

## **Strongest 1431**

### Chapter 1431: You Are Not My Conquest, Nor Is My Trophy [Part 2]

Among William's new wives, only Celeste was a chaste maiden.

During the course of the past year, William had shared many intimate moments with his lovers, especially Titania and Shana.

After they saw William's first wedding, both ladies felt that there was no longer any reason to hold back, and schemed together to kidnap the Half-Elf when he was out in the field, supervising the training of the different armies from the various nations.

Just like what happened on William's first honeymoon, Celeste moved to a different room because she wasn't ready to show everyone her debauched appearance after William had made love to her.

Even though Celeste had already prepared herself mentally to become one of William's wives, she was not prepared to let others see her pleasure-filled expression as she surrendered her heart and body to the Half-Elf who was now her husband.

As Celeste looked outside the window of her bedroom, while waiting for her husband to arrive, she thought over everything that had led them to this very moment.

She had been prophesied to become the Bride of Darkness, but the marriage she had in mind wasn't something like this.

Celeste once thought that she would be forced to marry against her will. She thought that she would be stripped of her Chastity, Virtue, and Dignity before being tossed aside like a tool that no longer had any value.

In truth, Celeste felt great fear whenever she thought about those thoughts inside her head. She had subconsciously thought that her Virtue was only her redeeming factor, and without it, she would be nothing.

She was well aware of the stares of the Elves, as well as the people in Hestia Academy, whenever their eyes landed on her body. Their gazes were like tongues that licked her body from every angle, wanting to taste the most virtuous lady in the world, and wondering what it would be like to make her a woman.

Their woman.

She believed that she would be displayed as a trophy of their conquest, telling others that it was them that had conquered her and taken her Chastity. Then, after the limelight ended, she would no longer serve any purpose and would be forgotten.

Because she was deep in thought, she didn't notice the door opening behind her. Only when a pair of strong hands wrapped around her body, and a familiar whisper reached her ears, did she finally break out of her daze.

"Whatever you are thinking, it's not going to happen," William whispered as he held Celeste in a protective embrace.

Celeste didn't try to escape from his hug, and just closed her eyes to feel the warmth of William's body.

"Did you now know how to read minds?" Celeste asked in a teasing tone.

"No, but I have a feeling that you were looking down on yourself."

"Do I?"

Celeste then turned around to look at the handsome Half-Elf who was looking at her with kind eyes.

"You are not my conquest, nor are you my trophy," William said softly. "I will not parade you in front of the other men in the world, and brag about making the Virtuous Lady of Chastity my woman."

"... How do you know about this?"

"My dear, lovely wife, did you forget that Chloe is still half your familiar? Whatever thoughts you have, she can feel it as well. It was her who told me about the insecurities that you are feeling."

Celeste lowered her head as her cheeks were dyed red due to embarrassment. She was so embarrassed that even the tips of her ears turned a shade of pink, which made the Half-Elf chuckle.

"Come, my Bride of Darkness. It's time for you to light up my life," William said in a teasing tone as his naughty hands began to loosen the wedding dress that Celeste was still wearing, making it fall to the carpeted floor, showing him her beautiful, and untainted body, which was waiting to be painted by his colors.

William pulled her close and kissed her lips.

Right now, he was only wearing a bathrobe, so it only took him a few seconds to undress.

While the two of them were kissing, Celeste felt something hot, and hard, pressing against her lower abdomen. She knew what it was, making the blush on her face turn a shade redder.

In order to hide her embarrassment, she continued to kiss William, allowing the Half-Elf to teach her on how to kiss passionately, with their tongues intertwining with each other.

Soon, the Virtuous Lady of Chastity found herself being laid gently down on the bed, as William's lips left her own.

"You're very beautiful, Celeste," William said as he stared at Celeste's body in admiration.

Perhaps, due to her being the Maiden of Chastity, Celeste's body smelled very nice.

It was a fragrance that was very different, yet similar to Princess Sidonie's in the fact that it could easily intoxicate anyone who could smell its fragrance.

Soon, the Half-Elf lowered his head and planted a kiss on Celeste's right breast before lightly biting the pink tip, which was slowly hardening due to his hot, and passionate lips that would soon drive her crazy.

William wasn't in a hurry, and simply enjoyed Celeste's muffled moans, as his lips, and hands, fondled her sensitive parts, making her body heat up.

In truth, the Half-Elf was having a hard time controlling his urges because, similar to Princess Sidonie, the Virtuous Lady of Chastity was emitting pheromones that would drive any man crazy.

Even so, he endured because this was Celeste's first time, and he wanted her to enjoy her first night with him.

He didn't want her to feel any regrets in choosing him as her husband, and giving him the most important thing she held dear in her heart.

"Don't hold it in," William said before flicking the innocent pink tip with his finger as he looked at Celeste's flushed face. "Only I will hear your moans tonight. So, there is no need to hold them back."

"No," Celeste replied as she covered her face with both of her hands due to embarrassment.

However, William pried her hands away and gave her a long, and sweet kiss, which made the beautiful Elf momentarily forget her embarrassment.

A moment later, William's kiss, which was similar to a small flame, traveled downwards, igniting the passion that had been sleeping under the innocent body that Celeste had protected all her life.

It didn't take long before William's lips kissed her lower abdomen, where her womb was located. His hot kiss lingered for a time on that spot before making its way to the entrance of her...

William's fingers then pried those pink petals open, allowing his tongue to taste the sweet flower that would soon belong to him alone.

## Chapter 1432: I Think I Now Understand What Falling In Love Feels Like

Celeste's sweet moans reverberated inside the room, as William licked, sucked, kissed, and lightly bit her...

As someone who lived an ascetic lifestyle, the euphoric sensation that washed over her body made her unable to think properly.

Because William had told her to not hold back her voice, she lay on the bed whimpering, as she clutched the bed sheets, trying to endure the relentless assault of William's tongue, and lips to the place that she had protected all her life.

The Half-Elf took his sweet time in preparing his wife for their union because he wanted Celeste to forever remember the moment when he took her chastity from her.

"Will... I'm scared," Celeste said as her body trembled.

She felt alarmed because the feeling of pleasure she was feeling was slowly building up, threatening to drive her crazy the moment it reached its peak.

Sensing that Celeste was truly feeling scared, the Half-Elf kissed her... softly before raising his head to look at her.

The beautiful Elf's face was flushed, and her voluptuous breasts rose up and down, as her body trembled helplessly due to the euphoria that had taken hold of her.

William knew that Celeste had reached her limit, so he decided to hug her until she regained her calm.

Although he wanted to plunge his manhood deep inside her, and drive her crazy, he also didn't want to break her.

Celeste wasn't like Princess Sidonie who was born to accept carnal desires.

The Elf was someone who had placed great importance to her Virtue, so there was a subtle fear inside of her heart that was manifesting as her body was slowly surrendering itself to the pleasures of the flesh.

Minutes passed as William held Celeste's soft, and burning, body in a loving embrace, whispering words of assurance and love in her ears.

Finally, as if she had finally prepared her heart, and mind to do the deed, Celeste's arm wrapped around William's body as she took the initiative to kiss him.

The kiss was long and sweet. Yet, there was a trace of sadness in it.

A sadness and resigned acceptance that she was about to take a leap of faith that would change her life forever.

"Will, do me a favor," Celeste said after their kiss ended. "Even if I say stop, don't stop. If I beg you to spare me, do not. I don't want to back down now that we've gone this far. So, please, forgive me if I get cold feet at the last minute."

William smiled and kissed Celeste's forehead before nodding his head.

"I will not waste your resolve," William said as he spread Celeste's legs.

