

Strongest 1011

Chapter 1011: Elliot's Disciple

"This might be a bad idea," Conan said while seated on Princess Aila's shoulder.

"I agree, this is a very bad idea," Chloe commented as she bit into a chocolate bar. "Taking her out is like taking a weapon of mass destruction. I can't do this with good conscience. I don't want to dirty my hands with the deaths of the innocent."

Princess Aila remained silent as she sat quietly on her chair. After finding out who the owner of the voice was, she felt as if she was making a deal with the devil.

Elliot, who was seated beside Chloe on the table, had his arms crossed over his chest. His eyes were closed as if he was in deep meditation. I

An awkward silence descended inside the room as the four of them stopped talking. Only the chewing sounds coming from Chloe could be heard from time to time.

"All of you are thinking too much. It is going to be just fine~"

Chloe snorted as she raised her chocolate bar towards the ceiling of the room.

"Shut up, Shannon!" Chloe shouted. "Only fools will set you free. We're not gullible children, you know!"

Suddenly, a small purple cloud appeared in the place where Chloe had pointed her chocolate bar. This was Shannon's way of communicating with people outside of her room, but she rarely used it.

Only when she saw things that could potentially harm the academy's interest, would she use this ability to talk to the Headmaster of the Academy, Byron, to inform him of the things that were happening in the world.

"Chloee, it's not what you think," Shannon replied. "I have Divine Artifacts that can keep my Divinity from leaking out. If I wear them, I would be able to step into the outside world for a month without endangering anyone."

Chloee snorted unconvinced. "Let's say that I believed you. What happens after a month? Would you return to the academy and allow yourself to be bound by chains once again? I think not. Don't try to sweet talk us into this, missy!"

"... You know, I'm starting to dislike you," Shannon replied. "I promise that I will return to the academy before the power of the artifacts wears off. I swear it upon my true name."

Chloee ignored her words and returned to eating her chocolate bar. The little fairy knew that the outside world was a very tempting place to explore, especially for someone who had been stuck inside a shrine since the day she was born.

Many people had already died trying to find ways to help Shannon control the power of her divinity, but all of them failed in the end. Even William wasn't able to last long when facing her, even after Chiffon merged with his body.

Aamon wanted his daughter to experience happiness as well. If she could live her life like a normal girl, he would be extremely happy. This was why he had asked William to set Shannon free as his final request.

Not as a God, but a father who dearly loved his daughter.

While everyone was pondering their next course of action, Elliot opened his eyes as he breathed a sigh of relief.

"It can work," Elliot declared. "We can take Shannon with us."

Chloee, who was eating the chocolate bar, almost choked after hearing Elliot's words, who was seated beside her.

"Are you nuts?!" Chloee shouted as she pointed her little finger at Elliot's face. "Do you plan to commit mass murder? Wait. forget about a mass murder. What you want to happen is a mass genocide, right?"

Elliot chuckled nervously because Chloee had raised the chocolate bar in her hand. From her posture, it was very obvious that she was planning to swat Elliot with the snack in her hand.

"Relax, Chloee," Elliot said with both of his hands raised in surrender. "Believe me when I say that Shannon would be able to help us. Also, she would indeed be harmless for a month, if she keeps the artifacts she has in her possession on."

"No means no!" Chloee stated before shifting her gaze to Princess Aila. "If you persist with this folly, I will tell Celeste and the Headmaster about your plans. Let's see if you can leave the academy then!"

Princess Aila's face became grim because she could tell that Chloee's threat was genuine. Because of this, she shifted her gaze towards Elliot, who was wearing a serious expression on his face.

This was the first time that Princess Aila saw Elliot with this appearance because Conan's twin brother always had an angelic smile on his face.

"William's life is in danger," Elliot stated. "I don't care if you agree or not. You can stay here in the academy if you like, but I will go. We will all go!"

Chloee raised the chocolate bar and swatted Elliot without holding back. However, the angelic familiar had turned into a small lightning bolt and easily escaped her attack.

"Chloe, I will say this again. William's life is in danger," Elliot declared. "You know about my ability. I don't care whether you believe it or not, but we are going. With, or without you."

"Hmp! Let's see if you can do it then!" Chloee shouted before flying towards the window.

None of them stopped her, because none of them could.

"Oh, no! What should we do if she tells Ms. Celeste or Sir Byron about this matter?" Princess Aila asked in a worried tone.

Elliot turned his head to look at Princess Aila with a smile. "Don't worry. She won't tell anyone. However, we need to make preparations."

The little angel then looked up at the purple cloud that was hovering on the ceiling before voicing his plan.

"We will leave at this time three days from now," Elliot announced. "Make the necessary preparations on your end, Shannon. Make sure to bring your brush and canvas with you."

"I don't plan on leaving them behind," Shannon replied. "But why should we leave in three days? Leaving tonight is better, no?"

Elliot shook his head. Although leaving now would indeed be a good decision in Shannon's eyes, it would in fact have the opposite effect.

Although he knew that Chloe wouldn't tell anyone about what they talked inside the room, that could change if they really tried to free Shannon tonight.

Elliot knew that Chloe was still feeling angry, and angry people couldn't think properly in their current state. If they did anything that might provoke her, she would definitely head straight to Celeste and Byron in order to get the two of them to stop Alia and company from freeing the one person that could cause mass genocide by simply existing.

Elliot understood that Chloe was only thinking of their safety, which was why she was against the plan to work with Shannon. Also, he still had loose ends that needed tying up, and he wouldn't leave until they were done.

"For now, don't go anywhere near the shrine," Elliot ordered. "Heck, it would be best if you don't leave this room for two days. Let Conan bring your meals to you, Aila. We mustn't do anything to provoke Chloe right now."

"Understood." Princess Aila nodded her head in acknowledgement. Right now, she was depending on everyone to help her go to the Demonic Continent. If this was the only way that she could see William and understand her true feelings, then she was willing to risk it all.

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"What?! You're leaving, Master?!" a chubby boy with blonde hair and blue eyes looked tearfully at Elliot who was standing in front of him.

"Yes." Elliot nodded. "I leave in three days time. Thorfinn, you should continue your training while I'm not around. Do you understand?"

"B-But Master, without you around, how will I be able to practice lightning magic?"

"Silly boy. Even without me, wielding lightning for you is the same as breathing. Believe me when I say that you are far stronger than me, once you unleash your full potential."

The chubby boy wailed as he hugged the twelve-year-old boy, who had saved him from being bullied by his classmates in Hestia Academy. As one of William's familiar, Elliot enjoyed the prestige that the Half-Elf had achieved after conquering the Tower of Babylon.

Because of this, many people didn't want to be on his bad side. Contrary to his angelic looks, the little familiar carried grudges, and these grudges were paid in full when it was least expected.

When Elliot declared that Thorfinn would become his right hand man, all the bullies stopped pestering the chubby boy, and made peace with him. This event made Thorfinn indebted to Elliot.

After discovering that the person he had saved on a whim had an innate talent for learning lightning magic, Elliot didn't spare any expense and started to train him.

Lightning magic was a very rare magic, and anyone who possessed it was treated with great respect by the other races, and hated by the Demon Race.

The only problem with Thorfinn was that the magic veins in his body were not functioning properly. Because of this, the only thing that Thorfinn could do was make some small sparks, with his hands, which was only good for parlor tricks.

Fortunately, Elliot was a wielder of lightning magic, and the first thing he did was revitalize Thorfinn's innate talent by electrocuting his body everyday.

After a month of electrotherapy, the lightning veins inside Thorfinn's body healed at a rapid rate, which allowed him to shoot lightning from his fingertips, which made him incredibly happy.

However, before he could even rejoice, Elliot told him that he should keep his ability as a secret, or the Demons would come and kill him.

Thorfinn treated Elliot's words like the words of a Messiah, and didn't show his ability in public. The two of them would often go to secluded places together in order to train Thorfinn's ability until he had complete mastery over it.

"Thorfinn, listen to me, and listen well," Elliot said as he reached out to pat the crying teenager's shoulder. "I have nothing more to teach you. However, in the two days that I am here, I will give you one final test."

"No, Master, don't leave me!" Thorfinn pleaded as he hugged Elliot tighter. "I still have many things to learn. You still haven't taught me on how to peek into the girl's changing room without being seen."

"You still haven't told me how to take a girl out on a date, and ensure that she will give me a kiss before we go our separate ways. Master, there are still many things that you need to teach me."

Elliot sighed. He had indeed not taught his disciple on how to snag a beautiful lady and sweep her off her feet, but he didn't have the time to do that.

"Thorfinn, listen to me," Elliot said as he patted the head of the crying teenager. "While it is true that I still haven't taught you how to make girls fall in love with you, that is not important. What is important is that you never waver in the face of adversities. Life is full of challenges. You know that famous saying, right?"

"What famous saying, Master?"

"What doesn't kill you..."

"Will kill me another time?"

Elliot nodded. "So, in order to prevent that from happening, I will give you the magic words to make all your dreams come true. Listen well, because I will not repeat it a second time."

