

Strongest 1391

Chapter 1391: The World Is Not Ending Just Yet

"Where are we going?" Maple asked. "Are we going to eat again?"

"Cinnamon has just eaten dinner, but I still have room for desserts," Cinnamon commented.

Right after dinner, William took the twins outside to take a stroll.

Maple and Cinnamon had become everyone's darlings, and had been spoiled silly by his wives, and lovers. They would feed the two girls food, as if they were their pets, making William feel as if a kitten was scratching his liver.

Just as the three were walking hand in hand in the palace gardens of the Kingdom of Edelweiss, a gentle breeze blew, and several pink butterflies that glowed brightly, flew in their direction.

Maple and Cinnamon who saw these butterflies both looked at each other in surprise because this was not the first time they were seeing these butterflies.

The butterflies were not actually living butterflies, but things created by using magic.

The two little girls let go of William's hands as they followed the pink butterflies that were now flying away from them.

There was an urgency in their steps because they knew that if they followed where the butterflies were taking them, they would find the person that loved them with all of her heart.

William smiled as he followed behind the two girls who released his hand as soon as they understood where he was taking them. Although he felt a bit sad that it was time to bid farewell to the two adorable girls, he knew that he couldn't keep them by his side forever.

A minute later, they finally saw her..

A pink-haired girl stood quietly beside the magnificent fountain that was found at the center of the garden. She had her back facing William and the twins, but even then, it was quite easy for the three of them to recognize who she was.

"Mama!" Maple shouted as she ran towards Chiffon.

"Mama!" Cinnamon ran as well with her arms spread wide.

After hearing their voices, Chiffon turned around and smiled. She then opened her arms wide and caught her two daughters who had thrown themselves in her arms.

A few seconds later, Chiffon showered Maple and Cinnamon with kisses, and the two kissed her back, making the heart of Half-Elf who was watching the scene melt.

It was impossible not to feel anything after seeing this happy moment, and the red-headed teenager hoped that, in the future, his pink-haired wife would also be able to shower their own daughters with kisses, just like the scene he was seeing right now.

"Are we going home?" Maple asked.

"Is it time to go back?" Cinnamon inquired.

Chiffon nodded and patted the heads of the two little girls whom she loved dearly.

"Yes. It's time for the two of you to go back," Chiffon said softly.

Maple and Cinnamon exchanged a glance before nodding their heads. They then turned around to look at William and waved their hands at him to bid their farewells.

"Bye bye!" Maple said. "We will come back again to play some time!"

"Bye bye!" Cinnamon shouted. "Don't miss us too much, okay?"

The Half-Elf chuckled before waving his hands back at the twins.

"See you soon," William replied. "Be good girls and listen to your Mama, okay? Don't make her worry all the time."

"Okay!"

"Un!"

Chiffon smiled before giving William a brief nod.

The red-headed teenager returned her gesture before turning around. He didn't want to personally see Maple, Cinnamon, and Chiffon leave right in front of him.

For some reason, he felt as if they were leaving him for good, and it was making his heart ache.

Suddenly, a gentle breeze blew past him, and Chiffon's words reached his ears.

"Smile. The world is not ending just yet."

Several pink butterflies circled around him, as if encouraging him to do his best. They lasted only for half a minute before they bursted into particles of light, telling him that the three pink-haired girls had gone back to their own world.

The Half-Elf closed his eyes as if immersing himself in the bittersweet feelings that were rising up in his chest.

Truth be told, the Half-Elf had been feeling very stressed as of late. He wanted nothing more than to go back to the Underworld to take his wives back, but according to Cathy, the time wasn't right just yet.

Because of this, he went to the Western Continent to take his mind off things, and focused his attention in making the Gunnar Federation part of the Grand Alliance.

But, after seeing Chiffon, he couldn't help but miss the pink-haired girl that was now stuck in Guttony's Paradise.

It was not only Chiffon that he missed.

He also missed Princess Sidonie, Morgana, Ashe, and Celine.

'Celine must have given birth by now,' William sighed in his heart. 'I wonder if it is a girl or a boy...'

In truth, William and Celine had talked about what to name their child if it was a boy or a girl. They came up with many names, and among them, two stood out.

Ciel and Kate.

These were the two names that William and Celine had approved of after thinking of countless names for their first child.

In order to have a proper childbirth, Celine was taken by her Patron Goddess, Lyssa, to the Elysian Fields.

A place where all those who had done glorious deeds when they were still alive went after they died.

It was quite similar to Valhalla, but the major difference was that those that went to Valhalla were all warriors, or had died fighting on the battlefield. The Valkyries would personally go down to take their souls to the halls of Asgard, where they would be reborn as Einherjars.

They were mankind's greatest champions, and the defenders of the Nine Realms.

During the battle of Ragnarok, these brave warriors fought tooth and nail against the Army of Destruction.

Everyone fought to the last man, and woman, leaving their bodies and weapons on the ground as they drew their last breath.

Now, this same scene would once again happen, not in Asgard, but in the world of Hestia.

"This time, it will be different. Is what you're probably thinking of right now, right?"

The Half-Elf abruptly opened his eyes as he turned around to look in the direction where the voice had come from.

Since he was lost in his thoughts, he didn't notice that anyone had approached him. But, that didn't mean that he had let his guard down completely. If someone were able to get near him without detection, that only meant that their rank was as high, or higher than his.

"I found some good booze while I was taking a stroll," the old scammer of Lont said as he appeared in front of William with a smug smile plastered on his face. "Come, Will. how about we have a drink and you tell me what have you been doing while I was away scamming people?"

William's grandpa, James, walked up to the red-headed teenager carrying a plastic bag with the logo 7-EL-Heaven.

The corner of the Half-Elf's lips twitched because after not seeing his grandpa for quite some time, the latter came back carrying food and snacks that he had bought from a popular convenience store from Earth.

He didn't know where the old coot had gone during his absence, but after seeing his grandpa, the Half-Elf felt that somehow, his world started to turn once again.

Chapter 1392: Will.This Time,Let's Win

"I see," James said before heaving a sigh. "You have been through a lot while I was gone."

The old man filled William's cup with some cheap wine that he had bought from a convenience store before returning to Hestia from his expedition.

William took a sip and found that the "wine" that James had given him wasn't really wine, but grape juice.

"Men need to be sober when they are talking about important matters," James said as he poured himself a cup of the grape juice he'd bought. "We can get drunk as much as we want when the occasion calls for it, but today is not that day. Besides, I didn't bring enough cash with me to buy the wine I like. Apparently, Earth doesn't accept gold coins. So, I bought the next best thing, which is grape juice."

The old man chuckled before taking a sip from his mug. After that, he took some roasted salted peanuts and tossed them inside his mouth.

The Half-Elf couldn't help but smile after seeing his grandpa's antics, which made him feel a lot better.

"What are your future plans, Gramps?" William asked. "Are you going to take a stroll somewhere again?"

James didn't reply right away, and instead just ate more peanuts.

The Half-Elf wasn't in a hurry to hear his answer, and just sipped his grape juice sparingly, as if enjoying the taste of a beverage that he hadn't drunk for a long time.

"Each of us have a role to play in the grand scheme of things," James said softly as he stared at the moon in the sky. "No one is free from suffering. Even the smallest ant must work hard everyday to gather resources, so that their Queen will be able to give birth to more ants, and thus, make their colony grow."

"The same can be said for death. Everyone is dying, just at different speeds. Some people are born great, while some are born to be great. I am one of those people who were born great, while some are like you, who were born to be great."

The old bandit of Lont smiled as he closed his eyes.

He recalled a scene from thousands of years ago, when the heroes of Asgard rose up to answer the call of Ragnarok.

All of them were the finest warriors the world had ever seen. Some were born great, while others were born to be great, just like William, who had been on the front lines of the battlefield, when the world was bathed in flames, and his wives, and lovers, perished right before his eyes.

Odin remembered the time, when he sat in the great hall of Valhalla, toasting the brave men and women who had gathered to defend the Nine Realms.

