

Darkness 701

Chapter 701 New Approach

The next day, Kahn and the group decided to depart in different directions and take a city tour around Alfheim. The main purpose was to learn everything useful that they needed to know to perfectly mix with the populace and understand how everyone behaved or conducted themselves in their day-to-day life.

Kahn wasn't oblivious to the fact that what could seem outrageous or immoral to you, could just be a normal code of conduct in different cultures or civilizations. And being ignorant about such details would just leave a lot of plot holes in their storyline.

And while taking notes of locations of monasteries, historically important places, authorities and the overall layout of the city that spanned 150 kilometers in perimeter alone... Kahn came to know about one odd thing.

Slavery.

Yes, the Elven Empire legally allowed slavery.

However, it was not like selling people and the owner gets to do whatever the hell they want with them.

Here, the Slavery system worked differently.

The condition was applied only in terms of either crimes or economical fraud or bankruptcy.

Zivot Empire allowed one to use themselves, their spouse and even their children in monetary dealings as a form of collateral.

However, the High Elves weren't idiots.

Every party involved had to willingly agree to these terms, the children also had age requirements based on their species and no such thing as sexual service or abuse was allowed.

If one party failed to pay the other and had this sort of agreement... then the former as well as their partner would be sold as Slaves to the latter if they were part of the agreement.

The imperial laws would facilitate such pacts in a process of what they called Moral Repayment.

Under these rules, no party was to harm each other and the Slaves would be forced to perform manual labor for their masters.

A predetermined price of monthly wages would be set by the authorities and the Slave would work until the original amount under the contract is repaid no matter how many years it took.

But the said Master also had the responsibility to provide for food and housing for the Slaves and they could not intentionally cause trouble for the Slaves.

The Elven Laws did not allow the low quality of housing or rations for the slaves either.

However, this wasn't the same case for Criminals. They were subjected to a whole different level of treatment that had harsh living conditions, unfair treatment and no help from authorities even if the master starved them for days.

For someone from the earth, it would appear immoral and too extreme. But in the Zivot empire, it was the most effective way to live up to one's moral obligation and pay back what you owed.

This also played a big part in their culture as it prevented people from committing crimes and running away with someone's money. If one couldn't afford the consequences, they shouldn't make such exchanges and contracts either.

And since the Master had to provide for the housing and meals of the Slaves, it was already an expensive alternative so very few opted out for this method.

But the rich among the masses had no problems with this arrangement so many upper-class people often made such agreements.

Compared to the form of illegal slavery Kahn had seen in Rakos and Vulcan Empire, this system seemed more like...

Forced Employment.

Inside the suite Kahn and the subordinates booked, a war table was arranged and all the members were discussing and reporting all the information they collected and what they needed to pay attention to solidify their future in Alfheim.

"There are only two ways for us to do what we're good at while avoiding unnecessary attention.

One is joining the Adventurers Association or a Mercenary Guild." said Ronin who had gathered the most information.

"Dungeon Hunting is our forte. That's how master created all of you in the first place. And given our ranks and abilities, it shouldn't be a problem for us to gain a lot of resources either since there are hundreds of dungeons spread across this region of the empire.

It's a win-win situation for us." spoke and proposed Omega.

Just then, Rathnaar decided to meddle.

[You kids are forgetting something. To form these large numbers of dungeons in the 300 kilometers so easily... just imagine how strong the source of the mana and world energy would be.

Don't you think that's something worth investigating?]

His question indeed alerted all of them.

"You're right. Even your core hidden close to Flavot city had created over a dozen dungeons." spoke Kahn as a realization struck him.

[And my core was sealed by Lezron Mikealson, a 9th stage saint. It was hidden for 800 years and once the protective formation dwindled due to the passage of time, it created those dungeons within a century.

So think how big and terrifyingly vast the source for all these dungeons must be. What kind of being had something so powerful that could even create 20 times more dungeons than a Peak Saint's core?] hypothesized Rathnaar.

"Holy shit! You're right.

There must be a big secret behind it all. Otherwise, these many dungeons should be impossible to form in a single saturated region." spoke Kahn because this seemed like the only possibility to him.

"But you know what... let's not dig into the matters that could create trouble for us.

Let's not visit these dungeons at all." declared Kahn.

Staying out of trouble was exactly what they wanted right now. And they had enough resources to sustain themselves for another year. So making hasty decisions would be simply foolish.

"Then we must discard these fake Adventurer IDs as well.

Besides, there won't be any dungeon good enough for us to gain any useful abilities or fight powerful enemies at all since our group is enough to kill even a 5th stage saint at this point if we work together." iterated Kahn with a solemn voice.

"That's it then. We all should join a Mercenary Guild." spoke Ceril with an elated tone.

"I'll do you one better.

Why don't we create a mercenary guild of our own?" asked Kahn with a smile.

Soon, he discussed the merits of choosing this route and all of them came to a unified consensus.

"As for the Mercenary Guild... I have a fitting name." said Kahn and decided to embark on a different journey this time.

"Misthios."

Chapter 702 Take Names Kick Ass

Kahn decided on the name 'Misthios' as their soon-to-be-founded mercenary guild. As for why did he choose to form a new guild instead of joining already existing ones in Alfheim?

Being a Mercenary, the risk of their identities getting revealed would far be less and they could choose whatever type of job they want.

From finding herbs in forests like a beginner RPG game to killing an army of monsters... the Mercenary trade could do whatever their clients demanded.

Also, this trade had much more money and fewer restrictions than Adventurers Associations that kept tabs on you and had means to know your whereabouts in the name of offering protection and following the rules of the institution.

Just like the Mobile phones on the earth, the Adventurer Association's IDs were like tracking devices and chips that could be used to find you by law enforcement and authorities.

Besides, working under rules and regulations while being monitored by someone from a position of authority... was simply beneath them at this point even if they had to lay low.

Kahn never liked to keep looking around his shoulder while doing things that would work in his favor. And during his short time in flavot city where he was an Adventurer... Kahn had no intentions to return to those rookie days.

He was simply too powerful and experienced to go through the same cycle again.

Although they would have to create a reputation for themselves first to make it big in this profession and could even make a few enemies in the name of competitors... Kahn and his group had never been the kind to abide by the rules.

Whether it was Rakos Empire where Kahn and the gang screwed over the 3 Noble factions who governed for over a century or Vulcan empire where they massacred the Hero's Party and thwarted the Church's coup.

Besides, Kahn didn't plan to implicate anyone innocent in his affairs this time and neither did he want to be responsible for the lives of millions of people again as he did in Verlassen.

Given how a group of powerful entities that even someone like Havi could not defeat were after him... Kahn wanted to be as secretive as he could.

As long as one paid them good as Mercenaries, they'd even go as far as taking out someone in power.

Kahn and Ronin alone had perfect skills for assassinations that couldn't be tracked in any way.

Thus, being mercenaries was more lucrative and well suited for their situation.

After a few hours of running through their plans, Kahn made another declaration.

