

Strongest 861

Chapter 861: Calling A Friend Across Time And Space

Lilith, Raizel, and Cathy were watching the battle through a projection inside the Black Tower. They saw how William was unable to get the upper hand in his clash against Morax.

The battle on the ground and air however, was the complete opposite of what was happening in the fight between the leaders of the two sides.

William's Thousand Beast Army had the upper hand because, not only did they have quantity, they had quality as well.

The Undead Army's ranks were pretty chaotic, which ranged from Class D Monsters up to Millennial Beasts (Bone Dragons).

The weakest on the Demonic Legion's side, on the other hand, were class A Monsters with several Millennial Demonic Commanders ordering them.

If these combined forces were to attack a Kingdom then the outcome would be total annihilation.

This was also why Eldon and Swiper had almost lost all hope when the Demonic Legion arrived on the battlefield to aid Morax in this battle for dominion.

Fortunately, William's own army entered the scene and came to their rescue. What really surprised them was the teamwork of the monsters in William's Army.

The Goblins dealt with the Undead Army, while the Requiem Antz, the Undead Revenants—Erchitu and Bastian—and the beasts under William's command, dealt with the Demonic Legion.

The hundreds of Lamassus in the sky had all stepped into the Centennial Rank. Although they were weaker than the Bone Dragons, their numbers made up for the gap in ranks.

The rainbow birds, being the obnoxious birds that they were, rampaged in the heavens as they shot magic bullets, acid sprays, acid bombs, and profanities at their enemies. B1 and B2, in their Phoenix form, led the assault as they zigzagged across the skies destroying everything in their path.

What truly made things hard for Morax's aerial units was that Scadrez, the Blood Eagle, was carrying Kasogonaga on its back to help deal with the Bone Dragons. These terrors of the Undead Race were no match for the rainbow-colored Anteater's rolling attack that smashed their heads to bits.

If not for Morax constantly reviving them with his powers, the skies would have already been won by William's Aerial Army.

"Give it up, you won't win!" Morax snarled as he swung his weapon at the Half-Elf who was busy reviving the Demonic Legion under the Great Earl's command, and converting them to his own fighting force.

"Don't you bad guys have other phrases you can use?" William sneered. "Those words have been said to me countless times already by scum like you. What do you think happened to them in the end?"

"Graaah!" Morax swung his axe creating hundreds of crimson blades headed in William's direction.

The Half-Elf clicked his tongue because Morax had been trying to reduce the number of his army by attacking his forces on the ground and air.

William pressed his hands together and hundreds of Bone Shields floated in the air, blocking the blades completely.

Morax swung his weapon at full power towards Eldon's and Swiper's location, which created a gigantic Golden Wind Blade that was meant to annihilate everyone and anything in its path.

Seeing that the others were in danger, William immediately flew in their direction with the intention of blocking Morax's deadly attack.

The Humanoid Bull sneered as he flew in the direction of the Black Tower.

'This is your weakness Half-Elf,' Morax grinned. 'You have too many people to protect, which prevents you from going all out against me. If I can capture those girls in the throne room, and regain control of the Black Tower, this will still be my win.'

William roared in anger when he understood Morax's intention.

Right now, he was forced to make two choices.

The first one was to abandon Eldon and Swiper then fly after Morax and protect the Black Tower with everything he had.

Or save the Dwarf and the Demonic Boar, gambling on Raizel's and Lilith's ability to block Morax's advance using the power of the Black Tower.

"Damn you! Morax!" William hatefully smashed the upcoming Golden Energy Blade with his fist, making it explode into hundreds of pieces.

The aftermath of the collision sent William tumbling in the air for hundreds of meters, while golden fireballs descended towards the combatants on the ground. The resulting impact obliterated the Undead, and grievously injured the Demonic Legion, as well as those of William's forces who were caught up in the explosion.

The attack of a Demigod was nothing to sneeze at. William's left arm had almost been completely incinerated and his body had received serious injury as well. If he hadn't blocked Morax's attack using his full strength, Eldon, Swiper, and their subordinates would have been erased from the face of the Deadlands.

William glared hatefully at the bastard who was aiming for his family members, as he did his best to hasten the regeneration of his body. Unfortunately, his recovery was happening at a very slow rate because of the Divinity that was infused in the Demonic Earl's full-powered strike.

Although Morax's rank had been suppressed to the middle stages of the Demigod Rank, his attacks still contained the Divinity of a God.

If not for the fact that the Laws of the Deadlands were protecting William's body from total annihilation, he would have been turned into charred coal by now.

As the ladies inside the Black Tower saw this outcome, they stared daggers at the petty Humanoid Bull, who resorted to dirty tactics in order to harm their loved one.

"Strengthen the barrier now!" Lilith ordered. "We need to buy time until Will comes to save us!"

Lilith understood Morax's intention. The Demonic Earl had decided to use them as hostages in order to coerce William to surrender. This was something that she didn't approve of. Lilith knew that they had to resist no matter what.

Raizel also knew the gravity of the situation and activated the barrier of the Black Tower to its limits.

Cathy simply stood beside the throne with both arms crossed over her chest. She had a calm expression on her face because she knew that William would stop at nothing in order to save his family.

William gritted his teeth as he forced his regeneration abilities to speed up its process. Undead Gargoyles descended from the sky in order to attack him, but the Angry Birds and Lamassus made sure that they didn't come close to their Master.

"I need something to be able to fight him head on," William muttered. "I need the power to contend against a God."

Morax had arrived at the Black Tower and was attacking the barrier like a berserked bull.

Although the Barrier was holding up for now, several small cracks were starting to appear on its surface. Clearly, it was only a matter of time before the barrier broke, and when that happened, Morax would be able to capture his family members.

The Half-Elf closed his eyes in order to calm himself down.

More than anything else, he knew that he needed to think clearly because this was a crucial moment.

'What should I do?' William asked his heart. 'What can I do?'

It was at that moment when the strand of darkness that had infiltrated his body long ago started to stir. It had remained dormant for years, waiting for an opportunity to strike.

However, before it could make its presence known, dark clouds covered the sky in William's Sea of Consciousness.

Thunder roared in the heavens, and lightning bolts struck the sea repeatedly in defiance. The entirety of William's being was in uproar as if trying to call something from beyond its borders.

Suddenly, the memory of the last battle in Asgard appeared in William's memories.

Odin, Thor, Loki, and Heimdall had already fallen in battle, along with his beloved wives whose lives had burned up like fireworks in the sky.

It was at that moment when he found himself standing on the battlefield surrounded by countless foes.

And the raging flames of destruction had started to creep upon Ygdrasil's body, and he could hear its woes.

In that dark moment, when no hope was no longer in sight. A hymn of time long forgotten, broke through the sanctity of the night.

William's tears streamed down his face, as he raised his hand to call a friend across time and space.

"Bring in the hammer to sanctify the bride,

On the maiden's knees let Mjollnir lie.

From the Heavens I can hear Mjollnir's Roar

And in the thunder I can feel the heart of Thor."

From somewhere far away, a metallic hum answered his call.

A distant friend had come... to smite them all.

Chapter 862: Do You Know The First Law Of The Universe?

Thunder rumbled across the skies of the Deadlands and lightning descended like rain.

The small wooden mallet in Raizel's room broke through the windows, and flew in the direction of the person that had shared the last moments of Asgard with it.

In the span of a few heartbeats, the small wooden mallet landed in William's grasp, and with it, a powerful shockwave blew away all the foes that surrounded him.

"Fight for me, one more time, Dear Friend," William said softly as he gripped the wooden mallet firmly in his hand. "This time, we're not fighting for Asgard, but for the future."

The wooden mallet hummed as if to reply to the Half-Elf's words. A second later, its body transformed into the Divine Artifact that only those it had chosen could wield.

William raised Mjollnir towards the sky, and all the lightning bolts in the world descended upon him as if to pay tribute to their Master's call for conquest.

William's charred arm immediately recovered as did the rest of the injuries his body had received. Golden lightning snaked around his body and a metallic suit of armor, that once belonged to the God of Thunder, covered him completely.

"Let's go, Old Friend," William muttered. "It's time to smash the face of a God once again."

Mjolnir hummed in agreement as William transformed into a golden lightning bolt that streaked towards the Demonic Earl who was trying to harm the people who were important to him.

Morax, who had witnessed the whole thing, roared as he swung his Divine Axe towards the golden lightning that was about to strike him down.

A sound that resembled a clap of thunder reverberated across the battlefield as a powerful shockwave blew Morax and William away from each other.

