

Strongest 1181

Chapter 1181: Thank You For Keeping Your Promise To Me

Ljosalfheimr, the Capital City of the Elves which was hailed to be one of the most beautiful cities within the Nine Realms of Yggdrasil.

William and Acedia looked at it from a distance. Even the Half-Elf had to admit that those words weren't enough to give the majestic Elven City justice.

However, when he looked at the beautiful Elf beside him, all he could see was a sadness that permeated her entire being.

"What's wrong?" William asked. "Are you not happy to be here?"

Acedia shook her head before lightly squeezing William's hand.

"I was exiled from Ljosalfheimr when I was twelve," Acedia said softly. "They said that if I stayed in the city, I would only endanger everyone because of the curse in my body. Since I was an orphan, no one really cared whether I was sent away or not.

"I do not know who my parents were, because the orphanage didn't find any written letter on my body. They only found a name embroidered on the cloth that covered me inside the basket."

Acedia paused before looking at William with a bitter smile. It was a beautiful smile, and yet, the pain she felt could be seen in her eyes.

"Acedia," Acedia stated. "That was the name that was embroidered on that piece of cloth, and thus, it became my name."

William frowned when he heard this, and wondered how a twelve-year-old was able to survive alone in that place where he had found her.

As if reading his mind, Acedia leaned on his body as she looked at the Elven Capital with longing. She stayed like this for a few minutes as William held her in his embrace.

"For some reason, I don't need to eat or drink," Acedia stated. "This uniqueness of mine allowed me to live alone in that cold and lonely place. The wild animals didn't come near me, and even if they did, I was not afraid of them. All I did was sleep, sleep, and sleep more. This routine continued until the day you came into my world."

A sigh then escaped her lips as she looked up at the black-haired teenager, whose eyes had locked onto hers. Acedia could see how much the Half-Elf cared for her, and it allowed her to say the things that came from her heart.

"Thank you for coming to my world," Acedia said. "I was very lonely. I thought that I was going to die alone in that place, but when you came and I thought that, maybe, a different fate was waiting for me."

William wanted to say something, but he held it back. In actual history, Acedia had lived alone in Violet Ever Garden still waiting for his return. However, since he had died in Midgard, his promise to return was never completed.

He spent his life in Asgard, while protecting the Nine Realms from the threats that came from the giants of Jotunheim and Muspelheim. When the great war, Ragnarok, threatened everyone in existence, he, alongside the Gods, fought with everything they had.

Unfortunately, their best wasn't good enough as they fell one by one. As he was about to take his last breath, after failing to stop the Army of Destruction led by Surtr, Acedia appeared in front of him and held him close.

She was there when the fires of Surtr descended upon the world, until both of their bodies turned into ashes. Only in his last moments did he remember her face, and his unkept promise to her.

As the black-haired teenager looked into her eyes, these distant memories resurfaced inside his head. His hand then wrapped around her body and pulled her close to him until their faces were only inches apart.

"I'm sorry," William said with tenderness. "I returned late."

He was feeling really guilty about leaving her alone in that lonely place, with only his clothes to remind her of him. William knew with every fiber of his being that Acedia had held on to his belongings, as she slept through the years, waiting for his return.

"It's fine," Acedia replied. "You're now with me, and that is the most important thing. Thank you, Will. Thank you for keeping your promise to me."

Acedia placed her hands over William's shoulders and rose on her tiptoes to kiss him on the lips. The kiss lasted for a few seconds before Acedia pulled back with a smile.

Suddenly, her body started to glow.

"It's time for you to continue your journey," Acedia said as she cupped William's face with her delicate hands. "I will wait for you in the roots of the World Tree"

After saying her parting words, Acedia smiled before her body turned into particles of light and flew towards the sky.

Their reunion, and parting, was like the fleeting breeze that came suddenly, and disappeared just as fast.

Even though William knew that she had now been reincarnated and was currently waiting for him back in the Sacred Grove, the feelings that she had kept in her heart finally reached him.

The time that had stopped in Alfheim now moved, and William knew that his time in the Elven World had also come to an end.

However, before he left, he summoned Astrape, Bronte, and Titania to his side. Together with the three Deities, he razed Ljosalfheimr to the ground, until it too, disappeared from the face of the world.

Although he knew that doing this would accomplish nothing, his heart demanded that he make the Elves pay their dues, for abandoning a twelve-year-old girl, alone in that cold and lonely place that was far away from her home.

Only when the last embers died down, did William turn around to leave the destroyed city behind him.

The three ladies accompanying him didn't even give the Elven Capital a second glance as they followed behind the black-haired teenager, whose bad mood had finally settled. After a few minutes had passed, Titania gathered her courage to ask William, who was flying in front of them, the question that hovered on her lips.

Since he hadn't asked Astrape to transform all of them into a lightning bolt to head to their next destination, Titania decided that William was still reminiscing about the beautiful Elf, who was no longer by his side.

"Master, where are we going?" Titania asked.

"Vanaheim," William replied as he stopped mid-flight to turn around and face the Deities who were currently serving under him. "Tell me, have any of you fought Gods before?"

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania shook their heads. They had stayed inside the Forbidden Grounds for a very long time, and never had the opportunity to meet a God during their long lifetime.

"Well, you girls are in for a treat," William stated in a voice that had a trace of killing intent. "You'll be fighting a few of them soon."

Chapter 1182: Felix's Plan

Somewhere in the Central Continent...

A month had passed ever since Felix led the Demons to conquer the Southwestern Regions of the Central Continent.

In that span of time the Demon Army under the Bull Demon King, as well as Princess Iron Fan, managed to conquer two additional Kingdoms and an Empire, and place them under the banner of the Heir of Darkness, before their advance was stopped by the united army of the Alliance.

The Holy Order of Light had sent three of their four Pseudo-Gods, as well as four Demigods to stop the Demon Army's rampage. Knowing that they could no longer push forward, the Bull Demon King ordered his army to hold onto the territories that they had acquired, as they waited for Ahriman's next orders.

Felix, who had indulged himself in ravaging the Princesses and the Noble Ladies of the vanquished lands, finally decided to make his appearance.

His powers had grown through his use of the Demon Realm's unique method of Dual Cultivation. This method allowed him to harness the magical powers of the ladies that he had bedded, until their powers had almost disappeared completely.

The terror of this ability was that it allowed him to use the different powers that he had taken from those same ladies, who had been turned into his slaves.

With this, Felix had gained the power to wield all the elements of the world, in addition to other unique abilities that were considered to be Bloodline Legacies, exclusive to those influential families that belonged to the lands that he had conquered.

Even Bull Demon King and Princess Iron Fan had to admit that the green-haired Demon was starting to become the Propheisied Prince that would bring the world to ruin.

"What is the Alliance doing right now?" Felix asked. "Have they started to reclaim the territories that we conquered?"

The Bull Demon King shook his head. "I don't know what the Holy Order of Light is playing at, but the Pseudo-Gods under their command are only preventing us from spreading outwards. Without them, the Generals of the Alliance didn't dare to send their armies forward to become cannon fodder, which has resulted in the current stalemate."

"I see." Felix nodded as he looked at the big map in front of him.

Several chess-like pieces stood over the map, which represented their armies, and the armies of the Alliance.

When the Bull Demon King, and Princess Iron Fan attacked the nearby kingdoms and empire, they did as little damage as they could to the defending Armies. Their only goal was to kill the reigning King, as well as capture the members of the Royal Families in order to use them as hostages.

This prevented the Generals of the various Kingdoms and Empire from doing something reckless, in the fear that the lives of the heirs would be endangered.

In truth, Felix had ordered that all the male members of the Royal Families be killed in secrecy, leaving only the ladies behind. This was to ensure that none of them would be able to gather the army to rebel against him.