He then rubbed his manhood at her entrance, giving Celeste a few more precious seconds to brace herself for the inevitable.

Finally, with one strong thrust, the Virtue that the beautiful Elf protected, broke, making her utter a silent scream, as William's member conquered her depths.

Then, it happened.

Celeste blanked out and lost consciousness.

The surprising thing was that it was not only her that blanked out, but William as well.

The Half-Elf's body stopped moving, as if he was frozen in time.

Celeste's body, on the other hand, trembled under him, as particles of light slowly rose up from her body, flying straight into the gem on William's chest.

When William regained his consciousness, he found himself inside his Spiritual World. Although the blue sky was clear, and the sea under his feet was calm, particles of light started to fall down from the heavens.

It fell slowly, similar to the seeds of a dandelion that were being carried by the wind.

William felt with great certainty that something major had happened.

And yet, he didn't know what it was.

No matter how much he tried to sense whatever changed inside his body, the only thing he could feel was that he seemed to be bathed in a warm, and refreshing feeling, as if telling him that everything was going to be fine.

Finally, the world around him changed.

He was no longer inside his Spiritual World, and was back inside the bedroom, looking down at his unconscious wife, whose body would tremble from time to time, as if something very precious from her was being taken away.

It was also at that time when William realized that his seed was slowly being released inside of her womb, which might also be one of the reasons why Celeste's body was trembling.

The unexpected release, which might have resulted in William's lapse in control after becoming one with her, made him feel slightly embarrassed, but he set his embarrassment aside as he caressed the side of Celeste's face, using a diagnostic spell to make sure that nothing was wrong with her.

A sigh then escaped William's lips when he confirmed that Celeste was fine.

As if waiting for that moment, Celeste's eyes fluttered open, and looked at William in a daze.

A moment later, she felt something hot pouring inside of her womb, making her face turn beet red at the realization that she had passed out after William had claimed her Chastity.

"I'm sorry," Celeste apologize. "I don't know what happened. I was..."

"Hush," William placed a finger on her lips, to stop her from saying anything. "It's fine. You did nothing wrong."

The Half-Elf once again hugged Celeste, and the latter hugged him back. She was still confused about what just happened, but feeling William's warmth inside, and outside, of her body, calmed her down for a bit.

A few minutes later, both of them finally regained their composure.

"Let's start again," William said softly. "This time, I'm not going to hold back, so I apologize if I become a bit rough."

"It's fine if it's a bit rough," Celeste replied as she held onto William's strong body. "Make love to me, Will."

Not long after, the sound of Celeste's cries of pleasure, as well as the Half-Elf's ragged breaths permeated the room as they made love with each other over and over again.



No longer holding back, Celeste moved with him, and not against him, making William feel a comfortable tightness that encouraged the release of his seed, making both of them feel a heartfelt pleasure, as they consummated their marriage.

When it ended, the two of them held the other as Celeste laid on top of William.

Both of them were still connected, and enjoyed the afterglow of their lovemaking.

"I know it's a bit late, but I think I now understand what falling in love feels like," Celeste said as she looked at William's green eyes, which were similar to the color of her own eyes.

"I'm glad," William replied as he looked at Celeste with a gaze filled with tenderness and affection. "Let's continue to love each other from now on, okay?"

"Mmm." Celeste hummed as she rested her head on William's chest, enjoying the strength that was radiating from his body.

The two continued to stay in that position as they drifted off to sleep. Both of them knew that when morning came, the two of them would wake up, still holding each other, in a loving embrace.

Chapter 1433: I Have A Score To Settle With Them

A subtle tension could be felt in the air as the approach of the appointed day drew near.

William continued to conquer one Dungeon after another, bolstering his forces to the best of his ability.

The Nations of the world also intensified their training, regularly conducting mock battles with the Giants that the Half-Elf kept in his Thousand Beast Domain.

At the start, the disparity in strength caused the armies to be devastated, causing the soldiers to suffer from major injuries.

Because the Giants were controlling their strength, no deaths happened during these mock battles. However, as the armies of the world learned from their mistakes, their strategies, and battle formations became more refined, adjusting to the size, and strength of the giants, forcing the Giants to no longer hold back, and give it their all.

The weapons created by the great minds of different races also showed their mettle, which made the Half-Elf, and his allies, feel a little more confident.

Although many resources were used to build the weapons, their performance had exceeded the expectations of those that had built them, making them very proud of their achievements.

"I'm done!" Medusa collapsed weakly on the ground as she panted for breath.

Her best friend, Cherry, was not faring well either. The youngest of all the Virtues, sat on the ground, not caring if her dress got dirty as she, too, panted for breath.

Cherry weakly raised her head as she glanced at her surroundings.

Thousands of people were also collapsed on the ground, with some of them even snoring.

Clearly, the latest drill had tired them out considerably that some chose to just sleep on the ground to recover their strength.

Princess Aila, was among the few people that were still standing in the sea of exhausted bodies.

They were part of the Medical Teams that were responsible for saving and healing the members of the army who were going to fight, allowing them to once again stand on the frontlines of the battlefield.

Not far from them, hundreds of Giants sat on the ground allowing Titania to use her Life Magic to heal their injuries.

The drills for the upcoming battles had become more and more harsh as both sides no longer tried to hold back, and really went for the kill.

Fortunately, they were fighting on one of the floors of the Tower of Babylon which had been reinforced by a special law that prevented anyone from dying.

Those who suffered fatal injuries would immediately turn into particles of light, reappearing far away from the battlefield, where the intense battle was still happening.

"Good work, the two of you."

A pink-haired Dwarf offered a bottle of water to Medusa and Cherry, who were unable to move from their spot due to exhaustion.

"Thank you, Master," Medusa weakly replied as she raised her hand to take the water bottle that Chiffon was offering her.

"Thank you," Cherry said as she also took the water bottle and drank thirstily.

Due to the way she drank, the water spilled from her lips, falling onto her white dress, and drenched it.

Even so, the Virtue of Charity didn't care. She was no longer the little girl that complained about every little thing, and whined whenever something bad happened to her.

Chiffon looked at the two girls fondly before walking towards Princess Aila, handing her a water bottle as well.

"Good work, Aila," Chiffon said with a smile. "You've gotten a lot stronger."

Princess Aila smiled and nodded her head. "Thank you, Chiffon. You were amazing earlier."

Princess Aila was part of the Medical Team, while Chiffon was part of the vanguard of the army.

At the beginning, the armies were feeling anxious to have Chiffon fight with them on the front lines because she looked like a little girl, and was also one of William's wives.

However, their anxiousness disappeared when Chiffon raised her weapon, and transformed into a twenty-meter tall giant, brandishing her mace, Sharur, like a War God on the battlefield, sending Giants, and Humans, flying in every direction.

Because of this, she earned the nickname, The Berserker Giantess, because whenever she appeared on the battlefield, everyone would be sent flying.

Sometimes, she was fighting alongside the Human armies, other times, she was fighting alongside the Giants.

Because of this, everyone had a taste of the powerful mace, Sharur, whose mouth would curse, and trash talk those it hit, making them suffer physical and emotional damage.

A week later, William as well as the Kings and Emperors of the different nations, once again met at the Floor of Asgard to conduct their quarterly meeting.

Each King would give a report on the status of their armies, as well as the preparations that they had made for the upcoming battle.

Although no one intended it to happen, a sense of rivalry formed between nations as they tried to outdo each other in enhancing their military strength and strategies.

William welcomed this change because it allowed everyone to grow, and make them strive to reach the pinnacle of perfection.

While this was happening, the white-robed person, who once belonged to the Holy Order of Light, gazed at the heavens.

