

## Strongest 1441

Chapter 1441: The Sinful and Virtuous Ladies Of The World [Part 1]

"Swiper, don't go too far in!" Lindir shouted as the Giants started to go on a rampage in front of them.

"I know!" Swiper shouted as he slashed his sword towards the leg of the closest Giant, making it lose its balance. "He's down! Now everyone!"

The Demons and the Lizardmen unleashed their most powerful attacks and aimed it at the head of the Giant, making it scream in pain.

"You're finally dead, you f\*cking bastard!" Swiper stated as he wiped the blood that spilled from the corner of his lips away with the back of his hand.

All of the armies had just recovered from the paralysis that they had encountered after the God of Destruction, Nergal, summoned his Insects to spread paralyzing spores throughout the battlefield.

Due to this, their defensive formations were crippled for a time, allowing the Giants to kill tens of thousands of warriors, who didn't have the ability to defend themselves.

"Hold the line! Don't let them break our formation, Oink!" Zhu ordered as he stood in front of the formation in his battle form.

The five-meter tall Pig Demon held his Nine-Toothed Rake and swatted the Giants who dared to come near the Human armies. Although the Giants were bigger than him, his strength had now stepped into the ranks of Demigod, after receiving the blessing of the Jade Emperor when they were freed from Hell.

Sha, who was also fighting by his side, summoned a giant fist made of sand and smashed it against the Giants who tried to attack Zhu from his blind spot. The two friends were fighting back to back, not allowing anyone to take advantage of them.

"Reminds you of old times, eh?" Zhu grinned fearlessly as he spun the weapon in his hand.

Sha chuckled as he summoned more giant fists made of sand around him. "Why do we always find ourselves in these kinds of situations? Every time this happens, we are only a step away from dying."

Zhu smirked as he looked at the Demigod Giant that was now charging in his direction.

"Sha, no matter what happens, don't die," Zhu said before engaging the Demigod Giant whose aim was to kill the mortals who were fighting desperately behind him.

"It is I who should be saying that, but nevermind," Sha commented as he faced two Demigods who singled him out from the ongoing chaos. "We'll have a drink after this battle is done."

"Sounds good!"

"I know, right?"

The two Demons, who had met William in the Heavenly Domain, had decided to participate in the battle as well.

In the past, the Jade Emperor offered for them to be reincarnated into well-off families, enjoying a peaceful and happy life in their next lives. However, Zhu and Sha turned down this offer and decided to go to William's world and accompany the Half-Elf who had paid for their freedom without asking for anything in return.

Now that Nergal was fighting against Thorfinn, the mortal armies could finally focus on the foes in front of them.

Although they were at a disadvantage, none of them backed down because there was no place to escape to. Once they lost, everything they held sacred would be destroyed.

"Griffin Cavalry, ready!" the Captain of the Griffon Cavalry shouted. "Charge!"

Thousands of Griffins descended from the sky as their riders unleashed a barrage of magical spells, bombarding the Giants from above.

"Dragon Knights, advance!" a Dragoon roared as he ordered his Dragon to dive down from the sky.

He then fearlessly impaled the head of one of the Giants, killing it before another Giant grabbed him off his mount and ate him whole. His Dragon mount cried out in anger and pain before unleashing a Dragon's Breath at the one who killed its Master and friend.

It managed to kill the Giant, but another Giant hacked its body in two.

Similar scenes were happening everywhere as battles on the land and in the sky were being waged simultaneously.

The Giants were surprised because although they had met a lot of resistance on the other worlds that they had destroyed, the armies they were fighting now were using teamwork and strategy to hold them at bay.

"Die you f\*cking maggots!" Sharur cursed as Chiffon brandished him to smash the head of a Giant, turning it into meat paste. "Bunch of weaklings!"

The pink-haired Giant was at the forefront of the battle, targeting strong foes in order to prevent them from killing more of her allies.

"Shatter the Firmament!" Lilith shouted as she, too, hacked several Giants to pieces using the weapon in her hands. "Gleipnir!"

A rain of blood fell around her as dozens of Giants died by her hands. Not far from her, Superbia and Invidia, were also fighting, killing every Giant that came their way.

"Erinys, fly us a little closer," Shannon ordered.

"Yes!" Erinys replied as she maneuvered her flying ship close to where the Giants were.

After making sure that none of their allies would be caught up in what she was about to do, Shannon removed the fox mask covering her face and stared at the giants with a crazed look on their face.

"Fall into Despair," Shannon said as her purple eyes glowed brightly. "Nightmare Lorelei!"

Immediately, dozens of giants stabbed their own chests using their weapons as they committed suicide.

The Eighth Deadly Sin of the World, Despond, which many know as Despair, was said to be the only sin that couldn't be forgiven.

The act of taking one's own life was the greatest sin in the world, and that was the power that fell under Shannon's Domain, making her a very deadly being for both allies and foes alike.

The ladies who bore the sins of the world, had decided to form an elite team, fighting and defending each other in the chaotic war that was happening around them.

"What are you doing?! We're allies!" one of the Giants exclaimed as his chest was stabbed by another Giant, who was fighting by his side. "You Traitor! Ack!"

The Demigod Giant didn't even bother to give a reply as he sliced off the head of his former comrade before starting a bloodbath around him.

"Kill them all my cute little pets!" Princess Sidonie ordered as hundreds of Giants under her control turned their weapons against their former comrades and started a massacre. "Show them no mercy!"

Princess Sidonie whose power was Lust, could easily charm anyone below the Pseudo-God rank, after she had awakened her full powers. Just like Shannon, she was a great ally, and a fearsome enemy, making the members of the alliance thank the Gods that the two young women were on their side.

As Eriny's ship flew over the battlefield, several giants, who were not targeted by Shannon, and Princess Sidonie, fell to the ground, asleep.

Acedia, who was lying on the deck of the flying ship, was sending out powerful pheromones in the air, making her enemies drowsy, and unable to continue fighting.

These Giants didn't even wake up from their slumber as the Humans, Elves, Demons, Dwarves, Beastkins, and other warriors hacked, and stabbed their bodies, killing them in their sleep.

Dark flames raged in the surroundings as Celine hovered in the air.

As the embodiment of Wrath, her powers could make her go berserk at any moment and destroy everything around her.

However, after she had given birth, she had finally discovered how to fully control her power, so it only targeted those whom she deemed to be her enemy.

Oliver and Baba Yaga, who had now both turned into Pseudo-Gods, were fighting alongside Celine. She was very important to them, and they would not allow anyone, not even the Gods of Destruction to hurt her, especially now that she was a mother.

Ciel, her son, was currently under the custody of someone powerful, so the beautiful Elf no longer needed to hold back and fought to protect the world, where her son would grow up.

As the members of the Deadly Sin worked hand in hand, causing a one-sided slaughter in one part of the battlefield, another great battle was being waged a mile away from them.

Riding on the flying Flagship of the Holy Order of Life were none other than the Heavenly Virtues, whose might equaled that of the Sins, making them one of the trump cards in the ongoing battle for the survival of the world.

Chapter 1442: The Sinful and Virtuous Ladies Of The World [Part 2]

"Too slow!" Lira sneered as she zigzagged across the battlefield, chopping off the heads of the Myriad Ranked giants that were moving at a snail's pace around her.

As a Half Angel, and Half Human, she was one of the strongest fighters among the members of the Heavenly Virtues when it came to close and ranged combat.

Her ability was to slow down her opponents, while increasing her own speed, allowing her to become the fastest person on the battlefield.

She was wielding one of the Demi Weapons that had been invented by all the great minds of Hestia, allowing her to face off against Demigods and, to a certain extent, Pseudo-Gods as well.

"Don't get too excited and dive too deep, Lira," Ephemera warned as she raised her sword high above her head, aiming at the cluster of giants in front of their flying ship.

"I AM... JUSTICE!"

A powerful blast erupted from the tip of her weapon, as the Virtuous Lady of Justice slashed down at her foes.

All the Giants, with the exceptions of Pseudo-Gods, that stood in the way of her attack were instantly obliterated due to its unstoppable might.

Her ability allowed her to increase her strength multiple times as long as she believed that she was fighting on the side of Justice.

Just like Lira, she was also wielding a Demi-Weapon in her hands, allowing her to kill the Higher-Ranked fighters of the Army of Destruction.

Audrey stood at the deck, alongside Cherry and Melody.

Her Virtue was Fortitude, and her power was to give everyone courage even in the face of great adversity, the surprising fact about her power was that it gave the opposite effect to those who were deemed her enemies, lowering their morale and making them too fearful to fight back.

There was a saying that Morale won wars, and this was very true. An army whose morale was at an all time high could overpower their enemy due to their tenacity. Likewise, an army without morale would easily feel fear when facing an enemy who was not afraid to die.