In the end, through Ahriman's powers, the Bull Demon King was able to forcefully enslave the armies of the lands that were now under their banner. This was why the Alliance was reluctant to send their troops to battle, because Felix's army had grown by leaps and bounds since he had stepped into the Central Continent.

"I guess we are stuck," Felix said with a smile. "At least, that is what they are thinking."

The Bull Demon King, as well as Princess Iron Fan smirked because this was exactly what they wanted the Alliance to believe.

Ahriman had built many hidden teleportation gates across the Central Continent during the Era of the Gods. He knew that the Gods would unite to bring him down, so he decided to secretly build these teleportation gates to escape their pursuit.

Unfortunately, he had been outwitted by them, and sealed away in the Northern Regions of the Demon Continent.

Even so, the teleportation gates that he had left were still very much active. All Ahriman needed to do was use his power to open these gates to allow Felix's army to bypass the blockade that the Alliance had made.

"Any news of William?" Felix asked. "You should have heard of something by now, right?"

The Bull Demon King and Princess Iron Fan shook their heads.

"Although we have captured several high-ranking members of the Alliance, as well as some of their Generals, no one knows where he is," the Bull Demon King reported. "Even the members of the Holy Order that we tortured were clueless when it came to his whereabouts."

"Strange," Felix rubbed his chin. "I'm sure that he would have made his move by now. Any word from our spies in the Silvermoon Continent?"

"Our spies said that nothing has changed in the Silvermoon Continent. They are still preparing for the arrival of the Heir or the Prince of Darkness."

"Really? Now this is odd. Just where did that Half-Elf go? Did he perhaps hide himself under a rock because he knows that he is unable to defeat me?"

Felix chuckled because he sincerely felt that this was the case. Although William had exceeded his expectations, and nearly killed him back in the Demon Continent, the green-haired Demon treated this as something that was no longer important.

He was not the same Demon whom William had fought back then. He believed that with the powers that he had acquired, from the ladies whom he had slept with, the Half-Elf didn't even stand a chance, even if he had a hundred lives.

"For now, tell our Demon Army to retreat to the Zabia Kingdom," Felix ordered. "Make the armies of the vanquished nations protect the border. We will use them as cannon fodder and as a diversion to hide our next move."

The Bull Demon King nodded because he very much agreed with this plan. Since they could no longer advance, it was time to change locations and terrorize the undefended areas of the Central Continent.

They would repeat this process in order to help Felix's power grow, until he reached the stage where no one under the realm of Demigod would be his match.

Ahriman secretly told the Bull Demon King that in order for Felix to step into the rank of Pseudo-God, he must first establish himself as someone worthy of being worshiped in Hestia.

Only through the Power of Faith, would one manage to break free from the Demigod Realm, and become a Pseudo-God. Also, there was one last requirement for Felix's ascension, and that was to kill William and eat his heart.

Demons could also grow by eating the hearts of powerful opponents, and William's heart was the most important ingredient for Felix to solidify his rule.

"After we gather our forces in the Kingdom of Zabia, where are we going next?" the Bull Demon King asked.

Felix smiled as he pointed at the Southeastern Region of the Central Continent where a city was located.

"Our next target is the Trade City of Alabaster," Felix declared. "That will also be our gateway to the Silvermoon Continent. After we conquer the nearby territories, we will then set sail towards the Elven Continent, and temporarily leave the Central Continent behind.

"I'm sure that after we're done with that city, and its nearby territories, I will be tired of Human girls. It's time to change the menu, and dine on Elf beauties next."

Felix looked at the distant Elven Continent with anticipation. Since the Silvermoon Continent was prophesied to fall into Darkness, he wanted to be the one to make that happen.

'I guess you're not a big deal after all, William Von Ainsworth,' Felix chuckled internally as he remembered the black-haired teenager that declared that he would have his vengeance when he was still in the Demon Continent.

Felix was already looking forward to burning the Tree of Life that the Elves hailed as sacred. By doing so, not only would he fulfill the prophecy, but he would also accomplish the one thing that his father, Luciel, had failed to do in his lifetime.

'Don't worry, Father,' Felix mused as he thought of his father, who was currently locked up in the prisons of the Zabia Kingdom. 'I will let you witness the fall of the Elven Nation that you failed to conquer. By then, you will realize that you were not only a failure as a father, but a failure as the Demon Lord as well.'

Felix had once aspired to become his father, but after he had gained the power to make Luciel kneel in front of him, his desire to make his father suffer for life had become his second goal in his life.

His first goal of course was to capture William and make him suffer by forcing him to watch while everything he held dear was destroyed right in front of his eyes.

Chapter 1183: Don't Worry, I Will Not Bully You In The Future

Somewhere in Vanaheim...

William, and the three ladies beside him watched from a distance as a silver-haired Einherjar, and a purple-haired beauty made love on a sea of flowers, under the light of moonlight.

The black-haired teenager as well as his entourage arrived at this spot, and it just so happened that the two lovebirds were busy enjoying each other's warmth after they reunited.

The three ladies beside William didn't say anything and simply watched the scene in front of them, all the while giving side-glances to their Master, who had a calm expression on his face.

Astrea, Bronte, and Titania, recognized the girl as the angelic looking princess that they often saw inside William's Villa in the Thousand Beast Domain.

They were aware of how many women there were in William's life, but the Half-Elf had never made his move on Princess Aila, and only called for her whenever he needed his soul to be stabilized.

The three ladies knew that there was a time and place for everything, so they decided to not ask any questions as they continued to simply watch the sensuous scene in front of them.

The black-haired teenager's memories were recovering at a fast rate as he looked at his past self, and past lover.

Aila had erased all of William's memories of her when he was caught by her Elders and subjected to torture. Since she didn't want him to suffer, she chose to just let their relationship end, so that he could return to Asgard safely.

As the memories of the time he spent in Vanaheim was compiled inside his head, he realized that this particular scene was the prelude to William's suffering.

The day after Aila and him made love, the Elders captured him and brought him to the Silver City of Virdar, where he was imprisoned and tortured.

The Half-Elf sighed internally as he thought of how miserable he had been in the past. Tortured by the Vanirs, and his memory erased by his lover so she could save him. He was so pitiful back then that it wasn't even funny.

If not for the fact that he was a captain of the Einherjar, and the Vanir didn't want to have conflicts with the Asgardians over him, they would have long killed him in order to end the problem once and for all.

Truth be told, he no longer held any attachments to this distant memory. Since everything about his time in Vanaheim had been erased from his memories by Aila, his feelings for her weren't as strong as the ones he had for his other lovers like Wendy, Ashe, Chiffon, and Acedia.

"Let's go," William said when the love making session had ended. "I hope that the three of you were well entertained at my expense."

The three ladies didn't say anything and just followed William with their heads lowered. When they came to this particular world, their Master had told them that they should be ready to fight against Gods. This was something that confused them, but after seeing the purple-haired lady, they felt a strong Divinity inside her body, which made them understand what their Master was trying to tell them.

The next day, William watched as his past self was dragged away by the Elders of the Vanir, despite Aila's pleading to let him go.

The one that ratted William to the law enforcers of Vanaheim was none other than her best friend, Hnoss.

The lady with long blonde hair and purple eyes was holding Aila back as the authorities took William away so he could be imprisoned in the Silver City of Virdar.

The black-haired teenager had no intention of interfering at this point in time. For some reason, he wanted to see his past self's suffering, in order to fuel the rage that had been lit inside his chest.

A few days passed, and the scene that ended everything finally arrived.

William was brought to the altar of the city, where Aila and Hnoss waited for him.

