

Strongest 971

Chapter 971: The Place Where My Two Feet Stand Is My Territory

'So, this is the famous son of the Dungeon Conqueror, as well as the only person who has managed to overcome the trial of the Tower of Babylon,' Vesta thought as she observed William with her eyes that were of the same color as his.

As the daughter of one of the Demigods in the Demon Continent, her reputation was enough to make even the Demon Lord treat her as an equal. Although she was born with a golden spoon in her hand, Vesta wasn't someone who relied on her father's influence.

She trained hard in order to become powerful, and as someone who had the blood of the Legendary Black Dragon in her veins, her physical and magical prowess had exceeded the realm of mortals.

Simply put, she was a true elite warrior who had achieved the Black Rank, which was equivalent to that of a Millennial Beast. This was also why she felt very interested in William because no matter how hard she tried to gauge how strong he was, she couldn't estimate his rank.

There were only two reasons for this to happen. The first one was that the Half-Elf was carrying an artifact that prevented others from gauging his rank.

The second one was that the person standing in front of her was leagues above her own rank, which—of true—was the main reason why Vesta was very interested in him.

'As expected of the one that conquered the 51st Floor of the Tower of Babylon,' Vesta mused. 'He's not that simple.'

Truth be told, when William appeared in the Fortress City, the Demigod who watched over this territory sensed the blood that flowed in his veins. There was a time when Vesta's father, Joash, had fought against the Dungeon Conqueror and lost.

Because of this, the Demigod made sure to remember the smell as well as the unique qualities of Maxwell's bloodline, which allowed the Black Dragon to sense William when the Half-Elf entered his Domain.

As someone who had fought against the Dungeon Conqueror, Joash was interested in knowing the reason for William's visit to the Demonic Continent. Because of this, he had tasked his daughter, Vesta, to check for herself what the son of the man that defeated him was like.

Vesta was more than happy to take this mission because she had grown up hearing the tales of the Dungeon Conqueror who had single-handedly defeated the Demonic Army, and also cut off the Demon Lord's arm during their one-on-one battle within the grove of the World Tree.

"Yes, Sir William," Vesta smiled evilly. "My father, Joash, is the Demigod that is stationed to watch over this Domain. Would you like to say hi to my daddy?"

The green-haired lady's eyes sparkled in anticipation for what the Half-Elf was going to do next. She wanted to know how William would react to her subtle threat.

Half a minute passed after she asked her question when suddenly the black-haired teenager chuckled.

"And why should I say hi to your daddy?" William asked in disdain. "Shouldn't he be the one who should say hi to me?"

Vesta's smile stiffened because she clearly heard the disdain in William's voice. No one in the Demonic Continent, not even the Demon Lord, would dare to say these words towards her father, which made the green-haired lady irritated.

"Oh my~ I think Sir William should choose his words wisely," Vesta replied icily. "I think you are forgetting that you're not in the Central Continent, but in the Demon Lands. Aren't you worried that you will be besieged by all the warriors that are stationed in this Fortress City?"

"Besieged? By whom? By your father, and the people inside this tiny little fortress?" William scoffed. "Girl, I think you are making a very big misunderstanding here. No matter where I am, no matter where I go, the place where my two feet stand is my territory."

The Half-Elf wagged his finger at the dumbfounded green-haired lady as the corner of his lips curled up into a sneer.

"If I wanted it, I could easily destroy this fortress with a wave of my hand," William said in a teasing tone.

"I didn't know that the son of the Dungeon Conqueror was delusional," Vesta replied with sarcasm.

"You're still a boy with milk on your lips, and you think that you can conquer the world, you sure have guts."

Vesta sneered at the Half-Elf because she found William's words truly ridiculous. If their fortress city was so easily destroyed then the Human armies would have already advanced deep into their lands. The fact that the Fortress of Amberfang had remained standing for two decades proved that no force in the Central Continent could conquer their lands.

William chuckled. He wouldn't deny that he still had milk in his lips because he had just drank it a few days ago when Ella visited his room to have a chat. One thing led to another and before he knew it, he had already drunk a mouthful, directly from the source.

"I have waged battles the likes of which you have never seen before," William stated. "I fought against the might of the Elven Army, as well as their Guardians. I've also dealt with their Demigod, Sephiron, so what makes you think that I'm scared of your father?"

For the first time since she had met William, a frown appeared on Vesta's face. She had indeed heard the news of the invasion of the Elves in the Southern Continent, which ended in failure. Also, there were rumors that William had defeated not only the Guardians, but a bonafide Demigod that had guarded the Silvermoon Continent for a millennia as well.

Even so, Vesta's love for her father wouldn't allow her to back down. He was the only one that she respected, aside from her mother, and she wouldn't allow anyone to look down on her father's legacy.

"Sephiron? Although I admit that he is indeed a strong Demigod, I don't believe that you defeated him on your own," Vesta replied. "You must have used some kind of trick to deal with him, or borrowed the powers of another Demigod. Someone like you, can't possibly defeat a Demigod on your own."

William looked at the young lady whose face had become flushed out of anger, and chuckled once more.

"True." William nodded. "Back then, Sephiron would have turned me into ashes with a single flap of his wings. But, now? It's different. I have fought against Demigods and Pseudo-Gods, and lived to tell the tale. Your father doesn't scare me one bit. Even if there are two Demigods here in this fortress, the end result will still be the same and that is..."

William paused as he gave the green-haired beauty who was now staring daggers at him with a devilish smile on his face.

"A one-sided massacre," William finished his explanation. "That is what awaits this fortress if your father is stupid enough to provoke me."

"You're lying."

"Your father is a Demigod. He can tell if I'm lying or not. So, what do you think, Your Excellency?" William turned his head towards the balcony and asked. "Am I lying or not?"

Vesta looked in the direction of the balcony and saw a man wearing a majestic black robe that covered his entire body.

He had short black hair, and his face had sharp features, like a hawk that could go for the kill at any moment.

Joash gazed at William with an indifferent expression on his face. As the Guardian of the Fortress City, and the first line of defense of the Demon Continent, his authority was the highest inside his Domain.

The Demigod stared at William, and the latter stared back at him with a calm expression on his face. Both men appraised each other as if trying to understand who was stronger between the two of them.

William had seen many powerful beings in his current lifetime, and he no longer felt fear, or cowered, when facing a Demigod. Right now, he was in his Vampire Progenitor Job Class, which was equivalent to a Demigod in its initial stages.

If Joash really wanted to exchange blows with him, the Half-Elf was more than happy to oblige. William didn't mind using one of his trump cards to show the Demigod the consequences of provoking him.

Vesta could feel the atmosphere inside the room change subtly, as the gaze of the two men met. She had a feeling that whatever was going to happen next, was something that she would remember for the rest of her life.

Chapter 972 – Can't You See How Red My Hair Is?

"Arrogant, just like your father," Joash stated after staring at William for some time. "But, I can see that you have the strength to back it up. Have you really fought against a Pseudo-God?"

William nodded. "I did."

"And, who won?"

"I think it turned out to be a draw."

The Half-Elf had definitely dealt Apophis with a killing blow, but after the explosion, he wasn't able to see whether he succeeded in slaying the Pseudo-God or not.

When he asked Optimus this question, the System stated that the possibility of Apophis surviving the attack was high. However, the Pseudo-God definitely suffered grievous injuries and would not dare to show his face in front of William for a very long time.

Optimus added that if Apophis really died, William would have definitely gained a title that proved that he had slain a God, and that title was none other than "God Slayer".

"A draw? Against a Pseudo-God?" Joash frowned. If others were to brag about having survived a battle against a Pseudo-God, he would have definitely spat on them, turning them into ashes.

But, since he could tell if William was lying or not, he knew that his words were without any falsehood. Although he was still half in doubt, he had no choice but to recognize that the Half-Elf was telling the truth.

Vesta looked at her father then at William in disbelief. Her father didn't refute William's amazing achievement, which meant that the Half-Elf had indeed fought against a Pseudo-God and lived. This concept was something she couldn't fathom because the strongest beings that she had seen were Demigods.

If there was still another class above it then...

The green-haired lady shivered subconsciously as she entertained the possibility of that higher realm of existence. A being that was between a Demigod and a God. an existence that could make the entire world of Hestia tremble under their feet.

"Tell me, what are you doing here in my territory?" Joash asked. "My method in dealing with you will depend on your answer."

Although Joash had recognized William's strength, that didn't mean that he wasn't his enemy. This was the first line of defense of the Demon Realm and his duty was to ensure that no harm would fall upon their lands.

Even if what William said was the truth then so what?