"Everyone, don't give up!" Cherry pressed her hands together, and prayed from the deck of the flying ship, dispersing particles of lights into her surroundings.

Soon, these lights descended on the battle that was happening on the ground, healing the wounded soldiers, and boosting the strength of her allies.

The little girl's virtue was Charity, which allowed her to buff and heal those whom she deemed to be her allies.

Her healing abilities were so high, that it even surpassed Princess Aila's Life Magic by a great margin. Because of this, William's mother, as well as the Saintess of the World Tree, personally trained Cherry, so that she could use her power to the fullest potential.

In fact, the purpose of the Flagship of the Holy Order of Light was to heal their allies, as well as boost their morale.

The other Virtues role was to protect Cherry, as they circled around the battlefield, helping their allies recover from their injuries.

"Three Pseudo-Gods at three o'clock!" Shana warned as she maneuvered the flying ship to make evasive maneuvers in order to get out of their tricky situation.

Her virtue was Prudence, allowing her to predict, and calculate things with great accuracy, allowing her to make sound decisions in less than a second. Because of this, her role was to become the navigator of their Flagship, allowing them to fight, and flee, without endangering any of her sisters.

Melody, clasped her hands together and prayed. Her power was Faith, allowing her to manifest miracles as long as the faith of those around her didn't waver.

A moment later, over a hundred winged angels, holding weapons in their hands appeared around their flying ship. As soon as they were summoned, these angels immediately attacked the Giants, making sure that none of them got near the flying ship, whose major role was to buff their allies, and debuff their enemies.

"Everyone is doing their best," William muttered as he also zigzagged across the battlefield, fighting the Pseudo-Gods that belonged to the Gods of Destruction.

"That's why, we should do our best too," Celeste said softly.

Right now, she was merged with William, doubling his strength in battle.

Her Virtue was Chastity, and it had a special feature.

When she was fighting alongside the person whom she had surrendered her purity to, that person's might would double, allowing him to overcome his limit.

This was why the Half-Elf decided to use Familia Fusion with Celeste as he singled out the strongest enemies on the battlefield, killing them as fast as he could, while Thorfin dealt with Nergal.

He knew that although Thorfinn had been acknowledged by Mjolnir, his strength alone was not enough to defeat the God of Destruction.

This was why the Half-Elf was doing his best to decrease the overall strength of the Army of Destruction, while Thorfinn held Nergal at bay for the time being.

Just as he was about to kill another Pseudo-God giant, he heard a hateful roar not far from him.

"You bastard Half-Elf! I'll kill you!"



Ahriman, who had also descended from the void to find the opportunity to kill William, had noticed the Half-Elf going deep inside the Army of Destruction's formation, hunting for Pseudo-Gods to kill.

Because of this, the God of Chaos and Destruction, whose might was at the peak of the Pseudo-God Realm, didn't think twice and focused his attention on the person that made his life miserable.

"Ahriman...," William's eyes turn cold as his gaze locked on the approaching Giant. "Finally you've shown yourself!"

The Half-Elf immediately changed his target and flew towards the person that killed his friends, familiars, and wives.

Just as Ahriman hated the Half-Elf, William hated Ahriman with a vengeance.

They simply couldn't co-exist under the same sky, so they immediately engaged each other in battle.

With the help of Celeste's Divinity, the Half-Elf's strength was also at the peak of the Pseudo-God Rank, matching Ahriman's current strength.

The moment the two of them clashed, a powerful shockwave erupted in their surroundings, sending Giants flying in every direction.

"I'll kill you!" Ahriman roared as he brandished his weapon towards the Half-Elf, who had summoned the golden metallic staff in his hand.

"The one who is going to die is you!" William sneered as he smashed his staff against the giant sword, which created another shockwave, making the ground under them shatter.

While the powerhouses were fighting against each other, Ouwo and Surtr, who were observing the battle from the Void, had their arms crossed over their chest.

"They are having this much trouble with just a million giants," Ouwo commented. "I expected more from this so-called resistance. It seems that we overestimated this world's capabilities."

Surtr remained silent as he watched the battles between Thorfinn, Nergal, William, and Ahriman.

These four were currently the strongest fighters in the battlefield, and from what he could see, they still had the upper hand in the battle.

The mortal armies that numbered in the billions, were like sheep just waiting to be slaughtered. Although they were many, the difference in strength was apparent.

In Ouwo's eyes, the only reason why the mortals were able to hold on was because the defenders of Hestia were only facing a tenth of their overall strength.

If the entire Army of Destruction were to descend upon the world, their futile resistance would be over in the blink of an eye.

Thorfinn, who was fighting off against Nergal, was slowly being pushed back by the God of Destruction, making the latter laugh out loud.

The disparity in strength and Divinity was something that couldn't be overcome just because of willpower, and this was why Ouwo was confident that even if the Army that Nergal brought with him perished, the God of Pestilence and Disease would still emerge victorious in the end.

Suddenly, a beam of light appeared out of nowhere and collided with Nergal's chest, pushing him back hundreds of meters before the God of Destruction managed to regain his footing.

Nergal frowned as he looked at his chest which stung a bit due to the attack that he had received.

'That hurt a bit,' Nergal thought before glancing in the direction where the sudden attack came from.

From the dark clouds covering the sky, a Giant floating island emerged.

Standing on top of its ramparts was a Dracolich, whose eyes locked on the God of Destruction who received his surprise attack.

"Sorry I'm late," Malacai announced as the Final Fortress of Humanity, Avalon, made its appearance on the battlefield.

Since the day that he had parted ways with William, the Dracolich had gone to the most dangerous places of the world to collect Divine Relics that were left by the Gods during the Great War thousands of years ago.

"What took you so long?" William complained as he and Ahriman distanced themselves from each other the moment the giant flying fortress made its appearance.

"Now is not the time for complaints, Will," the Dracolich chuckled before pointing at the Army of Destruction in front of him.

"To arms, my brethren!" the Dracolich shouted. "Brave warriors of the world, twilight falls and the enemy awaits!"

The gates of Avalon opened, and millions of undead warriors marched out of it. Nuckelavee, as well as the four other champions of the Undead glared at the Giants as they waited for Malacai's order to attack.

On the walls of the flying fortress, thousands of magical artifacts lit up as the defenses of Avalon came to life.

"Invaders from the void, disappear from existence!" Malacai roared as the Divine Relics of the Last Fortress of Humanity unleashed their might.

"Soli Deo Gloria!"

For that brief moment, all the sound in the world disappeared completely.

What followed next was an earth-shaking explosion, decimating half of the Army of Destruction, making the God of Pestilence and Disease bellow in anger.

Chapter 1443: All Of You Can Run, But You Can Never Hide

"Fools." Ahriman sneered as he looked at the Half-Elf who had a relieved expression on his face. "Do you really think that your reinforcements did you favor? On the contrary, you just hastened your doom."

William frowned as he looked at the God who had made his life difficult in the past.

"Heh, aren't you curious?" Ahriman's eyes which held great hatred and contempt towards the Half-Elf glowed faintly. "Aren't you going to ask me what I'm talking about? Well, it doesn't really matter. You will soon find out what I'm talking about."

Nergal's loud bellow reverberated in the battlefield, and the sky above their heads started to crack.

William suddenly felt a great danger coming from the heavens making him look at Ahriman with surprise.

"That's right," Ahriman laughed. "The moment your reinforcements arrived is also the moment that the Army of Destruction decided that enough was enough."

William immediately turned into a white lightning bolt and flew above the battlefield.

The cracks in the sky had extended until it reached the Royal Palace of the Ainsworth Empire, which was at the very rear of the formation of their troops.

"Optimus! Execute Phase 2!" William ordered.

< Understood! >

A second later, a brilliant flash of white light descended upon the mortal armies. One by one, the different armies of every nation of the world disappeared from the battlefield as William used his authority to teleport everyone away from the battlefield using the Rainbow Bridge.

They had held several of these drills in the past, so everyone already knew what to do.

"Malacai, take Avalon to the location I am going to give you!" William said through telepathy. "Thorfinn, we're pulling back!"

Without another word, William once again transformed into a lightning bolt and flew to a place where the sky wasn't cracked.

Thorfinn gave Nergal one last glance before flying away, following behind the Half-Elf who was currently regrouping the mortal armies away from the heavens that were about to fall from their heads.

"Retreat!" Malacai ordered and the Last Fortress of Humanity hastily backed away as fast as it could. Since the situation was urgent, he didn't bother to ask the Half-Elf what he had in mind and simply followed his instructions.

A minute later, the sky completely broke apart and Giants fell from the sky, causing an earthquake as they descended upon the world that they were about to destroy.

Tens of thousands...

Hundreds of thousands...

Millions...