"Aila, it is better to put an end to his suffering," Hnoss, the seductive beauty with long blonde hair and purple eyes, said with a smile. "Your relationship with him will never be recognized by anyone. If you resist, the elders will just continue to torture him until you agree to end this farce."

Aila lowered her head as a single tear streamed down the side of her face. She knew that her friend, Hnoss, was right. If she continued to be stubborn, the only one who would suffer would be the silver-haired teenager whose entire body was now covered with wounds.

"Will, I'm sorry," Aila said as she pressed her hand over her lover's forehead. "Even if you forget about me, I promise that I won't forget about you. Not now, not until the end of time."

Just before she was about to erase William's memories, a hand gripped her wrist and raised it away from the silver-haired William's forehead.

"Y-You! Who are you?!" Hnoss shouted as she hastily pulled Aila away. "Arrest him!"

The law enforcers, as well as the Elders of the Vanir encircled the black-haired trespasser who had barged into their ceremony and pointed their weapons at him.

"Things will be different this time," William said as a devilish smile appeared on his face. "Kill them now."

As soon as William gave out his order, the law enforcers around him found themselves wrapped in thorny green vines. The thorns pierced through their bodies as the vines squeezed them until the only thing they could do was scream in pain.

A moment later, fountains of blood erupted around the altar as the law enforcers were crushed, with their blood dripping from the gaps in the vines that held them in place.

"You know, I never liked you in the past," William said as he moved towards Hnoss who was holding Aila from behind.

She was using Aila as a shield against him, which made the smile on the Half-Elf's face widen.

"You are like an annoying fly who hovers around good food and spoils it," William commented as he raised his hand. "It's time to put you into your place."

A powerful force blew Hnoss and Aila apart, leaving the blonde-beauty alone to fend for herself.

"N-No! Stay back!" Hnoss shouted. "I am the daughter of an Elder! You can't hurt me!"

William sneered. "Watch me."

The next time the Half-Elf took a step forward, he instantly appeared in front of the stricken lady. His right hand moved to hold her neck into a vice grip, preventing her from moving.

"Any last words, B*tch?"

"N-No! Don't kill me! I don't want to die!"

William chuckled as he used the power of Darkness to corrupt her Divinity. The blonde beauty screamed a blood curdling scream that made Aila, who was watching from a distance, hastily retreat towards the silver-haired William's side.

The Vanirs tried to rescue Hnoss, but they were met by staunch resistance from the three Pseudo-Gods who had started a killing spree.

In time, Hnoss' skin started to wrinkle as her Divinity was forcefully absorbed by William, whose eyes never left her fear-stricken face. The arrogant and prideful Vanir was gone, and was replaced by a lady whose face was stained by tears and snot.

"F-Forgive me! I don't want to die!" Hnoss pleaded. "I don't want to die!"

"I forgive you," William replied. "Now, die."

Hnoss screamed as her entire body turned pitch-black before crumbling into ashes.

Before his memories were erased by Aila, his past self wished that he could kill Hnoss and skin her alive. This was one of the ways he could fulfill that goal and, to his surprise, William truly enjoyed killing the Vanir, who had caused his relationship with Aila to fall apart.

After Hnoss' death, the Vanirs were enraged and immediately went all out to kill them.

William welcomed them all and joined his subordinates in killing as many as they could, while Aila, and the silver-haired William watched in horror as the vain Deities of Vanaheim died one by one.

"Enough!"

A shout that held a powerful Divinity forced William and the three ladies to stop their rampage immediately.

"So, you were also there," William muttered as he looked at a majestic chariot pushed by two giant cats.
"Freya."

The Goddess Freya looked down at William with a complicated face, while a legion of Valkyries hovered beside her. Among them was Wendy, who was looking at the bruised, and chained, silver-haired William, who was being held by Aina.

"Stop this at once," Freya ordered as she raised her hand to stop the Vanirs from attacking William and his entourage. "If I knew that things would end up like this, I would have personally made my move."

The beautiful Goddess sighed. Her voice was filled with regret as she looked at the hundreds of Vanirs that had died on the altar.

"Well, this is what you get for abandoning your Einherjar," William replied in a voice filled with contempt. "Were you entertained?"

Freya glared down at William, but the latter stared back at her with a fearless gaze. Even though he knew that he wasn't a match against the beautiful Goddess, he would not step back and fight her head-on.

"Leave," Freya ordered. "Much blood has already been spilled. This conflict ends today!"

William chuckled as he made a gesture for the three ladies to follow him. However, before he left, he glanced at Aila who was holding onto the chained William with a smirk.

"Don't worry, I will not bully you in the future," William stated. "The grudge I have with you ends here today."

The purple-haired beauty looked at the black-haired teenager in confusion, but the latter only chuckled before turning into a lightning bolt that flew towards the sky.

William heard the distinctive breaking sound within his sea of consciousness that proved that the shackles, grudge, and helplessness that bound him in Vanaheim, had finally been broken.

Chapter 1184: The Three Of You Will Make Great Valkyries

"M-Master. What is happening here? Where are we?"

Titania, who was the most level-headed among the deities that served under William, couldn't believe what she was seeing in front of her eyes.

Her body shuddered as she looked at the millions of Giants that walked the land, and the Gods that led them to battle.

Astrape and Bronte weren't doing well either. Both of them had grim expressions on their faces as they looked at the countless monsters in front of them that could easily trample any Empire in existence.

"We are in Asgard," William replied as he looked at the Monsters in the distance with a calm expression on his face. "What you are looking at is the prelude to the end of a world. Take a good look at it. Hopefully, you don't see the same scenery in Hestia."

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania, couldn't help but shudder at the mere thought of such a vast army appearing on their homeworld. There was simply no escaping or resisting against such forces even if all the races in the world worked together to stop it.

Sensing their anxiety, William didn't say anything and simply ordered them to watch. He had already personally witnessed this scene, so this wasn't new to him. However, for the three Deities, seeing such formidable opponents made them realize that the power they had was nothing compared to the power of True Gods.

As the battle unfolded, the three Deities saw how the All Father, Odin, was eaten whole by the World Wolf, Fenrir.

How Thor died after killing the giant serpent, Jormungandr.

How the gatekeeper of the Bifrost Bridge, Heimdall, died together with the God of Tricks, Loki, in the one-on-one duel that they had.

They watched until a single warrior stood at the forefront of the battlefield, resisting the unstoppable wave that threatened to drown him without mercy.

"Master...", Titania muttered as she gazed at the black-haired teenager by his side. "Are we not going to help?"

William snorted. "Will helping make a difference? Deep inside, you don't want to fight against those behemoths, right?"

Titania lowered her head because she couldn't look William in the eye. She only said these words, but in truth, she didn't really want to help. The mere thought of fighting against a God of Destruction made her heart tremble.

"The three of you don't have to do anything," William stated. "Just watch."

The last remaining Einherjar, lifted Thor's hammer, Mjolnir, and tried to stop the God of Destruction, Surtr, but all of his efforts were futile. In the end, he crashed on the ground, and watched helplessly as the Fire Giant raised his sword of destruction and slashed it towards Yggdrasil.

However, before the blazing blade could even touch the World Tree, dark flames collided with it, blocking its advance.

William stood in front of Yggdrasil, holding his wooden staff and unleashing the full might of his Demigod Powers.

"Puny Insect," Surtr stated. "Die along with this world!"

The flames on the sword intensified, as it slowly pushed William towards the tree of Yggdrasil. David's wooden staff was indestructible, so it was able to hold off that flaming sword, but the difference in strength was quite obvious.

A Pseudo-God was weaker than a God.

Right now, William's rank was only that of a Demigod, so there was no possible way for him to win against a God that even Pseudo-Gods couldn't defeat.

Suddenly, a black lightning bolt hit Surtr's chest, making him take a step back.