Her eyes pierced through the void, and a solemn expression appeared behind the mask she was wearing.

"It finally begins," the white-robed person muttered as she removed the mask from her face. She then summoned a white horn that looked so plain that no one would give it a second glance.

However, the horn she was holding wasn't any ordinary horn. It could make a sound that would reach at the far corners of the world, allowing them to hear that the end of days was upon them, telling them that those who wish to destroy their world had finally come.

Placing the white horn on her soft lips, the woman blew the horn, Gjallarhorn, sending the news that the end of the world was at hand.

The long, and resounding sound, reverberated across the entire world of Hestia.

No matter where anyone was, no matter what they were doing, no matter what they were feeling, they all heard the loud and resounding sound that made all of their faces become grim.

William and the Sovereigns of each nation stopped their discussion and glanced at each other in surprise.

"Everyone, make haste!" William ordered. "Prepare for battle! Prepare for war!"

A loud roar of acknowledgement resounded inside the meeting room before every leader of the world teleported away from the Floor of Asgard to return to their respective nations.

William also didn't tarry and disappeared from where he was.

Moments later, he reappeared beside the white-robed woman, who was still blowing the horn in her hands.

He didn't stop her because it was her duty to warn the world that it was time to raise their weapons to fight for everything they held sacred.

Finally, the white-robed woman stopped blowing the horn in her hands and turned around to face William.

"Two days from now, they will make landfall," the white-robed woman said as her golden eyes glowed faintly.

"Where will they appear?" William inquired.

This was the most important question because it would also allow them to prepare a proper welcome to their uninvited guest that would come from the void.

The white-robed woman smiled before projecting a map of the Central Continent. She then pointed at one of the empires within it, telling the Half-Elf where they would concentrate the majority of their forces to fight.

"You don't have to look far, Your Majesty," the white-robed woman replied in a teasing tone. "They will make landfall, right at your very doorstep."

William's face became solemn because he understood what the white-robed woman was trying to say.

The place where the Portal of Destruction would appear and allow the Giants to fall into the world, so they could wreak havoc in the lands of Hestia, was none other than the Ainsworth Empire.

The nation would soon become the battlefield of the greatest war that the world had ever seen.

"Good," William said as his eyes turned golden, glowing faintly. "I have a score to settle with them."

The white-robed woman smiled and nodded her head.

"As do I, Will," the white-robed woman said. "As do I."

The War that had taken their world from them thousands of years ago, would once again begin.

This time, William, and the white-robed woman, would not allow the same outcome to happen, as they stared into the void, looking at the millions of giants that were slowly, but surely, making their way towards the world that they planned to destroy.

#### Chapter 1434: Tonight, Don't Think Of Anything Else

The moment the horn of Gjallarhorn was blown, all the people in the world instinctively knew that the day of judgment had come.

As if to confirm their greatest fears, the Kings of each Nation made an announcement that their enemy had come, and all their armies would be mobilized to face them.

Just as they originally planned, all the non-combatants would be housed on the Floors of Babylon that were under William's authority.

The Tower was protected by a powerful law that prevented it from being damaged by outside forces. Because of this, it was the safest place in the world, until every member of the Alliance drew their last breath.

Because they had already practiced how the evacuation would be conducted several times over the past year, the people who were not part of the fighting already knew what to do.

The old, and the young, who were the main bulk of those who would take refuge from the war, gathered on the Floors of Babylon as the Bifrost Bridge extended to every part of the World of Hestia.

All of the able-bodied men and women chose to fight for their world, leaving only the old, who were too frail to fight, and the children, who were too young to hold weapons, behind.

After knowing where the Giants would make their appearance, the armies of the world started to gather and arrive at the Ainsworth Empire.

"What a grand sight," Albert said with admiration. "I didn't think I'd be able to live long enough to see the armies of the world unite for a common cause."

He was Gavin's other disciple, as well as William's senior who had inherited the power of the God of All Trades.

"Indeed," Byron, the Headmaster of Hestia Academy, commented. "Seeing all the heroes of the world gather in one place, it makes my blood boil just thinking about the battle that will decide the fate of this world."

He had been informed long ago of the battle that would decide the fate of the world by the Goddess Hestia.

Because of this, he had made ample preparations, but even he knew that the power of Hestia Academy wasn't enough to tilt the tide of battle in their favor.

Now, seeing all the forces of the world gather in the Ainsworth Empire gave him hope that all was not lost.

"Are you ready to die, Lindir?" Swiper asked as he stood beside his friend.

"I have no intentions of dying, Swiper," Lindir replied as he sharpened his spear with a whetstone. "I intend to live."

"Good. You will become a good meat shield when the giants arrive."

"F\*ck off!"

All around the Ainsworth Empire, similar conversations were being held.



Friends and enemies set aside their differences as they encouraged and chided each other about the upcoming battle.

Everyone was feeling anxious, so they decided to busy themselves with doing the things that could help them calm down.

Some sharpened their weapons.

Others chatted with friends.

While a few decided to spar with each other in order to release the tension in their bodies.

William and the other Kings and Emperors of the world, gathered in the Palace of the Ainsworth Empire to make their last minute preparations.

"The time has finally come," William said as he scanned the faces of the people around him. He could see the fear and anxiety in their eyes, and understood that the majority, if not all, of the people inside the conference room were feeling the same way.

Truth be told, he was feeling anxious as well, but he did his best to keep his anxiety from appearing on his face.

"We have done everything we can," William stated. "And I believe that we will emerge victorious. Two days from now, we stand as one. Two days from now, we fight as one."

All the Kings, and Emperors nodded their heads in agreement to William's words. They were once rivals, who schemed against each other to gain as much benefit as they could, but now, they would fight as one.

Every race in the world had pooled all of their resources together in order to develop weapons, as well as strategies, in order to overcome the Army of Destruction who made their hearts tremble inside their chests.

"Go and spend time with your loved ones," William said softly. "At noon on the second day, the Giants will arrive. If you have any lingering regrets, now is the time to resolve them. For there may not be another chance for you to do so. This meeting is adjourned. We will meet again on the day of battle."

All the Kings and Emperors nodded their heads before leaving the room one by one.

They had just finished mobilizing their armies, and stationed them outside the walls of the Ainsworth Empire, waiting for their enemies to arrive.

"This sure reminds me of that time," Wendy said as she stood beside William on the highest balcony of the Royal Palace, overlooking the countless banners fluttering in the breeze.

"Yes," William replied.

"But, compared to back then, the number of warriors here have far surpasses that number," Chiffon commented before holding onto William's arm, assuring him that she would always be by his side no matter what the outcome would be.

"Indeed." William agreed with Chiffon's comment.

Right now, the number of warriors outside his city's walls, numbered in the billions.

"It will not be the same as last time," Acedia commented as she walked in front of William, and wrapped her arms around his neck. "This time, I will be fighting alongside you."

William chuckled, as he held Acedia's waist. "Of course it will be different. This time, we will win."

Back then, all of them did their best, but they still lost the war. All of them had many regrets, and if not for Freya's mercy, they wouldn't have been able to reunite after being separated for thousands of years.

"Tonight, don't think of anything else," Belle said as she hugged William from behind.

"That's right," Loxos wormed her way in front of the Half-Elf, pushing Acedia a bit so she could also hug her beloved. "Tonight, just think of how you will make love with us. Because you will not be able to do that on the second night."

"Heroes also need a time of rest," Titania's words reach William's ears. Although she didn't try to squeeze her way in to join the ladies who were already holding onto the Half-Elf, her eyes, and voice, made William understood her intention. "Don't worry. We will make sure that you will have no regrets on the day of battle."

