

Strongest 1451

Chapter 1451: FOR THE HORDE! [PART 1]

On the other side of the battlefield, several minutes before William summoned Tiamat...

Ahriman's body smashed against one of the Giants that were fighting on the frontlines of the battle, pushing it back alongside the Giants that were right behind him.

"I-Impossible!" Ahriman said through gritted teeth as he slowly propped himself up from the pile of bodies under him.

His gaze locked on the old man who was mounted on top of an eight-legged horse who was looking down at him as if he was a piece of sh*t.

The moment William charged towards Surtr, Ahriman tried to follow, but was blocked by the old man whom he'd belittled.

However, after being trashed around one-sidedly, the former God of Chaos and Darkness couldn't understand how James was doing it.

"How?!" Ahriman asked. "You lost your Divinity when you died. How can you be so strong?!"

James sneered after hearing Ahriman's words before throwing his spear behind his back, piercing the forehead of the Giant who tried to sneak attack him from behind.

"I lost my Divinity, true," James replied. "But, I didn't lose the most important thing in the world and that is..."

The old bandit of Lont pointed his thumb to his chest making Ahriman's face turn grim.

"Nonsense!" Ahriman shouted. "You spout nonsense. You are just a pitiful old man that has been forgotten for thousands of years!"

"Forgotten, yes." James nodded. "As for pitiful? Tell me, when was the last time you looked in the mirror?"

With an angry roar, Ahriman lunged at James as black wings sprouted from his back. He couldn't believe that someone who had already lost his Godhood was able to make him feel as if he was nothing more than a baby trying to fight against an adult in a fist fight.

James yawned as Ahriman approached him, allowing the latter to punch the hand that covered the old man's lips.

A wicked smile graced Ahriman's lips as he looked at James, but his smile instantly disappeared when he noticed that James was completely unhurt by his full-powered punch.

The bandit of Lont casually moved his hand away from his lips, as he gazed at his opponent whose face was full of utter disbelief.

"Is that your best punch?" James asked as he pulled his right arm back and formed a fist with his hand. "Then, let me show you what a real punch is."

Without another word, James smashed his fist into Ahriman's face, sending the latter flying backwards for hundreds of meters until he collided with the Goddess of Immorality, Kakia, making the latter cry out in shock.

Just like the others Gods of Destruction, they didn't think much of James when he made his appearance. For them, adding one more old man to their list of enemies wasn't a big deal, but they quickly changed their mind after the one-sided beating that Ahriman was receiving from James' hand.

"Need some help, James?"

Vlad, the Demigod who had become good friends with James, and protected Lont for a time, asked as he appeared beside him.

Just like all the other Demigods that William had gathered for the war, Vlad's Rank was now upgraded to that of a Pseudo-God, making him more powerful than his past self.

His son, Jekyll, had managed to break through to the Demigod Realm not too long ago, and was lucky enough to be part of the blessing that allowed him to step into the Initial-Stage of the Pseudo-God rank.

"You deal with the Giants that get in my way," James replied. "I'll beat up the rest."

"Hahaha! Very well!" Vlad smirked as he gave James a knowing smile.

The two of them had fought against each other in the past, and that was also when Vlad came to know about James' true strength, that the latter had been hiding since the time they had met.

However, Vlad also understood that James couldn't casually call upon his power anytime he wanted. Just like a water barrel, with a small hole at its bottom, James' strength would gradually disappear if he used it often.

Because of this, the old bandit had placed a seal upon himself, reducing his strength by leaps and bounds.

"Let's go," James said as Sleipnir sprinted towards the Ahriman, and the Goddess of Immorality.

Vlad followed behind him, and repelled the Giants who tried to attack James, and block him from his advance.

In another part of the battlefield...

Several chains materialized in the air as a Demihuman Goat with wings, which was similar to the image of Baphomet, slaughtered Giant Bats and Demogorgons without pause.

He was none other than Takam.

The God that resided in the Kyrintor Mountains, and the only Demigod that had helped William during the war in the Southern Continent.

Takam, who also became a Pseudo-God after receiving Leviathan's and Tarasque blessing, hovered between the hellish monsters, and the Human armies, protecting the latter from the denizens of hell, who had climbed up to the surface to lay destruction upon the world.

"I'll kill you!" the One-Eyed Giant, Balor, shouted as he unleashed a red-beam of light from his eye towards the Guardian of the Kyrintor Mountains.

Takam calmly raised his hand, and several chains merged together forming a giant ice snake, which he unleashed towards the red-beam of light that was targeted at him.

The two powers collided, making crackling sounds, and sent sparks flying in every direction.

When the two powers canceled each other, Balor flew towards Takam and lashed his flame whip against the Goat-like Pseudo-God, which the latter repelled using a whip made of chains.

Since Takam was currently fighting against one of the most powerful forces working for the Army of Destruction, the Giant bats, and the Demogorgons rushed towards the Allied Armies, killing them, and being killed in return.

The only problem was that after a few minutes, other denizens from hell emerged from the split in the ground, joining the ranks of the Giant Bats and Demogorgons as they continued to slaughter all those who stood against their way.

With a loud shout, a young man with dark-brown hair smashed his wooden staff against one of the Demogorgons that had managed to break past the first line of defense of the Hellan Kingdom's Army.

He was none other than William's best friend, Theo, who was also a Shepherd.

Just like all-able bodied men and women in the world, Theo also trained very hard in order to fight against the Army of Destruction.

Fighting beside him was Matthew, William's cousin, who was also Leah's husband.

Unlike his father, who could turn into a dragon, Matthew could only transform himself into a demihuman Dragon, which covered his entire body in dragon scale, and allowed him to use his sharp claws to rend his opponents apart.

"Hold the line, Theo!" Matthew shouted. "We can't let them get past us!"

"I know!" Theo replied as he swung his staff left and right, sending the monsters he hit flying. "Damn, there's no end to them!"

Aside from the Giant Bats and Demogorgons, Hellish Imps, and Hell Hounds joined the fray, putting great pressure on the Mortal Armies, who were now slowly being pushed back due to the seemingly endless reinforcements coming from Hell.

Suddenly, two Hell Hounds lunged at Theo from behind, with the intention of biting off the Shepherds' head while he was busy dealing with the Demogorgons in front of him.

"Theo!" Matthew cried out as he tried to help his friend, but was blocked by four Imps carrying forked spears in their hands.

He could only watch helplessly as the two Hell Hounds descended upon the Shepherd with a vengeance.

Chapter 1452: FOR THE HORDE! [PART 2]

Hearing Matthew's shout, Theo turned his head to look behind him.

In that instance, the world seemed to move in slow motion as the Hell Hounds' jaws slowly descended towards Theo's body, who was unable to react in time.

Suddenly, two giant hands grabbed the head of the two Hell Hounds and smashed them against each other.

However, the Giant Ox Revenant sensed that the Hell Hounds were still alive so he smashed both of their heads on the ground, crushing them to a pulp.

"Two," Erchitu said as he glared at the opponents in front of him.

Without even looking back at the Shepherd he saved, Erchitu summoned his Adamantine Axe and split the bodies of the Demogorgons who tried to attack him using their numbers.

"Ten!" Erchitu shouted as he continued to slaughter the monsters around him.

"My turn!"

A Demonic Dog materialized behind Erchitu's shadow, and unleashed several dark whips which wrapped around the Giant Bats that were harassing the Hellan Soldiers, burning them with Dark Flames.

"Six!" Psoglav then set his eyes on the Giant Flying Bats and Imps in the sky as two bat-like wings appeared behind his back.

He then flew into the air and fired several dark fireballs at the Imps and Giant Bats that were busy targeting the warriors on the ground, who were engaged in battle with the other monsters.