The finest foods, and rivers of sparkling mead, flowed ceaselessly as everyone feasted to their heart's content.

James reminisced the words he had said back then, as he walked through the halls of Asgard, in preparation to meet the new day.

"What kind of a dream is it?

In which just before daybreak,

I thought I cleared Valhalla,

For coming of slain men?

I waked the Einherjar,

Bade valkyries rise up,

To strew the bench,

And scour the beakers,

Wine to carry,

As for a Prince's coming,

Here to me I expect

Heroes' coming from the world,

Certain great ones,

So glad is my heart."

So glad was he back then. Standing up above mortals, sitting on the throne of one of the strongest pantheons, if not the strongest pantheons in existence.

The bittersweet memories flowed inside James head, just as the grape juice flowed down his throat.

It wasn't as delicious as the mead he drank back then, but he appreciated it because it was made by mortal men. They had grown these grapes, and waited for the time to harvest them before sending them to the factories to process them and sell them to the masses.

It wasn't 100% natural, but James was fine with that.

This was why he decided to take it upon himself to cross the void, in order to prepare for the battle that once took everything away from him.

James wasn't afraid to die.

For he had died, and died, and died some more. Entering countless cycles of reincarnation, in order to fulfill a promise, for those who fought with him at the end of days.

"Will. This time, let's win."

Five words.

Five simple words, but they carried the fate of an entire world.

"Got it, Gramps," William replied. "We'll win, for sure."

James and William lifted their cups and toasted each other. They then drank it all down until no drop was left, creating a promise between men.

"I'm off," James said as he patted William's shoulder. "You are never alone. Remember this, and remember it well."

"I know, Gramps," William replied. "But, before you take a trip to the void, make sure to visit everyone. Eve misses you a lot."

James chuckled after hearing William's words. He originally planned to return to the void right away, but after hearing his grandson's reminder, he decided to delay his trip a few days, so that he could check up on his family members, whom he missed as well.

The old bandit whistled, and an eight legged horse descended from the sky.

William had seen such a horse before in Asgard, and wondered where his grandpa had found a similar mount.

If there was a herd of them, he planned to bring a few to the Thousand Beast Domain in order to rear them, so he could have one as well.

"Ah. There is one thing I almost forgot to tell you," James said. "Leave no stones unturned. Since there are many Forbidden Domains that are scattered across the land, make sure to give them a visit. We will need all the help we can get, and adding a few more Demigods, and Pseudo-Gods on our side isn't necessarily a bad thing."

William blinked once then twice after hearing James' words. He had completely forgotten about the Forbidden Domains that were scattered across the land. If he were able to conquer them all, he would be able to raise a sizable army in two years time.

"Thank you for reminding me, Gramps," William replied. "Don't worry. I'll make sure to visit every single one of them."

"That's my grandson." James smiled. "Regardless of what happens, I will promise you one thing. On the day those bastards come, I will be there."

James gave William a thumbs up before urging his mount to soar towards the sky. He still had places and people to visit, so he didn't plan to take any detours for the time being.

The red-headed teenager watched as his Grandpa disappeared from the horizon, while carrying the promise he had given him a while ago. A promise not only between grandfather and grandchild, but a promise between men.

To fight alongside him when the world would face its greatest threat, and ensure that this time around, the one who would be sent packing would not be them, but the invaders who dared to step into their home turf.

"I can't believe I got a hangover from grape juice," William groaned as he buried his head into something soft and warm.

Sleeping beside him was a lady with short-blue hair, who decided to stay with him for the night after seeing him drinking grape juice in the garden alone and eating peanuts.

It was none other than the Virtuous Lady of Prudence, Shana.

When the Half-Elf opened his eyes, he found his head nestled on her soft, and tender breasts, which he found comforting despite the headache he had at the moment.

His relationship with Shana wasn't that of a lover, but more like a friend with benefits. At first, the Virtuous Lady was inspired by Invidia to enter the world of Fashion, and since then, she had been pestering William to give her Merit Points, which was used as currency inside the Thousand Beast Domain.

The young lady would often go look for William whenever she ran out of Merit Points after spending it all in buying the fashionable clothes in her favorite fashion store, Vickie's Secret.

"Why were you drinking here alone? How about you drink my blood instead? It is only ten thousand Merit Points, so you're getting yourself a bargain."

These were the words they exchanged last night, and before he knew it, one thing led to another as he drank his fill of her blood.

Shana was still a chaste maiden, not because she cared for it, but she felt that now was not the right time to let the Half-Elf go all the way with her.

Unlike William's lovers who always wanted his attention, Shana was a spirited individual. She went at her own pace, and didn't want to be tied down by a relationship, where she would have to compete with other women, in order to get the Half-Elf's attention.

Right now, the Half-Elf had so many lovers, that he could make love with a different woman every night.

Shana didn't want any part of that, and William respected this. However, since she had become a fashionista, she would often look for the red-headed teenager in order to get some Merit Points, by offering her blood in exchange.

Just as the Half-Elf was enjoying the soft warmth that was pressing against his face, he felt a hand brushing his head, making him look up to see a sleepy lady looking down on him.

"That will be 5,000 additional Merit Points," Shana said before kissing William's forehead. "Thank you for your Patronage."

William couldn't help but smile after hearing the young lady's attempt to squeeze more points than usual.

"Do I have to pay for the kiss as well?" William asked.

"No," Shana replied as she pulled the back of William's head closer to her chest, burying the Half-Elf on her soft peaks. "That one is a freebie."

William sighed in comfort as Shana continued to pat his head, while his face was immersed in her voluptuous chest.

Truth be told, the Half-Elf was also fine with the relationship he had with Shana right now. Everyone around him was either his wife or lover, so having the Virtuous Lady of Prudence by his side gives him a sense of balance that allowed himself to be rooted to the ground, reminding him that not every girl around him was his woman, and he was fine with that.

Half an hour later, with Shana's urging, the Half-Elf and her went to have breakfast together.

They were currently in the Palace of Edelweiss, which was going to be the venue of the conference that would be held to discuss the aftermath of the "Giant invasion".

Even the Dwarven King, Eldon, would come to participate, in order to discuss the Grand Alliance that would work hand in hand to fight against the common threat that all of them faced a few days ago.

To their surprise, they were not only ones who were early to the dining table, that was meant for honored guests.

Medusa, Erinys, and Cherry, were there as well, and eating pancakes that Charmaine and the Elves had prepared for them.

"Goodmorning, Master!" Medusa happily greeted William who sat across from her.

"Good morning, Medusa, Erinys, and you too, Cherry," William replied with a smile.

"Good morning," Cherry replied before quickly lowering her head. Although she was now getting more accustomed to seeing William, she was still unable to meet his gaze head on.

"Good morning, Will." Erinys smiled like a flower that was about to bloom, making the Half-Elf feel as if his hangover was about to melt away.

The group of five ate happily until all the pancakes disappeared from the table.

"Master, are you going to be busy today?" Medusa asked. "I heard from the others that the Kings of the Western Continent will be arriving tomorrow. Are you going to take part in the preparations?"

William shook his head. "King Alexis will handle everything. I will only take part in the conference once it starts tomorrow."

Medusa's eyes sparkled after hearing William's reply.

"Then, can we take an afternoon nap together like we usually do?" Medusa asked. "Bacon and Sharur miss Master's company. Of course, this time, Erinys and Cherry will be joining us as well. Are you free later?"

"Okay," William replied. "It has indeed been a while since we took afternoon naps together. Let's do it today."

"Un!" Medusa happily nodded her head after gaining William's agreement.

Erinys also smiled because it had been a while since he had spent some quality time with William. Because of this, she just used her "William Hug Pillow" that was custom made from Ama-soon whenever she slept at night.

Cherry didn't say anything and just tugged on Medusa's clothes, telling her that they should explore the other parts of the city that they hadn't been before.

After a little bit more small talk, the three girls went to do their daily excursion alongside a guide that the King had personally assigned to them.

"You are really loved," Shana said in a teasing tone. "Do you love them as well?"