"All of you also need to change your appearances and names before we create our new fake identities and create the guild."

Soon, all of them started changing their appearance since Kahn had already imparted the mythical rank metamorphosis bloodline to all of them long ago.

However, what happened was that none of them could remove the distinctive features that came from their original appearance.

For example, Omega still had the black right arm and silver hair while Blackwall still couldn't get rid of his two brown Ox-like horns from his head.

Although Ronin managed to remove the in-built mask on his face, his eyes still remained green.

Only Oliver somehow managed to remove his wings and eagle-like head but even he couldn't hide his beak and hawk-like eyes.

Armin couldn't erase the archaic vein-like green tattoos on his forehead and body while Ceril could only change his hair color to white.

"What's happening?" wondered Kahn.

[The system detects that apart from general Ceril, the original bloodlines of subordinates are repelling the metamorphosis bloodline.

Given how strong these bloodlines of the godbeasts are compared to the Jatvuarym's metamorphosis bloodline, removing their distinctive features of the base bloodline is not possible.] reported the system after thorough analysis.

"I see. Means no matter what bloodline I give them, they can't just transform into those beings completely since their own bloodlines would not allow those changes?" asked Kahn.

[Yes.] the system responded solemnly.

"Dammit... Well, nevermind.

Just tweak a few things here and there. Besides, no one knows about your ties to me in Vulcan empire. So they won't be looking into any of you either." said Kahn nonchalantly.

In the following moments, Omega's hair shortened by a bit but overall changes in their appearance didn't differ by much.

Oliver and Ronin only changed their hair color while both Jugram and Blackwall managed to reduce their size to only 2 meters in height instead of their previous 3 meter tall bodies.

But after a while, Kahn was left speechless...

Because whether intentionally or not, everyone except Omega and Blackwall had turned into familiar appearances.

"This is more fitting. I kind of missed this." said Ceril with a devilish smirk.

"This is comfortable as well as convenient." said Armin.

Because at this moment, these subordinates had assumed their old identities as...

The Sins.

The new appearance for everyone else except for Omega and Blackwall resembled their past as the heads of the Seven Deadly Sins.

Even Kahn gave up because that's the best they could do after their own bloodlines had evolved and they couldn't just transform completely like Kahn.

As for Oliver, he did remove the wings and now chose to hide his face behind an archer's mask and hood.

Jugram's hair turned bright red while Ceril's turned white.

"Alright then... looks like the world doesn't want you to get a completely new appearance.

And since you resemble your previous identities, let's go with those names too.

It's not like anyone outside of our organization knew your names or identities in Rakos Empire.

And even those identities as the Sins were fake." spoke Kahn as he gave them a go.

So the only thing now remained were the names.

Since Kahn chose to be an Ironborn and these were his supposed allies who came from the same place as him as per their background cover-up story... he had to think of suitable surnames.

Kahn then looked at them one by one and named their new personas.

"From now on, to outside people...

Omega is Raiden Hrodvitsson.

Oliver is Icarus Vedrfolnir.

Jugram is Dante Surtsson.

Blackwall should be called Sigurd Suttungr.

Ceril will be Loki Vitkisson.

For Ronin, it's Scorpion Banamadr.

And lastly, Armin is named Darwin Groedari." finished Kahn in one go.

These were the names of the subordinates based on their identities as heads of Seven Deadly Sins. Kahn just added Nordic surnames for them using either their species or jobs.

None of them were Elves so their names could be from any other culture. This was a well-thought setup.

And since they couldn't use their armors made by Throk using the guardian Dragon's body in public, changing the appearance of the clothes made from the legendary Invimarak's skin made by Albestros was their best option.

"Alright then, let's go." commanded Kahn and the boys left like a group of bandits, ready to loot innocent travelers. Their next destination being a very important place.

The Mercenary Association.

Chapter 703 Hero of Life

Meanwhile at the center of the Zivot Empire was a 250 kilometers vast city. This rich city filled with ancient elven architecture with the combination of enormous trees, giving it a complexion of white, gold and green was the biggest settlement as well as the capital of the elven empire called Eletnall.

Whether it was economic hubs, markets or trading posts, the population here was in tens of millions while thousands of flat hovercraft-like flying ships and ginormous monsters carrying hundreds of people on their backs like people sitting on a rollercoaster kept entering the premises through the sky.

On the ground, hundreds of pathways and roads built on different levels and leading to desirable locations as per your requirements came into sight. Once you chose a particular route, you will end up reaching your destination without wasting time or getting stuck in traffic via flying vehicles that were like bullet trains, just flying a few meters above the surface of the roads.

Compared to Rathna and Arkensan, the technological advancements were akin to a higher upgrade and not a single cloud of smoke or pollution could be seen.

This settlement was flourishing in every corner and exit gates while more than 100 million people were hurrying and going about their lives.

And at the very center of capital Eletnall was the residence of the Imperial Clan and the High Elves. All their lands collectively spanned 50 kilometers in radius as the top 1% of the Zivot Empire had their mansions, castles and garrisons located here.

Finally, a 10 kilometer radius property came into sight, filled with dozens of massive and tall towers with 8 palaces on different corners.

Among one of those palaces, was a particular property where one of the most important individuals in the world lived.

A fragrant and soothing scent of orange-colored tea spread across a teahouse in a lush garden filled with dozens of varying flowers and trees. The permeating scent from the flowers and the fragrant tea soothing every person sitting on the chairs across a long white marble table.

There were totally 13 individuals present, all of them belonging to the elven race.

However, only one amongst them had shorter ears than the others who seemed to be High Elves based on their attires and archaic elven tattoos made on their bodies and in some cases, their face or forehead.

Yet all of them displayed the utmost sense of respect towards this individual despite him being a halfbreed.

On the far end of this table, was their host who invited all these individuals to this little tea party.

A golden-brown haired elven girl adorning pristine white and turquoise colored attire let out a worried expression and asked in a pleasant yet sensual tone.

"For some reason, my heart is filled with worries, my lord.

I fear that someday, that vile and treacherous Hero of Darkness who ambushed and killed the Hero of Fire like a coward would target you as well.

I hope such fate may never befall you or any of your friends." said this young woman who seemed to be around 23-24 years of age based on her appearance.

"You shan't worry about such matters, your highness. No matter how devious or cunning he may be... coming to our empire would be no different than walking into an unending pit. Only death awaits such sinners." responded another female elf who seemed older than the former.

"Still... our information tells us that he has two 7th stage saints with him.

Lord Abbot said those two are from the ancient Cult of Darkborne and they killed the Pope of the Vulcan empire as well. This is something that shouldn't be looked down upon." she insistently forewarned with a worried expression.

"Ha! What can those people do? Even if there are two of them, Lord Abbot is alone enough to deal with them since a High Elf.

Those vile beings cannot be compared to someone like him or your majesty, the emperor.

Coming to our Zivot empire is akin to begging for their doom." spoke a middle-aged elven swordsman clad in white and purple armor.

Just then, the person on the other end of the table spoke.

