

Strongest 991

Chapter 991 – The Greatest Adventure Of His Life

Three days after the feast that was hosted by the One-horned Clan...

Vesta stared at the stars in the sky as she sat on the balcony of her room. The One-horned Clan had treated them as VIP guests, and they were given the best accommodations inside the Patriarch's residence.

Polox and his Clan only had one city under their control, and it was only home to around a hundred and fifty thousand demons. They were a Clan that could be found at the bottom of the hierarchy, whose only hope of survival was to pledge themselves to someone that had a strong backing.

In the Demon Realm, those who manage to stand on their own without being attacked by the other Clans were a minority. Only influential families, and Clans whose roots had been around for thousands of years, were capable of weathering the wind and storm.

For Polox, William's appearance was a Godsend.

Vesta also felt this way. Although she had only met the Half-Elf for a short period of time, she could feel that William was someone who carried many burdens on his shoulder. Adding a few more Clans in the mix wouldn't change much, so he didn't hesitate to acknowledge them after getting Optimus' assurance.

"Is this the confidence of the strong?" Vesta muttered as she stared at the star-filled sky that extended for miles. "I wonder what he is doing right now?"

Right after William had accepted the allegiances of the five clans that had traveled to see him, he asked them to go back to their respective territories and tell their people to prepare to migrate in three days' time.

At first, the Patriarchs were dumbfounded by William's declaration. However, since they were previous nomadic clans, traveling was a way of life. Since that was the case, they thought that they wouldn't lose anything if they listened to their Lord's order.

Earlier in the day, William had set off to visit the territories of the five clans, and asked Vesta to remain in the city of Wimborne, to serve as deterrence just in case the Greenskin Clan tried something funny, while he was away.

Although the Greenskin Clan had submitted to the black-haired teenager, he didn't trust them, so he excluded their clan in the move that he was planning to make.

Kira and Athrun were having a drink on the balcony of Athrun's room, as they discussed the things that had happened in the past few days. They thought that their journey to the North would be a boring one, but lo and behold, they found themselves witnessing something that they had never expected to happen.

"Back when I first met Will, I just intend to buy a few slaves to make a good impression on Lady Vesta." Kira shuddered. "I even had the thought of being domineering in order to get more brownie points. Fortunately, I didn't, or else I might have been on the receiving end of that giant golden staff. Just thinking about it makes my cheeks burn."

Athrun chuckled as he nodded in understanding.

While not as extreme as Kira, he also thought of doing the same. Now that he had seen what the black-haired teenager was capable of, he felt like his eyes had been opened and realized that he was just a frog in the well. A frog that could easily be crushed if one of the major powers in the world were to step on his face.

"So, what do you have in mind?" Athrun asked. "As you know, I have already separated myself from my family. I have no attachments to them, unlike you who are still bound by your family's laws."

Kira sighed as he drank the wine in his hand. When he saw William taking the five Clans under his wing, he was very tempted to return to his own clan and ask his family to do the same. Unfortunately, their Clan was firmly rooted at the Fortaare Desert, and already content with their way of life, under the rule of another Clan.

The Desert Clan, which Kira belonged to, was considered one of the lucky ones. They had become vassals of a wise Lord, who didn't promote war, and took good care of his people. This was also why the

Desert Clan prospered, and had become a medium-sized Clan in the Demon Realm with three cities, whose combined population numbered a little more than a million.

“Well, I’m sure my grandfather would not agree,” Kira commented after a few minutes had passed. “I guess, I’ll just have to hug William’s legs for now, so that my Clan can have a second option in the future.”

Athrun smiled and nodded his head. “Having a backup plan is good as well. Still, we don’t really know much about Will. Perhaps Lady Vesta knows more about him, but I don’t know if she’s willing to share this information with other people. What do you think?”

“I think that she will not tell us anything even if we ask,” Kira replied. “For now, let’s just observe and see how this incident will play out. Five clans breaking away from their previous Lords, as well as making the Greenskin Clan forcefully break their ties with the Gremory Clan, will definitely have consequences in the future.

“I know that Will is strong, but can he really fight against the Demon Lord and the Clans that support his back? What do you think, Athrun?”

The scholarly Demon placed the winecup on top of the table before leaning back in his chair.

“What do I think?” Athrun asked back with a smile. “I think a storm is coming and, for good or worse, we’ll find ourselves in the eye of that storm.”

Kira chuckled nervously because Athrun was right. They were indeed caught up in this mess, and it would be easier to go their separate ways with William in order to minimize the losses that they might suffer in the future.

Even so, Kira didn’t want to do that.

He felt that if he stayed beside the black-haired teenager, he would be at the front seat of the greatest adventure of his life.

Chapter 992: The Start Of An Unforgettable Night

Merton, the Patriarch of the Steel Fist Clan, welcomed William into his Clan's domain. As nomads, most of them lived in tents made from beast skins. The insignia of a black fist, fluttered on the flags of their homes, showing that they all belong to the Steel Fist Clan, who once ruled vast areas of land in the Demonic Continent.

However, that was a past long forgotten. The war many years ago had forced them to leave their ancestral lands and journey to the East, in the hope that they would find a place that they could call their own.

Unfortunately, things didn't go their way. A migration of tens of thousands of people was impossible to hide, and the Major Power of the land they had traversed thought that this was a good opportunity to make them a part of his dominion.

"Lord William, welcome to our humble abode. Welcome to Venzor," Merton, as well as his aides, bowed to William.

William smiled and nodded his head. "Are all of you ready to migrate?"

"Yes," Merton replied. "However, I have received dire news that the Lords of the other clans that had sworn their allegiance to you, Lord William, are now being surrounded by their previous Masters. It seems that the news spread right after the feast, and all of them have been placed under house arrest."

William frowned when he heard this news.

"Thank you for telling me this news," William stated. "How about your previous Master? Did they not receive this news as well?"

Merton sighed as he nodded his head. "Actually, they did. I'm afraid that their forces are marching in our direction as we speak."

The Half-Elf snorted as if to assure Merton that he didn't have anything to fear.

"Let's worry about that later," William said. "For now, tell all of your people to enter these portals. I will take you to a place that will become your new home."

William waved his left hand and dozens of portals appeared behind him. He had already talked to Chiffon, Princess Sidonie, and Ashe about his plan to migrate the Demons to the Thousand Beast Domain.

Surprisingly, his three wives had all voiced their approval, and were even looking forward to seeing the new residents that would make the Thousand Beast Domain more lively.

William's plan was to let everyone travel under the cover of darkness, so that no one would see them go. However, since the news had already spread, the plan didn't get its desired effect. Even so, the Half-Elf wasn't too bothered.

After he had successfully placed all the members of the Steel Fist Clan inside his Domain, he would give the Major Clans, who had put his vassals into house arrest, a piece of his mind.

As a nomadic Clan, the Steel Fist Clan was a very orderly group. They allowed the old people, women, and children to enter first, while the rest of the men stayed behind in order to serve as guards, just in case their previous Master chose to strike them when they least expected it.

In just a span of a few minutes, thousands of Steel Fist Clan Members had stepped into the Thousand Beast Domain, and were surprised by what they saw inside it.

William had decided to let Ella, his wives, and the Elves, to guide the others to their new home. Several of the Beasts were also there to assist, including the Angray Birds, Kasogonaga, and the Centaurs.

The scary beasts that belonged to his King's Legion were nowhere to be seen. He didn't want to scare the Steel Fist Clan at the get go, so he decided to let the "decent looking" monsters welcome them to their new home.

The Half-Elf had a feeling that if he allowed the Goblins, as well as the carnivorous beasts, stand near the portals, the members of the Steel Fist Clan would panic and some of them might even suffer heart attacks due to the scare that they saw right after they entered their new home.

"Are all of these foods?" Medusa asked with sparkling eyes as she stood beside Chiffon.

"They're not food, Medusa," Chiffon replied with a serious expression on her face. "You're not allowed to eat any of them. If you do, I'll eat you."

The little Gorgon's entire body shuddered as she collapsed where she stood. She then weakly held onto Chiffon's waist as if to apologize for her words that were spoken from her heart.

"It's fine, Medusa," Chiffon patted her head. "There will be plenty of opportunities to eat in the future."

Seeing that her Master had forgiven her. The little Gorgon nodded her head happily as she once again looked at the Demons who were coming in droves.

The Half-Elf had kept her inside the Thousand Beast Domain ever since she left the island, and this was the first time that she had seen so many Demons in one place.

The Migration lasted in less than an hour, with Merton being the last to enter the portal. Till the last minute, he had stayed behind in order to protect his people from the army of their previous Master.