The Half-Elf glanced at all of his wives who were on the balcony, looking at him with love and affection. They were the women that had chosen to spend their life with him, and no matter what the outcome of the battle would be, he was sure that they would be with him till the end.

William couldn't stop himself from grinning because he knew that he wouldn't be getting any sleep tonight. Even so, he didn't mind it one bit.

This might be the last opportunity he had to make love to all of his wives and, because of this, he would make sure that all of them were satisfied.

He would make sure that none of them had any regrets before the world finally met its supposed end.

#### Chapter 1435: I'm Coming For Your Head!

Two nights before the arrival of the Army of Destruction...

The sound of merry making reverberated in the surroundings as people ate and drank to their fill. The Half-Elf had opened his treasure house and purchased the finest food, and drink for the warriors who would be fighting with their lives on the line when the sun reached its zenith on the second day.

Naturally, the drinks didn't have any alcohol in them because William didn't want the soldiers to be dead drunk when they faced the Harbingers of Destruction to the world.

When William was still an Einherjar back in Asgard, he and his comrades would enjoy a grand feast before going on a campaign to protect the world under Odin's protection.

All of them knew that not all of them would be able to return after the campaign was over, so they decided to just enjoy the moment in the company of their comrades.

Even Swiper, who was feeling anxious, let loose and danced around the campfire, making his tribe cheer for his performance.

"I am Swiper and I am neat, I love pretty girls and I love to eat~" Swiper sang as he held a bottle of "fake" wine in his hand. "They say I'm bad, but I am good, so shut up now and eat some food!"

"Great!"

"You're doing well, Swiper!"

"Sing more!"

"Hahaha!"

Hearing the encouragement from his surroundings, Swiper went into another round of singing and dancing, making his tribe, and the others watching him from afar, clap their hands.

It was a long night.

Probably the longest night that everyone experienced in their lifetime.

The Kings and Emperors also gathered together and feasted. None of them wore their crowns on their heads because, right now, they didn't want to celebrate as Sovereigns. They wanted to celebrate as ordinary people that didn't carry the burden of their nations on their shoulders.

William joined them as well because he knew that there might not be another opportunity to talk to these proud individuals, who had set aside their pride in order to fight by his side during the end of the world.

Just past three in the morning, everyone heard the sound of a harp. It carried with it a soulful melody, making others feel sleepy.

Titania, the beautiful Fairy Queen, played her harp and put everyone to sleep, allowing them to rest so they would have the strength to pick up their weapons and fight when the giants arrived.

The Demigods, as well as the Pseudo-Gods that had joined William's army, watched over these short-lived mortals with envy because even if they had short lives, they were like brilliant fireworks that shine so brightly.

Although their brilliance was a fleeting thing, it also allowed themselves to leave their mark on the hearts of others, allowing them to live on, even after they departed from the world.

Somewhere in the Void...

Millions of Giants marched steadily towards the world of Hestia.

Their numbers had swelled after those that had gone to destroy other worlds joined the main army as they marched towards the world, which they believed would pose a strong resistance to their cause.

The last time that the entire Army of Destruction mobilized was thousands of years ago. Since then, only armies that numbered in the tens of thousands would be sent to other worlds.

If the world they were going to destroy had some powerful fighters, they would send over a hundred thousand giants, with one God of Destruction taking the lead.

However, for some reason, all the Gods of Destruction were present this time, making the Giants wonder just what kind of world they were about to subdue.

"Hahaha this is going to be fun!" a Demigod-Ranked Giant laughed as he gave a playful punch to his friend. "Are you willing to take a bet?"

"What bet?" another Demigod-Rank Giant asked.

"A bet on which of us will kill the most people in that blue world over there."

"Sure. How can I possibly lose to such a weakling like you?"

"Good! Don't forget those words. I'll make you eat them later!"

"As if!"

The Giants of Destruction were a bloodthirsty bunch. After destroying thousands of worlds, their thirst for destruction was like breathing to them.

All of them were quite thrilled when they saw that all three Gods of Destruction were leading the battle. It just meant that they would be fighting a lot of strong people, who would soon become their food, allowing themselves to become stronger as they feasted on their flesh.

The Three Gods of Destruction were at the very rear of the formation. They traveled leisurely because they knew that no force in the world could stop them.

Standing in front of them was a giant, who looked different from the rest.

The giant had two long horns, highlighting its Demonic origin, but what set this giant apart from the three Gods of Destruction was its rank.

It was a giant at the peak of the Pseudo-God Rank. For someone of that rank to travel alongside the Gods of Destruction was unheard of because that meant that they treated that Giant as one of their peers.

"We're almost there, Ahriman," one of the Gods of Destruction, Owuo, said with a smile. "How about you take the Vanguard with you and settle the score with the one that put you in such a miserable state? I'm sure that you're dying to crush that ant yourself, no? What do you think, everyone?"

"Sounds interesting," another God of Destruction, who went by the name Nergal, laughed, after hearing Owuo's proposal. "I don't have any objections. How about you, Surtr?"

A giant, who was holding a flaming sword in his hand, walked steadily without much change in his expression. He didn't answer right away, as if contemplating if what his colleagues had proposed would jeopardize the big picture he envisioned.

Ouwu and Nergal simply waited for his reply because they had come to know what his attitude was like by now. Surtr was a Giant that spoke less and killed more. For him, talking was a chore, so he doesn't really talk much.

Finally after nearly ten minutes, the God of Destruction finally answered their query.

"Do what you want."

That was Surtr's reply, making Owuo smirk.

"Go and lead the charge, Ahriman," Owuo said. "We don't mind if you destroy the resisting forces before we arrive there."

"That's right," Nergal commented from the side. "We will be watching your performance from here, so make sure you do a good job and ensure that the goodwill we have given you won't be wasted."

Ahriman didn't answer, and simply increased the pace of his march. After losing his main body, he was forced to escape to the void and seek the help of the Gods of Destruction so they could create a temporary body for him.

Since the body he was using right now wasn't his original body, his strength only reached the peak of the Pseudo-God Rank, making him feel extremely bitter, but there was nothing he could do about it.

'Mock me for now,' Ahriman thought as he walked past the Giants in front of him. 'After I regain my strength, we will see who will have the last laugh.'

Ahriman knew that the Gods of Destruction didn't help him out of pity. They gave him a temporary body, so that he would work for them, becoming their errand boy for their own entertainment.

However, since Ahriman knew that this was the only option he had left, he endured the shame, and allowed himself to be treated as a servant.

The only thing he wanted now was to personally crush the Half-Elf who was responsible for his downfall.

As long as he was able to feast on William's flesh, he would be able to regain a fraction of the power he had before his body was destroyed, decreasing the anger that had been haunting him for more than two years.

After waiting for two whole years, the God of Chaos and Darkness would once again return to the world of Hestia, and this time he was coming for vengeance.

Long had he endured the humiliation of needing to become the lackey of the Gods of Destruction, fighting for them over the past two years of his life, and venting his anger on the worlds that he destroyed alongside them.

'Wash your neck, Half-Elf,' Ahriman vowed as he took the lead, followed by the Vanguard of the Army of Destruction that numbered over a hundred thousand. 'I'm coming for your head!'

#### Chapter 1436: The World's Strongest Warriors [Part 1]

As the first rays of sunlight caressed the sleeping faces of the soldiers, William also opened his eyes.

He had meditated all night long on the highest tower of the Ainsworth Royal Palace as he kept vigil for the night.



The Half-Elf only made love with his wives on the first night/ On the second, he meditated to raise his strength to its peak before the final battle began.