The fact still remained that they were not friends, and he still bore a grudge against the Half-Elf's father, who had torn off his tail during the battle in the Silvermoon Continent. If not for Baba Yaga's powerful restoration magic, it would have taken him a century to fully recover from his injuries.

"I didn't come to this land with the intention of harming anyone," William answered. "I only came here to look for a person."

Joash snorted as he waved his hand. Suddenly a chair appeared behind his back, and he sat beside his daughter, while eyeing the Half-Elf in suspicion.

“You came all the way to these lands just to look for a person?” Joash arched an eyebrow. “This person must be very important, for you to brave the dangers alone.”

“I’m not exactly alone,” William replied. “I brought some friends to sightsee with me.”

The corner of Vesta’s lips twitched. The mortal enemy of all the Demons had just casually strolled into their fortress city, met his father, and had the audacity to tell him that he had brought his friends for sight-seeing.

The green-haired lady was very tempted to lift the chair she was sitting on, and smack the Half-Elf’s head for his impudence!

If any other person were standing before her, she would have done it already, but since her father was here, she needed to act with class, and not disgrace their family’s reputation. Just as she was cursing the Half-Elf inside her heart, she saw something that made her mouth hang wide open.

Joash was smiling. Vesta couldn’t believe it, but her father was really smiling, and he was smiling at the son of their mortal enemy. If news of this spread, then the demons might call her father a traitor for showing goodwill to their enemy!

“Who?” Joash asked. It was a single word, but it was more than enough to convey his interest to the person that William was looking for.

“My First Master, Celine,” William replied. “I came here to find her and take her back to the Central Continent.”

Joash tapped his finger over the table as he mulled William’s words.

“Baba Yaga’s disciple,” Joash stated. “So, she’s your master. You wield dark magic as well?”

William nodded. The guardian of the Fortress City seemed to be a reasonable fellow, so he decided to be civil and talk things out, instead of using his fists to settle this matter.

“Do you know about the Elven Prophecy?” Joash inquired. His eyes never left William’s face. It was as if he was looking for a sign to confirm the suspicions he had in his head.

“I’m not the Dark Prince,” William answered. “Can’t you see how red my hair is?”

Vesta’s body stiffened as her eyes widened in shock. The Prophecy of the Elves had been the talk within the Demonic Continent for the past month, so even those who were not aware of it in the past, were now fully informed on what it entailed.

There had been several candidates that had been scouted by the Demon Lord and brought to the Demonic Capital to train. It was said that the Dark Prince would be born in their lands, and he would avenge their loss against the Elves, and make all of them kneel before him.

The only thing that Vera knew was that the prophesied Prince must be proficient in Dark Magic. Only someone of that caliber would have the right to cover the entire world in darkness.

“Baba Yaga’s disciple, Celine, is one of the Dark Prince’s bride candidates, right?” Joash asked.

William shrugged. He didn’t want to talk about this matter, since it had something to do with his First Master, who he already considered to be his woman.

Seeing that William was not in the mood to talk about his Master’s connection with the Dark Prince, Joash decided to steer their conversation to another topic.

“How about we make a deal?” Joash stated.

“A deal?” William narrowed his eyes. “What deal?”

Joash smiled as he crossed his arms over his chest. “It’s really simple. On the small chance that you become the Prince of Darkness, I want you to promise me two things.”

William smirked as he crossed one of his leg over the other, and crossed his arms over his chest.

“And that is?” William asked with a calm expression on his face.

“The first one is that you will owe me a favor,” Joash answered. “The second one is that you will allow the Demons to live in the Central Continent without being prosecuted. If you are able to promise me these two things, I will turn a blind eye and allow you to pass safely within these walls unharmed.”

“Okay,” William answered in a heartbeat.

He didn’t really care about these things, but since this would allow them to part without escalating their talks into a full-blown conflict, he was more than happy to agree to Joash’s two conditions.

“You really think that you’re not that Prince in question, do you?”

“Of course not.”

Joash chuckled as he stood up from his chair and stared at the Half-Elf who was just chilling in his chair. Deep inside, he admired William because he was still young and had already attained the power that was beyond the reach of normal men.

The Demigod knew that it was not easy to reach their realm, and since the Half-Elf had done it, he definitely sacrificed many things to get to where he was currently at.

As someone who recognized the strong, Joash had no choice but to treat William as his equal. The Fortress City was under his protection, so he would definitely fight anyone or anything that posed a threat to it.

After chatting with William, he understood that the son of his enemy really only wanted to search for the person that was important to him. Since that was the case, Joash would let him go unharmed.

Also, he entertained the possibility of William becoming the Dark Prince. Although it was highly unlikely, it was good to cover all of his bases. This is why he decided to add another insurance that would let the two of them part on good terms.

“Two days,” Joash stated. “Stay here in the fortress for two days. On the third day my daughter will accompany you on your journey to Baba Yaga’s place. She is well-known in the Demon Continent. Having her with you will prevent any conflicts between you and the denizens of this realm.”

William was about to refuse the offer, but after thinking about it, he realized that it was actually a good idea. If Vesta accompanied him then it would prevent unnecessary discord with the locals, and he would be able to focus his attention in searching for Celine.

“Thank you,” William replied. “I will gladly accept your hospitality.”

Joash nodded as he lightly tapped his daughter’s shoulder to tell her that it was about time to leave. He had already said what he wanted to say, so there was no need to extend his stay.

Vesta gave William one last glance before following her father towards the balcony. She didn’t understand why her father suggested that she accompany him in search of a woman. However, since it was very rare for her to leave the Fortress City, she thought that going out for a while would not necessarily be a bad thing.

William watched the father and daughter pair go with a calm expression on his face. Only when the two of them had left his room did he finally sighed in relief.

“Fortunately the worst case scenario didn’t happen,” William muttered as he raised his right hand.

Inside it was a small golden staff that was the size of a ballpen. If Joash had attacked him during their talks, he would have called for his Heroic Avatar, and fought against the Demigod with all of his might.

Chapter 973 – Our Master Is Invincible!

“Dad, why didn’t you deal with him earlier?” Vesta asked when she and her father had arrived in the Tower that served as their home.

“Because if we really fought then this Fortress City might have been razed to ashes,” Joash replied as he walked ahead of his daughter, who was looking at his back with a dumbfounded expression on her face.

“Is he that strong?” Vesta inquired. This time, her voice was filled with curiosity which made Joash chuckle.

Ever since she was born, Vesta had always been someone who searched for the answers to her questions. If Joash didn’t give her an answer, she would ask other people for the answer. She was just that kind of person, and sometimes, Joash felt that he should have been more strict in educating her, while she was growing up.

“Strong? No. He is rather weak,” Joash answered. “But, in that weakness, he also becomes the most dangerous. During our talk earlier, both of us were measuring each other up. I’m sure that if I made a single move that could threaten his life, he would definitely retaliate.”

“Even if he retaliates, so what?” Vesta snorted. “Aside from Baba Yaga, there is no Demigod that is as strong as you in the Demonic Continent. I’m very sure that you can pinch that boy to oblivion if you wish.”

Joash smiled. He didn’t affirm or deny his daughter’s words. As a father, he needed to become a pillar that would make her feel safe. However, as a Demigod, his instinct was sharper than ordinary mortals.

He had a feeling that if he really attacked William back then, the one who was going to lose was him. This was what his sixth sense was telling him, and it was also why he didn’t make any moves to provoke the boy, whose hair reminded him of Maxwell—the man responsible for cutting off his tail during their fight in the Silvermoon Continent.

“In two days, you will accompany them on their journey to the Northeast Region of our Domain. That is where Baba Yaga lives,” Joash stated.

Vesta nodded, but there was something on her mind that was bugging her, so she decided to ask her father about it.

“The only way that Celine could have entered the Demonic Lands is through this gate,” Vesta said. “How did she pass here undetected? Although I haven’t seen her, she is an Elf. Any Demon would have definitely made a move against her if they discovered her identity.”

Joash stopped walking before turning around to look at his daughter. This was also why he wanted Vesta to accompany William in his journey. The green-haired beauty had grown up under his radiance, so she still hadn’t seen the world and discovered what lay on the other side of a coin.

In the Demon Lands, no matter where she went, no one would dare cause trouble for her unless they were stupid. He had also given her special protective artifacts, and one of them allowed her to summon one of his avatars to protect her.

Because he had given her so many layers of protection, Vesta wasn’t able to understand what hardships and true danger were. Although she had done her best to train herself, and strived to succeed without his help, the fact still remained that she was his daughter.