"This strength...," Morax muttered as he eyed the small hammer in William's hand. 'A Divine Weapon? Here in this god-forsaken-place? Impossible!'

William, who was not aware of the confusion that was plaguing Morax's mind, once again transformed into a lightning bolt and reappeared in front of the Giant Bull's face.

Without any warning, the Half-Elf smashed his hammer on Morax's face, but the Demonic Earl was someone that was well versed in the art of war. Although he was surprised by William's new found power, he was a God and had fought against other Gods in Hell.

Morax shrunk his body until it was only two-meters tall in order to avoid William's frontal attack at the last second.

However, before the Demonic Earl could celebrate his genius move, a hammer struck the top of his head, which sent him crashing towards the ground, screaming in pain.

After hitting its target, the hammer flew back to William's hand, and the Half-Elf once again transformed into a lightning bolt to deliver another strike at the bastard who dared to harm his family.

He didn't intend to show Morax any mercy.

There was only one thing in William's mind and that was to pound the Demonic Earl's face to oblivion.

Morax forcefully controlled his body as he landed on his feet, just in time to block William's attack that shattered the ground under the Demonic Earl's feet.

"You're still not in the ranks of the Demigods and yet you are able to fight on par with me? How can this be?!" Morax shouted. "Answer me!"

"On par with you? You must be joking," William sneered as lightning snaked around Mjolnir's body. "I fought against a God in the past using a mortal's body. Right now, you're not a God but a Demigod, and you still have the guts to say that I'm on par with you? Did that strike to your head earlier rattle your brain?"

Morax roared as he tried to push William away. However, what confused him was that, instead of getting the upper hand, he was the one being pushed down by the red-headed teenager whose strength was rising at an alarming rate.

Then a realization hit the former God which made his blood run cold.

'D-Don't tell me that he has successfully merged with the Laws of the Deadlands?!' Morax's face became grim as he thought of the possibility.

This was the only explanation that he could think of.

Even if William acquired a Divine Weapon, the Demonic Earl was also wielding a Divine Weapon. Also, his rank was above the Half-Elf by more than a full tier.

One was at the peak of the Myriad Realm, while the other was at the middle stages of a Demigod. Even with a Divine Weapon in William's hand, the gap shouldn't be that great.

This forced Morax to think of another possibility and that was that the Laws of the Deadlands had finally been absorbed by William's body, making him the "God" of this world who hovered between Life and Death.

As if proving his greatest fear, the air around the two combatants trembled as space started to contort.

"Do you know the first Law of the Universe?" William inquired as a devilish smile appeared on his face. "The first law states that the normal laws of Physics do not apply when I hold this hammer."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Morax gritted his teeth as he tried to use his strength to overpower the Half-Elf but it was of no use.

"You still don't understand? Then let me show you." William sneered as he flew upwards to distance himself from Morax.

He then raised his hammer as the entire world heeded his command.

Soon, the Undead on the ground as well as the Demonic Legion under Morax's control all floated in the air as if gravity stopped existing.

"The power I wield will obliterate one and all," William declared in a domineering voice. "Pierce through the Darkness and hear my call!"

"Thunder God's Wrath!"

The world was enveloped in a bright light that drove the darkness away like a tide.

William's Army, Eldon, Swiper, and the other people in the Deadlands shielded their eyes from the blinding light. It was also at that moment that they lost their ability to hear.

However, they were considered the lucky ones, because William had only shielded his allies from an ear-shattering pain that followed after the world was engulfed in light.

Morax, who was the only one capable of piercing through the veil, saw everything in real time.

He had once witnessed the end of a world, and the scene in front of him made him remember that awe inspiring sight.

Cries of pain and suffering reverberated across the land, as Morax's prided Demonic Legion that served him for thousands of years... bathed in a sea of lightning bolts.

Chapter 863: Let's Rumble [Part 1]

Lightning snaked in the depths of William's eyes as he swung his hammer downwards.

The world obeyed his command and countless lightning bolts fell enmasse, covering the Deadlands in a blinding white light.

Morax raised his Axe and blocked the lightning bolts that were headed his way, stopping them completely in their tracks.

Unfortunately, his Undead and Demonic Legion couldn't do the same. The low-tier monsters instantly turned to charcoal the moment the lightning bolts hit them.

As for the stronger monsters, they suffered a world of pain as their bodies received heavy injuries from the hellish scene that the Half-Elf had painted around them.

When the light receded, the smell of charred corpses reached everyone's nose.

The bodies of the surviving Undead and Demons fell to the ground. Those who didn't die from the crash, were killed by William's Army as they laid in wait. It was a one-sided massacre and Morax's eyes turned bloodshot when he saw what had happened to the armies that had served him for years.

"You're just a mortal!" Morax roared in anger. "How dare—"

"I dare," William interjected before the Demonic Earl could even finish his words. "Weren't you looking down on everyone earlier because of how strong you are?"

The Half-Elf floated down from the sky as lightning bolts coiled around his body.

"It must be nice to look down on Mortals...," William said. "Knowing that you can end their lives with just a wave of your hand, but I think you are forgetting something very important..."

A merciless glint passed through the Half-Elfs eyes as he looked down on the Demonic Earl who had lorded over the Deadlands as if it was his own backyard.

"Without mortals, you wouldn't exist in the first place." William sneered.

"You're just an insect!" Morax shouted. "You know nothing! You don't know anything about the world!"

William didn't agree or deny Morax's words because frankly, he really didn't care what the Demonic Earl thought of him.

"You can shut your trap," William replied as he pointed Mjolnir on Morax's face. "The only thing I know is that I won't stop until I smash your face."

William and Morax clashed against each other in the heavens, while pandemonium ensued on the ground.

Wade found himself being besieged from all sides, as he kept on using his allies as meat shields to prevent himself from getting seriously injured. The only reason he was still standing, was because he had activated an artifact to deflect William's lightning bolts and keep them from hitting his body.

This was also why he had been able to avoid suffering any injuries during that nightmarish event that had wiped out nearly half of his subordinates.

As he was about to make his escape, a dark whip coiled around his foot, stopping him from running away.

"Is this him?" Psoglav asked

"Yes." Swiper nodded. "Now hold him in place. I'm gonna murder this bastard."

Wade's face became grim when he saw Swiper charging at him with the intention to kill. He had always looked down on the Demonic Boar in the past because, for him, Swiper was just a clown that was only there to amuse him.

The Leader of the Human Shelter gritted his teeth and prepared to defend himself from the charging boar who wanted him dead.

However, before the two of them could even clash, a rainbow-colored wrecking ball fell from the sky and hit Wade's back taking his breath away.

His defense instantly crumbled, and a panicked expression appeared on his face. The scene of Swiper's blade slashing across his neck was the last thing he saw before his world descended into complete darkness.

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Morax was trying to break through William's dogged assault to help his army stage a comeback. Unfortunately, the Half-Elf was like a rabid dog that didn't allow him to help anyone.

Time and time again, they clashed.

Every blow they exchanged was strong enough to instantly kill a Millennial Beast.

A trail of golden light and streaks of lightning zig-zagged across the heavens without stopping. In the end, Morax realized that he wouldn't be able to break the stalemate unless he made some sacrifices.

Morax roared and a red aura covered his body. William felt that something was wrong, so he immediately ceased his attack and observed his enemy from a safe distance.

"It's time for you to understand why you should never anger Gods." Morax growled. "I will teach you a lesson that you will never forget in your lifetime."

William looked at the arrogant Demigod in front of him with a calm expression.

In the past, he only wished for happiness, but that wish wasn't granted.

He died in Midgard before he could even keep his promise to Ashe.

He died in Asgard while fighting alongside his wives.

All of them were just living their lives in peace, but the Gods didn't allow them that small happiness. So, why should he back down against the anger of a God? Especially a God who wished to hurt the people that were important to him.

When Surtr and his minions descended upon the Nine Realms, the only thing they cared about was destruction.

Whether someone offended them or not, they didn't care. All that was left in their wake were regret and ashes of the dead that were scattered across time and space.

Mjolnir hummed in William's hands because it understood what the Half-Elf was thinking. It had been there when its wielder died, and watched as the world was engulfed in raging flames.

When there were beings that wished for destruction, peace was a reality that only the strong could enjoy.

To those that didn't have any strength, peace was just a fantasy. A dream that they could enjoy in their sleep.

"Come! You insect!" Morax roared as he pointed his Axe at William. "I will make sure that you witness how I deal with your women after I'm done with you!"

Morax activated the power of his God Core to forcefully break through William's suppression. From the middle-stages of the Demigod, his rank climbed up to its peak, and once again stopped at the Pseudo-God Rank.

