

Strongest 1331

Chapter 1331: At Midnight, We March Towards The Palace Of Light

Ainsworth Empire...

"Is everyone ready?" William asked the people who were currently gathered inside his Thousand Beast Domain.

Everyone who had chosen to fight by William's side was there.

The Patriarchs of the Demon Tribes who originally came under his wing in the Demon Continent.

Nisha, who led the organization of Deus.

The Pseudo-Gods under William's command, and lastly, the women who had chosen to fight by his side.

William's uncle, Morgan, as well as the officers of the Red Plague were also in the room.

Lastly, the veterans of Lont, led by Jekyll and Owen, stood at the side, simply waiting for the order to attack.

All of them had gathered today to discuss the battle that was about to start.

"The moment we start, it will either be the Holy Order of Light who perishes, or we perish," William stated. "But, remember this, this is not the end, but only the prelude to a greater war. A war that would determine the fate of this entire world. This is why we can't afford to lose."

William didn't explain the specifics because it would only make them fearful of what was about to come. The enemy that they needed to fight right now was the Pope and her forces. The Half-Elf would not feel comfortable waging the great war against the Army of Destruction, when there was a crazy old woman that was breathing down his neck.

In order to ensure that he could focus single-mindedly on the task at hand, he decided to eliminate the Pope, as well as the fanatics that served under her command.

"The Demon Tribes are with you in this endeavor, Your Majesty," the Patriarch of the One-Horned Clan, Polox, said respectfully.

He was Anh's Grandfather, and the first Patriarch who had decided to come under William's Umbrella. Now that his Lord was about to fight a war against the Holy Order of Light, he decided to make a stand and fight by his side.

"I've waited for this day all my life," Nisha commented. "Deus will fight and not stop until that old hag stops breathing."

"Heh~ so after she stops breathing, you guys will stop fighting as well?" Chloe asked in a teasing tone. "Thanks for the heads up."

William couldn't help but smile at Chloe's attempt to disperse the tension inside the room. Although no one laughed at her comment, the tension that hung in the air cleared up a bit.

"I don't think there's a need to say anything anymore," Jekyll commented. "Or do you perhaps want to offer a prayer to the Gods to bless us in this battle?"

The Dentist of Lont gave his most dazzling smile that made everyone in the room glance in his direction.

"We should finish this early," Owen stated. "My wife..."

"Ah, here he goes again with his wife."

"Can someone shut this old coot up?"

"This old cow can still eat the green grass because he is capable. If you're also capable, you can marry a young wife as well."

The veterans of Lont became rowdy the moment Owen started to speak.

All of them had seen how William grew up from being a Shepherd to an existence that held the entire world at the palm of his hands. Even Jekyll, who believed that he was the strongest in Lont, couldn't hold a candle against the current William.

In fact, even his father, Vlad, could no longer threaten the Half-Elf because he had reached a stage where even Pseudo-Gods bow their heads in servitude.

"I'm glad that everyone is here with me as we rid the world of a delusional old woman who thinks that the world revolves around her," William stated. "Everyone, make your final preparations. At midnight, we march towards the Palace of Light in order to end its existence before the sun rises tomorrow."

Everyone in the room nodded their heads. They had long endured the harassment that the Pope had created in their peaceful lives. Now that William was here, it was finally time to strike back at the old hag who had poked the hornet's nest repeatedly.

As everyone left the conference room to return to the Floor of Asgard, as well as the Ainsworth Empire, William remained in the room with the women who had decided to link their fates with his.

"Aila, tomorrow you will be at the rear of the formation. You are a healer, so you are not allowed to stand on the front lines," William said. "Haleth and Anh, you are going to stay with her. Make sure that she doesn't get hurt."

Haleth and Anh acknowledged William's orders and promised to follow them.

""Yes.""

"Chloee, Charmaine, the two of you will be at the front of the battlefield," William said. "Your role is to handle the small fries. Make sure that they know their place."

Charmaine and Chloe nodded in understanding.

"Yes, Master."

"Okay."

William then glanced at the Amazon Princess who had left her homeland just to be by his side.

"Lilith, your role is to give support to the Vanguard." William smiled. "You are free to move independently and assist any side that needs support."

"Understood," Lilith replied.

Suddenly, a cheerful voice was heard in the corner of the room.

"Me! Me! Me!" Medusa raised her hands repeatedly. "What should I do?"

Sharur and Bacon (Gullinbursti) also made noises because they wanted to take part in the action.

"... You can deal with the enemies that manage to break past the Vanguard," William replied.

"However, you are not allowed to fight on the front lines. Just deal with the ones that manage to break through, got it?"

"Got it!" Medusa gave William a thumbs up.

Suddenly, the Half-ling that was standing beside Medusa asked.

"How about me?" Erinyes inquired. "I can't fight, but there must be something that I can do."

William frowned because he didn't want Erinys to participate in the battle. She had lived in the Underworld all her life and wasn't familiar with how bloody and gruesome war was.

The Half-Elf was about to tell her that she shouldn't be on the battlefield, but her determined gaze made William reconsider his reply.

"How about you stay with me while I paint the battlefield? You have a flying boat, right? It will be amazing to draw the battle from the sky," Shannon, who had entered the meeting late, commented.

"Good." William nodded. "Erinys, you will accompany Shannon."

The Half-Elf then gazed at the lady wearing a fox mask with a serious expression on his face.

"Erinys doesn't know how to fight, so please protect her, okay?"

"Don't worry, Your Majesty. I will make sure that your new lover will be safe from harm."

The Half-ling's face immediately became beet red after hearing Shannon's reply. The ladies inside the room giggled when they saw the adorable little girl hide behind Medusa's back, after everyone's gazes had landed on her body.

After William helped her regain the ability to speak, the two of them kissed and talked for a long time inside the Half-Elf's room. In the end, the black-haired teenager, and the doll-like beauty both agreed that they should wait until the war was over before they continued to discuss their relationship.

An hour later, his meeting with his lovers ended. All of them returned to their respective rooms to rest, so that when midnight came, they would have the strength to fight until morning came.

William didn't allow any of his lovers to spend the night with him because he didn't want to tire them, and himself, out.

Now that the battle was about to begin, he needed to rest properly so he could ensure that the victor would be none other than him.

Chapter 1332: The Moons Are Beautiful Tonight

"I received a notice today that states that William had declared war against you, and anyone who joins your side will be treated as his enemy," the Headmaster of Hestia Academy, Byron, said. "I would like to inform you that Hestia Academy will not be taking part in the war between you and the Ainsworth Empire."

"Well, I never expected any help coming from you in the first place, Byron," the Pope replied with a sneer. "Just go and hide in your little Academy, while I deal with the Prince of Darkness myself."

The Pope had received similar communications throughout the day after William had sent his messengers to every part of the Central Continent to inform the Kings and Emperors that he was about to wage war against the Holy Order of Light.

"You and your organization don't stand a chance," Byron stated. "It will be best if you surrender. At least, your life can be spared if William is compassionate enough."

The Pope shook her head stubbornly and glared at the old man's image on the surface of her round mirror.

"I'd rather die than bow my head to a devil spawn."

"Then you will die a dog's death."

"Oh? Do you really think that I will lose this war?" the Pope smirked.

"Don't bluff yourself out of this one," Byron sneered. "Do you really think that he couldn't massacre your entire generation by himself? You are forgetting something. Although we still didn't have any confirmation, we assumed that William is this generation's current Dungeon Conqueror."

"You lose in both quality and quantity of troops. Even if you have a million Crusaders, Templars, and Inquisitors under your command, they would be outnumbered ten to one when the battle begins. Surrender, so that the sacrifice of needless lives will be averted!"

The Pope snorted. "Shut up, old fool. You and the peanut gallery should just watch from the side. I will show you who has the upper hand in this war!"

Without another word, the Pope cut off the connection before slamming her fist on top of the table.

"Everyone thinks that I have no chance of winning, those fools," the Pope gritted her teeth in anger. "All of you just wait. After I'm done dealing with that Half-Elf, all of you will be next!"

During the month that the Pope and her organization didn't attack the Ainsworth Empire, they had started to make preparations for one last large-scale war against the Prince of Darkness.

