

“And I... am victorious! Hahaha. Fooling pale skins, pretending towards magical power; mayo roaches scuttling in my world, all was planned from the start, all was known to me, Yakub! Now on your knees. I will deal with you 4 personally before discarding the entirety of my now useless toys, wizardkind...”, the tall, giant headed black man commanded, his very voice crackling with power that forced Arty, Apollo, Brighton, and Raven to the ground.

“Fuck you Yakub! Our race will not be undone by you like you, spear chucker! Elliot will be back, he will stop you!”, Arty shouts in defiance even as his dark jungle monkey powers forced her to hands and knees in front of the dastardly mastermind of all of the white races suffering.

“Yeah... I am not bowing before a porch monkey with hydrocephaly!”, Raven added, helpless as her friends but still fighting.

“Hahaha... good, I like that spirit. But I tossed that boy into Nothingness itself. He will never return. Soon it will be like he never was! But the two of you have spunk... instead of just killing you, perhaps I shall keep you for myself. Destroy your minds until you only crave BBC, have myself a couple of exotic sex slaves to play with. Those boys however serve no purpose so... goodbye poor little white boys-“, he say, disgusting hand caressing the small girl with pale skin, blue eyes, auburn hair... and then a voice like cannon boomed out from behind the fiend.

“SHUT UP NIGGER!”

And a flash of the purest white light flashed through the chamber as the ceiling exploded and a *god* descended.

“Arughhhhhh!”, he screamed out as if the light physically hurt and turned towards the voice that dare name him for what he was and would always be, shielding his beady brown eyes. Then recoiled as if bitten.

“You...impossible! I cast you in to the void, destroyed you, killed you, Elliot Hallaster!”

And yet before Yakub stood a short boy clad in white shining robes, a Hakenkreuz on his left breast in place of his old house crest, a Black Sun matching it on the right. Tall ivory staff, engraved in runes so small and fine, you could be sure at least there were sure to be no Goblins around; they would have

been taken at the sight, begun screaming of inheritance laws, rushed in as their primitive sub-human minds drove them to take what belonged to their betters.

It was topped by an elegant and decadent ever burning cross, held in Elliot's right hand and small tome hung from his left side on a strap with a Burning title: *Read Nigga, Read!*.

Once light brown and short hair Elliot had once had was now a brilliant blond that fell over his shoulders. His green eyes had become so blue they almost glowed with their own light then bored into a lanky, ill proportioned imitation of real humans.

"Yes, Yakub, you *did* destroy, unmake, utterly *end* Elliot *the White Wizard*.", friends looking in horror and awe but not pain at the power of Elliot and his voice that shook the cavern like a tremor even as they stood unhurt.

"Oh...oh, no. Fuck tha' shit, *nigga!*", the slavemaster of wizard kind said in what sounded like a sigh to the Ascended Boy of Prophecy in front of the force of Elliot's voice; to your friends however? It might as well have been a 120mm navel gun firing a barrage like a Vulcan. A few of them fell on the ground screaming into ears that would never hear again and... then there was Arty who could but clutch her arms to her head as blood poured from her eyes, nose and mouth in gushes with every word Yakub spoke.

"Silence Nigger of Niggers! Black stain on moonless night! Another word which harms them by even being uttered by your Ebonics stained mouth and even the hottest fields of P'll'an-Tat'oin will look like a Churches Chicken before I am done with you, slave." He spits and the mightiest wizard to ever live lowers his voice to a mortal level.

"You know... how, white boy?"

"HOW WHITE BOY, ELLIOT, HOW DID YOU LEARN WHERE I ESCAPED FROM?"

"Hahahaha...Yes, That *was* my name... but then? You helped me gain a new one as my previous identity was ripped away one filled with new yet Old one... the one who will put an end to you forever, Yakub! Save my friends and our world...and Brighton!"