Thorfinn pulled back and wiped the tears from his eyes. He then looked at his Master with a serious expression, as he listened to the words he was going to say to him.

Elliot smiled as he said the magic words that would make his Disciple's dreams come true. However, he added that he should only say these words as a last resort, or risk Divine Punishment from the heavens.

Chapter 1012: Through Damnation And Beyond

Two days after Princess Aila, Conan, Elliot, Chloe, and Shannon had their meeting...

"Why have you called me to this secluded place, Elliot?" Chloe asked with her arms crossed over her chest. "If you plan to convince me, don't bother. My answer will not change."

Elliot smiled bitterly after hearing Chloe's words. Although his purpose for bringing her here wasn't for the sake of convincing her to collaborate with them, her outright rejection still gave him a headache.

"I didn't call you here for that," Elliot answered. "The reason why I ask you to come here is to fight."

"What? You plan to fight?"

"Yes. Fight."

Chloee grinned evilly as she transformed into a twelve-year-old girl, making the ground under her feet crumble due to the force she was releasing.

"Good," Chloee stated. "I've always wanted to punch that face of yours. Have I told you before? I hate looking at your smile. It looks so fake."

"My goodness, such a barbaric lady." Elliot wiped the smile from his face, because he knew that the young lady in front of him wasn't joking. "I said that I asked you to come here to fight, but I didn't say that I would be the one to fight against you."

"Hah? What kind of b*ll crap are you spouting all of a sudden?!" Chloee shouted. "If you want to fight then fight! Who dares to challenge me?!"

Elliot struck a pose as he pointed his finger at Chloee. "Come out, Thorfinn."

A lightning bolt descended in front of Elliot, and from it, a chubby boy stepped forward.

"I am the one who will fight you," Thorfinn said. "You ugly little piece of sh*t!"

"Hoh... you sure have some guts, Porkchop," Chloee said as took a fighting stance. "Do you know who I am?"

Thorfinn nodded. "The Juggernaut of Hestia Academy. I've long known who you are, you pathetic little twerp. Remember my name, and remember it well. My name is..."

The chubby boy wasn't able to finish his words because Chloee had vanished from where she stood. Immediately, she reappeared right in front of him, and delivered a blow that was enough to turn a Millennial Beast into meat paste.

Fortunately, Thorfinn had expected this to happen, so he immediately turned into a lightning bolt and evaded Chloe's deadly attack.

"Is that your best?" Thorfinn taunted. "My grandma moves faster than you, little b*tch!"

"You f*cking pig, I'll murder you!" Chloe shouted as she once again charged at Thorfinn, this time using her ability to break the laws of the world in order to double her speed.

For a brief second, the world slowed down in front of Thorfinn's eyes. He could clearly see Chloe's hate-filled expression as well as her fist that was only inches away from his face. In that moment of life and death, Thorfinn once again turned into a lightning bolt, barely evading Chloe's attack by a fraction of a second.

'That was close!' Thorfinn thought anxiously as he appeared several meters above the ground. 'I almost died in that clas—'

The chubby boy wasn't able to finish his words because he once again turned into a lightning bolt, barely evading Chloe's attack for the second time.

Soon, Thorfinn found himself backing away as he tried to keep himself alive from Chloe's relentless attack. He didn't have any time to counter-attack and was doing his best to evade the juggernaut whose bloodshot eyes spelled his doom.

Every second that passed, had made him realize that death was only a mistake away from happening.

Every minute that passed, felt like he was living years of his life.

This one-sided dog-fight in the air continued for a quarter of an hour. All Thorfinn did was evade, and all Chloe did was attack.

Even though she was indeed very powerful, she couldn't close that gap. The chubby boy was faster than her by a heartbeat.

Soon, the two challengers reappeared in the air, facing each other.

"My name is Thorfinn El Hazzard," Thorfinn declared. "Remember the name of the man who will teach you that you can't kill, what you can't hit. Remember that, Chloee Dy Wisteria!"

The smile on Chloee's face widened as she increased the power output of her body.

"I admit that I underestimated you, Porkchop," Chloee replied with a devilish smile on her face. "But you see, I was only using thirty percent of my power right now. I thought that it was enough to crush a bug like you. But, I guess I was wrong."

Golden lightning snaked around Chloee's body, as her long blonde hair fluttered in the breeze, making her look like a War Goddess.

"It's not only you who can use Lightning Magic," Chloee said. "I can use it too."

Chloee turned into a golden lightning bolt as she shot towards Thorfinn without any warning.

"Now die!" Chloee shouted as she punched without holding back.

Thorfinn had already turned into a lightning bolt, but Chloee's speed has surpassed his. Just as her punch was about to smash his face, it was met with a punch that contained as much destructive powers as hers.

A powerful shockwave spread across their surroundings, and Thorfinn was blown away by the impact.

"Hmp! I knew that you would not stand by and let that Porkchop die in my hands," Chloee snorted as she tried to push Elliot, who had faced her attack head-on, back.

"Thorfinn is my only disciple, so I can't possibly let him die under my watch," Elliot stated.

"Good. Then I guess I'll just have to kill you first, Mr. Fake Smile. That way, I can finally rid you of that mask you always wear."

"My goodness. Fine. Bring it on, Pancake Girl. Let's see if your puny fist can reach me. Don't think that using William's remnant powers, that you absorbed after we merged last time, will do you any good."

As soon as Elliot finished talking, two golden lightning bolts zigzagged across the sky. Each time they clashed, a blinding flash of light would spread across the heavens, followed by a thunderous roar.

Thorfinn watched the battle from afar with a serious expression on his face. Every move the two made, he remembered. Every exchange of blows, he embedded them in his soul.

As the two familiars fought for what they believed in their hearts. A certain girl, who was trapped inside the shrine that had served as her prison for nineteen years, drew on her canvas.

"Beautiful," Shannon said softly as she painted the two familiars that were making a commotion in the skies near Hestia Academy.

She had seen many battles before.

Battles that were fought amongst the truly powerful in this world. Although Chloe's and Elliot's battle wasn't at the level where it could demolish entire cities, their battle was simply too beautiful in her eyes.

Two familiars, fighting for what they believed in, and staking their lives on the line to overpower each other, made her heart skip a beat. In their original forms, they were quite small, only as big as a hand.

But right now, in her eyes, they were like two massive stars, whose light illuminated the entire world.

"More," Shannon muttered. "I want more. I want to see things I've never seen before. I want to feel things I've never felt before. This world is my canvas, and I want to paint the greatest masterpiece that would be idolized for eternity! Bring me to that brand new world... make me a part of that world!"

The young lady's hair color, and fox ears turned black as her eyes turned golden. Her brush danced in front of her canvas, never missing even the smallest detail of the battle that was currently being waged in the heavens.

On the ground, Conan who sat on Princess Aila's shoulder stared at his twin brother who was giving his everything to fight for what he believed was right.

"Kekeke," Conan chuckled softly. "Beautiful isn't it, Aila?"

"Yes," Princess Aila replied. "Sometimes I wonder if love is worth fighting for, but then I remember his face and I'm ready for war."

"Good. Because that is where we are headed... we are going to war."

"Take me there, Conan. Bring me to his side."

The little devil grinned as he nodded his head. Princess Aila's heart-felt request made the fire in his little heart burn brightly, like it did a thousand years ago.

"I will take you there, Aila," Conan vowed. "Even if I have to go through damnation, and beyond."

Chapter 1013: I Won't Be Killing Anyone Unless They Deserve To Die

"What was that about, Chloe?" Celeste asked the little fairy who was currently seated on top of the table while eating a plate of pancakes. "Why did you and Elliot come to blows with each other?"

"Difference in perspective," Chloe replied before biting into a new pancake.

"That's it? Just a difference in perspective?" Celeste frowned. "Both of you demolished an entire mountain just because of a difference in perspective?"

Chloee no longer answered Celeste's question and just continued to eat her pancakes. After leaving Elliot half-dead, she returned to the academy to binge eat, but was found by Celeste.

Claire just hovered behind the beautiful Elf with her arms crossed over her chest. Just like Celeste, she didn't understand why Chloee went ballistic and duked it out with Elliot, who was currently being nursed by Princess Aila back to health.

"What really happened?" Celeste inquired. "Elliot isn't the type to start conflicts. Did you do something again?"

Chloee still kept her silence as she stuffed her small mouth with pancakes. In the end, Celeste gave up and left the room. Only Claire remained and landed on the table where her twin was eating without a care in the world.

"Tell me what really happened," Claire said. "If you do, I promise to think of a way to help you out."

Chloee shook her head firmly. She trusted her twin sister with her life, but the matter with Shannon was truly too important. Elliot had firmly told her that even if she told anyone about their plans, it would still come to pass one way or the other.

"This is inevitable."

Those were the words that Elliot told her while both of them were fighting each other seriously.

Right now, Chloee was very conflicted. She was only left with two choices. The first one was to tell Celeste and Byron about Shannon's plan. As for the second one, she assisted them in freeing Shannon and accompanied them to the Demon Continent.