"Twenty!" Psoglav chuckled as he continued his aerial barrage on his opponents.

Not far from them, a two-meter tall Goblin Paladin slashed at his enemies with a silver sword. However, after seeing the number of monsters that his friends were slaying, Jareth raised his left arm and pointed it at his enemies.

After gathering enough Hell Credits, Jareth decided to modify his left arm, so he could turn it into a robotic arm that could transform into a magical cannon that could deal long-range magical damage.

"Plasma Cannon, Fire!" Jareth roared and all the monsters in front of him exploded into fleshy bits, killing hundreds of them with one blow.

"Three hundred twenty," Jareth said calmly, making Erchitu and Psoglav curse him internally.

"S-Sh*t! I knew I should have also chosen to have one of those high-spec add-ons," Psoglav cursed. "I thought having wings was cool so I chose these instead. Damn it!"

Erchitu glanced at his Goblin friend before charging head-on towards the cluster of Demogorgons that were still climbing out of the split ground.

The three of them had a bet that the one with the least number of monsters killed would obey the command of the other two for a day.

Because of this, none of them wanted to lose, so they rampaged across the battlefield, killing monsters left and right.

Amidst the shouts, curses, war cries, in the battlefield, the faint sound of a guitar was playing.

"A long, long time ago, I can still remember, when the Humans were under an attack," A rainbow-colored-anteater sang while having a pained look on his face. "And I knew if I had my chance, I can make those people dance, and maybe, they'd be happy for a while."

When the monsters from hell rose to the Surface World, Kasogonaga was currently having his concert in the Underworld.

Seeing that the perfect opportunity had arrived, the rainbow-colored Anteater along with his friends, all used the path that the forces of hell used to rise up to the surface.

They had received their original bodies from William and had modified them in the Underworld, making them stronger.

In fact, if they wished, they could leave the Underworld at any time, but they knew that they would not be able to help William that way.

Instead, they all collected Hell Credits so that they could recruit allies to join their fight.

Naturally, Kasogonaga's fans, who were also briefed on the current situation, decided to come along with him and go to the Surface World to join the fight.

Over the past two years, his band had collected enough merit points to arm their tens of thousands of fans with weapons that they could use to fight in the Surface World.

Usually, Undead Spirits like them weren't allowed to leave the Underworld because that was one of the rules that Thanatos had made. However, as if getting the God of Death's silent permission, no one stopped the tens of thousands of Undead from going to the surface, ready to fight alongside their idol.

It was at this time when a Hell Hound lunged towards Kasogonaga, who was singing while holding a mic in his hands.

The Anteater was so immersed in his song that he didn't notice that a Hell Hound had targeted him.

Suddenly, a pained cry resonated in the battlefield as one of the lady Anteaters, who belonged to the I-Love-Kazo Fans Club, whacked the Hell Hound with a spiked baseball bat. A moment later the pitiful Hell Hound was mobbed by Kasogonaga's angry fans, getting torn to pieces.

Unaware of the bloodshed going on around him, Kasogonaga continued to sing.

"But the Gods of Destruction's response didn't thrill us.

They summoned their army and tried to kill us.

We won't escape from those fags, We will show them whose badass...

I can't remember if I cried,

When I was sealed in a block of ice.

But something touched me deep inside...

The day I met... this boy."

Kasogonaga then opened his eyes and raised one of its paws towards his sky.

"That's our cue!" a lady Anteater said as she tapped her friend who was holding a spotlight in her hands. The two of them were currently riding on top of Winged Antz that belonged to William's King's Legion.

The spotlight then shone down upon the rainbow-colored Anteater, making his fans cheer, while they massacred the Monsters that tried to get near their idol as he sang the chorus of his song.

I am Rolling~

My~ My~ this red-headed guy~

Maybe Dark Prince someday later, now he's just a small fry~

He died in his world, and said to his beloved goodbye~

Wishing he and her would be under the same sky.

Wishing he and her would be under the same sky~

Suddenly, a loud screech spread in the surroundings, making the rainbow-colored Anteater look up

His friend, Scadrez, the Blood Eagle, dove down from the sky, and flew towards his old friend, whom he missed dearly.

As if they had practiced this move several times in the past, Kasogonaga jumped into the air, and the Blood Eagle caught him perfectly on its back.

Scadrez circled the battlefield and flew above the tens of thousands of souls that had followed Kasogonaga from the Underworld.

"Everyone, let's go!" Kasogonaga shouted as it pointed its little paw towards the God of Evil, Erlik, who was also responsible for summoning the Monsters from Hell to the Surface World.

"FOR THE HORDE!" Kasogonaga roared with its adorable voice as the warriors of the Underworld followed behind him.

The hundreds of Lady Anteaters, who were riding on tops of Winged Antz, were not far behind the Blood Eagle, Scadrez, serving as their Idol's bodyguards.

They weren't afraid, even if they were going to fight against Gods. The only thing they were afraid of was to not be able to shine on the same stage as their idol!

The Army of Destruction had seen many things during their campaigns, but never had they seen the souls of the dead rise up from the Underworld to fight against them in a battle of epic proportions.

The tide of the Souls of the Dead swept over the Monsters and started a one-sided massacre, with Kasogonaga at the lead. They were relentless. Since they were souls, physical attacks didn't work on them, so the monsters which excelled in physical combat could only be hopelessly massacred by them.

When the Blood Eagle was only a few hundreds of meters away from the God of Evil, Erlik, Kasogonaga shouted once again, making the lady Anteaters prepare to accompany their Lord to battle.

"Everyone, let's go!" Kasogonaga shouted as it jumped off the Blood Eagle's back and curled up into a ball, transforming into a ten-meter tall spiked wrecking ball.

The lady Anteaters also jumped off the Winged Antz they were riding on and also curled up in the air, turning into spiked wrecking balls as well.

With one mighty shout that reverberated in the battlefield, the Deity of the Sky made his appearance one more time, fighting alongside Humanity during its darkest moments.

"I'M ROLLING!"

Kasogonaga fearlessly descended towards the God of Evil, with the newly modified body he had acquired, that could withstand the attacks of Gods.

The Lady Anteaters also rolled towards the God Erlik, as they too shouted their warcry to imitate the rainbow-colored Anteater, who was shining brightly, serving as a banner of hope for everyone on the battlefield.

""""WE'RE ROLLING!""""

Chapter 1453: Time For All Of You To Feel True Despair

Yaldabaoth was one of the most evil Gods in existence, and he had many titles.

He was often referred to as the Malevolent Demiurge, or "False Creator God".

Just like his title suggested, he was a powerful God that could create anything in existence, even a universe filled with living creatures.

In truth, the true Mastermind behind the Army of Destruction was none other than Yaldabaoth.

He was the God that decided which world was meant to be destroyed, but he didn't just randomly choose which worlds to destroy.

No. Even though he was evil, there was a certain law that he followed, and that was the lifespan of the world.

Just like how a mortal child would be born, grow, and die, the Malevolent Demiurge would only send his Army when the time was ripe. Naturally, those who lived on that world would do their best to resist their demise, which was only a natural thing to do.

No one wanted to die.

Even Gods who lived for thousands of years would like to live longer, but Yaldabaoth didn't care whether they wanted to live or die. Regardless of how powerful they were, their deaths would come as

soon as his Army descended upon their home worlds, and destroyed its core, making all their believers vanish from existence, and thereby make them die as well.

Now, as the battle started to become even due to the various reinforcements that came from the Asgardians, as well as Kasogonaga's Underworld Forces, Yaldabaoth knew that the destruction of the world would be stopped if he didn't do something.