"I do," William said in a confident manner.

"Even my sister, Cherry?"

"Don't tell me you are going to sell your sister to me for Merit Points?"

Instead of answering him, Shana just giggled. She never thought of doing any of the sort. Even though she liked to have Merit Points, Cherry was her precious sister. She didn't want to force her to do anything she didn't want to do.

After leaving the dining area, Will saw one of Alexis' trusted Aides, who seemed to be waiting for him to finish breakfast.

Knowing that it was now time for business, Shana bade him goodbye and opened a portal to go to the Thousand Beast Domain.

After the incident of William losing his memories, the other girls were barred from entering, and exiting his private Domain, which caused a lot of concerns. Because of this, William had given everyone the ability to freely enter, and exit his domain, whenever they wanted.

The portals would reject anyone, and anything from entering them without his approval. Those who forced themselves in would find themselves trapped in the Dungeon of Atlantis, staring at the corrupted giants that were now serving under him.

"Good day, Will," King Alexis said in a friendly manner. "My aides just finished compiling the damages that all the members of the Gunnar Federation received during the Giant invasion. Most of the cities only received partial damages, with the exception of three cities that belonged to the Kingdoms of Quince, Fennel, and Zinnia."

Alexis didn't bother to hide the glee on his face after saying that his rival, Kieron, the King of Quince, suffered a lot during the farce that he had concocted with the Half-Elf.

In truth, the capital city of the Fennel Kingdom didn't receive a lot of damage from the Giants. The one who was responsible for almost destroying half of the city was none other than Silenus, who got carried away in trampling the invaders that had dared to slap his handsome face.

"You seem to be awfully happy today, Alexis," William replied. "Are all the preparations for tomorrow's conference finished?"

"Not yet," Alexis admitted. "But they will be finished by tonight. Some of the Kings will be arriving at any time today, so I wanted to ask you if you wanted to meet them when they arrived."

The Half-Elf shook his head. Actually, he felt quite guilty about the destruction that he had caused the Kings of the Gunnar Federation.

Although rebuilding the city would take only a month at most due to the power of the Earth Mages that would help with the repairs, he still felt sorry that he had to resort to an extreme method, just to show them a taste of what the future held.

Alexis, who could see the guilt in William's expression, no longer insisted on the subject, and decided to discuss with him the details of the conference that would be happening the next day.

An hour later, a messenger had arrived in the castle, reporting that the King of the Dwarves, Eldon, had arrived.

"As expected of the Dwarven King," Alexis said. "He someone who doesn't like to make people wait."

The red-headed teenager nodded with a smile.

Although William didn't want to meet the other Kings of the Gunnar Federation, he didn't mind meeting his in-law, who had come to support him in the conference that would be held the next day.

The Half-Elf also wanted to discuss some important matters with the King of the Dwarves, so he decided to go with King Alexis to give the Dwarven King the grand welcome that he deserved.

Chapter 1394: The Three Sovereigns That Were Joined In the Hip

"Welcome, King Eldon to my humble kingdom," Alexis said as he shook hands with the Dwarf King, who was the first Sovereign of the Western Continent to arrive in his kingdom for the conference that would be held the next day.

"It is an honor to be here, King Alexis," Eldon replied. "I thank you in advance for your hospitality."

"I do hope that you enjoy your stay."

"I hope for that as well."

Alexis and Eldon held each other's gaze for a brief moment before the Dwarf King shifted his attention to William, who was standing at the side to welcome his arrival.

"William, I pray that you've been well since we last saw each other?" Eldon gave the Half-Elf a knowing gaze, making the red-headed teenager give his grandfather-in law a bitter smile.

"I've seen better days, King Eldon," William replied. "But, having you here puts my heart at ease."

The Dwarven King chuckled because he understood what William was hinting at. It had not been an easy journey going this far, but it had to be done.

Someone had to do it, and the Half-Elf decided to become the villain that will throw the dice.

He had been informed by the Half-Elf through Durren what the King of Edelweiss had planned, and after hearing it, the Dwarven King could only shake his head due to how ruthless King Alexis was to his neighbors.

However, since it worked, the Dwarven King decided to not say anything about it because, at the end of the day, something far worse would happen in the Western Continent in two years time, when the real enemies descended from the Void.

"I know that you're exhausted from your long journey," Alexis said. "Please, let us go to the Palace so that you and your entourage can have a proper rest."

Eldon nodded because he had many things to discuss with William and Alexis that were not meant for the public to hear.

Several minutes later, the three Sovereigns sat inside a private room, where food and refreshments were served.

They discussed the recent incident, and future plans for how they could combat a similar threat in the future.

King Eldon had already seen one of the Gods of Destruction in the Deadlands. Compared to that Godly presence, he'd rather fight Demigods and Pseudo-Gods all day.

King Alexis was both a wise, and sly King. Since William, who had the ability to command Demigods and Pseudo-Gods, was not intent on world domination, he understood that the red-headed teenager was looking at the bigger picture.

He had no doubt that if the Half-Elf wished it, the Western Continent would fall under his rule in just a few days. For William to even talk to them as his equal proved that the danger that they were about to face was real.

As someone who cared for his nation, King Alexis decided to give his full support to the Grand Alliance that the Half-Elf was planning to make.

"We definitely need to create weapons that will be able to kill Myriad Ranked Monsters," Eldon said as he stroked his beard. "As for weapons against Demigods... this will be hard to make. We need the technologies of the other kingdoms if we even stand a chance in creating these things."

William wholeheartedly agreed with Eldon's proposal.

The general consensus was that the mortal armies would deal with the Myriad Ranked Beasts, and below, while the Apex Fighters in their alliance would deal with the Demigods and above.

For the time being, this was the plan that they had in mind, unless the Grand Alliance, that spanned the Western, Northern, Eastern, Southern, and Central Continents, could invent other methods to help them overcome the great disparity in the strength between two forces.

The total population of Hestia might outnumber the Army of Destruction ten thousand to one, but numbers meant nothing in the face of absolute strength.

"Well, even if we go down, we go down fighting," Alexis stated in a firm manner. "To think that I will be a part of an epic battle that will go down in the history books if we win, makes my blood boil. What a time to be alive!"

"Indeed," Eldon commented. "I just hope that after we survive that war, no more wars will be waged in this world. Let's make it the war that will end all wars."

Alexis grinned as he swirled the wine in his cup.

"Actually, if we do survive this war, let's just make William the Hegemon of the World," Alexis said. "As long as he is around. No one will dare to stir trouble. By the way, Will, I know that you're already married, and have many lovers as well."

"Since that is the case, adding a few more won't be too much of a problem. You see, my daughter has just come of age. She's quite the beauty, and she told me that she liked you. How about we set the wedding before the Giants appe—"

"Let's talk about that after we win this war," Eldon interjected in the conversation because he already knew where this was going.

Clearly, William was someone who could move unhindered in the World of Hestia. If someone were able to make such a man as their in-law, they would be set for life.

"Come now, King Eldon," Alexis said in a teasing tone. "William's heart and bed are big. He can add a few more girls to his harem. By the way, since the three of us are already joined at the hip, why don't you also have one of your daughters marry William? That way, the Dwarves would not fear anyone again."

Eldon didn't reply and simply smiled at Alexis' teasing remarks.

However, deep inside, he was snickering at the shrewd King of Edelweiss.

Before William had reached his current position, his granddaughter, Chiffon, had already become his wife. This position was unshakeable, which meant that even if the Half-Elf did marry other girls in the future, his pink-haired granddaughter had already secured a place in William's heart.

In order to prevent the discussion from moving down the wrong path, the red-headed teenager decided to stir it back to their current discussion.

"Tomorrow, my Steward in the Central Continent will also hold a conference," William stated. "Once we have finalized the details of our alliance here, we will join their conference, so that together the Sovereigns of the North, South, East, West, and Central Continents can openly discuss our countermeasures."

King Eldon and Alexis nodded their heads in understanding, but there was one big problem.