The cracked sky disappeared, and was replaced by a red mist that was the color of red blood.

This red mist spread across the land, as far as the cracked sky reached. However, if one were to look closely, it was slowly starting to spread in every direction. If left unchecked, it would cover the whole world and, when that happened, all life in Hestia would perish and the core of the world would shatter.

"It looks the same as back then," Wendy narrowed her eyes as she looked at the red sky in the distance.

"Yes," Chiffon gritted her teeth as she held Sharur tightly in her hands. "But, it will not end the same way as last time."

"It will not," Acedia, who had been lazing around earlier now stood up on the deck of the flying ship, and glared at the scene in front of her with hatred. "I won't let it."

Erinys' flying ship, and the Flagship of the Holy Order of Light, were also making their hasty retreat to regroup with William, and the armies of Hestia.

The two ships were currently flying alongside Avalon, making sure that it would arrive safely at the place where they would mount their last stand.

After making sure that the armies that he had teleported away had started to regroup, William returned and landed on Avalon, where he was greeted by Malacai who had come to fight alongside him.

"To think that the little boy who begged me for help back then would become the Head of the Alliance," Malacai said softly. "You've come a long way, Will."

"I never intended for this to happen," William replied with a smile. "Sometimes, I feel like Lady Fate is just playing with me on the palm of her hands, throwing all of this mess in my face even if I didn't ask for it."

Malacai chuckled because he had also experienced the same thing in the past. Knowing that his mortal body wouldn't last long, he decided to become a Dracolich to ensure that when the end of the world finally came, He would still be alive, and kicking, to fight for Hestia one last time.

"Sadly, it seems that my arrival had tested their patience," Malacai commented as he gazed behind him. "I wished we could have decreased their number a little more."

"Me, too. But, there's no use fretting about that now, right?"

"Indeed. Regardless of how daunting this situation is, we have no choice but to face it head on."

The two protectors of the world stared in the distance as the Giants continued to fall from the sky.

They had a feeling that the Army of Destruction would start their march the moment the two Gods of Destruction also made their appearance, which would mean that the real fight was about to begin.

"What are our chances of winning?" Malacai asked as he rubbed his chin.

"Don't ask," William replied as he narrowed his eyes. "All I know is that we will win."

"Regardless of the price, no matter the sacrifice?"

"No one will be sacrificed. We will fight until we can no longer fight. That is all."

Malacai patted William's shoulder because the Half-Elf was right. There was no place that they could run, so they had no choice but to fight.

They had no choice but to win.

"Are we just going to let them go?" Ahriman asked as he stood beside Nergal, who was glaring hatefully at the retreating Flying Fortress.

"Let them go?" Nergal shifted his attention to Ahriman and sneered at the former God of Chaos and Darkness, who was now only one of the Giants that served in their Army. "Tell me, where could they possibly go? Do you think that they have a place to escape to?"

Ahriman shook his head because he already knew the answer to Nergal's question.

Nergal snorted before looking back at the Flying Fortress which had now become a small dot in the sky.

"All of you can run, but you can never hide," Nergal stated. "Sooner or later, we will meet again and when we do, I will make sure all of you die a very slow and painful death!"

Chapter 1444: The Start Of Ragnarok [Part 1]

The Ainsworth Empire...

The Empire that belonged to William was now in ruins after the Giants fell from the sky.

Its citizens had already been moved to safety, so there were no casualties, aside from the countless dead soldiers who had perished after the God of Pestilence and Disease made his appearance.

Because he couldn't vent his frustration on their enemies, Nergal went on a rampage and destroyed the Ainsworth Capital City where the Royal Palace was located.

Two hours later, the entire Army of Destruction had all arrived, with Surtr and Owuo being the last ones to descend from the Void.

"Where are they?" Owuo asked as soon as he descended from the sky.

"Do you even need to ask?" Nergal replied in a grumpy mood. "Of course to the place where you can feel the souls of billions of people."

"Hah! I'm just messing with you." Owuo chuckled. "To think that you would be unable to deal with them alone, you're losing your touch, Nergal."



Nergal scoffed. "You wouldn't have done any better. In fact, you might have even gotten beaten one-sidedly when they all ganged up on you."

"Hah! Is that bitterness I hear in your voice?" Owuo asked in a teasing tone. "It seems that getting your ass handed to you has made you bitter."

"Shut up, Owuo!"

"Fine. I'll shut up. Hahaha!"

Owuo was a God of Death, but he was different from Thanatos, who was also a God of Death.

Owuo took great pleasure in killing mortals, hence he was called the God of Death, and sometimes Destroyer God, because of his destructive tendencies.

Nergal, Owuo, and Surtr, all three of them were the Gods of Destruction, responsible for destroying many worlds together.

Although they would argue, and fight at times, their goals remained the same, and that was to destroy the Worlds that were fated to be destroyed by their hands.

"Let's go," Surtr said as he walked past the two Gods who were bickering with each other. "Let's get this over with."

Nergal and Owuo exchanged a glance before following behind Surtr who still hadn't unsheathed his flaming sword.

Both of them knew that the moment their colleague took out his burning blade, the Fire Giant would gain incredible strength, allowing Surtr to surpass both of them.

Surtr had only drawn his sword once, and that was during the battle of Ragnarok, allowing him to destroy the World of Asgard, as well as the other realms connected to Yggdrasil.

Ahriman followed behind the three Gods, and behind him, the entire Army of Destruction moved to follow their Commanders.

This was the battle that they were waiting for, and they would enjoy it to the fullest.

The Army of Destruction wasn't only composed of Giants.

There were Trolls, Ogres, Fomorians, and other creatures whose main purpose for living was to kill and destroy any forms of life. Some of these creatures were taken from the worlds that they had destroyed, allowing them to replenish, and increase their numbers, from the battles that they had waged with its defenders.

All of their eyes started to glow red, as the Gods of Destruction empowered their destructive tendencies, further increasing their strength.

Earlier, Audrey had been able to increase the morale of their troops and demoralize the Giants. Now, the demoralization effect would no longer work on the Giants due to the bloodthirst that the Gods of Destruction had cast upon their army.

As soon as the cracks started to appear, William decided to teleport the Human armies a few miles away from the cracks in the sky. But, after careful consideration, he decided to take them farther away, allowing them to regroup and give them time to recover from the frightful sight that they had seen.

According to Optimus' calculation, it would take the Giants two hours to arrive at the Alliance's new location, if they continued to march at their current pace.

"Form ranks!" Eldon ordered as he supervised the formation of his troops. "Deploy the Magic Cannons!"

Although the Dwarves could use magic, they specialized more in crafting things. With the Alliance's combined technologies, the Dwarves created magical cannons whose might could injure Demigods and Pseudo-Gods alike, as long as they had enough magic cores to use as energy sources.

"Prepare the second, Wide-Area spell," a Gnome, who belonged to the geniuses of the world, ordered. "We were unable to use it fully earlier because we were waiting for their main army to arrive, but now they are finally here, there's no need to hold back!"

The altars that had been planted on the ley lines all over Hestia once again glowed brightly, sending beams of light towards the Heavens, empowering the 11th-Circle Spell that they had prepared for the Main Army of Destruction.

An hour later, William, as well as the armies of the world finally saw them.

At the very edge of their vision, red dots could be seen. Soon, this red tide loomed ever closer, making the Soldiers' breathing grow ragged.

They could feel the great presence of the Giants even from a great distance, lowering their morale.

However, before everyone started to feel despair, particles of golden light rained upon their heads, as the Flagship of the Holy Order of Light hovered above them.

Audrey, with her hands clasped together, prayed, allowing the power of Fortitude to spread among her allies, boosting their morale, and chasing away the fear and anxiety in their hearts.

"They're here," Malacai said. "Nuckelavee, you will be the Vanguard."

The Devil of the Sea laughed as he raised his spear, uttering a frenzied war cry.

The Five Generals serving under Malacai also disembarked from the floating Fortress as it momentarily landed on the ground, allowing the Undead to join the battle.

The Arcane Spectral Lich, The Diabolical Death Knight, and the Grim Nightmare Revenant all mounted their Bone Dragons and soared towards the sky.

The three Goliaths, Nuckelavee, Monstrous Skeleton Sovereign, and Giant Slaying Draugr also jumped off Avalon, joining the ranks of the Mortal Armies, allowing them to witness that it was not only the living who wished to protect their world.

Even the Dead, who should be having their eternal rest, also took up arms to protect the world, allowing it to have a chance to give birth to the future generations.

Malacai didn't only collect Divine Relics in his travels.

He also collected the souls of the dead from various battlefields, allowing them to fight one last battle that would decide the fate of the world.

"It's time," William stated as countless portals appeared around him.

Corrupted Giants, Undead Giants, and Monsters of all shapes and sizes emerged from the portal, covering the land, and the sky, with their numbers.