The Giant Humanoid Bull's body turned golden as the power of Divinity covered it completely. Morax couldn't stay in this form for long because he still hadn't recovered from the injuries he received in the past.

He was currently using the souls of his subordinates that had died in battle to temporarily raise his power to the Pseudo-God Rank in order to deal with William.

"Die!" Morax vanished from where he stood. A second later he appeared behind William as he swung his Axe sideways.

Just like always, Morax chose to attack on a side that was disadvantageous to William. If the Half-Elf dodged his attack, the ones that would be annihilated were the Half-Elf's allies.

"What a petty God." William said as he did a backhand blow to block the Axe that was meant to kill those who were fighting on the ground.

Hammer and Axe collided, creating a shockwave that blew both fighters away.

The Half-Elf knew what Morax intended, so he immediately decided to withdraw his army in order to prevent them from dying under the enraged Demonic Earl's hand.

"All of you, return!" William ordered.

William's army all turned into beams of light that shot towards his body. He wouldn't allow any of them to die because of Morax's dirty tactics that forced him to meet his blows head-on.

Seeing that his hostages were decreasing at a rapid rate. Morax teleported to the ground, right in front of Eldon, who was ordering his subordinates to retreat.

"I liked you, but you chose not to submit. Now perish!" Morax shouted as he swung his Axe downwards.

"You think too highly of yourself!" Eldon roared. "Don't look down on Dwarves!"

The sledgehammer in Eldon's hand shone brightly as it met the Demonic Earl's attack fearlessly.

Morax sneered at Eldon's futile attempt to resist the inevitable, but the sneer on his face froze when the impact sent him smashing towards the buildings right behind him.

Even William, who was about to help the Dwarf, paused in mid-flight after seeing the unbelievable scene in front of him.

"So what if you're taller than me?" Eldon spat on the ground. "That doesn't mean that you are stronger than me."

The weapon that Eldon was wielding was a memento their family handed down from generation to generation that was personally forged by the Dwarf God.

The Sledgehammer had a special ability inscribed on its core which allowed it to become stronger the more powerful its opponent was.

The name of Eldon's weapon was "God Breaker". It was one of the few weapons in the entire multiverse that had the power to fight against Gods.

Seeing that his attack had completely baffled Morax and William, Eldon felt smug about himself. He then pointed his finger at William and made a gesture.

"Oi, you, boy come here," Eldon said with a smile.

William pointed at himself because he was unsure if Eldon was referring to him or not.

"Aye, it's you I'm calling, boy." Eldon nodded. "Come here. There's something I need to tell you."

William landed beside the Dwarf Leader who was appraising him from head to foot.

"Although we have met a couple of times, I didn't really look at you properly," Eldon said as he nodded his head in appreciation. "So, you're the one who's going to be my future great granddaughter's husband eh? Not too shabby."

"Um? Future great granddaughter's husband?"

"Ah. you don't have to worry about this. Although we Dwarves prioritize picking our race when we are going to marry, that doesn't mean that we can't make a family with other races."

William had a weird look on his face as he shifted his attention to Morax, who had already recovered from the unexpected counter-attack that he had received from Eldon.

"Well, what I'm trying to tell you is that in the future, when the two of us meet, you better not make my great granddaughter cry," Eldon then arrogantly pointed his chin at the Demonic Earl who was looking at him with disbelief. "Or else, God or no God, your fate will be the same as that bastard."

William didn't have to be a genius in order to connect the dots together. Among his wives, only Chiffon matched Eldon's claim.

"Um, when you say great granddaughter, are you referring to my wife Chif–"

"Lad, don't say anything. Just know that if Fate wills it, we will meet in the future. Let's just deal with this bastard who looks down on mortals first. We can talk after this mess is over."

The Half-Elf nodded his head because he knew that Eldon was right.

"For now, take your men inside my Domain," William proposed. "I will deal with him myself."

"Sounds like a plan." Eldon agreed. "Although I regret not being able to whack him a few more times, we're just pulling your leg down if we remain."

William nodded and waved his hand. Using the power of the world, he forcefully sent Eldon, Swiper, and the rest of his allies inside his Thousand Beast Domain.

After making sure that no one was left behind, the Half-Elf faced Morax with a devilish smile on his handsome face.

"Now, it's just you and me," William said. "Let's rumble."

Chapter 864: Let's Rumble [Part 2]

The Deadlands was a world that hovered between the borders of Life and Death.

Those who appeared in this world had their own circumstances and goals, but there was one thing that all of them had in common.

They all wanted to live.

The same could be said for the Great Earl of Hell, who had escaped the pursuit of the other Gods who had intended to kill him.

Currently, Morax was looking at the Half-Elf who had taken part in the destruction of his plan to regain his Godlike Powers, and to take revenge on those that had made his life miserable.

"If only you hadn't appeared here," Morax said as he gritted his teeth.

He didn't know how many times he had said this out loud and in thoughts.

His hate for William had now surpassed his hatred to the Gods that had forced him to hide in this God-forsaken-place. If looks could kill, the Half-Elf would have died many times over.

"Now, it's just you and me," William said. "Let's rumble."

Morax, who had already absorbed the souls of his subordinates, didn't respond to William's words.

He simply held his Axe that had been forged in the fires of Hell. Its name was Fleshrender, Destroyer of the Night.

He couldn't unleash its full powers because it was a weapon that only Gods could activate. Right now, he had forcefully raised his rank to the Pseudo-God Realm, which allowed him to use some of its abilities.

Morax didn't even think for a moment that he would need to use his powers to deal with a mortal who only stayed in the Deadlands for a little over a month. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but it was something that he had to accept.

"You want to rumble?" Morax laughed out loud. His laughter was filled with anger and frustration. For a mere mortal to treat him like some second rate villain that the Half-Elf could easily beat made the Demonic Earl's blood boil like lava.

"Very well," Morax stated after he finished laughing. "Time for you to understand what it means to fight against a God."

This time he no longer cared about the consequences of his actions. The only thing in his mind was to obliterate the annoying insect that was standing in front of him.

"Devastate all opposition!" Morax raised the blood-red-axe with both of his hands. "Fleshrender!"

A shrill sound that resembled fingernails scratching a chalkboard made the entire world shudder.

Space cracks started to appear on the sky, on the ground, as Morax activated the power of his Divine Weapon.

"Die Half-Elf!" Morax hatefully roared as he swung his Axe in front of him.

William immediately turned into a lightning bolt and flew towards the sky. A second later, a powerful explosion shook the entire battlefield, which sent dust and smoke flying upwards.

The Half-Elf glanced at the gigantic crack that formed on the ground, which had split a quarter of the Deadlands into two halves. Unfortunately, Morax didn't give him time to observe the destruction he had made, before appearing in front of the Half-Elf mid-swing.

William raised Mjolnir and met Morax's attack head-on. A loud cracking sound was heard as the two weapons collided.

A few moments later, the Half-Elf crashed on the ground, with blood gushing out of his mouth.

Before William could even understand what happened, the Earl of Hell had once again reappeared in front of him with Fleshrender going down for the kill.

"Mjolnir!" William roared as the hammer exuded lightning sparks from its body.

William's body was pressed down on the ground, creating a crater over a hundred-meters wide.

Morax didn't relent his barrage and pummeled the Half-Elf with the intention to kill. Each and every time their weapons clashed, the bones in William's hand and arms broke. If not for his powerful regeneration, and the laws of the world reinforcing his arms would have definitely turned into meat paste.

Knowing that he wouldn't be able to launch a counter-attack at his current situation, the Half-Elf turned into a lightning bolt and skid across the ground in order to gain some distance from his enemy and to break Morax's momentum.

However, the Demonic Earl didn't allow him to take a breather and followed after him in a beam of golden light.

Every second that passed, William was being pushed back without gaining the ability to counter-attack. Earlier, he was able to match Morax's strength because of his suppression that had forced the God's rank to plummet to the middle-stages of a Demigod.

Now that his enemy had forcefully absorbed his subordinates soul, the disparity between them became apparent.

A Pseudo-God might not be a God, but it is the closest thing to being one.

"What's wrong? Cat got your tongue?" Morax sneered as he continued to deliver deadly blows that could cut a Demigod in Half.

William's body was in an endless cycle of breaking down and regeneration. He noticed that Morax was forcing him to enter one of the spatial cracks that he had created around the Deadlands.

If not for the fact that he could turn into a lightning bolt and dodge the spatial cracks, he might have already been sent somewhere in the vast multiverse, leaving his important people behind.

This one-sided pummeling continued for nearly twenty-minutes before William stopped retreating and smashed Mjolnir into Morax's chest, sending the Demonic Earl flying.