"Princess Eleanor, I understand your worries but you shouldn't stress yourself over such matters. It's not good for your health.

It would worry me more if you're feeling uneasy over such useless affairs and fell ill again." spoke the white-haired half-elf on the other end of the table.

This person in gold, blue and white attire for a summoner class fighter with a radiantly glowing purple staff beside him was none other than the 10th summoned being by the God of Life and the current Hero of Life...

Ervalen Baslaark.

The summoner class Hero of Life had a gaze filled with affection and genuine worry towards the princess of the Zivot empire named Eleanor. Even those present here could sense their superfluous staring at each other.

Both Ervalen and Eleanor had their gazes transfixed at each other as if they were two bodies but one soul.

Cough!

Cough!

"Arhmm... if only would someone care about my well-being like that.

I'd be happy to embrace death." said an archer class elf.

"You bet! Given how clueless you are on a battlefield, you're likely to die before getting married anyway." scoffed the swordsman elf.

"Ha ha ha ha!

He's right! Plus, you are already past the age to get married. No lady would want you anyway."

A series of laughter resounded in the teahouse.

"Hey, I'm only 200 years old. There's no need to rush. Plus, I don't wish to get married until I'm at least a 5th stage saint." rebuked the elven archer clad in golden lightweight armor.

The host of this party was the princess of the empire who was actually 170 years old. But given her species as the High Elf, her appearance was that of a teenage girl.

As for the rest of the High Elves present here... they were the Hero's Party members.

Not a single one of these individuals was below 150 years of age, yet all of them looked like a standard isekai manga group of youngsters forming a party.

The only 2 people who looked like middle-aged men were already past 230 years of age and were the strongest of the group given how they were 5th stage saints.

The most common factor apart from them being High Elves was that all of them were the heirs or scions of the Elven Kings class of High Elves social structure. All of them being loyal only to the imperial family and their respective clans.

Among them, Princess Eleanor seemed to be an Enchantress class elf and carried a blue cube clipped to her waistband, similar to how Cassandra carried a yellow orb with her when she fought Kahn in the Emperor's Chosen competition.

And finally, the man of the hour spoke.

"Don't worry, princess. Even if he came looking for me... because of my divine abilities, he will never be able to kill me.

And I will find everything there is to know about him in due process." declared the 9th Hero of Life with a proud expression.

Ervalen was 80 years old in reality, yet his appearance made him look like 20 years old, at least 8 years younger than current Kahn.

"If our fates bring us to face each other one day, I shall show no mercy." spoke Evalen with a confident smile.

"I will hunt and kill him myself."

Chapter 704 The Mercenary Association

Meanwhile at the northern end of the Zivot empire and the southern-western end of the Alfheim was a 5 kilometers wide estate filled with many 10 floors buildings. Each of these places having thousands of people entering and leaving their premises as if bees flocking towards their nest.

"What the hell?! What kind of nonsense is that?"

I know the rules, alright. Since when did the requirement rose that high?!" argued an elf as he sat across a well dressed wolfkin.

"Mister Ragnarsson, I don't know what small town you came from... but those are the rules of the Mercenary Association in Alfheim.

You must bring in at least 500 people already registered with our association to form a guild. Otherwise, you can stick to being a small team and live like the bottom feeders.

The choice is yours." responded a distinguishable dressed brown furred wolfkin.

His stature was only 5 feet but given how well dressed he was and the walking stick with a carving of a wolf's head he carried... one could easily detect that he was someone in the position of authority.

Kahn was now in the presence of one of the five Executive Assistants of the Alfheim Mercenary Association.

The gentleman in front of him was called Logan Vargr.

This morning, they had come to register as mercenaries after forging few documentation by bribing the honest and forthcoming people in the identification department of the association.

But when they came to meet the executive assistant who was only below the Chief Operating Executive, they were presented with a very hard-to-meet condition.

Mercenary Association were the legal authority who facilitated the transaction between clients who needed particular jobs done and the well trained fighters aka the Mercenaries.

These Mercenaries were categorized in 3 classes.

Mercenary Team which had less than 20 members.

Mercenary Envoy which had more than 100 members.

And finally, the Mercenary Guild which had more than 500 active members.

The main job of the Mercenary Association was to verify and legalize the said groups and their abilities and then when a particular client was in need of their services, they'd set up a contract between both sides.

There were all sorts of jobs such as guarding an envoy, protecting a VIP or even acting as a small army for skirmishes between powerful clans and nobles. The Mercenary Association was the only place where you could easily get those jobs and make it into a valid agreement acknowledged by the law.

And as a legal fee, they'd take a predetermined 5% cut no matter how big or small their payout was.

Unlike the Adventurers Associations, the Mercenary Association had very different modus operandi.

Here, nobody cared if you lived or died as long as you could finish the work given by the client.

Also unlike the Adventurers Association, they didn't buy material from the adventurers that came from monster hunting or dungeons and sold it in the outside market or even provide these mercenaries any support in case their guilds and teams were in danger.

It's strictly give and take exchange where the association got their cut for bringing clients and mercenaries under the same roof.

Whether you accomplish your deal or you fail.... Whether you live or die; that is up to your own capability.

However, the conditions placed in front of Kahn were not favorable. He wanted to quickly set up a guild to make it big and earn enough resources that they'd need after the ones they had were depleted within a year.

But the condition for the first two classes was that they either joined some already existing mercenary groups and envoys and stayed there for another year as per the rules, or they had have at least 500 members to form a guild to get a shortcut.

And all those people must be registered in the Mercenary Association and nobody can bring in people and start from scratch.

"Even among those members, at least 100 of these individuals should have been registered with the association for at least 1 year." stated the wolfkin in a stern voice, his tone full of authority.

These were actually sensible rules. So no random people could just create short-lived and proxy Mercenary Guilds.

But these rules were becoming a hurdle to Kahn.

Yet Kahn didn't give up. The businessman in him actually saw this as an opportunity.

Suddenly Kahn took out a small chest out of his space ring and placed it on the wolfkin's desk that was filled with dozens of paperwork blocks.

"What the hell is this?!" questioned the wolfkin with an angered tone.

"A gift... in good faith." responded Kahn.

"If you sell it to correct people or even the black market, it will make you a fortune." said Kahn and opened the chest.

Shimmer!

Glitter!

The wolfkin's eyes blinked in succession and after a dozen seconds, he finally managed to glance at the contents of the job.

"You... Why are you giving me this?" asked mister Logan with his eyes and mouth wide open.

Because the chest was filled with gold ornaments, rubies, diamonds and jewels of all different kinds and extremely high quality.

"You already know how things work here. Your kind is 3rd in the social hierarchy. This position as an Executive Assistant will probably be as far as your career will go.

Given the structure of the organization, you will never reach the top 2 layers of management." iterated Kahn as he pushed the chest toward the wolfkin with a benign smile.

"But you seem like a person who has ambitions and is trying to make it big..." he said, using the psychological method of suggestive assertion.