They stood at the frontline of the battlefield, alongside their Master, William, facing off against the Army of Destruction.

Now that the Last Bosses had made their appearance, it was now time to fight with everything he had, without holding anything back.

"Back then, everyone hated the Dungeon Conqueror because he was an unreasonable fellow," Empress Andraste said with a smile.

"It's a good thing that this era's Dungeon Conqueror is more sensible," Emperor Leonidas commented. "Your daughter, and my granddaughter, nabbed a really good husband."

Empress Andraste opened her fan and covered her lips as he gazed at the approaching Giants in the distance. "I still want to hold my grandchildren, so it is best that we deal with these annoying pests first."

Emperor Leonidas nodded. "Right. I guess both of us no longer needed to hold back either."

The Rulers of the different Nations of the world took out their own Sacred Relics, which were the national treasures of their nations. They would only use these relics as a last resort when their Countries were in peril because of the great destructive powers they possessed.

William had forbidden them to use these trump cards at the beginning because these relics could only be used once, maybe twice, before becoming useless.

However, now that the Half-Elf had given the signal to go all out in battle, they all answered his call, as they prepared to show the Army and Gods of Destruction that even though they were ants in their eyes, they were the type of ants that knew how to bite their enemies, and make them feel a world of pain.

#### Chapter 1445: The Start Of Ragnarok [Part 2]

William stood at the forefront of the battlefield with countless Dungeon Monsters around him.

The Dungeon Conqueror Job Class could only exist once every generation. Only one could wield the power to subjugate Dungeons and use their power to subjugate others in turn.

Those who wielded this profession were feared by many due to the overwhelming fighting force that they could command at any given time.

The rulers of the various nations would do their best to befriend, honey trap, or just turn a blind eye on their actions, in fear that he would turn his Monster Army in their direction, and wipe their kingdom from the face of the world.

"Everyone, listen to me and listen closely," William said as he faced the Army of Destruction in front of him.

He didn't need to turn back because his voice was carried by the wind, informing all of those who were trying to protect their world from destruction.

"We are now facing the army that has destroyed countless worlds," William stated. "An army that has ended countless lives, and is proficient in killing people."

The faces of everyone who heard the Half-Elf's words became grim despite the fact that Audrey's Morale Boost was still active.

Even though they were feeling more courageous now, the seed of fear in their hearts had taken root ever since the Army of Destruction had arrived. Despite the blessing of the Virtuous Lady of Fortitude, there was no way to wipe it away completely.

William understood that, so he positioned himself, and his Dungeon Monsters at the forefront of the battle to act as the vanguard.

"They who have been bred and born for war are the ultimate killing machines." William slowly raised his right hand, which was holding Ruyi Jingu Bang, and held it high. "But, what of it? Our brothers, and sisters, still fought them bravely, and killed thousands of them. This proves that they are not invincible. We are only ants in their eyes, and yet, these ants managed to kill them."

Ruyi Jingu Bang glowed brightly, showering the Half-Elf with a golden radiance that pierced through the red mists that now hung over their head, turning the world crimson red, devoid of all colors, except the color of Destruction.

"Pitiful ants, who still don't understand your current situation," Owuo shouted, interrupting William as he was empowering his troops with his words. "The Flames of Destruction soon shall fall upon you all. No matter how much you struggle, no matter how much you resist your fate, the Army of Destruction will prevail, and all that stand against us will DIE! Let the skies turn red with the blood of the fallen! Let them hear the Voice of Destruction!"

All the Giants raised their weapons and shouted their warcries, making all the members of the Alliance grit their teeth as the fear in their hearts started to rise to the surface.

Even Audrey, who still had her hands clasped together and boosting her allies, also started to feel fear take root in her heart.

"I have fought alongside Demons, Elves, Dwarves, Gnomes, Drows, Beastkins, Humans, and other races," William's shout broke everyone out of their daze, and made everyone once again look at him, who was still standing tall despite the inevitable fate that was about to fall upon their heads.

"I have fought against Demigods, when I was barely a teen," William declared as a long red cape, that seemed to have a life of its own, appeared on his back and fluttered in the breeze. "I have fought Pseudo-Gods, when I was in my late teens."

Several golden bangles appeared on his hands, as the radiance of the golden staff in his hands intensified.

"I have fought against Gods in the past and managed to survive by a hair's breadth," William stated as a golden circlet adorned his head. "And now, I stand before all of you here as proof that even lowly mortals like us can rise and challenge them!"

William then pointed his golden staff at the Army of Destruction as the power of the Monkey King flowed inside his body.

"All of you who dare to destroy our world, you are not facing a single man!" William roared. "You face not only me, but all the Champions of this world! The fact that you brought your entire army just to face us pitiful mortals is proof that you know our strength. Gods of Destruction, do you really think that we will just allow you to slaughter us, and not put up a fight?"

William gave the Gods of Destruction the middle finger before throwing the golden staff high up in the air.

"I call upon the Great Sage that Equals Heaven!" William shouted. "One who defies the laws of Heaven and stands against all opposition! Come down and show these bastards who the most badass monkey in the universe is! Let them know who is the one, and only, Monkey King!"

A fearless laughter echoed from the sky as Ruyi Jingu bang was grasped mid-air by its true owner. Who held it firmly in his hands.

"All of you remember my name!" Sun Wukong shouted as he landed in front of William, looking so badass it made the Half-Elf smirk. "I am the Great Sage that Equals Heavens! The one and only handsome Monkey King!"

Sun Wukong laughed as his fiery golden eyes glowed brightly. "Let's go, Will. Let's go Nuts!"

William pointed his finger at the Army of Destruction and all of the Dungeon Monsters under his command all prepared themselves to advance.

"Slaughter all the foes that stand before me!" William ordered. "Go! My King's Legion!"

A great surge of Monsters advanced forward, as countless portals continually opened behind William.

"Angorian War Sovereigns, prepare for battle!" a young man shouted as he pointed his lance at the Army of Destruction. Behind him were the members of the Order that William had founded in the Hellan Royal Academy.

These past few years, their numbers swelled, as they rallied to the name of their founder, William Von Ainsworth, who was also now the Leader of the Alliance.

He was just a commoner in the past, but now, he was a full-fledged Knight Commander of The Angorian War Sovereign's Gryphon Brigade.

His name was Dave.

He was the Crusader of the Sky and the first person that William Knighted.

Right beside him was the Wyvern Rider, Drake Vi Craig, who had also been Knighted by the Half-Elf.

"Charge!" Dave ordered and all the members of William's Personal Order flew, riding their Hippogriffs, Gryphons, and Wyverns, as they charged fearlessly at the giants, alongside their leaders' King's Legion.



Sun Wukong, and William were at the forefront of the charge, rekindling the courage that had started to waver in everyone's hearts.

William roared as he swung his weapon to unleash a powerful blast, annihilating the Giants that blocked his path.

"For The Alliance!"

The mortal armies of Hestia also raised their weapons high up in the air as they also charged forward, assisting the Half-Elf into battle.

Making the Giants, who thought that they would participate in a one-sided slaughter, feel the ground shake underneath their very feet.

Chapter 1446: Their Hope Of Winning This War, Didn't Exist

"This is more like it!" Owuo smirked as he transformed into a one-eyed giant, with long white hair flowing behind his back.

He looked like a combination of a Cyclops, an Ogre, and a Demon, whose fangs protruded from his mouth, making him look ferocious.

The God of Death, who was also hailed as a Destroyer, was a God that enjoyed killing mortals. Seeing that his prey was charging towards him made his blood boil as the power of his Divinity slowly rose to the surface.

"Will, I'll deal with Owuo," Sun Wukong stated after seeing the God's transformation. "He's a handful, and I'm the only one that can contain him. You deal with that Fire Giant over there."

"Got it." William had already set his sights on Surtr before the charge even started.

He and the Fire God had a history, and among the three Gods of Destruction, the one he wanted to fight the most was Surtr.

The Fire Giant had killed his wives Wendy and Chiffon in their past life.

The Half-Elf's body glowed in a silvery light as the color of his hair also changed into silver.

Stormcaller, Soleil, the Tablets of Creation, all hovered around his body, ready to assist him at a moment's notice.

A radiant silver spear appeared in William's hand, which he would use as a weapon to slay the God in front of him.

But, before that could happen, he would have to dive deep in the enemy's formation because Surtr simply stood unmoving at its center with his arms crossed over his chest.

It was only Owuo, and Nergal who had decided to engage them in battle.

Even Ahriman stood beside Surtr, as if he knew who the Half-Elf's real target was.

Just as William was about to clash with the first Giant in front of him, a pink-haired giantess appeared beside the Half-Elf, and swung the mace in her hand, sending all the Giants in front of her flying.