"Okay, warm up is over," William declared as blood spilled at the corner of his lips. "I gave you the chance, but you weren't even able to hurt me. Weakling!"

Cathy who was inside the Black Tower felt a strong urge to smack the Half-Elf's head at the moment.

However, since this was not the time to do that, she just stood in the center of the throne room as she passed the calculation power of the Black Tower into the red-headed teenager's head.

William had learned the second Law of the Deadlands and this allowed him to repel Morax's relentless attack with a single blow. However, this required extreme and complicated calculations that the Half-Elf wasn't able to do.

In order to utilize this law, he needed the calculation abilities of the Black Tower, which Cathy had passed to him.

Morax who had been pushed back by William glanced at the Half-Elf in confusion. However, this only lasted for a brief moment before he once again charged at the Half-Elf who was hovering above him.

"Too slow," William sneered as he vanished from his spot.

This time around, Morax saw the Half-Elf appear in front of him with Mjolnir in mid-strike.

He immediately raised his weapon to block, but Mjolnir had already smashed into the side of his face before he could even raise his Axe to defend against the attack.

Just like he did to William earlier, the Half-Elf didn't stop and unleashed a barrage of attacks that smashed every part of Morax's body.

The Second Law of the Deadlands was Vector Manipulation. This allowed William to have complete control over anything that moved in his vicinity. He could forcefully slow or increase the speed of anything that moved.

For example, if he threw a rock, that rock's speed could reach almost the speed of light, thereby making a devastating weapon in the Half-Elf's hands.

Unfortunately, this required precise calculations, which William was unable to do on his own. The Black Tower was like a super computer that managed everything in the Deadlands. With Cathy's help, these calculations were passed over to William.

All he needed to do was execute them like a program, and the effect would work instantly.

"Die!" William unleashed a full powered strike that had been imbued by the Third Law of the Deadlands.

However, before his attack could land. A crack appeared behind Morax, letting his body disappear in a tear in space.

William didn't stop his attack and fired a powerful lightning bolt at the tear of space, in the hope that it would hit the blasted Earl of Hell into pieces.

After William's attack ended, the spatial tear disappeared completely, leaving nothing behind.

William scanned his surroundings. He believed that Morax had only relocated himself somewhere in the Deadlands using the power of Space.

Because of this same power, the Demonic Earl managed to escape the pursuit of the other Gods and managed to save his life by directly appearing in the Deadlands.

"This power should have been mine," Morax's hate-filled voice spread across the surroundings. "It should have been mine! You stole it from me!"

William frowned because even with his acute senses, he wasn't able to perceive where Morax was currently at.

The only thing he noticed was that the number of spatial cracks in the Deadlands had increased.

"I didn't want to resort to this, but you forced me to," Morax reappeared in one of the spatial cracks that he had created and stared at William from afar.

The Demonic Earl held a blood-red crystal in his hand and activated it.

"I agree to your proposal, but I have one favor to ask," Morax said as an image enveloped with flames appeared within the crystal.

"And that is?" a cold voice inquired.

William's body unconsciously shuddered when he heard the voice coming out of the crystal.

The voice was very familiar to him.

The owner of the voice was someone that he wished he could strangle in his dreams.

"I need you to take the Black Tower," Morax stated. "It is important to me."

"Very well," the cold voice replied. "Give me your coordinates."

Morax obliged and a sneer appeared on his face.

A few seconds later, a gigantic spatial tear appeared on the skies of the Deadlands.

From within it, two burning eyes that spoke of destruction appeared and gazed at the world of Life and Death with contempt.

Chapter 865: You Want To Steal My Job?

"Surtr!" William roared as he unleashed the most powerful lightning attack that he could unleash with the authority that Mjolnir had given him.

Since the Half-Elf wasn't its rightful owner, he could only use half of its full power. Even so, this power was more than enough to contend against foes that were many times stronger than him.

The lightning bolt charged at the giant spatial crack in the sky, like a deadly serpent out for the kill.

A second later, a blinding light followed by a powerful explosion shook the entire world that sent Morax tumbling hundreds of meters in the air.

When the light receded, a gigantic, smoking hand appeared in the sky. The hand was so big that William estimated that it was around twenty meters long.

"Mjolnir?" The Flame Giant, Surtr, also known as the God of Destruction, that razed Asgard to the ground, said in a nostalgic voice.

The tear in the sky widened and the upper half of a Giant appeared.

"You look a little different, but I still remember who you are," Surtr said as he eyed William. "The last Einherjar whose pitiful last struggle gave us a form of entertainment. I see, so you are here in the Deadlands..."

Surtr's gaze told William that the Giant had indeed recognized him, but that was all. For the God of Destruction, the Einherjar was just one of the countless beings that had tried to resist the Army of Destruction and failed miserably.

"If you were the true owner of that Hammer then perhaps you can even give me a scratch." Surtr laughed. "Even at your full strength, you can't even tickle me."

Morax, who saw this scene, sneered at the Half-Elf that was giving him a hard time. In front of a True God, even if William had control over the Deadlands, he would still not have a chance against the God that had destroyed countless worlds.

"Secure the Black Tower first," Morax reminded Surtr. "We can proceed with the next phase of our plan after we have it."

"Right." Surtr agreed as he fixed his eyes at the Black Tower in the distance.

His hand extended towards the Black Tower with the intention to pull it out from the world, but its protective barrier stopped the Giant's hand from doing what he wanted.

"Still resisting?" Morax laughed. "It's no use. This farce is over!"

Morax didn't want to resort to asking Surtr for help because he wanted to have the Black Tower for himself. However, right now, he didn't have a choice.

William had already learned two of the Laws of the Deadlands. If given more time, he would learn them all, and by then, Morax would have no chance of defeating him.

This was why, even though he would be at a disadvantage in his agreement with Surtr, he still decided to ask his help to get the Black Tower. As long as he could wait for a hundred years or so, he would be able to regain his Godhood and be on equal terms with the God of Destruction.

"I won't let you!" William raised his fist and a gigantic hand made of Earth punched Surtr's hand away.

He was using the Third Law of the Deadlands and that was World Manipulation. Now that he was the owner of the Deadlands, he could control the entire Domain as he pleased. He could even use it as a weapon against his enemies if he wished to.

Surtr clicked his tongue because he couldn't use his full power through the spatial tear. He was very far away from the Deadlands and was merely using his strength as a God to brute force his way to crossing the boundaries of space.

This was similar to what Morax had done when he created a spatial tear to escape to the Deadlands. Their powers were reduced in this Domain because no God could rule this place.

Even so, William was using everything he had to stop a single arm from the God of Destruction from getting to the Black Tower where his girls were currently hiding.

Seeing that things were getting out of hand, Morax attacked William, which forced the latter to divert his attention.

"Scram!" William roared as he threw Mjolnir towards the incoming Demonic Earl that sent the latter skidding hundreds of meters away.

This brief pause in concentration was something that Surtr didn't pass up. Using his Divinity, he shattered the giant hand made of Earth and punched the barrier that protected the Black Tower, shattering it completely.

"This tower is mine!" Surtr declared as he grabbed the Black Tower and began to pull it off from the ground.

"Noooo!" William shouted as he smashed Mjolnir on the Giant's hand, but it only created a shower of sparks.

It would take some time for him to summon the Earth Hand once again.

Time that he didn't have right now.

The Black Tower creaked as the ground at its base started to crack.

With one mighty pull, Surtr managed to unearth it and started to pull it back to the Spatial Tear in the sky.

William gathered all his strength and the power of the Deadlands for an all out attack of desperation. He didn't mind if the Black Tower was taken by the God of Destruction. However, Lilith, Raizel, and Cathy were still inside it.

He would not allow them to be taken away from him by the same God who had not only destroyed the Nine Realms, but also ended the life of his wives thousands of years ago.

"Let them go, Surtr!" William charged at the spatial tear with the intention of fighting to the death.

However, before he could unleash his attack, the hand that was holding the Black Tower was cut off completely.

William used the Laws of the World to catch the Black Tower and carried it away from the spatial tear.

"You overstepped your bounds, Surtr," an arrogant voice declared. "This place is not for the likes of you."

A cloaked person wielding a scythe hovered between the God of Destruction and William who was standing in front of the Black Tower.

"You are the God of Destruction, that is the role you have to play," the cloaked person said in a chilling tone. "Are you planning to change professions now? You want to steal my job?"

Surtr looked at his hand, which was lying on the ground, and snorted. A few seconds later, the hand turned into a blazing inferno and rose towards the sky. It then reattached itself to the giant's arm as if the incident earlier hadn't happened.