Fortunately, they didn't appear, so he entered the portal with a peace of mind.

When the Patriarch of the Steel Fist Clan entered the Thousand Beast Domain, he found himself in a lush place that William had personally chosen for their clan to stay for the time being.

It was right outside the borders of the Deadlands, which would become their future home, once they had gotten used to their new surroundings.

"Do you like it?" William asked as he appeared behind Merton.

"It is beautiful," Merton answered in a heartbeat. "I can feel that the land under my feet is very rich, so farming will not be a problem."

The patriarch then pointed at the river that was flowing freely not far from where they were standing.

"That river is also situated in a good location," Merton stated. "We will not have any problems settling in this place, Lord William."

William smiled as he nodded his head. "I'm glad you liked it. Now, allow me to introduce you to my wives."

The Half-Elf made a gesture and three beautiful ladies walked beside William.

"This is my wife, Chiffon. She is half-dwarf and half-demon," William said. "These are my other wives, Princess Sidonie of the Kingdom of Freesia in the Southern Continent, and Ashe, my confidant. Their words are my words. Treat them the way you treat me, for they are the precious ladies of my life."

Merton and the rest of the members of the Steel Fist Clan all bowed their heads respectfully to their Master's wives.

"Tell your Clan to settle down for the time being," William stated. "Merton, you will come with me. I am not familiar with the layout of this part of the continent, so you will guide me to where the other Clans are located. It's time to bring our friends here as well."

Merton nodded and his expression became serious. He felt sorry for his acquaintances who were now being monitored by their previous Masters and prevented from leaving their Domains.

William on the other hand, had a devilish smile on his face. He had a feeling that the ones that spread the news were the Patriarchs who had decided to leave the feast and return to their Domains.

Perhaps, in order to gratify themselves to their Masters, they decided to tell them about their acquaintances' plans, so that they would be rewarded for their loyalty. The Half-Elf had a feeling that this would happen, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Unfortunately, they made the wrong move. They had no idea of who William was, and what he was capable of.

This was the Demon Realm, and the Half-Elf was just starting to understand the rules that were set in place—a world where the lives of others were treated as disposable pawns, and hope was just a faint whisper that reached nobody's ears.

As the countless stars twinkled in the night sky, a Half-Elf riding a Flying Armored Elephant drew closer to the place where his vassals were being kept. Lightning snaked in the depths of his eyes, and the faint rumblings of thunder spread across the heavens.

This was going to be a long night.

A night that the Merton, and the Patriarchs who swore allegiance to William, would never forget.

Chapter 993: A Smile That Held The Promise Of Vengeance

"I treated your clan well, Karath, and this is how you repay me?" a Demon with the facial features of a tiger asked.

"Treated us well?" Karath, who had been bound in chains with blood oozing out of the wounds on his body, asked in sarcasm as he gazed at the right-hand man of the Patriarch of the Rajah Clan, Javan.

"You treated us as slaves!" Karath, who was the Patriarch of the Nightshade Clan, shouted. "For many years we endured. Today, we will endure it no longer!"

Karath's and his Clan's features were similar to Humans, except for their very pale skin, red eyes, and tattoos that covered their arms and legs. They were born like this, and were a unique race that could only be found in the Demon Continent.

One of their abilities was to create very fine silk threads, using their bloodline ability when they were under the light of the full moon. These silk threads were highly prized by merchants because the artisans and tailors, who were employed by the nobles, preferred to use these threads when weaving clothes for the nobility.

Since they fetched a very high price on the market, the Rajah Clan had kept them in their iron grip, placing sentries to always watch over their movements.

Karath had managed to leave because he made an excuse that he would visit the Patriarch of the One-horned tribe in order to trade for food and supplies. These two Clans had been doing this for the past few years, so the sentries allowed Karath to leave.

They knew that he wouldn't escape and leave his people behind, so they were quite lax with his treatment.

This was why when they received news that Karath and his clan planned to rebel and submit to a new Master, the Patriarch of the Rajah Clan, Caspian, immediately sent Javan with his elite men to prevent them from leaving.

Caspian thought that he needed to show this new force that he was someone that he shouldn't provoke, so he decided to gather the rest of his troops before marching to the place where the Nightshade Clan was stationed.

Javan kicked Karath's chest, making the latter fall on his back with a loud thud.

"Our Patriarch is on his way with his army to ensure that this newcomer understands that there are people that he shouldn't provoke." Javan said as he spat on Karath's body. "Just because you saw someone with the strength of a Myriad Beast at its peak, you immediately knelt and begged him to save all of you? What a joke!"

Karath felt a stinging pain in his chest whenever he breathed. He assumed that some of his ribs must have been broken, but the words Javan said made him momentarily forget the pain he was suffering.

'Strength of a Myriad Beast?' Karath thought, while laughing in his heart. 'Those bastards. They wanted to play both sides. They didn't reveal Lord William's true strength, and only said that he was only as strong as a Myriad Beast.'

Karath didn't know whether he should curse or applaud the Patriarchs that had betrayed them. Clearly, they didn't tell their Lords about William's true strength. This could only mean one thing.

'They want the two sides to have a faceoff,' Karath mused. 'Once their Masters have lost their warriors, their clans would greatly weaken. They will then use this opportunity to flee without anyone to stop them. Well played you cunning bastards!'

The Patriarch of the Nightshade clan endured the pain he was feeling as he prayed for his new Master to come to their aid. William had promised them that they would no longer be alone, and he trusted his heartfelt words. Karath knew that as long as he endured, his new Master would come and show these oppressors who the real person who shouldn't be provoked was no matter what.

Soon, loud horns could be heard in the distance, and a sneer appeared on Javan's face. That was the signal that his Lord Caspian had arrived, bringing the troops that belonged to the Rajah Clan.

"Do you hear that?" Javan asked as he pressed his foot on Karath's chest. "That is the sound of the mighty. Remember this, whenever you hear that sound, you will remember that you and your clan are the dogs of the Rajah Clan!"

Suddenly, a loud trumpeting sound that came from a Flying Armored Elephant spread across the surroundings.

Karath laughed hoarsely after hearing that wonderful sound that heralded the coming of his new Lord.

"Do you hear that?" Karath asked. "That is the sound that spells your reckoning. Whenever you hear that sound, you will remember that you and your Rajah Clan are just mere insects in my Master's eyes that he can crush anytime!"

Javan snorted as he angrily kicked Karath for the second time, sending him smashing towards the wall of the room.

"Guard him," Javan ordered before giving Karath a side-long glance. "I'd like to see how this Lord of yours will crush a Major Clan that is a loyal supporter of the Demon Lord."

Karath could no longer hear Javan's words because he had already lost consciousness. Even so, if one looked closely at his face, they would notice that the corner of his lips was curled up into a smile.

A fifty-thousand strong army had arrived at the city where the Nightshade Clan was being held under house arrest.

Caspian looked imposing as he sat on the back of his Giant White Tiger. He governed a vast swath of lands in the Southeastern Region of the Demon Continent, and was recognized as one of the Overlords of the domain.

Someone blatantly challenging his rule made Caspian feel like tearing that person apart, and use their skull as his winecup.

The Rajah Clan was a clan of Tiger Demons that had faithfully served all the Demon Lords that had sat on the high-throne at the capital city of Mor'azeth. Because of this, they enjoyed a very high status in society, and were very confident in their position as one of the Demon Clans that had stood for more than a millennium.

With such a solid background, there were no other Clans that would openly defy them within the territories that were under their control.

It was at that moment when he heard the trumpeting of an Elephant in the distance.

As one of the demonic races that had very good eyesight, even during the night, Caspian was able to see the person whom the Nightshade Clan had sworn allegiance to. For a brief moment, his gaze and the newcomer's met.

"I am Caspian, the Patriarch of the Rajah Clan!" Caspian declared. "State your name, you fool who dares to steal what belongs to me! I swear that before this night is over, you will regret that you were ever born in this world!"

William chuckled as he looked down on the Tiger Demon whose eyes were burning in fury. He didn't bother to reply and merely snapped his fingers, creating several portals behind his back.

A loud screech, that came from Scadrez, William's Blood Eagle, spread across the night. Sitting on top of him was a rainbow-colored Anteater whose eyes sparkled in excitement.

Soon, thousands of Rainbow-colored Birds, who shouted profanities at the Demons, exited the portals in the sky. Lamassus, Undead Gargoyles, Undead Wyverns, three Bone Dragons, and thousands of Flying Scorpion Antz, hovered in the sky.