Even if she didn’t ask for it, she was born with that layer of protection, and this was something that Joash wanted her to understand as she journeyed together with the son of the man that could have conquered the entire world if he wished for it.

“Celine entered the Demon Lands and passed through this fortress,” Joash replied. “I personally escorted her out of the city to ensure that no fools would dare to block her path.”

“Eh? You did?”

“Yes.”

“When did this happen?” Vesta inquired. She felt a little disappointed that her father didn’t let her meet one of the two bride candidates that would become the Dark Prince’s woman.

“A few months ago,” Joash replied before turning around to continue walking towards his chambers.

“Make the necessary preparations. Also, don’t provoke that boy, William,” Joash added. “What you should do is observe him carefully. Perhaps, by doing so, you will understand why he managed to clear the 51st Floor of the Tower of Babylon, which remained unconquered for the past hundred years. Do I make myself clear?”

Vesta nodded. Although she still had misgivings about traveling with William, her father had given her a mission, and she would complete it without fail.

“And, that’s what happened,” William explained to Zhu, Sha, and the Elves that were in the cage, about the discussion he had with the Demigod of the Fortress City.

All of them looked at William in disbelief and wondered if he was lucky or unlucky to have Joash pay extra attention to him.

“I think he doesn’t want to have conflicts with you,” Sha said after pondering William’s story. “If he really meant us harm, he would have definitely attacked us first and used us as hostages in order for you to listen to his demands.”

Zhu had his arms crossed over his chest as he agreed with Sha’s conclusion.

However, Charmaine, and the other Elves thought otherwise. As maids who had given their loyalty and devotion to their new Master, their opinion was very different from the one that the Sand Demon had come up with.

“Even if he used us as hostages, it still won’t work,” Charmaine replied. “Master would definitely not allow such a thing to happen. If I were in his place, I would have taken this entire fortress city as a hostage. Just one whack of Ruyi Jingu Bang will be enough to show them that they’re messing with the wrong person!”

“That’s right! Our Master is invincible!”

“Sir William is formidable!”

“That Demigod doesn’t know who he is dealing with!”

The Elves heaped praises one after the other, which made William scratch his cheek out of embarrassment.

He had also thought of this scenario where Joash would use his friends as hostage, but he already had this covered. All of them had been registered under his King’s Legion, so with a single word, the Half-Elf could forcefully return them to his Thousand Beast Domain.

This was why the thought of them being used as a hostage wouldn’t work on him.

“Since the other party didn’t want any conflicts then we should also behave ourselves for the time being,” William stated as he raised his hand to stop the Elves from their praises, that seemed to have no ending. “But, stay vigilant. We are currently deep inside enemy lines. Carelessness is something that we should avoid at this point in time.”

Everyone nodded their heads in agreement. After talking for a bit and making several contingency plans, the Half-Elf once again returned to his room at the inn.

This was the first night that he would spend in the Demon Lands, and he wanted nothing more than to let it pass peacefully.

‘That Joash is not so simple,’ William thought as he stared at the Tower that overlooked the entire Fortress. Although he couldn’t sense if the Demigod was watching his every move or not, he understood that he shouldn’t show any signs of weakness, that could be exploited by someone who had fought his father many years ago.

Chapter 974 – A Broken Vow

Inside William’s Thousand Beast Domain...

“Joash, I don’t know much about him,” Chiffon said as she patted Medusa’s head, who was sleeping on her lap.

After she had devoured her on their first meeting, the Little Gorgon had recognized the pink-haired girl as someone stronger than her, and willingly submitted to her.

This was a very normal occurrence for Monsters because they were someone who worshiped the strong. Chiffon didn't think much of Medusa's choice, because this was a common mindset in the Demoniac Continent.

The Demon Clans followed the strongest demon, which was the Demon Lord. What Medusa did was nothing different in Chiffon's eyes, so she was even flattered that the purple-haired girl treated her as her Master.

Simply put, Medusa was similar to a little pet that followed Chiffon around. Also, for some unknown reason, Gullinbursti (the golden piglet), and Medusa had suddenly become rivals for the pink-haired girl's affection which made William chuckle when he noticed it.

"The Black Dragon of the Demon Continent, Joash Cy Agni... he is indeed someone that you shouldn't take lightly."

Chiffon and William glanced at the delicate-looking Elf who was seated on a chair and sipping his tea calmly.

"Among the Demigods of this domain, he is only second to Baba Yaga, who rules the Northeast," Kenneth explained. "It is because of this reason that he chose to become the defender of the Demoniac Continent after their loss in the Silvermoon Continent. My Grandpa once mentioned that Joash had both brain and brawn, which made him a very formidable enemy."

After persuading William to allow him to accompany him, the Half-Elf gave up and brought Kenneth inside the Thousand Beast Domain. He knew that the silver-haired Elf had been sent by his mother to check up on him, so he decided to just bring him along to honor her wish.

To his surprise, Kenneth seemed calm, and collected when he entered the Thousand Beast Domain. Although he had been surprised, his surprise was different from the surprise that his wives, and the other people he brought inside his domain, had expressed when they had entered it for the first time.

When William asked him about this, Kenneth only said that he had already suspected that the Half-Elf was in possession of a portable domain. That is the only explanation that Kenneth could think of on how William was able to summon so many Beasts to fight for his side during the war in the Southern Continent.

“Well, since he has already shown goodwill to you, it will be best to not stir up any kind of trouble inside his Domain,” Kenneth commented. “Demigods are prideful beings. Going back on their words was something that they rarely do. More than anything else, they don’t want the other Demigods to look down on them because of something petty.”

William smiled as he looked at his ex-roommate who was making himself at home in his Domain.

“Kenneth, let me ask you something,” William said. “Have you ever dreamed of a young lady whose long hair seemed to know no bounds? She could extend it indefinitely, and her favorite pastime is to sleep. Does that ring a bell to you?”

“No,” Kenneth answered in a heartbeat. He then looked at William with a curious gaze as he asked him a question of his own.

“Where did you see this lady you’re talking about?” Kenneth asked.

“In my dreams?”

“What kind of dreams are you having then?”

William chuckled as he dropped the subject. This was something that he didn’t want to talk about at this moment. For the past few months, he would often dream of a lazy young lady who did nothing but sleep under the shade of an Ancient Oak Tree.

In his dreams, the young lady would use her very long hair to entangle William, and hang him upside down in the tree as a way to prevent him from poking her face while she was sleeping.

For the most part, these dreams were quite comedic, and they gave William a sense of peace whenever this kind of dream visited him at night.

Chiffon arched an eyebrow as she gazed at Kenneth. For her, the silver-haired Elf was an enigma. All the Sins were born as girls, and there had been no exception in the past.

They were not like the Seven Virtues who were graced by a man as a member every now and then. The Seven Deadly Sins had a strict requirement, and all of them had been born girls. Even now, She, Princess Sidonie, and Lilith, didn't know what to think about the delicate-looking Elf who no doubt held the Sin of Sloth.

"Well then, I guess I'll go back to my room in the inn." William stood up and kissed Chiffon's right cheek. "I'm pretty sure that I'm currently not being monitored, but I don't want to take chances. Joash would become suspicious if he didn't see me in the inn if he checked up on me."

Chiffon nodded her head in understanding and kissed William back. Although she wanted to spend some quality time with her husband, she understood that his mission was very important as well.

"Take care," Chiffon said. "At the first sign of trouble, it will be best if you teleport to where Soleil is. You have already sent it flying towards the North, right?"

William nodded. The Half-Elf had always used Soleil to instantly teleport to a location of his choosing. This method had saved his life countless times in the past, and he would definitely use it if the circumstances called for it.

"Ah, Will, before you go, I need to tell you something first," Kenneth said as he placed the empty tea cup on the table. "It's not a good hobby to poke girls in the face when they are sleeping. Girls need their beauty sleep, so you shouldn't disturb them just because you find them very beautiful."

William rubbed his chin as he eyed the silver-haired elf who was looking at him with a calm expression on his face.

"Did I ever mention that she was beautiful?" William asked.

"No, but..." Kenneth smiled. "I'm sure that the girl in your dreams is a beauty, no?"

William shook his head to deny Kenneth's words. "No. She was very ugly. Her face was stained with drool and her body was covered with dried leaves. If I had a flint, I would have gathered all the dried leaves and ignited it. Maybe, by doing so, that troublesome girl would have no choice but to move, or let those golden curls of her get turned into ashes."

The Half-Elf smirked before teleporting out of this Thousand Beast Domain. He didn't bother to wait for Kenneth's reply because he wanted to have the last words in their conversation.

In the end, the silver-haired elf looked at the place where William disappeared before closing his eyes. His lips moved as he said barely audible words that even Chiffon wasn't able to hear.

