

“And I... am victorious! Hahaha. Foolish 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 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 flooded the chamber as the ceiling exploded and a *god* descended.

“Arughhhhhhh!”, 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 small and fine, and his friends understood with a glance at least there were sure to be no Goblins around even if goblins could be anywhere; 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 and he held the Staff of White Power in his right hand while small tome hung from his left side on a strap with its title shimmering like flames: *Read Nigga, Read!*

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

"Yes, Yakub, you *did* destroy, unmake, utterly *end* Elliot *the White Wizard*.", friends looking on in concern and awe though not pain like Yakub at the power which rolled off Elliot as his voice shook the cavern with tremors even as they were released from the spell that had forced them to kneel.

"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? I destroyed you, your body, your soul, your mind and very essence.", Yakub mutters, fear plain in his tone

"HOW WHITE BOY? HOW **ELLIOT the White?** HOW DID YOU LEARN WHERE I ESCAPED FROM? How do you even exist?! How Elliot!?"

"Hahahaha...Yes, That *was* my name... but then? You helped me gain a new one as my previous identity was ripped away. Yes... my old identity is gone but my new one? One both Old and New? Yes... the one who will put an end to you forever, Yakub! Save my friends and our world...and even Brighton! Yes you will fear this name the same way you fear paying child support!"

The sorcerer once known as Elliot Hallaster 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 words which sounded like entire songs unto themselves.

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

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

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

“Never, fool! I am all pow-“, the disgusting dark skinned parody of a real human shouts, throwing out a wave of power enough to rend reality 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.

Looking up the massive headed nigger’s dark brown eye flashed with as much light as orb the color of shoe leather could, an attempt to psychical crush his opponent, yet that was denied as well and the return fire forced black crime statistics and IQ studies into Yakub’s head so violently he began to bleed from the nose.

Elliot advanced as the bloody creature tossed bolts of pure magic towards him; rays of disintegration, flame stolen, like his kind is famous for, 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, sheild emblazoned with the words “Niggers keep walking, this is a White Neighborhood” spelled out in Ancient Runes, 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 White Hell. He simply slammed the base of his Ivory 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, clutching his crotch where his pathetic testicles once were at while the glowing white robed wizard closed the distance.

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

"Open your mouth Yakub. Open your mouth and put it on the curb. *Now!*"

"No, no not that! How did you find the one ritual which could destroy me Elliot? Where I am from?! HOWWWW!", 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 through me he will succeed and finally be allowed to rest. Now, I said *OPEN!*", and the screaming creature was forced to obey, mouth pulled open, pressed against the stone by invisible force so his entire jaw wrapped around it.

"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 he had built then exploded out of it, atomizing Yakub's headless body. Spread in every direction, through the walls, the ceiling, the floor. Through the four who just stared with mouths agape. And 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 growing.

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

“And with that, it has been removed, purified. All traces of black 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! I LIKED WATERMELON AND NOW I WANT TO PUKE!”, Brighton shouts.

“Why do I no longer think grape soda, Menthols, or Henney 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 and disgusted at being brainwashed for so long.

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

“Still want them to stay in their ghettos, Arty?”

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

“Still think they shouldn’t be allowed to be with whites, ‘Pollo?”

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

“Love you, bro.”

“Love, you, sis.”

All of Elliot’s friends and himself besides just kinda... took a step back as the secretly very, very racist twins tightly and briefly hugged. Elliot, he had kind of wondered why they had no black friends, given the Sorting hat sent most of them to Hufflepuff.

“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. Can’t really say no after administering some ghetto justice to a ghetto ass nigger, after all. I am so glad I made it in time... let me, ah, just kind of clean the street rat smoothy off all of you... and

there!", he said and with a quick wave of his staff Elliot's three friend... and Brighton were washed of all filth.

So 5 teens huddled in close, pressed together. Laughed when Elliot manhandled his tiny wife with even greater ease than before due to his reforged body's strength 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 and looked on jealously... Laughed even harder when Raven kneed Brighton in the nuts and told him surviving the Wrath of Yakub 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, Elliot?", a small girl with slightly lighter hair and still perfectly blue eyes asked when the lot of you had broken back up and Brighton began to stop puking from being racked hard enough you almost heard a pop. "And is he truly gone now? Truly dead?"

"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 concerned with, Hallaster. Why am I having difficulty recalling the lyrics to Gangster Paradise"?", Brighton says as Arty all but tackles the Grand Wizard in a hug as Apollo just stares at you with a smile for once.

The grand wizard may have lightly poked a blond haired prat in the foot at that point with his staff while healing his foot back so it was no long shattered by Yakub's petty sadism.

"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 the knowledge that We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children... I hope to live up to his expectations."

“His *true* Last Great Work was to leave what he could of himself, all he could, and join together those lost white lights into one 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 thousands of years ago to steal the power of Aryans and torture them forever... And now the world shall progress as it was intended, before it was put under that fat headed monkey’s thumb. And I hear Rhodesia is nice this time of year... if we want to go on vacation.”

“So... Talon is dead. You erased Talon, among a few others at the school. And we are now in the Super SS KKK Azov Battalion I guess? Cool, maybe white *is* my color? Raven Everwhite? Wait....”, Linda said in dumb tone you had rarely hear from her very cute, full lips. Noticed how much of Raven’s clothing had been destroyed... that is was chilly down here and her nipples were poking out of her shirt some.

“Oh fuuuuuck... Merlin’s libido was probably in there as well with the other pieces of him... 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 I had to do it.”, Elliot told the now blond girl with certainty and fighting to not get a halfy from his long 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 humanity will now be free, my light skinned love. I may have sent him back to actual, literal Christian Hell, come to think of it. The Black Hell, not the one Crouch waved to me from.”, you say, softly.

There *was* another way, of course, as this body was Undying, if not quite unkillable, but the Aryan power thrumming with in you gave it both resilience and magic like not even the people of Atlantis could wield; you could have chosen to simply stand guard over humanity for all time, until you were the last person left alive and Yakub had no more hosts. But you didn’t want that; life unending would be worthless to you without your love or friends and by doing it the way you did... you could grant them some of your power, have them stand by you. So you would show her. Teach them why the curly haired race of thieves, murderers, and NBA players had to go. Why there were still threats that had to be destroyed. But you would be allowed to enjoy your victory over the Dark menace with Arty at your side this way.

“I don’t like blacks any more than the rest of us, but they *are* people, *technically*, mostly bad ones with gross hair and nasty nails, and those disgusting asses...ewww... but still you killed so many Elliot...”, she whispered with her head against your resplendent robes of white.

“Yeah. But gonna need to kill a lot more people before this is done my love. To give our children the world they deserve.”

Ending credit song

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