Astrape came to William's aid and unleashed a barrage of lightning bolts in order to help her Master.

Surtr roared and slashed his blade towards Yggdrasil, unleashing a hellish inferno that threatened to burn everything in its path.

Bronte appeared in front of the blaze and unleashed a thunderous roar that pushed away the flames that threatened her sister's and Master's lives.

A moment later, a gigantic thorny vine slapped Surtr's face, causing the giant to take another step back from the attack that came out of nowhere.

Titania stood in front of William with her butterfly wings spread wide, her green eyes that had been filled with fear a while ago, were now burning with determination.

"The three of you are going to die, you know?" William stated as he stood centered behind the three girls who were standing in front of him.

"I don't mind dying on a grand stage like this, Master," Astrape replied. "For some reason, fighting, knowing that the world will end after I fail, makes my heart skip a beat. It is as if I am the last hope that stands between destruction and survival. It's an amazing feeling."

"I feel the same," Bronte replied. "If this was Hestia, I'm sure that I would do the same. Even though there is no chance of winning, dying in this manner isn't half bad at all."

Titania didn't reply and simply held the green whip in her hand tightly. Although she wasn't really fond of battles, if push came to shove, she would put her life on the line in order to protect the world she lived in.

"The three of you would make great Valkyries," William said with sarcasm as he moved to stand in front of the three ladies. "I'm sure that all of you will be welcomed in Valhalla."

Even though his words were filled with ridicule, if one looked closely, the corner of his lips was raised a little, forming a light smile.

"Let's go," William said as he summoned Stormbringer to fight by his side.

He then pointed his wooden staff at the God of Destruction and his minions, who had started to charge in their direction.

With unyielding determination, he charged right at them with the three ladies following not far behind him. Shouting the words that he had not spoken for a very long time.

"For Asgard!" William roared as black flames covered his body.

The flames of Destruction, and the flames of Darkness clashed against each other.

A moment later, a loud explosion shook the entire world which was headed down the path of destruction.

Chapter 1185: Goodluck, Dark Prince, Don't Make Us Wait Too Long

William looked at the clear blue skies, as he laid down on the grass with tears blurring his vision.

These were not tears of frustration, but instead, tears of acceptance.

He and his three beautiful subordinates had fought valiantly, knowing that there was no chance of winning. The enemy was simply too strong, and the four of them couldn't change the fate of the world that was engulfed by the flames of Destruction.

The black-haired teenager allowed his tears to fall because it was part of the healing process. Boreas' trial was about settling the regrets that a person had faced in his lifetime. If he was unable to realize what they were and face them head-on, they would be trapped in an Infinite Loop until they drew their last breath.

Now he understood why only a single person was able to return to the Elven Lands after passing Boreas' trial. That person didn't even dare to challenge Hyperborea because what could a single person possibly do by himself?

After several minutes had passed, William finally wiped the tears from his eyes, as he propped himself from the ground.

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania stood a few meters away from him. They had recovered faster than William, and they allowed him to take his time to shake away his lingering attachments to the world of Asgard that had long been brought to ruin.

William scanned his surroundings and found himself on a riverbank surrounded by amber colored, weeping poplar trees. Several white swans could be seen on the river's surface, as they enjoyed the eternal spring that this place had.

In the distance, he saw a tall, snow covered mountain. At its center, one could see a giant, golden temple, which was very eye-catching.

"Master, is that Hyperborea?" Astrape asked as she pointed at the golden temple in the distance.

William nodded. "Yes. That is the reason why we came to this place."

After the Half-Elf answered Astrape's question, a loud screech was heard above their heads.

Sepheron, the Black Phoenix, made his appearance and descended from the heavens. He landed several meters away from William and bowed to his Master, asking him to ride on his back.

The black-haired teenager had wondered where Sepheron had been after he and the three Deities were taken into that dream-like world, which was filled with William's past regrets and grudges.

"Have you been here since the beginning?" William asked as he rested his hand on Sepheron's forehead.

The Black Phoenix nodded in reply.

"So, it was only us who entered the trial," William muttered before mounting the Black Phoenix's back.

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania did the same. Only when all four of them were firmly mounted on his back did Sepheron spread his wings and fly towards the sky before turning to head to Hyperborea, where the Dungeon of Appolon was found.

When they arrived at the entrance, they were met with three ladies, whose beauty didn't lose to the Deities in William's entourage.

"We greet you, Dark Prince," one of the ladies said before giving William a brief nod. "We welcome you to Hyperborea. My name is Opsis, and these are my sisters, Loxos, and Hekaergos."

"We are the Nymphs that guard the Temple of Hyperborea. We are also the final trial you will face in the Dungeon of Apollon. Your arrival was written in the stars, so we already know your reason for coming, and have come to welcome you."

"You have come to welcome me?" William asked with an amused smile on his face. "You said that you already know my reason for coming. Does that mean that I can take the Dungeon of Apollon with me?"

"No," Loxos, the other maiden beside Opsis replied. "We came here to tell you that when you reach the last floor of the Dungeon, you will be facing the three of us in battle. Do you still wish to continue?"

William glanced at the three ladies before realizing what they were trying to say. At first, he didn't sense it immediately because they were suppressing it. But now, he realized that the three beauties in front of him were Pseudo-Gods.

Right now, he had four Pseudo-Gods by his side, so he had the advantage in numbers. However, as if reading his thoughts, the last of the three Nymphs, Hekaergos spoke.

"The Black Phoenix will not be allowed to enter the Dungeon," Hekaergos said. "We will not allow those that have been tainted by Darkness to set foot in our Domain."

William frowned because he didn't expect the three Nymphs to impose a rule on them.

"Is that also the reason behind why Sepheron didn't receive Boreas' trial?" William inquired.

The three Nymphs nodded their heads in unison.

"He is not qualified to take the trial or step foot inside the Dungeon," Loxos stated. "The only reason why we even allowed him to step foot in this temple was because he didn't break any rules. As such, we tolerated his existence."

Sepheron, who was clearly hated by the three Nymphs, pretended that he didn't understand what they were talking about and just stared in the distance. Although his strength would significantly decrease

without the Black Phoenix helping him clear the dungeon, the Half-Elf still thought that the battle was fair if it was 3 vs 3.

He was also curious to see what kind of abilities the three Pseudo-Gods had. He still had the capacity to make a contract with one more Pseudo-God. Because of this, he wanted to know who among the three Nymphs was the best, so that he could form a contract with her after he had conquered the Dungeon of Apollon.

"Now, please, enter the Dungeon," Opsis stated. "We will wait for you on the highest floor. Goodluck, Dark Prince, don't make us wait too long."

Opsis smiled before she and the two Nymphs by her side disappeared. Her words carried a trace of ridicule, as if she was taunting William to climb the dungeon as fast as he could in order to meet them.

The Half-Elf took Opsis' words as a declaration of war, so he immediately ordered for Astrape, Bronte, and Titania to enter the dungeon with him.

He was curious to see just how long the Nymph would ridicule him after he faced her in battle.

Chapter 1186: Please Be Gentle.It Is My FirstTime

(Disclaimer: You guys got pranked with the title. :P)

"I see. So, this is what they meant when they said good luck," William muttered as he looked at the first floor of the Dungeon of Apollon with contempt.

The Half-Elf then raised his head to look above him.

On the highest platform of the Garden of Apollon, the three Nymphs were looking down on him with ridiculing smiles on their faces.

"The three of you better wash your necks," William declared. "When I get up there, I promise that I'll give the three of you a beating."

"That is a Big IF, Dark Prince," Opsis replied. "Get up here first then we'll talk. All I hear from up here is the whining of a loser."

"You wench!" Astrape shouted. "How dare you talk to my Master that way?!"