The sorcerer once known as Elliot said with a voice as clear as the skies over a Swiss meadow, loud as the French Alps ripping from the earth in a single heave, rough as the waves against the sea wall in Dover, beautiful and terrible as the Dark Forest of Germany must have been to the Romans who first saw it. Healed the ears and bodies of his comrades and lover with mighty word which sounded like entire songs.

And those same words which healed the worthy forced the nigh invincible nig sorcerous backwards even as he fought with all his magical strength and psionic might to keep from being flung across the cave.

Yet his friend? Not even a single strand of hair misplaced from his invocations.

“No longer just the White, I am now Elliot *the Grand Wizard*, and I will be your undoing, Yakub.”

“Never, fool! I am all pow-“, the disgusting parody of a real human starts, throwing a wave of power enough to twist reality forward before his cry is interrupted by Elliot simply pointed the staff forward. Returned it effortlessly, turning Yakub’s power back on him in full, twisting his monkey like form even more than it already was. Bones out of place, thousands of cuts covering his body, robes completely shredded to reveal a micro penis.

Elliot advanced as the bloody creature tossed bolts of pure magic towards him; rays of disintegration, flame stolen from the sun, waves of gravity from black holes. None of it worked, was neutralized completely even as Elliot erected a shield of absolute denial around his friends as they backed away, to protect them. A dozed feet away, the blue-eyed Grand Wizard abandoned “fancy” magic for pure violence; he could feel Crouch smile at the sight from Hell. He simply slammed the base of his Blood Ivory crafted staff to the ground with a sound like a meteor strike.

Both of Yakub’s balls exploded like grenades going off, showering the screaming nignog’s thighs and the floor with pink atomized gore and Yakub began to scream shrilly clucking his crotch where his pathetic testicles once were at while the glowing white robed wizard walked in close.

Elliot grasped the staff with both his hands, took a cricket batter stance and slammed the flaming cross across the deformed head of the animal in front of him hard enough to spin the nigger around and knock him back on to his face, which landed against a curb which had been transfigured in the same motion.

“Open you mouth Yakub. Open you mouth and put it on the curb. *Now!*”

“No, no not that! How did you find the one ritual which could completely unmake me Elliot? Where I am from?!” he said half of his face burnt to the bone, trying to struggle.

“In the void.., Merlin told me, the shards of him left there; he was never your tool. He worked towards defeating you for 4000 years, knew someone who would arrive to do what he couldn’t... and though me he will succeed and finally be allowed to rest. Now *OPEN!*”, and the screaming creature was forced to obey, mouth forced open, forced against the stone by invisible force.

“Any last words, Yakub?”

“Mmmmmhphp!!!”, he screamed through broken, shattered, and gaping jaw.

“Well said.”

With strength enhanced by the white power flowing through him, Elliot raised a foot up and stomped the back of the “dark” wizard’s fat head, popping it like a grape and sending pink and red gore all over the room, the walls as well as his friends faces. He placed the end of the staff against Yakub’s back and a swell of power built then exploded. Spread in every direction, through the walls, the ceiling, the floor. Through the four who just stared with mouths agape. As it passed through those four teens, they could feel it; darkness being purged from them, their eyes lightening, skin becoming a shade whiter, intelligence raising slightly.

Nothing remained of the jumped-up coon after that final spell.

“And with that, it has been removed, purified. All traces of nigger genetics, and every nigger from the world.”, Elliot says, the burning cross dimming from the expenditure and then walked to his comrades and lover.

“WHAT THE FUCK HALLSTER!”, Brighton shouts.

“Why do I no longer think grape soda, fried chicken, or Hennessy taste good anymore? Think my b-black dildoes, oh Merlin I can barely say it, why did I think those were ever *hot?*”, Raven asked, confused; sick at herself.

“Don’t really feel much different.”, the twins say in unison.

“Still want them to stay in their ghetto’s, Art?”

“Yep. Countries would be better but dead is probably for the best.”

“Still think they shouldn’t be allowed with white women, Pollo?”

“Yep. Sterilization at age 14 would be better, but dead is good too.”