"You broke your promise," Kenneth muttered before his body relaxed.

Soon, he fell asleep while seated on the chair, no longer caring what was happening around him. His goal was to accompany William on his journey and keep him safe. Since the Half-Elf was fine for the time being, Kenneth decided to sleep to conserve his strength.

He had a feeling that some time in the future, he would need to use everything he had to ensure that the red-headed teenager who smiled at him back then, would not fall into the hands of darkness.

Chapter 975: Journey To The North

Two days passed and it was time for William to leave the fortress city. Perhaps due to Joash's influence, the barkeeper treated him like a VIP guest, and no one dared to cause trouble for him during his stay.

Half an hour later, three carriages left the Northern Gate of the Fortress. Two of them belonged to William, while the last one belonged to Vesta.

The green-haired lady's carriage was simple looking, but it was at least twice the size of William's carriage. Also, the one pulling it was so high profile that the Half-Elf couldn't help but scratch his head.

In the end, he said nothing, because there was no use in saying anything. Even the Elves who were riding on the cage behind the carriage couldn't help but raise their eyebrows at the majestic beast that was calmly walking side by side with the horses that pulled their carriage.

A Black Gryphon, that was bigger than a normal one, pulled Vesta's carriage. It was clearly an Alpha Monster, and they were very prideful creatures. William didn't know if the one that tamed it was Vesta or her father.

Regardless of who they were, he could only sigh internally because the Gryphon was like a big sign that said, "I am pulling a VIP Passenger. Get out of the way, Peasants!".

"Sir William, you looked troubled," Charmaine, who was seated beside William inside the carriage said with a smile.

"How can I not be troubled?" William replied in a helpless tone. "A group of slave traders, being accompanied by the daughter of a Demigod is something you don't see everyday. Anyone who sees this will find it suspicious. This in turn will prompt them to investigate. I don't know if Joash is playing a prank on me, but if he is, he got me really good."

Charmaine giggled because it was very rare for her to see William's troubled expression. Clearly, the daughter of a Demigod wasn't part of his plans to act low profile, while searching for Celine.

"Sir William, just look at the bright side," Charmaine stated. "With her by our side, no one will dare cause trouble for us."

William shook his head because Charmaine's thinking was quite simple.

"You're only half right." William nodded his head. "As one of the most popular beauties of the young generation, I'm sure that Vesta has a lot of admirers in the city."

"Seeing her accompanying us will make those one-sided admirers of hers stalk us on our journey, in the hopes that they will be able to use the opportunity of her being away from her father to become close to her. Not to mention, I am slave trader carrying Elves as merchandise. They can always use the excuse of checking our wares as a reason to approach us."

"Sir William, you think too much," Charmaine commented. "Even if that is the case, you just need to intimidate them and they will divert their attention from you to Vesta. Let her deal with her admirers."

Before William could even reply to the pretty Elf beside him, who for some reason had started to massage his arm, two flying carriages landed on his carriage's right side.

"Speaking of the Devils." William snorted.

"Sir William, they are Demons, not Devils," Charmaine commented in a teasing tone.

William rolled his eyes to ignore the pretty Elf who was now massaging his shoulders. He didn't pry her hands off his shoulders, because Charmaine was quite good at giving massages, which he had only discovered a few days ago.

"Halt!" a loud voice shouted. "The Young Master of the Desert Clan orders you slave traders to stop so that he can check the slaves in your possession. My Young Master is willing to pay a good price for them, so pull to the side and let him take a look at what you have for sale!"

"Stop at once!" another Demon shouted. "The Young Master of the Sky Clan wishes to conduct business with you. If he is satisfied with what he sees, he is willing to pay you a high price for your slaves."

Vesta, whose carriage was located on William's left side, smirked after seeing the two that had come to cause trouble for the Half-Elf.

Truth be told, she had already met the Young Masters of the Desert and Sky Clans, as well as the other members of the young generation, two months ago during her birthday. All of them wanted to become her life partner, so they could have her father's backing to ensure their clan's prosperity.

Vesta hated these gatherings because she felt like she was an item that was being auctioned to the highest bidder. Although her father allowed her to do as she pleased, she still couldn't shake the possibility of being set up in an arranged marriage, which was very common in the Demon Realm.

"Pull to the side, Zhu," William said with a sigh. "Let's just get this over with. Sha, shift the carriage to the side as well."

Zhu and Sha nodded and guided the carriages off the road in order to deal with the numbskulls who were using him as an excuse to strike up a conversation with the green-haired beauty, who loathed both of them.

"Young Masters, my apologies but this slaves are already reserved for the Demon Lord," William stated with a smile. "If you have any concerns, feel free to look for him. I'm sure that he will be more than happy to settle this matter with the two of you."

The two Young Masters, who were planning to buy the slaves at a high price in order to make a good impression on Vesta, immediately held back the words that they were about to say. If they were to really buy the slaves that were meant for the Demon Lord, their Patriarch's would definitely roast them in an open fire for their stupidity.

Seeing that the two Young Masters didn't dare to make things difficult for him, an idea popped up inside William's head, which he executed right away.

"Dear Sirs, I really apologize for disappointing the both of you, so allow me to make it up to you," William said with a smile that he and James used when they were about to scam people. "You see, Lady Vesta is traveling with me, and I admit that I am not very good at socializing with someone of her status. Would the both of you like to travel with us in order to keep her company?"

The two Young Masters looked at William as if he was their long lost bro, who understood their suffering.

The Young Master of the Sky Clan, walked up to William and shook his hand.

"Bro, my name is Kira," Kira said. "I am the third son of the Head of the Desert Clan. It is a pleasure to meet you."

"The pleasure is mine," William replied. "Feel free to call me William."

Kira looked like a normal human teenager with tanned skin. If not for the fact that he had a short horn at the middle of his forehead, and red-eyes that were as red as rubies, no one would think that he was a demon.

His looks were above average, and even more handsome than William's current form, which was his face back on Earth.

It was at that moment when the Young Master of the Sky Clan approached the black-haired teenager in order to introduce himself.

"Elder Brother, my name is Athrun, the fourth son of the current Patriarch of the Sky Clan." Athrun smiled. "It is an honor to meet you."

"Likewise," William replied as he happily shook Athrun's hand. "Just call me William."

Unlike Kira, Athrun was more of a scholarly type and his skin was creamy white, similar to that of a girl's. He was also quite handsome, which gave William the impression that, if the two young Master's were to woo others girls aside from Vesta, their chances of success would be very high.

"Bro, where are you planning to go?" Kira asked. "Are you headed for the capital? If Yes, why don't we stay at our residence there. It is very spacious and I guarantee that you will not be disappointed."

Athrun just stayed silent at the side and didn't volunteer to invite William to the lodging of their clan in the capital city. As the Fourth Son of his father, his position was the lowest, and he wasn't treated with much respect in their clan.

Fortunately, Athrun was very good when it came to business. He was able to become a successful merchant without the help of his family, and had long gained the confidence to stand on his own.

Still, his business was only medium-sized at the moment, so he didn't dare to brag or anything. He knew more than anyone else that there was no one he could rely on, but himself. The reason why he was enamored with Vesta was not because of her status, but because she was a hard worker.

As someone who also understood the hardships of making a name for herself, without relying on family connections, Athrun believed that she was the perfect match for him.

"I am planning to go to the North first before going to the capital city," William replied. "I am looking for a friend, and according to those who saw her last, she was traveling towards the North in search of someone."

"That is a long detour, Elder Brother." Athrun rubbed his chin after hearing William's explanation. He then glanced at Vesta who was looking at them from the window of her carriage and smiled. "Elder Brother, will Lady Vesta accompany you until you reach your destination?"

William nodded. "Lady Vesta said that it had been a long time since she had left the Fortress City, so she decided to accompany me on my long journey."

Vesta who was looking at them from her carriage window suddenly had the strong urge to breathe fire at them. She was waiting for a good show, and to see how the two Young Masters would cause trouble for William. Unfortunately, things didn't play out the way she thought it would.

Instead of a confrontation, the two Young Masters started to call William Bro and Elder Brother, which made the green-haired beauty wonder if she had misheard things.

However, after seeing how the three teenage boys were all smiles as they talked about the details of their journey, Vesta felt like she had swallowed a fly.

When she heard that William even invited Kira and Athrun to accompany them, the green-haired beauty almost jumped out of her carriage to deliver a strong kick to the black-haired teenager's bum.

The Half-Elf laughed internally because he was finally able to return the favor to the father and daughter pair. He wasn't too worried about Kira and Athrun accompanying him, because their presence was just a means to an end.