Before Astrape could say more words, William raised his hand, signaling her to back down. The Lightning Deity held back her words as she glared at the three Nymphs in contempt.

"Let's get this over with," William said as he took a step forward. However, just as he took that one step, a beam was shot from the top of the Dungeon, which bounced off its walls.

The black-haired teenager was forced to take a step back just before the beam hit the place where he had stepped, creating an ice pillar.

"Shameless!" Bronte said through gritted teeth.

"Very shameless, but effective," Titania commented from the side.

The Dungeon of Apollon was just a tall tower with several platforms that could be considered as floors.

There was a wide open space at the center of it, which allowed the challengers to gaze at the highest floating platform where the Nymphs were staying.

From that platform, the Nymphs could freely attack the challengers, while dealing with the monsters and traps that were placed all around the dungeon.

The annoying part was that they couldn't fly directly to where the Nymphs were, because there was an invisible layer that prevented them from doing so.

There was one more problem. The attacks of the Nymphs bounced off the walls and instantly reappeared where they wanted them to go, making evasion very difficult. Simply put, the Nymphs could attack them anytime, anywhere, using their blindspots.

However, as long as they managed to step into the Safe Zone, the Nymphs were unable to target them, which allowed them to take a breather.

Right now, William and his subordinates were in the Safe Zone of the first floor. They still had half a platform to cross before they could reach the next platform which would bring them to the second floor.

"Master, what are we going to do?" Bronte asked. "I can probably take a few hits myself, but if the three of them were to attack me at the same time, I would find it very difficult to defend against them."

William closed his eyes as he pondered their next move. Even if his subordinates were to shield him along the way, they would still be eliminated before he reached the 50th Floor. When that happened, he would have to defend himself against the three Pseudo-God's attacks, in addition to all the monsters and other traps, without aid, which would lead to him being eliminated as well.

"If only we could break past the walls, we might have a way to reach the top unscathed," Titania commented.

"Break?" William muttered as he opened his eyes. "Let's give it a try."

William rested his hands on the wall of the Safezone in front of him. He then channeled his flames of corruption, alongside his Rulebreaker ability, to forcefully take over the first floor of the dungeon.

Little by little, the flames spread throughout the surroundings of the first floor. None of the monsters were hurt because he didn't target any of them. What he was doing was slowly corrupting the dungeon, one square meter at a time.

"I-Impossible!" one of the Nymphs, Loxos, gasped in disbelief. "He is trying to conquer the Dungeon by corrupting it!"

Opsis and Hekaergos also realized what William was doing. Although it was slow, his method was slowly enveloping the entirety off the first floor of the dungeon with the power of Darkness.

An hour later, the entire first floor was under the black-haired teenager's control, which made the three Nymphs lose their composure.

William then removed his hands from the wall and panted.

"That was harder than I thought," William said after he regained his composure. "Bronte, come I need your blood."

"Yes, Master," Bronte stepped forward as she brushed her hair away from her neck to allow her Master to drink her blood.

William didn't hesitate to drink as much as he needed, until he recovered his strength. Bronte was a Pseudo-God, and her blood allowed William to corrupt two more floors in a span of an hour.

The three Nymphs could only watch helplessly because their attacks failed to reach their targets because they were standing in the safe zone.

The black-haired teenager was using the rules of the Dungeons, which the three Nymphs were proud of, to fight against them without even moving from where he was.

After Bronte, it was now Astrape's turn to offer her blood to William. An hour later, two more floors were corrupted, raising the number of floors to five.

"Please, be gentle," Titania said as she hugged the Half-Elf. "It is my first time."

This was the first time that William was going to drink Titania's blood because the black-haired teenager had refrained from doing so.

The Fairy Queen, who looked like someone in her early twenties was an otherworldly beauty, and William had, on more than one occasion, fought the urge to make love to her.

However, right now, he didn't have the leeway to appreciate her beauty and charm because there was only one thing on his mind, and that was to make the three Nymphs, who had ridiculed him, kneel and beg for mercy.

Titania's legs gave way after William finished drinking his fill of her blood. The Fairy Queen's face was flushed after she had experienced the bitter-sweet-euphoria that washed over her body the moment William's fangs sank on her delicate neck.

Now she finally understood why Astrape, and Bronte, eagerly awaited their turn to have William drink their blood.

Even she, a Pseudo-God, whose resistance was far above that of an ordinary mortal, couldn't help but be addicted to the sensation that she had just experienced.

The Half-Elf didn't even bother to spare her a glance as he focused on corrupting the Dungeon, one floor at a time.

Two hours later, the number of floors that William had brought under his control were nine, making the three Nymphs feel as if a cold, sharp, blade was pressed against the back of their necks.

Chapter 1187: A Man of Character

"Shameless! If you are a man, challenge this dungeon fair and square!"

"That's right! What kind of Dungeon Conqueror are you? You should be called the Shameless Conqueror!"

"If you continue like this, you won't be popular with the ladies, you know?"

The Three Nymphs started to nag at William from the highest platform of the Dungeon of Apollon. Earlier, the three of them were taunting William because he and his group couldn't even take a step outside of the Safe Zone without receiving their attacks from their blindspots.

But now, they were like crazed cats whose tails had been stepped on, as they asked William to challenge the Dungeon fair and square, while they were the ones that were playing dirty tricks from the very beginning.

William turned a deaf ear to the three Nymphs that had lost their composure. After several hours, he managed to conquer twenty five floors in total before he called it a day.

He didn't think that conquering a Dungeon in this manner was possible. However, it took a lot of effort on his part to do so. If the three Nymphs didn't attack him or his subordinates, they might have already breezed their way up to the 50th Floor by now.

However, since the three Nymphs were playing dirty, he didn't have a choice, but to use a roundabout method to bypass their petty tricks.

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania had pale faces due to the loss of blood, but all three of them had satisfied looks on their faces as they laid down on the Dragon Emperor Size Bed that was capable of holding twenty people at a time.

This was the bed that William had installed inside his room, because the other beds were not big enough to hold him and his wives, whenever they all decided to sleep together.

The three Deities had already drunk a high quality Rejuvenation Potion, but the effect wasn't an instant one. It would take the potion a few hours to replenish the three Deities' strength because of their rank, so William decided to let them rest for the time being.

The black-haired teenager laid down in the center with Astrape and Titania hugging his arms on either side. Bronte, on the other hand, was hugging her sister, as she hugged William.

He made sure he cast a soundproof barrier around them, so that the noisy Nymphs couldn't disturb their sleep.

An hour later, even the Half-Elf fell asleep due to how tired he was.

Day 2 inside the Dungeon of Apollon...

"Bastard! I challenge you to climb this tower all by yourself. Do you dare accept my challenge?!"

"What Dark Prince? From now on, you are the Shameless Prince! If I was your mother, I would have definitely cursed myself for giving birth to such a shameless child!.

"Hmph! What a weakling. Only hiding under the skirts of girls and can't even man up? You've failed as a Human being!"

When that day was over, William had managed to corrupt the Dungeon up to the 50th Floor.

Day 3 inside the Dungeon of Apollon...

"Hey, how about you climb the tower the normal way? We promise that we won't attack you anymore."

"That's right. It was just a misunderstanding earlier. All of us are civil beings. We can always talk things out, you know?"

"When I first saw you, I knew that you were a man of character. As expected, no ordinary person can be the Dark Prince!"

When that day was over, William had managed to corrupt the Dungeon up to the 70th Floor.

Day 4 inside the Dungeon of Apollon...

"Such an amazing person. You sure have fortitude and endurance. Truly the makings of a great hero!"

"I agree! Look at how devilishly handsome he is. If I was her mother, I would have praised the Gods for allowing me to give birth to such a handsome son!"

