

Strongest 1081

Chapter 1081: I'll leave Will, In Your Very Capable Hands

"Are you sure they are going to be alright?" Charmaine asked in a worried tone as she looked behind her. "They are clearly no match for those guys."

Everyone in the Thousand Beast Domain had become her dear comrades, especially Kasogonaga and his group.

"They'll be fine," Conan replied. "Maybe."

William's face was still twisted in pain as he fought hard to contain the backlash of Elliot's death. Losing a quarter of his soul had almost paralyzed his body, and he was barely hanging on to his consciousness.

"We're almost there. Just hang on for a little while longer," Baba Yaga said. "Do you see those two statues over there? We just need to pass through between them and we are out of this place."

"And... you think that... I will allow you... to do as... you please?"

The Dark Wraith materialized in front of them and swung its Deathscythe towards the Black Qilin that was carrying William.

A metallic sound rang in the surroundings as the Dark Wraith's Deathscythe clashed with the Deathscythe of a black-haired teenager, whose crimson eyes glowed faintly.

"We don't need your permission to cross over," Conan replied firmly. "I will deal with you personally."

"Delusional... insect.," the Dark Wraith said with contempt.

A fearless smile appeared on Conan's face as his hair stood up, revealing golden stripes in it that crackled with lightning.

"Rulebreaker Full-Attack Mode On," Conan stated.

Particles of golden light started to radiate from his body, making the weapon in his hand turn crimson.

"N-No!" Claire shouted from within Celeste's sea of consciousness. "He activated his full powers! He is going to die at this rate!"

Before anyone could react, a burning fist smashed into the Dark Wraith's cheek, sending it tumbling hundreds of meters away.

A beautiful blonde fairy who seemed to be in her late teens hovered beside Conan. Her body was also radiating golden particles of light, proving that she had also used a hundred percent of her power.

"Chloee... why?" Celeste asked as she looked at her familiar with a shocked expression on her face. "Why?"

Chloee gave Celeste a side-long glance before shifting her gaze back at her opponent. "It's because I'm too weak. Go. Conan and I will handle this bastard."

"Sixth Master..." William said with a pained expression. "You shouldn't have."

"Just go." Chloee replied without even looking at him. "Don't let our sacrifice be in vain."

Lilith glanced at Celeste then back at William. In the end, it was Celeste who flew away first with tears in her eyes. She knew that Chloee had already resolved herself in fighting to the death with their enemies in order to keep them safe.

The Amazon Princess gritted her teeth as he urged Raiden to fly towards the two statues in the distance.

"You're not... getting away!" the Dark Wraith shouted as it phased out from its location in order to teleport towards William's location.

"You're the one that is not getting away," Chloe sneered as she kicked the space in front of her.

Immediately, a pained scream was heard as the Dark Wraith was blown away by the force of her kick.

"H-How?" the Dark Wraith wondered as it looked at Chloe in disbelief.

It had clearly entered the Ethereal Realm, which allowed it to pass through anything. It simply couldn't understand how the beautiful fairy's attack managed to pierce it from a different dimension.

"Rulebreaker Burst Mode Activated," Chloe stated. "All the laws of this world will shatter under my fists!"

"... You kicked me!" the Dark Wraith complained.

"Yes." Chloe nodded. "And there's more where that came from!"

As if waiting for that cue, Chloe and Conan simultaneously attacked the Dark Wraith giving it no room for a counterattack.

Both Familiars were burning their life force, which allowed them to reach the peak of the Demigod Rank. Although their opponent was a Pseudo-God, both of them had activated their Rule Breaker skills.

This allowed them to bend reality to their will, preventing the DarkWraith from having its way.

Three trails of light, zigzagged across the sky as they fought with everything they had.

Conan and Chloe were determined to bring the Dark Wraith to the afterlife with them, while the latter was doing its best to endure their repeated blows at high speeds.

"Insignificant... insects!" the Dark Wraith roared.

"Fool, we are not insects," Conan replied as he slashed at the Dark Wraith's arm, cutting it off completely.

"We are Familiars!" Chloe's shouted as she smashed her fist into the Dark Wraith's face, making all of its teeth shatter.

Conan's Deathscythe burned brightly as he prepared to unleash his ultimate attack. "Slice reality, Ataraxia!"

The Devil Familiar slashed at the Dark Wraith's body with all of his might. A moment later, its entire body was engulfed in crimson flames that made the Pseudo-God cry out in pain.

Chloe then smashed her fists together, coating them in brilliant golden flames.

"Requiem, Fists of Eternal Damnation!" Chloe unleashed a flurry of punches that smashed every part of the Dark Wraith's body, making its existence crumble.

"Save... me! My Lord... Save me!" the Dark Wraith's hoarse pleading echoed within the ancient ruins.

However, instead of being saved, only words of disappointment answered his desperate calls for help.

"Useless thing!" Ahriman's voice thundered in the heavens.

A dark beam of light shot through the red portal at a very fast rate, headed for the Dark Wraith's location.

Seeing that Ahriman still chose to save it, the Dark Wraith was relieved. However, when he noticed the sneer on Conan's face, it felt that something was out of place.

Conan used his Deathscythe to block the black beam of light. To Ahriman's and the Dark Wraith's surprise, the beam was absorbed by the Deathscythe in Conan's hands, preventing it from reaching its intended target.

"Die!" Conan swiped his Deathscythe at the Dark Wraith that was on its last legs, dispersing its existence from the world.

Immediately, a hateful roar thundered in the heaven's as Ahriman's fury made the ancient ruins tremble. "You Dare!"

Conan faced the direction of the red portal and raised his middle finger. "I dare, B*tch. What can you do about it?"

The sky rumbled as a booming thunderclap resonated within the heavens. Conan only chuckled after seeing this scene. He knew that Ahriman's power was sealed, so he couldn't do much but vent his frustration somewhere else.

"You really are something," Chloe said as she looked at Conan's face.

Crack marks had already started to spread on his body, but the handsome devil only gave her a refreshing smile.

"I guess, I'll be accompanying Elliot soon," Conan replied. "Although he doesn't show it, he gets lonely quite easily."

"Sounds fun. I guess I'll be coming with you as well," Chloe smiled as cracks also started to appear on her hands before they traveled all the way to her main body.

"Um, about that, can you wait a few more days?" Conan asked as he approached Chloe. "William will suffer one hell of a backlash after losing Elliot and I. I don't think he will be able to take care of himself. You should do it in our place."

"Hah? What are you talking about?" Chloe asked as the cracks started to spread across her face.

Conan smirked as he rested his Deathscythe across Chloe's shoulders. "Destiny Bind."

Conan's Deathscythe turned into particles of light and merged with Chloe's body. The cracks on her face started to disappear at a rapid rate.

"Y-You..." Chloe looked at Conan with a complicated expression on her face.

"At most, you will be able to live for four more days," Conan said as the cracks covered his entire body. "Use that time to the fullest. Do not regret anything. I'll leave Will, in your very capable hands."

Conan closed his eyes as his body slowly dispersed like ashes blown by the wind.

"I kept my promise, Aila," Conan said softly. "The rest is up to you."

Chloe's vision blurred as she tried to grasp the ashes that were slipping through her fingertips.

Her pained sobs were drowned out by the thunderous roars in the sky. But, even then, the beautiful fairy's sadness made her feel numb to everything. She didn't care about Ahrimans' furious roars, nor did she care about his disappointment.

There were only four familiars that had been born in the world of Hestia. Now, there were only two of them left. Soon, only one of the four will remain.

In the beginning, she, Claire, and Celeste, dreamed of spreading the Familiamancer Profession to the world. Although it was fleeting, the happiness they felt, knowing that they were no longer alone, made even the most stubborn fairy look forward to a brighter tomorrow.

However, right now, that tomorrow was so far out of her reach.

"Thank you, Conan," Chloe said as she wiped away the tears from her eyes. "These four days that you gave me, I will not use them in vain."

Chloee flew towards the two statues in the distance with a heart that ached painfully. Now that William had lost half of his soul, she knew that he would suffer terribly.

If her life would lessen the pain he was feeling, Chloee would not hesitate to give her soul to him. If that was the only way that the two of them could be together, she would gladly offer her existence to the person that made her little heart understand how it felt to fall in love with someone.

Even if that someone was a person that couldn't love her back.

Chapter 1082: I Will Make All Of Them Pay

Shannon slowly placed the brush to the side as a depressed sigh escaped her lips.

The image of a black-haired teenager, whose body was slowly dispersing into nothingness could be seen on her canvas.

Although there were quite a few people inside the room, almost no sound could be heard, except Princess Aila's sobbing. The angelic Princess had already collapsed on the floor and was crying her eyes out the moment Conan died.

"I kept my promise, Aila. The rest is up to you."

Conan's last words were still fresh in her mind as the sadness she was feeling intensified. The Devil Familiar was her first real friend, and they had been together ever since William had asked Conan to take her on a tour of the academy.

Perhaps it was due to Conan being part of William's soul, or the Devil Familiar's kind nature, but Princess Aila found him to be true and genuine. Because of this, his death had left a heavy burden in her heart and mind, making her unable to stop the tears that were flowing due to heartache.

Zeph who was also inside the room sighed deeply in his heart. He and Joash had a hunch that William could become the Heir of Darkness. However, never in their wildest dreams did they think that the first son of the Demon Lord, Felix, was the one that was written in the prophecy.

'This is bad,' Zeph thought as a deep frown appeared on his face. 'This is very bad.'

Now that the identity of the Heir was known, they had to revise the plan they had made.

"Is there nothing we can do?" Vesta asked through gritted teeth. She was clenching her hand so hard that blood was already spilling from her palms.

Chiffon had been her close playmate whenever she visited the Thousand Beast Domain. The pink-haired girl would often accompany her to the theme park, alongside Medusa, in order to ride the attractions and play games in the arcade.