The False Creator God was a Lion-headed serpent that was over a hundred meters long, and he observed the battlefield with a critical eye, while he flicked his tongue, determining who was getting the upper hand.

'The resistance this time is just as troublesome as the one we had with Asgard,' Yaldabaoth mused. 'Even Odin reincarnated into this world, and is giving us a staunch opposition. Also... that boy spells trouble.'

The Lion-headed serpent eyed William in the distance and he could feel the power of a God Slayer within his body. An existence that could fight against Divine Beings who lorded the mortal worlds.

'Fortunately, it seems that he can only muster a fraction of his power,' Yaldabaoth thought. 'Surtr will be enough to ki—'

The Malevolent Demiurge's eyes widened in shock when he saw William summon Tiamat.

As one of the oldest Goddesses in existence, he knew what Tiamat was capable of, so he thought that Surtr was going to have a problem with her. Fortunately, the one that the Half-Elf summoned was just a fragment of her Will, which was unable to unleash her true powers.

Seeing how Surtr easily cut one of the heads of the seven-headed dragon put Yaldabaoth at ease.

However, just before the False Creator God could shift his attention elsewhere, he felt a surge of power that made his heart tremble.

'Marduk!' Yaldabaoth hissed when he saw one of the most powerful Gods that existed thousands of years ago.

Among Gods, there were those who specialized in killing other Gods, and Marduk was one of them.

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

Yaldabaoth screeched as he used his Divine Powers to prevent Surtr from dying.

A blinding explosion erupted somewhere in the battlefield as Marduk's God Slaying arrow pierced the Fire Giant's flesh.

William gritted his teeth as he held on to Stormcaller and Soleil to keep himself from being blown away by the aftermath of his strongest attack that he had squeezed every bit of his Divinity into in order to put an end to the God before him.

When the light receded, a dense dust cloud appeared in his vision, preventing him from seeing anything.

Suddenly, he saw a faint spark at the center of the dust cloud, which made William's face turn ashen.

A moment later, a giant Fire Serpent charged at the Half-Elf, turning the ground where it passed into molten magma.

Stormcaller and Soleil flew in front of William and unleashed lightning bolts and radiant flames, which merged together forming a fiery lightning tornado that collided against the Flame Serpent.

However, it only took less than a second for Stormcaller's and Soleil's attack to disperse, forcing the Half-Elf to jump to the side, barely evading the attack that came from the Fire Serpent within the dust cloud.

The Fire Serpent continued its trajectory, leaving a trail of flames that rose high in the air, creating a hellish scene.

William gritted his teeth as he turned and looked at the Fire Giant whose left arm, and a good portion of his body, had been obliterated by Marduk's and his combined attack. However, that wasn't enough to kill Surtr making the Half-Elf clench his fist so hard that blood started to ooze from his palms.

At the last second, Surtr overpowered Tiamat and used the dragon's body as a shield to mitigate the attack. However, since Marduk's attack was so devastating, it passed through the seven-headed dragon's body, completely obliterating a quarter of Surtr's body in the process.

"Congratulations, boy," Surtr said as he looked at the Half-Elf whose helpless expression made him sneer. "You almost killed me. Now, playtime's over."

Using the surplus Divinity that came from Yaldabaoth, the destroyed part of Surtr's body burst into flames. A few seconds later, his arm, and chest area regenerated making those who were paying close attention to William's battle despair.

"Good." Surtr smiled when he saw the horror in everyone's face after seeing his body regenerate. "Now, time for all of you to feel true despair."

The Fire Giant raised his flaming sword towards the heavens, and the flames of his sword rose upwards, turning the entire sky into a blazing inferno.

"Meteor Storm!" Surtr roared.

Then it happened.

Giant flaming fireballs started to descend from the fiery sky, falling towards the bulk of the combined armies that were trying to resist their invasion.

"Noooo!" William shouted as thousands of these giant fireballs started to fall en masse.

The Half-Elf gathered his strength and turned into a lightning bolt, heading straight towards Surtr, while the latter roared in laughter as his attack decimated the armies that tried to oppose him.

Somewhere in the battlefield...

"Erinys, evade!" Shannon shouted as the Half-ling maneuvered her flying ship to dodge one of the fireballs that appeared directly above their ship.

The Flagship of the Holy Order of Light, fared a bit better because the one controlling it was Shana.

With her powers, she was able to predict where the Fireballs would fall, so she hurriedly navigated it away from danger, as everything around them started to burst in flames.

In the location of the Elven Army, the Ent King, Myrendor, raised his head before emitting a defiant roar against the giant fireball which contained the Divinity of a God.

If this attack had come from a Pseudo-God, Myrendor was confident that he could block it. However, an attack of this magnitude was something that he wasn't prepared to face head-on. Even so, he planted his roots deep in the ground as he transformed into a giant tree, using his entire body to block the fireball falling over the Elven Armies.

Princess Aila, and Anh, who was busy helping the injured soldiers, looked up in the sky in despair as the Giant Fireball fell in their direction.

"I won't let you!" Loxos screamed as she guided the attacks of Opis and Hekaerge to destroy the Fireball that was about to fall to the ladies whom she now treated as her sisters.

However, even with the combined powers of three Pseudo-Gods, the only thing they managed to do was to form cracks on the Fireball that was about to kill the people that were important to her husband.

At that moment, several vines rose up from the ground, forming a drill, which pierced through the Giant Fireball, splitting it in half.

Even though it was split in the middle, the two halves still continued to fall, forcing Titania to summon walls of vines, while using her body to shield Princess Aila, and Anh from the imminent disaster that was going to fall on their heads.

A mile away from them, Malacai pressed his hands together, moving Avalon to block one of the Giant Fireballs that were about to fall in their location.

The Arcane Spectral Lich, urged his Bone Dragon to fly upwards, using all of his powers to block the attack that was about to fall upon the Hellan Army.

As its founder, he would not allow the armies that symbolized his kingdom to perish.

The Headmaster of Hestia Academy, Byron, did the same. Without batting an eye, he flew towards a Fireball that was headed towards the students of Hestia Academy, in an attempt to stop it with his full powered attack.

Similar scenes were happening everywhere, as Pseudo-Gods, Demigods, and even mortals alike, did their best to save the people around them from complete annihilation.

However, no matter how hard they tried, these fireballs descended to the ground, and instantly vaporized anything within a mile radius around it.

Chapter 1454: He's Just Half-Dead

More than half of the brave defenders of Hestia, the Asgardians, as well as the Underworld warriors that Kasogonaga had brought with him, died without leaving anything behind.

"Dra... umm... I live the rest... to you," Myrendor, the Ent King, and the strongest Pseudo-God of the Silvermoon Continent breathed his last as the embers of destruction burned his entire body.

"Myrendor!" Drauum roared in anger as he rushed to the Ent King who had sacrificed his life to protect the Elven Armies from complete annihilation.

Upon seeing the death of their Guardians, the Elves dropped the weapons in their hands as they fell into despair.

"I-It's impossible. We can't win. All of us are going to die!"

"I don't want to die! Someone, anyone, wake me up from this nightmare!"

"Nooooo! I don't want to die!"

"Help! Someone save us!"

Hundreds of Elves fell on their knees as they cried and wailed for someone to save them.

They had done their best to fight, despite the great disparity between their opponents, but Surtr's hellish attack broke them completely.

In that instant, they all knew that there was no chance of winning, making them feel that everything they did was useless.

"Kill them!" One of the Giants shouted, as they hacked apart the defenders who had lost their will to fight.

Everywhere in the battlefield, the same scene was happening.

Several Demigods and Pseudo-Gods died, as they did their best to block Surtr's attack. Although they succeeded, those they had saved no longer had the courage to continue fighting as they allowed themselves to be killed, so that their suffering would end.