How would William be able to gather all the Sovereigns from all the continents to sit down and talk in the same conference room?

When King Alexis asked this question to William, the Half-Elf just smiled and said that he would give all the rulers permission to enter the Floor of Asgard, using the Bifrost Bridge.

The three kings talked about a lot of things, which lasted for several hours before they parted ways to rest.

Later that afternoon, Medusa, Erinys, and Cherry came to look for him as promised. As the four of them took an afternoon nap, the Kings of the other Nations started to arrive in the Kingdom of Edelweiss, one by one.

Chapter 1395: Those Who Play With The Lives Of Others

The next day, the entire Palace of Edelweiss was buzzing with activity.

Servants hurriedly walked the hallways, as they fetched things that were needed for the conference.

Guards were positioned in every corner of the palace to prevent anyone from harming any of the Sovereigns.

Each King had been given the right to bring two guards with them inside the conference room as their protectors. Since the recent incident had shocked the entire realm, they didn't feel safe without their own guards by their side.

William was one of the first people to enter the room, while waiting for the other King's to arrive. Standing behind him were his two friends, Sha and Zhu, who served as his two protectors.

William didn't bring any of his personal guards, namely Astrape, Bronte, or Titania, inside the conference room because he was afraid that everyone would just ogle them instead of focusing on the discussion at hand.

The meeting between Sovereigns was an important issue, so he didn't want to ruin the atmosphere by having beauties that could topple nations by his side.

William waited for three hours as all the Kings gathered inside the room. All of them looked dignified in their own right, and the Half-Elf could tell at a glance that they were true Kings, and not someone like him, who was crowned an Emperor because no one else would take its place.

"Welcome, dear friends," King Alexis said as a way to start the conference. "I know that you are worried about your respective kingdoms, so let's get straight to the point. Several days ago, we encountered a threat that we have never seen before nor heard about in the past.

"A threat that turned our peaceful world upside down. Fortunately, our Guardians, His Excellency Ifrit, His Excellency Silenus, and His Excellency Henkhisesui, came to our rescue in order to drive the invaders away.

"Unfortunately, they were unable to protect everyone. If not for the fact that his Majesty, William Von Ainsworth was here visiting my Kingdom, things might have gotten completely out of hand."

King Alexis glanced in the direction of the Half-Elf and the latter bowed lightly.

All the other Kings then glanced in William's direction. However, their gazes were not ones of gratitude, but contempt.

"So, this is our great savior," The King of Quince, Kieron, said in a sarcastic tone. "Must we thank you on bended knees?"

The other Kings stared at the Half-Elf as if dissecting him piece by piece. Silence descended inside the room as the Kings did nothing, but simply stared at the Half-Elf who had a calm and collected expression on his face.

"Do not think for a moment that we didn't find this call for a conference suspicious," Kieron stated. "I mean, if you are going to create a farce, you should go through with it until the very end. You're losing your touch, Alexis," the King of Quince snorted before continuing his statement.

"Imagine, only a day had passed after the invasion and you immediately sent a messenger to inform all of us to gather here in your Kingdom to discuss a Grand Alliance. Oh please... we were not born yesterday, Alexis. At the very least, you should have waited for a week to make it look like it was all a coincidence, no?"

All the Kings glanced in the direction of the King of Edelweiss. All of them wished that they could slap him silly until he coughed blood. Their capital cities were attacked, and yet, he only had one, old, and decrepit fortress destroyed as proof that his Kingdom was attacked as well.

This made all the king's teeth itch.

Since the Gunnar Federation was established, all of them had been fighting in the shadows. No large scale wars were held, and yet, each one would intentionally make things difficult for the others.

Even so, none of them went as far as to break the delicate balance that they had created for the past hundred years.

Alexis remained calm as if he was enjoying everyone's attention. A moment later, a laugh escaped his lips, breaking the tense atmosphere that had descended inside the conference room.

"As expected of my rival, you understand me well," Alexis commented with a smile that made all the guards standing behind their respective rulers want to draw their swords and stab him until he became a pin cushion.

"But, allow me to correct your little misunderstanding, Kieron," Alexis stated. "A farce was it? You call this a farce? Tell me, if William didn't send reinforcements to save your capital cities, do you think this farce would have ended with just a part of your city being destroyed?"

Alexis laughed once more, and this time, his laughter grated on everyone's ears, similar to nails scratching a chalkboard.

"Well, let's get straight to the point." Alexis finally stopped laughing and lightly tapped the table with his hand. "What you all experienced is just a preview of what is going to happen two years from now.

"If you think those hundreds of giants were already a threat to your Kingdoms, then what will you do facing millions of them? Tell me, compared to that farce, would you rather see the real deal? Oi oi, don't even think that you will get away with just a capital city being destroyed."

Alexis then snorted. "Fools, you should thank us for showing you such a farce. Because if we were serious, none of you would be standing here right now."

"Y-You!" Kieron roared as he pointed his finger at Alexis' face. "Who gave you the right to play with the lives of others?!"

Alexis smirked as if he had just heard the greatest joke in his lifetime.

"Play with the lives of others?" Alexis sneered. "Excuse me? Is there anyone inside this room who doesn't play with the lives of others? Are you that innocent? How did you become King then? Don't make me look down on you, Kieron. Just admit the fact that in the face of absolute strength, the schemes that you used to become the King of Quince were useless!"

The King of Edelweiss, Alexis, raised his voice as he stood up from his chair.

"Last year, the Granary that was newly built at the border of my Kingdom, which was meant to feed the villages near the Border, was burned down," Alexis said coldly. "Do you know how many people suffered last year? Do you know how many people went hungry?"

Alexis then raised a finger and pointed it in Kieron's face before his words, filled with restrained fury reached everyone's ears.

"Do you know how many people died?" Alexis asked.

All the Kings frowned, but none of them spoke. For them, this was just one of the many things that they had done to each other over the past hundred years.

"So?" Kieron asked back with a sneer on his face. "Do you know how many died when you built a dam, cutting off the flow of the water that went to one of the cities on my border as well? Do you know how many farmers lost their only source of water with which to irrigate their crops? Be grateful that I only burned a granary. I would have burned the villages along your borders if my wife didn't beg me to stop!"

Alexis snorted. "Exactly my point."

The King of Edelweiss sat down on his seat once more, and patted the top of the table twice.

"All of us are guilty of playing with other people's lives," Alexis stated. "The only difference is the severity of how we play with the lives of others. But, there is one person who is very different from us. An Emperor who rules an Empire whose lands far outstrip our own. And yet... he refused to play with the lives of others in order to get what he wanted."

The King of Edelweiss then raised his hand and pointed at the red-headed teenager, whose head was lowered.

"It is him," Alexis stated. "In order to make a Grand Alliance, he decided to meet with the Demigods and used force to make them bow down to his will. Those are Demigods. They're not a cabbage that you can see growing in your fields that you can buy in bulk.

"For what reason did he do that? Simple. He wanted to ask them to talk to you guys about joining an Alliance for the sake of defending, not only your people, but your kingdoms, and everything you hold dear. He did all that because what he wanted to protect was not just his Empire, but this whole world.

"Do you know? While talking to him, I felt extremely dirty. It was as if all the filth in my body was oozing from my very pores. If it were me, I would have gone on a quest to make this entire world bow to me. But, he didn't do that. He'd rather go and beat up some Demigods, so a peaceful resolution could be made."

Alexis took the cup of water by his side and drank. It seemed that all of the talking had made his throat dry. A moment later, he gently placed the cup down on the table and scanned the faces of the Kings inside the room, who were all looking at him with conflicted expressions on their faces.

"Now, let's stop talking nonsense," Alexis said with a determined look on his face. "Are you ready to fight the last war that we will be fighting in this lifetime? Or do you plan to run away and hide, until your cities, your kingdoms, and everything you cared for in this world, gets trampled by the very Giants that you faced a few days ago? Believe me when I say that the next time you see them, it will no longer be a farce."

A solemn silence descended into the room before Alexis said the words that everyone didn't want to hear.