Vesta had very few friends, so she held them very dear in her heart. No thanks to the Demon Lord, people always thought of her as nothing more than a tool they could use in order to further their ambitions and create a strong connection with her Demigod Father, Joash.

Now that her close friend had died, she wanted to avenge her. However, the opponents were simply far too strong for her to fight head-on. Perhaps, even her father would have a hard time facing them.

Afterall, the one that they were going to fight against were Pseudo-Gods. Existences that were between Demigods and Gods.

"You can't do anything," Shannon answered softly. "But, I can. However, I will need to make necessary preparations. Everyone in the room, please leave, except for Princess Aila. She can stay."

Kira and Athrun glanced at each other before decisively leaving the room together. Vesta gave Princess Aila a side-long glance before following the two of them. Zeph was the last one to leave the room.

The old Patriarch kept on shaking his head from side to side as if all hope was lost.

Once everyone had left the room, except for Princess Aila, who was still sobbing on the floor. Shannon pressed her hands together, as if in a prayer.

"Mother, please, lend me strength," Shannon said with her eyes closed. A few seconds later, Conan's painting flew off the canvas, and it was instantly replaced by a white canvas that was in a blank state.

"Wait for me, My Prince," Shannon said with determination as she pressed her palms on the blank canvas in front of her. "I'm coming for you."

A blood curdling scream escaped William's lips as he held his head with both hands. Lilith, who was supporting his body from behind, almost panicked because the Half-Elf had almost fallen off the Black Qilin's back, due to his thrashing.

Half a minute later, William's body went limp as he lost consciousness. Blood seeped out from the corner of his lips, and tears once again fell from the corners of his eyes.

Celeste, who was flying alongside the Black Qilin also had a pained expression on her face. She had clearly felt Chloe's existence about to disappear. But, for some miraculous reason, her little fairy had survived. However, she could still feel a stinging pain deep inside her Sea of Consciousness, due to having her familiar's existence almost snuffed out.

'Conan has probably disappeared,' Claire's melancholic voice echoed from inside Celeste's head. 'This is the only explanation I can think of why we both felt that Chloe's life force almost disappeared completely.'

'I think you're right,' Celeste gave William a worried glance before shifting her attention back to what was ahead of them.

They had just passed through the two statues, and were now outside the Ancient Ruins. However, the corruption of the land was also affecting them. This was why their group continued to travel southwards, in order to break past the dark sky that was hovering above their heads, with the hope of finally leaving Ahriman and his forces behind.

'I'm worried,' Claire's anxious voice once again sounded inside her head. 'I have a feeling that Chloe's death was only delayed. It is possible that she might also disappear at any moment.'

Celeste didn't say anything because she also thought the same. However, she couldn't worry about her right now. Chloe had already made up her mind, and the only thing she could do was respect it.

'Let's get out of here first,' Celeste lightly clenched her fist. 'Let's worry about her condition later.'

Claire no longer said anything. However, Celeste could feel the sadness that was emanating from Chloe's twin, who had always been by her side through thick and thin.

'I will make them pay,' Claire made an oath in her heart. Although it didn't show on her face, she deeply cared about Chloe, and would stop at nothing to make her twin happy. 'I will make all of them pay.'

Chapter 1083: I Am The Protector Of The Human Race! I Will Not Let Any Of You Pass!

"You! What did you do to us?!" the Bull Demon King shouted in anger. "Answer me you... weird looking Anteater!"

"Weird looking?!" Kasogonaga stomped its little foot angrily on the Blood Eagle's back as he looked down on the Bull Demon King and his comrades, who were locked in place by a powerful seal.

"Side characters like you have no right to call me weird looking!" Kasogonaga raised its chin arrogantly as its adorable voice resonated in the surroundings. "If all my fans spit on you at the same time, you'll be drowning in a sea of spit. I spit on you, weird looking bull!"

Psoglav chuckled as he watched this scene from the side. He was holding a pearl-like artifact in his hand that kept the Pseudo-Gods in a transparent diamond cage that prevented them from attacking any of them.

Erchitu and Jareth were holding similar artifacts, and they were outstanced by its capabilities to seal their pursuers.

Originally, they thought that this was a suicide mission planned by Kasogonaga. Although they didn't mind dying to help William escape, they believed that at most, they would only be able to stop their pursuers' advance for only a few seconds.

"Let us out of here, you weird looking Anteater!" Princess Iron Fan shouted as she tried to break the cage by mashing her fan against it. However, just like their earlier attempts, nothing happened.

The Pseudo-Gods thought that the barrier would easily shatter if all of them attacked together. To their surprise, no matter how much they attacked it, not even a scratch could be seen on its surface.

"Hah! Is that all you can do, you ugly b*tch?" Psoglav sneered. "You thought that you could overpower us because your rank is higher than ours? Well, surprise you ugly duckling. You f*ckers ain't going anywhere."

"Shut up you demonic mutt!" Princess Iron Fan lashed out in anger. "The moment I break free from this thing, I will skin you alive and make you regret that you were ever born!"

"Do it ugly. I dare you."

"Khh! You insignificant Demon. I'll tear you piece by piece later!"

Psoglav felt so smug at the moment because he never thought that he could curse Pseudo-Gods without fearing their counterattack. He then continued to irritate Princess Iron Fan with his contemptuous words, which made the beautiful Demon's face turn beet-red from anger.

Kasogonaga also had a triumphant look on its face before glancing at its friends. "You guys go back. I can take it from here."

"Huh?" Psoglav blinked his eyes as he looked at the arrogant looking Anteater who had the "Leave them to me" expression on its adorable face.

"Go back?" Erchitu asked. "Why should we go back?"

"Because you have already played your roles," Kasogonaga replied. "The moment the barrier was formed, there was no longer any need for the three of you to stay. I am more than enough to hold them all here."

Psoglav scoffed as he flew towards Kasogonaga. He was still mounted on the flying cloud that Sun Wukong had left them earlier, and he was quite surprised that they had stayed even though their Master had gone back to the Heavens.

"Oi, what kind of joke are you playing here?" Psoglav asked in irritation. "Are you trying to play the hero?"

"You can stay if you want to," Kasogonaga shrugged. "However, they will be free in ten minutes. You've irritated that lady from the very start. I'm sure that she will be more than happy to skin you alive once the barrier breaks."

"O-Oi! You're joking right?"

"Do I look like I'm joking to you?"

"F*ck!"

Psoglav wasn't able to stop himself from cursing out loud as he glanced at the Demoness who was surprised at the revelation that they would be free in a few minutes.

"Hahaha! Did you hear that you d*mn mutt?!" Princess Iron Fan shouted. "Just sit there and wash your neck. I will torture your soul for eternity!"

Psoglav gulped subconsciously as his single eye trembled due to Princess Iron Fan's threat.

"Okay, goodluck," Psoglav patted Kasogonaga's head before flying away in haste. "I'm out of this place!"

Erchitu and Jareth looked at Kasogonaga with a serious expression on their faces, but the rainbow-colored Anteater only nodded its head, telling them to leave everything to him.

"Don't worry. I have survived the Era of Gods," Kasogonaga said with confidence. "I can survive a few Pseudo-Gods easy peasy."

"Understood," Erchitu nodded. "Be careful. Let's reunite later in the Thousand Beast Domain."

"Got it," Kasogonaga nodded. "You too, Jareth. Make sure to keep a close eye on Psoglav. That fool can get carried away at times."

"I'll do my best," Jareth replied before flying away. "We'll wait for you."

"Mmm." Kasogonaga hummed as its gaze locked in on the Pseudo Gods that were currently eyeing him with contempt.

Erchitu was the last one to leave. Although he was reluctant, he felt that Kasogonaga had already made up his mind to face their opponents alone.

Scadrez, the Blood Eagle, also uttered a soft cry before leaving the Anteater on the ground.

"Don't worry," Kasogonaga patted the Blood Eagle's head after jumping off its back. "We will meet sooner than you think."

Scadrez nudged its head against the Anteater's face for a few seconds before taking off towards the sky. Although it didn't want to leave Kasogonaga behind, the rainbow-colored Anteater was adamant that he could handle things on his own.

The Pseudo-Gods watch them leave with renewed confidence on their faces. Now that they knew that they would be freed after a few more minutes, they prepared themselves to take vengeance on the insects that dared to block their way.

"Hahaha! Where did that smugness from earlier go?" Princess Iron Fan asked in ridicule as she looked down at the rainbow-colored Anteater who was currently snacking on a few gummy bears. "Are you ready to die, weird-looking anteater?"

Kasogonaga ignored Princess Iron Fan's words, as he continued to savor the gummy bears that William had given him long ago.

"I never thought I'd be fighting for the sake of a Half-Elf," Kasogonaga muttered as it glanced in the direction where his friends had gone. "It has been many years since I was freed from that block of ice, and, at first, the only thing I felt for you was resentment.

"Now, I can't think of a day passing without having fun with Psoglav, Erchitu, and my other friends in the Thousand Beast Domain. Fun times. Truly fun times. Will, I enjoyed the several artbooks that you gave me."

The sound of something cracking could be heard coming from behind him, but Kasogonaga didn't even turn his head to look at where the sound was coming from. It continued to look towards the South where it could feel William's existence.

"I believe that you called the story in that picture book a fairy tale, right?" Kasogonaga continued to mutter as he gazed in the distance. "It's quite unfortunate, but I wasn't able to finish the last story, Little Mermaid. I wonder, did that story have a happy ending or not?"

The sound of several crystal cups shattering at the same time reverberated behind the Anteater, making the latter smile sadly. It ate the last gummy bear in its paws and chewed it properly.

'I'll ask William to give me more when I see him again,' Kasogonaga thought as it enjoyed the unusual flavor inside its mouth.

Kasogonaga then turned around to face the angry Pseudo-Gods who wanted to skin him alive with a calm expression on its face.