Seeing that Chloee wasn't budging, Claire sighed and left the room to follow Celeste. Deep inside, Claire felt that her sister was hiding something from her, but she trusted her enough to support her in whatever she did.

If only she knew that Chloe was at the crossroads of her life, she might have stayed with her and waited until she had opened up to talk to her.

Hestia Academy, half an hour before midnight...

Conan and Elliot flew towards the shrine under the cover of darkness. Their plan was to free Shannon from the shackles that bound her, by destroying the pillars that kept her in place.

According to the young fox lady, a protective barrier prevented her from leaving the shrine. In order to disable it, Conan and Elliot must destroy four out of the eight statues that were scattered inside the academy.

Princess Aila was already positioned at one of them, while Elliot and Conan would break another two. As for the last statue, Elliot planned to turn into a lightning bolt and break it, as soon as he broke one of the two statues present outside the shrine.

The angelic Familiar had already planned everything, even the place where they would meet after they had completed their mission. Usually, Shannon's place was guarded by the Elite Soldiers of the academy.

However, the two Familiars had the element of surprise, so they were confident that they would be able to neutralize them without alarming anyone else.

Just as they were about to enter the shrine premises, Conan and Elliot stopped. They stared at the little fairy that was blocking their path with her arms crossed over her chest.

Chloe looked at the two of them with a serious expression on her face.

"Are you sure that you're really going to do this?" Chloe asked.

"Of course," Elliot replied.

"Many people might die, you know?"

"I won't refute your words, but if people are going to die, they would be people that deserve to die."

Chloee snorted. "You always have a way with words. Not even William is as eloquent as you."

The corner of Elliot's lip rose up into a smirk. "Thank you for the compliment. So, tell me, what are you doing here? Don't tell me that you were just taking a stroll and happened to see us?"

Chloee didn't answer right away. It was as if she was fighting an internal struggle inside her heart, which placed the entire situation in a stalemate. After a few minutes passed, the little fairy voiced her condition to allow them to do what they wanted.

"I will go with the two of you to the Demon Continent," Chloee stated. "I can't allow Shannon to run amok and hurt the innocent."

"Fair enough," Elliot replied before looking at his twin brother. "You and Chloee destroy the two statues outside the shrine. I will head to the last shrine. After you have secured Shannon, meet us at the place we agreed on."

Conan nodded as he patted his chest. "Leave this to me."

Elliot glanced at Chloee one last time before flying away. Right now, time was of the essence and they would need to destroy all the statues at almost the same time for it to work. Because of this, they decided to do it at the sixth tolling of the bell, after the clock struck midnight.

Conan and Chloee flew side by side without exchanging words with each other. Both of them had things going on inside their minds, and had no time to do small talk, while doing their mission.

Inside the shrine, Shannon was busy putting several black-beaded- bracelets on her left and right wrists. These were powerful artifacts that helped reduce the effect of her powers, but their effectiveness would only last for a month.

"Finally, this day has come," Shannon muttered softly as she held a fox mask in her hand. "I will finally leave this place."

She was confident that as long as the statues were destroyed, she would be able to go anywhere she pleased using her special abilities.

"Wait for me, my Prince," Shannon said as she put the fox mask on her face. "I am coming to see you."

Right after she finished her preparation, the giant bell inside the academy started to make a clanging noise.

"One," Princess Aila said softly. Although she understood that what she was about to do was wrong, this was the only way they could leave for the Demon Continent without being detected by anyone.

"Two," Elliot muttered as he sat on the head of a Dragon Statue.

"Kekeke," Conan chuckled as he and Chloee stood in their respective places. "Three."

"Four," Chloee muttered as she transformed into her battle form.

After two more seconds, the sixth bell finally rang.

Everyone immediately destroyed the statue that was assigned to them with as little noise as they could muster.

Soon the sounds of glass breaking echoed inside the shrine. Shannon immediately felt the power that was surging inside her body, as soon as the statues were destroyed.

The door of the gate opened and Shannon came out with hurried steps. In truth, she wanted to take her time to observe her surroundings, but the circumstances were not in her favor.

"Let's go," Conan said. "Everyone is waiting."

Shannon nodded, but before she could even take another step, she felt something wrap around her leg, preventing her from moving. Looking closely, she saw that it was a silver chain that held her leg in a firm grip.

"What do you think you're doing, Shannon?" Byron, the Headmaster of Hestia Academy asked as he stepped out from behind a tree. "I believe I didn't give you permission to leave the shrine, am I right?"

Byron then glanced at Conan and Chloe who had flown by Shannon's side.

"Do the two of you have any idea of the consequences of your actions?" Byron asked in a threatening manner. "Especially you, Chloe. I expected more from you."

Chloe snorted as she ignored Byron's words. Without any hesitation she swung her arm and cut off the silver chain that held Shannon in place.

Without another word, Shannon waved her brush, transforming herself, as well as Conan and Chloe into a purple smoke that flew towards the North.

Byron immediately gave chase as he flew after them with great speed. The gap between him and Shannon was gone in the blink of an eye. He then reached out his hand to grab her hand, but the only thing he caught was a wisp of purple smoke.

"That girl got me good!" Byron's face became serious as he hastily turned around to return to the shrine. Shannon had the power of creation. She could give life to anything she drew, which allowed her to trick Byron, giving them enough time to flee.

It was not only Elliot that had made preparations for their escape. Shannon knew that she wouldn't be able to leave the academy that easily, so she prepared some backup decoys, whose sole purpose was to make Byron think that he had won.

"Bye," Shannon grinned as she entered the purple portal that she had created. "Don't worry, Headmaster. I promise that I will be a good girl. I won't be killing anyone unless they deserve to die. See you in a month."

"Stupid girl!" Byron shouted as he used his fastest speed to reach her. Unfortunately, he was a few seconds late. He could only shout in anger as the girl entered the portal. "Come back here!"

Shannon didn't bother to look at the Headmaster who had taken good care of her ever since she was a child. Unfortunately, her craving for freedom had made her heart firm, so she wasn't swayed with Byron's words.

When the portal closed right in front of his face, Byron knew that it was too late.

"The fools!" Byron gritted his teeth as he slammed his staff on the ground. He knew that Shannon could travel to the places that she had seen before, so he understood that going after her was futile.

Although the young lady with fox ears hadn't stepped outside the shrine at all throughout her life, her ability to see the world through the eyes of others was enough to allow her to cross great distances using the power of space.

Byron regretted that he had been too overconfident. When the statues broke, he instantly knew that the shrine had lost its power to keep Shannon locked up. Because of this, he immediately teleported to the shrine, just in time to see Shannon stepping out of the gate that had barred her from leaving all these years.

"This is no time to hesitate," Byron said before crushing a gem in his hand. "Her Excellency must be informed about this!"

Byron knew that a calamity had been set free on the world, and the mere thought of thousands of people dying in her wake made him shudder. He had been too conceited to believe that the defenses he had set in place were enough to keep Shannon inside the shrine.

Little did he know that the young lady with fox ears had long made her plan to escape her prison. All she needed were a few helpers from the outside, to help break the shackles that bound her in place.

High above the pommel of the sword that was embedded at the center of the academy, a beautiful lady wearing a white dress, looked at her daughter who had escaped from her prison. She had heard Byron's call of distress, but she ignored it for the time being.

"So, there really was no stopping this Prophecy from coming to pass," the lady muttered as she closed her eyes. "Shannon, my dearest, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for not being able to give you the freedom you deserved."

Only when Shannon took Princess Aila and Eliot with her to leave the academy did the beautiful lady answer Byron's call for help.

'Travel safely, my dearest,' the lady thought as she gazed at the purple portal that was slowly shrinking under her watchful gaze. 'I pray that the next time we meet, the freedom that you desperately craved for, will finally set you free.'

Chapter 1014: To A Long And Lasting Partnership

"You again? What do you want?" William asked as he stood with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Don't worry. This time, I came to see you just to talk," Caspian replied.

After traveling for two days, William's group had made good progress on their journey. They didn't encounter any problems along the way, and everything was smooth sailing. All of that ended when they neared the borders of the desert, where several warring Clans lived.

However, before they could even enter their territory, Caspian appeared and blocked their way.

"Just to talk?" William asked back. "I don't think we have anything to talk about?"

"Actually there is," Caspian answered with a smile. He then made a gesture for them to land on the ground, in order to continue their discussion.

William frowned, but still decided to hear what the Patriarch of the Rajah Clan wanted to discuss for the time being. He had never liked politics, but the overall situation of the Demon Continent was quite volatile when compared to the peace that everyone enjoyed in the Southern and Central Continents.

Also, he didn't like to be constantly hounded by one of the most powerful Patriarchs in the Demon Realm. Even though William could smack Caspian and his summons silly with his Heroic Avatar Form, he also understood that sitting down to discuss things in a civilized manner would avoid any unnecessary conflicts.