All the artifacts that protected the Palace of Light were activated, and the Sacred Treasures from their Treasury had been taken out as well. The Pope had no intention of waiting for her death, so she had decided to go all out, with the intention of winning.

She was prepared to sacrifice the countless lives of her Organization in order to defeat the black-haired teenager, who had finally declared war against her.

"You made one mistake, Half-Elf," the Pope said. "You shouldn't have allowed us to make our preparations before you declared war. Do you really think that the Palace of Light will fall that easily after activating all of its defenses?"

The Pope's smile widened because she was already looking forward to the expression that the Half-Elf would have after he had experienced the surprise that was waiting for him the moment he attacked the Stronghold of the Palace of Light.

Ainsworth Empire...

William stood on the highest tower of the Palace, looking at the two moons in the sky.

He had just woken up from his rest, and decided to gaze at the moons and the stars in the sky in order to calm his mind.

"It's almost time."

A playful voice sounded behind William.

The Half-Elf didn't even bother to turn around to know who the owner of the voice was. Although he didn't interact with her much when he arrived back from the Underworld, the fox lady appearing where he was didn't surprise him at all.

Shannon had always held a cloak of mystery about her, more so than Nisha, whose face remained hidden behind a veil.

His interactions with Shannon were always unpredictable because the latter came and went as she pleased. Of course, he knew that she was on his side, but as to whether she was really an ally, or not, was still debatable.

To this day, William didn't know what her goal was, causing him to always have his guard raised against her.

"Are you ready for the big fight?" Shannon asked as she stood beside the Half-Elf who was looking at the sky.

"Yes," William replied. "How about you?"

"Well, I am ready in my own way."

"Is that so? Good for you."

Shannon removed her mask because William would no longer be overwhelmed by the power of her Divinity. She was only wearing it to prevent the others from committing suicide because her Sin was simply too strong for those without a Divinity to resist.

"Sir Will, can I ask you a question?" Shannon inquired.

"Okay," William replied. "But, I may or may not answer your question."

Shannon smiled because she could sense that the Half-Elf didn't intend to turn her away. Because of this, she decided to ask the question that had been weighing on her mind.

"Sir Will, have you ever regretted becoming the Dark Prince?" Shannon asked. "If you were given a chance to start over, would you do it?"

William finally shifted her attention to the beauty that was standing beside him. Her long white hair was currently tied up in a ponytail, and her two, clear, purple eyes gazed at William steadily as if looking for signs that would tell her if he was going to lie or not.

"You asked two questions," William replied. "I thought you were just going to ask one."

Shannon covered her lips with her hand and giggled. "Surely, Sir Will wouldn't mind answering these two questions of mine? I promise I won't ask any questions afterward."

The Half-Elf arched an eyebrow and gave the Fox Lady a doubtful gaze which made the latter give William a very sweet smile.

"Sir Will, I am not your enemy," Shannon said softly. "Never have been. Never will be. I only want what is best for you."

William stared at her for a time before reluctantly nodding his head.

"To answer your first question, I didn't regret it," William replied. "During that time, I only wanted to save the people that were important to me. If I didn't become the Dark Prince, Lilith, Charmaine, Chloe, and the others would have all been taken as slaves by Felix, and would have suffered untold hardships in his hand.

"Also, if I didn't become the Dark Prince, I wouldn't have gained the power to fight against Felix and Ahriman. At the end of the day, I was left with no choice but to become who I am out of necessity."

Shannon hummed before lightly shaking her head.

"You're wrong, Sir Will," Shannon stated. "You didn't make a choice. Others made the choice for you."

William narrowed his eyes as he gazed at the fox lady in front of him. If he was being critical about it then Shannon was correct. He didn't say "Yes", but he had intended to say yes back then.

However, before he could do so, he had lost consciousness. The next time he opened his eyes, he was already the Dark Prince, and had faced off against Felix and Ahriman for a brief moment before leaving the battlefield with the help of Shannon.

"As for your second question," William commented. "If I were given a chance to start over, I would. I have lost many important people in my life, and to this day, my heart weeps for them."

"I see..." Shannon shifted her gaze to the two moons in the sky because she had seen the sadness on William's face as he answered her questions.

Shannon didn't want to see the Half-Elf in such a vulnerable state because, for her, William was bigger than life itself.

"The moons are beautiful tonight," Shannon commented as she gazed towards the night sky. "It is a good day to turn over a new leaf in life. Don't worry, Sir Will. I will help realize your wish for you."

The Half-Elf once again looked at the beautiful lady beside him with a doubtful gaze. He didn't understand what Shannon was hinting at.

But, something inside him was telling him that the fox lady's words carried a hidden meaning in it.

As to what that meaning was, he had no way of knowing, and simply stared at one particular constellation in the sky, whose stars were shining in the Heavens, just for him.

Chapter 1333: The Battle Of Light And Darkness[Part 1]

After receiving William's notice, the various rulers of all the Kingdoms and Empires in the Continent all decided to stay out of the war that was about to unfold.

Since they didn't know where the Main Headquarters of the Holy Order Of Light was located, they decided to send lookout parties to every corner of the Central Continent, in order to look for signs that the war had started.

A big battle would certainly leave traces, and they would be on the lookout for those traces. Once they had confirmed the whereabouts of the Palace of Light, they would immediately head there, and witness the battle that would decide the fate of the Central Continent.

Suddenly, in a hidden valley located at the very center of the Central Continent, a golden portal opened.

A moment later, a black-haired teenager stepped out of it and glanced at the magnificent Palace that also served as the Main Headquarters of the Holy Order of Light.

With a wave of his hand, countless portals appeared on the land and in the sky and Monsters started to pour out of them, numbering in the tens of thousands and steadily increasing.

Suddenly, the tolling of bells reverberated in the surroundings. It was the signal that their enemy had arrived, and alerted everyone to prepare for battle.

The Palace of Light's Radiance grew brighter, as if warding off the great evil that had come to destroy it.

Five powerful presences stood on the balcony of the Palace and stared at the approaching Monsters with calm expressions on their faces.

They were none other than the five Pseudo-Gods that had been summoned by the Pope to fight for their side in the war against the Dark Prince.

Belle stood at the very center, and her gaze never left the Half-Elf, who was also looking straight at her.

"You're finally here," Belle said softly.

"Yes," William replied. "I have come to send you, and that hateful Pope, to the afterlife."

The two stared at each other without even blinking. Belle had long wanted to see and talk to William the moment she was summoned to Hestia, but the Half-Elf had never appeared during their battles in the Ainsworth Empire.

Unlike the other Pseudo-Gods, Belle never targeted any of the innocents whenever they attacked William's territory. She only focused on targeting the cheeky and foul-mouthed Loxos, who also carried the Half-Elf's mark on her womb.

"Welcome, Dark Prince. It is time for you to know your place!" the Pope shouted as she stood beside the Altar of Light. After making her declaration, she raised her scepter high up in the air and activated the defenses of the Palace of Light.

"Kyrie Eleison!"

A moment later, muffled groans were heard as the four Virtuous Ladies' Divinities were harnessed in order to power up the Castle's defenses.

Lira, Ephemera, Shana, and Melody were shackled to four pillars, preventing them from speaking, moving, and escaping.

After hearing their pained cries, the Half-Elf's face contorted in anger when he saw his women suffering due to the Pope's machinations.

"Kill her!" the Half-Elf ordered.

Immediately, six of the Pseudo-Gods serving him sprang into action.

Astrape, Bronte, Sepheron, Opis, Loxos, and Hekaerge, immediately started their bombardment on the barrier that protected the Palace of Light.

Six Pseudo-Gods unleashed their full might, creating explosions on the barrier's surface, and making the ground tremble. However, the barrier endured and their attacks didn't even leave a scratch on its surface.

The Pope sneered after seeing the outcome of the bombardment that was being directed in her direction.

Several magical cannons appeared on the Palace of Light and aimed at the monsters that were making their way towards the barrier. Magical power started gathering in their bodies until they were all charged up and ready to fire.

"Time for all of you to die!" the Pope pointed her scepter at William's Army and roared.

"Lex Eterna!"

The magical cannons all roared to life and beams of light illuminated the night sky, completely obliterating those who were unable to resist its might in a straight line.

Many monsters were instantly killed by the magical cannons, but the number of monsters didn't stop their advance as more of them poured out of the countless portals on the land and in the sky.