William pointed at the demonic army on the ground with a sneer on his face.

"Go and show them who's boss!" William ordered.

As if opening the floodgates, Scadrez screeched as it descended from the sky, which was followed closely by William's Aerial Legion.

Caspian hurriedly ordered his men to form ranks as they braced themselves to clash with the unknown army who didn't even bother to announce their faction. Just as he was about to order his men to use their ranged attacks to blast their enemies out the sky, he heard a shrill, yet adorable voice that made him feel a chill run down his spine.

The Patriarch of the Rajah Clan raised his head just in time to see a rainbow-colored Anteater, jump off the back of one of the flying creatures and curled itself into a ball. Its body then grew in size as several sharp spikes protruded from its body.

"I'M ROLLING!"

Many years later, the Nightshade Clan would always remember this scene fondly, when the rainbow-colored Deity of the Sky, descended from the heavens, and freed them from the chains that bound them to slavery.

Chapter 994 – YOU HATING? I’M ROLLING!

“Shoot that thing from the sky!” Caspian ordered as he pointed at the rainbow-colored wrecking ball that was descending on the front lines of his army.

He had brought an army that numbered over fifty thousand. He had sent five thousand of his elite men to accompany Javan to prevent the Nightshade Clan from escaping their control.

Right now, he had almost sixty-thousand Demon Warriors under his command, so he wasn’t too worried about the forces that William had summoned.

Even if he added all the monsters the black-haired teenager had summoned, it would not even come close to fifteen thousand. Although the Bone Dragons were imposing, they were only at the peak of the Millennium Rank. He had dozens of beasts who had the same rank as them, so he wasn’t intimidated by their presence on the battlefield.

Caspian glanced at the teenager who was seated on top of the Flying Armored Elephant with a serious expression on his face. According to the information that had been passed to him, the black-haired teenager was a Vampire whose strength was at the peak of the Myriad Rank.

The Patriarch of the Rajah Clan commanded three of such beasts, and he could summon them anytime he wanted.

“Is this all that you’ve got?” Caspian shouted in contempt. “Although your army can threaten small clans, it is nothing in my eyes. I’ll make you understand why our Clan is one of the Major Clans in the Demonic Continent! Go and kill those beasts! Leave none alive!”

The Demons shouted their war cries as they hurled their long range attacks at a rainbow-colored wrecking ball that was only dozens of meters away from them.

Powerful explosions reverberated in the air as the spells collided with Kasogonaga. However, what happened next made the Demons gasp in shock.

A three-meter tall, rainbow-colored, spiky wrecking ball, pushed through the smoke and crashed on the front lines, sending blood and flesh flying in every direction.

“YOU HATING? I’M ROLLING!”

Kasogonaga was like an unstoppable bulldozer that mowed down everything in his path. The sight of body parts flying in the air as he made his way through the outer perimeter of the army made Caspian’s skin crawl.

“Subdue it!” Caspian ordered.

Several of his Elite men transformed into Black Saber Tooth Tigers and clashed with the unknown monster, who was cutting through their defenses like hot knife through butter.

To everyone’s horror, the Black Tigers were like pieces of chopped pork that were dropped into a meat grinder. Just like what happened to the front lines, the elite soldiers under Caspian’s command were mutilated the moment they crossed paths with Kasogonaga.

Slamming his right fist on the armrest of his make-shift throne, a loud roar spread across the battlefield as a ten-meter tall Rock Troll appeared in front of Kasogonaga.

The newly summoned monster kicked Kasogonaga away, and sent him flying hundreds of meters away like a soccer ball headed towards the goal post.

Caspian was forced to bring out one of the Myriad Beasts under his command in order to prevent his subordinates from dying.

Kasogonaga undid his transformation and landed on the ground on his four limbs. He then stared at the Rock Troll with an arrogant expression on its face as if its appearance was just a joke in front of him.

“Scadrez! Come!” Kasogonaga ordered.

A screech answered his call from the sky, and the Blood Eagle descended toward the ground with its wings tucked into its body.

The rainbow-colored Anteater jumped on its back as Scadrez circled the battlefield.

“Will, I’ll let you handle that Rock Troll,” Kasogonaga shouted with an adorable voice. “I’ll kill the small fries first. Let’s go, Scadrez!”

The Blood Eagle screeched in agreement as it flew towards the right side of Caspian’s formation. Kasogonaga had entered the Myriad Realm not long ago, and he still hadn’t consolidated its strength.

It was too early for him to face the Rock Golem, whose rank was at the Peak of the Myriad Realm.

William just chuckled after hearing Kasogonaga’s strategic retreat. Right now, the rainbow-colored Anteater was the strongest among the members of his King’s Legion. Since he could not beat the Rock Troll in his current state, none of William’s other beasts would stand a chance against it.

“It’s your time to shine, Soleil,” William said as he summoned the spear that was smoldering red. Earlier in the day, he had allowed it to soar above the clouds in the sky to soak in the sun to charge up its power.

Soleil was one of William’s most devastating weapons that was meant for wide area destruction. Although he had many weapons in his arsenal, Soleil was simply the optimal choice when the Half-Elf planned to burn an entire army to the ground.

“Bloom in the battlefield!” William shouted as he pulled his arm in preparation to throw the spear in his hand. “Fleur du Soleil!”

Soleil flew towards the center of the army’s formation leaving a trail of flames that burned brightly in the night.

Caspian's sixth sense sent warning signals to his brain, so he hastily summoned another one of his Myriad Beasts, in order to deal with the new threat that was coming their way.

A powerful explosion shook the battlefield as Soleil collided with a flaming hand that mitigated the full brunt of its attack. The flames that raged out from the spear's body were quickly absorbed by the new Beast that Caspian had called out to counter William's deadly attack.

"Ancient Fire Elemental," William arched an eyebrow when he saw the six-meter tall beast that materialized in the air to block Soleil's destructive power. "Not bad."

William made a gesture and called Soleil back to his side.

Now that his army was facing two Myriad Beasts, he knew that it was about time for him to get serious. The Half-Elf raised his hand and the family heirloom of the Ainsworth Family appeared in his hand.

Stormcaller, the weapon that had accompanied William in his early childhood, sent out a thundering roar as storm clouds covered the starry sky.

Lightning snaked in the sky above the battlefield, and thunderous roars followed their wake. William's body shone brightly as numerous lightning sparks exploded around him.

The bodies of the Demons that were present in the battlefield subconsciously shuddered, including Karath and the members of the Nightshade Clan.

Even the members of the Steelfist Clan, who were watching the battle from within William's Thousand Beast Domain couldn't stop their hearts from trembling as the once starry skies above their heads, transformed into a lightning storm that spanned for miles.

Demons were quite weak against the lightning element, and it was one of the reasons why Humans and other races that were born with this power were hunted down by the Demon Race. They were afraid that if that person grew into adulthood, they would become a mighty weapon that the Humans, and other races, would use to threaten their existence.

“Lightning ever weaving, Thunder ever seeking, I call upon you now,” William stated as he raised Stormcaller, and pointed its tip towards the sky.

The lightning bolts within the storm clouds merged together, transforming into a gigantic lightning dragon. It then opened its mouth to utter a mighty and thunderous roar that bathed the heaven in glorious lights that chased away the darkness of the night.

“The Power I wield would obliterate one and all,” William roared. “Pierce through the darkness and hear my call!”

He then pointed his spear towards the Demon Army, making the lightning dragon look down on them from the heavens.

“Thunder God’s Wrath!”

Chapter 995: You Have Earned The Right To Know My Exalted Name

Caspian's desperate roar fell on deaf ears as his third Myriad Beast made its appearance. This was the trump card that he had kept hidden for decades, and he hated the black-haired teenager for forcing him to summon it in front of his entire army.

A dark-purplish mist manifested above the Demon army, and a screech of a giant bird with a wingspan of ten meters, faced the lightning dragon in defiance.

The two collided and a blinding light, followed by an ear-piercing explosion, spread across the battlefield.

Blood flowed from the ears of the Demons, as well as the beasts that were under William's command. The aftermath of the attack was so strong that a powerful shockwave sent the members of the Demon army, that were hundreds of meters from the point of impact, flying for dozens of meters from where they stood.

The Angray Birds had all been knocked unconscious by the shockwave, and became airborne bombs that fell from the sky and exploded upon impact.

Several demons died in this manner because they were still struggling from the loss of sight and hearing that had followed the explosion.

Merton, who was flying beside William, along with Karath and the Nightshade Clan, who were merely spectating the battle, also suffered from the backlash. Blood flowed out from their ears as their eardrums ruptured due to the overwhelming force that had surpassed their tolerance levels.