"Ugh..." Loxos slowly propped herself up from the ground, and looked at her surroundings.

Her sisters, Opis, and Hekaerge, lay on the ground several meters away from her, with various injuries on their bodies. The worst part was that they were unconscious, and Loxos didn't know how severe their injuries were.

Even though she was injured, and every part of her body was aching, she knew that she couldn't remain on the ground, or their enemies would kill them without the power to resist.

Loxos tried to stand, but she felt so weak that her body wasn't responding to her.

The young nymph then glanced in the direction where Titania was at. What she saw almost made her soul leave her body because the beautiful Fairy Queen, who used her body to protect Princess Aila and Anh, dangled from the hands of one of the Giants.

Blood dripped down from the injuries of her body, while her dress was in tatters.

Princess Aila, and Anh, on the other hand, was lying on the ground, right beside the Giant's foot, who had its attention on the unconscious Fairy Queen in his hand.

As if sensing Loxos' gaze, the Giant looked in her direction before giving her a devilish smile. A moment later, the Giant opened his mouth as he moved Titania over it.

"Stoop!" Loxos screamed. "Please stop!"

The Giant ignored her and bit the Fairy Queen's legs, tearing them off from her body.

"Noooo!" Loxos screamed as tears streamed down her eyes. She knew that there was a possibility of them dying in this war, but to actually see one of her sisters being eaten right in front of her made her feel true despair.

The pain that followed after having her legs eaten woke Titania up, making her open her eyes.

The beautiful Fairy Queen looked at the Giant who was chewing her legs, and the latter looked back at her with a hint of mischief in his eyes.

Clearly, the Giant planned to make the beautiful fairy despair, by eating her bit by bit, until she screamed and begged for her life.

However, Titania didn't scream.

Despite the great pain she was feeling, she glanced in Loxos direction with a smile.

"Take care of Will for me," Titania said as a single teardrop streamed down the side of her face. "Tell him I love him."

"Tiana!" Loxos shouted as she tried to muster her power to attack the Giant.

Titania only allowed a select few to call her Tiana. It was part of her True Name, and those who could call her that way were the people she trusted with all of her heart.

Seeing that his food didn't plan to beg for her life, the Giant decided to just eat her up whole, and torture the two girls beside his feet. Perhaps, the two mortal ladies would beg for their lives, which would make him enjoy their desperate cries of mercy, as he ate them slowly.

Titania gave Loxos one last smile as her body fell inside the Giant's mouth.

"Noooooooooooo!" Loxos screamed with every fiber of her being as she watched one of the most important people in her life get eaten by the hateful giant who didn't show any mercy.

However, before the giant could even close his mouth to crush Titania's body with his teeth, his entire body turned into ice.

A moment later, the giant ice statue shattered.

Loxos, whose vision was already blurry due to the tears covering her eyes, saw the faint image of someone with light-blue hair fluttering in the breeze.

After rubbing her eyes the young nymph was able to see an otherworldly beauty with two crimson horns protruding out of her head.

In her arms, was the Fairy Queen, who was still alive, but seriously injured.

Princess Aila, and Anh, who were lying on the ground stirred, as they looked around in their surroundings.

The first thing they saw was the blue-haired young lady, carrying Titania in her arms.

"Tiana!" Princess Aila hurriedly stood up despite her injuries after seeing the Fairy Queen's current state.

The first thing she did was to immediately use her Life Magic in order to stabilize the Fairy Queen's condition.

Although she couldn't do anything to restore Titania's legs for the moment, saving the Fairy Queen's life was her priority.

Anh rummaged through her storage ring, and took out several High-Quality healing potions that William had given her before the war started.

The one-horned demon gently poured it on the Fairy Queen's injuries, speeding up the process of her recovery.

"I'll leave her to you," the young lady with light-blue hair said, while gently laying the Fairy Queen on the ground. "I need to help others."

Without waiting for their reply, the young lady disappeared, and soon, all of the Giants that were near William's wives, turned into Ice Statues, which all shattered into hundreds of pieces.

"Gah!" William's body smashed on the ground, creating a small crater.

It only took two exchanges before Surtr sent him flying.

The silver radiance around him disappeared, as his hair returned to its red color, proving that he could no longer keep his Einherjar form.

William tried to prop himself up, but his body no longer listened to him. Every time he inhaled, he could feel stinging pain in his chest, as blood spilled from the corner of his lips.

One of his legs was also bent in an unnatural angle, making him unable to move it.

The only thing he could move right now was his fingers, and his blood-shot eyes that were looking at the approaching giant who was looking at him with amusement.

"I have to thank you, Half-Elf," Surtr said as he walked towards the fallen Half-Elf with a sinister smile on his face. "It has been a while since I've been able to get serious. In order to honor your effort to entertain me, I will give you a swift death. This will be my mercy to you. So, go to the afterlife knowing that everyone you cared for will soon follow you to Hell!"

Surtr raised his flaming sword to deliver the finishing blow to the Half-Elf when suddenly, the Fire Giant took a defensive stance.

A second later, Sharur smashed against the flaming Blade, making Surtr take a step back.

"Get away from him!" Chiffon shouted as she swung her mace a second time. "Get away from Will!"

"It's you again," Surtr commented. "Traitor of the giant race. You still haven't learned your lesson after thousands of years."

Surtr swung his sword, which forced Chiffon to block it. However, the attack of a God was too strong for her to handle, making her skid dozens of meters on the ground.

"Shatter the Firmament! Gleipnir!"

A golden dragon attacked Surtr from behind, but the Fire Giant simply swung his blade and dispersed the Golden Dragon as if it was made of air.

A second later Black and Purple Fireballs pummeled Surtr's body as Celine and Princess Sidonie, unleashed their Divinities in an attempt to kill the God of Destruction who had seriously injured their beloved.

However, their attacks only managed to leave faint scratches on Surtr's body, which healed after a few seconds.

"Die!" Shannon yelled as she summoned the giant Monsters which she had drawn before the battle started.

However, these monsters were all split in half as Surtr swung his sword with ease.

"G-Get away from him!" William shouted as blood dripped from his lips. "All of you get away from here!"

Surtr gave the Half-Elf a side-long glance before looking at the flying ship where several beautiful ladies were attacking him without pause.

"Are all of them your women?" Surtr asked as a plan formed inside his head. He wanted to make the Half-Elf suffer and the best way to do that was to kill the people that were important to him, right in front of his face.

As if understanding what the Giant was thinking, William once again shouted for his wives to leave. However, none of them listened to him.

They knew that if they left him, the Half-Elf would die, which was something they didn't want to happen.

"All of you go!" William shouted. "Leave me!"

"You're too noisy," Surtr said before snapping his finger.

An explosion took place and the Half-Elf's body was blown away, making his wives cry out in alarm.

"Everyone, attack!" Celine roared as she once again bombarded Surtr with her wrathful flames that had grown in intensity due to her rage.

William, whose injuries became more severe after Surtr's attack, could only look on helplessly as his wives fought with everything they had.

'Not... again.' William bit his lip until it drew blood. 'I said... that this time... it would be different. I promised...'

'Move!' William shouted in his heart. "Move! Move! Move! Move!"

The Half-Elf's fingers dug on the ground as he tried to prop himself up, but he could not muster any strength in his body.

He could only watch helplessly as Chiffon was kicked by Surtr, sending the body of the pink-haired Giantess skidding across the ground for several meters.

He watched as Surtr always gave him side-long glances, as if making sure that the Half-Elf was seeing the suffering that his wives were experiencing at the moment. Although the distance was quite far, he could see the amusement in Surtr's expression as he destroyed Eriny's flying ship, causing all the women riding on it to fall from the sky.