William was paying close attention to the four ladies whose Divinities were being siphoned from their bodies.

He could tell that as long as they were tied up on their respective Magic Circles, the Pope would treat them as her batteries to keep the Palace of Light's main defenses active, making them suffer.

"Do you think I didn't know that these sluts had already become your playthings?!" the Pope sneered at the Half-Elf whose killing intent was steadily rising. "Since they are not willing to fight for me unconditionally, I will make use of them against their will.

"Tell me, how does it feel to see these sluts, whom you toyed with, suffer? Do you hear their muffled screams? Are you enjoying their suffering? Good! I'll let you enjoy it to the fullest. Die, Half-Elf!"

The Pope then pointed her scepter towards the Half-Elf in the distance, and all the magical cannons in the palace all aimed their muzzles in his direction.

"Lex Eterna!"

A concentrated beam of light, that was almost blinding, shot out towards the Half-Elf. It was shot at an angle that, if William were to dodge, would hit the flying ship behind him, where Shannon and Erinys were staying.

The Pope was paying close attention to the battlefield and was using everything to her advantage. Even if she didn't succeed in killing William with the cannon fire, she would certainly kill the people that were important to him.

The Half-Elf didn't move and summoned the golden metallic staff in his hands.

"Sweep away all Adversaries!" William roared. "Ruyi Jingu Bang!"

The golden staff immediately grew in size as it collided with the concentrated cannon fire that was aimed in his direction.

What followed next was an earth-shaking explosion that obliterated the land, and monsters that were near the point of impact.

This was the first exchange between William and the Pope, and both of them were looking at each other with the intent to kill.

Chapter 1334: The Battle Of Light And Darkness[Part 2]

"No! Why is the Pope hurting our sisters?!" Cherry cried out loud after seeing the battle that was happening in real time.

William had taken Celeste, Audrey, and Cherry, inside his Thousand Beast Domain, to prevent them from going anywhere. But, since he wanted them to see whatever was happening, he decided to let them watch the battle through his eyes.

Cherry had long been the Pope's ally, but after seeing the state of her dear sisters, who pampered her a lot, her loyalty to the old hag was shaken to the core.

"Sister Audrey, why is the Pope doing this?!" Cherry asked. "She's killing them!"

Audrey had a grim expression on her face because the little girl was right. The Pope was slowly killing her sisters by draining the Divinity from their bodies in order to activate the full power of the Palace of Light.

Naturally, there was a safe way to do this, but in order to make that happen, all seven of the Heavenly Virtues must be present and standing in their respective magic circles, just as they had done when Belle was summoned to Hestia.

If one of them was lost, the backlash would be great, but it would still not endanger their lives. However, if two or more weren't present to activate the powers of the Altar of Life, what awaited them was a very slow, and painful death, after the power of their Divinity had been fully drained from their bodies.

"Celeste..." Audrey glanced in the direction of her sister, whose fingers were already digging on the palm of her hand, drawing blood.

"We must stop her," Celeste stated with determination. "No matter what happens, we must save our sisters."

Cherry and Audren nodded, but there was only one question.

How?

As if waiting for that moment, a hazy purple portal appeared in front of them. A second later, a smooth, and silky voice reached their ears.

The three Virtuous Ladies stared at the purple portal, and saw Shannon waving at them from the other side.

"Do you girls need a ride?" Shannon asked. "It will be a bit bumpy, but it is better than sitting there watching your sisters die, right?"

Celeste, Audrey, and Cherry exchanged a glance at each other before nodding their heads. All three of them stepped inside the purple portal, making an amused chuckle escape Shannon's lips.

After the earth-shaking explosion receded, the battle continued as if such a frightening thing hadn't happened.

William understood that the longer the barrier stayed active, the more dangerous it would be to the four Virtuous Ladies who had already allied themselves with him.

Left with no choice, William charged at the Palace of Light with the intention of breaking the barrier. Only he had the ability to do that because of his Rulebreaker ability that bent the laws of the world in his favor.

'So, you finally took the bait,' the Pope smirked and pointed her scepter towards the Five Demigods that were now hovering in front of her.

"Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

The five Pseudo-Gods were bathed in golden radiance, and their bodies glowed with the blessings of the God of Light.

However, the Pope was not finished. She once again raised her scepter toward the heavens, siphoning the divinity of Lira, Ephemera, Shana, and Melody, with the intention of fusing their abilities with those of the Five Pseudo-Gods, empowering them further.

Lira's power was Extreme Speed. She had the ability to increase her speed, and decrease the speed of her enemy.

Ephemera's power was the Power of Justice. As long as one believed that he was fighting for the side of justice, their power would rise exponentially.

Shana's power was the power of Quick Thinking. It allowed people to think calmly in any kind of situation, and reach a solution that wouldn't be achieved if one's thoughts were in disarray.

Lastly, Melody's power was that of Faith. Gathering the Faith of the believers of the Holy Order Of Light, it would allow those blessed by her powers to surpass their limits, and gain strength that matched the power of their Faith.

After gathering the powers of the Four Heavenly Virtues, the Pope aimed her scepter towards the Pseudo-Gods and roared.

"Deus Vult!"

Five beams of light erupted from the tip of the scepter and landed on the bodies of the Champions chosen by the Light in order to fight against the enemy that dared threaten its existence.

Lira, Ephemera, Shana, and Melody lost consciousness after their abilities were taken from their bodies.

They still had plenty of Divinity left, but the pain of having their powers stripped from them was like stripping away a part of their soul, which was similar to what happened to William when Elliot and Conan died.

Unfortunately, even though they lost consciousness, the four of them were still being used as batteries to supply magical energy to the Palace of Light, in its battle against William's forces.

"You old hag!" William's thunderous roar made the land tremble as storm clouds covered the surroundings.

Thunder and Lightning roared and snaked around the heavens like giant snakes that were waiting for a chance to strike.

"Go!" the Pope ordered as she pointed her scepter at the black-haired teenager, who was holding a giant golden staff in his hands, with the intention of smashing it towards the barrier of the Palace of Light.

"Let him experience the Power Of the Holy Order of Light!" the Pope's dignified voice spread in the surroundings.

The Members of the Holy Order of Light cheered as they continued to cast their spells and fire their Holy Arrows from the protection of the barrier.

The Five Pseudo-Gods left the barrier that surrounded the Palace and headed towards the Half-Elf who was the greatest threat, and prize, of this war.

"Boy, remember my name," one of the Pseudo-Gods said as he charged at William holding his treasured sword, Tizona. "My name is El Cid, and I will be the one to stop your rampage here in the Mortal Realm!"

"Godfrey is my name," Godfrey stated. "I have no qualms with you, but this is war. I am left with no choice but to fight you."

William didn't give a hoot to the two Pseudo-Gods that had revealed their identities and smashed Ruyi Jingu Bang towards the barrier, aiming at the Pope who was standing near the Altar of Life.

El Cid and Godfrey stood defiantly in front of the barrier and successfully blocked the Half-Elf's deadly attack together.

"Quick Shot War Arts... First Form," William roared. "Destroy everything in your path!"

"Railgun!"

The tip of Ruyi Jingu Bang shone brightly as one of the black-haired teenager's deadliest attacks was about to be unleashed.

"Not happening."

One of the Pseudo-Gods wearing a white robe, and wearing a white mask, raised a bronze horn, which looked so ordinary that it seemed to have no special abilities whatsoever.

The moment William's Railgun was unleashed, the white-robed person used the horn to block William's attack in the blink of an eye and nullified it completely.

The Half-Elf immediately shifted his attention on the white-robed figure, who pressed their right fist—which was still holding the bronze horn—over their chest.

"You are..." William was about to say the robed figure's name when he was attacked by another Pseudo-God who was holding an enormous trident, which forced William to block his blow, which sent him flying backwards.

El Cid, Godfrey, and Ajax, shot towards William like white beams of light that was moving too fast, making them look like a blur to the eyes of others.

The Half-Elf parried, blocked, and dodged the three-pronged attack of the Pseudo-Gods that was pushing him back due to the powerful boosts they received from the Divinities of the four unconscious ladies, who were still shackled to the Altar of Light.