A defiant screech of triumph resonated in the sky, but only a handful of people were able to hear it.

William and Caspian stared at the Giant Black Bird with dark-purplish streaks at the edge of its wings. Lightning snaked around its body, highlighting its features, which were similar to those of a Black Peacock.

As a Vampire Progenitor, as well as the Emperor of Thunder, William felt a strong resonance to the giant bird in front of him.

Perhaps, the bird also felt the same because it stared at William with curiosity as it flapped its mighty wings to hover in the sky.

The Half-Elf used his appraisal skill to determine what kind of creature it was. Very few beasts below the Demigod Realm were able to take his full-powered, lightning attack head on with minimal to no damage.

This made William very curious about the identity of the bird, so he gazed at the information on his status page, while applying a regeneration spell to Merton, as well as his aides, who were all mounted on the backs of Lamassus' beside him.

< Impundulu >

– Vampiric Lightning Bird

– Threat Level: Myriad (High)

– Peak Myriad Beast

– Cannot be added to the Herd

– The Impundulu is a vampiric creature that was said to feed on the blood of women. Legend has it that it was born from a lightning bolt, and could transform into a Human in order to seduce women and drink their blood, while making love to them.

– This creature was also known to become the servant of witches, or anyone who practiced witchcraft. They are immortal, and were often transferred from mother to daughter, and kept as a family beast companion through the ages.

– It is also said that this creature was a bringer of good and bad luck, depending on the situation when you meet it.

– Once this creature loses its master and becomes ownerless, it would become an unstoppable force of nature that would leave blood and destruction in its wake. Its appetite for blood is second to none and it would even settle for the blood of beasts, if there weren't any women around to be hunted.

– It is impervious to any attack in the world with one exception, and that is fire. But, no ordinary fire could kill this beast once it reached the Myriad Rank. Only flames that hold the whiff of Divinity would be able to damage its immortal body and end its life.

"A vampiric lightning bird?" William muttered as he gazed at the Giant Black Bird who was still observing him from afar. "What are you? Some kind of Legendary Pookemoan?"

The Giant Bird didn't understand what a Pookemoan was, but it clearly heard the sarcasm in William's words, which made it screech at him in irritation.

The three Myriad Beasts stepped forward in place of the disheveled demon army on the ground who were suffering from momentary blindness and loss of hearing.

"Surrender, and I will allow you to become my subordinate," Caspian declared. "You will be treated well, and your rank will be only second to mine. Whatever you want, I will give you, so, why don't you join me in my faction?"

After seeing the black-haired teenager's abilities, Caspian would be lying if he said that he wasn't tempted to make him a part of his inner circle. If the Vampire wanted the Nightshade Clan in exchange for his servitude, he would gladly bestow them to him.

Although he would lose a good source of monetary funds, a powerful General's worth far exceeded the Nightshade Clan's value in coins.

"No thank you," William replied with an amused expression on his face. "Tell me, are you a man or a woman? How are you able to command the Impundulu if you're not a witch? Don't tell me, you're a woman pretending to be a man?"

Caspian's face became flushed as he stared at the teenager who was looking down on him with a curious look on his face.

He didn't know how the Half-Elf knew of the giant bird's identity, or what it represented. Within the Demonic Continent, only the witches knew about its heritage. Baba Yaga, the old hag, as many call her, was the first witch in the world of Hestia.

She was the one that taught witchcraft and dark magic to women, which allowed them to rise in the ranks of society and force the hierarchical Demon race to recognize them as equals.

"Are you sure you don't want to become my subordinate?" Caspian asked back. He didn't even bother to answer William's question and decided to ask his own. "I almost forgot. I still don't know your name. Who are you?"

The corner of William's lips curled up into a smile as he eyed the Patriarch of the Rajah Clan who side-stepped his question.

"Very well, you have earned the right to know my exalted name," William declared. "Listen to me, and listen carefully because I will only say it once."

Caspian stared at the black-haired teenager as he waited for the latter to state his name.

William raised his chin in arrogance as he pressed his right thumb over his chest before declaring his name.

"My name is Raymond Parker!" William declared. "Remember it, and remember it well, Caspian of the Rajah Clan."

"Raymond... Parker," Caspian muttered the foreign name and dug into his memories. As the Patriarch of a Major Clan, he was privy to the different clan names that were scattered in the entire Demon Continent.

Somewhere on Earth....

"Achoo!"

Raymond, Belle's father, sneezed while reading his morning newspaper.

"Dear, are you feeling unwell?" Adele, his wife, asked with a worried gaze. "The weather has been changing frequently these past few days, maybe it would be best if you take a day off from the hospital."

Raymond shook his head as he held his wife's hand.

"Don't worry, I'm fine," Raymond replied. "However, I think that bastard, William, is cursing me from whatever world he is currently in."

"Dear, the name of William's world is Hestia."

"I don't care if it's Hestia or Bestia. I'm sure that no-good Half-Elf is making fun of me right now!"

Adele chuckled as he tried to pacify her husband, who was still grumpy because Belle was now married to the red-headed teenager who had returned to his world. Deep inside, she felt sorry for her daughter, but she was optimistic that both of them would meet again.

Belle had become the center of attention after William left, which forced the President of K-Country to surround her with Special Agents that would keep her fans, as well as those who bore her ill will, away.

"Well, how is she?" Raymond asked in a worried tone. "You said that her monthly period is delayed. Could it be that she's pregnant?"

Adele gave her husband a playful smirk as she pressed her hands over his chest.

"You're the doctor," Adele replied. "Shouldn't you be the one more knowledgeable about this thing?"

"You are her mother, and also a woman," Raymond countered. "Although I am a doctor, a woman knows her body more. What do you think? Will we be holding our granddaughter soon?"

Adele chuckled as she stared in the direction of the garden. "It is best to wait for a few more weeks. It is still too early, but I am hoping for the best."

Raymond sighed, but deep inside he had to admit that he was feeling a bit anxious as well. The image of the young lady with long black hair, tied in a ponytail flashed across his mind. Ever since he had seen her, he knew that she had the bloodline of their family running through her veins.

The head of the Parker family had a premonition that day, and he believed that his gut instinct was right. If the girl that he saw was really his future granddaughter then he was willing to forgive William a bit for taking his daughter away from him.

However, until the news was confirmed, it would be best not to get their hopes up, so the disappointment wouldn't hurt them too much if they discovered that it was only a false alarm.

Chapter 996: Don't Play Favorites, Kiss Me Too!

"I will ask you one last time, Raymond Parker," Caspian declared as he stood from his makeshift throne. "Will you become my subordinate?"

"Don't make me repeat myself," William answered. "There is only one outcome for this battle today. Either you go back to your Domain and leave the Nightshade Clan alone, or I make you go back home by force."

"It seems that we both agree to disagree."

"Well, you're not wrong."

William stood up from the back of the Flying Armored Elephant and opened a portal behind him.

"Give me a minute, I will be back," William said before entering the portal, leaving Merton, his aides, Karath, and the members of the Nightshade Clan behind.

Merton and his aides felt a tremendous pressure fall upon their bodies as the three Myriad Beasts, as well as Caspian, gazed in their direction.

The Patriarch of the Steel Fist Clan felt his heart thundering inside his chest, as he grew anxious. He didn't know why William returned to the Thousand Beast Domain, but he was sure that their new Lord would not leave them alone in the face of such scary beings, who could end their lives with a single sneeze.

Just as Merton was about to faint from anxiety, William reappeared on the back of the Flying Armored Elephant.

As everyone gazed at the black-haired teenager, they noticed something very different about him.

Two horns had grown on his head, and a stubby spiked tail could be seen behind his back.

A few seconds later, Merton felt something incredibly alarming as he forcefully tore his gaze away from William. In just a span of a few minutes, the black-haired teenager looked incredibly attractive, that even someone as old as him felt his heart, skipping a beat.

"Caspian, are you sure you don't want to surrender?" William asked in a teasing tone. His voice that was overflowing with charisma was like a seductive whisper that fell on the ears of those who were still capable of hearing.

Caspian, who was looking at William, felt his heart tremble inside his chest. Right now, he was feeling a very strong attraction towards the black-haired teenager in front of him, and it was raising alarm bells inside his head.

'Incubus Progenitor!' Caspian hurriedly averted his gaze from the person who was looking down on him with eyes that seemed to see through his very soul. It made him feel helpless, and tempted to stare into those depths that held promises of pleasure and happiness.

