that if this went on, Morax would definitely triumph over him, so William was busy thinking of ways to disarm him and put an end to his one-sided beating.

Inside the Glory Shelter...

The small wooden mallet that William and Lilith had found in the Deadlands started to shake. Lightning snaked across its surface and a metallic hum echoed inside the room.

It was as if it was being called by someone who had fought alongside it, several thousand years ago.