"I thought you were strong, but I guess I expected too much from a mortal," Ajax said in contempt as he gazed at the Half-Elf who had black blood streaming from the side of his lips due to their combined assault, which had left the black-haired teenager no room to maneuver.

"You overestimated him too much, Ajax," El Cid stated. "But, I will have to give credit to those four unconscious girls in the altar. It is because their power is so great that we feel like we are invincible."

"True," Godfrey nodded. "Surrender now, and we will spare your life. No matter how many your army is, in our eyes, they are just ants that we can crush anytime."

Before William could even reply, a bombardment of silver arrows, black flames, and lightning descended from the heavens, which broke the encirclement that the three Pseudo-Gods had created to trap the Half-Elf.

"Get away from Will!" Loxos shouted as she hurled the attacks of her allies towards the Pseudo-Gods who were ganging up on her lover.

"I almost forgot about you." Ajax sneered as he looked in the direction of the young nymph who had caused a lot of trouble for them in the past.

However, due to his newfound powers, he no longer feared her because he could easily dodge the combined attacks of William's Pseudo-Gods due to the powers he gained from the Heavenly Virtues.

"Godfrey, El Cid, I'll leave him to you guys," Ajax said. "I'll deal with that foul b*tch first."

"Okay."

"Just go already."

Ajax smirked and transformed into a beam of light headed towards Loxos, whose face instantly became pale due to how fast her target's movement was.

"You're mine, b*tch!" Ajax growled as he reached out his hand to grab Loxos' neck, with the intention to crush it.

But, before he could even reach his target, a golden staff smashed against his face, and sent him flying towards the barrier of life.

"Don't touch my woman," William said as several runes appeared on his body.

The Runes of Temperance, Justice, Prudence, and Faith appeared on his legs, and arms.

Lira, Ephemera, Shana, and Melody had already become part of his Familia.

Before Shana had left him, she had left her mark on William's body, which allowed him to use the power of her Divinity. All of this stemmed from a very bad premonition that she felt in the very depths of her soul.

Because of this, although she still hadn't given William her maidenhood, the System had registered her as his Familia Member, allowing him to draw on the power of her Divinity as well.

"It seems that you still don't understand who you are dealing with," William stated as more runes appeared on his body.

These were the runes that he gained after making a contract with the Pseudo-Gods he had taken under his wing, allowing him to use their powers at will.

"Assal, come," William ordered.

Stormcaller appeared beside William. Its entire body was shrouded in lightning, and the light was so intense that its body couldn't be seen by anyone aside William.

"Soleil, burn for me," William called another one of his treasures, which burned brightly like the sun.

The two spears circled around William as if they were his bodyguards that would attack anyone who dared to come near him.

The Half-Elf then returned Ruyi Jingu Bang to its original form and tossed it towards the sky.

Suddenly, a monkey's laugh spread in the surroundings.

"Time to go all out, ain't I right, Will?" Sun Wukong said while standing on top of a cloud. "Are you going to leave these small fries to me?"

William nodded. "I have bigger fish to fry."

"Hahaha! Fine. I'll deal with these three first and join you later."

"Thank you."

William then raised his right hand, in a gesture of holding something.

"Sharur, time to smash things," William stated.

Without any warning, a mace the size of a bus appeared beside William.

"You've made me wait long enough, Boy!" Sharur growled. "Let's smash them!"

William smirked as he held the weapon that belonged to his wife, Chiffon, in his hands.

The Smasher of Thousands, Sharur. One of the Mythical Weapons in existence, that would not lose to Ruyi Jingu Bang, was now in William's hands.

"Okay, time for round two," William took a step forward with the ever-eager mace in his hands.

Sharur laughed as its entire body became crimson red. "Time to clap some cheeks!"

William no longer had any intention of holding back. After seeing how the Pope was determined to sacrifice the lives of his women to achieve her goal, the Half-Elf was determined that killing her would not be enough to satisfy his anger.

'There are things far worse than death,' William thought as his eyes locked onto the old woman's body as he prepared to unleash Sharur's strongest attack, which hadn't seen the light of day since it was wielded by the God that created it.

"Thousand Genocide Smash!"

Chapter 1335: The Battle Of Light And Darkness[Part 3]

"Thousand Genocide Smash!"

William swung Sharur and thousands of purple beams shot out from its body, headed straight towards the barrier protecting the Palace of Light.

"Get behind me," the white-robed person wearing a mask said to Belle.

The black-haired beauty frowned, but she still followed the Pseudo-God's instructions.

Raising the bronze horn, the white-robed person stood straight like a sword and gazed at the approaching purple beams with a fearless gaze.

When the purple beams were only a meter away from their body, they collided with an invisible barrier and dissipated immediately.

Unfortunately, William's attack was an area of effect, so the white-robed figure only managed to block five beams, while the rest collided with the barrier that protected the Palace of Light.

The sound of thousands of glasses breaking at the same time spread in the surroundings, as Williams' attack pierced the barrier, creating hundreds of holes in it.

He didn't plan on destroying the entire barrier because it might create a powerful backlash towards the four unconscious women around the Altar of Life, so he opted to just create holes in it, where his army could pass through.

Hordes of monsters swarmed the entrances that William had created and started to engage the army of the Holy Order of Light.

Roars, shrieks, growls, curses, shouts, war cries, and pained screams could be heard everywhere as the Half-Elf's monster army rampaged to their heart's content.

"El Cid, Godfrey, I'll leave this monkey to you guys!" Ajax shouted as he flew towards the black-haired teenager who had successfully destroyed parts of the barrier. Although the barrier was still active, it no longer served its purpose because the front line of defense had been breached.

"Hmm, fine he can go play with Will." Sun Wukong rubbed his chin as he looked at the man who looked like a pro-wrestler, wielding a trident head in William's direction.

The Monkey King then shifted his gaze to the two Pseudo-Gods in front of him who were brimming with the power of the Heavenly Virtues.

"You're not getting past us, monkey," El Cid stated.

"I've seen you a few times in the Heavenly Realm, and understand that you are strong," Godfrey said.
"But, today, I will prove that I am stronger than you."

The Monkey King cleaned his ear with his finger for a few seconds before smirking.

"Welp, allow me to formally introduce myself first," Sun Wukong twirled the golden staff in his hand and took a fighting stance. "I am the Great Sage, Equal of Heaven. Sun Wukong! State your names, so I may know the identity of the people I smash with my golden cudgel."

El Cid snorted as he held his sword firmly in his hands. "Good! My name is..."

"Ah, forget it," Sun Wukong interrupted El Cid's introduction. "Knowing the names of small fries isn't worth it."

"Bastard!" El Cid roared in anger before attacking the Monkey King, who had a teasing smile plastered on his face. "Godfrey, let's go!"

"On it!" Godfrey joined El Cid in his attack towards the Monkey King, who was notorious in the Heavenly Realm for creating trouble left and right.

The sound of mocking laughter spread in the surroundings as three dazzling beams of light zigzagged and collided in the heavens. Two of them were white, while the third one was golden. Although the two Pseudo-Gods were ganging up on the Monkey King, the latter still had time to laugh because he could feel the blood boiling inside his body due to the excitement of fighting strong warriors.

While this was happening, Ajax had already arrived a few meters behind William and thrust his spear to stab the back of the black-haired teenager who had just unleashed a powerful attack to the barrier.

A moment later, the sound of metals clashing against each other was heard as the Half-Elf blocked Ajax's attack, pushing the muscled warrior back.

"I've smashed a lot of big shots during my time," Sharur stated as it looked at Ajax in disdain. "Your Fate will not be any different."

Ajax ignored the talking mace because his gaze was focused on the Half-Elf whose back was facing him.

When he attacked earlier, William didn't even turn his head to look at him. Instead, he just performed a backhand attack, pushing Ajax back as if it was nothing.

"Face me, Prince of Darkness!" Ajax roared because there had never been a time when someone fought him in this manner. "I will be the one to end your tyranny!"

"End my Tyranny?" William asked before turning around to look at the Pseudo-God whose bloodshot eyes were aimed in his direction. "Can you?"

Instead of replying to his question, Ajax simply did what he liked to do and that was to attack, attack, and attack!

When he was still alive, he had fought on the frontline of the battlefield, and single-handedly pushed back the enemies that tried to overpower him with numbers. However, Ajax was simply too powerful for them.