Fortunately, a few of them could fly, so none of them fell to their deaths. However, instead of escaping, they stood between William and Surtr.

They had no intention of letting the Fire Giant pass through them, and kill the person they loved.

Tears started to form in William's eyes as he looked at his injured wives, who were fighting for his sake.

'Someone! Anyone! I am willing to pay any price, just give me the strength to kill these Gods who toy with our mortal lives!' William screamed in his heart. 'I will do anything! Just give me the power to protect those important to me! To protect those I love!'

A sob escaped William's lips as the seconds passed by without hearing any answers. He had already closed his eyes, and his tears fell like rain.

The Half-Elf didn't care where the help was coming from, or what kind of price he had to pay. As long as he was able to wipe the sneer off Surtr's face, he was even willing to even sell his soul to the Devil.

It was at this moment, when William was feeling as if all hope was lost, he heard two voices, which made him open his tear-stained eyes.

"My Goodness! We just took a nap and you're already at your wits end? This is very unbecoming of you, Will."

"Kekeke. Maybe he didn't drink enough vitamins? Having that many wives requires a lot of energy."

Through his blurry vision, the images of an angelic and devilish familiar appeared in front of him.

Elliot was licking a lollipop, while Conan held a King Chess piece in his two hands. The two familiars were looking down on the Half-Elf with smiles on their faces.

"E-Elliot?" William muttered. "Conan?"

"Good afternoon, Will," Elliot replied. "Did you miss us?"

"Kekeke! You look like you've been run over by Truck-Kun," Conan commented as he momentarily released the King Chess Piece in his hands making it hover in the air. "How many fingers do you see?"

Conan showed William two of his fingers, making Elliot chuckle.

"He's not drunk, Conan." Elliot chuckled. "He's just Half-Dead."

William's tears continued to fall as he looked at his two familiars who had appeared in front of him. He didn't know if he was just hallucinating, or he had already died and had gone to the Afterlife because those were the only two ways that he could see his two familiars, who had sacrificed their lives for his sake.

Deep inside William's Sea of Consciousness, Optimus gave a soft sigh as several rows of text appeared in front of it.

< Requirements have been met! >

< Start up Initiated! >

< Start up Completed! >

Optimus pressed his hands together as if in prayer.

He then opened his lips and said the words that he had been dying to say for the longest time, ever since he had been created to assist William.

< By my authority, begin the process of unlocking... >

< The Strongest System! >

Chapter 1455: For The Alliance!

"Sidonie, retreat and use a healing potion to cure your injury!" Lilith shouted as she used Gleipnir to attack Surtr, while the Succubus Princess backed away to treat her injuries.

Surtr had unleashed a Firestorm which completely destroyed Erinys' flying ship, forcing them all to abandon it.

Erinys could fly, so she caught Superbia, while Celine took care of Invidia.

Shannon was able to survive because of the flying Monster that she had drawn before the battle, allowing her to summon more to protect her sisters from the searing flames, keeping them at bay.

Princess Sidonie was the one who caught Lilith, but the Fire Giant's attack managed to leave a deep gash in her left arm.

Even so, she held onto the Amazon Princess as if her life depended on it, and took her safely to the ground.

"Still resisting?" Surtr asked in a mocking tone. "All of you should just accept your Fate. Today, everyone in this world will die, and even your Patron Goddesses won't be able to save you from destruction."

The members of the Eight Deadly Sins ignored Surtr's mocking words, and worked together to attack him after they had treated their injuries.

Not far away, the members of the Heavenly Virtues were busy helping the Army of the Alliance, who had lost their will to fight.

"It's no use," Melody said as the power of Faith in her body weakened. "They have lost Faith and Hope. If this continues, everyone will..."

"Do not falter!" Lira said as she sliced apart all of the Giant Bats that encircled their flagship. "Just endure and keep on fighting!"

"She's right," Ephemera said as she unleashed a powerful slash that cleaved the head of a Giant just below their flying ship. "If we give up now then they will truly lose hope. We are their beacon, so we shouldn't let our light die out just yet!"

Audrey, who was boosting everyone's morale, continued to pray. However, even with the power of her Divinity, the God of Destruction's attack had crippled everyone's fighting spirit, and some of them didn't even resist the Giants as they were killed.

Perhaps, they had truly reached their limits and they only wanted their suffering to end.

"Puny mortals!" One of the Pseudo-God Ranked Giants roared as he stomped on the ground, turning several Elves into meat paste. "Today is the day of reckoning. All of you can go to the afterlife together and die a dog's death!"

The Giant then killed dozens more before turning his head to look at the Saintess of the World Tree, who was busy healing the injured people in the distance.

As someone who had fought many battles, he knew what the high-profile targets were like. Those who emit strong magical powers, especially those that were capable of healing people, were the targets that they must kill at all costs.

Arwen, who was trying to encourage the Elves to take up arms and fight for their world, was unaware that she had been targeted by one of the Pseudo-God Ranked Giants, who had finally broken through their defenses.

Seeking to gain great merits in the war, the Giant ran towards Arwen with the intention of grinding her under his feet.

However, when he was only dozens of meters away from the Saintess of the World Tree, a beam of light pierced through the back of the head of the Giant, making it stop in its tracks, before falling face down on the ground.

Fortunately, the Elves had finally broken out of their daze and dodged to the side, evading the falling body of the Pseudo-God Giant that died without knowing how he died.

A second later, a dark beam of light pierced through the head a Demigod-Ranked Giant, instantly killing it.

Amidst the chaotic battlefield, the survivors of the Alliance heard voices that made them look up to the sky.

Surtr, who felt something odd, shifted his attention to where the Half-Elf was located a few minutes ago, and didn't find him there.

At that moment, he also heard words coming from the sky.

The Fire Giant then turned his head to the part of the battle where the Army of Destruction was currently fighting the Alliance.

There, he saw a Half-Elf, who seemed to be in a trance as he floated over the battlefield, with two little familiars by his side.

The two familiars were busy killing giants, left and right, without caring for their rank.

Seeing that the morale of the Army had waned, Elliot smiled as he looked at the survivors on the ground who had lost their courage in the face of adversity.

Right now, only the Einherjars, and Kasogonaga's troops were still fighting actively on the battlefield, giving the Army of the Alliance time to recover from their shock.

The Einherjars had already experienced what it was like to fight against the Army of Destruction, so they weren't too affected by the deaths of their comrades.

They knew that it was inevitable, so the only thing they could do for their slain friends was to slay as many Giants as possible in their honor.

Kasogonaga's troops from the Underworld had nothing to fear either. All of them were already dead, so the concept of death didn't scare them at all.

The Alliance had only fought against Human armies, and monsters in the past, but now, they were fighting against Gods.

They had always doubted their chances of winning, but after Surtr's one-sided genocide, they felt that there was no point to continue fighting, making them fall into despair.

It was at this time, when Elliot's and Conan's voice reached them, while they waited for the Half-Elf to complete the transformation that was happening inside his Spiritual World.

"Did you tackle that trouble that came your way with a resolute heart and cheerful?" Elliot asked the people on the ground while pointing a pink lollipop at them, which he held firmly in his hand. "Or hide your face from the light of day with a craven soul and fearful?"

Surprisingly, his voice spread through the entire battlefield, causing everyone to hear him and shift their attention to him.

"Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce, or a trouble is what you make it," Conan said with a smile, as he pointed the King Chess Piece at the Armies that had lost their will to fight. "And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts, but only how did you take it?"

"You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?" Elliot asked again. "Come up with a smiling face."