"Pseudo-Gods who came to a world that is not your own, remember this and remember it well," Kasogonaga raised its head and faced them fearlessly. "I am the Deity of the Sky! I am the protector of the Human Race! I will not let any of you pass!"

Kasogonaga jumped towards the sky as it curled up its body transforming into a ten-foot tall spiked wrecking ball. Although it understood what fate awaited it, it didn't back down for the sake of those that were important to it.

The Deity of the Sky, Kasogonaga, charged fearlessly at the beings that invaded not only its world, but the happiness that it had experienced over the years. For them, the rainbow-colored Anteater was willing to do anything.

"I'M ROLLING!"

Chapter 1084: Give Him To Me, And I'll Let All Of You Live

"No.... How can this be?" Celeste uttered in disbelief as she looked in front of her.

A Demon with long, platinum blonde hair and red eyes looked at her with an indifferent expression from where he stood.

Behind him, an army that numbered in the tens of thousands stood, with their flags fluttering in the wind.

"Took you brats long enough," the Demon Lord, Luciel, said in a cold and indifferent voice filled with confidence.

Just as soon as William's entourage broke past the dome of darkness, the first thing that they saw was the Demon Lord holding a giant greatsword in his hands.

Standing beside him were two Demigods.

On his left, was El Sibon, who had attacked William in the North when the Half-Elf tried to exterminate the Gremory Clan's stronghold. The Demon eyed the unconscious William, as the corner of its mouth curled up into a smirk.

Very few individuals were able to escape his grasp, but, in the end, El Sibon was still able to kill them all. The Demigod had no doubt in his mind that, today, he would add another skeleton to his collection.

On Luciel's right side, a giant ape-like creature with a single eye on its head looked down on them. On its chest was a gaping mouth filled with razor sharp teeth. It was none other than the Demigod that ruled over the West side of the Demon Realm. The Monster, Mapinguari.

"Baba Yaga, I think you're standing on the wrong side," Luciel said with a sneer. "Shouldn't you be on our side?"

"Boy, I've been around since before you sucked your mother's tits," Baba Yaga scoffed the Demon Lord's disrespectful words towards her. "So what if you have those two dumb dumbs beside you? Do you really think that I can't smash your face when I feel like it?"

"True," Luciel admitted. "But, I'm fairly confident that you will not be able to smash my face to death. How about this, I will allow you to switch sides while I'm still in the mood. What do you think?"

The old witch raised the pestle in her hand and pointed it in Luciel's direction. "I think, I have heard enough of your bullsh*t! If you want to fight then a fight you shall get!"

Baba Yaga had long been enduring the hatred in her heart after her Disciple had been taken away from her. She was unable to fight against the Bull Demon King and his cohorts because she wasn't their match, but looking at the smugness on the Demon Lord's face rekindled the anger that she had been silently enduring in her heart.

It was at that moment when Chloe passed through the barrier. She then flew towards her people's side, and stood beside Celeste, facing the Demon Army. Just like everyone else, she had also been shocked at the scene that she saw as soon as she had escaped the dome of darkness.

Right now, she was unable to use her full powers because she was on borrowed time. At most, she could only exert 30% of her strength, which was only equivalent to that of a Millennial Beast.

Even so, the blonde-haired fairy didn't back down. Her body radiated with killing intent as she took a fighting stance, ready to attack at any given moment.

Not long after, three more creatures passed through the dome of darkness and they were none other than Psoglav, Erchitu, and Jareth. All of them landed in front of the Black Qilin, protecting their Master from Luciel's determined gaze.

"Where is Kasogonaga?" Lilith asked as she looked at the trio in front of her.

"He stayed behind to hold off our pursuers," Erchitu replied. "He will rejoin us shortly."

"I see..." Lilith didn't ask any more questions. She understood what Erchitu was trying to say, and it made her bite her lip in frustration.

A low growl escaped Psoglav's jaws as he stared hatefully at the Demon Army in front of him. Right now, the Demonic Dog wished for nothing more than to tear the Demons' bodies apart so he could drink their blood, and eat their flesh.

"Give him to me, and I'll let all of you live," Luciel declared. "At most, the rest of you will become slaves, but your lives will be spared. That is still a better fate than dying, no?"

Luciel eyed Celeste's beautiful figure, as well as the Elves that were currently glaring at him from on top of their winged horses. He could feel the hate that was emanating from their bodies, but the Demon Lord simply didn't care about their feelings.

For him. Women were just tools to be used in order to breed children.

Exceptional women would give birth to exceptional children. This was why he had tasked his men to kidnap the genius ladies of the different races in order to bring them back to the Demon Realm, where they would live their new lives as broodmares.

Even the Demons that were standing behind their Lord, eyed the beauties in front of them. All of them could tell that they were exceptional women, and worthy of being taken captive for their race's future.

Luciel once again shifted his attention towards the unconscious Half-Elf who was currently in the embrace of the Amazon Princess.

"I will ask you one last time. Give that boy to me," Luciel said without a trace of mercy. "My patience has its limit."

Lilith glared at the Demon Lord as she firmly gripped Gleipnir in her right hand.

"The only way you can take him from me is over my dead body," Lilith declared. "I will not let you have him."

"Such a pity," Luciel shrugged. "Don't worry. I have no intention of killing you. You still have your uses, Princess. I'm sure that your mother will be more than willing to negotiate as long as you are my hostage."

"In your dreams!"

"Foolish girl. I prefer reality over dreams. After all, only in the real world can I crush my opponents and feel their warm blood staining my hands. That Half-Elf will pay for the crimes of his father. Don't worry, I will let you personally witness how I deal with him."

"Don't let him rile you up, girl," Baba Yaga's voice reached her ears. "That bastard still hasn't changed his sick hobby of playing mind games with his enemies. Don't worry, as long as I'm here, I won't let him touch any of you."

Luciel smirked after hearing Baba Yaga's words. He was about to order an attack when he sensed several fluctuations in the air.

"Finally, we caught up with these hateful insects!" Princess Iron Fan shouted as she eyed Psoglav from where she hovered in the sky. "That mutt is mine. The rest of you can find your own playthings."

Psoglav ignored Princess Iron Fan's words because his single eye was locked on the Bull Demon King's hand. A choked sob escaped his lips as the Demonic Dog's gaze landed on the bloody creature that the Demonic Bull was holding in his hand.

Even from a distance, he could tell that the rainbow-colored Anteater was no longer breathing. Several of its scales were missing from its back, and blood covered its entire body. Blood still dripped from Kasogonaga's mouth as its body hung limply in the Bull Demon King's hand.

Psoglav growled with anger and resentment. He no longer cared if he would live to see the next sunrise. All he cared about was fighting tooth and nail against the Bull Demon King, as well as his wife, Princess Iron Fan, for what they did to his friend.

Erchitu and Jareth both summoned their weapons and held them firmly in their hands. Although they didn't say anything, they were feeling the same way as Psoglav.

If they were going to die today, they would rather die fighting with everything they had, than bow down and grovel at their enemies' feet. They would never do that. They would rather die than submit!

That was the least they could do for their friend who had fought for their sake, in order to give them time to escape.

"Come at me, you ugly b*tch!" Psoglav roared in defiance. "I am right here! Come and get me!"

For the first time in his life, Psoglav didn't feel fearful of fighting an opponent that was leagues above his rank. His anger burned brightly inside his chest as his single eye remained locked on his friend's bloody body as it continued to dangle in the Bull Demon King's hand.

'Wait for me, Kasogonaga,' Psoglav vowed. 'I know that you get lonely easily. Don't worry. I will be joining you in the afterlife soon.'

The Demonic Dog summoned a giant sword of darkness in his hand as he faced his hated enemies. Psoglav knew that before this day was over, this battle would come to an end.

He only hoped that when he crossed the afterlife, the friends that he had shared many memorable moments with, would be waiting for him at the crossroads between life and death.

Chapter 1085: It Looks Like Your Fate Has Been Sealed

High above the Kyrintor Mountains, a sigh escaped Takam's lips. He had been closely observing the battle that was happening in the Northern part of the Demon Realm, through the power of his artifact.

"Sometimes I wonder," Takam muttered. "The events of the world are often guided by those who wish for destruction. And yet, they unknowingly create someone who will destroy them in turn. I guess, this is part of the never ending cycle of destruction and rebirth."

Takam gazed at the unconscious William and sadly shook his head.

"Ahriman, I don't know if I should thank you or hate you," Takam said as he stood up from his throne. He then disappeared from it and reappeared at the very top of his castle, high up in the frigid region of the Kyrintor Mountains.

"Ella, is there really no other choice?"

The first Demigod that William had met didn't know the answer to this question. However, one thing was clear.

"The Era of Darkness has begun," Takam stated. "Woe to those who choose to stand on the wrong side in this struggle."

The only thing that Takam was thankful for was that the Southern Continent was far from the struggles of the Demon and Central Continent. Even so, he still decided to pick a side. That was the only way to ensure that the chaos would not spread to his home turf, and in turn would keep any unforeseen events from happening.

Somewhere in the Central Continent...

"Supreme Pontifex, the crystal!"

One of the elders of Deus pointed at the golden crystal that was floating in the middle of their conference room. Its radiance was slowly being consumed by darkness, and this was the sign that they had been waiting for, ever since their Organization was founded.

The Supreme Pontifex watched this with a calm expression on her face. She was wearing a mask, so no one knew what she really looked like.

All they knew was that she was the one that had built Deus from the ground up, and made it an Organization that could meddle with the affairs of the entire world.

"Look! There is an image over there!" another elder gasped as he pointed at the golden crystal.

A green-haired Demon wearing a golden crown on his head was shown in the projection that the crystal had made.

"Is that the rumored Prince?" one of the elders asked. "If so then we must immediately profess our loyalty to him."

"That's right! He must be the one!"