Wielding his spear and shield, he could overpower most foes, but right now, facing William, he could feel that he had found his match.

The Half-Elf wielded Sharur and exchanged blows with Ajax, pushing him back with every exchange.

Everytime they clashed against each other, William's blows were getting heavier, making it very hard for Ajax to face him head-on.

What he didn't know was that Sharur had an uncanny ability. Every time he hit the same target, he would deal greater damage with each strike, allowing him to smash anything to meat paste, or to pieces, as long as he hit them over and over again.

This was why he was the smasher of thousands. Even Gods would feel fear if they were hit by it thousands of times.

"Sit down, Son!" Sharur roared as his next attack sent Ajax crashing to the ground, creating a crater.

William didn't relent and descended from the heavens, holding the battle-frenzied-mace high over his head.

Seeing that he wouldn't be able to dodge in time, Ajax summoned his Mythical Shield that had accompanied him through the ages.

The moment the mace collided with the shield, a powerful shockwave exploded, sending dirt, and rocks flying in every direction

A gong-like sound echoed in the surroundings as the black-haired teenager smashed Sharur against Ajax's shield, over and over again.

"A wise man once said," Sharur said as William took another stance to smack the shield that protected Ajax's body. "Talk less, Smash More!"

Ajax, who was at the receiving end, cursed internally because the only one talking was Sharur, who would say something nasty with each strike William made.

The Half-Elf ignored his weapon's trash talk because he was already used to Sharur's chatty personality. The ground trembled as the Half-Elf continued to hammer Ajax's shield, burying the Pseudo-God deeper to the ground with each strike.

Finally, the shield that had accompanied him through all of his battles started to have deep dents in it.

Ajax roared in anger as he tried to push back with all of his might, but the next blow that hit him took the air out of his lungs.

Simply put, Sharur had reached a stage where each of his strikes was heavier, and stronger than Ruyi Jingu Bang's full powered strike.

Ajax, who had been very proud of his strength, felt his heart shudder inside his chest. His surroundings had started to move very slowly because he was in a heightened state, and yet, even though he had entered this trance-like state, the anxiety in his heart didn't diminish but only grew.

Why?

Because the shield that was protecting his body had reached its limit. He knew that the next blow would also be his last, which made him desperate enough to shout and ask for William to stop.

"Stoooooooooooooop! Ajax shouted with all of his might.

However, the one who replied to him wasn't the Half-Elf, but the mace whose sneer was etched on its surface.

"Peace was never an option!" Sharur declared. "Prepare to get clapped!"

William roared as he swung the mace with all of his might.

"Genocide Crash!"

The entire land trembled as Sharur smashed Ajax's shield to pieces. The momentum behind the attack was so strong that even after the shield was destroyed, the mace didn't stop and smashed Ajax's chest, making the latter spew a mouthful of blood.

A loud cracking sound was heard as all of Ajax's ribs broke. His internal organs also suffered fatal injuries, making the latter lose the ability to defend himself. One more blow and the Pseudo-God would cease to exist.

But, before William could deliver that last blow, the white-robed person appeared before him and shook his head.

"Spare him," the white-robed person said. "In return, I won't interfere with this war and just spectate from the side."

William snorted. "And why should I do as you ask?"

"You still owe me a mug of fine mead. This will be the payment along with the interest."

"... Tsk!"

The Half-Elf clicked his tongue before shifting his attention to the black-haired beauty who was fighting against Astrape, Bronte, and Titania.

One of the reasons why William attacked the Palace of Light was to kill this lady in exchange for the souls of his wives. Since that was the case, he decided to just attack her, and give up on dealing the final blow to the Pseudo-God who was already half dead.

"Fine. But, keep your word," William said before charging toward the direction of his prey. "Also, the one who owed me a mug of mead was you and not me."

The white-robed person smiled under the mask. The Half-Elf was indeed right. The one who owed the mug of mead was not the Half-Elf, but her.

"Well then, the main attraction is about to begin," the white-robed person said. "We are at the end game now."

The white-robed person sighed in her heart. Now that she had given her promise to not interfere, she could only watch on the sidelines and patiently wait for the outcome of the battle that would decide the Half-Elf's fate.

Chapter 1336: The Battle Of Light And Darkness[Part 4]

The Pope frowned after seeing that one of the Pseudo-Gods was defeated, and another one had decided not to fight.

Only three remained and two of them were fighting against the Monkey King, while the last one, Belle, was being attacked by three Pseudo-Gods who were hell bent to defeat her.

'Although they were defeated sooner than expected, this was already part of my considerations,' the Pope thought.

From the start, she had expected that the Palace of Light would be overwhelmed by William's forces. The Half-Elf had the upper hand in both quality and quantity, but even then, the Pope was confident that she would be the last one standing in this battle between the forces of Light and Darkness.

The magical cannons in the palace of light once again gathered magical energy as the Pope aimed the cannons at the targets she had in mind.

She had noticed that the Dark Prince was making a beeline towards Belle, and she would use this opportunity to take her plan to the next stage.

"Lex Eterna!"

All the magical cannons unleashed their powerful attacks, which headed in the direction of the black-haired beauty who was fighting against William's forces.

'Astrape, Bronte, Titania, make sure that she won't be able to get away,' William ordered. 'Corner her until I arrive!'

The Half-Elf had already coated Sharur with the Flames of Darkness because he intended to kill the black-haired beauty in a single strike.

Belle, who had sensed a presence approaching her from behind was about to turn around to see who it was, but Astrape and Bronte took that opportunity to attack her on her left and right sides.

Understanding that she couldn't afford to be careless, Belle immediately split her bow in the middle, creating twin blades, and blocked the two Pseudo-Gods' attacks.

This prevented her from blocking the attack that was coming from behind her, forcing the black-haired beauty to take drastic measures.

"Magna Celeritate!"

Belle's body turned into a blur, disappearing from the spot where she was standing a moment ago.

William, who was just about to smash her body from behind, stopped mid-air because his target had disappeared.

Suddenly, he sensed a strong magical attack behind him, which forced him to make a last second decision to use Sharur to block it.

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania were in line with the attack, which made it impossible for William to dodge it, knowing that the three Pseudo-Gods would be hit by the deadly attack that could fatally injure them.

He had already used the power of wind to blow the three Pseudo-Gods away, as he blocked the attack that was aimed at all four of them.

"Damn! I'm not a shield, but OKAY!" Sharur complained but it still unleashed its might, holding firm against the attack that sent William crashing towards the ground, and skidding for hundreds of meters because the magical beams still hadn't run out of juice.

When the giant beam of light receded, the Half-Elf's body was smoking because Sharur wasn't able to block everything completely,

William had coated his body with the Flames of Darkness to mitigate the attack, but he still received damage from it. The clothes he was wearing were burned in some places, as smoke rose up from the seared parts.

The black-haired teenager then stared at the Pope who stood at the top of the Altar of Life, with a sneer on her face.

"There's more where that came from," the Pope stated as she once again gathered the Divinity of the four unconscious ladies who cared about William, and used their power to hurt the person whom they also held dear.

This twisted logic made the Pope laugh internally because she knew that this act would anger the Half-Elf and force him to deal with her first.

"Belle, take this sword!" the Pope shouted as the sword embedded in the very center of the Altar of Life hovered in the air and flew upwards, towards the black-haired beauty whose body was shining radiantly.

After using the ability to gain a burst of Extreme Speed for a few seconds, Belle reappeared in the sky above the Altar of Light.

The majestic crystal blue sword glowed faintly as it waited to be wielded by the greatest Champion of Light.

When Belle touched the handle of the sword, the runic word inscribed on the blade's surface lit up. Empowering its wielder with its divine might.

'Speak my name, Champion.'

The sword urged as its name appeared inside Belle's mind. Only by saying its name would it be able to unleash its full power, that had been sealed for thousands of years.

"Cleanse the world with your Holy Light!" Belle declared as she raised the tip of the sword towards the heavens. "Claiomh Solais!"

A beam of golden light descended from the heavens, and hit the blue crystal blade, blessing it with the power of the Goddess of Light.

A circle of radiant light spread outwards with Belle at its center. This radiance incinerated the monsters that had breached the palace walls, and the interior of the Palace of Light.