William, Vesta, and Caspian, sat as Charmaine and the other Elves served them some snacks and coffee.

The three enjoyed some small talk as they drank and ate. The Half-Elf as well as the green-haired beauty were quite curious why Caspian traveled so far in search of them. Usually, Patriarchs didn't travel far from their territory, especially without their elite guards, because it was dangerous.

"Originally, I came to find you in order to negotiate certain things," Caspian said. "However, after hearing the news that you declined to make the Greenskin Clan one of your vassals, I realized that this was a good opportunity to form a collaboration with you."

William arched an eyebrow as he made a gesture for Caspian to continue speaking.

"Be honest with me, do you know Witchcraft and Dark Magic?" Caspian inquired.

"Yes," William answered. "Is this about you being able to summon Impundulu?"

According to the System, only those that practiced witchcraft or specialize in dark magic would be able to make this extremely malevolent creature their subordinate. The Vampiric Lightning bird, Impundulu, was nearly immortal. Even the strongest Demigod, Tarasque, wouldn't be able to kill it because it had only one weakness, and that was flames that held a strong Divinity.

"Yes." Caspian admitted. "I thought that you are going to expose to everyone that I know witchcraft, so I hurriedly came to find you in order to negotiate."

Vesta who was only listening to the side raised her head to voice her opinion.

"Isn't witchcraft only available to women?" Vesta asked. "How come you can use it?"

"That is because she is a woman," William answered before sipping his coffee. "Right, Caspian?"

Caspian eyed William for a few seconds before waving a hand over his face. The face of the strong demonic tiger that led the Rajah Clan to battle was replaced by a sensual lady who seemed to be in her early twenties.

Her long orange hair, green eyes, and fluffy tiger ears was a very stark contrast from the domineering image that she had shown on the battlefield.

"I never thought that one of the Overlords of South was actually a woman," Vesta muttered. "I see... so that's why you have to hide your identity. The rules of the Rajah Clan don't allow women to become Patriarch."

Caspian nodded. "When I am in this form, feel free to call me Cassey. This was the name my mother gave me before she died. As you can see, I'm a Half-breed. In order to gain the seat of patriarch, I had to rely on witchcraft to change my appearance."

William and Vesta nodded in understanding. This rule that only men could inherit the head of the family was very common in Hestia. The Amazon Empire, which was purely ruled by women, was a rare exception to the established rules of the world.

"If you are afraid of your identity being exposed by me then you can rest easy," William stated. "I have no intention of divulging your secret. Now, since that is out of the way, what is this collaboration that you are talking about?"

Cassey smiled because she understood that William didn't have any intention of bringing up past events to make things difficult for her.

"Tell me, Raymond Parker, what do you think of the Gremory Clan?" Cassey asked.

"William," William replied. "You can call me that when it is just us."

The smile on Cassey's face widened because she understood what William was trying to say. In order to gain his trust, she was willing to show him her true form. The black-haired young man's gesture of good will made her feel that her effort to find him was not in vain.

"Very well, William," Cassey said. "What do you think of the Gremory Clan?"

"I don't know much about the Gremory Clan," William answered. "However, I have a grudge against the Demon Lord. So, tell me, Cassey, are you perhaps aiming for the seat of Demon Lord?"

Cassey firmly shook her head. "A very tempting offer. But, I am someone that looks at reality. What I want to do is simply change the rules a bit."

"Oh? I see." William nodded in understanding. "So you want to make it so that women can also have the right to sit as the head of the clan? But, I don't understand. What does the Gremory Clan have to do with what you plan to do?"

Cassey's expression became serious as she looked at William. During her journey to find him, she had thought about many things along the way. One of those was to reshuffle the Major Clans in the Demon Continent.

She wanted to kick the strongest Clan out of their seat and make hers, the Rajah Clan, the new Head of the Major Demon Clans in the continent.

"My Domain is in the South, while the Gremory Clan's territory is in the North," Cassey explained. In normal conditions, it is impossible for me to travel to the North and wage war with him. However, from what I've heard, you and your entourage are headed North."

William nodded. "I see. So your plan is to use us as your army to clap their buttcheeks, while letting your Clan remain in the South. You won't even send any of your men to fight, leaving us to be used as cannon fodder to fight your battle for you."

Cassey chuckled. "Cannon Fodder? I think not. I have four Myriad Beasts under my command. They are more than enough to trample my adversaries. Also, the Impundulu's one and only weakness, which is fire, can easily be countered by the Ancient Fire Elemental under my command. With the two of them fighting side by side, I am invincible."

"True," William nodded his head in agreement. "But, this logic only holds true until a Demigod comes along and wrecks your plan."

Cassey gave William a knowing smile, which made the latter's liver itch.

"And, that is where you come in," Cassey stated. "Alone, I am more than enough to bring the Gremory Clan to their knees. But, if a Demigod intervenes, I hope that you can hold them off for me."

William lightly tapped his fingers on the table as he pondered Cassey's proposal. Anything that would make the Demon Lord feel constipated was a worthwhile endeavor to do. Weakening his backing was very important because his influence over the other Clans would also fade.

Even though he was the strongest Demon in the continent, his rank was only at the Peak of a Saint. He had weakened considerably after fighting against William's father, Maxwell, and losing his arm in the process.

"My priority is to find someone in the North," William said after careful consideration. "I would not make trouble with the Gremory Clan until I found her first. Once she is in my custody, I don't mind going with you to pay a visit to the Gremory Clan."

Cassey raised the coffee cup on the table and took a sip. She then stared at William with a curious gaze as she voiced the question in her mind.

"In the rare chance that the Demon Lord is there when we declare war on them, what will you do?" Cassey asked. Although she knew that William was strong, she needed to know if he had the resolve to face the one who held the greatest influence in the entirety of the Demon Realm.

William smiled evilly after hearing Cassey's words.

"Believe me when I say that I would love to see the Demon Lord in that place," William said. "That will save me the trouble of finding him, and giving him a beating that is long overdue."

Cassey smirked as she extended her hand towards William. They said that the enemy of an enemy is a friend. Right now, William was an ally that could tip the balance of power in the Demonic Continent.

If they really succeeded in what they planned to do, she would not only be able to legitimately sit in the position of Clan Head, but also take her revenge on the scheming Demon, who was responsible for the assassination of her mother when she was only ten years old.

"To a long and lasting partnership," Cassey said as she shook William's hand.

"Likewise," William replied as he shook Cassey's hand.

He had to admit that Cassey's plan was in line with what he had wanted to do in the past. Since there was an opportunity for a collaboration, he was more than happy to join her and make the lives of those who supported the Demon Lord, and those of his family, a living hell.

Chapter 1015: Our Daughter Might Have Developed A Crush On Him

Aamon sighed as he massaged his face with both hands. He had heard from his significant other that their daughter had escaped from Hestia Academy, and was headed to the Demon Continent.

After regaining his calm, he closed his eyes as he pondered on the things that he could do for her daughter, which was very limited. He was the patron God of the Kraetor Empire, and yet, there was no one that he could ask to go look for his daughter in the Demon Realm.

Although he was a God, there were certain restrictions that were placed over him that prevented him from directly interfering with the affairs of the mortal realm. Because of this, Aamon's hands were tied.

"Is there really no other way?" Aamon muttered as he tapped the arm rest of his throne with his hand. After pondering for ten minutes, he realized that there was nothing that he could do for his daughter at this point in time.

He then looked at the image of the beautiful woman in front of him, who had a sad expression on her face.

"Don't worry, no one can harm our daughter," Aamon said with a serious expression on his face.

The beautiful woman shook her head. "I am more worried about the people that will be unlucky enough to cross her path. We both knew that this would happen sooner or later, so we prepared the artifacts for her. For the time being, the worst case scenario is not going to happen... probably."

Aamon nodded his head in understanding. Fate worked in mysterious ways and even they, as Gods, were subject to its whims. What more could ordinary mortals do against it?

"You said that she was headed to the Demon Continent," Aamon stated. "Do you know why exactly?"

The beautiful woman was about to shake her head, but stopped mid-way.

"I only have a hunch, but I guess she plans to meet with William."

"Him? Why him?"

The beautiful woman sighed as she closed her eyes.

"Her recent drawings are all about him," the beautiful woman answered. "Although I am not a hundred percent certain, I think our daughter is interested in him."

"Only interest?" Aamon arched an eyebrow. "Nothing more than pure interest?"

The beautiful woman shrugged because she also didn't know the answer to his question. Her daughter had no chances to interact with the Half-Elf on an extended basis, aside from her paintings.

William had tried, but her daughter's Divinity was too much for the Half-Elf to handle, even if he merged with one of his wives.

"Wait, let me call someone who is more knowledgeable in this thing," Aamon said as he sent a message to a friend of his through telepathy.

A few seconds later, Sancus, the God of Contracts, appeared in Aamon's throne room.

"What's wrong? Do you need me to prepare a special contract for you?" Sancus asked.

"No, my friend," Aamon replied. "I called you here to ask for your help. I know that you are very knowledgeable, so you are my best bet in this matter."