In the end, Vesta was forced to swallow a bitter pill as their small group suddenly gained two more members, who were more than eager to accompany them on their journey to the North.

Chapter 976 – A Thousand Year Promise [Part 1]

As an Elf, I lived a very long life.

The lifespan of an ordinary mortal was no different from the life of an insect that only lasted for a few days. And yet, someone with that fleeting lifetime touched the core of my being, and made me experience things I have never experienced before.

—

“Hey, are you alright?”

“Why are you sleeping on the ground?”

“Hello? Can you hear me?”

These were the questions that he asked me back then when he first appeared in my life. I, who had been exiled because of the curse I carry, had prepared myself to live alone without any interaction from the outside world.

And yet, he still came... and melted the resolve I had built with merely four words.

—

“I love you, Acedia”.

—

In a secluded place, far away from the lands of the Elves, I slept on the roots of an Ancient Oak Tree. Once every year, on the Ninth hour, of the Ninth Day, of the Ninth Month, a portal between Midgard and Alfheim opened.

That is when this annoying person named William Pendragon appeared in my life.

The silver-haired teenager said that he traveled between the two worlds to take me to the Violet Ever Garden, where I would stay for the remainder of my life.

He was so cheeky back then, proclaiming that no matter what, he would bring me there without fail. There was just one big problem.

The numbskull didn't even know where it was!

'This is why humans are stupid.'

This was what I thought back then. Just like the other Elves, I took pride in my race's superiority and looked down on other races as if they were not worthy of my time. Well, I do admit that Pendragon was quite good looking. Among humans, he could be considered decent to say the least.

His long silver-hair that reflected the sunlight was something I'd like to see from time to time, and his eyes, that were as blue as the sky, would look at me with different emotions, that made my heart skip a beat.

Of course, at first, I didn't trust him. No Elf in their right mind would trust someone from another race on their first meeting. This was why, when he tried to ask me questions, I didn't even bother to open my eyes, and ignored him completely.

The last straw was when he started to press his ear to my chest. I kind of understood that he was checking whether I was alive or not, but wasn't that a bit rude? I might have only been nineteen-years old at that time, but I was still a maiden who hadn't even touched the hand of a man.

For a stranger to even press his filthy ear... well, not so filthy ear to my chest, deserved a punishment that was equal to the crime he committed.

That was the moment when I wrapped my hair around him, and hung him upside down from the branch of the Ancient Oak Tree, until he begged me to put him down.

A month passed before I decided to trust Pendragon and decided to believe his story that he would indeed take me to the Violet Ever Garden. In order to help me trust him, he did menial chores everyday—like feeding me berries, letting me drink water, sing me a lullaby, and make sure that no bugs landed on my body.

While he did those things, he would often tell me about himself, even if I didn't ask him. Perhaps it was because I slept most of the time, and he was feeling that he would go crazy if he didn't talk to someone, but talk he did.

As for me, I played my part and listened.

His tale wasn't exciting. It was even lackluster to say the least. According to him, he was a bastard son of the ruling Chieftain in his country. Aside from giving him the surname Pendragon, his father had mostly ignored him and allowed one of his subordinates to raise him.

His name, William, was given to him by his mother before she passed away after childbirth. That was the only keepsake that she had given him, and he carried it to this day.

'What a pitiful Human.'

I thought back then that he was indeed pitiful, but when I remembered my current circumstance, I retracted my feelings of pity for him and gave it to myself instead. I, who had been abandoned to live alone, was more pitiful than him, and yet, I didn't rub it in his face because he was indeed pitiful, but only second to me.

When he met me, he was only sixteen at that time. No longer a boy, but not yet a man. I could tell that he was doing his best in trying to make a name for himself. He was doing his best to get his father to recognize him as a son.

Since he wanted to make a name for himself, I decided to make him my pillow. This was the highest honor that someone as exalted as me could give him.

When I told him that I will give him the honor of becoming my pillow, he gave me a look of disdain, while telling me, "Are you out of your mind?".

Welp, what happened next was like usual. He spent the night hanging on a tree branch upside down. The next day, he was more obedient. He did exactly what I told him to and he became my pillow.

'If you had obeyed me in the first place then you wouldn't have had to suffer.'

This was what I told him, as I reluctantly lay my head on his stomach. I was greatly disappointed because it wasn't soft. William had a lean and toned body. Unlike mine that was delicate and soft, his was hard, and chiseled.

Even though it was not the most comfortable pillow around, I didn't voice any of my complaints because it was warm.

For the first time since I was exiled from the Elven Clan, I once again felt the warmth of a living being. I really thought that I would never get to experience such a luxury again.

On the third month of our journey, William fell ill with a fever after eating a roasted mushroom that he had foraged in the wild. If I remember correctly, this type of mushroom was part of the Magic Mushroom family that was known to have random effects on those that ate them.

The only saving grace was that it wasn't a poisonous mushroom, so he recovered after three days. During those three days, the one that took care of him was me. It was a laborious task. I had to actually exert effort in order to throw him into the river in order to wash his body because I don't like using stinky humans as my pillow.

During those three days, William started to call me names like lazy bum, no-good-Elf, sluggard, long-haired demon, ugly monkey, and sloth.

Dear me, it seemed that the mushroom had really damaged his brain, so I had no choice but to tie him up to a tree, and used my hair to whip his back until he lost consciousness.

Perhaps I went overboard because the next day, his fever actually worsened. What a useless pillow, he couldn't even do his job properly.

Chapter 977 – A Thousand Year Promise [Part 2]

On the third day, William's body was burning up with fever. Even someone as slothful as me felt a bit concerned about his well being.

Having no other alternative, I was forced to use my power to cure him. As an Elf, I knew how to wield Life Magic. I am just too lazy to use it most of the time.

But, something unexpected happened. The Magic I was so proud of, didn't work on him. It was at that moment when I realized that things were starting to get a bit out of hand.

I was put into a tight spot where I was forced to make a difficult choice. Allow this Human, who I had only known for only a short while, to die and return to normality, or cure him by sacrificing a bit of my energy.

'This is so troublesome. I don't want to do it, so I guess he should just die then.'

That's right. He should just die. Although I would have no one to talk to, and I would spend the days alone again, that was fine with me. After all, I had been alone for most of my life. I was only going to revert back to my everyday routine before meeting the Human stranger that suddenly appeared in my life.

'Yes. This is how it should be.'

That was the thought in my head when I made my decision to turn my back on him. As I gazed at the man that was dying beside me with half-opened eyes, I once again marveled at his silver hair, which had now been covered in dust.

His blue eyes, that were as clear as the blue skies back then, were dazed and had lost their luster. It was at that moment when I felt pain in my chest, which made me subconsciously reach out to him.

That was when I realized that my resolve to live alone for the rest of my life had crumbled to pieces.

Some Elves had a special ability that allowed them to pass their lifeforce to someone. This was stronger than any kind of healing magic because we would burn up our very own life essence to transfer it to someone else.

As one of the Elves that had this ability, I never thought that a day would come when I would need to use it.

As I wrapped my hair around William's body that was burning up, I carried him, as I walked to the river. This was something I would never do on normal days because I hated walking, I hated talking, and I hated moving my body for any reason.

I made sure to clean his body properly and removed all of his clothes. If I was going to pass a bit of my lifeforce to him, I wanted to do it when he was clean, not stinking, and covered in dirt.

"You better become a good pillow after this. I swear that I will not do this again."

Indeed. I would never do this kind of thing again. Once was enough, and only because it was an emergency. However, before I could start the ceremony, the annoying Human opened his lips and said something irritating to me.

"Ugly Monkey."

Out of reflex I tossed him towards the river in order to punish him. Fortunately, I remembered that he was being delirious due to the fever, so I hurriedly caught him with my hair, before he even fell into the water.

When I pulled him back to me, I saw that the bastard had lost consciousness. Good. I didn't like the idea of letting him see how I would save his pitiful life.

After speaking the ancient words of magic that activated the spell, I cupped his face and kissed his chapped lips. During that kiss, I felt a portion of my life force transfer to his body, forcefully repairing the damages that he had accumulated over his entire lifetime.

The scars on his back, the calluses on his hand, and the other hidden wounds and bruises in his body all started to heal at a rapid pace. The chapped lips that I had kissed suddenly became soft, and rosy pink, which surprised me.

After I pulled back, the power of the spell also faded. I only shared the equivalent of ten years of my lifespan to heal and cure his body, so I wasn't too affected.