The defenders of the palace all cheered as their morale shot up due to the Divine power that washed over their bodies. All of their injuries were instantly healed, and they could feel their strength soaring due to the blessing of the Goddess of Light.

"This looks bad, Partner," Sharur said as it stared at the beam of light that was descending from the heavens. "I know that sword. It's bad news."

William held Sharur firmly in his hands before taking a step forward.

"It doesn't matter," William replied. "Our goals don't change."

"Damn right," Sharur replied. "Let's go, Will. Time to clap her cheeks."

William smirked before flying in the direction of the Palace of Light.

It didn't matter what aces the Pope had under her sleeve. His goals remained the same and that was to kill the black-haired beauty, who was holding the Sword of Light, and capture the Pope, so he could torture her until she drew her last breath.

Chapter 1337: When Love And Hate Collide [Part1]

Empress Andraste looked at the projection of the battle that was happening in real time.

All of the Nations in the Central Continent had spread out their forces to look for traces of the battle between the Prince of Darkness as well as the Holy Order of Light.

However, when the actual location of the Palace of Light was revealed, all of them were taken aback because it was in a place that they didn't expect it to be.

The fortress of the Holy Order of Light was located at the very center of the Central Continent.

The main reason why no one found it was due to the fact that it was hidden inside a Forbidden Domain. Just like the Seventh Sanctum and the lands of Hyperborea, everyone that tried to enter this Domain were all nearly annihilated.

There were still survivors who traveled in the Seventh Sanctum, and one survivor from Hyperborea. But the Forbidden Domain of the Palace of Light prevented anyone who entered it from leaving the place.

There, the Pope would personally deal with them and silence them to protect the whereabouts of the Palace of Light. If there were any exceptional individuals among the trespassers, she would give them the choice to serve the Holy Order, or be killed right away.

For most, the choice was easy. The majority of them decided to serve the Holy Order of Light, and had since protected its secret, even if they were able to leave the Forbidden Domain.

However, due to the ongoing battle, the energy fluctuations inside the Domain couldn't be hidden. The Pope had also used the power of the Forbidden Ground to empower the Palace of Light, making it a true stronghold that was capable of defending itself from any invaders who tried to destroy it.

Just like Empress Andraste, the other Kings and Emperors were watching the battle unfold. Depending on the outcome, they would make their own move according to their best interest.

"Just where is the Pope's confidence coming from?" Empress Andraste muttered as she gazed at the badly damaged Palace of Light, whose luster was dimming with each passing minute.

This opinion was shared by the other rulers. From what they could see, it would be best for the Pope to simply surrender. This was no longer a war, but a one-sided massacre.

William was a Dungeon Conqueror. The monsters under his command were nearly inexhaustible, but the Human life of the Holy Order of Light was finite.

Blood already soaked the ground outside of the palace grounds, and the floors of its interior, proving that the amount of casualties on the Pope's side was massive.

Still, none of them dared to underestimate the Pope.

For an organization like the Holy Order of Light to exist, the one sitting at its helm would not be a simple person.

Belle could feel her body growing stronger than ever as the power of the sword bathed her with the Divinity of Light.

For a brief moment, she felt as if she was invincible and could cut the firmament with a single slash of the sword in her hands.

"Go, my greatest Champion!" the Pope shouted like a crazy person. "Rid the world of Darkness! Cleanse this world of filth!"

Belle gripped the sword firmly with both of her hands before gazing at the black-haired teenager, who was holding a mace clad with the Flames of Darkness.

'It pains me that our reunion has to be like this, Will,' Belle said in her heart. 'But, don't worry. I will save you.'

As if to respond to her determination, the Sword of Light hummed, and the dark clouds that covered the sky were all cleared out, revealing the star-studded sky.

Within the Heavens, a particular constellation shone brightly. It was as if it was watching with bated breath for the outcome of the clash between the two star-crossed lovers, who were reunited due to the whims of Fate.

"My name is Belle," Belle said softly. "Does it ring any bell to you?"

William scoffed as he pointed the flaming mace towards his enemy.

"Yes," William replied in a teasing tone. "Your name is Belle, right? Is your last name perhaps Delphine?"

A smile that was not a smile appeared on Belle's face after hearing William's reply. Clearly, she wasn't pleased with the answer he had given her.

"I guess someone is sleeping on the floor tonight." Belle pointed Claiomh Solais at the hateful Half-Elf who dared to make fun of her.

The Half-Elf couldn't hear whatever Belle was saying, but he was able to read her lips, allowing him to understand her.

"You plan to sleep on the floor? Don't worry, I'll give you a blanket." William sneered. "And cover your dead body with it."

While the two were about to face off with each other, a giggle escaped Shannon's lips as she spectated the battle from afar.

"Ignorance is truly bliss," Shannon said as her brush danced on the surface of her canvas.

Erinys looked in the distance with a worried look on her face.

"Will he be alright?" Erinys asked.

"Perhaps," Shannon replied. "I mean, we can hope for the best, since it is not Gods, but Mortals, who will do the rest."

The doll-like beauty clasped her hands together in prayer.

'Father, please protect Will.' Erinys prayed fervently. 'Make sure he doesn't die because if he does, I will go back to the Underworld, and bring him back to the world of the living.'

The little Half-ling didn't know that her prayers had reached her intended person. At that exact time, the entire Underworld shook, as a thunderous roar echoed from within the Palace of the God of Death.

If she only knew that her father had already created a new layer in the Underworld, just for William after he died, she would definitely beg for forgiveness because there was nothing there except for the flaming rivers of hell.

The Gods who had a connection with William in the Heavens, and the mortals fighting on the ground, all stopped what they were doing because they felt that this was a battle they couldn't afford to miss.

As countless eyes gazed at William's and Belle's imposing figures, the two calmly took a step forward and clashed against each other, sending sparks in every direction, marking the fated battle between husband and wife.

Chapter 1338: When Love And Hate Collide [Part2]

As soon as William and Belle clashed, the Half-Elf found himself crashing towards the ground due to the formidable power behind the black-haired beauty's blow.

Correcting his posture mid-air, William's two feet landed on the ground, destroying it completely. A dust cloud emerged from the point of impact, sending rocks and debris flying in every direction.

William's subordinates, who saw this, gasped in shock because they didn't expect that the Half-Elf would lose in a battle of strength against the young lady whom the Pope had called the greatest Champion of Light.

"Aigo! I knew that Claiomh Solais hit hard, but I didn't expect it to be this hard!" Sharur commented as William used it to prop himself up off the ground. "It seems that we got our cheeks clapped instead, right partner?"

"... Just whose side are you on?" William replied before waving his hand to disperse the dust cloud around him.

"Of course, I am on your side. Come, let's smack her silly!"

The chatty mace chuckled because it had been a while since it had met something that was able to blow it away on their first exchange.

William stared at the black-haired beauty whose hair fluttered behind her back.

Belle's eyes had turned golden, similar to the Half-Elf's as the power of Claiomh Solais bathed her in radiant light.

The Pope laughed crazily after seeing the outcome of the first clash between her Champion and the hateful Prince of Darkness. Right now, her confidence was soaring as the plan he had in mind was starting to become a reality.

Belle held the sword firmly in her hands before using the skill she had used earlier to escape Astrape, Bronte, Titania, and William's two pronged attack.

"Magna Celeritate!"

William immediately raised Sharur in an attempt to block Belle's attack, who was almost as fast as the speed of light.

One minute, the Half-Elf was standing holding Sharur in his hand, the next second, his entire body was skidding hundreds of meters across the ground after blocking Belle's attack, which sent him flying.

The black-haired teenager forcefully righted himself and jumped upwards, turning into a black lightning bolt.

However, just as everyone thought that he was going to be able to launch a counterattack, Belle once again appeared in front of him, and swung her sword, sending the Half-Elf flying in the opposite direction.

"That chick is traveling at the speed of light," Sharur commented. "Do you know? Light is more than 10,000 times faster than lightning? Oh boy, we're f*cked!"

William, whose body had gained Sun Wukong's sturdiness, and stamina, was able to withstand the blows that carried the Divinity of Light.

Just as he was about to think of a way in order to overcome his adversary, the world came to a complete stop.

Everything disappeared around him, and only darkness remained.

Pitch black darkness.

A darkness without end.