"Fumu, indeed. I am one of the wisest Gods around."

"You forgot to add the word scheming in your introduction."

Sancus chuckled as he made a gesture for Aamon to continue what he was planning to tell him.

"You see, my daughter has gone to the Demon Continent," Aamon stated. "And, we highly suspect that she has gone there to see William."

"Are you talking about Gavin's follower? That William?" Sancus asked as he played with his beard.

"Yes. I don't want to say this, but our daughter might have developed a crush on him."

"Mmm, that's fairly normal for girls her age, no?"

Aamon and the beautiful woman nodded. However, the thing that bothered them was how William would react to their daughter's feelings.

The beautiful woman told Sancus of the possible reason why her daughter found William interesting, and the God of Contracts smiled when she finished her story.

"Isn't this just a common fangirl scenario?" Sancus asked. "I think in your daughter's eyes, William is one of her favorite actors. You see, in William's previous world called Earth, there are these famous young actors, and boy bands that girls go gaga about.

"Whenever they see them, they can't help but feel excited and want their autograph. I think your daughter's feelings are similar to this. She decided to sneak outside of the house to meet her favorite actor and get to know him better."

Aamon and the beautiful woman were finally enlightened about their daughter's actions after hearing Sancus' words. Just like the God of Contracts said, for Shannon, William was her favorite actor and she was dying to meet him in real life.

"But our daughter carries a powerful ability in her body," the beautiful woman stated and proceeded to tell Sancus about Shannon's peculiarity.

"Interesting, but there is no need for concern," Sancus replied. "After all, William had Donger with him. Actually, I am more scared about your daughter meeting with William. Who knows? The next time you see her, she might be carrying a little William in her belly."

Aamon, who was seated on his throne, immediately stood up and grabbed hold of Sancus' collar, almost choking him.

"What did you say just now?!" Aamon asked with a serious expression on his face.

"The next time you see your daughter, she might be carrying a little William in her belly?" Sancus answered with a confused look on his face.

"No! Before that!"

"William had Donger with him?"

Aamon's and the beautiful woman's faces turned pale when they heard Sancus' words. All the Gods knew what Donger was, and its reputation was something that all the Goddesses abhorred.

Because of this, Sancus was forced to seal Donger and prevent it from appearing in the Multiverse again. However, the seal wasn't omnipotent and the chances of Donger breaking through it were getting higher with each passing year.

"Take Donger back now!" Aamon said. "If that filthy thing touches my daughter, I'll fight you to the death!"

"Now, calm down," Sancus replied as he patted Aamon's shoulder. "Although William has Donger, the boy has refused to use it. Because of this, he stored it in a place where it doesn't pose any threat to anyone. Your daughter will be just fine."

"Are you sure about this? Are you sure that William will not use it?"

"Sure I'm sure. Donger has been with him for several years, and it is still safe and sound. Your daughter will be fine."

Aamon and the beautiful woman breathed a sigh of relief after hearing Sancus' confident answer. Although they wanted their daughter to be happy, they didn't want her to suffer any harm. Donger was an existence that all Goddesses loathed. Even the Goddess of Lust, Eros hated it with a vengeance. This was how dangerous Donger's existence was to the world.

After having a bit of small talk, Sancus finally left Hell and returned to the Temple of the Gods.

'Oh! I forgot to tell them that Donger has one unusual ability and that is to immediately come to its owner's rescue during unusual circumstances,' Sancus thought. 'Well, I guess it's going to be fine. As long as that girl Shanon doesn't do anything reckless, Donger will continue to be locked up inside William's mailbox.'

The God of Contracts hummed as he returned to his stall, which was managed by a few of his followers. As the God that presided over contracts, he had a duty to uphold all the terms that were written in them.

Just like the contract that Donger made with him, Sancus would do everything in his power to ensure that the promise he had made with Donger hundreds of years ago would finally become a reality.

Chapter 1016: Second Son Of The Rhanes Clan

After a successful negotiation, Cassey decided to join William's journey to find the person he was looking for. Although she didn't know who she was, the patriarch of the Rajah Clan was certain that this person was very important to William.

They had just entered the desert area, and this place had several warring clans inside it. The desert had very limited resources, especially water, so most clans built their cities around oases, and guarded them with all of their might.

"Bro, if we follow our flight path, we will arrive at my Clan's territory in three days' time," Kira said while talking to William from his carriage window. "It has been months since I've seen my family. If it isn't too much of a bother, can we drop by and stay for a day or two. I want to assure my parents that I'm doing fine. Also, I want to introduce them to you."

William pondered for a bit before nodding his head.

"Sure," William replied. "Spending time with family is important. I don't mind if it's only for two days."

William had taken a liking to Kira and Athrun, and both of them had become his friends. They had also signed a contract to not divulge his secrets, which gave the Half-Elf some peace of mind. The travel

towards the Northeastern Regions was long, and he didn't mind making a few stopovers along the way, as long as it didn't take too much time.

Athrun's family lived near the capital of the Demon Realm, which was not within the route that they had chosen. When William asked if Athrun wanted to visit his clan, the handsome scholar only shook his head and said that he had no attachments to his family.

Since the Half-Elf wasn't willing to pry in Athrun's past, the latter didn't mention anything about his circumstances with his family.

Truth be told, this was the first time that William was traveling over a desert. As far as the eye could see, there were only desert sands. He had seen them several times in T.V, but seeing them in reality made him understand how vast the world really was.

It was quite hot during the day, and very cold at night. This was why he, and Vesta, stayed inside the Thousand Beast Domain most of the time, leaving Kira and Athrun to deal with Cassey, whom William didn't fully trust.

On the third day, after entering the desert, they landed on the outskirts of a medium-sized city that was brimming with life.

Out of respect for Kira's family, William placed Gluteus and Maximus inside his Thousand Beast Domain. He was certain that if the Sand Clan patriarch saw the two dangerous Flying Armored Elephants enter the city, he would surely die from a heart attack.

Cassey had decided to use her true form, while she journeyed with William so that no one would recognize her. She also wore a style of clothes that was quite different to what the Rajah Clan wore on a regular basis.

After her discussion with William, both of them decided to make her William's adviser. As someone who was familiar with the customs of the Demon Realm, Cassey's new identity was fool proof.

Even if the Demon Lord or the Patriarch of the Gremory Clan were to sit at the table with her, neither of them would be able to tell that she was, in fact, the reigning patriarch of one of the Major Clans in the continent.

"Open the gates," Kira ordered as he disembarked from his carriage. "I have returned."

The Guard Captain immediately recognized Kira, but didn't make a move to open the gates for him.

"Young Master, I apologize but I cannot open the gates even for you," the Guard Captain said. "Your father is currently in a high-level meeting with someone, and because of this, the entire city is under martial law. No one is allowed to enter, and no one is allowed to exit. I apologize, but I cannot allow the Young Master to enter the city at this point in time."

Kira frowned because this had never happened in the past. The city of Altan had never been put into martial law ever since his grandfather had become the Patriarch.

"Who is the person that Grandfather is meeting with?" Kira asked. "Surely, you can tell me this much, right?"

The Guard Captain didn't answer right away. Instead, he pondered if he really could tell his Young Master who their VIP guest was. However, before he could even decide, a loud, and confident voice spoke out from his side.

"Oh, so you're here, Kira," a man dressed in a white robe, and holding a fan in his hand, said with a smile. "Have you gotten tired of pursuing that Vesta girl?"

"Orryn...", Kira muttered as he gazed at the second oldest son of the Rhanes Clan.

The Rhanes Clan was the Lord of the Sand Clan. The reason why Kira had left his family was not because of his wish to pursue Vesta. It was because he didn't want to participate in the upcoming struggle for the seat of Patriarch of the Rhanes Clan.

Their Clan had always been neutral, and didn't dabble in politics. However, the four heirs of the Rhanes Clan were busy trying to gather as many factions under them before the selection ceremony.

Even the Sand Clan's neutrality was being put to the test due to the insistence of the candidates for the position of Patriarch.

"Yes, it is me, Kira," Orryn smiled. "Welcome back... is what I'd like to say. Unfortunately, this city is currently under my older brother's jurisdiction. No one is allowed in, or out, unless the Sand Clan agrees to join our faction."

Kira's expression immediately became gloomy after hearing Orryn's words. He had expected that they would be forced to choose a side, but he never expected that Orryn and the brother he was supporting were going to use such a high-handed method to deal with them.

As Kira clenched his fist in anger, he felt a hand rest on his shoulder, which made him turn his head to his right side.

"Who is this guy, Kira?" William asked. "Is he the one responsible for preventing us from entering the city?"

"His name is Orryn," Kira answered. "He is one of the sons of the Rhanes Clan, which is our Lord in this part of the desert."

William rubbed his chin. If he wanted to, he could easily smash the gates and enter the town if he wished. However, since this was Kira's hometown, he definitely wouldn't use such a barbaric method.