Looking at his lean and toned body which looked healthier and more radiant, I found myself becoming somewhat attracted to him. This was the first time that I was looking at a naked teenage Human, and my curiosity got the better of me.

My hands moved subconsciously to probe his body. Touching his soft, silver-hair that I loved to gaze upon, his ears, which weren't pointy like an Elf's, and his handsome face, which I found more attractive than before.

'I guess this is the effect of the spell that I used to save his life. It is truly miraculous.'

My hands then wandered to other places. The me back then was very curious about this Human in front of me, so I let my hands investigate everything about him.

I poked his nose, ran my fingers across his soft lips, caressed his neck, pressed on his shoulders, and ever-so-slowly moved my hands towards his chest.

'Just as I expected, it's different from mine. Mine is soft, while his is hard. Is this really the chest of a man?'

Those were my sincere thoughts back then as I compared our chests with each other. Soon, my curiosity went downwards. My hands lightly rubbed the stomach where I lay each night, and his six pack abs left me wondering if I could have them as well.

When I lowered my eyes, I came face to face with his genitals, which made me unconsciously swallow. For some absurd reason, I felt my cheeks burning. This was something that I had never felt before, so I decided to investigate it thoroughly, to better understand why I was feeling that way.

I touched, flicked, pinched, and pulled on it. I almost cried out in panic when it suddenly grew and reared its head at me. Such a scary thing, I almost thought I got pregnant after touching it once!

It was at that moment when I heard a groan come from the Human that I was holding. When I raised my head, I saw William looking down at me with a “what do you think you’re doing?” expression on his face.

I met his gaze head on and felt something snap inside me. My gaze didn’t leave him, but my hand moved on its own, and flicked the little monster that had suddenly grown big without my permission, making William wince in pain.

“What do you think you’re doing, woman?!” William shouted as he struggled to free himself from my hair that was holding his arms, waist, and legs in place.

Although I didn’t want to brag, my hair is very firm and hard. Very few creatures were able to break from it once I had my hold on their bodies.

“I am just punishing this little thing!” I angrily replied as I grabbed the little beast and squeezed it with my hand. “This thing almost got me pregnant just by existing!”

William’s pained expression, as I pulled on his manhood, made me realize that he had just recovered from his sickness, so I decided to let it go and threw him into the river to cool himself down.

‘Oh, no! I touched that filthy thing. I am going to get pregnant at this rate!’

If my future self could only return to that point in time to talk to my past life, I would have definitely dug a hole, and buried both of us out of embarrassment. How can someone be so ignorant of the world?

Well, as someone who had been abandoned, I couldn't really blame the me of that time. I simply didn't have the knowledge for how to deal with the opposite gender, as well as the wisdom that every Elf my age should have.

After that small episode, our journey continued, which would later make me understand that the silver-haired teenager who was traveling alongside me, would become the focal point of my life, as someone who was meant to live alone for all eternity.

Chapter 978 – A Thousand Year Promise [Part 3]

Several months passed since that fateful day, and we finally arrived at our destination. The fabled land, where one could live the rest of their lives in happiness.

The Violet Ever Garden, a legendary place that we had found out of sheer luck after we met a traveling priestess who pointed us in the right direction.

I hated to admit it, but during those months of travel, William and I had gotten close to each other. Although he was still my pillow, I no longer treated him harshly, and he in turn, treated me well.

We became the best of friends who relied on each other as we faced the many obstacles that blocked our path. Now that I had arrived at my destination, I felt like the moment of parting was nearing.

"Do you really have to leave?"

I asked because I felt that if he really left me, I would never see him again.

"I don't want to, but I have to. There are people waiting for my return, and I still haven't tied up the loose ends on my part."

This was the answer he had given me back then, and for the first time, in my life, I felt so heartbroken that I felt like I was dying.

I knew that he didn't belong to my world, and sooner or later he would have to leave. I understood that and tried to treat him indifferently, and yet, he had bridged that gap, and found his place inside my heart.

Seeing my pained expression, William made a very difficult decision. He decided to stay for one more year so he could spend it with me. This small consolation made me very happy back then. I, who had resolved myself to live a lonely life, felt the sweetness of happiness and it made me feel like I was the happiest Elf in the world.

I was so happy that I felt so sleepy and told him that I would just take a short nap. This was the biggest regret of my life.

When I opened my eyes, and saw William, he looked back at me with tenderness and affection. Nothing seemed different, but there was a sadness on his face that couldn't be hidden by the smile on his face.

When I asked him what was wrong, he replied that I had slept for eight months, and his time to return to Midgard was nearing. The journey back to the Ancient Oak Tree, according to William's calculation, was three months.

This only left us a month to spend with each other, which made me feel remorse. That day, I cried. I blamed myself for taking things for granted, and had forgotten that the lifetime of Humans was different from my race.

William hugged me back then, and whispered words of assurance that we still had a month to spend together. Although it was a bit short, I decided to make the most of it, and used all of my willpower to prevent myself from falling asleep during that one month.

I was afraid that if I closed my eyes again, William would no longer be by my side when I woke up.

That month was the happiest month of my life. We toured the Violet Ever Garden, and saw many amazing scenes that were simply breathtaking.

When we only had two weeks left, I was starting to feel so anxious, that I no longer enjoyed our travels and simply held onto him, unwilling to let go. Perhaps, William noticed my fears as well, so we decided to make a return trip to the small house that he had built while I was sleeping.

One night, when the moon was full, and the stars littered the sky, I followed William to the river where he took his nightly bath.

He knew that I preferred that he cleaned his body before I used it as my pillow, so this had become his daily routine. Even when I was sleeping, he would lay my head on his belly just like he always did since he agreed to become my pillow.

I observed him from afar and was captivated with the sight that I saw. His wet, silver hair glowed faintly as it reflected the moonlight. Water droplets streamed down his strong and lithe body, which put me in a daze.

I had prided myself as someone very beautiful, but at that time, I sincerely felt that the silver-haired teenager who was bathing at the river, had surpassed my beauty.

I didn't know what possessed me back then, but I came out of my hiding place and went to him. The rustling of clothes echoed silently in the night, but it was more than enough for the young man in front of me to turn his head and look in my direction.

By then, I was no longer wearing anything, but I no longer cared. I didn't feel any embarrassment, only a longing that could be felt from the depths of my being.

When my feet entered the water, I felt that it was quite cold, and yet, there was a flame that burned inside my heart.

It burned for him.

It longed for him.

I could no longer hide the feelings that I had kept hidden in my heart. The moment I wrapped my arms around his naked body, I knew then and there that I was about to do something sacred. An act of love where I would pour my heart, body, and soul to him.

“Love me and make me feel complete.”

Those were the words that I had said as my body shuddered in sweet surrender. Perhaps, he had also been holding back for a very long time, because he didn’t resist my advances.

Under the moonlight, on that riverbank, we made love to each other. My hair served as our bedding, and the coldness of the night wasn’t enough to soothe the blaze that burned brightly in our hearts.

We made love. Over and over again, until we could no longer move. As we lay in each other’s arms, he spoke the words I had wanted to hear. The words that I was born to hear.

“I love you, Acedia.”

“I love you too, Will.”

That night, we talked about many things. William promised me that he would return the next time that portal between the two worlds opened, and when that time came, he would take me back to Midgard, so that the two of us could live, and build a family, together.

I agreed, and only asked for a lock of his hair, that I could keep with me, while I waited for his return.

Several days passed since that night, and we spent everyday making love to each other. It was as if we were animals in heat, that longed to mark each other and make each their own.

Finally, the time had come for him to leave. After kissing me one last time, and renewing his promise, he set off and traveled towards the Ancient Oak Tree, where he would return to Midgard.

Just a few minutes after he left, I collapsed on the bed, and slept. I had tried to stay awake far longer than I should have.

I had reached my limit and my body had automatically entered a state of hibernation in order to return the natural balance of my body to its former state. The lock of hair that William had given me was placed on a small pouch, and hung on my neck like a protective charm.

I wished that when I opened my eyes again, the one whom I had shared my heart with, would once again be by my side.

During that long sleep, I dreamed.

I dreamed of William's journey back to the Ancient Oak Tree and his return to Midgard. I saw him go to the place where the Lady of the Lake dwelt, and realized then and there that the b*tch was also in love with MY William.

Fortunately, her charm didn't affect him because he was no longer a boy, but a man who had entered the steps of adulthood with her.

I sneered when I saw the smile of the Lady of the Lake crumble as William told her about his journey with me. However, my celebration didn't last long because I clearly saw that the fire of determination had appeared on the beautiful lady's face. I could only hope that MY William would be able to resist her charms for a year.