"Following rules of the organization does not mean you can't be rich or exploit the system to your own benefit.

I'm sure there's already a lot of corruption within the association where the top brass fill their pockets to do favors to big guilds and bring them top tier clients.

So why shouldn't you make some pocket change as well?" asked Kahn with a coy smile.

He let out a smug grin and proposed a deal.

"Let's hope this is a new beginning... Of our mutually beneficial friendship."

Chapter 705 Making New Friends

Kahn proposed an under-the-table deal to the brown wolfkin executive associate of the mercenary association named Logan Vargr on the spot without any forewarning or talking in roundabout ways. He was not worried about any ramifications of the latter acting out or causing trouble for him.

Kahn was dealing with a grown and experienced person who had seen the ins and outs of the business and not some noob on the first day of his job who had moral and ethical values.

"Point me in the right direction, make a few recommendations for us in the future and I will make sure to fill your pockets to the point you can't carry the weight." he spoke nonchalantly.

Corruption and Favouritism existed in all sorts of companies, organizations and even the government. So Kahn intended to make use of those precedents and set a few things in stone.

As for the jewelry and gold... Kahn didn't need these. He had enough of these shiny objects to form a mountain. But selling them in bulk or even on the black market would gain too much attention even from the imperial authorities given how these were mostly from Rakos, an enemy empire.

So revealing these to the masses was a big risk to their lives. But using them for a small exchange wasn't going to leave any traces behind because the person next wasn't an idiot who would put it on display to the world either.

The brown wolfkin on the other end was still trying to grasp the situation given how quickly things happened.

He was already under the impression that Kahn needed him because he was an Iroborn, the kind of elves who sometimes get looked down on even by normal elves among the same species since they didn't serve and pray under the customs set by the monasteries.

As for Kahn's offering... the chest filled with gold and jewels was enough to set him up and live a lavish life for a couple of years.

But the way Kahn casually passed it around... Logan's intuition told him that Kahn and the group were some big-shots starting anew in Alfheim.

Getting in the good books of these people would only be beneficial and won't hurt him as long as he used the laws of the association as a pretense.

He already knew how his higher-ups were giving preferential treatment to top clans, exalted nobles and high elves while not even throwing breadcrumbs to them when in reality, he managed the whole department and did all the paperwork as well as shouldering all the responsibilities and consequences.

The higher-ups reaped the rewards all these years yet he got nothing for his hard work only because he was a Demi-Human and not a Human or an Elf.

[This could be my only chance to change my life.] he thought to himself as he made an important decision.

Logan nodded and then pulled the chest in his own space ring made by Elven Artificing techniques.

Honesty, Loyalty and Morality... he had seen how valuable those things were in real life and how they amounted to nothing in their social structure.

One was bound to be stuck in a cage made by the powerful as soon as they were born in any other species than Elves in this empire.

So now that a great opportunity came knocking at his door, he would be a fool to let it go.

A few seconds later, Logan took out a red book and gave it to Kahn.

"Find these people. And you can try your luck there. If things don't go as you want... you never met me." said Logan in a stern voice.

Kahn nodded in affirmation. Both parties stood up and then shook hands, the latter responding in a pleased tone.

"I hope you will have something useful for me ready when I come next time."

1 WEEK LATER

Inside a massive auditorium, more than 700 individuals from species to species and different fighting classes and professions had gathered after being paid a good sum just to attend this meeting.

The main common factor being that everyone belonged to small mercenary teams that stood at the bottom of the food chain.

After getting the book from Logan Vargr, Kahn and the group had spent an entire week locating and contacting all these mercenary teams and some envoys and lured them with hefty offerings to attend this meeting.

Other than being mercenaries, these groups were ousted by Logan in a separate book because there was another common factor that no one other than him knew.

All these groups... were about to be disbanded.

Not getting enough clients or making way too less money put them in an economic crisis... all these groups were the victims of the wealthy guilds taking away all the juicy meat and not even leaving a few bones behind for these bottom feeders.

As for the hosts of this event, all of them were said to be peak grandmasters. Thus, many came to get the free money that was promised after the end of the meeting and also due to curiosity to see the frivolous people who were throwing it away just to make them attend this gathering and witness what all this fuss was about.

7 peak grandmasters stood on the stage while all these invitees were calmly seated, waiting for the main event to begin.

Omega stood at the center and announced their new names to all the people present as part of the introduction.

And finally...

Step!

Step!

Kahn in his Legolas Ragnarsson appearance walked on the stage as Omega and all the Generals bowed in respect, giving everyone a hint that the main boss had arrived.

"Welcome everyone. Thank you for receiving our invitation.

Before I begin, let me assure you all that whether you like what we have to say or not... you will still receive the money." he started off the bat with the main thing everyone came from.

"Ha ha! That's more like it. Finish this chatter quickly then." spoke a Tank class orc warrior.

Others also laughed and chanted the same thing.

"Alright, alright. I won't beat around the bush." spoke Kahn and continued in an elegant yet domineering manner.

"I present you all... A life changing opportunity."

Chapter 706 The Ray of Hope

Kahn brazenly announced his intentions of wanting all these people to join the new mercenary guild he was creating. This declaration came out unexpectedly so all the attendees were taken aback and many didn't believe their ears.

"Think about it. All your teams are currently struggling to make ends meet and most of you are already planning to disband your groups as soon as the mandatory period expires.

Some of you might as well be leaving this profession for good given how bad your luck has been so far." iterated Legolas as his enchanting red eyes gazed around the auditorium.

"Because you lot do not have any backing and no sources of large funds to keep carrying on, most cannot even get your weapon and armors repaired.

Although our work differs compared to the adventurers... fighting people and monsters is unavoidable.

The maintenance cost and your own expenses are hard to cover just with a few clients within a month.

On top of it... there's no guarantee of life and zero compensation is provided to your families if you die during a job.

Compared to adventurers... Mercenaries live in a harsher and cutthroat world." explained Kahn.

His words struck the nerve of everyone present because that was their truthful situation at the present moment.

Just then, some of the unhappy people who had the habit of complaining spoke in return.

"And what? All of our problems will be gone just because we join your guild?

So what if all of you are peak grandmasters? There are plenty of Mercenary Envoys in Alfheim with more than 10 grandmasters.

Yet, even they don't dare to form a guild. So who are you guys? Can you promise any safety for our future?

Why should we join just because you offered us some money to come here?" questioned a human among the crowd who seemed to be a peak master rank mage.

"Yeah! He's right! There's no profit or job security in it. Nothing has changed anyway." rebuked a violet tigerkin archer.

Legolas had already expected this rebuttal. There were always pessimistic people who would refuse any help because of their prior experiences.

Some people among the crowd showed their will to join the guild but then started bargaining for advantageous conditions. Most of them being aware that the group standing on the stage needed them more than they needed these grandmasters.

"Even a lone saint can only form a Mercenary Envoy at best.

So what if you're all peak grandmasters? It won't ensure any great future for us to join your guild." said an elven Thief class individual.