'Vesta, come out for a while,' William said to Vesta, who was currently playing Let's Dance Revolution with Chiffon and Medusa in his Thousand Beast Domain. 'I need your help with something.'

Orryn looked at Kira and the person standing next to him in disdain. As one of the sons of the Rhanes Clan, his word was law among the vassals who served their family. He had long wanted to put Kira into his place, and he thought that this was the perfect opportunity to do so.

Kira looked up at the arrogant son of the Rhanes Clan with contempt in his heart. If he was alone, he would definitely not be able to put up any resistance. However, he was no longer alone.

The person standing next to him was no ordinary man. Kira wondered what would happen if William revealed his identity to the pompous young master, who was looking at them as if they were dogs wandering in the streets.

'No good,' Kira thought as he suppressed the sneer that was about to appear on his face. 'I am very tempted to ask Bro to let Gluteus and Maximus make an appearance. I'm sure that if this bastard saw them, he would be running like his life depended on it.'

A few years ago, a herd of Flying Armored Elephants destroyed half of the city where the Main Residence of the Rhanes Family was located. Ever since then, Orryn's family had long dreaded these Beasts who were known to cause mass destruction wherever they went.

He was sure that if the two behemoths were to suddenly appear at the gates of the city, not only would Orryn panic, but the entirety of the Sand Clan would be engulfed in complete and utter pandemonium.

Chapter 1017 – Special Aromatherapy

William returned to his carriage and summoned a grumpy Vesta out of the Thousand Beast Domain.

The green-haired beauty had completely become a game-addict, and she was not pleased to have her gaming time disturbed.

"Sorry, but we have a situation," William said as he explained the details to the green-haired beauty who had a frown on her face.

"The Rhanes Clan? They are one of the Clans that had a pacifist mentality," Vesta stated. "It's quite unfortunate that the apples that were born from a fine tree turned sour. Fine, I'll handle this."

Vesta disembarked from the carriage with an arrogant look on her face. As the proud daughter of one of the Demigods in the continent, her persuasive ability was the real deal. Very few would deny her what

she wanted, and those who did found themselves face to face with an angry Black Dragon, who spoiled his daughter very much.

"I am Vesta Cy Agni," Vesta declared as she stood beside Kira. "Who dares block my path?"

Orryn, who had a haughty attitude earlier, immediately narrowed his eyes as he looked at the young lady whose beauty and fame reached far and wide.

"I am Orryn Di Rhanes," Orryn bowed as he introduced himself. "It's a pleasure to meet the gem of the South. If Lady Vesta wished to enter the city, I would gladly open the gates for you and become your host. However, only you may enter. The rest are not allowed to step foot inside the city."

"I am not asking you to let me enter the city, I am ordering you to let me enter the city along with my entourage," Vesta replied crisply. "You have no qualifications to block my way. If you really insist on making things difficult for me, I will be more than happy to tell my father to visit your Clan's Main Residence and have you punished with your Family's Laws."

Orryn kept the smile on his face as if Vesta's threat wasn't a big deal. He even chuckled as he fanned himself with the fan in his hand, as he looked down on the green-haired beauty who was glaring at him in irritation.

"I'm afraid I can't do that, Lady Vesta," Orryn replied. "The Gremory Clan and our Rhanes Clan have formed a partnership. This partnership has the blessings of the Demon Lord, and I would greatly appreciate it if you don't intervene in these political affairs."

"So, you mean to say that you won't let us enter the city?" Vesta asked.

"Lady Vesta, like I said earlier, you are more than welcome to enter the city," Orryn answered with a smile. "But, only you alone are welcome. The rest should just stay here at the gates and wait for your return."

"Okay." Vesta nodded as she walked towards William. "I did my best. Now let me go back."

The corner of William's lips twitched before nodding his head. The green-haired beauty then hurriedly climbed the carriage to enter the portal that William had created inside it.

In truth, she didn't really want to intervene in the geopolitical situation of the continent because her father had told her not to stick her hands in politics. Since that was the case, she didn't put much effort in trying to convince Orryn to let them enter the city.

"Okay, time for Plan B," William muttered with a smile.

Without warning, William turned into a lightning bolt and appeared behind Orryn who was standing proudly on the top of the city gates.

The Half-Elf kicked the arrogant young man, and sent him flying off of the gates and out of the city, where he landed face first on the desert sand.

"You bastard! How dare you hurt me?!" Orryn shouted in anger and shame. "Do you know who I am?!"

William appeared in front of the young man and clapped his hands together.

"Spoken like a true third rate villain," William replied. "I don't care who you are, or who your daddy, mommy, grandpa, or grandma is. Since you refuse to let us enter, I will make you pay the price of your arrogance. Sha, will you do the honors? Just tie up his hands and feet, so he can't move."

Sha nodded and waved his hand. As a Demon that specialized in manipulating sand, the desert was like his home turf. Even Myriad Beasts would have a headache fighting him if they fought in a desert.

"Stop! What do you think you're doing?!" Orryn shouted at William before turning his head towards the guards who were watching the commotion from on top of the city gates. "Oi! You bastards! Come here and help me!"

William chuckled as he summoned the most horrifying weapon in his arsenal. He was certain that after he was done with Orryn, the latter would flee if he caught sight of the Half-Elf.

“You know, I am a very kind person,” William said as he walked towards Orryn while holding a chamberpot in his right hand. “But, there are times when I can be evil beyond comparison. This is one of those times. Your name is Orryn, right? Well, congratulations! You will be the third person to experience this out of this world experience.”

“W-Wait! Why are you holding that thing?!” Orryn felt the scalp of his head turn cold as he looked at the chamberpot in the black-haired teenager’s hands. “What are you planning to do?”

“The time for talk is over,” William grinned evilly as the chamberpot’s lid opened. “It’s time for you... to eat sh*t, motherf*cker!”

The guards who were about to help Orryn all froze from where they stood, when they saw the small hill of night soil that buried the second oldest son of the Rhanes Clan.

“So vile!”

“How evil!”

“S-Sh*t!”

None of the guards dared to help Orryn because William had glanced in their direction.

The Half-Elf’s eyes were smiling as if he was inviting them to join Orryn in his special “aromatherapy” treatment that made everyone who saw it uncontrollably shudder due to how horrifying William’s method was.

Chapter 1018: Desert Battle [Part 1]

"Sir, please hurry," one of Orryn's aides said pleadingly to the sharp-eyed young man, who seemed to be in his mid-twenties. "That person is so disrespectful. His actions alone make it seem like the Rhanes Clan is nothing in his eyes."

"Nothing in his eyes?" the sharp-eyed young man snorted. "He must be a foreigner. In the Fortaare Desert, there is no one that doesn't know who the Rhanes Clan is."

"It is as you said, Young Master. He is simply a barbarian who knows nothing of the world."

"Let's hurry along then. I want to see this person who dares to disrespect my clan's name."

"Yes, Young Master!"

As the sharp-eyed young man headed towards the gate, an old man with a long-white-beard watched him from afar.

The corners of the old man's lips were raised with a smile. Although he was old, his features were still prominent, which showed that he was once a handsome man who made all the girls swoon over him.

'Kira, you've brought some interesting people,' the Patriarch of the Sand Clan, and Kira's grandfather, Zeph Al Wrynn, mused. 'It seems that Walric and his brother Orryn are going to suffer some losses today.'

Zeph narrowed his eyes as he made a beckoning gesture. A few seconds later, a middle-aged man appeared beside him.

"Father, is it fine to leave things the way they are now?" Kira's father, Favian, inquired in a respectful tone. "The Patriarch of the Rhanes Clan is currently very ill. If Walric and Orryn suffer some grievances in our territory, they might get even with us after they become the next Patriarch of their Clan."

Zeph hummed as he played with his beard. "The first and the second son are allies. The third and the fourth son have also recently formed an alliance to fight against them. In this two-way struggle for the seat of Patriarch, I am leaning more towards the third child, but our family has remained neutral all this time. It is in our best interest to keep it that way."

Favian nodded his head with a bitter expression on his face. They had already told the two brothers that they didn't plan to choose any faction in this power struggle, and yet, they were powerless against

them. Walric had somehow managed to get the token of the Patriarch of the Rhanes Clan, and used it to declare martial law in their city. The oldest son of the bed-ridden Patriarch, was a very bull-headed person. He was someone that wouldn't take no for an answer, and had already considered himself to be the new heir of the Rhanes Clan.

Anyone who defied his orders would be punished. This was why the Sand Clan was forced to go into lock-down with no one coming in or going out of the city. Walric vowed that the lock-down would be in effect as long as the Sand Clan refused to become part of his faction.

He had also mentioned that any uprising would be quelled by execution, so the Sand Clan had issued a decree to their citizens to remain in their houses for the time being, until their current, yet dire, predicament passed.

"Father, are we going to the city gate as well?" Favian asked. "I'm afraid that Kira might get into trouble if we don't go to mediate things."