"Retreat!" Caspian ordered! "Everyone retreat!"

Although most of the demons were still unable to hear, the gestures made by their Lord allowed them to understand his orders. One by one, they hastily backed away, as fast as they could.

William made no move to hinder them, and allowed them to leave as they pleased. The three Myriad Beasts, with the exception of the Impundulu, glared at William before covering the rear of the retreating army.

The Half-Elf stared at the Giant Black Bird and even motioned for it to come closer to him.

Unfortunately, the Impundulu was unfazed and even gave William a "better luck next time" wink before flying away.

The only ones that were left behind were the Demons who had died due to the attack of William's King's Legion.

All in all, over two thousand members of the Rajah Clan died. This was only a small number because the battle had ended quickly due to the appearance of the three Myriad Beasts that had prevented the increase of their forces' casualties.

William waved his hand. Suddenly, the Demons, as well as the Flying Scorpion Antz, that had died in battle with intact bodies, rose from the ground and were reborn as undead creatures.

'Thank you, Sidonie and Morgana, for lending me your strength,' William said to his two wives who were hugging him inside his Sea of Consciousness.

'You're welcome, Darling,' Morgana replied. 'But, I am quite curious. Why didn't you use the full power of your charm? Although it would have taken a while, you could have charmed that entire army and made them your subordinates.'

Princess Sidonie, who had her arms wrapped around William, shook her head.

'Will just doesn't want to cause unnecessary trouble,' Princess Sidonie explained. 'Although fighting against the Rajah Clan was inevitable, it would be a bad idea to take full control of their minds.'

'Eh? Why?'

'If the other Major Clans were to know that a Major Clan had become the subordinate of an unknown force, all of them would band together and hunt him down. This conflict with the Nightshade Clan is just a minor thing. Since that is the case, not escalating this matter is the best course of action, isn't that right, Will?'

William nodded before kissing Princess Sidonie's lips.

"You're right, Sidonie," William answered. 'Dealing with one or two major clans isn't a problem. The real problem is when all of them band together to deal with us.'

'Darling, don't play favorites, kiss me too,' Morgana said as she tiptoed to offer her soft, and sensuous lips to the man she wanted to have babies with.

William was more than happy to kiss Morgana and even allowed her to insert her tongue inside his mouth. After half a minute of intense kissing, the lustful lady pulled back before giving William one last peck on his left cheek before letting go of him.

Morgana was still unconvinced, because she was confident in the power of her Divinity. She believed that no matter how many armies came, all they needed to do was merge with William and charm everyone.

That way, her husband would have tens of thousands of Demons under his command, which would make the other clans fear him.

William could read what was going through her mind, but he simply shook his head. He had already raised a commotion in the Demon realm and taking it up a notch would be highly detrimental to him.

He once again opened a portal to the Thousand Beast Domain and returned his two wives to the Villa before heading back out. Now that the threat of the Rajah Clan had been neutralized, it was time for him to heal the Nightshade Clan's injuries.

That way, they could all start to migrate to his Thousand Beast Domain. There were still several places that he needed to visit in order to rescue his new vassals, who had sworn allegiance to him.

Those newly raised Undead members of the Rajah Clan would be perfect for that job. He was sure that some of the Clans had been paying close attention to the battle from far away, and had already sent their reports to their Masters.

Since that was the case, William believed that he would have a much easier time in rescuing his retainers.

As someone who had made a Major Clan retreat, his enemies would know that it would be a bad idea to antagonize him.

The migration of the Nightshade Clan took a bit longer than expected because all of them had been injured due to the battle that had just ended.

After healing the heavily injured Karath, the Nightshade Clan all felt a strong sense of belonging to William's faction. Some of them were even excited to migrate to the Thousand Beast Domain after seeing how he managed to make the Rajah Clan retreat in haste.

The Demons worship powerful figures, and William's elegant and charismatic gaze made them feel strongly attracted to him.

Although Princess Sidonie and Morgana had now left William's body, the aftereffects of their Divinity were still in effect. For at least half a day, as long as William equipped his Incubus Job Class, he would be able to charm anyone.

He could also make anyone submit to his will, if he wished for it, but this was not what he wished for. After the migration of the Nightshade Clan ended, William once again took to the skies and headed East.

The Half-Elf still had a few places to visit, and he had given enough time for the messengers to pass their reports to their respective Patriarchs.

He hoped that when he arrived to take his people with him, their previous masters wouldn't get in his way or else, he didn't mind charming them a bit in order to make them dance without any clothes on their bodies.

That way, the others would be intimidated and no longer prevent him from doing what he wanted.

Merton, and Karath, flew beside him as they flew under the countless stars in the heavens. The two Patriarchs gazed at their new Master, with a conviction that they would follow the black-haired teenager until they drew their last breath.

Chapter 997: Just What Is That Old Lizard Thinking?

"What did you say? Caspian retreated?" an old man, with long white hair, and two small horns protruding on his head, asked the Demon whose image appeared on the surface of a round mirror.

"Yes, My Lord," the Demon replied. "We saw everything from a good vantage point. Although I didn't know why he retreated, it is certain that he had ordered his men to retreat."

"Tell me everything that you saw."

"Yes, My Lord."

The Demon who had watched the battle from a great distance using a telescope explained in detail how the war turned out.

The Patriarch of the Gremory Clan, Alvah, listened to his subordinates' report. As the Patriarch of the biggest Demon Clan in the continent, he had placed several of his people in each Clan that had sworn subservience to them.

When Dozedar, the Patriarch of the Greenskin Clan, returned to his Domain with a missing left arm, he immediately reported everything that had happened to Alvah's men, who were stationed in his city.

They in turn reported this back to their Lord, who then ordered them to pay extra attention to William's movements.

For Alvah, the Greenskin Clan was just a minor clan. Even so, it was still a Clan that belonged under its influence. Having other people take his pawns away from him made him feel slightly irritated, so he immediately ordered a full investigation about William's identity.

Sadly, they couldn't find anything about the black-haired young man except for the fact that he was being accompanied by Vesta, the daughter of a Demigod, and two other demons whose identities were unknown.

Their identities were currently being dug up by his agents that were scattered across the lands, but it would take some time before this information arrived in his hands.

For the time being, Alvah didn't order his men to do anything except to monitor William's movements and report any significant changes that were happening in the Southeastern Region of the Continent.

"Interesting," Alvah muttered after hearing his subordinate's full report. "It seems that a new powerhouse has appeared in the Demon Realm, and is actively growing his faction by absorbing minor Clans into his fold."

Alvah assumed that the black-haired young man was one of those Demons that had recently gained an incredible power, and wished to become an Overlord of a territory. These events were quite common in the Demonic Continent. The Gremory Clan had started in the same manner over a thousand years ago.

"Still, I underestimated Caspian's military strength," Alvah mused. "Three Myriad Beasts... the waters of the Rajah Clan sure run deep."

As the Patriarch of a Major Clan, the Gremory Clan also had Myriad Beasts under their command. Just like the Rajah Clan, his clan had three of these peak monsters. However, Alvah wasn't happy with the news he received.

All of the Demon Clans were competitors, and knowing that one of them had a similar number of beasts under their command made him frown. But, what made him more disturbed was that Caspian, who had that much fighting force under his command, was forced to retreat.

What did this mean?

It meant that the young patriarch had determined that his opponent was stronger than him. Since that was the case, he chose to retreat and save his men. Usually, the heads of each Demon Clan wouldn't wage war unless they were sure that they were going to win.

If they lost, the chances of their territory being taken over by their neighbors was very high. This was why only minor up to medium-sized Clans waged war against each other.

For Major Clans, they simply use their numerical advantage to make their opponents surrender. This would prevent unnecessary bloodshed, and allow them to capture new territories with their original residents intact.

The Gremory Clan's Main Territory was in the Northern Regions of the Demon Realm. However, they had initiated a "Divide and Conquer" strategy in order to occupy most of the continent, and unify it under their rule.

With one of their members sitting on the throne of the Demon Lord, the local Overlords tolerated their ambitious expansions. They allowed the Gremory Clan to take control of the Nomadic Clans, who wandered around the continent. As long as their own interest wasn't compromised, they were willing to turn a blind eye to these shameless expansions.

"Where is the young man now?" Alvah asked.

"He headed towards the west, My Lord,' the demon reported. "I assume that he is going to rescue the other Clans that have submitted to his rule."

Alvah tapped the armrest of his chair as he pondered on what to do next. Their main force was quite far from the Southeastern Regions, and it would take them at least a month in order to reach the Greenskin Clan's location.