"What are you talking about, Death?" Surtr asked in a teasing voice. "I just came here to admire the Black Tower. Since I've already seen it with my own eyes, I will take my leave."

Surtr's hand reached out to grab Morax who was looking at the Black Tower in regret. Now that the Master of Death had arrived, they could no longer take the tower under his watchful gaze.

This was his Domain.

In the face of Death, even the Gods of Hell and Destruction knew that there were certain boundaries that they couldn't cross.

"Einherjar, I smell the scent of a dying world in your bones," Surtr said as he glanced at the Half-Elf who was looking at him with hatred. "Sooner or later, our paths will cross again. I look forward to seeing the despair on your face when that time has come."

Morax was also looking at William with a sneer.

"This is not over." Morax laughed. "The next time we meet I will make you pay for all the losses I incurred here. I will torture your soul for all eternity! Just you wait!"

After saying his last words, the spatial tears in the Deadlands disappeared and the light of the moon slowly spilled out across the land as the darkness started to recede.

The cloaked figure then turned around to look at William.

The Half-Elf couldn't see anything except darkness where the cloaked figure's face would be, but he knew for certain that he was facing one of the most ancient Gods that had power over Death.

"Since time immemorial, the Deadlands has been a place where those who have fought to escape death have gathered," the cloaked man said in a cold voice. "There are only two ways for people to leave this place."

"The first way is to die and enter the cycle of reincarnation."

"The second way is to die by my hands and enter the cycle of reincarnation. So, what choice are you going to make, boy?"

William unconsciously gulped as his body shuddered uncontrollably.

Although the cloaked figure was standing a good distance away from him, he felt as if his very soul was being held at the palm of that person's hand.

He had no doubt in his mind that this being in front of him was stronger than Surtr.

A being that could easily end his life by simply looking at him.

"So, boy, are you ready to enter the cycle of reincarnation?" the cloaked figure asked.

"Um, Sir, isn't there a third option?" William inquired. "I'm still too young, and too handsome to die. I still haven't had any babies with my wives yet. I can't possibly die here, right?"

The cloaked figure raised his scythe high up in the air.

"Very funny," the cloaked figure replied. "Just be glad that I will be the one to personally send you off to the afterlife."

The cloaked figure mercilessly swung his scythe to end William's life.

It was at this moment when a young lady with long red hair suddenly appeared in front of William and pushed him away.

William's eyes widened in shock as he saw Raizel smile back at him just as the death scythe slashed her body.

"I love you, Papa. Take care of Mama for me."

Those were the last words that escaped Raizel's lips before her body was sliced in half by the God of Death, who was well-known for not showing mercy to anyone.

Chapter 866: I Will Not Let Anyone Take Anything From Me. Not Even Death!

"Raizel!" William reached out to grab his daughter's body which had been cut in half.

The young beauty eyes were open as she stared lifelessly in front of her. Those beautiful amber eyes that had looked at him mischievously in the past, had lost all of their luster.

"No! Why?!" William glared at the cloaked figure in front of him. "We didn't do anything wrong! Why are you doing this to us?! Why?!"

"I never said you did anything wrong," the cloaked figure replied. "There's no right or wrong in Death. I don't care if you are a good or bad person, nor do I care if you are poor or rich. Everyone is equal in the face of Death.

"If that girl didn't die right now, she would have died still once I was done with you. The order of people dying in the Deadlands doesn't matter. As long as they die then my work is done."

"I'll kill you!"

"Hah? You? Kill me? I'd like to see you try, Boy."

Lilith who saw everything from inside the throneroom screamed in anger and pain. If not for Cathy holding her down, the Amazon would have definitely exited the Black Tower and fought the cloaked figure to the death.

Using her authority as the one that hijacked the Black Tower, Raizel had instantly teleported herself in front of William to push him away.

The Amazon Princess wasn't able to do that, so all she could do was watch as her precious daughter died in front of her eyes.

"Let me go!" Lilith cried out. "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!"

"No!" Cathy shouted. "If you go out right now, Raizel's sacrifice would have been in vain!"

"I said let me go!"

"I won't!"

The two ladies wrestled inside the throne room.

Lilith was desperately trying to break free from Cathy's hold to have her revenge. Cathy, on the other hand, was doing her best to stop her from throwing her life away.

While this was happening, William's rage soared to its limit as he smashed Mjolnir into the cloaked figure's face.

The cloaked figure was about to block William's attack with a finger, but then hastily backed away to avoid it completely.

'This is..., ' the cloaked figure was the God of Death, which allowed him to see the souls of every creature in existence. No one could hide in the face of Death so he was able to see the Divinities that were inside William's soul.

Frankly, the God of Death didn't care for the life of the candidates chosen by the Gods. However, there was something within William's soul that made him change his mind.

"Okay, I won't kill you," the cloaked figure said. "But, I will still kill those two ladies hiding inside the Black Tower. You can't stop me."

As soon as the cloaked figure said those words, something snapped inside William's head. The entire Deadlands trembled as if a powerful earthquake was shaking Heaven and Earth.

The strand of darkness in William's Sea of Consciousness pulsed like a beating heart as the Half-Elf's eyes turned pitched black.

"I will not let anyone take anything from me," William said in a voice that made the sky of the Deadlands crack in two. "Not even Death!"

Just as the Half-Elf was about to lunge at the cloaked figure in front of him. A delicate hand covered his eyes from behind, stopping him in his tracks.

"I don't like cheating," a sweet and silky voice stated. "I had a deal with someone, and I don't want her nagging at me and telling me that I cheated. While it is regretful, I can't turn a blind eye to this and see what is about to happen under my watch."

A second later, William fell on the ground unconscious.

The cloaked figure stared at the otherworldly beauty in front of him for a brief moment before bowing his head in respect.

"Mother, I had no intention of getting in your way," the cloaked figure said. "I already said that I wouldn't kill him, but he still attacked me."

The otherworldly beauty sighed as she caressed the face that was hiding underneath the cloak.

"I know," the Primordial Goddess replied. "But, like I said earlier, I made a deal with someone. So, give me that young lady's soul. It's not her time to enter the Cycle of Reincarnation yet."

"But, the rules..."

"Are you going to defy me?"

"N-No! Of course not, Mother," the cloaked figure hurriedly replied as he raised his hand.

Soon a dazzling red orb of light appeared on the palm of the cloaked figure's hand.

"Thank you," the Primordial Goddess said sweetly. "You are indeed my beloved son."

The otherworldly beauty held Raizel's soul in her right hand and waved her left hand to make the young beauty's body that had been split apart merge together.

"You are lucky," the Primordial Goddess said as she returned Raizel's soul to her body. "Although I don't know what the future holds, the fact that you are his future daughter allowed you to cheat death once, but this will be the first and last time it will be happening. Treasure your life, for no one knows when it is going to end."

A few seconds later, a gasp escaped Raizel's lips as she once again took a breath of air. She was still unconscious and didn't know that she had been given a second chance of life from an unexpected source.

After making sure that there was no lasting damage to her body, the Primordial Goddess placed the young beauty right beside the unconscious William, who had tears streaming down his face.

Clearly, Raizel dying in front of him triggered the darkness that had accompanied him since he had chosen to become a Dark Mage.

The Primordial Goddess sighed as he patted the cloaked figure's shoulder. "The Black Tower will no longer be safe here in the Deadlands. Morax had already memorized this Domain's coordinates and could visit anytime he wanted. It will be best if you take it back with you and create a new Domain that will serve as the new Deadlands."

The cloaked figure nodded. He then raised his hand and ejected the two ladies who had fallen unconscious inside it.

The Primordial Goddess had put the two of them asleep before she made a move to keep William from attacking her son.

"Hah, I'm a bit envious," the Primordial Goddess smiled as she dumped Lilith's and Cathy's body on top of William. 'Let's go. This place no longer serves any purpose. Ah, but before that, won't you be a dear and open the stairway for the mortals to leave this place? Since I came all this way to interfere, I should do it until the end."

"Of course, Mother," the cloaked figure said as he pointed at the moon that was shining brightly in the sky of the Deadlands.

The moon then transformed into a giant golden portal that connected to the entirety of the multiverse. Anyone who stepped on it would be teleported back to their homeworlds.

After the portal appeared, several stairs made of light extended from the portal towards the ground.

"Very good." The Primordial Goddess nodded her head in satisfaction. "Let's go. Our duty here is done."

The otherworldly beauty turned into particles of black light and flew towards the heavens.

The cloaked figure gave William a side-long glance before he, too, turned into particles of black light.