"I've seen a lot of Humans, but you are the best by far. How about you and I get to know each other a little better?"

When that day was over, William had managed to corrupt the Dungeon up to the 80th Floor.

Day 5 inside the Dungeon of Apollon...

"..."

"..."

"..."

When that day was over, William had managed to corrupt the Dungeon up to the 90th Floor.

Day 6 inside the Dungeon of Apollon...

The Nymphs had long given up on trying to talk to William and just prepared for the upcoming battle with him.

Due to Boreas' Trial, no creature had managed to step foot inside the Dungeon of Apollon. Even if they did manage to arrive, they would have instantly been defeated and turned into ice sculptures by the Nymphs who guarded it zealously.

William had finally been able to corrupt the Dungeon up to the 99th Floor, which only left the final platform where the three Nymphs were located.

The Half-Elf didn't challenge them right away, but ordered his subordinates to rest. Right now, the three Deities were in no condition to fight because of the loss of blood. Although William had sparingly drank after the first day, it still took a toll on their bodies, even with the help of the high-quality Rejuvenation Potions.

William allowed the three Deities to rest for a few days, to ensure that they regained the ability to fight. The Half-Elf knew that if Astrape, Bronte, and Titania weren't in peak condition, their progress in the Dungeon would all be for naught.

This was why he allowed them to rest, and consume potions, while ignoring the three Nymphs who had grown silent the past few days.

Finally, on the tenth day since William entered the Dungeon, the three Deities finally recovered their full strength and were ready to fight against the three Nymphs who had annoyed them from the beginning.

When William and his entourage stepped onto the flying platform, they were greeted by a bombardment of spells, which heralded the final battle against the three Nymphs that had guarded Hyperborea since the day of its inception.

Chapter 1188: Dungeon Conqueror's Cheat [Part1]

Without any warning, the three Nymphs unleashed their attacks at William and his subordinates.

The Half-Elf had already anticipated this and warned Astrape, Bronte, and Titania beforehand. Although their enemy took the initiative, they were able to block the attacks because they came prepared.

However, it didn't take long for William and his subordinates to realize that the three Nymphs weren't going to be easy.

Opis, who was at the back of the formation of the three Nymphs unleashed several arrows without care if they hit or not. The Nymph who specialized in aiming, fired five arrows every second without stopping.

Loxos, who stood in front of her, made subtle gestures which caused the arrows that missed their targets to change their trajectories as if they were bouncing off an invisible wall, making sharp turns and curves that were normally impossible to do.

The Nymph, Loxos, specialized in trajectory. As long as she could sense her opponents, Opis' arrows would always find their target, even if they were able to dodge the initial attack.

The last Nymph, Hekaergos, specialized in distance. No matter how far away the targets were, or how fast they were moving, she would be able to mark them and allow Loxos to set their trajectories without fail.

William frowned because their enemy's teamwork was on a different level. There were no blindspots that he could exploit. Even Astrape and him, who could practically move at the speed of a lightning bolt would always find themselves facing a deadly arrow that was jam packed with the three Nymphs combined Divinities.

The Half-Elf also realized that the longer the battle progressed, the more disadvantageous it became for them. Titania had already focused on deflecting the arrows that were targeted at her and William.

Although the three Nymphs tried to disguise their attacks, the majority of the arrows targeted William, which forced the Fairy Queen to focus entirely on defense.

Astrape and Bronte were doing their best to close the distance between them and the Nymphs, but their opponent specialized in long distance warfare.

The three Nymphs flew away as they continued to pummel the invaders of their Domain with attacks that left no room for error.

'These girls are tougher than I thought they would be,' William thought as he pondered a way to reverse their current situation.

With Titania focused solely on protecting him and herself, the one-on-one scenario that he thought up at the beginning fell apart.

Astrape and Bronte, who were tasked with the role of attacking, were unable to close the gap between them and their enemies, making the situation worse with each passing minute. In the end, William was forced to order a retreat as they descended on the safe zone of the 99th Floor to rethink their strategy.

"Hahaha! Is that all?" Opis taunted. "I was expecting more from you, Dark Prince."

"Hmph! Just because you conquered the lower floors doesn't mean that you've won," Loxos sneered.

Hekaergos didn't say anything and simply stared at William with a serious expression on her face. After what had happened a few days ago, she no longer underestimated her opponent and was worried that the Half-Elf would be able to think of a way to defeat their strategy.

William sat cross legged on the safe zone as he and his subordinates discussed the battle that had just transpired.

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania were quite frustrated because, just like William, they thought that they would be fighting the Nymphs one-on-one. They never thought that their enemies' abilities perfectly complemented each other, forcing them to endure their barrage without managing to successfully pull off a counterattack even once.

'I hate to admit it, but they are strong,' William said via telepathy to prevent their enemies from listening to their conversation. 'We need to change our strategy in how we fight against them.'

'I agree,' Titania replied. 'We can't beat them because their teamwork is out of our league. We need to compensate for the lack of coordination between our attacks.'

'There is also one thing I discovered during the battle,' Astrape commented. 'Although I am in my peak condition, I was unable to unleash my full power. It was as if the last floor had some kind of restriction that limits our strength.'

Bronte nodded in agreement. 'I noticed this, too. Although the decrease in strength isn't that big, it still feels uncomfortable not to be able to go all out.'

William rubbed his chin as he took in the observation of his subordinates. He also noticed the decrease in their fighting strength, but with the help of Optimus' calculation, they managed to gather enough data to prove that their strength had decreased by 10%.

It wasn't much of a decrease, but that was still enough for the Nymphs to gain a subtle advantage over his subordinates.

After discussing with Optimus, the System gathered the information about the Dungeon Conqueror Job Class and found a loophole that they could exploit. Although this hadn't been tested in the past, and no records of it was found in the continent, Optimus believed that all Dungeon Conquerors had this innate ability.

< My guess is that none of the Dungeon Conquerors revealed this secret to the public, which is why no one knew that this possibility existed. >

'Only a fool would expose this,' William replied. 'Although it is unfounded, it is worth a try.'

After letting his subordinates drink a rejuvenation potion and rest for an hour, they once again entered the 100th Floor and engaged in battle against the Nymphs.

Just like what happened earlier, Titania focused on defending William, while Astrape and Bronte were busy trying to attack the Nymphs using their long distance attacks.

William observed the battle from where he stood, but that was only a cover of what he was trying to do. With Optimus working with him, the two were busy trying to locate the key that would allow them to gain victory over the Nymphs who were nearly untouchable.

Chapter 1189: Dungeon Conqueror's Cheat [Part2]

"Retreat!"

William's voice resounded on the battleground and Astrape and Bronte immediately turned back to go to the 99th Floor's Safe Zone.

Opis and Loxos continued to taunt William for their failed attempt to beat them, but Hekaergos was starting to have doubts.

This was the fourth time that the black-haired teenager had ordered a retreat, and she found this mildly disturbing.

"Hey, don't you think that there's something wrong?" Hekaergos asked. "They're using the same strategy over and over again, despite knowing that it is futile."

"You worry too much," Opis replied. "What can they possibly do but use that strategy to fight against us? I mean, if you put yourself in their shoes, wouldn't you be doing the same?"

"That's right!" Loxos agreed. "How can they possibly break past our offense? It is still a hundred years too early for them to defeat us!"

Hekaergos frowned, but she couldn't refute her sisters' words. Right now, there was simply no way for William's group to reach them. Even so, she still felt that something was wrong.

Only crazy people would repeat the same thing over and over again, despite knowing that the end result would be the same.

Every hour that passed, William's group would attempt to fight them, but the skirmish would only last for a quarter of an hour before their group retreated.