"Will, I'll fight with you!" Chiffon declared in a tone that wouldn't take no for an answer.

"Sure," William replied as he continued past his wife, whose eyes had also locked into the Fire Giant in the distance.

Erinys' flying ship had also charged to the frontlines, carrying the Sinful Ladies of the world.

The Flagship of the Holy Order of Light was set in the center of the Human armies, providing them with buffs, raising their morale, strengthening their bodies, and increasing their speed.

Lira and Ephemera wanted to fight alongside William, but they couldn't leave their sisters, who didn't specialize in battle, behind.

Melody had already created a legion of angels around the flying ship, who flew to the frontlines in order to assist the vanguard.

"Calm down, Lira, Ephemera," Shana said as she controlled the Flagship of the Holy Order. "We all have our roles to play. Trust our husband, he will definitely push through the enemy ranks without fail."

Lira and Ephemera nodded their heads at the same time.

For them, William was the strongest fighter in the Alliance. Unless the Gods of Destruction personally fought him, none of the Giants and their minions could hope to defeat him.

Perhaps, knowing this fact as well, Owuo headed in William's direction, but he was stopped by a gigantic golden staff that was about to swat him from above.

"You pesky monkey!" Owuo roared as he smashed his fist against Ruyi Jingu Bang, pushing it back for hundreds of meters. "I've heard a lot about you. You're the most arrogant and annoying being in existence!"

Sun Wukong recovered his balance mid-air and returned his weapon to its normal size before looking down on the God of Destruction whose strength far surpassed him.

"It is only normal for you to hear my exalted name because I am famous," Sun Wukong replied. "However, even if you are a God of Destruction, I haven't heard anything about you."

"Hah! That's because all that have seen me have died in my hands!" Owuo declared. "Mortals, Pseudo-Gods, and even Gods have been unable to withstand my might. You will also suffer the same fate as them. I'll add your dead body to my collection!"

"Well, judging from how bad your breath is, I suppose they died because of your bad breath. As for adding my dead body to your collection, that isn't going to happen. Why? Because you will not be able to kill me."

"Hahaha! I'm going to enjoy ripping that tongue out of your lips!"

Without another word, the two clashed once again, destroying everything around them as their fists, and weapons collided.

Thorfinn and Malacai teamed up to deal with Nergal, who was once again summoning a horde of poisonous insects.

The Dracolich soared to the skies and unleashed 9th Circle Spells, destroying the insect horde that the God of Pestilence and Disease planned on using against their allies.

Thorfinn threw Mjolnir towards the Nergal's head, but the latter blocked it with the Lion-Head Mace in his hand.

The young man wasn't daunted as his weapon flew back to him, calling forth the power of thunder and lightning.

"Lightning Tempest!" Thorfinn roared as he unleashed a powerful blast of lightning towards the God of Destruction, making the latter take a step back due to the force behind the attack.

The Army of Destruction, as well as the Mortal Armies had steered clear of the battles of the Gods of Destruction because they didn't want to get hit by stray attacks that could potentially kill them.

"F\*ck this I'm out!" Swiper cursed as a giant almost stomped on him with its giant foot due to the chaotic battle that was happening around them.

The Demonic Boar hurriedly made a hasty retreat, but was kicked in the back by Lindir who was fighting not far from him, forcing him back to the frontlines.

The two were forced to fight back to back due to the sheer numbers of the enemy they were facing at the moment.

Fortunately, the supportive spell barrage of their allies was doing wonders, allowing the front line fighters to take a short breather from time to time.

Due to their sheer size, most of the Giants decided to use it to their advantage and simply stomped, kicked, and brandished their giant weapons, killing hundreds of people with a single blow.

However, their size was also a weakness. Since they towered above the mortal armies, the Magic Cannons, as well as the other powerful artifacts of the Alliance, blasted them one by one, hitting the upper part of their bodies, completely missing the warriors of the alliance, who were smaller than them.

Surtr, who was at the very center of the Army of Destruction, shifted his attention to the pink-haired Giantess, who was making her way towards him.

For some reason, he could vaguely remember a similar event in the past when one of the members of the Giant race decided to brandish their weapons against him.

However, since his rank was far higher than that Giantess in the past, he didn't understand why the latter chose to fight him to the death, instead of joining his army, giving her a path of survival.

"Ah..." Surtr suddenly recalled where he had seen the pink-haired Giant.

A moment later, he shifted his attention on the silver-haired Half-Elf who was brandishing his weapon left and right, also making a path through the Giant army, and heading in his direction.

"So, you're that boy."

The corner of Surtr's lips rose as he remembered the silver-haired Einherjar who was the last one to die in the battle in Asgard.

"It seems that Fate hates you so much," Surtr muttered as he turned his gaze away from the Half-Elf who was currently fighting an uphill battle to reach his location.

The moment he had stepped foot in Hestia, he understood that there was no one in it that could be his match.

The moment he unsheathed his weapon, the world would burn in the Flames of Destruction leaving nothing behind, but a memory that would soon fade over time.

The only reason why he wasn't drawing his weapon at the moment was to allow the Army of Destruction to kill to their heart's content.

The blood that flowed like rivers on the ground, that belonged to their allies and enemies, would empower their bodies, allowing them to grow stronger. That was how the Army of Destruction became stronger, allowing them to gain Demigods and Pseudo-Gods, further bolstering their Army.

'This is good,' Surtr thought as he observed the battle around him. 'So many strong fighters. I'm sure that when this war is over, thousands of Demigods will be born, and hundreds of Pseudo-Gods will emerge.'

The Fire Giant had destroyed many worlds, and had fought against many Gods.

For him, William's futile attempt to resist the inevitable was praiseworthy, but in the end, he, and the mortals of the world would only serve as kindling to make the fires that burned in their hearts grow stronger.

However, just as Surtr was observing the rest of the battlefield, he felt something approaching him at great speeds, making him move his head to the side, dodging a radiant silver spear that was aimed at the center of his forehead.

"Do I finally have your attention?" William asked as the silver spear returned in his hand. "Don't look away, Surtr. Your head is mine!"

Ahriman who stood beside the Fire Giant snorted after hearing William's words. If the one that the Half-Elf was fighting against was him, he might have a chance of winning, but against Surtr, the red-headed teenager could only daydream.

Even so, the Fire Giant's gaze no longer looked in another direction, but locked on the Half-Elf who was glaring at him from a distance.

"Ahriman, deal with that boy," Surtr ordered. "He's the one you wanted to take revenge on, right? Take him out and earn your place within the Army of Destruction."

"I would do that even if you didn't tell me to," Ahriman replied.

He started to walk in William's direction because he wanted to fight against the Half-Elf, and make him wake up to the reality that their hope of winning this war didn't exist.

Chapter 1447: Times Have Changed, Boy

Ahriman decreased his size until he was only three meters tall.

Right now, his strength was on par with the Half-Elf he was planning to fight. This reality made Ahriman feel very bitter.

In the past, he was a powerful Primordial God, but after being sealed for thousands of years, his strength had degraded a lot. Also, when he lost his Divine body, and only his soul remained, his chance of reaching Godhood once more would heavily rely on luck.

Only if he could possess a Divine body that would fit his soul perfectly, his ascendance would become a reality.

This was why he had gone to the Army of Destruction in order to find a suitable body for him in the worlds that they were about to destroy.

However, the only body that could temporarily hold his Divine Soul at the moment was the body he was currently using. Although it wasn't perfect, it allowed Ahriman to have a physical body, which boosted his ability to unleash a portion of his powers once more.

William frowned because he didn't really want to fight Ahriman. He could only use his God Slaying powers for a short period of time, and if he used it against the former God of Chaos and Darkness, he might not have enough strength left to deal with Surtr, who was the God of Destruction he wanted to fight the most.

"You've been looking at Surtr as if you have the ability to kill him," Ahriman commented as he summoned two swords in his hands. "But, do you really think you will be able to get past me?"

The frown on William's face deepened as he shifted his gaze to Ahriman, who was looking at him with a sneer.

'It's impossible for me to defeat Ahriman unless I activate my Godslaying powers,' William thought. 'If I don't give him the killing blow, he will just escape like last time. I need to end him right here, but if I do that, how will I be able to fight Surtr?'

The Half-Elf was currently faced with a hard decision. Although he wanted to ignore Ahriman and just head straight to the God of Destruction to fight him head-on, Surtr was at the center of the giant formation, which was also filled with Pseudo-God Ranked Giants, making it impossible for him to fight him one on one.

Also, Chiffon and his other wives were fighting not far from him.

If he decided to just attack Surtr, there was a chance that Ahriman would target them instead, which was something he didn't want to happen.

Ahriman didn't care what William was thinking. However, after seeing that the Half-Elf wasn't moving, he took the initiative to charge in his mortal enemy's direction in order to take his revenge on him.