"And once a guild is formed, it cannot be disbanded for the next 6 months as per the rules.

What if you fail to provide for all of us with work?

We will have to accept only measly jobs and won't be able to feed our families let alone ourselves." stated a purple lamia knight with her tone filled with concern.

"All right then. I should rid you of all of your concerns." said Legolas with a confident smile.

The next moment, Loki aka Ceril formed a red patterned isolation barrier and encompassed the entire auditorium.

The magic class individuals were quickly shaken to their core because they sense the quality and rank of the spell instantly.

BOOM!!

BOOM!!

"Then what about now?" said Kahn with a charming and mischievous smirk.

Loud noises rang across the hall and everyone present finally found out the truth about why Legolas was so confident in his claims.

In front of all of these people... stood 8 Saints!

All these mercenaries present in the auditorium were already grasping at straws to make a living.

And now that there stood 8 saints in front of them, none could believe their eyes.

Many people were flabbergasted and no one dared to speak another word. Just a single person among these 8 saints was strong enough to kill them all with their saint pressure alone.

As far as guilds went... normally, even one saint was good enough to form a reputable mercenary envoy in Alfheim while two were more than enough to form a reputable Mercenary Guild.

But now there were 8 of them... and Raiden aka Omega also seemed to be a 3rd stage saint himself. This instantly changed their opinion about the proposition made by Legolas.

"I did my research. There are a total of 43 mercenary guilds in Alfheim.

But only 27 of them have a saint as their leader.

Only 8 of them have more than one saint in the guild.

And finally, there are only 3 guilds that have more than 5 saints." stated Legolas loudly.

"If we're added to the list and when the firepower is counted...

We would be the 2nd strongest guild in Alfheim." he stated in a stern voice.

"So think about it... once the news spreads...

It won't be us in the need for clients, rather people will come flocking towards us." he said nonchalantly and gave another semblance of hope to these people.

Just then, Raiden stepped forward and spoke in a rustic voice.

"We will take care of the big ones.

All of you can deal with small ones within your capabilities. This way, no one has to die while biting more than they can chew due to desperation and funding won't be an issue for the guild." he spoke while releasing his aura of a peak 3rd stage saint.

Another voice then resounded in the hall.

"And even if you do not participate in the work, we will give you other jobs such as running errands, protecting our assets, providing guard duty. As long as you're doing what's expected of you, everyone will receive small percentage of profits as monthly bonus regardless.

Which should be enough to feed yourself and your families." spoke Scorpion, a masked and hooded assassin saint who was actually Ronin.

"So... who wants to make money without risking your lives?" asked Dante aka Jugram in a stoic voice, sending a chill in their spine.

At this moment, Legolas had not only given them a ray of hope during dark times when they were struggling to afford a single meal a day but also promised them confirmed wages.

This lucrative offer was like a godsend opportunity for most who had been living with an obscure vision of their future.

So instead of getting pressured or feeling threatened, the majority of the attendees stood out with exhilarated expressions and shouted in unison.

"Count us in!"

Chapter 707 Making Arrangements

After the mind-boggling revelation about all of the hosts being Saints was revealed to the attendees, most of them quickly agreed to join the guild these powerhouses were forming on the spot.

Why?

None of them were new to this profession. They already knew the importance of powerful fighters like Saints who stood at the pinnacle of strength in the world. Even in the Zivot Empire, there were only 103 saints among the population of 3.2 billion people.

However, these monstrous beings rarely joined the Mercenary profession as most used their strength in either military or other fields of the ruling structure to gain prestige and benefits.

So a single saint was already rare but 8 were akin to gods bestowing their blessings without restraint.

Also, given their own battle prowess, skills and ranks all these attendees had... 90% of them wouldn't even qualify to join a guild led by so many saints in the first place.

Thus, the majority took upon this offer because no way in hell would they get another opportunity like this.

"Alright, alright. Those who want to join, form a line in your row order.

Those who don't, take the promised amount and you may leave." spoke Legolas.

Everyone orderly formed lines and started signing Contracts of Employment and also received the signing bonus.

Here, unlike the Rakos Empire... no one used the Blood-binding contracts.

Rather, they used the ancient elven method of Lifespan Contracts.

In this method, instead of a body part, one's life force was at stake. The breach of contract by the guilty would reduce their life by the number of years mentioned in the contract.

And this varied on the grade of the Lifespan Contract that had a range of 10 years, 20 years and 50 years; going from low, high and supreme rank respectively.

This was their version of Blood-binding and Blood-oath token. The higher the rank, the more lifespan could be added to the contract.

The procedure carried on without any trouble and ended in 3 hours. However... Some people still didn't sign.

But Legolas and the group were unaffected because he had already expected this outcome.

Not all people came with the intention to join in the first place.

Some had their own arrangements and means to survive while others were either going to act like informants and relay the information about the events of this gathering to other envoys and guilds in Alfheim.

In a way, this was still a good thing for Legolas and their soon-to-be-established guild to get fame and become popular in the community.

As for those who tried to cause trouble for them... Kahn and the company had fucked over 2 empires already with his actions and involvement.

What the hell could these pesky little guilds do to those who once ruled over millions of people?

And finally as the evening came, Legolas visited the mercenary association.

Thud!

Legolas dropped a small heap of employment contracts on the desk.

"So you did manage to do it. I'm impressed Mr. Ragnarsson." spoke Logan as he smoked a cigar and offered one to Legolas.

"And what's the next procedure? There should be a fee to register and stuff, right?" asked the elf on the other side of the desk as he too lit it up and leisurely enjoyed the distinctive scent that packed a punch in both his mouth and mind.

"Given how you have a total of 634 members, the price would be close to 200 thousand Purple Itikar." declared Logan after tallying a few things.

Purple Itikar was the highest denomination in the Zivot Empire's currency structure. 1 Itikar being equivalent to 100\$ on earth.

"That much? Just to get certified and legalized in the business?"

Man, you guys really swindle us poor and needy people. Can I get some discount?" cajoled Legolas shamelessly.

"There's no room for bargain. This isn't a vegetable market.

Besides... there's a problem." responded the brown wolfkin executive associate in a serious voice.

"I'm listening." said Legolas without any worry.

"My superiors... 3 of them are Elves and 2 humans who have held those positions for decades now.

Normally, when a big-shot client wants mercenaries to work for them, these people favor the guilds they have under-the-table arrangements with.

The association gets their cut but my superiors also get their share from the guilds for bringing in a huge source of income.

A new guild means dividing big time and prestigious clients because new guilds often approach and steal away those clients from already popular and well-established guilds." explained Logan who had the voice of an old man.

"So you mean approving my guild is a conflict of interests?" asked Legolas with curiosity filled in his eyes.

"Yes. If one is well connected to them, they'd get you approved within a day.

But if you creating a guild poses a threat to their potential incomes... then they'd stall you for months in the name of technicalities.

This business... is very unfair." iterated Logan as he sighed.

"I see.