He didn't know what his Mother meant when she said that she had a deal with someone. But one thing was for sure.

The Half-Elf who currently had a face scrunched in discomfort, after having two ladies dumped on his chest, was someone that his Mother thought of highly.

Since that was the case, he was willing to bend the rules once for her sake. But, he would only do it once. The next time that he crossed paths with the red-headed teenager, he would do his duty without fail.

During that time, even if his Mother stood in front of him, he would no longer budge in his decision. After all, he was the one who lorded over Death.

Not even his Mother would be able to save the Half-Elf from his grasp when the time for him to return to the embrace of the Cycle of Reincarnation finally came.

Chapter 867: I'm Not Dreaming, Right?

In a dark world, where no light could be seen, William flew into the endless Abyss.

He was chasing after a young beauty whose red hair fluttered behind her. The Half-Elf was desperately flying towards her, but the large gap between them remained. Even so, he didn't stop.

William felt that if he really gave up on chasing after her, he would never see the young beauty ever again.

"Raizel! Don't go!" William shouted. "Come back to me!"

The girl didn't reply and continued to move farther and farther away from him. In one last ditch effort, William used all of his strength and willpower to increase his speed exponentially. It was at that moment when the distance between them shortened until he was merely three meters away from the girl he was chasing.

"I'm not letting you go anywhere!" William cried out as he reached out his hand to grab the object of his affection. "I won't let you go!"

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When William opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was a pair of amber-colored eyes looking back at him in a tender gaze.

The Half-Elf didn't even pause to think as he hurriedly hugged the figure in front of him. He held her so tight, that the young beauty felt like her bones were going to break.

Even so, she endured. For she knew that the person who had locked her in a protective embrace was someone that would go to hell and back for her sake.

Raizel wrapped her arms around William's head and patted it gently. She could feel something wet streaming down her back as the Half-Elf held her tight.

"This isn't a dream, right?" William asked with a trace of anxiousness. "I'm not dreaming, right?"

"You're not dreaming," Raizel answered. "I am here with you right now, and I'm very much alive, but I might just kick the bucket if you hug me any tighter, Pa."

William immediately loosened his hold on the young beauty, and used a diagnostic spell to check her current condition.

After seeing that there was nothing wrong with her, he was finally able to sigh in relief as he held her hand.

"What happened?" William inquired. "I was so sure you died. That was the last thing that I remembered before I attacked the cloaked figure. I don't know what happened after that."

Raizel shook her head. "I don't know what happened as well. The last thing I remembered was pushing you away. After that, I felt a brief moment of pain before everything turned dark."

William held the young beauty's hand and gave it a light squeeze. Although he didn't know how she was revived, he was more than happy to hold and talk to Raizel again.

As if waiting for that cue, the door of the room opened and the Amazon Princess arrived carrying a tray of food.

"It's good to see that you're finally awake," Lilith said as she placed the food cart beside the bed. "You've been asleep for two days."

"T-Two days?!" William gasped in shock because he didn't expect that he had been sleeping for such a long time. "Wait! What happened to the cloaked figure?!"

Lilith shook her head as she sat down on the bed and pulled Raizel to her embrace. "When I woke up, only you, Raizel, and Cathy were around. Even the Black Tower had disappeared."

William took a deep breath as he massaged his face with his hands. There were things that he wanted to ask, but he needed to calm himself first, so that he could think properly.

After regaining his composure, he asked Lilith to explain everything that happened while he was unconscious.

"After that cloaked figure sliced Raizel in Half, you confronted it," Lilith explained. "That was the last thing I remember before I lost consciousness. I asked Cathy, but she said that she also lost consciousness just like me."

"When I came to, I and Cathy were lying on top of your body. There were no signs of the cloaked figure as well as the Black Tower. However, something unbelievable happened. A golden portal had appeared in the sky."

"Cathy believed that it could help us all leave this place. The members of the Glory Shelter had already climbed the stairs that led towards the sky and entered the golden portal. Although none of them returned, Raizel said that there was no cause for concern."

William looked at the young beauty that was currently in Lilith's embrace. Clearly, Raizel was loving the care and attention that she was receiving from the Amazon Princess.

"Don't worry. The golden portal will indeed take us all back to our homeworlds and timelines," Raizel said with confidence. "It will last for three more weeks, so Pa, you still have plenty of time."

"Plenty of time for what?" William asked.

"Plenty of time to merge with the laws of the Deadlands," Raizel answered. "Right now. The Deadlands will no longer host the wandering souls that tried to defy Life and Death. Without the Black Tower, this place is just another abandoned plane of existence with no future.

"It will be best if you properly learn the laws of this place before you integrate it with your Thousand Beast Domain."

William nodded in understanding. During his battle against Morax, he was only able to learn two of the Laws that governed the Deadlands. Although he wouldn't be able to use them to their full potential when he returned to Hestia, the abilities would still prove useful when facing difficult situations.

"Where is Cathy?" William asked.

As soon as he asked this question, Lilith and Raizel quieted down and both of them had complicated expressions on their faces.

"Cathy is currently resting," Lilith said after a minute had passed. "She said that she would need all the strength she could muster when you woke up."

"Hah? What do you mean?"

"Well... she said that you will become extremely hungry when you wake up and that if we're not careful, you might suck both Raizel and I dry."

William was about to tell the Amazon Princess that she shouldn't believe everything Raizel was saying. However, before he could even do so, he immediately covered his lips with his hand. A strong sense of bloodthirst threatened to take hold of his consciousness.

After feeling relief that Raizel hadn't died, the stone that had been weighing down his heart disappeared completely. This led to his other senses returning to their normal functions, which made the Half-Elf feel an extreme craving for blood.

He was currently a Vampire Progenitor, and his need for blood was stronger than ordinary vampires. Even after switching his Job Class to a different one, the blood thirst still remained and it made William feel very uncomfortable.

"Where is she?" William inquired as he averted his gaze to the two beautiful ladies in front of him. His bloodthirst was so strong that just looking at Lilith and Raizel was enough to give him the urge to bite them.

"She's currently in her room," Lilith replied. "Do you know where it is?"

William nodded and hurriedly left the room. He was afraid that if he stayed a second longer, he would really sink his fangs on the two beauties' tender necks and suck all of their blood.

Chapter 868: The Answer Is Yesn't

"So you're here," Cathy said as she made a gesture for William to come closer to her bed. "Come. Our battle will be Legendary!"

The corner of William's lips twitched as he looked at the carefree woman who was looking back at him with a confident smile on her face.

Girl, what kind of battle are you talking about?

Even so, he still went to her because his bloodthirst was truly getting out of hand. William believed that in his current depraved state, only Cathy would be able to quench the thirst that had taken hold of his senses.

A sigh escaped Cathy's lips as she patted William's head. The Half-Elf was doing his best to not greedily drink her blood in one go because he was afraid that he would sink his fangs too deep and cause irreparable damage to her body.

William sparingly drank the pretty lady's blood in a controlled manner, which made Cathy sigh in pleasure.

"You're treating me like those boxed fruit juices with a straw," Cathy complained. "Well, I don't really mind but I'm afraid that you will suffer a bit in the future. After we leave this place, you won't be able to drink my blood for a long time, so make sure to enjoy it to its fullest."

William had already thought of a possibility that Cathy was on a different timeline from their own. For a brief moment, he felt a little sad because he would no longer be able to drink the most delicious blood that he had tasted since a part of him had become a vampire.

As if reading his thoughts, the pretty lady giggled and continued patting his head.

"Timelines are a very funny thing," Cathy said. "In this place, you were able to meet people from the past, present, and future. Some of them came from different worlds, while others came from the same world as you."

William momentarily pulled back as he looked at the pretty lady who was looking at him with a smile.

"Are you also from Hestia?" William asked.

"We can talk later," Cathy replied. "You still have many things to take care of after you drink my blood."

"Things like what?"

"Well, for starters, you still haven't released the people that you sent inside your Thousand Beast Domain. I'm sure that Eldon and Swiper might be getting worried."

William's eyes widened because he had indeed completely forgotten about the people in the Deadlands that he had tossed inside his Thousand Beast Domain, so that Morax wouldn't be able to use them as hostages against him.

"Don't think about them for now," Cathy stated as he pulled William's lips closer to her neck. "Just finish the business you have with me first. You still haven't drunk your fill, right?"

William silently agreed to Cathy's words as he once again returned to drinking her blood. This lasted for a full five minutes before the Half-Elf pulled back after healing the wound on Cathy's neck.

"Cathy, be honest," William said as he stared at the pretty lady with a serious expression on his face. "Are you from Hestia as well? Have we already met? Are you from the future, just like Raizel?"