Strong gusts of wind erupted around them as William parried Ahriman's blow and followed up with a counterattack.

The blow he delivered was blocked by Ahriman's other sword, and the two repeatedly exchanged blows, as they zigzagged across the skies.

"I admit that I am surprised that you managed to unite the entire world to fight as one," Ahriman said after distancing himself from his opponent. "However, it is all for naught. Everything you've planned will be thwarted because you are making a big mistake."

"Oh? Then how about you enlighten me what this big mistake is?" William asked.

He could feel that Ahriman's words had substance in them, so he wanted to know what the former God of Chaos and Destruction was talking about.

"Look around you," Ahriman replied. "Even now, your entire army is at a great disadvantage in this war."

William gave a side-long glance in his surroundings to better understand what Ahriman was talking about.

Currently, Nergal was fighting against Thorfinn, Malacai, and Leviathan.

The Overlord of the Sea had joined the battle because Nergal was using powerful spells that, if avoided by Thorfinn or Malacai, would directly hit the Armies of the Alliance behind them, forcing the two to block his attacks with everything they had.

Because of this, Leviathan decided to join the two in fighting against the God of Death and Pestilence, preventing him from having his way.

Owuo and Sun Wukong's battle was also getting intense with the Monkey King getting pushed back with every clash they made.

In order to give the Monkey King a breather, Tarasque joined in the fight against Owuo, barely holding the Destructive God at bay.

The high-level combatants of each side were also duking it out with each other.

But, the fact still remained that William's Pseudo-Gods that numbered in the hundreds, still fell short of the thousands of Pseudo-Gods under the Army of Destruction.

The disparity between Demigods was also clear. Even though the Half-Elf had hundreds of them, the Army of Destruction had tens of thousands.

The disparity in fighting force was very obvious, but thanks to the Demi-Weapons that were made by the great minds of the alliance, they were able to fight back to a certain extent.

However, William understood that if this continued, their defeat was guaranteed.

"Even if we are at a disadvantage, we will still not lose that easily," William said as the radiance of his silver spear intensified. The Half-Elf had decided to use a fraction of his God Slaying powers in order to settle the score with Ahriman in the quickest way possible in order to help the others deal with their enemies.

"There, that is the thing that I am talking about." Ahriman sneered. "Do you really think that the entire Army of Destruction is only composed of Surtr, Owuo, Nergal, and these ten million giants here? How naive of you."

As if waiting for that cue, the sound of tens of thousands of glasses breaking at the same time reverberated in the surroundings making William, and his allies subconsciously shudder after feeling the presences that were coming from above their heads.

A moment later, the sound of screeching reached their ears. The flying beasts of the Alliance all felt the danger coming from above, so they immediately took a hasty retreat in order to regroup.

Fortunately, they acted in time because a minute later, countless Bat-like Monsters emerged from the red mists and flew towards the flying cavalries of the different nations in order to start a bloodbath.

Knowing that there was no other way but to fight, the Gryphons, Dragons, Hippogriffs, Wyverns, and other flying beasts all clashed with the uninvited monsters, making blood, and dead bodies rain from the sky.

These Demonic Giant Bats were known as Camazotz, and they were the Death Bats of Hell.

However, it was not yet over. On the ground, the earth shook, and split apart, sending hellish flames to rise up to the surface.

Countless three-meter-tall humanoid, twin-headed beasts, emerged from the cracked earth, and roared ferociously, announcing their presence on the battlefield.

Alongside the three-meter-tall beasts, A one-eyed giant emerged with bat-like wings protruding from its back. In his right hand was a flaming whip, and in his left was a sword that was as black as the night.

Although it wasn't a God, its rank was at the peak of the Pseudo-God Realm, making everyone tremble in his presence.

"Balor and his Demogorgons!" Sun Wukong hissed after seeing the monstrous beasts that had appeared on the land. "No good! They will overpower the land armies with their numbers!"

However, before the Monkey King could even offer assistance to those that were on the ground, a giant fist smashed into his body, which sent him flying towards a mountain, destroying it completely.

"You're fighting against a God and you dare to look away?" Owuo laughed. "As expected of a Monkey, you're pretty stupid aren't you? As for you... you're next!"

Owuo lunged at Tarrasque, who didn't back away and faced the giant God of Destruction fearlessly. The land continued to split apart as the two of them exchanged blows. Each time they clashed, the Dragon-like Tarasque, who was known as the strongest Pseudo-God that lorded over the lands of Hestia, was being pushed away.

Clearly, it wasn't the Owuo's match, and was simply holding on for as long as he could until the Monkey King returned to help him.

As if the Camazotz and Demogorgons that numbered in the millions wasn't enough, three more Divine Presences, that wouldn't lose to Surtr, Nergal, and Owuo also appeared on the battlefield.

William's face became extremely grim after the three new Gods hovered in the sky and looked down on the chaotic battle that was currently happening in the air and on the ground.

"Times have changed, boy." Ahriman laughed mockingly at the despair that washed over the armies of the Alliance, as the other members of the Army of Destruction emerged in front of them.

"This is not the same Army of Destruction that you knew!" Ahriman laughed before charging at the Half-Elf to once again engage him in close combat. "Now die knowing that everything you have done was all for naught!"

William was so shocked by what was happening in his surroundings that he wasn't able to react on time to intercept Ahriman's sudden attack.

However, just before the Demonic God's sword could even pierce through the Half-Elf's flesh, a soft hum reached William's and Ahriman's ears.

A second later, Ahriman roared as he forcefully used both of his swords in order to block a silver spear that was aimed at his chest, where his heart was located.

The blow behind the attack was so strong that Ahriman crashed towards the ground, creating a crater that was dozens of meters wide.

The spear shone brightly as it trailed across the sky, making the Army of Destruction, as well as the Alliance, look at it as if they were mesmerized.

It didn't take long before the shining silver spear returned to its owner, who caught it easily with his right hand.

High above the heavens, mounted on top of an eight-legged horse, was an old man, who was often called a bandit by those who knew him, looking down on the battlefield with a faint smile on his face.

Chapter 1448: For Asgard!

"You should pay more attention to your opponent, Will," James said as his voice spread throughout the entire battlefield, making those who knew, and didn't know him, feel as if someone strong had come to lend them his aid. "Getting distracted in a chaotic battle like this might cost you your life, you know?"

James and his horse, Sleipnir, were too eye-catching as they stood on top of the Bifrost Bridge, making everyone look in his direction.

"Gramps." William looked up at the familiar old man, and almost teared up after seeing him. He hadn't seen James for more than a year, and often wondered where he had gone. "Are you done with your sight-seeing?"

"Yes," James replied. "Miss me?"

"A bit."

"Just a bit?"

James laughed, but his eyes weren't laughing as it swept the entire battlefield, which was now dominated by the Army of Destruction.

The battle formation of the Alliance had collapsed after the sudden appearance of the powerful Monsters, who tore through their defenses like a hot knife cutting through butter. What made matters worse was that their morale had dropped considerably when three more Gods had made their appearance, making the pressure that they were feeling earlier, double, crushing them with its weight.

"Erlik, Kakia, and Yaldabaoth," James stated. "It seems that the three of you have grown very bored over the countless millennia. Was it fun to join Surtr's bandwagon?"

Kakia, who was a plump Goddess wearing revealing clothes, giggled as she looked at the old man who had made his appearance.

"Who were you again?" Kakia asked. "I'm sorry, I don't remember a senile old man who looked like you."

The Goddess of Vice, Moral Badness, and Abominations, sneered at James. She didn't lie when she said that she didn't remember him, because his appearance was now very different from the one he had in the past.

"It's fine if you don't remember me," James replied with a smile. "After all, right now, I'm just a nobody."

Kakia giggled before raising an eyebrow at the old man who was talking to her as if they were equals.

"I have a very good memory," Kakia stated. "It's clear that you know of me, but I don't know you. Are you perhaps one of the people that I killed and somehow luckily managed to reincarnate?"

James didn't reply and gave Surtr a side-long glance before shifting his attention back to William.

"Boy, you fight the one you want to fight," James said. "I'll handle Ahriman. You can ignore the other Monsters as well."

"But Gramps, I can't allow them to—" William wasn't able to finish his words because James pressed a finger over his lips, telling the Half-Elf to not say anything.

"I'll deal with them too," James stated. "Don't you believe in your own grandfather? Even if these Bats, these Giants, and Demogorgons were to gang up on me, they wouldn't stand a chance."

The battlefield came to a complete pause as they all stared at the old man, who just said something unbelievable.

For him to declare that the Army of Destruction which was composed of Giants, the Bats, the Demogorgons, as well as the countless Monsters of Destruction wouldn't be a threat to him made everyone look at him in disbelief.