"So, he has appeared in the Demon Continent. We should immediately send word to our counterparts over there in order to seek an audience with him."

"We should strike while the iron is hot! Now is the time to make ourselves known to the world."

"Silence!"

All it took was a single word from the Supreme Pontifex to stop the discussion of everyone in the room. All of the elders, as well as the other high-ranking members of The Organization looked at her with reverence.

"Inform our men from the Demon Continent of this matter," the Supreme Pontifex ordered. "However, prevent them from making contact with that green-haired Demon."

"With all due respect, Your Excellency, but I believe that we shouldn't wait," one of the highest ranking Elders said. "The earlier we form a connection with the Prophesied Prince, the sooner we will be able to rule the world alongside him. Isn't this why our Organization exists in the first place?"

The Supreme Pontifex nodded at first, only to shake her head after a few seconds.

"While it is true that our purpose is to lead our Prince for dominion, that doesn't necessarily mean that we have to beg on our knees and ask him to take us under his wing," the Supreme Pontifex replied.

"First, we will wait. We first need to confirm whether this... Prince aligns with our goal. If not then we can just negotiate at a later time."

"But, Your Excellency!" the Elder tried to persuade her, but before he could even continue what he wanted to say, the Supreme Pontifex raised her hand to silence him.

"Calm down. Do you think that he alone will be enough to bring down the entire world?" the Supreme Pontifex asked in a chilling tone. "The heroes of this world aren't that weak. If he wants to overcome such a hurdle, it will be necessary for him to work with us."

After hearing her explanation, the Elders of Deus nodded in agreement. They had completely forgotten that they shouldn't underestimate the heroes of the world, because there would always be someone who would raise up arms to fight when they were oppressed.

"Also, I have a feeling that there is another surprise waiting for us," the Supreme Pontifex said softly.

"For now, inform our agents in the Demonic Continent to observe, but to not interfere. It won't be too late to seek an audience with this so-called Prince, once we understand what he plans to do with his newfound power."

""As you command!""

Joash looked at the battle from afar with his arms crossed over his chest.

After getting confirmation that William had gone inside the Ancient Ruins, the Black Dragon secretly left his fortress and traveled towards the North. Along the way, Zeph had told him about the latest developments, and none of them sounded good to him.

Even so, he still wanted to see with his own eyes how the new era of the world would start.

Joash didn't even glance in Luciel's direction even once. He knew that if he did that, he would be unable to control his killing intent, and the Demon Lord would know about his whereabouts.

Right now, he appeared as an observer. He would decide his next course of action once he determined the strength of the opposing forces.

The Black Dragon had made plans over many years for the sake of revenge. Although he was very tempted to attack the Demon Lord right now, he understood that now was not the time to do that. Also, Luciel had El Sibon, and Mapinguari guarding him.

"It is more dire than I thought," Joash muttered when he saw the appearance of the Bull Demon King, Princess Iron Fan, as well as the Six-Eared Macaque. They were beings that far surpassed his current strength.

But, Joash wasn't afraid of them. What he was afraid of was missing the perfect chance to make his move, and ensure that the goal he had set out to accomplish would succeed.

'I guess you get to live for another day, Luciel,' Joash thought as he glanced at the battlefield in front of him.

His gaze once again landed on the unconscious Half-Elf who was coveted by Ahriman, as well as the Demon Lord.

'I wonder, who will be able to get him first?' Joash mused.

The Black Dragon didn't care for William's well-being because they had never been allies. The two of them were merely acquaintances, who happened to have a few things in common.

One of them was of course to make things difficult for the reigning Demon Lord, as well as to deal as much damage to their forces as possible.

Joash had no reason to interfere in the battle, or save William.

"Tough luck, kid," Joash said with a trace of pity as soon as he saw the Bull Demon King make its move to provoke William's companions. Which led a few of them to rush forward in the direction of the Demon Lord's Army. "It looks like your fate has been sealed."

Chapter 1086: I Only Stand With The Winning Side

Psoglav's growl made its single eye turn bloodshot as he stared at his dead friend in the hands of the Bull Demon King.

Kasogonaga could be considered his very first friend, and seeing him in that state almost drove the Demonic Dog crazy.

"What? You want this?" the Bull Demon King asked in a teasing tone. "Fine. Since you are a dog, let's play catch."

The Bull Demon King wound up his arm as he threw Kasogonaga towards the Demon Lord's Army.

"Go catch your dead friend, little doggy," the Bull Demon King sneered. "This is what you get for angering my wife."

Princess Iron Fan smiled as she looked at her husband lovingly.

"Darling, I'll personally skin that dog alive later, okay?" Princess Iron Fan said. "Don't get in my way."

"Of course. He is all yours later."

"Mmm."

Just like the Bull Demon King, and Princess Iron Fan expected, Psoglav charged towards the Demon Army with the intention of acquiring Kasogonaga's body.

Luciel looked at this scene with a sneer on his face. He then raised his hand to order his Army to attack the Demonic Dog without batting an eye. The Demon Lord had already determined that Psoglav was on William's side.

Since that was the case, it was only natural to not give the Demonic Dog a single shred of mercy!

Several spells locked onto Psoglav's body, but he didn't care. His single eye was locked onto his friend's body, as it fell from the sky.

When the first batch of spells arrived in front of him, a mighty shield appeared to block the attacks.

Jareth, the Goblin Paladin, was pushed back as the first wave of attacks was negated.

The second wave was blocked by Erchitu, using his Adamantium Axe and body. The Revenant Bull's left arm was torn off due to the barrage of spells, but it endured in order to allow Psoglav the opportunity to achieve his goal.

Luciel was a sneaky bastard. He didn't only give the order to attack Psoglav, he also ordered his Army to attack the dead creature that the Bull Demon King had thrown.

The two of them were currently not allies, so the Demon Lord thought that the Bull Demon King had cast some kind of spell on the anteater's body that might cause harm to his Army, the moment it landed near their location.

To be on the safe side, he decided to destroy it once and for all, to stop any underhanded schemes that might have been thrown in their way.

A shriek pierced the heavens as Scadrez, the Blood Eagle, grabbed hold of Kasogonaga's body, and deftly dodged the spells that were headed in its direction. However, the concentration of the spells was thick enough that the Blood Eagle suffered from the attacks.

After one last desperate cry, Scadrez hurled Kasogonaga's body towards Psoglav, before it was blown from the sky.

Fortunately, it didn't become unconscious when it fell from the sky. Although it was difficult, the Blood Eagle managed to flap its mighty wings just in time to prevent it from crashing on the ground. It then flew towards Psoglav's group as they retreated from the barrage of spells that were being hurled in their direction.

Princess Iron Fan's loud laughter, that was filled with ridicule, reverberated across the skies. The Demonic Dog had taunted her too much, so seeing him suffer made her very happy.

"Keep running, Little Doggy!" Princess Iron Fan shouted after she finished laughing. "Come to me, so I can personally end your life!"

Princess Iron Fan waved the fan in her hand, and it sent several wind blades flying in Psoglav's direction.

With spells, and arrows coming from the Demon Army behind their back, and an attack of a Pseudo-God coming from their front, Psoglav's group could only grit their teeth as they tried to evade the attacks that were aimed at them.

"Such poor taste!" Baba Yaga conjured a black barrier to block Princess Iron Fan's attack.

Although she didn't want to become enemies with the Pseudo-God, she just couldn't stand idly by and watch her side's desperate attempt to keep the remaining shred of dignity that their dead friend had.

"Stand firm everyone!" Charmaine shouted as she, and the other Elves activated their Elven Magic to create a barrier to block the Demon Army's attack to the best of their abilities.

All of them had taken to the skies while riding their winged horses to ensure that they would be able to escort their companions back to safety.

Naturally, the Magic Shield didn't last long, and several of the Elves were injured during the exchange. Even Charmaine was hit in the chest by a ray-type spell, which forced her to be blown off of her mount.

Charmaine's winged horse neighed in anger as it hurriedly maneuvered in the air to save its rider. It was the Alpha of its herd, and William had personally entrusted Charmaine's safety to it. Although he didn't like how the Half-Elf managed to subdue it in the past, it had already forgiven the Half-Elf after spending time with the denizens of the Thousand Beast Domain.

Using its inherent magic, the Pegasus summoned a gust of wind that held the pretty Elf in place, which allowed it to bite her clothes to hold her in place as it flew in the direction of its unconscious Master, William.

"A life's last struggle is truly beautiful," the Six-Eared Macaque commented as he looked at the battered group that was working together in order to survive the onslaught from both sides.

"If you like it so much then why don't you join their side?" Princess Iron Fan sneered. "I have long wanted to slap you with my fan. This is a good opportunity to do so."

"No thanks," the Six-Eared Macaque waved its hand as it transformed to take on Sun Wukong's appearance. "I only stand with the winning side."

"Tsk!"

"Heh."

The Bull Demon King smirked when he saw that the Demonic Dog's group finally returned to their previous location. The reason he had thrown Kasogonaga away from its group and made Psoglav suffer was not because of the way he had taunted his wife earlier, it was because of the fact that killing them was too easy for him, and he wouldn't get any satisfaction from doing it.

So, in order to get some satisfaction out of their inevitable demise, he decided to make them suffer a bit, push them bit by bit until they fell into desperation. That way, everything they had suffered would be worth it when he dragged the unconscious Half-Elf, as well as the Dark Bride's twin sister, Celeste, back to Ahriman's domain.

Chapter 1087: Let's All Go Together

"Darling, can you deal with that annoying old hag over there?" Princess Iron Fan asked. "I can't wait any longer. I need to deal with that arrogant mutt once and for all."

"Very well," the Bull Demon King replied. "Six-Eared Macaque, you deal with those who are going to interfere with my wife's vengeance, okay? Just make sure to not hurt the Half-Elf or the Bride's twin."