And I assume approving a new guild also gets you some rewards as well. That's why you're telling me this, right?" asked Legolas with a coy smirk.

"You're a smart person, Mr. Legolas. It is indeed the case.

That is why I'm telling you this inside information. To smoothen your situation that is." replied the wolfkin.

"Mr. Vagr... I do not have the time nor the will to play mind games and politics with these people.

Instead of making friends with them and losing too much money investing just to please these people and receive a few breadcrumbs... I tend to work differently.

So I have another proposition. This should be a win-win situation for both of us." spoke Legolas and leaned forward as Loki who stood behind him isolated the room under a barrier.

Legolas then told Logan a plan that just hatched in his mind.

"Nonsense! Are you out of your goddamn mind?!"

How could you do that?" complained Logan in a voice full of disbelief.

"Arr... Mr. Executive Associate, you should know what kind of strength we possess by now, right?" asked the elf gleefully.

Suddenly, Logan's expression turned grim.

"I have heard." he said with an incredulous expression.

Because among the mercenaries who attended the gathering, he sent a few of his own people to the auditorium.

[This elf isn't simple. More than a mercenary, I feel like I'm talking to a businessman and war strategist.

He's cunning, ruthless and doesn't even trust me. He already saw through my initial plans.

They're all saints and destined to make big waves after their debut as a guild. That's why I wanted to deepen our ties.] thought the wolfkin.

His initial ploy was to use the higher-ups as an excuse to make Legolas feel cornered and then make the latter reliant and indebted to himself.

So that in the future, he'd see Logan as his only ally in the association. With that happening, Logan would also get to catch a few fish in the pond.

[But now... he's taking the initiative instead.

The idea he proposed... it's radical. But also beneficial to me as well. However, I can't blindly trust this elf.

This Legolas Ragnarsson... is a very calculative person who sees 10 steps ahead.] he recollected his thoughts because soon, things might get out of hand.

"So what do you think?"

Who do I have to deal with first?" asked the Elven saint while smoking the cigar like a connoisseur.

"My direct superior in this department... the Chief Operating Executive.

You get rid of him and we won't have to worry about anything." responded Logan.

"Give me all the details. I'll be thorough." said Legolas and took out a pen and paper from his space ring.

"How are you going to do it? You're not going to kill anyone, right?" asked the wolfkin cautiously.

"No such thing. We're honest people in an unjust world.

Besides, how I solve our problems shouldn't be of any concern to you.

You just have to provide the intel." said the elf in black and blue longcoat attire.

Logan then wrote down everything he knew about this superior of his who would cause them trouble later.

Both Legolas and Logan wanted to get rid of an enemy even before they stood in their way.

Legolas and Loki left the association and came to their suite.

Just today, they had used up all the money and were left penniless at this point. Yet there seemed no sense of urgency on the elven saint's face.

Because the plan he proposed would not only help them progress in their objectives to establish themselves in Alfheim quickly but would also solve a lot of their adversities too.

When the night came, Kahn and Ronin appeared in the northeastern end of Alfheim, in a region where only the noble class lived in their pristine and luxurious mansions in widespread properties.

Soon, they infiltrated inside a particular estate using Invisibility and Phase Shift, facing no obstacles as they passed through walls and all forms of protection barriers and magic formations.

And finally, they stood inside a master bedroom where they saw a figure sleeping soundly.

"It's nothing personal."

Spoke Kahn as he looked at the person who was going to become their victim. His soft and gentle voice masking the lack of empathy in his eyes.

"It's just good business."

Chapter 708 Harmless Crime

Inside a wide building with 10 floors, were thousands of people either working their daily jobs or they were people who came to do transactions. This massive building with intrinsic and pleasant architecture colored in red and white was one of the 3 biggest banks of Alfheim named as the Vikjah Bank, meaning 'The Fortress' in Elashor, the ancient elven language.

On the topmost floors where the top officials of the bank worked, a room akin to the office of a billion-dollar company's CEO had a quiet yet very tense atmosphere.

"How may I be of help, lord Xelvar." spoke a well-dressed elf with glasses as he bowed respectfully towards the person sitting across his desk.

This middle-aged elf was the Deputy General Manager of the Vikjah bank but even someone of such a prestigious and powerful standing was talking respectfully to the visitor in front of him.

A golden-haired obese elf adorning a red and yellow coat with blue straps on his shoulder who had a double chin and round face spoke in an authoritative tone.

"I have come to do some 'checking' on behalf of our President.

We heard some news that your bank is no longer safe for us to keep doing business with you."

"What? My lord... there must be some misunderstanding. I'm sure someone has been spreading lies.

We're definitely far more secured even than the other two top banks of Alfheim." responded the deputy general manager, hiding a bit of anger and disdain in his mind.

But he couldn't talk back because although he was an Elf... the young and oversized elf in front of him was actually a High Elf, someone with the family lineage of the High Nobles class.

"Oh... So are you implying that my uncle is a fool who sent me on a useless errand without gathering valid information?" asked the noble high elf to the middle-aged manager.

"No! I didn't mean it like that. Please, be at ease, my lord. Your money and all the assets are safe with us." said the manager in an obedient tone.

"I'll be the judge of that. Let me take a tour of your safe house and see if our information is wrong or not." said the fat elf in an overbearing tone.

"But my lord... that's against our policy. Only the acting president of your association can be allowed to do so." he responded in a calm voice.

"Is that so? Then do you want me to report to my uncle that there's indeed something wrong and that's why you wouldn't let me inspect the safe house?"

Tread carefully, Mr. Manager. This could be the last time our organizations speaking with each other." said the high elf with an offended expression.

The deputy manager had a constricted expression for two reasons.

One, he couldn't afford to defy or offend the high elf who seemed to be in his 30s because of their social standing. Just a single word from the latter could get him out of the job since the organization he presented was one of the top 2 clients of their bank.

Two... he couldn't recheck the story this person told because of the familial ties he had with the President of the organization this high elf represented.

After thinking for a while, the former could only give up and nodded in agreement.

30 MINUTES LATER

The deputy manager brought the noble high elf to an underground facility that was 8 floors below their main building.

As they walked inside and followed 3 to 4 methods of certifying the manager's identity and passed through a group of guards, magic cannons directed at the entrances and the protection barriers... both of them finally arrived at a 1 kilometer wide and securely compartmentalized floor.

Here, there were thousands of safes as well as a few hundred fully armored guards holding high-grade weapons, varying from different jobs and ranks.

Most of these safes held a lot of private and incriminating belongings of powerful people who wanted no one to find them.

The tour continued for quite some time and finally, they reached a place where the bank minted their own money.

This was a part where the money that had to be released in the market would be made and then get registered before they spread it in the economy.

Unlike how things worked on earth, the verified banks in the Zivot Empire had the rights to create their money for day-to-day transactions. But the condition was that it was done under the supervision of the imperial clans and the Ministry of Economics who also worked for the imperial clan itself.

"Alright, I've seen enough.