"What is this? An interrogation?" Cathy pouted. "After you had your fill, you toss me aside like those canned drinks that you drink at night?"

"Sorry. I didn't mean it to sound like I am interrogating you."

"But, you are interrogating me."

"... Well, you're not wrong," William admitted.

Cathy snorted as she laid down on the bed with her back facing William.

An awkward silence fell in the room and it made William feel that he had done something wrong. Just as he was about to apologize to Cathy, the pretty lady sighed and cut him off.

"You asked me if I'm from Hestia, the answer is Yesn't," Cathy replied. "You asked me if we have already met, the answer to that is Yesn't as well. You also asked me if I'm from the future, the answer is also Yesn't."

After hearing the pretty lady's reply to his questions, the Half-Elf had a strong urge to pinch her waist. However, due to the fact that he had just drank her blood, he just massaged his temple as he tried to pry answers from her.

"You said that you are my future wife," William said. "Is this true?"

This time, Cathy turned around to look at him. She was still lying on the bed, but her eyes were fixed on William's who was looking back at her with a complicated expression on his face.

"Yesn't," Cathy answered with a snort.

William wasn't able to stop himself from pinching the pretty lady's cheeks because all of his questions were answered with a "Yesn't".

The pretty lady counterattacked and also pulled on William's ears. For five-whole-minutes, the two idiots fought each other over the bed, leaving them panting for breath.

"What's wrong with you?" Cathy asked as she sat on William's abs. "You asked and I answered. Now you pinch me all of a sudden because you thought I was just teasing you, right? Well sorry, the answer to all your questions is really Yesn't!"

"I don't understand," William replied as he looked up at the pretty lady who was looking down at him with contempt. "Are you telling me that we did meet and didn't meet at the same time?"

Cathy shook her head. "What I'm telling you is that we've met, but you didn't know that it was me that you've met."

William frowned as he searched for Cathy's face in his memories. He had a very strong ability to recall things. Even without the System, he could dig out things from his past by simply thinking about them.

After two minutes of trying to recall whether he had already seen Cathy in the past, William finally came to a conclusion.

"Wait... are you telling me that you're Ariadne?" William looked at Cathy in disbelief. "Among the people that William had met, it was only Ariadne whom he couldn't remember the face no matter how hard he tried.

(A/N: Just in case you guys forgot, Ariadne is the oracle of the Minotaurs, who is also Eve's current teacher).

Cathy didn't answer. She looked at William with a calm expression on her face, which neither confirmed nor denied his guess.

"You're Ariadne, right?" William asked. Although he wasn't a hundred percent sure, he had a feeling that his guess was right on the mark.

Suddenly, William remembered the first time that he had drank the blood of a living being. The first one that offered him blood was none other than Ariadne. The memory of that time when he had first sunk his fangs on her tender neck resurfaced.

The Half-Elf was then filled with a realization that the taste of Cathy's blood was similar to Ariadne's. That same delicious blood that had spread warmth in his body and gave it strength, during the war in the Southern Continent.

"You're Ariadne," William said with more conviction. "Fess up and tell me the truth."

It was at that moment when a teasing smile spread across Cathy's face as she lowered her head until her head was only mere inches away from William's.

"The answer is Yesn't," Cathy replied. "Don't worry. I will appear before you when the time is right. You don't have to look for me. I will come to you on my own accord. After all, you will have to take responsibility for taking my first."

William was about to ask what "First" she was talking about when the pretty lady stood up from the bed, and left the room.

The Half-Elf tried to run after her, but when he arrived at the hallway, not even the shadow of the mysterious lady could be found.

Chapter 869: How Many Wives Do You Have?

The sound of merry-making could be heard inside the Glory Shelter as Humans, Dwarves, Lizardfolk, and the Demons ate and drank their fill.

After seeing the golden portal that would take all of them back home, everyone decided to have one last celebration party in the Deadlands, before they returned to their homeworlds.

"Hah~ the taste of victory is awesome." Swiper burped after drinking the bottle of wine in his hand. "I knew that I was born a winner. Hahahaha!"

Eldon chuckled beside the drunk Demonic Boar as he drank the wine that he had been saving for a special occasion.

Lindir ate the barbecued meat with gusto as he stared at the Demonic Boar with contempt.

The Swampside Shelter had formed an alliance with the Dwarves and the Demons before the battle.

They only followed the plan that they had formulated beforehand, to backstab Morax's troops, when they were about to crush Eldon's and Swiper's resistance.

Lindir believed that among the Leaders, Eldon was the wisest of them all. Because of this, he had decided to side with the steadfast dwarf, and it proved that his trust wasn't misplaced.

"Now that everything is over, you can come clean, Eldon," Swiper said as he glanced at the Dwarf that was drinking beside him.

"What do you mean?" Eldon asked with a look of confusion on his face.

"You've been so stubborn when it came to rejecting Morax's invitation. This could only mean one thing and that was that you were sure that his side was going to lose, right?" Swiper smiled evilly. "Even if you deny it, I won't believe it. So just hurry up and spill the beans."

Eldon chuckled before drinking the remaining wine in his cup.

"Well, to be perfectly honest, I was very close to joining Morax's bandwagon," Eldon replied. "If not for a little bird that visited me in the Dwarven Shelter, I would have definitely become the Dread Lord's subordinate. This much is true."

Swiper and Lindir, who were drinking wine while listening to Eldon's explanation, spat it out on each other.

The two Leaders were too surprised to even bother with the wine that was trickling down their faces.

"What?! Who was that little bird?!" Swiper. "Who was that person?"

Lindir narrowed his eyes as he waited for Eldon to answer the Demonic Boar's question.

"Sorry, but I promised that I wouldn't tell anyone," Eldon replied as he looked at a pretty lady that passed behind Swiper and Lindir.

Cathy winked at Eldon as she walked towards William's table, carrying several canned juice in her arms.

Swiper and Lindir clicked their tongue, but they decided not to pry further. The important thing was that they didn't join Morax's side and managed to survive the battle in the Deadlands.

The party went all through the night, and people could be seen sleeping on the floor, from being dead-drunk due to over-eating and drinking.

On the roof of the Glory Shelter, William looked at the Golden Portal that was glowing in the distance.

According to Raizel, they still had plenty of time before the portal closed, so he wasn't in a hurry to leave.

A drunk Lilith also reminded him that she was still not pregnant, and would not leave the Deadlands until William did his job properly.

Fortunately, the Amazon Princess only told this to William after he carried her back to Raizel's room in a princess carry.

Raizel, who was walking beside the Half-Elf as he carried Lilith, looked at the walls of the hallway as if she was touring a museum. Even in the dark hallway, William could see the redness in the young beauty's face, as she pretended not to hear their discussion.

Naturally, the Half-Elf didn't have any objections and promised Lilith that he would make sure that she got what she wanted, before they left the Deadlands, which made Raizel's face turn redder.

After laying his lover in the bed, and kissing his future daughter in the forehead goodnight, William went to the roof of the Glory Shelter to organize his thoughts.

Many things had happened, and he was still in a state of disbelief and denial.

While he was deep in his thoughts, he heard a set of footsteps walking towards him. William didn't even bother to turn his head in the direction where the footsteps were coming from, because he had already identified who it was through the person's aura.

Eldon, the Leader of the Dwarves, sat beside William carrying two bottles of beer in each hand.

"Would you like some?" Eldon offered.

"Yes," William replied as he turned to look at the Dwarf beside him.

With beer in hand, the two people gazed at the golden portal in the distance, enjoying the cold breeze that passed through their bodies.

"I have a four-year-old granddaughter." Eldon suddenly broke the silence as he placed the bottle of beer beside him. "I was out on a hunting trip looking for a gift to give to her on her birthday, when an earthquake suddenly struck out of nowhere. When I opened my eyes, I was here."

A minute of silence passed between the two men as the Dwarf finished the rest of his beer before continuing his story.

"What I want to say is thank you," Eldon said. "If not for you, I may not have been able to see my family again. In this dead-infested-world, it's very hard to find the kind of warmth that you can get from your loved ones. I really miss my granddaughter. She would always ask me to carry her whenever I came back from my hunting trips."

"... May I ask what your granddaughter's name is?" William inquired. Although he had a feeling that he already knew the answer to his question, he still asked it in order to clarify the vague feelings in his heart.

Eldon smiled like a proud grandfather as he said his granddaughter's name. "'April. Her name is April."

William felt as if a lump was stuck inside his throat. He had seen how Chiffon's mother had died in the Demonic Lands, and knew that he couldn't possibly tell Eldon the sad fate that befell his granddaughter under the hands of Chiffon's father.