The Six-Eared Macaque, who had taken on Sun Wukong's appearance, raised a thumb as he summoned a golden cudgel. This was the fake Ruyi Jingu Bang that he had asked a Master Smith from the Heavens to forge, just to spite Sun Wukong who had made its life difficult for hundreds of years.

Although it wasn't as powerful as Ruyi Jingu Bang, it was still a strong weapon that had the ability to increase its length depending on his will. Unfortunately, it didn't have the ability to increase its size like Ruyi Jingu Bang did, or else it might have made the Monkey King so mad that Sun Wukong would have hunted him down, even if he escaped to the Mortal Realm.

As if sensing that his final moments had come, Psoglav placed Kasogonaga beside William.

"Please, look after him for me," Psoglav said to Lilith with a serious expression on his face.

"I'll do my best," Lilith replied.

She had wanted to make a promise that she would keep Kasogonaga's body safe, but she was unable to do so because of the strength of their opponents. This was why she could only say that she would do her best.

Even so, for Psoglav, this was enough.

"Thank you." Psoglav nodded before shifting his attention to Princess Iron Fan who was showing him a very sweet smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"Have you said your prayers, Little Mutt? Princess Iron Fan asked.

"Yes," Psoglav answered. "I asked the Gods to give you a better looking face. The current one is so ugly that I can't even look at it without it making me want to puke."

The smile on Princess Iron Fan's face disappeared and was replaced with a cold expression filled with killing intent.

"Don't worry, I won't give you an easy death," Princess Iron Fan vowed. "Not until I've skinned you alive."

Psoglav didn't reply and summoned a black bastard sword in his hand. It was the same weapon he used when he fought William the first time. That incident had led to a series of circumstances that led to Psoglav becoming a part of the Half-Elf's King's Legion.

"Don't get in the way, witch," the Bull Demon King said as his gaze landed on Baba Yaga's body, forcing the wrinkled old hag to frown.

After a brief internal struggle, Baba Yaga sighed as she remained where she was. She didn't want to die because she still needed to find and save Celine from her captor.

"We will fight with you," Erchitu, who had lost its left arm, stood beside its friend while glaring at the demonic lady in front of it.

Jareth summoned its blade as it stood on Psoglav's other side. No words were spoken between them, but the Demonic Dog understood that they would fight with him till the bitter end.

'I guess this is not a bad way to go to the afterlife,' Psoglav thought as he gripped the weapon in his hands. 'As long as we are together, Hell would probably be a fun place to stay for the next hundred years or so.'

The Six-Eared Macaque scratched his cheeks as he walked casually towards Psoglav's group. However, a fan blocked his way, making him look at the Demonic Lady that had appeared in front of him.

"I changed my mind," Princess Iron Fan stated. "I'll deal with the three of them. It's more fun this way."

"Fine," the Six-Eared Macaque replied as he somersaulted towards the sky. He floated in the heavens as he gazed down at the ground with his arms crossed over his chest. "Although I'm one of the bad guys, this battle leaves a bad aftertaste in my mouth."

The Six-Eared Macaque was a cowardly being, and disliked fighting. He was just like Psoglav, who only fought as long as he was at an advantage. However, seeing the great disparity between each side, he lost interest in playing villain. He would rather watch how things unfolded, instead of needing to dirty his hands in this affair.

"Come at me with the intention to die," Princess Iron Fan said in a taunting manner. "I promise before this day is over, all three of you will be going to the afterlife."

"You talk too much," Psoglav sneered. "I don't know who the true dog is between us. Me or you, ugly little b*tch!"

Without another word, Psoglav, Erchitu, and Jareth, stomped the ground simultaneously as they charged towards the Demonic Lady whose face had contorted due to her anger.

As a Pseudo-God, Princess Iron Fan was confident that even if the three Millennial Beasts worked together, the three of them could do little to truly harm her.

Erchitu roared as it smashed its Adamantium Axe towards Princess Iron Fan's face with all of its strength. Although it knew that it was weaker than her, its desire to defeat her burned brightly in its chest.

Princess Iron Fan yawned before lightly tapping the edge of Erchitu's Axe to the side, forcing its trajectory to change. A loud explosion took place as Erchitu's attack created a fissure in the ground that extended for dozens of meters.

Princess Iron Fan teleported on Erchitu's back and whispered in his ear, "Nice try, but, you're just... too... weak!"

The Demonic Lady lightly tapped her iron fan on Erchitu's head, making him crash to the ground facefirst.

Princess Iron Fan giggled as she covered her lips with her fan, while standing on Erchitu's back.

Jareth appeared beside her and slashed his sword at her waist, with the intention of cutting her in half.

"A Goblin that is acting as a Crusader? How revolting!" Princess Iron Fan sneered as she blocked the sword with the fan in her hand. She then teleported and stepped on the flat of Jareth's sword, before slapping his face with her fan.

"Now, it's your... turn?" Princess Iron Fan scanned the surroundings, but she wasn't able to see the Demonic Dog, who was her true target.

After checking her surroundings for a full two minutes, the corner of Princess Iron Fan's lips curled up into a smirk.

"Oh? Are we now playing a game of hide and seek?" Princess Iron Fan asked as she casually fanned her face. "Very well, I'll make this little game more interesting."

The demonic lady then walked towards Erchitu who had just propped itself off the ground with its last remaining hand. However, just as it was about to stand up, it found itself falling back to the ground face first.

Although it was already an Undead Revenant, Erchitu felt pain coming from its legs. When it glanced over it to see what was wrong, it found that its two legs had been cleanly cut off from its body.

"Undead Beings usually don't feel pain, but I guess revenants are a different breed," Princess Iron Fan said as she lightly tapped her fan on the palm of her left hand. "Well then, Little Doggy, are you still not going to come out? If you don't then I will just have to cut your friend's body apart, piece by piece."

The Demonic Lady looked around and waited for Psoglav's reply, but the latter didn't answer her threatening words.

"I guess he doesn't think much of you." Princess Iron Fan chuckled. "I guess you chose the wrong type of friend."

Princess Iron Fan stopped chuckling and waved her fan in a slicing manner, chopping Erchitu's head from its body.

"I wanted to torture you more, but seeing that you and my husband shared the same ancestry, I gave you a quick death," Princess Iron Fan stated. "Oh. I forgot. You were already dead from the start. Well, no matter, dead is dead and what not."

Erchitu's entire body, as well as its severed head, suddenly blazed with a blue flame. A moment later, it disappeared completely, which is what happened to Revenants when they died a second time.

"Doggy, you're still not coming out?" Princess Iron Fan asked out loud as she walked towards Jareth whose roar of anger spread across the battlefield.

"Although I want to torture you, Goblins simply disgust me," Princess Iron Fan said as she covered her lips with her fan. She wasn't lying when she said that Goblins disgusted her because she believed that they were the ugliest existence in the world.

"Die!" Jareth howled as its entire body turned golden. It then charged towards Princess Iron Fan holding its shield in front of it, as if planning to use it to bash her body.

"Don't come near me, you disgusting Creature!" Princess Iron Fan made another slicing motion, which cut Jareth's shield, as well as its body, in half.

Green blood spilled on the ground, which made Princess Iron Fan back off due to disgust.

Jareth gazed at its killer with hatred as it forcefully pointed a finger at her head.

"Light..." Jareth said before its life left its body.

Immediately, a bright light shone behind Princess Iron Fan's Head, which made the surroundings bright.

"Huh?" Princess Iron Fan frowned as she lightly turned her head to look at the orb of light that was shining behind her. "What is this nonsense?"

Just as she was about to look back at the dead Goblin Paladin in front of her, a black sword materialized out of thin air and stabbed her eye.

"Ahhh!" Princess Iron Fan cried out in pain due to the sneak attack that Psoglav had patiently waited for when her guard was at her weakest. Although the sword tip was only embedded half an inch from her eye socket, it still caused her great pain due to how unexpected it was.

Erchitu, Jareth, and Psoglav all knew that they stood no chance against the demonic lady and had resolved themselves to die fighting her.

However, just dying didn't sit well with them. They wanted to make her understand that even insects like them could bite really hard, and leave her in a world of pain.

Erchitu used himself to draw everyone's attention away from the Demonic Dog, allowing him to slip inside Jareth's shadow.

This was similar to what Oliver (the Parrot Monkey) had done with William's shadow when it was guarding him in the past.

Waiting for the right opportunity, Psoglav weeped silently at the death of his friends. Although he was angry, he didn't want to waste the chance that they had given to him, so he waited, and waited, until he could travel to Princess Iron Fan's shadow, and launch a sneak attack, catching the Demonic Lady off guard.

"This is for my friends! Die, Bitch!" Psoglav shouted as tears blurred his vision. "Dark Flames!"

A dark flame erupted from the tip of Psoglav's sword that burned brightly, setting Princess Iron Fan's face ablaze.

The Demonic Lady shrieked as she desperately pushed the sword away from her eye.

"You lowly dog!" Princess Iron Fan used her sharp nails to pierce through Psoglav's chest, crushing his heart. She had completely forgotten her plan of torturing the Demonic Dog slowly due to her anger.

When Psoglav fell on the ground, his single eye looked up at the dark sky that was above his head. He could feel his body slowly turning cold, and knew that he was dying.

'I guess this is it,' Psoglav thought. 'I don't want to die, but it can't be helped, right?'

It was at that moment when it heard an adorable voice that seemed to brush away all the coldness he was feeling.

"I told you not to die, didn't I?" Kasogonaga asked with a pout on its adorable face. "But, um, knowing how weak you are, I guess this is an expected result."

The rainbow-colored Anteater chuckled before raising its paw as if giving Kasogonaga a thumbs up.

"Nicely done," Kasogonaga said with a smile. "You took one for the team and made us proud."