"I see, so you've also reincarnated," Surtr finally opened his lips as he looked at the badass old man who still had a faint smile on his face. "It has been a while, All Father. You look weaker than the last time I saw you."

William blinked as he stared at James then at Surtr and back to James again in disbelief.

James didn't look like the imposing, and dignified All Father in the past. He looked more like a scammer and a con artist, but, after hearing Surtr's firm words, the Half-Elf's heart skipped a beat.

"Weaker, yes," James replied. "But, what of it?"

"It means that your appearance here will not change anything!" Kacia, who was just as shocked as William, shouted at the old man, who she now believed was the God who ruled the Ancient Pantheon of Asgard, which was now lost in the pages of history. "You think you can stop us? You and what army?!"

Balor, who was commanding the Demogorgons on the ground, locked his single eye on the old man, who was ramblings complete bullsh\*t while mounted on his eight-legged horse.

Countless Camazotz also screeched in anger as they flew towards James, with the intention to tear him apart because of his arrogance. They were the monsters that represented Death, and they would not allow anyone to look down on them, especially an old man who had one foot in the grave already.

James didn't move and simply sat on Sleipnir's back, completely ignoring the screeching bats that were out to take his life.

When the bats were only dozens of meters away from him, countless spells flew past the old man from behind, obliterating the monsters that dared to attack him, causing their bodies to explode mid-air.

"Me and what army you ask?" James sneered at the Goddess, who thought that he was going to fight on his own. "The most powerful army known to the multiverse! The army that protected Asgard and the Nine Realms since time immemorial!"

Dozens of bridges made of light descended from the sky, connecting the land to the Heavens.

A moment later, everyone heard the sound of marching.

Then, they appeared.

With the insignia of Asgard coating their silver armors, people of all ages, walked side by side, as countless winged horses, mounted by the maidens of war, flew past them.

Hundreds...

Thousands...

Millions...

Tens of millions...

James wandered the void not to sight see, but to gather the Asgardians, as well as the Einherjars who had been reborn. All of them answered his call, and accompanied him to fight against their nemesis of the distant past.

An unprecedented army that once encompassed the Nine Realms, and fought alongside Odin in the war of Ragnarok, appeared.

Owen, and the veterans of Lont, stood beside James as they looked at the Army of Destruction.

There was no fear in their eyes.



The only thing that could be seen from their depths was a burning determination to fight the Army of Destruction in front of them, and pay them back for the grudge that they had kept in their soul for thousands of years.

"So beautiful," Erinys muttered as she looked at the army that had appeared during their darkest time.

The Eight Deadly Sins and the Heavenly Virtues all nodded their heads in agreement to her words, as they stared at the army that seemed to radiate a holy light as they marched down the rainbow-colored bridges, taking their battle formations and waiting for James' order to attack.

"The moment I was born again in the world, I knew with utmost certainty that this day would come," James said as his body was covered with a golden radiance.

When the light receded, the old man was covered from head to toe with a golden armor and a red cape rested behind his back.

"Sir, you forgot this," Owen said respectfully as he handed James a black eyepatch.

"Ah yes, this is important as well," James chuckled as he removed his horned golden helmet, so that he could put his eyepatch on properly. Once it was fixed in place, he put his helmet on once more then looked at Surtr with a smile.

"Today is a day that will go down in history," James declared, his voice resounding through the entire world. Even those that were hiding in the Tower of Babylon were able to hear his words that were filled with confidence.

"Today is the day that will be talked about for generations to come. A day of shattered swords, and shields, as the champions of the world fought side by side to protect everything they held sacred."

The All Father then raised his spear, Gungnir, making it shine brightly.

"To those who bear weapons in order to protect this world. To those whose hearts bleed, but still continue to fight, to those who are injured but refuse to yield, to all of you who want to fight until the bitter end, by my name as the All Father, Odin, I hereby grant all of you the Power of Asgard!"

A bright light erupted from the tip of Gungnir and descended upon all the warriors of the Alliance, healing all of their injuries, and allowing them to stand once more and fight a battle that they thought was already lost.

"Raise the colors!" Odin ordered, and the countless Valkyries raised their banners high into the air, showing off the insignia of Valhalla.

Helen, whom William called Aunt Helen in the past, Hovered above Odin carrying the All Father's personal insignia of the two ravens with their wings spread outward, ready for flight.

"Prepare to fight!" Odin shouted. "For Asgard and the Nine Realms!"

All the warriors that were on the ground, and were still on the rainbow bridges all took a fighting stance.

Odin then held Sleipnir's reins firmly as the eight-legged horse raised its front hooves in preparation to charge.

He had waited for this day to arrive, and this time, there was no prophecy that declared that he would meet his end on the battlefield

There was no prophecy that would save the Army of Destruction from his wrath.

"For Asgard!" James roared as Sleipnir charged forward, alongside the Valkyries who were riding their winged horses.

""For Asgard!""

All the Valkyries shouted alongside the All Father as they flew by his side, carrying the banners of their world that had long been destroyed.

""For Asgard!""

The Einherjars, who were the strongest warriors of the Nine Realms surged forth like a tide.

Their war cries made the blood of the Alliance boil as they too, charged alongside these mighty warriors that had come from the different worlds in the multiverse to answer the All Father's call.

An intense silver radiance erupted from William's body as he charged towards Surtr with a vengeance.

Just as James had said, he would fight the one he wanted to fight, and leave the rest to him. Earlier, he had been afraid that if he used up his Godslaying powers against Ahriman, he would no longer have the ability to contend against Surtr.

Now that this was no longer a problem, he decided to throw caution into the wind, and single out the most dangerous factor in this war for the safety of Hestia.

Holding the silver spear in his hand, the Half-Elf turned into a lightning bolt and streaked towards the God of Destruction, whose right hand now held the hilt of his sword.

"For Asgard!" William roared as he, James, the Valkyries, the Einherjars, and the warriors of the Alliance clashed with the Army of Destruction, making the entire battlefield tremble in their wake.

Chapter 1449: Bathe The World With Your Divine Will! Enuma Elish! [Part 1]

The sound of weapons clashing against each other could be heard through the entire battlefield as the two sides fought without holding back.

The Alliance received a massive boost with the appearance of James and his Asgardian Army, rekindling everyone's fighting spirit.

"For Asgard!"

William's silver spear and Surtr's flaming blade clashed against each other.

The outcome was the Half-Elf being blown hundreds of meters away due to the disparity in strength, but William didn't lose heart.

"Celeste, let's do it," William said.

"Understood," Celeste replied as her silhouette appeared behind William.

The Virtuous Lady of Chastity had been able to keep the power of her Divinity, despite the fact that she had lost her purity to William on their first night as a married couple.

Her Patron Goddess, Lady Artemis had told her that the previous Maidens of Chastity also had lovers in the past, and were even able to give birth to children in secret, away from the eyes of the public.

Because of this, she received the Goddess' blessing and permission to marry William, allowing the Half-Elf to receive a piece of her Divinity.

As to what that power was, William didn't know. All he knew was that something had changed inside him the night he made love with Celeste.

The beautiful Elf clasped her hands together, making the silver radiance surrounding the Half-Elf intensify.

William clashed with Surtr a second time and, this time, he wasn't blown away completely, but only pushed back dozens of meters.

The seven tablets of creation hovered around him and shot magical projectiles at the Fire Giant.

Stormcaller and Soleil weren't being idle either as they shot lightning bolts, and fireballs at their Master's opponent.

Surtr didn't even bother to dodge the attacks, and simply took them head on as he once again slashed his sword towards William, making the temperature in the surroundings rise rapidly due to the heat of the Flames of Destruction.

William didn't bother to clash with the blade and simply evaded it, turning into a lightning bolt as he closed the gap between them.

With one powerful thrust, the Half-Elf turned into a white comet, which flew towards the Fire Giant's chest. However, before he could even reach his target, Surtr's left palm swatted him away, making him crash towards the ground, skidding for hundreds of meters before coming to a complete stop.

'I thought I had him for sure,' the Half-Elf thought as he wiped the blood that flowed from the corner of his lips with the back of his left hand.

"For someone so big, his movements are quite fast," Celeste stated as he looked at the God of Destruction with a grim expression on her face. "He could even react even though you were as fast as a lightning bolt."

"Yes, he is a cheat," William replied. "However, the biggest cheat of all is that as soon as he started to use his flaming sword in battle, his strength doubled. Out of the Gods of Destruction here, he is the most formidable of all."

The corner of Surtr's lips rose as he made a gesture with his hand, taunting the Half-Elf to come closer to him.

As someone who had fought against Gods and won, Surtr's confidence was justified.

William understood this as well, so he didn't respond to his taunt and simply observed his opponent, and the battle that was happening around him with a critical eye.