"The next time you see them, it will be the real deal. And I hope that, when that time comes, you will be standing alongside me, in a battle not for our sake, but for the future of the next generation."

Chapter 1396: I Can Live With That

After Alexis finished his speech, no one in the room said anything.

They were fully aware that if what happened a few days ago had not been a farce, they, and their Kingdoms, might not be standing here today.

All of them felt bitter about it as they glanced at the red-headed teenager, who was staring at the table in front of him, and seemed to be pondering the meaning of life.

When they finally understood that those horrifying Giants were under his beck and call, they had no choice but to re-evaluate the Half-Elf who was probably the youngest Emperor in Hestia.

A few more minutes passed before someone broke the silence.

It was not any of the Human Kings, but the Dwarf King, Eldon, who wasn't part of the Gunnar Federation, who took the initiative to address the issue at hand.

"I'm sure that all of you are now aware of the dangers that we are facing," Eldon stated. "All of you may still hold grudges in your hearts, but that is fine. That is your right as Sovereigns of your own Kingdoms.

"Even so, we must make a decision now. What Emperor William wants is to unite the entire world so we can face this danger together. This proves that even he, with all the forces under his command, is not confident to win against these invaders.

"Believe me when I say that I do understand what all of you are thinking right now. If we can't even beat a hundred Giants, how could we hope to fight against millions of them?"

Eldon paused to allow everyone to focus their attention on him.

"The answer is simple. We can't fight," Eldon stated. "We can't win. There's no way that we can ever hope to overcome this hurdle. I mean, we are about to fight not one, not two, but three Gods of Destructions. If I look at this rationally, why should I even bother? Let's just enjoy these two years to the fullest, and face death in resignation."

The Dwarven King smiled. Truth be told, he really did want to enjoy those two years to the fullest, but after seeing Maple and Cinnamon, he began to hope.

Hope that there was a future when he would be able to hold those two adorable little Dwarves again.

For that future, he was willing to go all out, and stand on the front lines, commanding his troops to fight against Demigods, Pseudo-Gods, and Gods.

"That's actually a good proposal." Alexis chuckled. "Let's just enjoy our lives to the fullest and die without any regrets, shall we?"

Unlike Eldon, Alexis was quite serious with his words.

Even with the Grand Alliance, he believed that there was no way to win against such enemies. If he could enjoy those last remaining years in comfort, he might really have no regrets when he crossed to the afterlife.

The other King's kept their silence as they too, thought of just enjoying their remaining days in the pleasures of life. However, just as everyone was being pulled towards this way of thinking, a loud laughter broke the silence.

Everyone shifted their gaze at the King of Quince, Kieron, who nearly got into a fist fight with Alexis, due to their great grudge against each other.

Alexis smiled after seeing his rival laugh. It had been many years since he had heard Kieron laugh, and it made him remember when they were still young princes, who toured the Western Continent together.

"Okay, you cowards can go to the countryside and live in peace," Kieron said after he finished laughing. "Make sure to abdicate your thrones, and hand them over to me. Don't worry, I will promise all of you that you will be able to live a life of comfort for the rest of your days."

Kieron had a very casual smile as he said these words. It was as if his earlier outburst was just an illusion, that didn't happen in the first place.

The King of Quince then shifted his attention to the Half-Elf who was looking at him.

"Your name is William, right?" Kieron inquired.

William nodded. "Yes, Your Majesty."

"Your Majesty?" Kieron chuckled. "An Emperor calling me Your Majesty feels weird. Just call me Kieron, and I'll just call you William."

The two exchanged smiles as if coming to an understanding.

"Okay, let me hear your plan," Kieron stated. "Since these morons plan to surrender their Kingdoms to me, I will take it upon myself to clean up their mess. So, William, what must we do to even have a chance at winning this war?"

The Kings gave Kieron the "Since when did we say that we are going to hand over our Kingdoms to you?" glare, which the latter ignored because he didn't mind, and they didn't matter.

"I plan to have all the nations share their technologies with each other in order to create weapons that can turn the tide of battle in our favor," William stated. "The armies will operate these weapons and annihilate all the Myriad Ranked giants and below. As for the Demigod Rank and above, I will deal with them."

Kieron nodded his head in understanding. However, his next question was what everyone really wanted the answers for.

A question that would ultimately decide if they could win the war or not.

"How do you plan on dealing with the Gods of Destruction?" Kieron asked. "Do you have a way to fight them?"

William shook his head. "Right now, I don't have a method for dealing with them."

A collective sigh was heard inside the room, as the Kings, as well as their guards, couldn't help but feel disappointed at the Half-Elf's firm reply.

"Okay, so we just bring down as many of these bastards as we can, decimating their ranks and prevent them from attacking other worlds after ours?" Kieron asked. "I can live with that."

Kieron's words may have been said in a casual manner, but the Half-Elf could tell that he was being serious. It was the mentality of a warrior to take out as many enemies as he could before he died on the battlefield, which could be considered as a victory in its own way.

"Very well, from this day onwards, I declare that my Kingdom of Quince will join your Grand Alliance," Kieron said as he stood up and rested his fist over his chest.

He was a Warrior king, and didn't shy away from battle. This was why he hated Alexis, who hid behind his schemes, instead of confronting him face to face.

"Now that we are in agreement, how about we talk more about the issue with this Grand Alliance of yours," Kieron stated. "You said that the Kingdoms in the Central Continent will be joining us as well, right?"

The King of Quince completely ignored everyone else, as if they didn't exist, making the other Kings want to slap him, and this included Alexis.

'This bastard,' Alexis thought. 'I was the one that cooked up this whole discussion and he's acting as if he is the one calling the shots? The nerve!'

William smiled before standing up from his seat.

"Let's go, Kieron," William said. "My Steward has informed me that the conference between the North, South, East, and Central Continent is about to start. Since you are the one representing the Western Continent, I will take you to the venue, so you can meet your new comrades, who will be fighting alongside you in the war two years from now."

Kieron grinned before nodding his head.

William then scanned the faces of everyone in the room before arching his eyebrow.

"Who else wants to go with us?" William asked. "Last call for a trip to the Central Continent."

Chapter 1397: When The World All Fight As One

"Unbelievable," Alexis muttered as he stood on the Bifrost Bridge and stared at the Palace of Asgard in the distance. "So this is the legendary 51st Floor of the Tower of Babylon."

The other Kings shared his sentiment as they gazed at the Floor that belonged to the Half-Elf, whose name had resounded to all the corners of the world, proclaiming him to be the true conqueror of the 51st Floor of the Tower of Babylon.

After Kieron decided to join the Grand Alliance, the other Kings felt that they had nothing more to lose, so they decided to join as well.

As they walked the shimmering rainbow bridge, they noticed that they weren't alone. Several other people, wearing crowns on their heads, stood at the center of the bridge, as if waiting for their arrival.

Among them was someone that William recognized right away, and it was none other than, the King of the Hellan Kingdom, and Estelle's father, Noah Ernest Vi Hellan.

Three other people were with him, and among them was a young teenager, whose age wouldn't exceed fifteen years old, wearing a crown on his head.

He was none other than Princess Sidonie's little brother, King Carl, who had taken over the Anaesha Dynasty that she had left in the Southern Continent when she came to the Central Continent with William.

Right beside the young king was a man in his early twenties with short purple hair, and eyes, who was also wearing a crown. He also caught the half elf's attention.

He was none other than Princess Aila's older brother, Alaric Sol Zelan, who was now the King of the Zelan Dynasty.

The fourth King was the King of Freesia, who was Princess Sidonie's birth father. He was already in his early sixties, and yet, he still looked like he could ride a bull just by using his two legs.

They were the Sovereigns that represented the Southern Continent, and they had answered William's call and joined his Grand Alliance.

"Your Majesties, welcome to the Floor of Asgard," William said as he gave the four kings a brief nod of acknowledgement.

Nisha had painstakingly told him that he shouldn't bow down, and should get used to addressing other people of the same rank with a brief nod as a sign of respect.