Not long after, the soldiers stirred from their slumber. Even though they only had a few hours of sleep, they felt quite energized because Titania's music had that kind of special effect.

The Half-Elf had asked the Fairy Queen, who was now his wife, to serenade the soldiers and put them to sleep around three in the morning. This way, they wouldn't be exhausted before the war even started.

"This is a beautiful sunrise," Titania said as she landed beside William who was gazing at the sunrise.

"It is," William said softly. "Let's watch it again tomorrow."

Titania smiled because she knew what the Half-Elf was trying to tell her. "Mmm. I'd love that."

Since her husband had told her to watch the sunrise with him the next day, it only meant that they would watch it after the war was over.

Three hours later, the sound of a horn spread throughout the surroundings.

The white-robed woman blew her horn once again, telling everyone that the Giants would be arriving very soon.

The air was filled with tension, as the soldiers held their weapons firmly in their hands. All of them had dreaded the arrival of this day, and yet, all the hard work they had put forth was to ensure that their world survived the day of judgment.

The Kings and Emperors of their respective Kingdoms had also positioned themselves at the rear of the formation so they could support their armies.

This was the only thing they could do in order to boost the morale of their soldiers, as they fought with their lives on the line for home and country.

Seeing that almost everyone had grim expressions on their faces, the Half-Elf projected his image into the sky, with the use of special artifacts, so that everyone could see him.

Even those that resided in the Tower of Babylon could see the Half-Elf, who stood with a confident smile on his face.

His name was William Von Ainsworth, and almost everyone in Hestia knew his name by now.

Although the Sovereigns of each nation didn't want to admit it, the Half-Elf had become the symbol that gave everyone moral and spiritual support during the fateful hour of their lives.

"Everyone, I am not good at giving speeches," William said with a smile. "Today, we all stand here because we are not only fighting for ourselves, but also for others. We are fighting for friends, family, home, and country. We stand, in order to ensure that everything we hold sacred will not perish and burn in the fires of destruction.

"Right now, I see fear and doubt in your eyes, making you feel as if we have no chance of winning this war against those who want to destroy everything we hold dear. However, know this... I also feel the same."

The Kings, Emperors, as well as those who supported William felt like crying. They wanted to slap the Half-Elf in anger because instead of motivating them, he was making them feel more depressed.

This feeling of unease spread like wildfire, but before it could escalate, a laughter filled with myrth reverberated in the surroundings.

"Yes, I feel doubt and fear, just like each and everyone of you," William stated. "Saying otherwise would be lying to myself, and to all of you. However, know this. No matter what the Army of Destruction throws at us, we will emerge victorious! We will not lose! You ask, why?"

A moment of silence passed before William raised his right fist high up in the air, facing the heavens. Making everyone, even those at the Tower of Babylon look at him with hope.

"Because we are not alone!" William declared.

William's powerful roar echoed across the lands of Hestia, as if making everyone wake up from a long, and terrible dream.

"We will not fight alone! Fighting alongside you are your brothers and sisters at arms! Look around you!" William said as he pointed his finger in front of him, allowing his projection to point at everyone whose gaze was watching him in the heavens.

"Do you see the person on your left? How about the person on your right?" William asked. "Do you see the person in front of you, and the person at your back? Do you? Good! Brothers and Sisters, the people you are looking at right now are the strongest champions of the world!"

"They are this world's strongest warriors! This is the gathering of the world's strongest armies! No matter what the Army of Destruction throws at you, we will prevail! We will survive! We will emerge victorious!"

William spread his arms wide, making those who heard his words raise their heads as the blood inside their bodies boiled in preparation for battle.

"What are we going to do with the Army of Destruction?!" William asked.

"Kill!"

"I can't hear you!"

""Kill!""

"Louder!"

""KILL!""

""KILL!""

""KILL!""

""KILL!""

""KILL!""

The soldiers tapped the butt of their spears on the ground, others slapped their swords on their shields.

While some stomped their feet on the ground.

The loud booming sound reverberated in the battlefield as the warriors of the world shouted their warcries, dispersing the feelings of fear, doubt, and anxiety on their hearts, replacing it with a burning flame that made their bodies feel hot, as the skies above their heads started to crack, telling them that their enemies had finally arrived at their doorstep.

William raised his hand once more as he rallied the entire world to fight.

The armies of the world answered him as they shouted their war cries, making the entire land tremble due to the sound of their voices.

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The Void...

"Your Excellency, we are ready!" one of the Pseudo-Gods, who belonged to the Vanguard Army, reported.

"Break it!" Ahriman ordered. "Create a hole big enough for our entire army to pass through! Show these lowly mortals despair as they breathe their last breath! Make them agonize during their last moments due to their powerlessness in the face of absolute strength!"

The giants started to hack the void apart in order to create a gateway that would allow them to descend on the world of Hestia. In just a matter of seconds, giant cracks appeared in front of them as the Pseudo-Gods smashed their weapons against the fabric of space that separated the World of Hestia from the void.

Finally with one powerful blow, the sky of Hestia shattered.

The sounds of millions of crystal glasses breaking at the same time spread in the surroundings as the Giants all roared their battlecries in preparation for war.

"Advance!" Ahriman ordered. "Leave no mercy! Kill everything and anything that stands in your way! Destroy everything in sight and feast to your heart's content! Kill!"

""""Kill!""""

""""Kill!""""

""""Kill!""""

""""Kill!""""

The Pseudo-Gods, and Demigods all jumped down at the crack in the sky first before Ahriman followed.

Behind him, the hundred-thousand strong Army of Destruction wasn't far behind as they laughed out loud in preparation for the one-sided slaughter that they were about to partake in.

However, something unexpected happened.

As soon as Ahriman landed on the ground, he suddenly felt that something was wrong.

The surroundings suddenly became dark, as if the sun had disappeared from the sky.

However, after looking up, he finally realized why everything around him was dark.

Countless spells, numbering in the billions, blocked out the entire sky, and were about to fall on their formation without even any warning.

At that moment, Ahriman instinctively looked in the distance, and saw a red-headed teenager, who was sneering at him. It was impossible for Ahriman to forget the Half-Elf's face because he was the same person that made him lose his dignity as a God.

The Half-Elf, who had no idea that the God of Chaos and Darkness, who hated him so much, was among the giants in front of him, opened his mouth to speak a few words, and these words rumbled in the surroundings like thunder.

"Eat Sh\*t, Motherf\*ckers!"

Those were the last words that the Giant Army heard before the billions of powerful spells that had been unleashed before they even landed on the ground, fell upon them like rain.

Chapter 1437: The World's Strongest Warriors [Part 2]

Loud explosions resounded throughout the battlefield as the ground shook due to the concentrated fire power that landed on the same location that the Giants had made their landfall.

In just a matter of seconds, the bodies of countless Giants exploded as the powerful spells landed on their bodies.

What they received were not the only strongest spells of the mortal armies, but also the most powerful attacks of the Pseudo-Gods and Demigods that were fighting for the sake of their world.

Ahriman didn't expect to see such a greeting because this had never happened in the worlds that he had campaigned on when he joined the Army of Destruction nearly two years ago.

It was as if William had known exactly where they would appear, allowing him to give them a grand welcome, decimating their ranks before they could even take their first steps in the World of Hestia.

"Brace!" Ahriman shouted as he summoned a shield to protect himself from the spells that were about to land on his body.

However, the shield he had summoned only lasted for a second before it was dispersed completely.

His eyes widened in shock because he didn't know what had just happened. However, he didn't have the time to ponder what kind of foul means William used to prevent all the Giants from using their defensive spells to block the attacks that were raining down upon them.