Originally, he thought that the Giants that were protecting Surtr would attack him when he clashed with their leader.

On the contrary, the moment he clashed with the Fire Giant, all the other giants distanced themselves because they didn't want to get involved in a battle, where they could potentially die due to Surtr's powerful blows that would annihilate friend and foe alike.

William took a deep breath as the seven tablets of creation returned to his side.

After repeated magical bombardments, the Half-Elf understood that Surtr's armor could withstand most attacks. The only one that could pierce through his defenses were attacks that were empowered by Divinity.

"When the heavens above did not exist,

And earth beneath had not come into being"

There was Apsu, the first in order, their begetter,

And demiurge Tiamat, who gave birth to them all."

The Half-Elf chanted as the tablets surrounding him glowed brightly. With his strength alone, he knew that he wouldn't be able to defeat the Fire Giant, so he decided to call upon the Divine Wills within the Tablets of Creation to aid him in battle.

"Mother of Creation, ruler of every creature in the world, I call upon your mercy," William said softly. "Come to my aid, so my enemies will get a taste of your overwhelming might. Support me with your Heavenly Blessing, and grant me your sacred favor."

The tablets flew towards the sky to create a seven-pointed star that encompassed the red mists, turning the entire battlefield crimson colors.

"Let the world tremble at your greatness!" William roared. "Bathe the world with your Divine Will!"

"Enuma Elish!"

A draconic roar thundered from the seven pointed star at the sky as William called forth one of the most ancient Goddesses in creation, who no longer existed in the current world.

A seven-headed dragon made her appearance, making everyone look at the spectacle in the sky.

Without a second thought, the seven-headed dragon unleashed seven Dragon Breaths, with different colors, which all headed towards the Flame Giant who had taken a defensive stance.

The flames hit the Fire Giant's body directly, pushing him thousands of meters away before an earth-shaking explosion ensued.

The blast was so bright, that everyone was forced to momentarily cover their eyes due to how blinding it was.

Half a minute later, the Half-Elf stared at the burning mushroom cloud in the distance, as he gripped the silver spear in his hand.

Tiamat, who was hovering above the heavens, gave another thunderous roar before flying in the direction of the giant blaze.

Seeing the turn of events, the Half-Elf turned into a lightning bolt and flew alongside the seven-headed dragon.

William knew that Tiamat's attack wouldn't be enough to kill the Fire Giant.

At the very least, he hoped that the attack injured him, allowing him to gain a bit of advantage in their battle.

As they neared the place where the raging inferno raged, a mocking laughter reached the Half-Elf's ears.

"Tiamat... it has been thousands of years since I last saw you," Surtr's voice was firm and steady, making the Half-Elf's expression turn solemn. "Back then, I didn't have the opportunity to kill you personally, so this is good as well."

From within the flames, Surtr emerged, his entire body blazing, making him look like a human torch, who was holding a flaming sword in his hand.

"Even if you're just a piece of Divinity, let me add your name to the list of Gods that have fallen into my hands!" Surtr roared as he ran towards the seven-headed dragon who didn't back down and charged at him as well.

William continued his charge alongside Tiamat as he activated his Godslaying power to the fullest. All he needed was one opportunity, and as long as an opening appeared, he would unleash an all out attack, containing all the Divinity he could muster.

Chapter 1450: Bathe The World With Your Divine Will! Enuma Elish! [Part 2]

Surtr and Tiamat clashed, which resulted with one of her seven heads being sliced off her body.

However, in exchange, the other Dragon Heads buried their razor sharp teeth in the Fire Giant's body, holding him in place.

Even his right hand, which was holding his flaming sword, had been bitten, preventing the Fire Giant from making any further moves.

The Half-Elf who was waiting for this opportunity appeared behind Surtr's head and prepared to stab him from behind.



However, before he could even initiate his attack, the Fire Giant did something unexpected. Surtr smacked the Half-Elf's body using the back of his head, which forced the latter to defend at the last second.

Just like a tennis ball being hit by a racket, the Half-Elf's body smashed into the ground, creating a crater, making blood spurt from his mouth.

The Fire giant then kned the Dragon, pushing its body a little, allowing his right hand to break free.

A second later, another one of the Dragon's heads was cut off from her body, turning into particles of light.

With one mighty roar, the five remaining heads unleashed a Dragon Breath at point blank range, blasting the giant in front of her.

Surtr was blown away by the attack, which made his body fall over the Half-Elf, who was still struggling to prop himself up from the ground, due to the latest injury he received.

Seeing that he no longer had the leeway to waste any time, William gritted his teeth as he turned into a lightning bolt, skidding on the ground in order to evade the body of the Fire Giant that was about to fall on top of him.

Flaming rocks, and molten lava, rose in the air as the Fire Giant fell on his back.

The seven-headed dragon gave another deafening roar, as it prepared to unleash another Dragon Breath to annihilate the God before it.

Without any warning, Surtr threw his flaming sword at one of the Dragon's seven heads, slicing it off from her body.

A pained cry emerged from the four remaining heads before unleashing four Dragon Breaths at the same time.

The Fire Giant didn't have time to retrieve his weapon, so what he did was to roll on the ground, evading the breath attack, which left large patches of burning magma on the ground, making it look like a scene from hell.

In fact, the entire section of the battlefield where William, Tiamat, and Surtr were fighting had already been set ablaze, which reminded the Half-Elf of the River of Hell in the Underworld.

Even so, as a Fire Giant, Surtr had a very high resistance against fire, but Tiamat's Divine flames still did a good number on him.

Parts of Surtr's armor were destroyed when he received Tiamat's full-powered attacks earlier. However, despite having minor injuries, the Fire Giant wasn't too bothered because his flames could regenerate his body, allowing it to recover gradually.

William, who was watching this scene from a distance, raised his left hand to summon the seven tablets of creation, whose lights were already dim.

He had already used up most of its Divinity, so he could no longer summon any of the wills residing in it.

But, William thought of a plan to overcome this hurdle as he gathered the Divinity in his body.

A moment later, the sound of a bell reverberated in the battlefield.

The seven tablets hovering around William glowed in a silver light, as the Half-Elf channeled his God Slaying powers into them.

Not long after, the tablets emitted a light similar to a newly-born star, making Surtr glance in William's direction.

"Take it!" William ordered. "Take everything!"

The Seven Tablets answered his call as they drained every last bit of Divine Energy from William's body, which he planned to use to slay Surtr.

But, after exchanging several blows with the Fire Giant, the Half-Elf understood that his power alone was not enough to deal the killing blow.

Surtr may not be a Primordial God, but after vanquishing many worlds, and absorbing the Divine essences of his slain foes, his power now equaled the first few Protogenois who were born at the very start of creation, which put him on par with the Primordial Goddesses of Darkness, and Light.

Knowing this fact, William decided to merge the rest of his Divinity, with the remaining Divinity of the Wills of the Gods that resided inside the Tablets of Creation for one final attack.

Surtr, who didn't treat William as a true threat earlier, now felt that the Divinity that gathered around the Half-Elf was capable of dealing a fatal blow to his Divine Body.

Tiamat, who sensed what William was planning to do, gave the Half-Elf a side-long glance before shifting her attention back to the Fire Giant, whom she had marked as her enemy.

The four remaining Dragon heads on her body prepared to attack Surtr, at the same time that the Half-Elf unleashed his attack. This was the only chance they had to deal the killing blow to the God of Destruction, ending his tyranny once and for all.

"Celestial God, ruler of the skies that has long been forgotten, may you hear my desperate prayer," William said softly as he felt his entire body becoming heavy due to the loss of the Divinities that he had accumulated over the years.

"Grant me your strength, so I may slay the enemies that bring Chaos upon the world. Support me with your Heavenly Blessing, and grant me your sacred favor."

The tablets shone brightly, imitating the rays of the sun with William at its center.

"Marduk! Let your eternal light pierce through the darkness, and slay my foes with your Divine might!" William roared. "Obliterate all who stand before me!"

Behind William, the image of a handsome man, holding a bow and arrow in his hand appeared.

The God, who was once the head of a powerful pantheon that had been lost through time, pulled back the string of the bow until he could pull no longer. The tip of his arrow shone like a star as it gathered all the Wills of the Gods inside the Tablets of Creation.

Seeing this, Tiamat roared and lunged at Surtr. Its four remaining dragon heads bit his body, preventing the Fire Giant from moving.

Marduk narrowed his eyes, as he opened his lips to say the two words that would mark the end of his era.

The two words that contained his world's legacy, that he now shared with William in his direst moment.

"Enuma Elish...", Marduk said in a word that was almost akin to a whisper as he let loose the arrow in his hand.

At the blink of an eye, the arrow pierced through Surtr's flesh, and the world was bathed with Marduk's Divine Might.