The Half-Elf almost always forgot this because in his heart, he didn't feel like an Emperor, but in order to not make his steward, who had been overworked as of late, nag at him, he decided to pay heed to his actions, so she wouldn't force him undertake an etiquette training on how an Emperor should act in front of other people.

"It has been a long time, William," King Noah replied. "I still can't believe that the young man whom I had knighted as my Knight Commander, is now an Emperor. You have really come a long way, my boy."

"A lot of things happened," William stated. "Things that were outside of my control."

King Noah nodded in understanding. "How is Estelle? Is she well?"

"Yes. She is currently inside my Domain."

"When will your wedding be held? It's not good to delay these things since the end of the world is fast approaching. I still want to hold my grandson before we all kick the bucket."

The Kings who heard King Noah's words gave him a weird look.

Bruh, this is not the right time to be making babies. Are you mad?

Even William, who wanted to have babies of his own, knew that now was not the time for this. Estelle was one of the fighters that would participate in the battle, so he didn't want her to fight so soon after giving birth to their child.

Also, he didn't want to make babies irresponsibly, especially when the world was facing a crisis. This was why, his child with Celine, who was currently in the Elysian Fields, would be his only child, until they had won the war against the Army of Destruction.

"Let's go inside the Palace," William said in order to change the subject. "The other Kings are gathered there right now."

The Half-Elf walked briskly, almost leaving everyone behind.

King Noah chuckled as he followed the boy whom his daughter had liked since the day they had undergone the Trial of Courage together, and fought against the Cyclops Monster with everything they had.

A quarter of an hour later, William arrived in the Halls of Valhalla, where the Kings were waiting for him.

All of them were seated as they waited for his arrival.

Nisha, who was William's steward, stood beside the High Throne, where Odin would sit whenever he dined with the Einherjars during their feasts.

She was waiting for the Half-Elf to take his place, and look down on the other sovereigns, who were seated on an elevation lower than the throne.

However, instead of going to the throne, William summoned an ordinary chair, and sat down at the base of the steps, leading to it, and faced the Kings who had come to join him to fight against the war.

When Nisha saw this, the latter only bitterly shook her head before walking down the stairs, to stand by his side.

She was William's steward, and the manager of his Harem.

If his Emperor wanted to sit on a simple wooden chair then she would let him do it.

However, once the conference was over, she would make sure to have a private talk with him, inside his bedroom, while the two of them were connected.

The Majority of the kings gave William a nod of approval in their heart because he was treating them as equals, and not someone who was in a position that was higher than them.

This made those who didn't know him change their opinion of him, which made the atmosphere inside the Halls of Valhalla, where the bravest warriors in the world gathered, become less tense.

"I'm sure that my Steward, Nisha, had already told everyone about the dangers that we will be facing," William said. "All of you gathered here today are the Monarchs of your respective nations and, because you care for your people, have decided to join the war that will end all wars. For this, I will be forever grateful."

William paused for a bit before waving his hand.

A projection of the battle of Ragnarok appeared behind him, showing everyone the fight in the Half-Elf's perspective from start to finish.

Just as if they were watching a movie in the cinema, the Kings and their escorts couldn't help but feel their blood boiling, both in fear and anger, as they watched the brave men and women fight against the giants who towered above them.

However, one thing stood out to them while they were watching the battle.

None of the warriors retreated.

They fought with everything they had, until their weapons and bodies broke.

The Kings' gazed at this scene and felt their heart ache for they knew that even after breathing their last, these brave warriors never backed down, and fought until the bitter end.

The battle wasn't that long, and it wasn't that short either. All in all, it lasted for two hours, with the final scene of a silver-haired warrior, dying in the embrace of his beloved Elf, until both of their bodies were burned to ashes.

The scenes they had watched had touched their hearts, and souls, in ways that they never thought possible.

After the projection faded, no one mentioned anything about the silver-haired warrior looking like the red-headed teenager, who was seated in front of them. That was not important.

The important part was that they had seen what their enemies were capable of, and those who were proficient in the art of war started to formulate the things that they might have done differently, if they had been on that battlefield.

"Today, I officially declare the birth of the Grand Alliance," William announced. "Now. Let us start our discussion about how we will deal with these invaders from the Void."

After talking with his Grandpa, James, William knew that there was no use in worrying about the future, for it comes soon enough.

Just like James had said to him.

This time, they would win.

And Win they shall because, from this moment, he and the rest of the people in the world would all fight as one.

Chapter 1398: You Motherf*cker! I Knew You'd Say That!

"See here. If we create several layers of mirrors to increase the intensity of the magical cannons, allowing them to hit a smaller area, we will be able to pierce through the protective carapace off the Adamantium Beetle, which is the sturdiest of the Myriad Beasts in our world."

"But in order to do that we will need to create these mirrors using a crystal that can withstand such magical intensity. We don't have such things in the Silvermoon Continent."

"Us Dwarves have many crystal ores, should I bring in some of them so all of you can see which one fits the one you need to make these mirrors."

"Perfect! I knew you Dwarves could sometimes be useful!"

"Shut up, Gnome! When was the last time you took a bath? You stink!"

"Friends, let us not fight. We are here to discuss things in an orderly manner."

"Shut up, Elf! Your ears are too long!"

"Perfectly fair skin, handsome face, and a good brain to boot. Kuh! Someone take this guy out of this laboratory! Looking at him annoys me!"

"Calm down, Gnome. It's not his fault you were born ugly."

"Piss off Demon! Haven't you seen your face in the mirror? You look like a pig!"

"Too many ideas. Not enough hands! Someone get me the latest design of the Positron Cannon from the Valerian Kingdom, there is something in their design that I think might help us configure the performance of the Dreadnaught Destroyer!"

Heated discussions could be heard everywhere as the greatest minds of the world gathered in several workshops performing various tasks, in preparation for the upcoming war.

It had been two weeks since the Grand Alliance had been founded, and the different kingdoms of the World had started to train all able-bodied individuals to fight.

"Swing your swords! Don't stop!"

"Sir, please, I can't do it anymore. I can't lift my arms any longer."

"Okay then start running. You can still move your legs, right? Give me ten laps!"

"What's this? You've been training for archery for almost a week, and you still can't even hit the bulls eye? I've hit it a dozen times already."

"It's fine. As long as I hit the target. My opponent is a Giant. It's impossible for me to miss!"

"Um, you do have a point. My bad."

"It's fine. Are you free tonight? I know this brothel..."

High up in the skies of the Floor of Asgard, thousands of Aerial Units were performing joint military exercises together, creating a non-stop magical barrage from the skies.

"Hippogriff Strikers, move out!"

"Wyvern Riders, intercept!"

"Dragon Riders, unleash dragon breaths!"

While everyone was busy preparing for war, the Half-Elf was currently on the Third Floor of the Tower of Babylon, laying on the grass and looking at the clouds that were moving in the sky. His head rested on the mace, Sharur, using it as a pillow.

The chatty mace didn't mind because this was one of the rare occasions where everyone gathered to take an afternoon nap, so he didn't make any noises and simply allowed William to use it as a pillow.

On the Half-Elf's right side, Erinys was fast asleep, with her arm wrapped around his chest. On his left, Cherry slept peacefully, while being hugged by Medusa, who was doing her best to help the Virtuous Lady of Charity to get over her fear of her Master, who was very kind to her.

Bacon (AKA Gullinbursti) lay on William's stomach, sleeping like the little pig that it was. Its snout would move from time to time as if it was eating something, and its legs would twitch from time to time also.

Whenever the red-headed teenager wanted to escape the hustle and bustle of his surroundings, he would go to Oogwei's Domain, where he had spent some time with Chiffon when the two of them had to climb the Tower of Babylon.

Oogwei's disciples, Donutella, Leonardude, Michaelangelhoe, and Narnyah, were busy sparring with each other in the distance, while making as little noise as possible.

The Third Floor was one of the most beautiful floors in the Tower of Babylon.