I conclude that our money and assets are in safe hands. My uncle would be pleased and so will the other officials of the Mercenary Association." spoke the high elf as he walked with heavy steps.

[Pleased my buttocks! Who the hell are you to judge our capabilities, you heap of meat?!] cursed the manager in his mind.

This was a total waste of time for him while he should be doing more important work instead of acting as a guide for a spoiled noble.

But he kept his misgivings in his mind and put a smile on his face as he escorted this man back to the entrance.

However, without him or any person working in the minting section realizing... something, or someone... walked out of a void crack at one of the dark corners.

While the duo of elves was heading back to the entrance of this guarded facility, the fat elf also revealed a light smirk as they ascended to the ground levels using a crystalline glassed magic lift.

As for the figure who appeared out of the void crack, he had a tall stature and was completely covered in a black cloak and was masked toe to toe to the point one couldn't even tell his species.

Soon, a dozen more individuals appeared out of his shadow and all of them were well cloaked just like the former.

"Master... are we going to steal all this money? Wouldn't that greatly affect innocent people of this city who have accounts here?" asked Ronin telepathically.

"That was never my intention, Ronin.

It's called stealing when you take away something that belongs to someone else.

But it is not stealing..." replied Kahn with a smirk as he revealed his real intentions of infiltrating here.

"If you print your own money."

Chapter 709 Financial Problems

The heist had begun after one of Kahn's doppelgangers used the appearance of the high elf while adorning the latter's clothes that they took from the noble elf's mansion when they infiltrated it under the cover of night.

Meanwhile, they had already portrayed his character perfectly while the metamorphosis ability completely hid Kahn's existence as a fake. The real Kahn on the other hand was following the doppelganger through the True Dimension ever since they entered the bank.

This allowed them a perfect opportunity with no forceful entry and finally, Kahn had successfully infiltrated one of the most secure places in Alfheim easily.

A few hours had passed since Kahn, Ronin and Assassin subordinates from the Legion army had successfully taken control over this floor.

First, using Earth Sense skill... they removed all modes of alarm systems, detection barriers, recording devices and decommissioned the guards silently. No one outside this underground floor even knew that their most secure place was currently going through a heist.

Kahn then threatened the workers to keep working in the mint and carry till they received an order from him.

During this process, Kahn and Ronin had modulated their voice and their completely cloaked and well-covered figure didn't reveal their faces or even their species. One couldn't even tell if the enemies were humans or elves or any humanoid hybrids.

There were new entries and guards came as part of their shifts but their group easily neutralized them and forced them to respond that everything was alright in the mint.

In the meantime, Kahn received his aura as a semi-saint to these people and acted like a tyrant by beating some guards from time to time so no one would get any 'funny' ideas.

Unlike the denominations of other empires Kahn had been to so far... Itikar also had invisible runes and mana signatures hidden in them similar to how Serial Numbers worked on notes to check the legitimacy of the notes. So it took longer than expected.

There was already an enormous amount of hard cash stored and within 24 hours, they minted and 'runed' the desirable amount.

All of this wealth was unregistered in the system and was to be circulated in the economy soon.

But this legitimate money wasn't part of the system yet and Kahn didn't steal anything else from the locked chambers and lockers because he didn't want to make an enemy of the big guns of the empire who'd come after him for their precious belongings.

Finally, he made everyone faint using war dominance, amplifying his aura and then pulled everything inside his Dimensional Domain with just a single tap of his foot.

Later, Kahn dressed as one of the guards and left the bank without leaving a trail. This way, even if the bank brought in some Space Magic expert, they wouldn't be able to track him furthermore.

Kahn felt no regret doing this heist because he wasn't actually hurting anyone innocent this way except for the corporation which minted money when the top 1% needed it while taxing the common citizens extensively to make up for the defaulted money or tax fraud committed by powerful people.

Banks worked mainly on credit instead of hard cash. Thus the money was only 200 million itikar and Kahn printed 300 million in one day, making him the owner of half a billion itikar without even working from the bottom like he had to in Rakos Empire years ago.

And since no jewelry or belongings of high-level clients kept in lockers were stolen... even the bank would be forced to keep the matter inside their close circles.

Plus the bank wouldn't announce it to the world because they'd lose all their customers if things were stolen right from their most secure treasury. Then who'd even keep a single coin in this bank?

As for the aftermath of this heist... Kahn was looking forward to it.

The Next Day...

There was utter chaos in the top management of the Mercenary Association.

The COO High Elf was arrested by the imperial authorities under the charges of aiding and abetting a heist. Of which he had no idea of till the royal guards came into his office.

This arrest suddenly put even the President of the association and everyone managing all the departments of the association in shambles.

In the high elf's office, some of the unregistered stolen money was found and the clothes Kahn wore yesterday were also shown to be half burnt as if the obese elf had tried to erase the evidence.

As for the stolen... created money, Kahn and the gang had spent most of it yesterday for their new guild building big enough for now as well as all the supplies needed to last them for the next few months easily.

Hard cash couldn't be tracked easily if it was used for transactions before it was reported missing.

Kahn in his Legolas appearance himself had come to witness this arrest as one of the attendees in the main hall.

He felt no regret in using this fat elf noble as a scapegoat for the job because they had investigated his history beforehand.

Thanks to good ol' Nepotism, this high elf got his position only because he was the current President's nephew and thus got the job despite not having the skills and brains for it.

In the Elven Empire, a High Elf who never even held a weapon in their entire life could be named as the General of the Military just because of their lineage even if there were hundred war veterans with experience and wits for it.

Sexual harassment of the female employees, even forcefully making employees to serve in his private affairs that had nothing to with the association business, money embezzlement, favoring his partnered

guilds as well intentionally causing the downfall of many mercenary groups and envoys to make them submit to his allies... he had done it all.

He always dumped all the work on his associates, Logan Vargr being one of them; while living leisurely as he only ate like a pig and enjoyed the pleasures of life.

But no one had raised a voice because of how things worked in Zivot Empire where High Elves reigned supreme.

Even now, due to lack of evidence, he'd get to leave the custody soon with a slap on the wrist since he was part of High Noble lineage.

But he'd have to leave the position to make a display of faith to the bank. And with him gone, there'd be a struggle for the vacant position.

As for the politics and struggle for power that was to come...

Kahn had no interest in it because now, he had solved their financial problems for now.

And the next objective being the top of the list.

Establishing the 'Misthios' guild.

Chapter 710 Inside the Closet

A serene environment filled with lush greenery and strong winds was currently covered under the pristine white as the two bright moons spread their tranquility in the atmosphere.

At the very center of the capital, was the residence area of the imperial family which had many mansions and palaces that were the most secure places in the entire Zivot Empire.

One of such palaces was a familiar site where the Hero's Party had their meeting very recently. This white and yellow palace was one of the most beautiful buildings that represented the epitome of elven architecture, filled with 4 tall towers that touched the sky and looked down upon all the other constructs in peripheral view.

"Mmmhhh... You're being so rough today."