Unfortunately, two months later, when William was dead drunk, due to a celebration in his father's residence, he wandered towards the lake to have a chat with the Spirit that resided in it.

He was in his most vulnerable state, and the Lady of the Lake used an aphrodisiac that she claimed to be a cure for his drunken state to ensnare him.

I cursed, howled, and cursed some more as the b*tch had her way with the silver-haired young man who had promised to marry me.

William had no recollection of what happened when he woke the next day because that was one of the effects of the aphrodisiac that was given to him. After that incident, life continued as if nothing had happened.

Finally, the time for him to return to the Ancient Oak Tree had come. However, on the day he was about to leave, several invaders, who came from foreign countries, had set foot on their lands. William had been forced to fight alongside his father's men in order to repel them from their homeland.

This was his first battle... and to a certain extent his last. I saw him fight valiantly as he faced the enemy fearlessly.

My heart bled for him, and my tears fell like a river when I saw someone stab him in the back with a sword after saving one of his companions. That blow wasn't enough to kill him, and he beheaded the person that attacked him from behind.

The battle had been intense, and it only ended when William killed the last invader who hadn't fled from the battle.

I wept bitter tears, when I saw him look up at the sky to call out my name. He said he loved me one last time, as he took his final breath, standing up, like a true warrior. A warrior that his father only recognized after he had died.

As I watched the love of my life stand tall amidst the dead people that lay on the ground, a group of Valkyries arrived at the battlefield.

I witnessed the Valkyrie Captain called Wendy pull William's soul from his body, and take him to Asgard.

My sadness disappeared because I felt that there was still hope for the both of us. I noticed that William clearly remembered me, and he had tried many times to escape Asgard to return to Midgard to come and find me.

However, as the days passed, his memories started to disappear. After several months of trying to keep me in his mind, the last vestige of our time together finally vanished without a trace.

When Ragnarok arrived, I saw how valiantly he fought on the frontlines, and watched how he struggled until the end. As he lay down on the ground, unable to move, I appeared before him and hugged him tight.

"Who?" William asked as he looked up to me.

"Acedia," I answered.

William was only a step away from death, and his breathing had also become laborious, but he still looked at me as if trying hard to recall something.

Perhaps, it was a miracle, or perhaps it was Lady Fate pitying both of us, but William finally remembered who I was.

"I'm sorry," William said as he raised his hand to touch my face. "I broke my promise. I'm sorry."

"Yes, you did," I replied as I held the hand that was caressing my face. Although it was still warm, it had slowly started to feel cold, and knew that our time together was not long.

Surtr, the God of Destruction, raised his sword and gathered the flames that would destroy the entire world, and bring an end to an era. He then swung his sword towards the Einherjar and the Elf whose tears streamed down their faces.

"I'm sorry... I'm really sorry."

"... Then promise me this. Next time, you will not break your promise to me."

William took a labored breath as he gazed at the person whom he had loved many years ago. "If there is a next time then yes. I promise."

I smiled before shaking my head.

"I don't believe you," I said. "You will break your promise again, so I decided I'll be the one to look for you next time. I don't know how long it will take, but when that time comes, I will wrap you in my hair and never let you go again."

William smiled as he used the last embers of his life to tell me his heartfelt feelings.

"I love you, Acedia. Promise me that you will find me in our next life."

"Don't worry. No matter where you go, no matter where you hide, I will find you."

I lifted William's head, and gave him one last kiss as the flames of destruction fell on our bodies. It wasn't the ending I had envisioned for our love, but there was nothing I could do about it.

Thousand Beast Domain...

When I opened my eyes, it was already morning.

I wiped the tears from my eyes as I got off from my bed, and headed towards the window. To my surprise, I saw a red-headed teenager walk towards the Villa with a smile on his face.

It seemed that something good had happened in the outside world because that was the only reason I could think of for him to have that smug expression on his face.

Opening my window, I gave him a smile, which he returned with a wave of his hand.

"Good morning, Kenneth." William greeted.

"Good morning, Will," I greeted him back.

“Have you had breakfast yet? Why don’t we eat together?”

“Sure. I’d love that. But, there is a question that I’d like to ask you, Will.”

William tilted his head in confusion as he stared back at me. “A question? What question?”

“Do you remember your promise?” I asked with a smile.

“What promise?” William blinked. “Did I promise you something?”

I chuckled and shook my head. Just as I expected, this numbskull had once again forgotten the promise that he made to me.

Fortunately, I remembered, and because I remembered, I would make sure that, this time around, he would fulfill the thousand-year-promise that he had made to me.

Chapter 979 – William’s New Mounts

“I hate this. Why do I have to travel with these fools?” Vesta whined at her two Shield Maidens who had accompanied her on her journey.

“Young Lady, it is what His Excellency has decreed. Regardless of our will, we must carry it through without fail,” the Shield Maiden that went by the name Ali replied. “Isn’t that right, Ari?”

“We cannot disobey His Excellency’s orders, My Lady.” the remaining shield maiden, Ari, nodded her head in agreement. “If we return, we might get punished by him for disobeying orders.”

Vesta sighed as she grumpily lay on the couch inside her carriage. She knew that this was partly her fault because she didn’t voice her protests when her father, Joash, asked her to accompany William on his journey to the North.

In truth, she didn't have any problems traveling with him. What annoyed her was the fact that the Half-Elf had allowed Kira and Athrun to join them in their travels.

"What are those three idiots doing right now?" Vesta asked.

Ali parted the partition that was covering the carriage window and gazed outside. There, she found William, along with Kira and Athrun, roasting the fish that they had caught over an open fire, acting as if they were just camping in the wild for fun.

The Elf ladies roam around the camp, doing various chores here and there. They still wore the slave collars on their necks, which labeled them as William's property. The only thing that bothered Ali, and Ari, was the fact that the Elves didn't seem to be disgusted with what they were doing, and their movements even showed that they were quite experienced at their jobs.

Ali then shifted her attention back to William, who was being hand fed by the pretty Elf that went by the name Charmaine. She had learned early on that she was William's personal slave, and served him wholeheartedly.

"Sir William, Kira, and Athrun are currently roasting fish outside," Ali replied after a minute had passed. "Are you interested in eating fish, My Lady? If you wish, I can catch some for you."

"Fish?" Vesta pondered for a bit before nodding her head. "Get enough for the three of us. I'll take a nap first. Wake me up later once it is cooked."

"As you wish, My Lady." Ali bowed as she left the carriage, leaving Ari to guard Vesta while she slept.

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"Bro, I'm feeling jealous of you," Kira confessed after seeing Charmaine feed William bite-sized portions of the fish that they were roasting. "Although I have slaves of my own, none of them can compare to Charmaine."

Athrun just smiled from the side, and didn't make any comments. As a merchant, he had also bought slaves of his own. One of them was an Elf, who was currently managing his firm, while he was away conducting business in the Fortress City of Amberfang.

It was also where he met Vesta during a special gathering, and had been enamored with her ever since.

"Bro, tell me. How did you manage to catch this many Elves?" Kira asked with genuine curiosity. "Although Elf Slaves are quite rare. Most of them are sold for very high prices, so most slave traders go out of their way to catch them. Can you tell me your trade secrets?"

William chuckled. After spending a few days with Kira and Athrun, he understood that the young man who hailed from the Desert Clan was a straightforward person.

"You already said that it was my trade secret," William replied. "Since that is the case, how can I possibly share it with you?"

The Half-Elf then opened his mouth as he accepted another bite-sized portion of the roasted fish from Charmaine, making Kira feel envious.

"Elder Brother, you mentioned that you are traveling to the North, but if we continue to travel at this pace, it will take us months to get there," Athrun commented from the side. "How about we procure a flying carriage for you in the next city? That will increase the speed of our travel exponentially."

Kira also nodded his head in agreement. As wealthy people, their flying carriages were being pulled by Gryphons. Although they weren't as majestic as Vesta's Gryphon, they served their roles well and were only a tier lower than hers.

William's carriages, on the other hand, were being pulled by ordinary horses, which forced everyone to travel on land. Although Gryphons didn't mind land travel, they still preferred to soar through the skies, making them an efficient method of traveling.

The Half-Elf rubbed his chin and nodded his head in agreement. Now that he was far away from the Fortress City, it was time to speed up their traveling speed. However, he couldn't possibly just summon

one of his Beasts from his Thousand Beast Domain because it might make his companions suspicious about his abilities.

Fortunately, he had already solved this problem. Last night, when everyone was sleeping, he manipulated Soleil to sweep the land in order to look for flying creatures that he could capture to be used as mounts.