It was a Domain filled with many waterfalls, so several rainbows could be seen at any given time depending on where you looked.

It was also lush in greenery, which had been maintained by the little turtle, Oogwei, who liked to eat cucumbers and sandwiches.

The air was fresh, and it constantly blew in the surroundings, making it the perfect place to take an afternoon nap.

The past two weeks had been some of the busiest days in William's life. He was always present in the joint events, to inspire everyone to work hard, serving as the "Face" of the Grand Alliance.

There were days when he wasn't able to go back to the Thousand Beast Domain, nor to his room to have a proper rest. He would often be seen sleeping on the ground, on the table, on chairs, or on tree branches, which made her lovers quite worried about him.

In the end, Nisha took it upon herself to give the Half-Elf a short vacation, to allow himself to recover from the stress that had accumulated over time.

The veiled-beauty had also assigned the three little girls, who had the most free time in the world, to accompany the Half-Elf and ensure that he rested, instead of continually working.

William's lovers and wives were busy in their own way. Wendy, Estelle, and Haleth always joined the military exercises to help organize the formations that they would use on the battlefield.

Princess Aila, Anh, and Amelia, busied themselves in helping the Medical Teams learn how to proficiently perform emergency treatment on the battlefield.

Belle and the rest of the Demigods would have mock battles among themselves in order to overcome the weaknesses they had.

Lilith, Vesta, and Priscilla assisted Nisha in the management of William's territories.

The members of the Deadly Sins, the Heavenly Virtues, and the Elders of Deus, were busy formulating an 11th Circle Spell that they could use to combat the Giants.

Deus had once used an 11th Circle Spell in an attempt to make the Southern Continent their own, while the Holy Order of Light used an 11th Circle Spell to summon Belle to their world.

Since they had two years to prepare, they planned to use that time to erect several altars in the world of Hestia in order to cast a Continental-Wide Spell that would help them overcome the difference in ranks between them and the invading Army of Destruction.

"Will, time's up," Oogwei's voice reached William's ears, informing the Half-Elf that it was now time for him to do the other task that he needed to do. As the Guardian of the Third Floor, Oogwei could pass his message from anywhere from inside it.

"Understood," William replied inside his mind. "Thank you, Master Oogwei."

"Mmm. Rest is important, so don't hesitate to visit this place whenever you wish."

"I am always grateful for your hospitality."

William turned to his right side where Erinys was sleeping beside him and kissed her forehead.

"Erinys, it's time to go," William said softly. "Please wake up."

The doll-like beauty then opened her eyes before looking up at William with eyes filled with affection.

"Did you sleep?" Erinys asked before kissing William's lips. "You're supposed to rest, but seeing that you're wide awake, I'm guessing that you didn't sleep."

"My mind is too awake to sleep," William replied before lightly shaking Cherry, who was sleeping beside him. "Wake up, Cherry. It's time to watch the Movie you wanted to watch."

"Fweh?" Cherry abruptly opened her sleepy eyes before looking at the Half-Elf. A moment later, she once again closed them and returned to sleep, making Erinys, who was looking at her friend, giggle.

William arched an eyebrow as he looked at Erinys, who had a sweet smile on her face. "You think this is funny?"

Erinys nodded. "Look at the bright side. At least, she's no longer that scared of you, right? If this was in the past, she would have bolted and ran away with all her might."

The Half-Elf couldn't refute Erinys words and simply nodded his head in agreement.

Just as he was about to wake Cherry and Medusa again, he heard Nisha's voice inside his head, informing him that they had discovered some Demon Tribes that were hiding deep within the mountains of the Demon Realm, and wanted to know how William wanted to deal with them.

A round mirror then appeared in front of William showing Nisha's image.

"Sorry to cut your vacation short, but I will need you to personally speak to the two Patriarchs of these Demon Tribes," Nisha said. "They are claiming that they know you, so they want to talk to you personally."

Erinys, who was by William's side, frowned as she looked at Nisha. The Half-Elf had just started his vacation, and it hadn't been a day before he was called to work again.

However, she didn't say anything because she knew that William had many responsibilities, and this was one of them.

Soon the image of a Boarkin appeared on the round mirror. Upon seeing its face, William's body stiffened because he had seen that face before.

In fact, there was even a time when he had been tempted to slap it silly due to how annoying it was.

The two stared at each other for a full minute before William broke the silence.

"Swiper, no swiping," William said with a teasing smile on his face.

"You motherf*cker!" Swiper replied in anger. "I knew you'd say that!"

Indeed, the one in the projection was none other than the Boarkin that William had met in the Deadlands.

It was none other than Swiper, who led the Demon Faction, and worked as Morax's subordinate which seemed like a lifetime ago.

Chapter 1399: Old Acquaintances and New Bonds

Although he was quite reluctant to part with Erinys, Medusa, Cherry, Bacon, and Sharur, the Half-Elf still went to the Demon Continent using the Bifrost Bridge to meet with an old friend that he hadn't seen for quite some time.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were from Hestia?" William asked.

"You didn't ask." Swiper snorted. "Also, even if you did, what makes you think that I'd have given you an answer?"

The two sat facing each other on the grass, while the Boarkin casually smoked his pipe. Even now, Swiper couldn't believe that the person he had met in the Deadlands was now the Overlord of the entire Demon Realm.

When Ahriman and Felix came to power, Swiper immediately ordered his Tribe to hide deep in the mountains, so that they wouldn't be involved in the invasion of the Central Continent.

The Demon Realm was a very big place, so there were plenty of places to hide to escape the compulsory draft that Felix decreed when he became the Heir of Darkness.

It was not only Swiper and his tribe that managed to hide away in the mountains, several other Demon Tribes had gone to great lengths, so that they wouldn't fight a war that they didn't want in the first place.

Nisha had tasked several of her agents, as well as the Demons who had pledged loyalty to William, to look for these scattered tribes, and bring them back to the surface for the war that would happen in two years' time.

The veiled-beauty's subordinates were quite thorough and they did a very detailed sweep across the land, looking for traces of the Demon Tribes that escaped Felix's draft.

The Boarkin Tribe that Swiper belonged to was just one of these many Demon Clans that were found. However, when Nisha's subordinates told them that the Heir of Darkness was no more, and was replaced by a Half-Elf Emperor, they thought that they would finally be able to live their lives peacefully.

Unfortunately, what awaited them was another war, and this time, there would be no place in the world where they could run to and hide from the invaders that were intent on extinguishing all life in the world.

"You already know what is going on, right?" William inquired. "What are your plans?"

Swiper didn't answer William's question right away and just blew a cloud of smoke in front of him. Half a minute later, the Boarkin emptied the contents of his pipe before glancing at the Half-Elf with a serious expression on its face.

"I already have a hunch, but I'll just ask in case," Swiper said. "Back then in the Deadlands, a giant grabbed Morax and allowed him to escape. Is that the same giant that you are going to fight against in this upcoming war?"

William nodded. "Yes."

Swiper groaned after confirming his suspicion, he had already seen how powerful that Giant was, and he knew that fighting against it was not the best way to commit suicide.

The Half-Elf remained silent and just stared at the Boarkin whose face had now turned pale from fright. As someone who had seen the Giant, Surtr, firsthand, he could understand what Swiper was feeling right now.

"Fine," Swiper stated after a few minutes had passed. "At least promise me that you will die before me. I am afraid of dying, you know?"

The Half-Elf smiled before giving the Boarkin a middle finger.

Swiper grunted because the red-headed teenager refused to die before him, which made him have the great urge to look for a place to hide, and somehow survive the end of the world.

Just as he was contemplating these things inside his head, Swiper suddenly remembered something important.

"Actually, there was another tribe that I met while we were looking for a place to hide," Swiper said. "They are not from the Demon Tribes, but they are as feisty as Demons when it comes to fighting. Guess who I found?"

The Boarkin smiled evilly, making the Half-Elf have the strong urge to slap him.

"Just tell me who it is," William replied. "I don't have as much free time as you."

Swiper scoffed before telling the Half-Elf who he had met on his journey in the Demon Realm to look for a place to hide.