This happened twelve more times, and Hekaergos thought that she might just be overthinking things. However, on William's 13th attempt, something changed.

The moment William's group stepped foot on the 100th Floor, they immediately flew towards the Eastern part of the floor, which baffled the three Nymphs.

"Don't let your guard down, continue to attack!" Loxos shouted as she urged Opis to continue firing her arrows.

Opis nodded and commenced a merciless barrage of attacks at their opponents, whose backs were turned against them.

Titania was at the very rear of the formation and summoned giant roots, and vines to block the three Nymphs combined attacks.

When William's group stopped moving, Hekaergos felt an unprecedented danger in her heart that she had never felt in her life.

"Quick, stop them!" Hekaergos shouted as she aggressively condensed all of Opis' attacks into one gigantic golden arrow that shone brightly like the sun.

The wind whistled as the giant arrow shot towards William like a rocket.

However, before the giant arrow could even hit their targets, William, as well as his subordinates, disappeared without a trace.

A moment later, the three Nymphs shuddered as they felt an ache in their chests. It was as if someone was gripping their heart and playfully squeezing it.

"T-This! But how?!" Opis said as he placed her right hand over her chest.

"No. It can't be.... This is impossible!" Loxo who was panting for breath said through gritted teeth.

Hekaergos bit her lips because she finally realized what had happened. William had done the unthinkable, and it was something that they didn't guard against due to their confidence in their ability to strike them from afar.

Opis collapsed on the ground, as she squirmed in pain. Loxos wasn't faring any better because they felt as if the skin on their bodies was forcefully being peeled off.

'It's over,' Hekaergos thought as she kneeled on one knee, while enduring the painful experience.

She could feel that the Dungeon Core of the Dungeon of Apollon was slowly being conquered by the Half-Elf who had managed to enter the Dungeon Core Room by finding its exact location on the 100th Floor of the dungeon.

They never expected that the Dungeon Conqueror had this ability. If they did, they would have protected the entrance of the Dungeon Core room with their lives on the line.

Every second that passed was torture.

Every minute that passed felt like years.

Finally, after an untold time had passed, a portal opened in front of them, and the black-haired teenager, as well as his subordinates, emerged from it.

"What's wrong?" William asked with a devilish smile on his handsome face. "Does it hurt?"

The three Nymphs glared at him hatefully. They felt resentment because the Half-Elf had played a dirty trick, and didn't honor the tradition of battles for the right to reach the Dungeon Core's room.

"We refuse to serve you, Cheater!" Opis said through gritted teeth. "I would rather die than serve someone as shameless as you."

"You don't have the qualifications to become our Master," Loxos spat, hurtling spittle onto William's leg. "I refuse to yield!"

William nodded before looking at Hekaergos, whose lips were bleeding. She had bitten her lip too hard, while enduring the pain in her body.

"My sisters and I do not approve of the way you won this battle," Hekaergos stated as she stared fearlessly at William. "However, I know that if we refuse, you will simply corrupt us. Regardless of our will, we will follow your orders because our memories will be wiped clean. The only reason why you're not doing it is because you are afraid that we will lose our effectiveness in battle if you use that method. Am I right?"

"Yes," William replied.

"So, a compromise?" Hekaergos inquired.

William nodded. "A compromise. Serve me for one year, and I will set the three of you free. I will also revert the corruption of this Dungeon, and return it to its former state."

Titania, who heard this, glanced at William with a face filled with injustice. Her contract with him lasted for three years, and yet, the Nymphs would only need to serve him for a year before they were free?

The Fairy Queen sighed at the unfair treatment that she was receiving.

Hearing William's compromise, the three Nymphs glanced at each other. However, there was a trace of doubt and suspicion in their eyes. The Half-Elf's offer was too good to be true, so it was perfectly fine for them to become suspicious.

William waved his hand and a contract appeared in front of him. Taking a pen, he wrote his conditions and passed it to Hekaergos, who seemed to be the smartest among the three Nymphs.

In the contract, it stated that in return for serving him for one year, the Nymphs must never betray him and fight for him with utmost loyalty. They would also not be forced to surrender their bodies to him, unless they wished for it.

Having their blood drunk once a week was also part of the condition.

After a year had passed, William would restore the Dungeon of Apollon to its natural state, and free the Nymphs from servitude.

Hekaergos passed the contract to her sisters, and allowed them to read it. After cross checking the conditions of the contract several times, they didn't find anything that seemed detrimental to them.

They had seen how often William drank the blood of his subordinates, and the Nymphs thought that this was perfectly normal. Getting their blood drunk once a week was not a problem for them, so they didn't have any issues with it.

"Are you really going to honor these conditions?" Loxos asked. "You are the one that made this contract. It will be very easy for you to break it, no?"

"You are a Pseudo-God," William replied. "Can't you feel the Divinity that is present in that contract?"

Loxos frowned before channeling her Divinity on the contract to check what William was talking about. A few seconds later, a shriek escaped her lips as she dropped the contract on the ground as if she had touched something very hot.

"G-God Contract," Loxos stuttered. "That is a God's Contract."

Opis and Hekaergos took turns to examine the contract and found out that it was indeed a God's Contract. Since this contract was governed by a powerful God, even William wouldn't be able to go against the conditions written in it.

"Fine, I will agree to these conditions," Hekaergos said as she wiped away the blood on her lips with her thumb and used her blood to imprint her thumb on the contract.

Opis summoned an arrow and lightly pricked her thumb to also sign the contract with her blood. Loxos was the last one to sign.

When all three Nymphs had signed the contract, the document turned into particles of light and shot toward William's and the Nymph's chests, binding them to the rules of the contract.

Titania who saw this scene, sighed in her heart. Even though it was only for a year, her Master had gained three additional Pseudo-Gods. With the return of Sepheron, the black-haired teenager now had seven Deities under his command, making him the strongest among the factions who were vying for dominion.

"Well then, now that it's settled, the three of you are now my subordinates," William said. "Since that is the case, it is time to perform your duties. You, the noisy one, come here."

William pointed at Loxos, who immediately stiffened due to the mischievous smile on the Half-Elf's lips.

"W-What do you think you're doing?!" Loxos backed away while pressing her hands over her chest. "The contract stated that you can't force us to surrender ourselves to you. Have you forgotten?"

"What are you talking about?" William asked back with a frown. "You're just a midget, and you're not as appealing as you think you are."

Loxos was the youngest of the three sisters, and the most vocal of them all. William could still remember the taunting words that she had said over the past few days, and had long decided to punish the little girl for cursing him.

"T-Then why are you asking me to come to you?"

"I want to drink your blood."

Although she was only half a hand taller than Chiffon and Medusa, William only thought of her as a naughty, spoiled kid that needed some discipline. Although his face was calm, he was already planning to pay the noisy brat back by drinking his fill.

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania, who heard William's words, only said "Ah!" as if realizing the Half-Elf's plan.

'Master is so sly.'

'So, this method is also possible.'

'She will definitely regret her earlier taunting. My Master seems to be a person that carries grudges.'

The three Deities understood that William was about to turn Loxos' head into mush due to the pleasure of having her blood drunk.

Although they were offering prayers to the little girl in their hearts, they couldn't help but feel envious of her as well.

After all, for Deities like them, such feelings were a luxury that they may never encounter again in their lifetime.

An hour later, a drooling Loxos and Opis lay on top of the Black Phoenix that had just flown out of the mist that covered the Forbidden Ground of Hyperborea.

Hekaergos allowed her currently unconscious sisters to rest on her lap, as she looked at the back of the black-haired teenager that was standing in front of her.

William had spared Hekaergos, and only punished Loxo and Opis. He didn't resent her much because the second oldest among the Nymphs hadn't continued to taunt him like her sisters did while they were battling.