“You don’t have to worry about this,” William replied. “I sent my men to capture some flying mounts when we made camp two hours ago. They should be back just about... now.”

The black-haired teenager glanced at the West and saw two people riding on horses headed in their direction. Following behind them were two giant orbs made of sand that Sha had used to imprison the Beasts that they had found earlier.

Seeing the two domes of sand, Kira and Athrun arched their eyebrows because they were quite curious about what kind of creature William captured to serve as the mounts for his carriages.

“Is it a Gryphon?” Kira asked.

Athrun smiled as he made his own guess. “This area is a few days of travel away from the Stronghold, so the possibility of them being Wyverns is high.”

William smirked and didn’t bother to confirm or deny the two demon’s guesses. Originally, he just planned to capture a Gryphon or a Wyvern to serve as his mount. But, after seeing these two beasts wandering around the area, the Half-Elf decided that they would be his newest additions to his King’s Legion.

Vesta, who had been woken up by Ari because of the commotion, exited her carriage to look at the sand domes with curiosity.

“Will, I have to hand it to you, these two are very stubborn,” Zhu said as she dismounted from his horse. “Are you sure you can tame them?”

“Of course,” William replied. He was brimming with confidence. When it came to taming Beasts, he was an expert. “Sha, you can free one of them, but make sure that they are still bound by your sand.”

Sha nodded and one of the Earth Domes collapsed, revealing a monster that William had not yet encountered in Hestia.

“N-No way!” Kira stuttered as he gazed at the Beast that appeared in front of his eyes.

Athrun, who always had a composed look on his face, gawked in surprise when he saw the stubborn creature that William was about to tame.

“A Flying Armored Elephant!” Vesta’s eyes widened in shock. “He is going to use THAT as a mount?!”

Flying Armored Elephants, as the name suggests, were Flying Elephants with an armor-like exterior. An adult Elephant was a Pseudo-Myriad Beasts that was capable of destroying a town or a city on its own, if there were no powerhouses guarding it.

The ones that Zhu and Sha had caught were juvenile Elephants whose rank was at the peak of Millennial Beasts. After undergoing their baptism in the Heavenly Palace ruled by the Jade Emperor, the two Demons’ power had returned to their peak stage, which was only a step away from Myriad Beasts.

Capturing two peak Millennial Beasts was something that they could carry out without too many problems.

Chapter 980 – Do Your Worst, You Fiend!

“Bro, you are going to tame that?” Kira asked with a doubtful expression on his face. “These Elephants are known to be very fierce. Even Warlords don’t dare to tame them because if the other members of their herd sense that they were captured, they would immediately come to their rescue.”

Athrun who had recovered from his shock walked towards William with a serious expression on his face.

“There was once a rich merchant who captured one of those elephants and brought it to the city he ruled just to brag to his friends,” Athrun said. “A week later, a herd of Flying Armored Elephants descended from the sky and annihilated the entire town out of anger. They are a tight-knit group, so no one in their right mind would try to capture them.”

“That’s right,” Vesta, who had also walked up to William, stated. “Even the Demon Lord thinks that they pose too much of a danger to be tamed. Besides, these beasts will not yield even in the face of Death. You’re just wasting your time.”

William’s eyes sparkled after hearing that these beasts could attract their comrades to help rescue them. If that was the case, wouldn’t that mean that he would gain more Flying Armored Elephants without the need to actively look for them?

“I hit the jackpot,” William muttered as he gazed at the struggling six-meter tall elephant, which was being kept in a tight hold by Sha.

The elephant raised its long nose and trumpeted loudly as it tried to break free from the sands that bound its body. Kira’s heart trembled as he scanned his surroundings. He was afraid that the Elephant’s herd would hear its calls and come to annihilate all of them.

The Half-Elf walked towards the Elephant with a devilish smirk on his face as he took out the new, and improved, tool that he would use to tame the Beast that was in front of him.

“Behold! Butt Destroyer Version 2!” William declared as he summoned a four meter long spiked spear that looked so sinister that Kira and Athrun felt a sense of dread that made their bodies subconsciously shudder.

The Elephant glared at William in disdain as it looked at the weapon in his hand. As one of the toughest creatures in the Demonic Continent, it was not afraid to charge into an army that was armed to the teeth.

“Do your worst, you fiend!” the Elephant shouted using telepathy. “I will not yield even in death! My brethren will avenge me! You can run, but you can’t hide from their wrath!”

The Half-Elf ignored the Elephant's words and asked Sha to uncover the other elephant who was still trapped inside the dome of sand.

After the other Elephant saw its comrade, it trumpeted in anger and struggled as much as the other did.

"I have encountered many beasts," William stated as he walked towards the rear of the Elephant. "All of them were prideful creatures. But, in the end, they still yielded and submitted to me. You will not be an exception."

"Keep dreaming!" the Elephant roared. "I am the proud son of the Blood War Clan. I will not submit! Do your worst!"

"We'll see about that," William sneered as he aimed his Butt Destroyer Version 2 at his target. "Make the world tremble, as you show them your unrivaled might, Butt Destroyer Version 2!"

"Requiescat in Pace!"

With a precision that would put even Gungnir, the Spear of Heaven, to shame, William thrust the diabolical spear towards the one place that would make any creature weep bitter tears.

Suddenly, the Elephant trumpeted so loudly that a powerful shockwave pushed everyone away from where they stood, with the exception of William who had borrowed Sharur from his wife, Chiffon.

The Smasher of Thousands roared in laughter when he saw the scene in front of him. However, his laughter came to an abrupt halt when he realized what William was planning to do with him.

"W-Will, don't do this man," Sharur's body shook as he realized that the Half-Elf had planned to use him to hammer the spear and embed it deeper in the Elephant's body. "Can't we just all get along well and settle this in a peaceful manner?"

"I am settling this in a peaceful manner," William replied as he lightly tapped the spear that was firmly stuck on the Elephant's bum using Sharur. "Oi, I am going to start. Tell me when you are ready to submit, okay?"

Vesta, Kira, and Athrun, all looked at this scene in disbelief. They all simultaneously covered their backside as they walked away from the Half-Elf who was preparing to smash his mace to the butt of the spear to embed it deeper into the Elephant's body.

"Ah, just so you know, I know healing magic," William said. "I will remove this spear from your body and heal your internal injuries. Then I will repeat it again. We will do this over and over until you give up. Don't worry, I am a vampire, I can do this all day and all night."

The Elephant who was watching his comrade get pegged shuddered at the thought of experiencing the same fate. It looked at William with fearful eyes as it subconsciously clenched its buttohole in the fear that the black-haired teenager would shift his attention to him.

Just as William was about to smash the mace to let the Elephant experience a world of pain, a trembling voice reached his mind.

"S-Stop! I concede," the Elephant pleaded. "I will submit to you."

"Eh? But I still want to smash your bum."

"Please. Have mercy. I've already surrendered. Can't we talk this out like proper civilized creatures?"

Zhu and Sha, who had personally gone to capture the two Elephants, suddenly felt a strong urge to apologize to them for letting them suffer under William's hands. They believed that no creature, no matter how evil, should be subjected to such torture.

"Fine," William sighed as he pulled the bloody butt plug from the Elephant's rear. He then turned his attention to the second Elephant, which made the latter's entire body tremble uncontrollably. In the end, the second Elephant didn't put up a fight and immediately submitted to William.

Vesta, Kira, and Athrun glanced at each other in fear when they saw how William made the two Elephants submit using a method that no one in the Demon Realm had dared to use in the past.

To be perfectly honest, William only needed to use his taming skill to forcefully make the two Flying Armored Elephants submit. However, his hands were feeling itchy and wanted to use the tried and true taming method that he had invented in the past.

After using his ability to formally add the two Elephants to his herd, the bindings on their bodies disappeared completely.

“Do you have names?” William asked as the two Elephants kneeled in front of him.

“My name is Gluteus,” the second elephant who had instantly surrendered to William replied.

The first elephant who had still gotten over the trauma it had experienced replied half a minute after his comrade did.

“My name is Maximus,” Maximus answered.

William smiled as he rubbed his chin. “Gluteus and Maximus. These are good names. Very well, from now on, you are my subordinates. Relax, I won’t mistreat the two of you. As long as you stay loyal to me, I’ll ensure that both of you will reach heights that you have never reached before.”

The two Flying Armored Elephants glanced at each other before sighing inside their hearts. For the first time in their lives, they wished that none of their brethren would come to find them.

They were afraid that if they were to really appear to rescue them, the devilish teenager in front of them would be laughing in joy because he would acquire more elephants to test the effectiveness of his Butt Destroyer Version 2 once again.