Without even batting an eye, Ahriman grabbed the nearest Giant Pseudo-God beside him, and used his body as a shield to defend himself.

The Pseudo-God roared in anger, and tried to break free, but Ahriman's strength far surpassed his, making him unable to escape the former God's grasp.

Cries of surprise, anger, frustration, and pain escaped the Giants' lips as they found themselves unable to escape their fate.

Blood and pieces of flesh rose into the air like fountains as William's first bombardment ended.

"Fire!" William ordered as the next volley was unleashed without mercy.

A hundred thousand Giants composed of Myriad, Demigod, and Pseudo-Gods may seem like a huge number.

However, what they were facing were billions of warriors. Their ranks might have been weaker than their enemies, but their numbers and tenacity made up for it.

Also, William now had hundreds of Pseudo-Gods, and Demigods under his command, surpassing the numbers of High-Ranked Combatants in the Giant's Vanguard Army.

Simply put, the forces that Ahriman brought along with him didn't stand a chance from the very beginning.

The Army of Destruction numbered around ten million, and they sent only a hundred thousand of their warriors, thinking that it would be enough to break the resistance of the world they were about to invade.

Unfortunately, they weren't fighting a divided front, but a united one, making the Giants unable to fight like they usually did, which was to conquer one kingdom, or one empire one after the other until the final remnants of the survivors gathered to make their last stand, which the giants loved to see.

Seeing the desperation, and resignation, on the faces of the people of the world they were about to destroy gave them a sense of euphoria, making them enjoy the slaughter even more.

However, the tides had been turned. Now they were the ones that were being slaughtered and unable to even fight back due to the continuous bombardment that seemed unending.

As one giant died after the other, Ahriman hastily retreated, using anyone he could grab as a shield as he did his best to endure the one-sided beating they were experiencing for the first time.

When almost all the giants were extinguished, Ahriman roared in anger and activated his Return Crystal, allowing him to teleport back to the bulk of the main army.



This Crystal was given only to the Commanders of the Army of Destruction. None of them wanted to use it because doing so would make them the laughingstock of the entire army.

However, Ahriman was left with no choice but to do it, despite the possibility of being ridiculed by the three Gods of Destruction that had assigned him to lead the vanguard into battle.

Just as the last Giant fell on the ground dead, A beam of light shot upwards, leaving the World of Hestia behind.

That moment didn't escape the Half-Elf's eyes but he didn't pay it any mind. There was nothing that could be done about the matter, and he didn't want to worry about every little thing. He didn't know that the one that managed to escape was Ahriman and, even if he did, he still wouldn't have done anything to stop him.

Right now, he was the pillar of the world, and he couldn't just follow the God of Chaos and Darkness into the void, where the entirety of the Army of Destruction was waiting.

"Halt!" William ordered and the bombardment stopped.

Waving his right hand, the Half-Elf dispersed the dense smoke that was blocking their view, showing everyone the bodies of the dead Giants lying on the ground.

No one knew who started it, but a loud shout of triumph was heard. Soon, it spread like wildfire, making all the armies of the world shout as well.

They had won the first round of battle, and it bolstered their courage, giving them assurance that the possibility of winning existed.

They knew that this was only the beginning of the battle, and understood that the next batch of giants that invaded their world would be prepared for their special greeting. However, it didn't matter.

A victory, no matter how small, was still a victory.

As if waiting for that moment, William raised his right fist high in the air, making everyone's cheers grow louder.

Raising the army's morale was a good thing because it would grant them enough courage to face what was coming next.

The Half-Elf knew that the next wave wouldn't be so easy to overcome because the enemy knew what they were going to do now. However, he was fine with that.

They had prepared more surprises for their uninvited guests and hoped that by the time the real big shots arrived, they would have already decimated more than half of the Army of Destruction, allowing them a small chance of victory against the Gods of Destruction that made the hearts of other Gods tremble in fear.

#### Chapter 1438: Nergal, The God Of Pestilence And Disease [Part 1]

"Hahaha! This is a new record," Nergal laughed after seeing Ahriman's defeated expression when he returned to the void alone. "You've been only there for five minutes, and now you're back looking like the loser you are. You disappoint me so much, Ahriman."

Owuo had a smile on his face, as he looked at his colleague berating the former God of Chaos and Darkness.

However, although he had a smile on his face, there was a faint trace of dissatisfaction in it as well.

Ahriman had descended on the world of Hestia with a hundred thousand Giants from their Vanguard. Although this number was quite small compared to the main bulk of their Army, it was more than enough to destroy an entire world, even if there were powerful defenders protecting it.

Surtr didn't even look at Ahriman, and simply stared at the beautiful blue planet in the distance. As a God of Destruction, he could sense that there was currently only one God in the world, and it was none other than the Goddess Hestia, who was currently in a weakened state.

However, when Ahriman and the Giants descended, the Goddess didn't move from her position, which made Surtr wonder if there was another God present in Hestia.

It was not only Surtr who had this opinion. Owuo and Nergal were the same, and they scanned the surface of the world to see if there were any other Gods, who would be able to contend with their powers, that were getting in their way.

But, after doing a full sweep of the entire world's surface, they found no one whose divinity matched Hestia's or theirs.

"Tell us what happened," Surtr ordered as he glanced at Ahriman who was kneeling on the ground with his head bowed.

The former God of Chaos and Darkness bit his lip in frustration but still decided to tell the three Gods of Destruction what happened as soon as he descended upon the world they were about to destroy.

"We were ambushed," Ahriman reported. "As soon as we appeared, a bombardment of spells was already about to fall on our heads, giving us no time to mount a counterattack."

Nergal snorted. "Surely you jest? How can they possibly ambush you? If you are going to make an excuse, you should think of a better one."

Owou, who was listening to the side, crossed his arms over his chest in disdain. "Even if what you said is true, can't you at least activate a barrier to protect yourself? There were Giants who knew how to cast magic among the Vanguard. Are you telling me that you were too panicked to even do something so simple?"

"I did try to summon a barrier to block the magical bombardment, but something nullified it," Ahriman explained.

"What can a magical bombardment of lowly mortals do to a Peak Pseudo-God like you?" Nergal asked. "With your body, you can easily shrug off their attacks with ease."

Ahriman firmly shook his head. "You don't understand. Billions of warriors were already waiting at the place where we appeared, and there were dozens of Pseudo-Gods and Demigods among them. It was practically a slaughterhouse, and we were there to be slaughtered."

Owuo frowned as he digested Ahriman's words.

"So, you're saying that there is a mortal army that numbers in the billions where you descended, and among them were dozens of Pseudo-Gods and Demigods," Owuo commented. "I find it hard to believe, but since I can tell that you are not lying, I have no choice but to believe that our arrival was something that they have prepared for."

"Indeed," Nergal agreed. "To even predict the place where we will make landfall in order to set up an ambush is not an easy feat. They probably have an oracle or seer whose spiritual power far surpasses mortal standards."

A silence that only lasted for a few seconds descended upon the Gods of Destruction before it was broken by Nergal's loud laughter.

"Well, this sure is interesting!" Nergal said with a mischievous smile on his face. "I have grown bored of the pitiful resistance that I've faced whenever I descend into a world. Perhaps this time, I will actually enjoy myself."

"The last time I had fun was when we destroyed Asgard. At least those Gods put up a good fight. Too bad Loki kicked the bucket when he fought against that guy, Heimdall."

"Are you going on your own?" Owuo asked with an arched brow.

Nergal laughed as if the question asked by his colleague was very funny.

"None of you interfere," Nergal stated. "If Hestia moves, you can go join me, but until then, this battle is mine."