"It's fine. Let's stay here," Zeph answered with a smile. "Kira will be safe. Also, I am not confident that I will not be able to hold back my laughter if I see Orryn's sorry state up close. Even now, I am doing my best to prevent myself from laughing."

Favian sighed before nodding his head. Just like his father, he could also see what was happening outside the city gates. It was one of the special abilities of the Wrynn Family. They were able to see great distances, as long as they used their bloodline power alongside their vision.

'I wonder how this little farce will end?' Zeph smirked as he placed his hands behind his back. Although he was a carefree person, the two brothers had made things difficult for him and his Clan. Even though he kept a respectful stance on the surface, deep inside, he was giving the two annoying brats the middle finger in his heart.

"S-Stop! Please! I beg you!" Orryn pleaded as his head poked out of the small hill of night soil. "I apologize for what I said earlier. I give you permission to enter the city!"

William smirked as he stood over a dozen meters away from the arrogant young man, who was having the time of his life.

"Nah, I'm good," William replied as he waved his hand. "I don't mind staying here for a few hours. It has been a while since I smelled some fresh air."

The Half-Elf took a deep breath and smiled, which made the city guards, as well as Zhu, Sha, Kira, and Athrun have the strong urge to spit at him.

What fresh air?

You call that fresh air?

Bruh, do you live in the sewers or something?

The Half-Elf had disabled his sense of smell with the help of Optimus, so he wasn't too bothered about the smell around him.

His friends on the other hand had moved a hundred meters away from him, and Athrun even used the power of the wind to blow the annoying smell towards the city gates, as per William's orders.

The guards' faces were already turning green due to the diabolical fragrance that was lingering around them. Some of them were even holding their breaths, for long periods of time, in order to endure the "aromatherapy" that they were being subjected to.

Suddenly, a cold and demanding voice spoke from the Ramparts, which made Orryn's expression change drastically. It was as if he had seen his savior who would save him from the situation he was in.

"Stop this at once!" Walric shouted. "In the name of the Rhanes Clan, I order you to stop!"

William turned his head to look at the sharp-eyed young man, who was quite charming in his own right. The Half-Elf's first impression of the oldest son of the Rhanes Clan was a true militant, who would declare war on his neighbors if he had the opportunity to do so.

"Are you this guy's brother?" William asked as he used his thumb to point backwards at Orryn who was currently shouting to his brother for help.

"I am," Walric answered. "My name is Walric and I'm the oldest son of the Patriarch of the Rhanes Clan. State your name and affiliation!"

"Sorry, but you don't have the qualifications to know," William replied. "Are you also the one responsible for declaring Martial Law in this city?"

Walric sneered. "You don't have the qualifications to ask me that, Mongrel. I order you to release my brother and surrender yourself to receive your punishment."

William smirked as he turned into a lightning bolt and appeared behind Walric.

"Since you are also responsible for this mess, go and join your brother," William said as he kicked Walric's back that sent the latter flying towards the hill of night soil. "Eat sh*t, motherf*cker!"

Everything happened so fast that Walric didn't have to react. The next thing he knew was that his head was only a few inches away from the hill his brother was buried in. A few seconds later, a squelching sound was heard as Walric smashed onto the night soil, face first."

Kira's jaw almost dropped to the ground when he saw the unbelievable scene in front of him. To him and the Sand Clan, the Rhanes Clan were people they couldn't afford to offend. However, his Bro, William, didn't give a f*ck and treated them like trash.

'Damn! I wish I could do that as well!' Kira could feel his blood boiling inside his body, as he looked at the two arrogant brothers who were currently buried in a hill of the most smelly sh*t in the multiverse.

Somewhere in the city, a loud roar of laughter reverberated in the air. It sounded so amusing, that William couldn't help but laugh alongside it. The laughter that came from the heart, reminded him of his Grandpa, James, who would often laugh like this when he was in a good mood.

Suddenly, the hill of sh*t exploded, sending the filth flying everywhere.

Sha raised his hand and a wall made of sand blocked the approaching projectiles, keeping them at bay.

William raised his hand and a small tornado appeared, sucking up the filth and sending it in a different direction. He then gazed at the two brothers, whose entire bodies were covered in sh*t and smiled.

"So, sons of the Rhanes Clan, are you going to scram, or do you want to get buried a second time?" William asked as he showed them the chamberpot in his hand. "There's more where that came from, you know?"

Walric glared at William, while Orryn's body shuddered uncontrollably.

As a proud member of the Rhanes Clan, he had never been humiliated like this. However, for some reason, Orryn had developed some kind of fear toward the smiling black-haired teenager, who was holding the cursed chamber pot in his hand.

Walric, on the other hand, was raging in anger. As the oldest son of one of the three Major Clans that ruled the desert, he would not allow anyone to treat him in this manner.

"You're dead!" Walric shouted as he raised the token of the patriarch of the Rhanes Clan in his hand. "Come forth and kill this ignorant fool in front of me. Tear him to pieces, Fortaare Death Worm!"

Chapter 1019: Desert Battle [Part 2]

A thousand-meter-long giant desert worm materialized behind Walric, whose anger had reached its peak.

The Fortaare Death Worm couldn't see, but it was able to use its powerful sense of hearing, as well as its uncanny ability to detect every living creature in its environment.

Anyone who held the token of the Patriarch of the Rhanes Clan, would be able to order it around, and since Walric had designated William as its target, the Death Worm opened its gigantic mouth to utter a deafening shriek towards the Half-Elf.

"This reminds me of my battle with Apophis," William muttered as he rubbed his chin. "Peak Myriad Beast. Not bad."

Walric and Orryn expected that William would panic and beg for forgiveness after seeing their clan's powerful summon. However, William was unfazed. In fact, he even looked amused as he looked at the Desert Worm, whose entire body could easily crush the city that belonged to the Sand Clan.

< Fortaare Death Worm >

– Devourer Beast of the Desert

– Threat Level: Myriad (High)

– Peak Myriad Beast

– Cannot be added to the Herd

– The Fortaare Death Worm is the largest and most powerful monster in the Fortaare Desert. According to legend, It is said that this monstrous beast, who moves in the desert like a fish in water, is as old as the very desert itself.

– Do not be fooled by its massive size, because it can move very fast in the sand. It is the Apex predator of the desert, and no other beast within the desert is able to challenge its sovereignty. Even flying

wyverns are no match for this creature, and are treated as its snacks. Dragons, on the other hand, steer clear of its territory in order to avoid unnecessary conflicts.

– It is highly resistant to physical, and magical attacks, which makes fighting against it a hurdle even for Myriad Beasts of the same rank.

– When angered, this monster can cause earthquakes, destroying entire cities in a span of a minute.

"Not bad," William muttered as he continued to rub his chin. "I still have one pocket cube with me. This beast will suit me nicely."

The Half-Elf turned into a lightning bolt and headed towards the giant monster with a wide grin on his face. Although the Death Worm was a peak Myriad Beast, he had nothing to fear, because his Vampire Progenitor Prestige Class was of the same rank.

Cassey watched William with her arms crossed over her chest. She had seen how William fought in the past, but she wasn't able to truly gauge how strong he was.

'This is a good opportunity to see what you are made of,' Cassey thought as a smile appeared on her pretty face. 'The Death Worm is not an easy opponent. I wonder what tricks you will pull from your sleeve?'

Zeph, the Patriarch of the Sand Clan, had a frown on his face as he looked at the Death Worm in the distance.

'This could be a problem,' Zeph thought as he held his own token in his hand. He was no longer laughing, and his expression was grim.

The Giant Desert Worm was how the Rhanes Clan had become one of the three overlords of the desert. If the current Patriarch wasn't a pacifist, he would have already united the desert Clans under the banner of his family.

This was why Walric wanted to become the Patriarch of his Clan so badly. He knew that once he had unleashed this monster from its long rest, he would become the one true master of the desert.

Suddenly, a resounding clap echoed in the desert as William's fist connected with the scaled head of the Death Worm which made the Half-Elf wince.

'This is harder than I thought,' William thought as he followed up with a kick that sent the head of the Death Worm swaying to its right side.

William didn't hold back in his attack, but the Death Worm was a pure physical beast. Its defenses, as well as its physical prowess, were at the peak of the Myriad Realm. The Vampire Progenitor was a balanced type that was good in both physical and magical attacks.

However, because of the Giant Worm's near immunity to magic, and strong defenses that could withstand his physical attacks, the Half-Elf knew that he had to be resourceful if he wanted to beat his opponent.

'Optimus, can you modify THAT thing?' William asked.

< I can, but it won't be enough to make your plan work. You need to weaken it a lot first. >

'I know, just modify it for now. I will think of a way to deal with this thing.'

< Understood. >

William swapped his Job Class to his prestige class, Champion of the Sun, which was the second form of the Sun Knight Job Class. Although this Job Class was weaker than the Vampire Progenitor, William was confident that he would be able to use its ability to the fullest, given his current circumstances.

Stepping on Soleil's body, William zigzagged across the desert to avoid the Death Worm's furious attacks. He was luring it away from the city in order to prevent Kira's Clan from getting entangled with the battle he was about to wage against the most powerful creature of the desert.