By then, it would be too late.

"Did Dozedar tell you anything else aside from his grievances?" Alvah asked.

The Demon shook his head. "Aside from warning us about the vampire's existence, and his plea to teach the young man a lesson, he didn't say anything else."

The Demon paused because he was hesitating to ask his patriarch a question. Seeing the expression on his face, Alvah managed to guess what he was thinking.

"When that young man arrives at the city of the Greenskin Clan, tell him that I want to exchange some words with him," Alvah stated. "I will convince him to leave the Greenskin Clan alone. I don't believe that he will openly defy the family of the Demon Lord who is currently ruling over these lands."

"I hear and obey, My Lord." The Demon bowed respectfully before cutting off the connection.

The surface of the mirror turned black, leaving Alvah to ponder this interesting person that was being accompanied by the daughter of their Southern Commander, Joash.

"Just what is that old lizard thinking?" Alvah muttered as he rubbed his chin. "Is he planning to marry his daughter off if that young man offered her a good-sized dowry?"

The old man sighed before activating the mirror once again. There were a few people he had to talk to.

People that the Half-Elf was causing trouble with, just like him.

William stared at the Demons who were lining up to enter the portals that he had opened for all of them.

After the battle with the Rajah Clan, the other Clans that were watching the battle immediately reported back to their Patriarchs. The Lords were just as surprised as Alvah when they heard the news. They thought that they were just dealing with an upstart demon that was trying to make his name known and gain fame.

After the Half-Elf had made the Rajah Clan retreat, the Patriarchs decided to call back the men that they had ordered to keep the Minor Clans under house arrest. Now that a Major Clan had been defeated, they knew that they didn't stand a chance against the enemy because they were only medium-sized Clans.

In the end, they immediately abandoned their plans to enter a head-to-head confrontation with William to keep the Minor Clans under their command. It was better to cut off a tail in order to survive, than to fight a battle that they had no chances of winning.

Because of this, the Half-Elf was able to migrate all the Clans who swore their loyalty to him under his wing, with the exception of the Greenskin Clan, whom William didn't trust.

"Let's go back to the One-horned Clan," William patted Maximus' head as they flew back towards the south.

Flying beside him were the grateful Patriarchs of the different clans that he had saved. Now that there were only two Clans remaining, the Half-Elf decided to call it a day and return to the city of Wimborne to rest.

He still hadn't decided on what he would do with the Greenskin Clan that was under the Gremory Family's control. Although he was confident that he could make them submit to his will, he was still reluctant to take them inside his Domain.

What he needed were Demons that he could trust, and he didn't trust the Greenskin Clan one bit. Also, he wasn't sure if he had the leisure to provoke the Gremory Clan at this point in time. Although he wasn't afraid of them, or the Demon Lord, his priority was to find Celine and bring her back to Hestia Academy.

'I think I'll consult Sidonie about this,' William thought. 'She may have a better solution to this problem.'

Chapter 998: Whatever Will Decides, I Will Support With Everything I Have

Polox couldn't stop grinning as he talked to the other Patriarchs whose Clans William had rescued from their former Masters.

They were currently having an important meeting, while William slept inside his room. The Half-Elf had also given him an order to prepare for the migration of the One-horned tribe, which would immediately begin after he woke up in the morning.

The reason why he didn't let them migrate right away was because he was waiting for a few Demons to visit the city in the hopes of having a dialogue with William.

Just as he predicted, the Patriarchs that had left during the feast had all returned, and wished to talk to him. Unfortunately, Polox told them that William was sleeping, and they would have to wait until he woke up.

The Patriarchs didn't insist on disturbing the Half-Elf's sleep because they knew that this second negotiation with him wouldn't be easy.

Right now, these Patriarchs were resting in the guestrooms of Polox's residence, while the Patriarchs who had already sworn allegiance to William were discussing how they would repay the Half-Elf for what he had done for them.

"When he told us to prepare for migration, I thought that he was going to drag us all over the Demon Realm, while looking for a place to settle." Merton, the Patriarch of the Steel Fist Clan, chuckled before drinking his wine. "Who would have thought that our new Lord has a portable Domain that he carries everywhere? This is simply incredible."

"You're right." The Patriarch of the Nightshade Clan, Karath, nodded his head in agreement. "The Thousand Beast Domain holds a lot of potential. I can't believe we get to live in such a place."

The other Patriarchs also nodded their heads. They were quite satisfied with the arrangements that William had made for them.

All of them were Nomadic Clans who had been on good terms with the One-horned Clan. They had no grievances with each other, and even helped each other out in times of need. However, right now, they had one concern and that was the Greenskin Clan.

Although the Greenskin Clan was not exactly a medium-sized clan, it was close to being one. They were afraid that if William took the Clan inside the Thousand Beast Domain, they would make things difficult for the other Clans that had sworn to become William's vassals.

Unlike the One-horned tribe and the five other Clans that had taken the initiative to jump onto William's ship, the Greenskin Clan was forced under circumstances to bow their heads and submit to him.

Their loyalty still lay with the Gremory Clan, who was also the main family of the current reigning Demon Lord, Luciel. They were afraid that if the Half-Elf poked this hornet nest, he would stir up unneeded trouble and the consequences would be dire.

"I have faith in him," Polox said as he looked at his new comrades with a smile. "I'm sure that our new Lord is aware of this matter. Let us just leave the decision making to him. Also, we don't have to be afraid of the Greenskin Clan.

"Before, we were fighting them alone. But now? Things are different. If all six of us banded together, the Greenskin Clan wouldn't be able to stir up trouble. Do they really think that we are afraid of them?"

Karath, Merton and the other Patriarchs smiled. Indeed. Back then they were fighting alone, but now? They were no longer alone. They had friends, and a new Master whose background was still a mystery to them.

"Our new Master is a Vampire," Karath said with a serious expression. "Would he require us to send young maidens to him, so that he could drink their blood on a regular basis?"

"Perhaps, but what about it?" Merton shrugged. "It is a small price to pay for a safe place to live in. By the way, Polox, did he ask you to send some girls to him, so that he could drink their blood, after you had sworn loyalty to him?"

Polox shook his head. "Not yet. In fact, my granddaughter approached me earlier and told me that if ever our new Lord needed to sate his bloodthirst, she would volunteer to do it in place of the other ladies of our clan.

"I don't know much about Vampires, and I don't know if they drink blood everyday. But, even if we send him two to three girls a day to donate their blood, that would only be around ninety Demons a month. With our six clans, I'm sure that we won't have any problem in satisfying his demands."

The other Demons nodded their heads in agreement. The number of their clans combined would total up to more than a million people, with third of them being women. Even if William needed to drink the blood of three women a day, that would only be a little over a thousand women a year.

They had more than enough to go around, and they were sure to satisfy the demands of their new Lord. Donating some blood was but a small thing when compared to the hardships that they had suffered for their previous Masters.

William had assigned Polox to be the supervisor of the six clans, with the exception of the Greenskin Clan whose fate was still unknown to them. Because of this, the other Patriarchs recognized his authority and asked him to propose this plan as a tribute to their new Master.

Polox nodded his head in agreement. He also felt that this was a good way to show William their loyalty as his vassals. After talking about a few more issues in order to better improve each Clan's relationship with each other, they all retired to their separate rooms to rest.

Tomorrow would be a busy day for all of them because it would also be when William would tell them the plans he had for them going forward.

Inside the Thousand Beast Domain...

William sat on the bed naked, while Princess Sidonie and Ashe massaged his shoulders. Chiffon was busy kissing little Will, while listening to the conversation that the other three were having.

"I don't think that bringing the Greenskin Clan here is a good idea," Ashe said as she lightly massaged William's left shoulder.

"I agree with Ashe," Princess Sidonie commented before lightly nibbling William's ear. After play-biting his ear for a few seconds, she gave her advice to her husband, who was enjoying the three-pronged attack that was being given to him by his wives.

"My advice is to simply charm their Patriarch as well as their Elders, and let them manage the Clan for us. The Gremory Clan isn't a simple Clan. We can make the Greenskin Clan our spies, so that we can carry on with your mission to take Celine back to the Central Continent."

Princess Sidonie giggled as she lightly patted Chiffon's head, who had Little Will firmly secured in her adorable lips.

"What do you think, Chiffon?" Princess Sidonie asked. "Do you want Darling to take revenge for what your father did to you?"

A light popping sound was heard as Chiffon released the ever-enthusiastic Little Will from her lips.

"I no longer consider that man as my father," Chiffon replied. "Whatever Will decides, I will support with everything I have."