The Giants parted to make way to one of their Gods as they raised their weapons high in the air to honor his presence.

"I need a million brave Giants to come with me to destroy that world!" Nergal shouted. "Who's with me?!"

Loud roars resounded from the Army of Destruction, telling Nergal that all of them wanted to accompany him to battle. However, since Nergal only wanted to bring a million giants with him, he decided to take his own elite army with him to descend to Hestia.

Ahriman, whose head was still lowered, glanced in the direction of the God of Destruction who was about to personally take command of the battle.

A part of him wanted Nergal to fail, but the greater half of him wanted Nergal to slaughter the mortals who dared to humiliate him. Although Ahriman felt bitter about his recent loss, he still stood up and followed Nergal's army as they prepared to launch a new wave of attack on Hestia.

Surtr and Owuo watched him go with their arms crossed over their chests. They knew how destructive Nergal could be with the power of pestilence, death, and disease.

It would not take long for the God of Destruction to make short work of the pitiful resistance of the defenders, who thought that they had the ability to ambush someone as powerful as him.

#### Chapter 1439: Nergal, The God Of Pestilence And Disease [Part 2]

William took a deep breath as he stared at the crack in the sky.

He could sense someone with a very strong Divinity approaching from the Void, and he knew that their strategy might not work this time around.

However, since they would lose nothing by launching a preemptive strike, the Half-Elf still passed his orders to the armies around him to start chanting their spells, and prepare for the first round of bombardment.

Suddenly, William felt a ripple inside his Sea of Consciousness.

Closing his eyes, the Half-Elf peeked inside his Spiritual World and saw seven tablets glowing brightly as if they sensed something, or someone, that made the lingering wills inside them flare to life.

These Seven Tablets of Creation once belonged to a world that had long been destroyed by the Gods of Destruction.

Only the faint wills of the Gods that were left inside them remained of what was once a powerful Pantheon, whose might would not rank lower than the Asgardians and Olympians of old.

The Seven Tablets then transformed into the images of the Gods who had left their mark on the world, thousands of years ago.

Those seven Gods stared at William, making the Half-Elf feel the power of their determination to fight against those who had destroyed their world.

William hadn't used the power of the Seven Tablets of Creation for a long time, and they had stayed inside his Sea of Consciousness, waiting for the right moment to use up all of their powers for one last battle.

"Understood," William stated. "Please, lend me your strengths."

The Seven Gods nodded their heads and turned into particles of light shooting towards the sky of William's Spiritual World.

A moment later, the seven glowing tablets formed a circle that rotated around the Half-Elf.

Their wills became his will, as they felt the approach of a being whose might surpassed those of anyone on the battlefield.

Suddenly, the sound of buzzing erupted from the cracked sky.

A moment later, a countless number of Giant Flying Insects descended from the sky, and spread out towards the armies standing on the battlefield.

"Open Fire!" William ordered as the spells that had been prepared beforehand flew towards the Giant Insects, obliterating every Insect in their path.

The Half-Elf knew that this was just a distraction that the Army of Destruction had prepared to deal with their pre-emptive strike, but there was nothing he could do about it.

"Phalanx formation!" Eldon shouted as the Dwarves took a defensive stance with spears protruding outwards.

The Giant Insects that had descended on their army were instantly skewered by the adamantium spears that they had prepared for this battle.

Even a dragon's scale would be pierced through by these spears, so the Insects didn't stand a chance. However, their bodies still crashed onto the ground, pinning down, and even injuring, the Dwarves under their bodies.

The defensive formation of the armies fell apart as the countless insects descended from the sky.

Half a minute later, the ground trembled as the Giant Army finally made their appearance.

"Hahahaha!" Nergal shouted as he looked at the wonderful scenery around him. "Good! This is good! You did well, mortals! I thought Ahriman was just making an excuse when he said that an army numbering in the billions was waiting for me when I arrived. This is going to be fun!"

The Giants roared and spread out, charging at the mortal armies whose formations were partially broken due to the swarm of Insects that had attacked them beforehand.

"I won't let you!"

Loxos, who hovered high above the heavens shouted as she spread out her arms wide, as if covering the entire battlefield.

Behind her, Opis, Hekaerge, and Sepheron all unleashed their attacks, allowing the young nymph to manipulate them according to her will.

Thousands of concentrated beams rained down upon the insect, and Giant Army, forcing them to defend themselves from the sudden attack.

Nergal simply smirked as Loxos' barrage landed harmlessly on his body, not even creating a dent in his armor.

The remaining Giants, on the other hand, finally clashed with the mortal armies, causing hundreds of the defenders to die in just a span of a few seconds.

"A little Nymph like you is better off being trapped in a cage as a pet," Nergal laughed as he pointed his finger at Loxos, whose attacks had stopped a quarter of the Giant Army in their tracks. "Might as well take you as a pet. The last Nymph I captured died after I accidentally squeezed her body too hard."

The God of Destruction laughed and countless Insects emerged from his mouth, blocking the sun with their numbers, and making the entire battlefield fall into darkness.

"Get that little Nymph as well as those two behind her back," Nergal ordered the Insect swarm. "Also, get that beautiful golden butterfly over there. The four of them will make beautiful additions to my collection."

Titania, who was also flying in the sky as she summoned giant vines to rend the Giant Army to pieces, had also caught Nergal's attention.

He was someone who liked beautiful things, but he only chose the most exceptional of them.



Beauty, power, and strength.

These were the requirements that he looked for when capturing women in the worlds that he personally visited, then he made them his playthings until they broke. He found great joy in seeing the desperation on their faces, as he tortured them to his heart's content.

The sound of people dying, or about to die, resounded throughout the battlefield making Nergal laugh more, increasing the numbers of Giant Insects that escaped from his mouth.

"They can't hold on any longer," Erinys said to one of the gnomes who was holding an artifact in his hand. "It's now or never!"

The Gnome nodded his head and activated the artifact that he and his colleagues had worked hard on for the past year, in preparation for this great battle.

Somewhere in the world of Hestia, an altar lit up and shot a beam of light towards the heavens.

Several more altars followed suit until countless beams, from all over the world, merged together, bathing the entire battlefield in a purplish light, similar to what happened in the Southern Continent many years ago.

Suddenly, a loud shattering sound was heard, similar to thousands of glasses breaking at the same time. The Insects that had blotted out the sky immediately turned into purple crystal statues before they fell towards the ground.

"You want a piece of me?!" Loxos roared as she raised her hand, catching the millions of crystal insects in the sky, making them hover above the battlefield. "Then come and get it!"

The countless crystal statues then spun in the sky, similar to drills that could pierce through the ground without any difficulty.

Sepheron and Ifrit then unleashed their strongest fire attacks, allowing Loxos to imbue them to the crystal statues under her control.

"Turn everything to ashes!" Loxos shouted as she pointed her finger towards the Giant Army, as well as the hateful God of Destruction in front of her.

"Graveyard of the Fireflies!"

Countless flaming drills rained down on the battlefield, similar to a meteor shower.

These created powerful explosions wherever they hit, making the defenders cheer as the Giants, who had killed their comrades, were blown apart by Loxos' all out attack that was empowered by the power of Dark and Red Flames, which were strong enough to turn everything they touched to ashes.

Chapter 1440: From The Heavens I Can Hear... [Part 1]

Dense smoke obscured everyone's view as the Loxos unleashed Hell on Earth using the crystal statues, combined with the Dark Flames of Sepheron and the Fiery Red Flames of Ifrit.

Everyone watched with bated breath, as they waited for the smoke to disperse, allowing them to see the destruction that the Nymph had done to the Army of Destruction.