And from that darkness, a pair of cold hands cupped his face, and a silky voice whispered in his ear.

"It matters not how fast light may travel, Darkness shall always be there awaiting its arrival."

A moment later, William felt a pair of soft, yet cold lips touch his own. Then a breath that was colder than a winter breeze, entered the black-haired teenager's lips and passed through his entire body.

It removed all the warmth that he had shared with his lovers, just a day ago, and it made his obsidian heart grow cold.

"Do not forget, Will," the voice said softly, making the Half-Elf's golden iridii flicker for a brief moment before they became completely black. "Light is easy to love. Show me your darkness."

The cold lips once again pressed over William's before the world regained its color.

At that exact moment, Belle thrust her shining sword towards William's chest, in an attempt to pierce the obsidian gem and shatter it completely.

However, before the blade could even touch it. The Half-Elf's body turned into a black mist that dispersed in every direction, making the sword miss its target.

Storm clouds once again covered the sky and blocked the light of the stars. However, for some reason, there was one particular constellation that remained visible, and its light shone brilliantly in the heavens, despite the fact that the clouds covered everything for miles around the Palace of Light.

Dark lightning bolts snaked around William's body as he held Sharur in his hands.

"Um, Partner, you should tone down on the energy drinks," Sharur commented. "Those things have side effects like making people have eye problems, you know?"

William didn't answer. Instead, he threw the chatty mace towards Medusa, who caught it with both of her hands.

"Come, weapon of old," William muttered. "Your Master beckons, and war behold. Show them the might of those that have fallen. Show them the power of the one you have chosen."

A brilliant sword appeared in William's hand. It was a fairy blade with several runes embedded on its surface. However, the brilliance of the blade soon disappeared as its tip turned black. A blackness which spread down its entire body.

The runes remained, but instead of glowing golden, they glowed a crimson red, dying the dark blade with the colors of blood.

It was a sword that belonged to a King.

A sword that would always take a life whenever it was drawn, and any wounds inflicted by it would never heal.

William glanced down on the black-haired beauty who was shining brightly amidst the darkness.

He then pointed the tip of his sword towards her, as a devilish smile appeared on his face.

Gathering the power of darkness in the blade in his hands, the sword hummed as if waking up from a long slumber. It made the air around it crackle, and the laws of the world bend to its will.

Belle, who had the upper hand earlier, felt a heavy pressure pressing down on her, as William's pitch-black eyes stared at her without blinking.

The black-haired beauty took a fighting stance and also gathered the power of light in her blade with the intention of facing the attack that William was about to unleash.

"Everyone get away!" Titania shouted as she used her vines to create layers upon layers of barriers to protect the people that belonged to William's side.

Erinys steered her flying ship behind the Pseudo-Gods who had formed a wall in front of the Half-Elf's forces in an attempt to block the aftermath that would ensue after their Master unleashed the attack that made their hearts tremble.

"Cleanse the world with your Holy Light!" Belle roared as she slashed her sword towards William.

"Claíomh Solais!"

William smiled faintly as he too swung his sword to meet the attack that could split the firmament in two.

"Cover the world in glorious, perpetual darkness," William declared.

"Dainslief!"

Light and Dark rays of light collided with each other, pushing each other back like two roaring dragons in a dance of death.

The two attacks continued to overwhelm each other, and for a brief moment, time moved at a snail's pace.

All sound disappeared.

All the sensations disappeared.

In that brief moment of calm, the world shuddered at its very core, and the Goddess who ruled it, felt her heart skip a beat.

Light and Dark pushed against each other, trying to gain the upper hand.

The Gods up in the Heavens gazed down upon the land, for they knew that the moment of truth...

was finally at hand.

Chapter 1339: The Mind Forgets, But The Heart Will Always Remember

"Everyone, brace yourselves!" Titania shouted as she poured her power into the vines she had used to create layers of protection for their army.

A few seconds later, the entire land shook as an earth-shaking explosion rocked the entire Forbidden Ground where the Palace of Light was located.

Everyone within a two-mile long radius of the explosion was either blown away, or obliterated by the explosion that resulted in the deaths of countless lives.

The barrier protecting the Palace was completely shattered, killing the defenders who stood on the front lines.

The once shining beacon of the Holy Order of Light lost its luster, and had dimmed considerably after the barrier was destroyed.

The Altar of Life where the Pope was located, including the magical circles where the Heavenly Virtues were, had a separate barrier, so they were left unharmed by the explosion.

Titania's protective barriers were all destroyed, except for the last one, which held firm due to the combined efforts of the other Pseudo-Gods in William's faction.

While everyone was reeling from the aftermath of the explosion, two figures had continued to cross blades with each other, as they zigzagged around the battlefield.

Belle had already stopped using the ability to travel at the speed of light because this move put a heavy toll on her body.

William exchanged blows with the black-haired beauty without care for the destruction that both of them caused.

If earlier, Belle was able to push him back with every strike, now it was different. He had finally embraced the Power of Darkness, leaving only a quarter of his soul untainted within the Bell of Anthanasia, which belonged to Ella.

If one were to pay close attention to the exchange between the two fighters, one would easily notice that the one who now had the upper hand was William.

It was not because he was stronger than Belle. On the contrary, Belle was still a little bit stronger than him. However, his experience in fighting against strong opponents, in his lifetimes, was showing that he was more battle-hardened than his opponent.

Belle had felt this too, so she was feeling a little pressured by William's uncanny attack patterns that were always aiming for her vital spots.

One can even say that the Half-Elf's every attack was a killing blow, making it difficult for Belle to shrug it off completely.

Countless strands of black mist that looked like tentacles, sprouted from William's body and attacked the black-haired beauty from all sides.

Belle didn't back away as her body shone brightly, dispersing the black mists before they touched her body.

The two exchanged several more blows before Belle backed away. In truth, she was finding it very hard to land a blow against William, while worrying about the weapon in the Half-Elf's hand.

Dainsleif was truly a very dangerous sword because even a small wound given by it would never heal, proving to be fatal.

Although there might be ways to cure the wounds inflicted by it, Belle had no intention of being a guinea pig in finding its cure.

"You have forgotten about me," Belle said. "Do you really not remember?"

William sneered as he once again brandished his sword, wrapping it in flames of darkness. Although he could read Belle's lips, and understand what she was saying, none of that mattered to him.

In truth, it was not Belle's words that worried the Primordial Goddess.

It was her voice.

Although all of his memories about her had been erased completely, and stored within Princess Aila, by using her power. The Primordial Goddess didn't want to take any chances.

In truth, she had also wanted to dispose of the Angelic Princess just to be on the safe side, but something was telling her that if she did that, she would lose William completely. Because of this, she just settled on preventing the Half-Elf from hearing the black-haired beauty's voice, in order to keep any mishaps from happening.

Belle groaned as she was blown away by William's powerful blow, giving the Half-Elf an opportunity to land a clean hit on her body.

"Die!" William shouted as he thrust his sword towards Belle's chest to pierce through her heart.

Belle was unable to dodge on time and braced herself for the deadly strike that may end her life. However, the strike didn't come.

The tip of Dainsleaf stopped an inch away from the young lady's chest, preventing William from landing a killing blow.

When Belle's gaze landed on the Half-Elf's face, she saw only confusion plastered on his handsome face.

However, before the young lady could even react to what was happening, the black-haired teenager delivered a kick to her stomach that sent the Champion of Light crashing towards the ground, creating a small crater.

"Just what in the world happened?" William muttered as he gazed at his right hand that was holding the devilish sword, and pondered why his body refused to move when he was about to land a killing blow on his opponent.

The Half-Elf clicked his tongue as he stared at the black-haired lady who had fully recovered from William's blow.

"Just what tricks are you playing here, witch?" William asked. "Don't think that your petty tricks will save you from me."

Belle didn't know how to reply to William's words because even she thought that she would die because of her husband's killing strike.

Only the Pope, who was watching the battle from afar, sighed in relief because her champion didn't die.

As long as Belle was alive, she could still reverse the situation. But, she too didn't understand why William's attack didn't land.

'It doesn't matter, all I need is one opportunity to turn this situation around,' the Pope thought as the scepter in his hand gathered the magical energy from the Altar of life. 'All I need is one chance.'

With an angry roar, William once again attacked his adversary, carrying an explosive might that crushed the ground under Belle's feet.