After saying her opinion, she resumed servicing her husband, whom she loved very much. After the battle in the Tower of Babylon, Chiffon realized that her father, or her siblings, didn't treat her as family.

For them, she was just a nuisance that they tormented, and bullied when she was young. After meeting William, she found the courage to break free from her sad and pitiful past. The pink-haired girl was sure that if she ever came face-to-face with her demon family, she would definitely summon Sharur and smack their faces until their own parents wouldn't be able to recognize them again.

William had told her that he would personally deal with Luciel and Felix when he encountered them in the Demonic Continent. Since that was the case, Chiffon was more than happy to let her husband serve her father and brother the just desserts that were long overdue.

Chiffon was quite happy with her life as William's wife. She no longer needed to eat trash, or fear that she would lose control of her Divinity. However, the most important of them all was that she was no longer alone in the world.

The pink-haired girl had long considered William, his family, as well as his other wives, who had become her sisters, to be her own family. Also, the memories of the two adorable twins that she had held dearly in her arms made her look forward to the future.

She wished that she could hold both of them as soon as possible, so she had been more active when it came to making love to William as of late.

Princess Sidonei and Ashe noticed this as well, so they didn't mind letting Chiffon do as she pleased, while William embraced her.

The four of them spent a steamy night together, allowing William to momentarily forget about the problems that he had to face when morning came.

After having a good talk with Princess Sidonie, he decided to follow her plan and let the Greenskin Clan become his spies in the Demon Realm. That way, he would not need to actively antagonize the Gremory Clan, and could return his focus to his real mission in coming to the Demon Continent.

Chapter 999: "So, Are You In, Or Out?"

William sat in the seat of honor at the table, with Polox, Merton, Karath, as well as the other Patriarchs.

The Patriarchs who had chosen to leave a few days ago didn't have the appetite to eat the delicious food that was served on their table.

They all looked at William with anxious expressions on their faces, as they waited for the verdict regarding their request of becoming his vassals once again.

After breakfast ended, the other Patriarchs still hadn't touched the food on their table, which made William chuckle inwardly.

He knew that these Demons were all feeling regretful and guilty. Regretful because they didn't grab onto his leg when they had the chance, and guilty because some of them had betrayed their comrades and told their Masters that the other Clans planned to break free from their control.

This led the Lords to send their troops in an attempt to keep the Clans under them from leaving, just like Caspian had done for the members of the Nightshade Clan.

Unfortunately, they didn't expect that William would be able to make the Rajah Clan retreat, which then deterred the other Patriarchs from continuing their attempt to tie down the Clans that wished to leave their control.

"I know why you have come to see me, so let me ask you this question," William said with an indifferent expression on his face. "Who among you spread the news about the other Clans' plan to become my vassals?"

A deafening silence descended upon the room, as William, and the Patriarchs who had become his vassals, looked at the people seated across them with serious expressions on their faces.

Karath and the others had suffered greatly because of this, and William wanted to know who was responsible for making things difficult for them.

Suddenly, a sigh of resignation was heard in the room as a Demon whose appearance resembled a demihuman Weasel stood and bowed his head in apology.

"I apologize for my shortsightedness, and stupidity," the weasel-like Demon stated before kneeling on the ground. "I, Mahlon, of the Lowdane Clan, am willing to accept any punishment for my betrayal. I just hope that Lord William would find it in his heart to take mercy on my people. What I did was unforgivable, but I did it on my own volition. My Clan is innocent."

After seeing that one of them had already taken the initiative to confess and ask for mercy, three more Patriarchs apologized and knelt, asking for William's forgiveness and mercy.

The Half-Elf remained indifferent as he glanced at the remaining Patriarchs who remained seated.

"Anyone else?" William asked.

Optimus was helping him monitor all the vital signs of each Patriarch, allowing him to know their heart rate, blood pressure, as well as their brain waves.

Out of the eight Patriarchs that had visited the One-horned Clan, four knelt on the floor, while the other four glanced at each other with suspicion.

"I'll ask one last time," William stated. "Is there anyone else who ratted the other Patriarchs out to their former Masters?"

Two minutes passed in silence, and the four that remained seated remained where they were. Seeing that none of them were planning to budge, William raised his hand and pointed at two of the four demons who refused to budge.

"The two of you get out of my sight," William ordered. "The next time I see you, I will kill you on sight."

William's declaration was like the sound of thunder that made the hearts of the two Patriarchs, who he had pointed at, to tremble. They immediately fell down on their knees and apologized for what they did.

However, it was already too late. With a snap of his fingers, the two demons were knocked unconscious by Zhu and Sha who were standing behind them. They then dragged the two Patriarchs out the door, where they would no longer be included in the negotiation between William and the remaining Patriarchs.

"Before we start, let me ask the two of you first. Why did you decide to not submit to me a few days ago?" William asked the two seated Demons while he rested the side of his right cheek on the palm of his right hand. "Also, why are you here now?"

Although the two Patriarchs didn't betray the other Clans, the black-haired teenager wanted them to know that they were not going to board his ship that easily. This was his way of making them know that the cruise ship had sailed, and they needed to convince him to allow them and their Clans to join the big league.

"Back then, I didn't think that Lord William would be able to protect us," the Demon with a reptilian appearance replied. "Back then, when you asked us if we were going to find other Masters to pledge our loyalty to when you no longer have the power to shield us from the wind and the rain, I hesitated.

"Our Clan has suffered many hardships, and I felt that, even though I am its Patriarch, I should ask my people what they thought. I will be honest. Most of them are scared to take a gamble, and don't want to change the status quo. Although we are suffering, we consider life a very precious thing. This is why we decided that we would just wait and see how things would unfold."

Princess Sidonie, Ashe, and Chiffon, watched everything that was happening inside the villa through a projection. This was Princess Sidonie's idea, so that she could give William her opinion in real time.

As William's strategist, she was more familiar with the hearts of the people. She understood when to add pressure, and when to ease things up, in order to get the best outcome out of any situation.

Since the Princess didn't make any comment in regards to the reptilian Demon's words, it meant that the one who would decide his fate was none other than William. The Half-Elf then glanced in the direction of the remaining Demon, and the latter's reason was mostly the same.

After hearing their excuses, William shifted his attention to the four kneeling Demons, who were feeling very anxious.

"Let me ask all of you, who are kneeling on the floor right now, what makes you think that I will allow betrayers like you into my inner circle?" William asked. "I don't care if what you did was something that you did on your own volition. Betrayal is still betrayal. Since you can betray others once, you can betray them again. So, tell me, why should I forgive all of you?"

A few minutes passed in silence before the Weasel Demon took a sharp dagger out from its sheath, and pressed it over his chest.

"I, Mahlon, will pay for this betrayal with my life," Mahlon said with a determined voice. "All I ask is that you allow my people to be saved. They are innocent. I beg this of you, Lord William."

Mahlon didn't even wait for William's reply as he stabbed himself. He then raised his head to look at the black-haired young man with a pleading gaze before collapsing on the floor. Everyone in the room watched as Mahlon breathed his last, and died with his eyes open.

William's face remained indifferent, as he shifted his gaze at the other Patriarchs who were kneeling in front of him.

"How about you guys?" William asked. "Why should I forgive any of you?"

The three Demons glanced at each other before bowing their heads repeatedly to William. After that, they left the room one by one, leaving only the two Demons who didn't take part in their act of betrayal.

William snorted before he once again snapped his fingers.

Suddenly, the dead Mahlon rose up from the floor. The Half-Elf was moved by his willingness to end his life in order to save his people.

William then understood that, even though he was a schemer, Mahlon was a very decisive person as well. When he decided to do something, he wouldn't hesitate to do it, regardless of the consequences.

Mahlon looked at William then at his chest in confusion. He clearly remembered that he had stabbed himself to death, and should have died. When the Demon saw that the dagger was still embedded in his chest, his suspicion was confirmed that he had indeed died and wasn't dreaming.

"I don't like being betrayed, so I made sure that you don't betray me a second time," William said with an amused expression on his face. "This is the price you need to pay for your betrayal, and you will repay me until I no longer need your services. Go back to your people, and tell them to prepare for a migration. I will be coming for them tomorrow."

Mahlon bowed his head and left the room in haste. Although his new Master had turned him into an Undead, he didn't resent him for it. As the Patriarch of the Lowdane Clan, he had a duty to ensure that all of them would be able to live happy lives. If his death would allow them to do that, he would not hesitate to do it again for their sake.