"It's nothing against you to fall down flat," Conan commented. "But to lie there--that's disgrace."

"The harder you're thrown, the higher you bounce; Be proud of your blackened eye!"

"It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts, It's how did you fight—and why?"

The two familiars glanced at each other and spoke together, waking the armies of the world from the despair that they were suffering from.

"If you battled the best you could,

If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, the Critic will call it good."

"Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,

And whether he's slow or spry,

It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,

But only, how did you die?"

The last question, "but only how did you die?" resonated inside everyone's heads.

The Giant said earlier that all of them would die a dog's death, but none of them wanted that kind of death.

The Alliance then gazed at the Einherjars, and Valkyries who were still waging war against their enemies, and watched some of them die in the process.

But, even so, none of them retreated and pushed on, fighting with everything they had, till they could not fight any longer.

All of them were soldiers, and they had already prepared themselves to die when they decided to fight for their families, their friends, their loved ones, and their world.

This was something that they had momentarily forgotten due to their despair, but after hearing Elliot's and Conan's words, and seeing that there were people who were still fighting and not giving up, those who were kneeling and crying on the ground picked up their weapons and slowly stood up.

Eldon looked at his men, and they all, too, looked back at him with fear in their eyes. And yet, the same fear that they felt inside, could not be seen in the Dwarven King's eyes.

"Dwarves are shorter than most races," Eldon said as he picked up his warhammer from the ground. "But we have the biggest hearts in the world. And now, it is time to show everyone who the bravest race is."

Eldon forcefully raised his weapon with his right arm until it was above his head.

"I am Eldon, the son of Felton, and the 38th King of the Kingdom of Beldara!" Eldon roared. "I stand before you just as my father, and my ancestors did before me, fighting on the frontlines of the battlefield, not for myself, but for the future of the Dwarven Race!"

The warhammer in Eldon's hand hummed, as it released an aura, which started to spread into the entire Dwarf army, increasing the strength of the Dwarf Fighters, and making their exhaustion disappear.

"For the Earth Goddess!" Eldon shouted.

""For the Earth Goddess!""

The Dwarf Warriors all shouted, making their warcry reverberate across the entire battlefield.

Eldon then mounted his Mountain War Goat whose wool was already red with blood, due to its injuries. Even so, the War Mount's eyes were filled with burning determination to ride into battle with the King on its back.

As Eldon sat on the back of his mount, he could feel that his old companion's life wasn't going to last long. However, he could also tell that his companion had enough will inside of him to see this battle through until its end.

"Fight! Warriors of the Dwarf Kingdom!" Eldon shouted. "Fight! For Hearth and Home! Fight for Family and Brotherhood! Fight for our futures!"

All the Dwarves cried out, making the Humans, Elves, Demons, Beastkins, and other races all look at them with awe and admiration.

Just like a small spark that rekindled the flickering flames in everyone's hearts, Eldon's battered and injured form made everyone look at him as if he was the tallest person on the battlefield.

All of them were kneeling, collapsed, or lying on the ground, and yet, a single injured Dwarf stood tall and, in their eyes, he was bigger than life itself.

"Ride! Warriors of Beldaral!" Eldon roared. "For the Alliance!"

""For the Alliance!""

The Dwarven Army charged forth like a roaring tide, leaving everyone behind. Seeing his injured form, Swiper gritted his teeth and shouted.

"You damn motherf*ckers! What are you all waiting for?!" Swiper shouted. "Are you going to let the bastard Dwarf take all the glory?! Are you Demons or are you dic*s?! Stand up and fight! Stand up for the Demon Tribes!"

Swiper then raised his bastard sword in the air before charging alone towards one of the Giants that were headed their way.

"For the Alliance!" Swiper roared.

"For the Alliance!" Lindir shouted as he ran beside Swiper.

The two of them were people who didn't like to fight. Both of them were scared of dying, but now, they were the ones leading the charge, without waiting for anyone to fight alongside them.

Soon, the ground shook, thousands, tens of thousands, millions of people once again took up their arms and charged towards their enemies, not caring if they died the next second or not.

They would rather die fighting, than die like dogs.

Elliot and Conan, who was high above the skies, both raised their right fists in the air as they, too, shouted the warcry that shook the entire battlefield.

""For The Alliance!""

During their world's darkest moment, the champions of the world regained the courage that they had lost. Although it was not enough to overturn their current situation, it was enough for them to tell those that had died before them, that they didn't die on their knees.

They died fighting, so that they could rest in peace, knowing that they had done everything within their power, to give their world, and their people, a chance to see the next sunrise, which most of them wouldn't be able to see once they finally closed their eyes and took their last breath on the battlefield.

Chapter 1456: Ten Thousand Heroes!

"Fools." Ahriman sneered at the mortals that were charging towards their doom, as he pressed his right hand over the bloody hole on his chest, which was given to him by James a moment ago.

The former God of Chaos and Destruction had retreated a safe distance, as James fought against Yaldabaoth, and Kakia, preventing them from slaughtering the armies of Hestia that had regained their courage.

Earlier, when the Alliance, the Einherjars, as well as the Underworld Fighters, were fighting side by side, they were barely able to resist the onslaught of the Army of Destruction.

Now that their numbers had decreased to less than half of their original numbers, there was simply no chance for them to win the war anymore.

And yet, no matter how tired and battered they were, all of them charged like madmen towards the Army of Destruction, bringing as many of the Giants and their allies with them to the afterlife.

During this time, the tolling sound of a bell reverberated throughout the battlefield.

This time, the sound traveled far and wide, similar to the announcement that happened when the Tower of Babylon announced William's conquest of the 51st Floor.

The tolling of the bell sounded thirteen times before coming to a complete stop.

It was also at that moment when the Army of Destruction felt a strong pressure descending upon them.

Ahriman looked in disbelief at the small sun that suddenly appeared where the Half-Elf was floating not long ago.

Surtr, who was currently stepping on Chiffon's head with his foot, shifted his gaze at the miniature sun in the distance with a frown on his face.

A moment later, his entire body was blown away by an invisible force, freeing the Giantess from under his foot.

The Fire Giant crashed against a mountain, which collapsed under his weight.

As the God of Destruction propped himself up, his eyes landed on the red-headed Half-Elf, who was looking at him with a calm expression on his face.

William's clothes were stained with blood, but all of his injuries had been healed.

Behind him, two wings could be seen. One of the wings was blazing like a fire, while the other had lightning crawling all over it.

After he felt a strong surge of power bursting within his Spiritual World, the Half-Elf fell into a daze as his entire body was enclosed in radiant flames.

Truth be told, William's entire body was burned up by the flames, giving him a second rebirth, just like a Phoenix after its death.

When the Half-Elf regained his consciousness, he felt completely different.

It was as if he was seeing the world with eyes that could see the truth of everything.

His vision was so perfect that even the details of the small specks of dust in the battlefield didn't escape his eyes.

When he saw Surtr's foot pressing on Chiffon's head, he felt an incredible rage surge up from his chest, which prompted him to unleash an attack that blasted the Giant away, and freed his Giantess wife.

This sudden change in strength surprised William, so he immediately opened his Status Page to better understand what happened to him after he was bathed by radiant flames.

Name: William Von Ainsworth

Race: Forgotten God (Temporary)

Health Points: ???????????????? / ????????????????

Mana: ???????????????? / ????????????????

Job Class: Godslayer

Sub Class: Shepherd of the Lost Flock

Second Sub-Class: Familiamancer

Strength: ????????????????

Agility: ????????????????

Vitality: ????????????????)

Intelligence: ????????????????

Dexterity: ????????????????

Unique Skill: Ten Thousand Heroes

It was at that moment when William felt a sudden jolt run through his body.