With each strike, Belle could feel the Half-Elf's strength growing with each second that passed.

Then it happened, William was able to trick Belle with a feint and delivered a slash that was aimed to cut off her head. However, the same thing happened.

The black-haired teenager's body stiffened, and the blade stopped inches away from the delicate neck he wanted to cut so badly.

Out of frustration the Half-Elf threw his sword away and simply punched Belle's face, which the latter blocked with her left hand.

The sound of bones breaking was heard as the black-haired beauty winced in pain because William didn't hold back in his attack.

Using the power of the Monk Class, William unleashed a flurry of punches and kicks that sent Belle skidding on the ground, but due to the power of the Holy Sword in her hand, the injuries she received healed at a rapid pace, making the Half-Elf's attacks completely useless.

Temple of the Ten Thousand Gods...

The Primordial Goddess pounded the armrest of her Obsidian Throne because of frustration.

She clearly felt William's desire to kill Belle, but his body would stiffen each time he was about to land a killing blow, which allowed the black-haired lady to keep living.

The Primordial Goddess forcefully tore her gaze from the battlefield and shifted her attention to one of the palaces located in the Temple of the Ten Thousand Gods.

There, a beautiful goddess with long blonde hair, and blue eyes watched the battle, while laying on top of a giant cat.

Sensing that someone was looking at her, the blonde-goddess glanced in the direction of the Primordial Goddess and held her gaze.

Neither of them spoke, and simply held each other's gaze for half a minute before shifting their attention back to the battlefield.

The Beautiful Blonde Goddess' lips rose slightly on the side that was hidden from anyone's gaze. Just like the Primordial Goddess, she didn't expect that William would fail to deliver the killing blow to end the life of one of the women he held very dear in his life.

"The mind forgets, but the heart will always remember," Freya said softly. "And what is the heart's memory but love itself?"

She had chosen Belle to not only become the Champion of Light, but also the Champion of Love.

Even when there was only darkness in the beginning of creation, Love itself was born from that Darkness.

So, no matter how dark the night, love would find its way to the place it recognized as its home.

Chapter 1340: Thank You For The Gift

William's and Belle's battle raged on as the Half-Elf used his fists to pound Belle with devastating blows that even her Holy Sword was unable to fend off.

In truth, the blessing that Belle received from the Goddess of Light had weakened considerably, preventing her from using her sword, Claiomh Solais, to its fullest potential. Right now, it was similar to any ordinary sword that could be found anywhere.

The only difference was that it was still a Divine Weapon, and wouldn't break easily.

Feeling that she was reaching her limit, she knew that she had to do something to turn the situation around, but William's current strength was so strong that even exchanging blows with him made her feel as if she was fighting while carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders.

Just as Belle was feeling desperate, she caught something at the corner of her eye. Suddenly, the black-haired beauty roared as she channeled all of her remaining strength in her Divine sword, making it shine brightly.

"Purify the Darkness with your Holy Light!" Belle roared as she thrust her sword towards William's chest. "Claíomh Solais!"

The Half-Elf sneered as he prepared to kick the sword upwards before smashing his fist on the black-haired beauty's annoying face.

Just as he was about to execute his move, his sixth sense kicked in, informing him that someone had snuck up behind him. The black-haired teenager tried to dodge, but it was simply too late to do anything.

"Sorry, I didn't keep my word," the white-robed person wearing a mask said as she thrust her sword into William's back, piercing his body, and holding him in place. "Forgive me, Einherjar."

A pained roar escaped William's lips not because of the sword that stabbed his back, but because of the Holy Sword that had stabbed the Obsidian Gem in his chest, making him feel a pain beyond anything he had ever felt before.

The pain was even stronger than the one he felt when Elliot and Conan died. It was as if his entire soul was burning due to the Holy Flames that were now spreading across his entire body.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

William's shout created a powerful shockwave that tried to blow away the two people who had locked him in place, but it was of no use.

In a last desperate attempt to free himself from the blades that were stuck inside his body, he flew towards the sky and spun around, with the intention of shrugging them off completely. However, Belle and the white-robed person clung to his body with their swords still embedded inside it.

William's entire body was burning with white flames, making the Half-Elf scream in pain as if he was being burned alive.

"Noooooooo! Will!" Loxos as well as the other members of William's entourage cried out in alarm when they saw the Half-Elf's current state.

Before any of them could come to his rescue, the Pope who was standing on the Altar of life pointed her scepter towards the three people that were struggling in the air.

'Although it is a shame to have to hit two allies with this attack, it is for the greater good,' the Pope thought as the power of the Scepter of Light shone brightly.

"Lux Sanctus!"

A brilliant light exploded from the tip of the Holy Scepter and shot straight for the place where William, Belle, and the white-robed person were.

Suddenly, William's black pupils flickered and turned golden, looking straight at Belle whose sword was currently embedded on his chest.

Time seemed to move very slowly as the Half-Elf gazed at the black-haired beauty whose tears were streaming down the side of her face.

She had never wanted to hurt William, but in order to save him, she had to steel her heart and use the power of the Light to cleanse his body from Darkness.

The Goddess Freya had already told her that this was the only way to save William, whose soul had been tainted by Darkness.

Freya had also told Belle that the current William was under the control of the Primordial Goddess, who wished to claim his body, heart, and soul, for herself.

This was something that she didn't want to happen, and because of that, she agreed to Freya's request to undergo the training of the Valkyries in her Domain, and gain the power to save her beloved from the whims of a Goddess that wanted not only his heart, but his entire soul.

William's golden pupils stared at the crying lady in front of him.

Although he couldn't remember her, he used the last remaining strength in his body to push her away, preventing her from getting hit by the magical attack that came from the Pope.

The white-robed-person looked at the approaching light in disbelief because she didn't expect that the Pope would attack them with the Holy Light that could erase almost everything in existence as well.

Pooling all the strength in her body, she teleported away, leaving the Half-Elf behind, whose body was still impaled by their swords.

The radiant light then hit the Half-Elf. But instead of screaming in pain, William simply closed his eyes, and accepted his fate.

The Holy Light washed over William's body like a tide, destroying everything, including his clothes. The two swords that were embedded on his body were blown away, leaving faint trails of golden blood sprinkling in the sky.

When the light receded, the Half-Elf fell from the sky. If one were to look closely, no injuries, or impurities could be seen on his body.

No signs of pain could be seen on his face, only a calm and peaceful expression that no one had seen since he had become the Prince of Darkness.

"You're mine!" the Pope cackled as countless silver chains erupted from the tip of her scepter and snaked towards the Half-Elf like living snakes about to attack their prey.

Her true intention was to capture the Half-Elf alive because once he was captured, everything would be hers for the taking.

When the silver chains were only a few meters away from the Half-Elf's body, two figures appeared and swatted them aside.

"Don't even think about it," a beautiful lady with long silver hair, which fluttered in the breeze, and crimson eyes, that were as red as newly drawn blood, stated, while riding a golden winged serpent.

"You're already this old, and still want to lay your wrinkled hands on our husband? You've got guts, old hag."

The blonde-haired beauty, who was riding on top of a lightning clad wolf, glared hatefully at the Pope of Light who planned to capture her husband.

"Will!" Erinyes shouted as she guided her flying ship to catch the Half-Elf who was falling from the sky.

Shannon waved her brush in the air, and a red-colored lasso wrapped around the Half-Elf's body, pulling him towards the flying ship, and into her arms.

When William was finally in her embrace, a mischievous smile appeared on the fox's lady's face.

She then shifted her gaze towards the Pope of Light and giggled.

"Thank you for the gift," Shannon said. "Bye, everyone. See you on the other side. Don't worry, I'll take good care of Will."

Without another word, a purple misty portal appeared in front of the flying ship, and swallowed it completely, leaving Estelle and Wendy to deal with the aftermath.

"... Did she just ditch us?" Estelle asked. "This isn't part of the plan."

"... I knew she can't be trusted," Wendy said helplessly. "But, it's fine. We'll just track her down later. Let's first deal with this old hag, and end this war once and for all."

Although the two ladies were disgruntled by Shannon's actions, they knew that now was not the time to pursue her.

They still had things to do, and one of them was to deal with the organization that had made things difficult for the man they loved.