Erchitu and Jareth suddenly appeared behind Kasogonaga with smiles on their faces. Even if they didn't say anything, Psoglav knew that they were very proud of him.

Even though tears were blurring his vision, for some reason, Psoglav could see them clearly with his single eye that was slowly losing its luster.

"Come, Psoglav," Kasogonaga reached out its paw towards the Demonic Dog who was afraid of dying. "A new journey awaits. Let us all go together. I'm sure that we will have loads of fun."

"Yes," Psoglav replied as it weakly raised its arm to grab hold of its friend's hand. No matter what happens, even if his entire body turned to ashes, he would definitely go with them no matter what.

"Let's all go together."

A few moments later, Psoglav's lifeless hand fell to his side. His single eye closed forever.

The Demonic Dog, who had feared death the most, lay peacefully on the ground.

If one were to look closely, beyond its scary exterior, a tranquil smile could be seen on his demonic face.

He was no longer afraid because he was off on another journey with his dear friends.

A journey where all four of them would be together...

Forever.

Chapter 1088: You Have No Power Here

Princess Iron Fan looked at the Demonic Dog's body and raised her fan. She wanted to turn the Demonic Dog into meat paste for what it had done to her face. However, before she could even vent out her frustration, a golden staff blocked her fan.

"What's wrong?" Princess Iron Fan asked. "Are you getting in my way?"

"It's already dead," the Six-Eared Macaque said. "Do not desecrate the dead."

"Since when did you start to have pity on lowly beings?"

"Just let this one go. It will be best if you treat your injury first."

"Shut up!" Princess Iron Fan glared at the Six-Eared Macaque. "I will do what I want. You can't stop me!"

Princess Iron Fan was about to wave her fan again to give her finishing blow when her fan was swatted away.

"I. SAID. STOP," The Six-Eared Macaque who was currently in Sun Wukong's form glared at Princess Iron Fan with his fangs bared open. His Fiery-Golden Eyes burned brightly, making Princess Iron Fan flinch.

For a brief moment, she had forgotten his identity and thought that she was facing the real Sun Wukong, due to how realistic the Six-Eared Macaque's transformation was. His voice, his temperament, as well as the boundless killing intent that was now aimed in her direction, felt so real that she was finding it hard to breathe.

"Enough!" the Bull Demon King's shout broke Princess Iron Fan from her daze as she hurriedly ran towards her husband.

"Darling, that Monkey is getting in my way," Princess Iron Fan whined. "Just look at my face, it was burned badly. I want to vent my anger on that Demonic Mutt!"

"It's already dead, what's the point?" The Bull Demon King's reply surprised his wife who turned her head to look at him in shock.

"D-Darling?"

"I said enough. This matter ends here. You need to take care of your face first."

The Bull Demon King lightly caressed his wife's burned face as he channeled his life force to help her recover from her injuries. Although it was just a minor injury, the gesture still made Princess Iron Fan feel that it was not a good idea to make her husband angry. She gave Psoglav's body one last glance before clicking her tongue.

The Bull Demon King then glanced at the Six-Eared Macaque who had already turned his back on them. The reason why he stopped his wife from continuing with her revenge was due to his gut feeling. He felt like if Princess Iron Fan really went ahead and turned the dead Demonic Dog's body into meat paste, the Six-Eared Macaque would turn on them both.

It was an impossible idea, but the idea felt real enough for the Bull Demon King to compromise and call his wife back to his side.

Charmaine and the Elves couldn't keep their tears from falling. After spending years inside the Thousand Beast Domain, they had treated everyone there as their close friends, especially Kasogonaga, Psoglav, Erchitu, and Jareth.

There were times when they all challenged the Dungeon of Atlantis together, and fought the bosses in life and death battles. It was very hard for them to watch from the side. They had been tempted to help them many times, but they knew that their friends would never want them to sacrifice their lives in vain.

For a moment, only their sobbing could be heard on the battlefield, as the Demon Lord's side and the Bull Demon King's side sized each other up.

The Bull Demon King knew that the opposing forces were not a match for them, so he wasn't too worried.

Luciel also knew that he was outclassed, so he didn't say anything and simply looked at William's group with a smirk on his face. After seeing what had happened to the red-headed teenager's companions, the Demon Lord was more than happy to become a spectator and see everyone on William's side killed without mercy.

Suddenly, a ripple spread across the black dome. A moment later, the giant golden eagle, Da Peng, appeared. Standing on top of his head was a Black Knight wearing a Crimson Crown on his head.

"Good. I came before the good part started," Felix said with a smile. His gaze then landed on his father in the distance. He looked at Luciel for a few seconds before shifting his attention back to William who was still in Lilith's embrace.

"Take them all," Felix ordered. "I want all of them alive, especially the women."

His greedy eyes landed on Celeste, who was the twin of his supposed Bride who was kidnapped right in front of his eyes. Since he didn't know where Celine was taken, he decided to just take her twin sister, who looked exactly like her.

Naturally, his gaze also fell on Lilith's lean and strong body. He had heard of Amazons before, but the Demon Race didn't dare capture anyone from their empire. Regardless of who they mated with, Amazons would always give birth to Human girls.

This was the blessing that they received from their Goddess, Astarte. Even the seed of the Demonkind wasn't strong enough to overwrite this blessing. Also, the Amazon Empress wasn't a push over either.

The Demon Lord knew that when she became angry, her entire race would launch a crusade against them, and this was something that Luciel didn't want to see.

'Snatching his lover from him will definitely be a fun thing to do,' Felix mused as he looked at the beautiful Amazon Princess who was looking at him with hate-filled eyes.

While Felix was appraising his soon-to-be-women, he heard Luciel's shout, all the way from where the Demon Army was located.

"Felix, is that you?" Luciel asked.

"Yes," Felix replied.

"I want the boy. You can have the women if you like."

"Sorry, but Lord Ahriman called dibs on him. If you want to negotiate, come and visit him yourself."

Luciel narrowed his eyes because he didn't like Felix's sudden change of attitude towards him. Back then, his son would happily grovel at his feet just to gain his favor, but now, he felt that Felix was being disrespectful to him on purpose.

"Are you now the Heir of Darkness?" Luciel asked.

Felix pointed at the Crimson Crown on his head. "Have your eyes turned bad old man? Can't you even see this thing on my head?"

"You sure have grown balls after putting that Crown on your head," Luciel sneered. "Do you think that having that Crown is enough for you to call the wind and the storm?"

Felix paused for a brief moment before laughing out loud. His laugh was filled with ridicule, which grated on Luciel's ears.

"As a matter of fact, I can now call upon the wind and storm," Felix said as he made a gesture of his hand.

Da Peng flapped its mighty wings and conjured powerful gusts of wind that swept across the Demon Lord's Army.

As a Pseudo-God, Da Peng could change the topography with one powerful attack. Just by simply flapping his wings, he had created several hurricanes which all headed towards the Demon Lord's Army, threatening to annihilate them all.

El Sibon whistled as he lashed his whip towards the hurricanes that were headed in their direction. Mapinguari also howled in anger as its single eye fired a beam of golden light at the hurricanes, dispersing them completely.

Da Peng and Felix weren't too bothered by it because they weren't doing things seriously. Luciel understood this as well, but he still felt very angry now that Felix had gained a power that was supposed to belong to his faction.

"Felix, my son, let us return to the Capital City," Luciel said. "I have almost finished gathering the army loyal to our family, and soon, we will march towards the Central Continent. With you as our banner, I'm sure the Demon Clans who decided to ignore our call will beg us to have them in our army. It is finally time to settle the score with the Silvermoon Continent. We should let the Prophecy's fulfillment come in full swing!"

Felix sneered when he heard Luciel's dramatic speech. The green-haired demon knew that he alone could rally all the Demon Clans to his side without his father's influence. For him, Luciel was someone that he didn't dare to disobey in the past. But now... now things were different.

He was now someone that no Demon, not even his father, could disobey.

"Shut up," Felix coldly said. "I will be the one to decide these things. Who gave you permission to tell me what to do?"

He then pointed his finger at the Demon Army in the distance as he unleashed the power of darkness from the Crimson Crown on his head.

"Those who wish to fight under my banner, step forward! Those who do not wish to serve me can stay where you are. I will make sure to personally deal with you all and sacrifice your souls to the Demon God! Now, make your choice!"

Luciel gritted his teeth because Felix was openly declaring that he wished to poach the factions that had sworn loyalty to him.

Just as Felix and Luciel suspected, the Demons all decided to take march in Felix's direction, not because they liked to do it, but out of fear due to his current status in the Demon Realm

Everyone knew the Prophecy of the Heir of Darkness. He was the one that would lead the Demon Race to conquer the world, and those who defied him would find themselves dead, not knowing how they died.

"Felix, don't go too far!" Luciel roared in anger. "Have you forgotten who I am?! I am the Demon Lord!"

"Too far?" Felix sneered. "I think you still don't understand your current circumstance, Father."

Felix spread his arms wide as if to encompass the entire Demon Realm. Under the sky of darkness, he could feel that the entire world was his for the taking.

"You have no power here," Felix stated. "You are an old man who is part of the past. You no longer serve any purpose. Demon Lord? In front of the Heir of Darkness... YOU. ARE. NOTHING!"

Felix summoned the Spear of Lazarus and pointed it in Luciel's direction.

"This is the dawn of My Era!" Felix declared. "So, what will it be, Father? Will you kneel and submit to me? Or must I force you to kneel and submit to me? Your choice."

The green-haired demon had dreamed of this moment for many years. Now that he had the power to make the world tremble under his feet, his first goal was to see the Mighty Demon Lord kneel in front of him.

He would be the first, and definitely would not be the last ruler in the world that would submit to his will.

Chapter 1089: I Will Have My Vengeance

Luciel gritted his teeth and clenched his fist so hard that crunching sounds were heard.

"Don't go too..."

"Kneel!! I order you to kneel before me, Luciel!"