William had turned him into one of his Draugrs, whose loyalty to him was absolute. This was why he no longer worried about Mahlon's betrayal and allowed him to lead his people inside his Thousand Beast Domain.

As to how his people would react to their Undead Patriarch, well, that was a matter for Mahlon to worry about himself.

William then glanced evilly at the two remaining Patriarchs who were staring back at him in horror. The two Demons felt their hearts tremble inside their chest because they thought that the black-haired teenager would ask them to die to show their loyalty to him.

"Don't worry, I will not ask you guys to kill yourselves," William said in a teasing tone, "but you will need to do things for me. As long as you do that, I don't mind taking your people in. So, are you in, or out?"

The two Demons exchanged a glance with each other before nodding their heads like hens pecking rice.

William nodded his satisfaction because the issue with the other Clans was finally over. All he needed to do was pay a visit to the Greenskin Clan and tie up some loose ends before he continued his journey.

With the meeting over, William's new vassals returned to the Thousand Beast Domain in order to settle the issues within their Clans as they adjusted to their new settlement.

There were still many things to do, and it would take them a few days to adapt to their new home. Nevertheless, all of them were quite optimistic about the future.

They could feel that as long as they remained by William's side, not only would their clan be free from oppression, but they would also thrive and grow to new heights that they never thought possible in the past.

Chapter 1000: I Don' Want To Get The Two Of You In Trouble

Princess Sidonie oversaw the placement of the different Demon Clans after knowing each of their specialties.

The lands that William had given them surrounded the Deadlands, which William had taken from the Void when he returned to Hestia. His general plan was to let the nine Clans that had sworn allegiance to him slowly rebuild the city, with the techniques that he would teach them after they had settled down.

The Half-Elf knew that rebuilding the Deadlands from scratch would be a time consuming process. He could use his God Points to fix it completely, but the cost would be astronomical. Because of this, Optimus gave a suggestion that William only use the God Points for an electrical grid and plumbing, so there could be light and a clean source of water that would allow the city to regain its basic functions.

William decided to follow Optimus' advice, but there was one part of the city that the red-headed teenager fixed properly using God Points, and that was none other than the theme park.

He decided to let the children of the demon races have fun and enjoy the rides that were available inside it.

When his wives learned about his plan, they got very curious about it, so they decided to follow William to the theme park to become its first customers. When Princess Sidonie, Ashe, and Chiffon tried the Bump Cars, the three got addicted pretty quickly and fought William in a three versus one battle by ramming him with their cars.

The Half-Elf had enlarged the Bump Car area to thrice its original size, so it was pretty spacious. Since the theme park was closed to the general public for the time being, the four enjoyed the rides as they waited for the three other Clans that William had accepted under his wing to finish their preparation for migration.

The red-headed teenager had a satisfied smile on his face as he watched his wives enjoy all the rides in the theme park. This was a first for them, so they really enjoyed the experience.

After several hours, the four of them sat on the Giant Ferris Wheel overlooking the sunset.

Optimus had fixed the settings of William's Domain long ago, so that it would have night and day. Since they needed a fixed point to use as an anchor, they had used the town of Lont in the Southern Continent as the base, so the positions of the stars in the sky, as well as the sun wouldn't change even if William went to the different places in the world.

After a fun-filled time with his wives, William returned to the Demon Realm just in time to hear Polox's report about the Greenskin Clan.

"As expected, they refused to follow you, Lord William," Polox stated.

William smiled as he patted Polox's shoulder. "It doesn't matter. They're not important."

After talking to the Patriarchs of the different Clans, as well as getting Princess Sidonie's thoughts about the matter, William decided to not take the Greenskin Clan under his wing. There was no need for him to expand his forces in the Demon Continent because that wasn't his main goal for coming.

"Still, I will still go and see them," William said as he ordered Polox to call for Vesta, Kira, and Athrun. Because of the things he had done with the Demon Clans, he hadn't talked to his new friends for a while.

William had asked all three of them to stay in the city of the One-horned Clan in order to prevent them from getting involved in the struggle for territories. The three of them had nothing to do with this, and he didn't want any rumors flying around that they were supporting him from the shadows.

Although it didn't show on his face, William really liked Kira and Athrun. Knowing that they were having difficulties with their families, he knew that getting them involved would only complicate things.

As for Vesta, she was a special case. As the daughter of a Demigod, she couldn't side with anyone because doing so would involve her father. When a Demigod became involved in the affairs of mortals, things usually got pretty dicey, so William made sure the three of them remained inside the city to wait until he finished everything on his end.

Fifteen minutes later...

"You finally have time to see us?" Vesta asked with irritation. "We're not your lackeys, who are at your beck and call."

"Calm down, Vesta," William replied as he made a gesture for the green-haired beauty to sit down. "I called the three of you here to discuss how all of us will proceed from here."

William paused to ensure that the three Demons were properly seated and that he had their full attention.

"As you already know, nine Demon Clans have become my vassals," William stated. "I don't have any plans to add more for the time being. However, since this matter has already spread among the Major Clans around this area, we can expect that our movements will be monitored from this moment onwards.

"Because of this, I ask that you stop referring to me as William. My new name is Raymond, and my surname is Parker."

Kira and Athrun had complicated expressions on their faces as they looked at William. The two of them didn't know if they should be relieved or sad that William wasn't planning on adding more Demon Clans under his influence.

The two of them had made plans together, and were planning to talk to William about it. However, after hearing his words, they decided to postpone it for the time being.

Vesta, on the other hand, looked at the black-haired teenager with a frown on her face. Although he had already stopped adding more vassals under him, the fact still remained that he had antagonized several Clans in the process.

"Where are the Clans now?" Vesta asked. "Are you planning to create a grand exodus from here up to the North? That move will only slow us down. The reason why we are traveling by flying carriage is to get to our destination as fast as we can. If we carry baggage with us, our journey will take several more months than we initially intended.

"Also, caring for them won't be easy. We will need a lot of resources like food, water, and many other things. Not to mention, we will be treading through the territories of different Clans, whose Patriarchs might think that you are planning to invade them. Are you sure you are going to take them all with you?"

William smiled because Vesta thought that he would be traveling alongside the other Clans like merchant caravans do. If he didn't have the Thousand Beast Domain, he would have never done such a thing as accept Demon Clans to become his vassals.

Fortunately, he had his own portable Domain, so taking several clans wasn't an issue for him.

"You don't have to worry about them," William replied. "Aside from the One-horned Clan and three other Clans, the nine Clans serving under me have already migrated. You don't have to worry about them."

Vesta looked at William in confusion because she couldn't understand what he was saying. The Half-Elf didn't bother to explain and simply waved his hand to push the issue aside.

"You will understand tomorrow when the One-horned Tribe migrates in full," William explained. "I called the three of you here to inform you that we will be leaving this place tomorrow night so we can resume our journey."

"Also, Kira, and Athrun, I apologize to both of you because I got you indirectly involved in this conflict. If you wish to clear your names, it would be best if we part ways here. I don't want to get the two of you in trouble."

Kira and Athrun glanced at each other because this was one of the other things that they had talked about a day ago. Unlike Vesta, who had the backing of her father, the two teenagers didn't have a strong backing.

Kira was the third son of the Patriarch of the Sand Clan, while Athrun was the fourth son of the Patriarch of the Sky Clan. Both were medium-sized clans and held considerable influence in their respective territories.

The Half-Elf was afraid that if the two boys continued to travel with him, they would be excommunicated from their families and have to live a life of exile.

"Bro, don't worry. I've already decided to go with you all the way to your destination." Kira patted his chest with confidence. "I am only the third son of my Clan's Leader. I am not that important."

"The same goes with me," Athrun replied a few seconds after Kira finished his statement. "I have already broken away from my family and, aside from my trading business, I don't have any familial attachments. I won't be missed by my Clan."

William had a calm expression on his face, as he handed the two Demons a contract.

"Sign this first," William said. "This contract states that anything I tell you will not leave this room. Otherwise, both of you will lose the memories of the time we've had together."

The Half-Elf had been in cahoots with the God of Contracts ever since he agreed to let Donger stay in his mailbox. Right now, all the contracts that William made were backed by his Divinity.

Since that was the case, the Half-Elf decided to get some form of insurance so that the two Demons wouldn't be caught up in the storm that he might stir up in the Demon Continent. He had long felt that Kira's and Athrun's perception of him had changed after he had shown them one of his trump cards.

William was afraid that they would misunderstand things and think that he was planning to create a new rising force in the Demonic Continent. In order to prevent misunderstandings in the future, he planned to make the two understand just who the person that they were referring to as brother really was.