Suddenly, from within the dense smoke, a loud laughter emerged.

Strong gusts of wind blew the smoke apart, making everyone's faces turn grim after they saw the outcome they didn't want to see.

Standing at the center of the Army of Destruction was a giant who had the body of a Lion, the wings of an Eagle, and the head of a Demon with horns.

In the Giant's left hand, he held a mace with a Lion's head on it, in his right, he held a green sword that seemed to reek with deadly poison.

Although Loxos' all out attack did indeed kill some giants, she was only able to kill a few thousand of them, which was a very miniscule number from the million-strong army that Nergal had brought with him to Hestia.

"Nice try, little Nymph," Nergal chuckled as his demonic eyes fixed on Loxos who was looking at him in disbelief. "Did you really think that a little Pseudo-God like you can contend against a God? You must be out of your mind."

The Kings, as well as their armies, who thought that they had finally gained the upper hand in battle felt their skin crawl as they gazed at Nergal's true form, which was truly horrifying to look at.

"Everyone, don't be intimidated!" Loxos shouted. "Let's do it one more!"

Loxos wasn't able to finish her words because she suddenly found herself unable to move her body properly. A moment later, she coughed, and blood spilled from her red lips, making her feel as if her strength was being drained from her body.

It was not only her that felt that way, the other Pseudo-Gods as well as the mortal armies all coughed blood. A moment later, they were having difficulty moving their bodies, as if they were slowly becoming paralyzed.

"Oh? So it finally kicked in?" Nergal asked in a teasing tone. "Do you really think that I, the God of Pestilence and Diseases, was only creating ordinary bugs to play with you lot? The insects that come from within my body create powerful toxins, and spread it through the air with their wings.

"However, no need to worry. It is not fatal. What it does is weaken the body and cause paralysis. That way, I can better enjoy the desperation on your faces as I tear you all apart."

The God of Pestilence and Diseases made a gesture and the Army of Destruction charged towards the weakened mortal armies, creating a one-sided slaughter.

"Hah... what a wonderful sound," Nergal laughed as the sound of screams spread throughout the surroundings as the armies tried to defend themselves from the Giants' advance. "As for you, my little pet, come!"

Nergal made a pulling action, creating a powerful gust of wind, pulling Loxos towards him.

Since the young Nymph's body was paralyzed, she was unable to do anything but stare helplessly at the God of Destruction who wanted to cause harm to her.

However, before Loxos was grasped by the sadistic God, William appeared and caught his wife, taking her to safety.

Nergal frowned because he could tell that William wasn't affected by the poison that was spread throughout the surroundings.

"I see, so you must be that William boy that Ahriman is talking about," Nergal commented as the corner of his lips rose. "I guess I'll give you to him as a souvenir, so he can have his revenge."

Nergal wasn't really worried about the Half-Elf not being affected by the poisonous spores that had been released by his insects. This was not the first time it happened, and there were many defenders in the worlds that he had destroyed who had the same ability.

As the God of Pestilence and Diseases, he had more horrifying ways to make his targets die a very slow and painful death.

However, before Nergal could even unleash his contagion in the battlefield, the sound of a horn reverberated in the surroundings.

High above the tower of the Ainsworth Palace, the white-robed woman blew Gjallarhorn, making every member of the alliance hear it.

Soon, they found themselves not only regaining their strength, but the paralyzing effect on their bodies also disappeared completely, allowing them to counterattack the Giants who had decimated tens of thousands of warriors in their weakened state.

"That horn...", Nergal narrowed his eyes as he looked at the woman on top of the tower. "I know that horn."

The woman stopped blowing the horn in her hands and sneered at the God of Pestilence and Diseases.

"As you should," the white-robed woman said in a teasing tone. "How can you possibly forget the horn that made your prized plagues and poisons lose their effects on the battlefield?"

Nergal scoffed because he found the woman's words laughable. So what if he couldn't use his poisons? He was still a God and no one in the World of Hestia was his match.

The God of Destruction raised his lion-headed mace high in the air and summoned dark-green clouds that reeked of deadly poison. Although the effects of Gallarjorn was preventing the poison from affecting anyone, all he needed to do was kill its owner, and the horn's protective effect would disappear as well.

"Playtime's over," Nergal stated as he aimed his poisonous blade at the white-robed woman in the distance. "Time to send you to hell. Die!"

A green beam of light erupted from the tip of the sword that flew straight towards the white-robed woman in the distance.

William immediately flew between the green beam of light and the white-robed woman as he summoned one of the very first weapons he used in the world of Hestia.

"Illuminate the World!" William roared as he pointed his weapon towards the beam that was about to hit him.

"Rhongomyniad!"

A dazzling white light shot out from the tip of the spear and collided against the attack that came from the God of Pestilence and Diseases.

The seven tablets rotating around William glowed brightly, empowering the radiance that was being emitted by the spear that was also capable of purifying anything in its path.

"Not bad, Half-Elf," Nergal commented as his attack was dispersed by William's counterattack. "But, do you have what it takes to fight me?"

William gazed at the God of Destruction fearlessly before giving his reply.

"I don't have what it takes to fight you," William replied, "but he does."

"He?"

"Yes. He."

Suddenly, thunder roared in the heavens, and white lightning snakes across the sky. The dark-green cloud that hung above the sky was changed into dark storm clouds, whose rage was starting to surge.

One of the Giants that was about to smash the Humans in front of him into meat paste, was suddenly blown away by a wooden mallet that smashed his face, sending him flying backwards.

The mallet continued its trajectory and smashed the giants along his way, allowing the members of the alliance to gang up on them and deliver deadly blows to their bodies.

As the Wooden Mallet smashed anything and everything in its path, a voice filled with determination echoed within the battlefield.

"Bring in the hammer to sanctify the bride,

On the maiden's knees let Mjolnir lie."

A teenager, with long blonde hair, and buffed body walked towards Nergal with steady steps.

In the depths of his blue eyes, a spark of lightning emerged, making his eyes glow with power as the weapon that had accompanied him over the past two years answered his call.

Thunder roared in the sky, and heavenly lightning fell across the land, hitting the Giants and making them scream in pain.

In the past, he was just a chubby teenager with no redeeming qualities, but then he had met William's familiar, Elliot, and the latter became his Master, teaching him how to wield his powers.

"From the Heavens I can hear Mjolnir's Roar..."

The young man stated as he raised his right hand in the air, as if waiting for something.

From somewhere far away, a metallic hum was heard, answering his call. A moment later, the Wooden Mallet dove down from the sky and fell into his hands.

"And in the Thunder I can feel...", the young man stated.

"The Heart of... Thor!"

Lightning raged across the sky, and fell upon the young man's body, bathing him in Divine Lightning.

The radiance was so bright, that it momentarily blinded the Giants that surrounded him, and a powerful shockwave blasted them all away, clearing the space hundreds of meters around him.

When the light receded, the young man's long hair and red cape fluttered in the breeze.

Thunder roared in the Heavens answering their Lord's summons, making the Army of Destruction know that HE had appeared to join the battle.

His name was Thorfinn.

Elliot's disciple and the new rightful owner of Mjolnir and, right now, he was very angry.

William smirked as he looked at the young man who had trained tirelessly day and night over the past two years, until his chubby body disappeared, and was replaced by a strong and sturdy body that was able to contain the power of the God of Thunder.

A strength that made the Half-Elf feel nostalgic, as he thought about the great battle of the distant past.

"You're mine!" Thorfinn growled before he stomped his right foot on the ground, flying towards the God of Destruction, and making the entire battlefield tremble in his wake.