"Lindir," Swiper. "Do you remember him?"

The Half-Elf faintly recalled the name. But, due to many things that happened in the past, he couldn't remember every name that he had come across with.

"Who is he again?" William asked. "The things that happened in the Deadlands are like a blur to me at the moment."

Swiper chuckled because the Half-Elf didn't recall who Lindir was right away, which made him feel that he had more of an impression than the annoying Lizardfolk because William remembered who he was.

"Lindir was the leader of the Swamptide Shelter back in the Deadlands," Swiper answered. "He is now the Patriarch of the Lizardfolk that are currently hiding in the marshlands of the Northwest Regions of the Demon Realm.

"I see. I now remember him." William nodded his head.

Lindir was the Lizardfolk who often hung around with Eldon whenever he had free time. However, his presence wasn't that big during their time in the Deadlands, and the Lizardfolk's territory was far from the Glory Shelter, where he, Lilith, and Raizel stayed.

"Do you know the exact location?" William asked. "Might as well drop by and ask him to join the Grand Alliance."

Swiper smiled because this was what he wanted to have happen in the first place. Since he couldn't run away from William's grasp, might as well drag his acquaintance along.

This way, he would not be the only one who would suffer, but both of them would suffer at the same time.

The Half-Elf didn't know what the Boarkin was thinking, nor did he care.

However, he found it quite amusing how the casual encounter he had with Eldon, Swiper, and Lindir in the Deadlands, would somehow tie them all up together back in Hestia, making him feel that Fate was truly a fickle lady who did things in a roundabout manner.

Chapter 1400: A Place To Call Home

"By the way, how is that Demonic Dog, Psoglav, doing?" Swiper asked as he walked side by side with William in the marshlands. "We fought side by side during the war, and we were able to kill Wade together back then."

"He's dead," William replied. "He fought against a Pseudo-God in order to protect me."

"Ah... that's too bad. I thought that someone like him would live a long life because he was afraid of death, just like me."

"True."

William didn't refute Swiper's words because that was indeed Psoglav's mentality. He would not allow himself to be killed so easily because for him, his life was very precious.

Still, in the end, the Demonic Dog didn't back away and faced Princess Iron Fan with everything he had. He died bravely for the sake of friendship, and the bonds that he shared with the other beasts in the Thousand Beast Domain.

It didn't take long before the two of them found Lindir's Lizardfolk Tribe, who had managed to camouflage their hiding place quite well, using the terrain, creating blind spots in every direction.

If not for the fact that William had Optimus, who could map his surroundings, and detect the presences of living things, the Half-Elf might have missed the Lizardfolk Tribe that had hidden themselves well.

When William and Swiper entered their tribal Domain, all the Lizardfolk Warriors took out their weapons and encircled the two trespassers with the intent to kill.

If not for the fact that they had recognized Swiper, who was an acquaintance of their Chieftain, they would have already attacked without mercy.

"Oi! Lindir! Get your sorry a*s out here now!" Swiper shouted. "I brought an acquaintance with me. He's someone you know as well!"

A minute later, a two-meter tall Lizardfolk emerged from the biggest hut in the tribe, and looked at his uninvited guests with annoyance.

"Swiper, you bastard!" Lindir shouted. "Why aren't you dead yet?!"

"How can I possibly die when you're still alive?" Swiper shouted back. "Come here! Someone is looking for you!"

The Lizard Man clicked his tongue as he walked to where the crowd was gathering. The Lizardfolk all parted to let their Chieftain pass, allowing Lindir to finally see the one accompanying Swiper.

Lindir's body stiffened when he saw the familiar red-headed teenager, who had fought head-to-head with Morax in the past.

To everyone's surprise, Lindir shouted in alarm before shaking his hips side to side. A moment later, his tail fell off, which made all the lizardfolk around him gasp in shock.

With a pained face, Lindir picked up his tail with both of his hands and walked towards William. He then knelt and offered his tail to the Half-Elf in a very respectful manner, making William's and Swiper's lips twitch.

'Bruh, we just came here to talk to you. Why are you offering your tail to us like this? It's not like we came here to kill you or anything.'

These were the thoughts that passed through the Half-Elf's and the Boarkin's heads the moment they looked at the tail, who was still twitching in Lindir's hand.

"I offer my tail as an offering of peace," Lindir stated. "Please take it and leave our tribe alone. We don't want to be involved in the wars of the Demon and Central Continent. We just want to live in peace."

William glanced at the wriggling tail, which was at least two meters long, before shifting his gaze to the Lizard Man, who had his head bowed in submission.

"Are you taking it?" Swiper asked with a complicated look on his face.

William shook his head. "Of course not. What am I going to do with a tail?"

"What? Are you not a cultured person? Don't you know that the tails of Lizardfolk are a delicacy?" Swiper looked at the Half-Elf as if he was a country bumpkin. "Why do you think they shed their tails whenever they face a strong Monster? They do it so that the Monster will eat their tail, and allow them to escape unharmed. Since you don't want it, I'll take it myself."

Swiper nonchalantly grabbed hold of Lindir's tail before the Lizard Man could even react to his action.

A moment later, an awkward silence descended on the Lizard Tribe, making the onlookers feel both relieved and embarrassed about their Chieftain's actions.

William, who was now in the center of everyone's attention, scratched his cheek before shifting his gaze on the still kneeling Lizard Man in front of him.

"Let's talk first," William said. "If you really don't want to fight, I won't force you. But, hear me out first."

Lindir nodded his head in agreement. He also felt embarrassed about what he did earlier, but after he saw William, he immediately felt threatened, so he followed his instinct and shed his tail, allowing him to have a chance of survival.

The smell of something being roasted spread inside the Chieftain's house. It smelled so good that for a moment, William had the strong urge to taste it.

However, he resisted this strong urge because it would be awkward to eat the tail of someone he knew, so he simply sat and stared at the Lizard Man, while Swiper hummed and roasted the latter's tail in the firepit, located at the center of Lindir's home.

Beside the Lizard Man, the elders of the Lizard Tribe were also present, and all of them were quite surprised by the story that William told them.

Lindir, who was the chieftain of the Lizardfolk, sighed after hearing William's tale. His tail had already regrown because the Half-Elf had used Life Magic on him, allowing him to instantly regenerate his tail.

"We just want to live in peace, but it seems that it is no longer possible," Lindir stated. "This is like the Deadlands all over again. Either we fight, or die like pigs in a butcher's house."

Swiper, who was busy roasting Lindir's tail, glared at the Lizardman.

Although he was technically not a pig, he still took offense to Lindir's words because Pigkins were still his distant cousins.

"Indeed." William agreed. "All of us can run, but none of us can hide."

Lindir nodded in understanding before looking at William straight in the eye. "I just have one request."

"Name it." William could tell that Lindir had already decided to join his Alliance, so he decided to hear him out and grant his request if it was within his ability.

"Our Tribe has lived far away from the other Demon Tribes, and constantly migrated from place to place, in search of a place where we don't have to go to war against our neighbors," Lindir stated. "If we survive this war, I want you to promise me that you will give us a piece of land where we can live permanently.

"It doesn't have to be big, but it must be enough for all of us to build our homes and hunt. Also, I want you to become our guarantor that no other Clans, Demons, or other races would seek to harm us in any way possible. If you can promise me this, I will devote everything, even my life, to fight for your cause."

The Half-Elf smiled before nodding his head. "Deal."

Aside from the Floor of Asgard, there were other floors that belonged to him after he had kicked their previous owners out. He would give one of these floors to the Lizard Clan, so that they would no longer have to fear the bullying of other races again.

The Half-Elf and the Lizard Man then shook hands in order to seal the Alliance, making the Elders of the Lizardfolk nod their heads in satisfaction.

Two hours later, the Half-Elf had taken all the Lizardfolk to the Tower of Babylon.

Now that William had given them a promise that they would be given a land of their own, they no longer needed to constantly migrate again, which had left them feeling like they had no place that they could call their home.