On that day, the Nymphs understood that William's condition of letting him drink their blood was the hidden ace that the Half-Elf possessed.

Although he couldn't force them to surrender themselves to him against their wishes, he was able to make them submit to him using other means, which was very hard to defend against because it was one of the conditions in the contract.

'We've been tricked,' Hekaergos thought helplessly as she looked down at her two unconscious sisters, whose eyes had rolled up into their sockets and their tongue lolling at the side of their lips.

'Our New Master, might be our first and last master in this world,' Hekaergos bit her lip as she used her hands to close her sister's eyes and return their tongues inside their mouths. 'I think we really have sold ourselves to the devil.'

As if hearing her thoughts, William turned around and gave her a smile that made the Nymph's once proud heart shudder in both fear, and anticipation, of what was about to befall her and her sisters in the future.

Chapter 1190: You're Lucky You Still Have Your Use

After Sepheron had safely exited the boundaries of the Forbidden Ground of Hyperborea, William returned to the Thousand Beast Domain, alongside the three Nymphs.

Opis, and Loxos were still unconscious, so the second eldest, Hekaergos, took them to the rooms that were assigned to them to get a proper rest.

Meanwhile, William called Chloe, and Princess Aila to his room to talk about something important.

However, when the two girls arrived at William's room, they found the Half-Elf almost collapsed near his bed and panting for breath.

Immediately, Princess Aila went to William's side and assessed his situation. Her face became grim when she noticed that the instability in William's soul had progressed to a dangerous degree.

Chloe helped the Princess carry William to the bed, as the latter endured the pain that was wracking his entire body.

Optimus had advised him that taking the three Nymphs as his subordinates at the same time was dangerous. According to the System, William could only have one more Pseudo-God under him.

However, the Half-Elf had figured out that the three Nymphs worked as a set. If only one of them was taken, their effectiveness in battle would decrease drastically.

After doing some computations, Optimus told William that if he was really adamant on getting the three of them to sign a contract with him, he could only have them for a month. More than that and it would become extremely dangerous for William because, right now, he was only using a quarter of his soul.

If his soul was half-complete then it would have been possible. Unfortunately, the other half was hiding inside the Bell of Amalthea to prevent it from being corrupted by Darkness.

The black-haired teenager knew that a month was not enough. After taking out the plans he had in mind, he needed the help of the three nymphs for at least a year in order to reach the goals he had set for himself.

Although he knew that he was taking a gamble, he decided to push it through, and rely on Princess Aila to stabilize his soul on a regular basis. Unfortunately, he had underestimated the stress that the three Nymphs placed on his soul, which had made it incredibly unstable.

Princess Aila immediately used her Life Magic in order to stabilize William's soul that was nearing its limit. As soon as the Princess' Life Magic washed over the Half-Elf's body, the progression of his soul's instability came to a halt.

However, the angelic beauty knew that what she was doing was simply a stop gap measure in order to prevent William's soul from collapsing. If she stopped supplying him with Life Magic, the Half-Elf would lose control of himself, and probably go berserk.

After a few minutes passed, the black-haired teenager managed to gain a semblance of normality as she looked at the serious looking Princess, who was using her power to the fullest.

"Why?" Princess Aila asked. "I already told you that you can only have one more Pseudo-God as your subordinate. Why did you do something reckless?"

"... Because I am greedy," William replied. "Tell me, Aila. Is there a way to salvage this situation?"

The Princess reluctantly nodded her head as she told William the two ways she knew would help stabilize his soul.

"The first method is for the other half of your soul to merge with yours, and be corrupted by Darkness," Princess answered. "By doing so, the burden will be less and your soul will stabilize. However..."

The Princess couldn't say the rest of his words, because she was afraid of what would happen if the last piece of William's soul was also corrupted by Darkness. Although she wasn't a hundred percent sure, the black-haired teenager in front of him was still a caring individual despite the corruption in his soul.

The reason for this was due to the half that was still not corrupted. She could almost say that the last piece of William's soul had now become his heart, and conscience. Preventing him from fully becoming a ruthless individual who only cared about the end result, without care for the sacrifices that needed to be paid to achieve his goal.

William also understood this, so he just waited for the Princess to say the second method of stabilizing his soul.

"The second is for me to share my Life Magic with you," Princess Aila stated. "Ashe gave you half of her heart in order to transfer half of her life force to you. This method I am talking about is something similar, but instead of life force, I will need to transfer more than half of my Life Magic to you."

"What will happen to you if you do that?" William asked.

"My healing ability's effectiveness will decrease, and I will be in a constant state of lethargy," Princess Aila answered with a complicated look on her face. "Also, I will feel drowsy most of the time, due to the side-effect of having my Life Magic being drained on a regular basis."

"Will your life be in any danger?"

"No. But there is a chance that after a year, I will lose my magic completely. I will be lucky if it just hibernates and returns after a year or two."

William sighed internally. Deep inside, he was fine with having a piece of his soul hiding inside the Bell of Amalthea, but the current situation had already progressed to such a degree that he had no choice but to negotiate with his other half.

Perhaps, his other half also realized this because he felt something warm spreading in the black gem on his chest.

Princess Aila who was closely observing William's condition immediately realized what was happening and panicked.

"No. Stop!" Princess Aila said. "The other half of your soul can't be corrupted! I don't want to lose the current you."

"Aila, I.. no, we, didn't want to impose on you," William replied. "This is the only way."

Princess Aila shook her head. "No. You don't understand. If you do this, what will give you the confidence that you won't forcefully take my power after the other half of your soul is corrupted? I'm sure that the moment you have completely been consumed by darkness, you will just treat everyone as

tools to an end. I don't want that to happen. I'd rather give you my power willingly, than have it forcefully taken from me later on!"

William frowned. The warmth in his chest stopped spreading, as if also understanding the logic of the Princess' argument. For now, the connection he had with his other half remained strong as they both looked at the Princess in front of them.

"So, you're going to sacrifice yourself for us?" William asked. "You know I don't really think of you as my lover. Even if you do this, my feelings will probably not change."

"I don't care," Princess Aila answered. "I'd rather do this willingly, than deal with the you who will emerge after you have been completely taken over by darkness."

Somewhere in the Temple of the Ten Thousand Gods...

The Primordial Goddess clicked her tongue as she looked at the angelic beauty in the crystal ball in front of her.

"I should have dealt with her earlier," the Primordial Goddess said with an annoyed look on her face.

However, the reason she hadn't done that was due to the fact that the instability in William's soul was also worrying to her. Even with the power of Darkness, half of the Half-Elf's soul was already gone. The remaining quarter, which was under her influence, was still unable to support the power of Darkness, and needed time to adapt to his current state.

This was why any contracts that would empower the Half-Elf would cause his soul to shift. Princess Aila was needed to balance this issue because even a God like her, needed to abide by certain rules when it came to the natural balance of the world.

She was not like Ahriman, who had broken the rules more than once. Although nothing was happening to the God of Darkness and Chaos in Hestia, the great powers that bound even Gods like them wouldn't stay idle for long.

"You're lucky you still have your use," the Primordial Goddess muttered. "If not, I would have already advised William to corrupt you completely."

Princess Aila's Life Magic was one of a kind. She was similar to Eve, whose power of Divinity was sought after by the Gods. Even Ahriman treasured her because of her limitless potential, and kept her safe from the chaos that was happening around her.

"Just this once," the Primordial Goddess said softly as she glared at the angelic princess inside the crystal ball. "Never again."

The Primordial Goddess closed her eyes before waving her hand. The image on the crystal ball disappeared, and it disappeared within the Darkness. What she was after was the other half of William's soul, which was being protected by the power of Amalthea. As long as that other half was corrupted, her ideal Prince would appear in the world of Hestia.