The only thing he could do was to keep these memories inside his heart, as he continued to listen to the tale of the Dwarf who missed his wife and granddaughter.

"A little bird told me that in the future, you will become my great granddaughter's husband," Eldon said in a grumpy manner. "I don't know what will happen in the future, but I'm pretty sure that I wouldn't let anyone touch my great granddaughter without whacking their head once with my sledgehammer."

Beads of sweat started to form on William's forehead. He had seen how Eldon had sent Morax flying, and he had no doubt in his mind that he would definitely feel a world of pain if the Dwarf were to make his threat a reality.

"Tell me, is my great granddaughter as charming as her mother?" Eldon asked. "Is she a kind and loving person?"

"Yes," William gave his heartfelt answer as he thought of his wife, Chiffon. "She's all that and more."

Eldon laughed and patted William's shoulder after hearing the Half-Elf praise his great granddaughter.

"Is she... is she perhaps... that pink haired girl I saw in your Domain?" Eldon asked. When he saw Chiffon in the Thousand Beast Domain, he felt a strong attraction to her that he couldn't describe.

Although he had only stayed in that world in less than five minutes, seeing the pink-haired girl made Eldon feel as if he had seen a glimpse of the future.

"Yes," William replied. "Do you want to know her name?"

"Please."

"Chiffon. Her name is Chiffon."

Eldon let out a deep breath when he heard his great granddaughter's name. He then looked at William with a serious expression as he summoned his sledgehammer.

"You better take good care of her, got it?" Eldon said as he pointed the tip of the sledgehammer to William's nose. "If in the future I found out that you were bullying her, I'll make sure to give you a piece of my mind."

Instead of feeling threatened, William smiled because he felt Eldon's genuine love and care for his great granddaughter, whom he had met in the Thousand Beast Domain.

"I promise to love and protect her with my life," William replied. "Although I don't know what the future holds, I will do my best to make her happy."

Eldon harrumphed before unsummoning his weapon.

"How many wives do you have?" Eldon asked as he rubbed his chin.

"F-Four," William replied. He had a feeling that if he said more, Eldon would once again summon his sledgehammer and whack him for real.

"Four...," Eldon stopped rubbing his chin and glared at William. "Aren't you a bit too greedy? Lilith is also your lover, are you planning to marry her as well?"

"Yes."

"So that makes five, right? Tsk! If I really find out that you are mistreating Chiffon in the future, I will clobber you good."

William then tried to stir the topic away from his personal life and focused on asking Eldon about his family.

The Half-Elf was worried that if they continued their talk about his lovers, he would make a slip, which would lead to Eldon giving him a piece of his mind.

Fortunately, the Dwarf was more than happy to brag about his beautiful wife, daughter, and cute granddaughter.

William made a mental note of the place where Eldon lived in Hestia. If he didn't have too many things on his plate, he would go and visit him and let him meet his great granddaughter in the flesh.

He had seen how Chiffon had grown up in the Demonic Lands, deprived of the love of a family. If he could bring her to where her grandparents were, the pink-haired girl might experience what it was like to be held in a loving embrace, by the family that she hadn't had the chance to meet in her current lifetime.

Chapter 870: The Time Of Farewell

"I guess this is farewell," Eldon said as he shook William's hand. "Visit me in the future, okay? I want to see my great granddaughter."

"I will," William replied. "I promise."

The Dwarf nodded his head as he shook Raizel's hand.

"You know, I've always admired how you were able to keep the Glory Shelter the way you did after Xenovia died," Eldon stated. "You did well, lass."

"Thank you, Eldon," Raizel replied. "I know that you have been secretly helping me from the shadows. I pray that you will be happily reunited with your family."

Eldon grinned. "Aye, I wish for that as well. I'm not really good with goodbyes, so I will be taking my leave."

The Dwarf glanced at his subordinates one last time as he pressed his closed fist over his chest.

"It has been an honor leading all of you," Eldon said with his head raised high. "The time to part has come, and I pray that all of you will be able to return to your own worlds safely. I'll be taking my leave first. Let's all see each other again if Fate permits it."

After imparting his speech, Eldon started to climb the stairs that led towards the Golden Portal in the sky.

The other dwarves followed behind him, for they too would embark on their homeward journey as well.

"Not many words were shared between us, but if there is an opportunity to meet again in the future, I, Lindir, will welcome you with open arms," Lindir declared as he patted William's shoulder. "Goodbye, Half-Elf. I will remember you for the rest of my life."

"May you have a safe trip." William patted Lindir's shoulder with a smile. "Till our paths cross again."

Lindir grinned as he nodded his head. He then walked up the stairs that would lead him back to his homeworld. Just like Eldon, he still had people waiting for his return.

All the Lizardfolk gave William a bow of respect before following their Leader.

A few minutes later, Swiper and his group also climbed the stairs. He didn't bid William words of goodbye, or even talked to any of the other survivors of the Glory Shelter. The only people that he said his farewells to were Eldon and Lindir, who had treated him as their equal.

Halfway up the stairways that led to the Golden Portal, Swiper turned around to look at William.

"There is one thing I hate the most aside from losing and that is to be treated as cannon fodder," Swiper shouted. "Rejoice because I had chosen to side with you during the darkest moments of your life. If not for me, we wouldn't have won, so make sure to remember that I had stood on the frontlines of war and fought for what I believed in."

The corner of William's lips twitched as he looked at the Demonic Boar who was spouting a load of hogwash.

"You don't need to thank me," Swiper snorted. "I did it because I am that awesome. Hahahaha!"

The Demons who were behind Swiper had the strong urge to cover their faces out of embarrassment. If possible, they wanted to pretend that they didn't know the guy, but no one in the Deadlands would believe them.

"Swiper!" William shouted at the Demonic Boar who was tooting his own horn. "I just want you to remember one thing."

"And that is?"

"No Swiping!"

"Hah?" The Demonic Boar looked at William with a dumbfounded expression on his face. "What in tarnation are you talking about?"

William didn't answer and simply crossed his arms over his chest. He didn't like Swiper that much was true, but since the Demonic Boar had fought on their side during the war against Morax, the Half-Elf had renewed his impression of him.

Although he didn't know if he would meet Swiper again in the future, he hoped that in their next meeting, they wouldn't be fighting on different sides. Because, if that were to happen, he would definitely show no mercy.

After seeing that the Half-Elf had no intention of saying anything, Swiper snorted and continued his climb towards the golden portal. This time, he didn't look back and passed through it without another word.

After the other shelters had gone up the portal, the survivors of the Glory Shelter all thanked Raizel and Xenovia for keeping them safe during their stay in the Deadlands. Tears and hugs were shared among the group before they all went away.

In the end, only William, Lilith, Raizel, Cathy and Xenovia remained in the Deadlands.

"Are you sure you don't want me to purify your soul so you can enter the Cycle of Reincarnation?" William inquired of the Death Lord who was looking at the Golden Staircase with a sad expression on her face.

"No," Xenovia replied. "Nothing is waiting for me back home. Also, I still haven't lived long enough. Although I am now an Undead, I still want to see many different sceneries and experience new things. Since that is the case, I decided to become one of your subordinates. You don't mind, right?"

William smiled and nodded his head. "Of course I don't. However, my life is like a roller coaster ride. It has its ups and downs, are you sure you want to experience something like that?"

"Well, it's still better than becoming a crying, and pooping baby for several years." Xenovia laughed. "Also, I'm sure that you will meet Morax again. I still have a bone to pick with that guy. I won't be able to rest unless I give him a good smack on the face."

The Half-Elf sighed because he knew that Xenovia was right. There would come a time when he would cross paths with Morax, and Surtr, and when that time came, the battle that had happened in the Deadlands would pale in comparison.

"Welcome aboard," William said as he extended his hand for a handshake.

"Thanks for having me." Xenovia gripped William's hand and shook it. "Ah. Before I forget, I'll just remind you that I'm not a big fan of Necrophilia. If you are interested in me, you better get me a new living body, okay?"

William could only give the Death Lord a bitter smile as he felt Lilith's arm wrap around his waist.

He definitely didn't have that kind of fetish because he was more than happy to spend time with his lovers. The portal would still remain open for quite some time, and he had decided to properly learn the laws of the Deadlands before they left.

Also, he was very curious to know what would happen if he transferred the Deadlands to his Thousand Beast Domain.

Perhaps, after using the God Shop, he would be able to repair the entire city, and enjoy the luxuries of the modern world that couldn't be seen anywhere in the world of Hestia.