The jewel on his chest glowed brightly, and several tablets came flying out of it. They then encircled William's body as he continued to dodge the attacks of the giant monster, who had resorted to spitting some kind of acid, because it was unable to land a decisive blow on the slippery Half-Elf, who was using Soleil as a surfboard in the air.

"When the heavens above did not exist,

And earth beneath had not come into being --

There was Apsu, the first in order, their begetter,

And demiurge Tiamat, who gave birth to them all."

William chanted and the tablets around him started to shine brightly.

"Mother of Creation, ruler of every creature in the world, I call upon your mercy," William said with determination. "Come to my aid, so my enemies will get a taste of your overwhelming might. Support me with your heavenly blessing, and grant me your sacred favor."

The tablets flew towards the sky to create a seven-pointed star that encompassed the clear blue sky of the desert with its radiance.

"Let the world tremble at your greatness!" William roared as he raised his hand towards the heavens, while looking down on the Giant Death Worm on the ground.

"Enuma Elish!"

An overpowering presence descended upon the battlefield, as a creature of Myths and Legends made its appearance.

A gigantic beautiful lady with two, long, curved horns on her head, emerged from the magic circle that appeared in the sky. Her figure was quite seductive, with eight pairs of wings on her back. The lower half of her body ended in a serpent's body, and its length was at least two kilometers long.

She was more than twice the size of the Giant Death Worm whose aggressiveness suddenly disappeared when she made her appearance.

Tiamat, the Primordial Goddess of Chaos, opened her mouth and screeched, which made the Giant Death Worm cease all hostilities.

Although the Goddess in front of him wasn't the true Tia-mat, her will had been embedded among the seven tablets of creation, allowing William to summon her avatar for a short period of time.

The Primordial Goddess stared down at the Great Death Worm whose body had started to shudder. It didn't need eyes to see because its bestial instincts recognized Tiamat as someone that it couldn't defeat no matter what.

Tiamat made a humming sound, and the Giant Worm bowed its head in submission. It had surrendered completely to the being in front of it, and didn't dare resist whatever the Primordial Goddess planned for it.

< Modification is complete. You can now use it, Will. >

'Thank you, Optimus,' William replied with a smile as he took out the modified pocket cube from his storage ring.

The Half-Elf then tossed it towards the Death Worm whose body shuddered from time to time. When the pocket cube hit its body, the giant monster was sucked up inside the cube, which also grew to the size of a small house.

When the entirety of the Death Worm had been captured, the pocket cube glowed faintly as if waiting for the beast to resist the overwriting of the contract that had been placed on it by the Patriarch of the Rhanes Clan.

The pocket cube had the ability to terminate contracts. However, it would take time for it to do that. The Great Death Worm was a Myriad Beast, and not a Centennial Beast, so it wasn't supposed to be captured by the pocket cube.

However, since Tiamat was there and made the Giant Worm submit, it didn't resist the process of the contract being overwritten, which would have easily destroyed the pocket cube if it had tried.

After twenty grueling seconds, the pocket cube shrank and flew towards William.

The Half-Elf held the cube firmly in his hand as he turned around to bow deeply towards the Primordial Goddess, Tiamat.

The beautiful lady snorted before turning into particles of light. Just like its owner, the will that resided within the tablets still retained the Primordial Goddess' personality, even after her death.

The seven tablets once again flew towards the gem on William's chest in order to recharge their Divinity. The Half-Elf couldn't help but be grateful for his luck at that time, when he saw the black box in the Treasure Vault of the Vanquished Warlord.

'If I hadn't taken it back then, I might not have defeated Apophis,' William thought in hindsight.

According to Optimus, there were seven wills embedded in each tablet. This also meant that William would be able to summon seven different kinds of Gods, to come to his aid at the right moment.

"Let's see how fast the two of you can run, sons of the Rhanes Clan," William said with a devilish smile on his face. "It's time for payback."

Chapter 1020: The New Overlord Of The Desert

Due to Tiamat's appearance, a powerful pressure descended on the desert, which made everyone within five miles away from her suffer from an effect that was similar to Dragon's Fear.

Cassey, and Zeph, who were observing the battle from afar, felt that if they continued prying, their eyes would be gouged out of their sockets. Because of this, they immediately lowered their heads, and refrained from looking at the battlefield.

Only when the overwhelming pressure disappeared were the two of them able to muster their courage enough to raise their heads and look at the result of the battle, which they were unable to see until the very end.

However, what they saw made them think that there was something wrong with their eyes.

William stood on top of the Giant Death Worm's head with his hands behind his back, and his robes fluttering in the wind. It was a very surreal sight, which made Cassy and Zeph doubt their eyes for a second.

However, what they were seeing was the reality, so they had no choice but to accept it, no matter how unbelievable it was.

A minute later, the Giant Worm arrived at the city gates, with a smug-faced Half-Elf riding on its back.

"I have returned," William declared as he looked down on the two brothers who were still covered in filth from head to toe. "So, tell me, how do you want this worm to eat the two of you?"

Orryn, who was the weaker-willed between the two brothers collapsed on the ground as he looked up at William who was smiling at them like a devil. He was so scared that he wasn't able to control his bodily functions, and peed himself on the spot.

Walric, on the other hand, looked up at William with a dumbfounded expression on his face. He never expected that their clan's most powerful protector was now at the beck and call of the black-haired teenager whom he had met for the very first time today.

"Y-You, just who are you?!" Walric stuttered in anger as he glared hatefully at William. "Return our family's protector! Return it to me!"

William took out the fan that he had stolen from Orryn, before covering him in filth, and fanned his face like an aristocrat.

“It seems that you still don’t understand your current situation,” William said with a sneer. “Right now, this beast belongs to me. Originally, I did not wish to interfere in the affairs of the desert Clans, but since you sent this monster after me, I am more than happy to accept your gift!”

The Giant Desert Worm screeched blowing the two brothers off the ground and sending them crashing towards the city gates, where they slid down like puppets whose strings had been cut.

William then glared at the guards manning the gate as he pointed his fan in their direction.

“Your Young Master, Kira, has arrived home,” William stated. “Are you going to open the gates, or must I open them for you?”

The Giant Death Worm moved its enormous head near the gate, which made the city guards jump back in fright.

“What are you fools doing?! Open the gate and let His Excellency in!”

The Guard Captain hurriedly ordered his men to open the gates, lest they annoy the black-haired teenager, who was now in control with the Lord of the Fortaare Desert. Right now, no one in their right mind would disobey William.

Having the Fortaare Death Worm as his subordinate was akin to owning the entire desert. No one, not even the three Major Clans would dare to close their doors on him.

“Ah, before I forget, take these two pieces of trash away and send them back to where they came from. Also, send a messenger to the Rhanes Family. Tell them that the new Boss of the Desert will give them a visit in a few days. Do I make myself clear?”

“Y-Yes!” The Guard Captain bowed respectfully as he ordered his men to carry the two unconscious troublemakers away.

William smiled as he turned around to give Kira a brief nod.

“Little Bro, let’s go,” William said. “I am looking forward to your Clan’s hospitality.”

“O-Okay,” Kira stuttered but managed to catch himself just in time. “I will give you the grandest welcome! Food, wine, and women! I will prepare them all for you!”

Charmaine, who happened to be standing beside Kira, stomped her foot on his, which made the young Demon cry out in pain.

“My Master is already married,” Charmaine stated in a voice that carried a trace of killing intent. “If you value your life, make sure that you remove the women from your plan, got it?”

“Y-Yes! I’m sorry.”

“Hmp!”

Charmaine took a step back and lowered her head. She didn’t dare to look William in the eyes because her cheeks were currently burning in shame.

William didn’t notice the blush that was creeping on his personal maid’s face. He was still in a very good mood because he now had a peak Myriad Beast under his control. Truth be told, Optimus and he had also arrived at the same guess that the Fortaare Death Worm was the strongest Beast under the Demigod Rank in Hestia.

There could be no other beast stronger, or more ferocious than it. Even Dragons wouldn’t stand a chance against it even if they worked together. This was why William didn’t bat an eye when he decided to capture it for his own.

With the addition of this mighty beast in his King’s Legion, William now had the entire Fortaare Desert in the palms of his hands.

Although this wasn't his original intention, the reach of the Gremory Clan was starting to get on his nerves. As the family that was behind his adorable wife's suffering, how could he possibly let them do as they pleased?

This was why William thought of a plan to bring the entire desert region under his command. That way, even if the Gremory Clan decided to stick their hands in their affairs, the Patriarchs of the three Major Clans, as well as their Vassals, would not listen to their commands.

After all, the Gremory Clan's main base was in the North, and they were in the South East. With such a great distance between them, they would be hard-pressed to ignore William's presence, even if they lowered their heads and closed their eyes.

Due to Walric's and Orryn's high-handed methods, the prestige of the Rhanes Clan, that had been kept for nearly a thousand years, had finally come to an end.