A feminine voice of a naked elven woman with fully developed physical features that would allure any male regardless of race or species resounded inside a heavily guarded room at the top of one of those four towers.

"What can I do... you're looking too beautiful today." spoke a slim figure who was clinging to this elven woman from behind as their naked bodies were clinging to each other.

"Oh, my love... it's you who makes me this way." responded the elven woman as she looked behind.

Two individuals had their hot breaths colliding against each and finally locked their lips. The other being behind this female elf belonging to the same gender.

Their salivating tongues twirled around each other's as the latter's hands ran amok the big and plump mountains on the chests of the former as she started caressing them gently and playing with those curves as she grabbed and squeezed them.

"Ohhh yeah!" the more endowed elf woman slightly moaned.

"Ahh!" she let out a grunt as the other woman licked and then playfully bit the former's earlobe.

"He he! I know all of your weak spots." said the other woman.

"Give it to me... Eleanor." said the woman being pleased.

The other elven woman indulging in the act of 'Elopement' was none other than the princess of the elven empire.

"You asked for it Myrienne. Don't regret it later." said the princess as she teased the elven woman who was being played with.

If one could recognize the other woman, they'd instantly remember her as one of the female members of the Hero's Party who was also present at the recent tea party.

Eleanor revealed a mischievous expression and tightened her grip and pinched the pink resin on Myrienne's mountainous melons.

"Oh yeeeaahh!!" moaned the recipient but quickly, her mouth was filled with two fingers of the princess as Eleanor then bit her neck, leaving a hickey.

Myrienne muffled under this pain, yet her expression was that of relishing as she enjoyed this pain.

Panting!

Panting!

Both elven women had their bodies turned hot and a red tinge appeared on their cheeks.

Smooch!

Another session of intense kissing started as they played around with each other's tongues and bosoms at the same time.

10 Minutes Later...

"Remember, your body belongs to me." said Eleanor and put on a lubricated black strap-on over her nether region.

Myrienne on the other had a flushed yet expectant gaze as if he greatly yearned for something.

The princess then let out a lascivious gaze, her eyes filled with lust as if she was a predator who wanted to devour this woman in front of her.

"Be patient. If you want it... you'll have to beg for it." said the princess and widened Myrienne's hips, going down on the latter's sacred monastery.

"Haaaaaeeee!

Oh my God!" moaned Myrienne as Eleanor stretched the former's estate and ran her wet tongue across the bodacious elven woman's Grand Canyon.

"Mhhhhh!!"

"Aaaahhh!" Grunted Myrienne as Eleanor wantonly licked and sucked her round 'holy spot', showing no restraint.

Myrienne had a flushed expression and red tinge on her face as he enjoyed one of the most fundamental desires of living beings.

Finally after a dozen minutes, she was left catching for breath as Eleanor had invaded and conquered the territory.

"I can't wait any longer... do me! Ravage me, princess!" exclaimed Myrienne as she was aroused to her peak.

Eleanor grabbed her chin and kissed her again, devilishly biting the tip of Myrienne's tongue. Instead of feeling pain, the latter received another rush of dopamine and started breathing heavily.

"Do it like you always do." commended Eleanor with an evil grin.

"Myrienne wants Lady Eleanor's intense love!" she begged, unable to resist the temptation anymore.

This seductive voice instantly turned the princess' expression akin to a domineering woman and she pulled Myrienne closer. And finally...

The black Eiffel Tower on the strap-on invaded the great Wall of China.

"Oh god, yeessss!!"

Yes, yes, don't stop!!" thumping noises of flesh banging against each other as both women went all out and started enjoying the ecstasy in their own ways.

One liked to dominate while the other preferred to be conquered.

Soon, the princess' chamber was filled with thrusting noises and the incessant sound of groans filled with joy and kissing.

15 minutes later, the positions were changed and now, Eleanor pulled Myrienne's hair from behind for some reason while the latter lay on her stomach on the bed.

In the following moments, a lot of 'Clapping' noises resounded in the room as the women continued their erogenous act.

Thwap!

Humping!

Moaning!

Slap!

"Owwwwweee!!" moaned Myrienne in pleasure as Eleanor rose her speed and horsepower and the consecutive attacks in the enemy's weakest opening.

"Oh yes!! Oh yes!!

I'm Cumming!" shouted Myrienne as she reached her limit.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh!!"

A loud moan filled the room as a stream of fluid erupted like Niagara Falls.

The sweaty and exhausted bodies had been doing it for 2 hours already without a stop and finally reached the peak of contentment.

After half an hour of rest... Myrienne spoke with a smug grin as she looked at Eleanor.

"Now my turn."

4 HOURS LATER.

After having their hearts filled during the sacred ritual... both the elven women wore white robes and walked out to the balcony, reveling in the beauty of the night.

"How long do we have to hide it, Eleanor?" asked Myrienne.

"I don't want to hide it either. But we have no other choice.

Given both of our heritage and the customs of our empire... they will never allow us to be together in the open." said the princess.

"That... I have come to terms with.

But I hate it when you have to look at him like that." she complained but with a cute smile.

"I do too. That halfbreed dares to think that I can be won over by flowery words and care about a trash like him." she said with a disdainful look.

"I'm close to a century older than him... how can I, princess Eleanor Sar Insalor Venric, can be tempted & won over by a mud-blood just because he's a chosen Hero?" she spoke as a scornful gaze appeared on her face.

"But what can we do?..."

In our customs, females are only objects of political marriage and means to produce heirs.

The men can fuck around 100 whores and still gets to act holy and people of chivalry.

And we on the other end have to protect our chastity for our entire lives for someone who we have never met or seen before our marriages are arranged.

How can High Elves be so advanced in magic and knowledge but yet so limited in thinking?" complained Myrienne.

"It is what it is.... We have to perform our duties regardless of what we think.

Maybe I can change a few things one day." said Eleanor with a calm and determined countenance.

"My father will die within the next 30 years. After that, I will inherit the imperial throne." she declared.

"But what about him?" asked Myrienne quickly.

"He' has been missing for 200 years now. If I'm not wrong, he's most likely dead.

Which makes me the only heir in line of succession since my uncle can't become the emperor as he discarded his claim to become the Abbot all those centuries ago." iterated the princess.

"But the Elven Emperor class and the High Kings class won't accept you as the Empress.

There has never been a female elf sitting on the Elven Throne." spoke Myrienne with a helpless expression.

"I have a way... although they want me to be close to him for the sake of binding him to the imperial family... if my plans go the way I want, I may be able to rule the empire one day." spoke Eleanor.

"How? By accepting him as your 'King Consort'?

Would you really go along with the orders from the Emperor and your uncle?" asked Myrienne, showing a dejected face.

"There are no free things, my love.

This is an equivalent exchange.

Faking my love for Ervalen and making him my pet would serve us both better in the long run.

I know that sorry excuse of a hero only likes to put up a front. Controlling him won't be a problem because I know his biggest weakness. And that is..." she revealed.

"He is starving for Love and Attention."