“Love you, sis.” “Love, you, bro”

All of Elliot’s friends and himself besides just kinda... took a step back as the twins tightly and briefly hugged.

“Hey! Why are yall so hesitant! Come in for a hug too; even Apollo wouldn’t mind he said! Get in here, group hug!”

“Haha alright.”

So 5 teens huddled in close, pressed together. Laughed when Elliot manhandled his tiny wife even easier than before while she screamed in joy at being tossed up and down a few time and caught while Brighton held Elliot’s Staff of Power for a minute... Laughed even harder when Raven kneed Brighton in the nuts and told him surviving was not an excuse to grab her ass, even as she held on to him tight, holding him up so the others could pat him on the back for giving it a shot.

“How... did you survive? And is he truly dead? Truly?”

“I have undone all that was Yakub. The pulse shall travel all around the world, until it reaches every corner. Make it as it should have been.”, the Grand Wizard says, voice soft, words light, and the terrifying Power of the Ancient Powers of the Lost Aryans dimmed down to a more mortal, normal level such that his kind face shone through.

“Not all of what I was asking, Hallaster.”, Brighton says as Arty all but tackles the Grand Wizard in a hug as Apollo just stares at you with a smile for once.

"I was torn apart in the void, but... remade... given the power to eliminate darkness and blackness forever. Judged worthy as the last Aryan who would die fighting rather than in chains for the rest of time if Yakub won. Thus I was reborn, purified and given a sacred trust. Vested with power of every white wizard and muggle to have ever died by dark hands or Race Traitor's knives in the back; joined with Merlin's countless skills, lives, spells, experiences to guide me, his countless shards aiding me but leaving my own free will. The last thing I saw of Him, H-His Soul, it was smiling as he faded, so glad he could leave it to Lailoken's Heir. The 5th house's Virtues were Total Nigger Death and We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children."

"His true Last Great Work was to leave himself, all he could, and join together those lost white lights into 1 and bring those souls out of the darkness; it... it is not a natural thing, the Nothingness. It was the creation of foul black sorcerers to steal the power of whites and torture them forever... And now the world shall progress as it was intended, before it was put under that 10-head monkey's thumb."

"So... Talon is dead. You erased Talon, among a few others at the school. And we are now in the KKK I guess. Cool, maybe *white* is my color? Raven Everwhite? Wait....", Linda said voice in dumb tone you rarely hear from her very cute lips. Notice how much of her clothing had been destroyed...

Oh shit, Merlin's libido was probably in there as well... Ahm!

"A small price to pay for a world which will now reach the stars in a century, will have untold prosperity. Talon was one of "the good ones" certainly but I am sure he would understand why we had to do it.", Elliot told the blond boy with certainty and fighting to not get a halfy from his dark haired friend not really caring how little was covering her now...

"Elliot. Talon was our friend!", Arty says, looking sick.

"It had to be done, Arty. TND was the only way. If a *single* black still lived, a single person held black DNA in them, no matter how small the amount, Yakub could return someday. He is immortal in *that* way, if not in a single body. Now his spirit is condemned forever to a place of Nothingness even more absolute than the one which gave me the strength to oppose him and free humanity. I may have sent him back to actual, literal Christian Hell.", you say, softly.

There *was* another way, of course, as this body was Undying, if not quite unkillable, but the Aryan power thrumming within you gave it both resilience and magic like not even the people of Atlantis could wield;

you could have chosen to simple stand guard over humanity for all time, until you were the last person left alive. But you didn't want that; life unending would be worthless to you without your love and by doing it the way you did... so you had to show her. Teach them why the curly haired race of thieves, murderers, and NBA players had to go.

"I don't like niggers any more than the rest of us, they are people, mostly bad ones with gross hair and nasty nails, and those disgusting asses...ewww... but still you killed so many people..."

"Gonna need to kill a lot more before this is done my love."

Ending credit song

https://youtube.com/clip/UgkxdnfLd8y6bcW-EOKDzFv_WJFHgqstAhhn?si=vfyXzJUqHjq3oKh3