It was as if he reached enlightenment, understanding the true reason why he was born in the world.

Somewhere in the battlefield, a young lady with light-blue hair smiled as her hair fluttered in the breeze.

"You finally awakened, Will." Ella smiled as she looked at the Half-Elf that she had raised since he was a baby.

Although she was happy that William finally awakened his power, she also felt sad because there was no longer anything that she could do for him.

"Go, Will," Ella said softly. "Let them know the strength of the child I raised with all of my heart."

William summoned the wooden staff that David had given him before he entered the cycle of reincarnation, and raised it towards the sky.

He now knew what he should do, and that was to call upon those who would help him overturn this hopeless situation around.

"Ten Thousand Heroes!" William shouted.

Immediately, thousands of beams of light descended from the sky. They fell upon the battlefield, making the Army of Destruction, as well as the Alliance, pause for a brief moment to better understand what was happening around them.

"Finally, I am here!" Lily, the Loli Goddess, laughed as she summoned a candy cane in her hand. "Time for you uglies to disappear!"

"Luvly Merry Go Round~"

Several white horses, teddy bears, and toy soldiers spun around Lily, hitting the Giants, Trolls, Orcs, as well as the Fomorians who had gathered around her.

Cries of pain, and shock emerged from their lips as their bones broke, each time one of Lily's summons smashed against their bodies.

"Do you think I'll let you bastards bully my little bro?" Issei, the Harem God, summoned a red gauntlet and immediately smashed the face of the Giant closest to him.

"I've rested enough, I'm not going to slack now," David, the God of Shepherds, smiled as he summoned Eve to his side. "I know you've been watching the battle since it started, and there have been times when you wanted to join. Now, I'm giving you the opportunity to fight alongside your family members. Do you want to do it?"

"Yes!" Even resolutely nodded her head.

"Understood," David smiled before opening both of his hands to give his blessings to the White Goose, as well as the Ducks that had accompanied Eve on her journey. "Go. Make sure they come to know the power of the Flock."

The White Goose and the Ducks all flapped their wings and rose into the air. A moment later, all of them glowed brightly and merged together.

Eve's mouth hung open as a twelve-headed Hydra Goose, that stood over a hundred meters tall, appeared on the battlefield.

The Giants momentarily froze in shock when they saw the abomination that had appeared out of nowhere. However, before they could even react, the Hydra Goose released a loud honk, paralyzing their bodies.

Seeing that their enemies were now immobilized, the Hydra Goose went on the offensive and started to peck the Giants' heads, making them explode like watermelons.

The Six-Eared Macaque who had been guarding Eve, also jumped into action.

Since David was protecting the little girl, he no longer needed to stay by her side. Just like Eve, he had also wanted to fight, so now that an opportunity had arrived, he summoned his pipe and smashed the back of Owuo's head, making the latter cry out in pain.

"I didn't expect there to be an opportunity that we would be fighting side by side, Six," Sun Wukong said to the Six-Eared Macaque whom Eve had started to call Six.

"There's a first time for everything," the Six-Eared Macaque said as the pipe in his hand grew in size. "Let's go Nuts!"

Sun Wukong smirked as he and the Six-Eared Macaque jumped into the sky, increasing the size of their weapons before smashing them down towards the Destroyer God, who was momentarily dazed by the Six-Eared Macaque's sneak attack from behind.

"Reject Humanity!" Sun Wukong shouted.

"Return to Monkey!" the Six-Eared Macaque bellowed as he and the Monkey King both smashed their gigantic weapons against the one-eyed God, whose main purpose was to destroy every living thing around him.

Thousands of Gods answered William's summons, but they didn't descend into Hestia using their Divine Bodies.

The moment they descended to the Half-Elf's world, their ranks were degraded to the Demigod Rank, which were much weaker than Pseudo-Gods.

Even so, this didn't matter to the Gods because no matter what Rank they were, they were more than enough to deal with the Army of Destruction, ignoring Surtr, Owuo, Nergal, Erlik, Yaldabaoth, and Kakia.

They were not their responsibilities, so they did only what they could do and that was to massacre the Army of Destruction, and help William turn the tide of the battle.

However, it was not only the Gods the Half-Elf had summoned.

No.

William had summoned other heroes.

He called for those who had been watching him from the very start of his journey.

Those that supported him through dark and difficult times.

They were the people who had laughed with him, cried with him, and raged with him, as he grew up from a baby, into an adult.

They were the real Heroes that allowed William to reach the end of his journey.

Now, when his world was about to meet its end, he called upon them, asking them to give him their help one last time.

And all of them answered his call...

"I am SpeedDemon266, the Monster Girl Harem King, and I have come here to help and look for Monster Girls!"

"I am Red Panda! This novel's Editor, I mean, the Mistaken Orator!"

"I am Yuuko, The Song Knight, Yuu better remember!"

"I, Justxforxfun, Lewd for Fun, have come for fun!"

"I am Eldot, the Arcane Archer!"

"The name is Shadow, the Killer of Death!"

"BlackFlamer! The Eternal Flames Watcher is here!"

"Lord Kismet The Bane from beyond the Grave!"

"I am Soviet, the Red!"

"Simon, the Moonlight Necromancer!"

"Stark Ventra, the Lightning Bandit!"

"Matt the Golden Sin is finally here!"

"The name is Brycebjbm. Just Bryce for short."

"I am Reinesse, your Little Ancestor!"

"I am DarkElven6, and I came here for Pats and Hugs!"

"Kingcamper125 has come to light the fire!"

"I am SocialHippo! I'm single and ready to mingle!"

"I am Crocs_is_Dead! Correction, I am not dead!"

"Idczhen is the name, Gigachad is my game!"

"I am Entrail_Ji and I am the Pirate King!"

"The name is Alekzi, and Entrail is cheating on me!"

KingRig, Darthstorm, Maian, DaoistGoldenSin, 1Variation, Ch11_R3ader, Sonicsufer, CharredWoolf, Dj_Johnson, Carjex, Drakars41, darkblade875, Night_Walker001, M_lubda, NIGHT9ARE, Zechariah, DaoistAEctfR, Alex_Couture, Trevor_Kapeen, Jonathan_Craig, Osh96, LaughingDog, Whiteflash, Jack_Barron, Brandon_Meierhoff, Chance_Bramlett, Paolo_Galli, Jetdy_S, Nicholas_Colello, Thawk7678, Kevin_Khieu, Camocarp16, Tyler_Baker, forthouknowest, Tyrel_Unsell, Daoist265567, GuySloth, Lyonfang, Adam_Higgin, Mike_Klimwicz, Blackout15, Ludiator, ElReyDookIE, Madmike667, Reid_Beckham, Deldwath, tim_liberatore, Gabriel_Croker, Christopher_Pape, Chandler_Dansie, Crazy_96, Rubell, Luis_, Pinoyguy17, AsmodeusKOD, Soulkeeper1987, PorkHatchet2234, davie491, tsukuyomi84, AceofWolf, Dylan_Kallin_9209, Michael_Moen, JunM, Tony_Paolercio, Cardunkos, ashuzumaki, Efrain_Sanchez, SpecificWolf, CharmingDictator, JackTwo, Joshua_Brown, AwfulVileDinist, kiritsuke, Douglas_Barton, S97_Reaver, Amasimak, Alpha_AI, Crhistopher_Self, Cjoh_192, NIGHT9ARE, Joshidhe, Emdalla, ArkWeed, Joseph_Harriot, Swedishstorm, Colby_Wells, darthkrow13, Dylan_Deatherage, Ekii, Joseph Parker, morgangolden66, Corey_Evans, xizaaR, Eric_Ranchau, Jacob_Margeson, Matt551, Peter Martinez, LateNightReader, Devin_Greer, Ryan_Rufh, Gigantononsense, javv1997, Benjamin_Green, nothappening, Jeffery_white, Stark_Ventura, Vengeance2, GilGalad, Mike_Devilvillano, Falling_off_cliffs, Mutssurini21, Terry_Ross, 22Daoist, IdolTrust, Mario_Grigoritch, Drake_Stark1ller, Ian_Woodin, Nmgames, azng69, Neelesh_Diwaker, Malex_999, Dyllan_Kallin, Banana_King, Matt_Hardesty, Wuxiafreak, Rookie_Draconian, RedGhost_FireFlame, Lord_kobra, DragonSon, Drew_Sansone

Together they numbered in the tens of thousands, making it impossible for him to name them all, but they were the Heroes who had become the pillars that allowed William to grow as an individual.