Half a minute passed and Luciel still stood glaring at his son, whom he could no longer control.

"Hah. So be it." Felix sighed as he glanced in the Bull Demon King's direction. "Make him kneel. You can be as rough as you want."

The Bull Demon King snorted. He didn't want to be ordered around by a mere mortal, but since Felix was now Ahriman's heir, he had no choice but to obey his petty wish to make his father kneel in front of him.

The Demonic Bull flew towards the blonde-haired demon, whose red-eyes were looking at his son with killing intent.

Half a minute passed and the Bull Demon King landed right in front of Luciel with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Are you going to kneel on your own, or should I make you kneel by force?" the Bull Demon King asked. "Your choice."

"I will never kneel!" Luciel shouted as he swung his sword towards the Bull Demon King after unleashing all of his might, using the artifact in his possession which temporarily raised his rank to the Demigod Rank.

Unfortunately for him, the Bull Demon King was not like Princess Iron Fan who underestimated her opponents. He deftly blocked Luciel's sword strike, and struck the Demon Lord's chest with his fist. Sending him skidding on the ground for hundreds of meters.

The Bull Demon King then appeared in front of Luciel and kicked him towards Felix's direction.

The Demon Lord, who had ruled the Demonic Continent for five decades, found himself eating dirt, under the gaze of his son, who looked at him with ridicule.

"I bet you didn't see this coming, did you, Father?" Felix asked in a teasing tone. "You thought that whoever became the Heir of Darkness would bow their head and serve as your lackey? Pfft! How delusional can you be? Did sitting on that ugly throne of yours dull your mind over the years? Take a good look, even El Sibon and Mapinguari know which side to choose."

The two Demigods didn't move from their position and simply observed from afar. Although they didn't deny Felix's words, everyone present knew that El Sibon and Mapinguari didn't want to stand against the Heir of Darkness.

"Just kill me!" Luciel shouted. "I will never submit to you!"

"Kill? Oh, no. I would never do that, dear Father of mine," Felix chuckled as he pointed his spear at his father's disheled body. "I will make you my dog, and show the entire world that even the Great Demon Lord had no choice but to become my pet."

A dark ray erupted from the tip of Felix's spear and hit Luciel's body, who was unable to protect himself. Soon, his body was covered with a dark miasma, which made the Demon Lord scream in pain.

His scream reverberated in the surroundings making the Demon Army, that once served under him, shudder in fear.

Luciel's pained cries lasted for a full five minutes, which was like music to Felix's ears. He had suffered so many years in his father's shadow, and seeing him in this helpless state felt so good that he couldn't stop himself from laughing out loud.

"Yes! That's it! Scream!" Felix's almost crazed words reached everyone's ears as he laughed at his father's pain and suffering. "All these years, you made me suffer like this. Now, it's your turn. Don't worry, your suffering has just begun. I will make sure to pay you back tenfold every humiliation, degradation, as well as pain, that you inflicted on me the last several years of my life!"

Felix watched until Luciel lost consciousness under his ministrations. The Dark Magic that he had aimed at his father would slowly corrupt his body and soul, making him an obedient slave that would only listen to his orders.

"Now, it's your turn," Felix pointed the tip of his spear towards Celeste. "Do you want the soft approach, or the rough one? Either way is fine with me."

Instead of answering, Celeste unleashed the power of her Divinity, which shone brightly amidst the darkness.

"If I'm not mistaken, your divinity is Chastity, right?" Felix asked with great interest. "Well, it won't be long before I take that away from you, and have you shaking your hips on the bed while lovingly calling out my name. I will make sure to train you properly while your sister is away."

Felix then glanced at Lilith before shifting his gaze to Charmaine and the other Elves.

"Turning all of you into my lovely pets one by one takes time," Felix said as the Darkness glowing at the tip of his spear intensified. "I'd rather... have all of you turned at the same time!"

Several dark beams of light erupted from the tip of the spear and rained upon the ladies who had taken a defensive stance. They had already erected a barrier, but it shattered, mere seconds before the dark beams were about to collide with them.

Just as the beams were about to fall on their bodies, a dark tornado suddenly appeared and enveloped all of them, blocking Felix's attack.

The green-haired Demon arched an eyebrow as he gazed upon the black tornado with surprise.

"Da Peng, disperse it," Felix ordered.

The Giant Golden Eagle screeched as it flapped its wings to blow the black tornado away.

Under his might, the black tornado dispersed, revealing the women he had targeted earlier. However, Felix wasn't looking at the beautiful ladies whom he had wanted to subdue.

No.

His gaze was now locked on the unconscious Half-Elf, whose body was floating several meters above the ground.

Dark lightning crawled all over William's body, as his clothes fluttered in the wind. The wind then started to pick up as a powerful gust of wind blew around him.

As if under a spell, William's body moved into a standing position. Dark mists oozed out of his body as the crackling of thunder reached everyone's ears.

It was at this moment when Felix heard alarm bells ringing inside his head.

"Kill him!" Felix roared. "Kill him before he awakens!"

Ahriman, who was sealed inside his domain, looked at William in shock. He could feel a great Divinity coming from the Half-Elf's body, and it was a Divinity that matched his own, which was absurd.

He was a Primordial God that had been born when the universe had just formed. It was simply unbelievable that a Divinity that matched, or perhaps even exceeded, his own would be present in the world of Hestia.

"Kill him!" Ahriman ordered. "Kill him now!"

Felix and Ahriman gave their order at the exact same time, which made the Bull Demon King, Princess Iron Fan, Da Peng, as well as the Six-Eared Macaque to all attack William together.

Suddenly, an ear piercing screech was heard and a giant Black Phoenix descended from the sky.

The Black Phoenix was twice as big as Da Peng, and didn't hesitate to unleash a cone of dark flame at those who tried to attack William.

The Bull Demon King and his comrades surrounded their bodies with a powerful aura to shield themselves from the dark flames that had descended on their bodies. Although the flames were powerful, they were able to endure its heat, and continue their charge towards the red-headed teenager, whose hair color was slowly turning black.

The Black Phoenix screeched once again as it used its body to wrap William's body in its fiery wings.

The Bull Demon King, Princess Iron Fan, Da Peng, and the Six Eared Macaque, all unleashed their strongest attack, making the Black Phoenix scream in pain. Its feathers scattered in the wind, but it continued to shield William from the powerful attacks that were aimed in his direction.

The Bull Demon King managed to punch a hole into one of the Phoenix's wings, but the mythical bird only rolled its body to the side, to prevent them from reaching the Half-Elf who was under his protection.

Princess Iron Fan and the Six-Eared Macaque simultaneously attacked the Phoenix's head, making it utter a pained shriek. But, no matter how much damage it received, the Black Phoenix held on.

Half a minute later, its whole wing was torn off by the Bull Demon King, making it fall towards the ground. However, even then, the Black Phoenix used its other wing to wrap William in its embrace, with the intention of using its life to protect him.

"Die!" Felix shouted as he threw the Spear of Lazarus towards the Black Phoenix's head, piercing its eye.

The Black Phoenix made one last shriek of defiance before its body collapsed on the ground. Its wings unfurled, showing William.

Seeing their target, the Pseudo-Gods charged in to deliver the killing blow.

It was also at that moment when William opened his eyes.

Time seemed to slow down as he saw his attackers' fists, fan, and staff about to land on his body.

This moment only lasted for a brief period of time before things started to move normally.

A powerful explosion was heard as the Black Phoenix's remaining wing was obliterated, creating a hundred-meter-wide crater from their point of impact.

When the dust cloud receded, the Pseudo-Gods looked at the crater in surprise when they noticed that the Half-Elf, who they had just hit, was nowhere to be found.

"Over there!" The Six-Eared Macaque was the first one to see where William went.

The Half-Elf had reappeared beside Kasogonaga and was looking down on it with a calm expression on his face.

"You've worked hard," William said softly as he picked up the body of the Deity of the Sky as if it was something precious. He then lightly patted the Anteater's head before shifting his attention to Psoglav's body.

A second later, the Demonic Dog's body turned into particles of light and shot towards the obsidian gem on William's chest.

Jareth's body also turned into particles of light and flew towards William, where it rightfully belonged.

"Master, I'm sorry," Charmaine said as tears fell down from her eyes. "I was powerless and could only watch them die from the side."

"It's fine," William replied without bothering to look in her direction. "There was nothing you could do in that situation."

Suddenly, a hazy, five-meter-tall purple portal appeared behind William.

A young lady, wearing a fox mask emerged from it and hugged William from behind.

"My Prince, I've been waiting for your arrival," Shannon said with a voice filled with reverence. "I am willing to swear my allegiance and loyalty to you."

William didn't reply, and didn't made any move to pry away the hands that were hugging him from behind.

"Charmaine, and the rest of you, return to the Thousand Beast Domain," William ordered.

The Elves nodded their heads as they turned into beams of light and flew towards the black gem in William's chest.

"Will, are you okay?" Lilith moved towards William as she looked into his eyes.

"No," William replied as he gazed at Lilith with a cold gaze. "Return to the Thousand Beast Domain. I will meet with you later."

Lilith felt her heart shudder, because the clear-green eyes that were filled with warmth and tenderness that she loved so much were nowhere to be seen.

Only a cold, and indifferent gaze now looked upon her, making her feel afraid.

"I'm sorry." William apologized when he saw the horrified look on Lilith's face. "I'm not in the best mood right now. Please, wait for me in the Thousand Beast Domain."

William's words, although no longer as cold and unfeeling as they had been, would not take no for an answer. The Amazon Princess knew that talking to him in his current state would be unproductive, so she just nodded her head and planted a kiss on his cheek before turning into particles of light, and merging with the gem on his chest.

Shannon giggled after seeing the scene because she found it very funny.

"My Prince, should I deal with them for you?" Shannon asked as she moved in front of William while holding her mask. "Don't worry, you don't have to do anything. I'll handle them myself."

Just as Shannon was about to remove the mask on her face, she felt a hand rest on her own and held it in place.

"No," William answered. "I will handle them myself, but not now."

"If that is your wish then I will gladly follow your will," Shannon clasped on William's hand as if it was the most precious thing in the world to her.

Celeste, who was standing not far away from William, could only look at him with a complicated look on her face, while her right hand was pressed over her abdomen.

As the one who held the Virtue of Chastity, she was well aware of the changes in her body. As soon as William opened his eyes, she felt a mark suddenly appear on her abdomen, making her body unconsciously shudder.

Even now, she still couldn't believe it. She thought that the prophecy had already been fulfilled, and her sister was the one chosen as the Bride of Darkness. However, it seemed that they had misunderstood the Demon and the Elven Prophecies.

The Demon's prophecy was about the Heir of Darkness, and the Elven Prophecy was about...

"The Prince of Darkness," Celeste muttered as she felt the strong connection she shared with William at the moment. "My Sister is the Bride of the Heir, while I was the Bride of the Prince..."

It felt as if all the answers to the questions she had about the two Prophecies finally fell in place.

"Go through the Portal," William ordered.

Although he didn't mention any names, Celeste felt her body moving on its own as it walked straight to the portal without another word.

Chloee, on the other hand, stood rooted in place, not knowing what to do. Her gaze shifted from Celeste to William and back again. In the end, she decided to follow Celeste because she felt that she would only be a hindrance to William right now.

Baba Yaga followed silently behind her because she also felt that her role had ended. Although she didn't know how powerful William was right now, she could feel the pure power of Dark Energy swirling inside his body.

When only Shannon and William remained on the battlefield, the Half-Elf stroked Kasogonaga's head one last time before teleporting it inside his Thousand Beast Domain.

He then shifted his attention to Felix, and ignored the Pseudo-Gods who had returned to his side.

His bone-chilling gaze made Felix unconsciously take a step back, despite being surrounded by the strongest Demons that currently resided in the Demon Realm.

"Remember this, and remember it well," William said with a bone-chilling coldness filled with killing intent.

"I will have My Vengeance."

End Of Volume 6: The Eighth Deadly Sin and the Advent of a Prince

Chapter 1090: Show Me Your Darkness

A few minutes before Psoglav, Erchitu, and Jareth faced off against Princess Iron Fan...

Tears of blood fell into the red sea that reflected the sky of his Sea of Consciousness.

William, who had just recovered his consciousness within his spiritual world, saw Kasogonaga's lifeless body in the hand of the Bull Demon King, through the reflection on the water's surface.

The rainbow-colored Anteater and him had a rough start. But, in the end, Kasogonaga helped him overcome some of the obstacles that faced his way. It fought alongside the Half-Elf during the battle in the Southern Continent.

Whenever he needed the adorable Anteater, although it would complain to him, Kasogonaga was always there to lend a hand.

The Half-Elf was kneeling on the ground as he looked at the water's surface. He was clenching his fist so tightly, that blood was starting to spill from his hands.

After losing half of his soul due to Elliot's and Conan's deaths, William was in a very unstable state. He was feeling excruciating pain in his head, but his heartache was greater than the pain he was feeling.

The moment Erchitu died for the second time, William wept because he knew that he wouldn't be able to resurrect him a second time. Revenants had already died once, so dying a second time would be an eternal death for them.

The next one that died was Jareth.

He was the Goblin Paladin that William had chosen to become the leader of his Goblin Army. Jareth was a very loyal and brave individual who led the others to conquer the Dungeon of Atlantis, while he was busy dealing with the events in the world of Hestia.

When Psoglav died, a pained sob escaped his lips.

When he met the Demonic Dog for the first time, the two of them had been enemies. Later, Psoglav became his contracted partner, who helped him in times of difficulty. Even when he had surpassed the

Demonic Dog's rank, the latter had remained with him through thick and thin, becoming one of his trusted subordinates.

"I'm sorry," William gritted his fists as tears of blood fell from his eyes. "I wasn't there when all of you needed me the most."

He wasn't there when his wives died as they rushed to his side in his defense.

He wasn't there to prevent their souls and Celine from being whisked away by the God of Death.

Elliot had to sacrifice his life in order to bring him back from the borders of life and death.

He wasn't there when Ella used up her life to wipe out as many enemies as she could.

He wasn't there when Conan died in order to buy time for him and the others to escape.

He wasn't there when his trusted subordinates were fighting with their lives on the line.

He wasn't there.

HE WASN'T THERE!

William cried out in sorrow as the sky above him turned pitch black.

Suddenly, an otherworldly beauty appeared behind William. She then hugged him from behind before whispering in his ears.

"If you don't do anything, more of them are going to die," the otherworldly beauty whispered. "That Amazon Princess, the twin of your beloved, as well as those Elves that have served you for many years. Are you just going to continue to cry and do nothing about it?"

Due to the damage his soul had taken, William wasn't able to think properly. The only thing that mattered to him right now was to save the others and prevent them from dying in front of him.

"What can I do to save them?" William replied as the otherworldly beauty held him more firmly in her embrace. "I don't have the means to save them."

"You don't, but I do," the otherworldly beauty said with confidence. "I can give you the power to save them, and perhaps, allow you to seek vengeance upon those that had taken the important people in your life away from you. But, it will not be free. Everything should have a price, and the power you seek requires a price."

The otherworldly beauty's silky voice sounded so pleasant, so alluring, and seductive that William's thoughts seemed to scatter away with every word that she said.

"What price?" William asked as he fought off the pain in his head that was driving him crazy.

"I want this," the otherworldly beauty pressed her right hand over the gem on William's chest, which also served as his heart. "And also this."

A golden ball of light appeared in front of William showing a face that was very dear to him. Scenes of his memories on earth appeared in front of him. The festival he shared with Belle when he was younger. Their wedding, and several other memories where Belle was with him. They all flashed before his eyes, reminding him of the love that was waiting for him back on Earth.

"I want these things," the otherworldly beauty whispered seductively in William's ears. "Your heart, and your memories of her. I want them all."

"What if I..."

"You can't refuse. If you do, those before you may not die, but they will all become slaves. They will live a life which is worse than death. They will become mere playthings to be discarded when they no longer have any value."

The otherworldly beauty said these words softly, and yet William knew that she was telling him the truth. However, she was not finished yet.

"Your mother in the Silvermoon Continent, your family in the Southern Continent, none of them will be spared," the otherworldly beauty said with confidence. "Ahriman will not stop until everything you hold sacred in your life has been trampled under his feet. Is that what you want?"

William didn't reply as he stared at his memories with Belle with dazed eyes.

"You don't have much time left. The Heir of Darkness has finished dealing with his father. It will be your people's turn next. So, what will it be?"

After waiting for a minute, the otherworldly beauty frowned before holding the side of William's face and forcing him to face her.

"Has your soul been damaged to this extent, or did your grief overcome you?" the otherworldly beauty muttered as she looked at the unconscious Half-Elf who still had his eyes opened, yet no longer unable to see anything.

"Perhaps it's both."

After caressing William's face and wiping his bloody tear stains away, the otherworldly beauty smiled sweetly.

"Since you can't make the decision in your current state, I will make the decision for you," the otherworldly beauty said before kissing William's lips.

Slowly, but surely, the color of the Half-Elf's hair became black, and the gray gem on his chest turned the color of obsidian.

The kiss wasn't long, but it wasn't short either. The half of William's soul that had been lost was slowly being filled up with darkness.

"Now then, it's time for you to become mine." the otherworldly beauty smiled as she reached out for the golden orb that represented William's memories of Belle.

However, just as her hand was about to touch it, it was repelled by a snowflake that prevented her from corrupting William's important memory.

Suddenly, a silver bell shot out from William's chest and hovered between William's memories, and the otherworldly beauty.

"I should have known," the Primordial Goddess clicked her tongue when she saw the familiar silver bell getting in her way. "Even in death, you still oppose me, Amalthea."

The silver belle shook and the crisp sound of a peeling of thousands of bells reverberated within William's darkened sea of consciousness.

The golden orb that contained all of his memories of Belle was absorbed by the silver bell. After completing its mission, it flew back into the gem on William's chest, preventing the otherworldly beauty from taking it away.

A light snort echoed within the black world, as the otherworldly beauty caressed the gem on William's chest.

"It doesn't matter," the Primordial Goddess said. "Everytime he uses his powers, those memories will become mine anyway. So, hold on to them for now, because you will not be able to keep them for long."

The otherworldly beauty once again pressed her seductive lips over William's as she hastened the process of filling the rest of his soul with the Power of Darkness.

When the remaining part of William's soul had been filled completely, the Primordial Goddess reluctantly pulled away before cupping the face of her Dark Prince.

"Remember, it will take some time before your power fully awakens, " the Primordial Goddess reminded. "Now is not the time to fight. For now, it will be best to gather... willing sacrifices so you can feast on their blood, and their life force. This will hasten the power of your awakening.

"Also, gather the powers of those that hold Divinities inside their bodies. Ahriman is a Primordial God of this world, and you are not his current match. In order to fight him, you must have an army.

"An army that will surpass that of the previous Dungeon Conqueror. An army that will fight for your side, and give you the vengeance that you desire. Then and only then will you be able to sit on the throne that is rightfully yours by birth."

The Primordial Goddess caressed William's face one last time before pressing her index finger on his head. "Go, My Prince."

William disappeared from the spiritual world, and awakened a few seconds later in the real world.

The Primordial Goddess watched her Prince as he escaped the combined assault of the Pseudo-Gods and reappeared beside the fallen Deity of the Sky.

She watched as he picked Kasogonaga up and lightly patted its head.

"Light is easy to love," the Primordial Goddess said softly. "I want you to show me your Darkness."