As soon as these Heroes joined the battle, the Army of Destruction suddenly felt great pressure because those who answered William's summons were all Demigods.

Using their unique skills and abilities, they started to slaughter the Giants, and fought alongside the Men, Women, Gods, and Goddesses, who wished to see a happy ending.

Chapter 1457: Those Who Cheated The Cycle Of Reincarnation [Part 1]

"You were finally able to unlock the true power that sleeps within your soul, Will," Gavin said as he gathered the power of the elements in the palm of his hands.

"World End Tempest!"

The God of All Trades instantly annihilated a Demigod-Ranked Fomorian who was about to step on the King of Dwarves, Eldon, as the latter led his army to battle, enduring the pain from his broken left arm.

"Thank you." Eldon stated as he glanced in Gavin's direction.

The King of Dwarves didn't know that the one who saved him was William's Patron God. All he knew was that they were Heroes that William had summoned from somewhere, and they had come to help them.

"You're welcome," Gavin replied. "In a way, we're part of the same family, so helping you is helping me as well."

"Excuse me?"

"You'll understand in time."

Gavin smiled before turning to kill some more Giants in order to thin out the numbers of the Army of Destruction.

"Dim Dim!" A basketball-sized Dumpling was throwing dumplings at the Giants, as it fought beside the Loli Goddess, Lily.

"Dim Dim, don't wander too far from me, okay?" Lily said as she summoned a ten-meter tall Pink Teddy Bear to fight for her.

"Dim!" the Dumpling God nodded obediently.

The Dumpling God was one of the New Generation Gods that had been born recently, and it was still considered a baby in their eyes.

Lily was the one who always accompanied Dim Dim, so the latter was very close to her. Unfortunately, the Dumpling God wasn't really a fighter, and the most it could do was to throw Dumplings at their enemies, which dealt no damage at all.

In fact, Dim Dim's Rank was only of the Centennial Rank, making it the weakest of the Gods that had descended to Hestia. Even so, it still accompanied Lily because they were close to each other.

Also fighting beside Lily was the God of Love, Cupid, who was busy shooting his arrows at the Giants, making them fall into a Charmed state.

These Charmed Giants followed Cupid's command and attacked the other Giants without mercy.

Just like Cupid, there was a Goddess who had the same ability and it was none other than Eros, the Goddess of Lust.

The Goddess giggled as she Charmed one Giant after another, making them obey her command. Unfortunately, she was only a Demigod at the moment, so she could only control up to a hundred Giants at most.

Lugh, the Sun God, brandished his spear left and right, killing every Giant he saw.

Although he didn't like William, he hated the Gods of Destruction more because they were responsible for killing some of his friends hundreds of years ago.

However, since there was an unwritten rule that they couldn't directly fight against the Gods of Destruction, that didn't mean that they couldn't fight their minions.

This was why Lugh tore through the Giants' formation with a vengeance. Even though his Rank was that of a Demigod, a Pseudo-God Ranked Giant would not be able to beat him easily because he was one of the Gods that specialized in war.

James, who saw this scene, couldn't help but chuckle because he knew some of the Gods that had come to aid him, including the Goddess, Freya, that had descended into Belle's body, using it as a vessel, allowing the black-haired beauty to fight with the power of her Divinity.

This ability was called God's Descent.

It only worked for a brief period of time, allowing a mortal to gain tremendous strength that almost matched the Power of a True God.

Currently, Belle was fighting against Yaldabaoth with the help of Wendy and Estelle.

The silver-haired lady had also used God's Descent, allowing the Goddess Astrid to lend her the strength to fight the Fake Creator God, whose strength couldn't be underestimated.

Although there was a rule that they couldn't fight against the Gods of Destruction directly, they used indirect means to bypass this rule.

"Do you really think that any of you can turn the tide of battle by siding with the mortals?" Yaldabaoth asked in a teasing tone as he lashed his tail against the three ladies, who were working hand in hand to fight him. "Have all you grown bored staying at the Temple of the Gods?"

Belle and Estelle didn't reply as they continued to attack the true Mastermind behind the Army of Destruction.

Seeing that no Gods intended to answer his question, the God of Destruction laughed as his Demonic Eyes scanned the battlefield.

"Fools, do you really think I haven't prepared for this possibility?" Yaldabaoth sneered. "From the very start, I knew that there was a possibility that several Gods were going to oppose us. Because of this, I have prepared a very special surprise for all of you. Accept it gratefully!"

The God of Destruction roared, and countless red portals appeared in the sky.

A moment later, several individuals emerged from the portals.

"Hah! So this is our time to shine!" a handsome teenager laughed as he summoned a greatsword in his hand. "Everyone, attack!"

The new arrivals all had excited looks on their faces as they joined the battle. The moment the Gods clashed against these individuals, they were immediately pushed back.

Making them fight defensively.

"Sh*t that Yaldabaoth is serious!" one of the Gods that had joined the battle to fight against the Army of Destruction hissed.

"He planned this well, the bastard really knew our weakness," another God commented.

In just a matter of minutes, the advantage that the Gods had instantly disappeared, and this time, they were the ones that were taking a beating.

"Kuh!" Lily glared hatefully at the handsome young man in front of her that had kicked her away.

"Dim Dim!" The Dumpling God started to throw Dumplings at the one that hurt Lily, but the latter simply brushed its attack away before vanishing from where he stood.

The next moment, the handsome young man reappeared behind the Dumpling God and slashed Dim Dim in half.

Chapter 1458: Those Who Cheated The Cycle Of Reincarnation [Part 2]

A metallic sound spread in the surroundings as the young man's sword was blocked by a red gauntlet, preventing it from killing the God of Dumplings.

"Come here, Dim Dim!" Lily shouted and the God of Dumplings hurried to her side.

Issei, appeared just in time to save his friends from getting killed by the young man in front of him.

Of course, killed wasn't the right term because they wouldn't really die.

They would simply turn into particles of light and return to the Temple of the Ten Thousand Gods.

Right now, all of the Gods were only using temporary vessels, so dying in Hestia wasn't a permanent death for them.

"Aren't you guys supposed to be Gods?" the young man sneered. "How come all of you are weak?"

Unleashing his true strength, the young man was able to overpower Issei and delivered a kick to his chest, sending the Harem God skidding across the ground.

All around the battlefield, similar things were happening. The Gods who earlier had the upper hand were already being beaten up one-sidedly. Some of them had even died in the hands of the teenagers.

Unlike the Gods that appeared, who were all at the Demigod-Rank, some of the people that Yaldabaoth summoned were truly powerful, reaching the peak of the Pseudo-God Rank.

"Stupid! The only reason why you are able to push us back is because we aren't fighting you idiots seriously!" Lily shouted as she held the Dumpling God in her arms, preventing the latter from attacking the young man in front of them.

"Not fighting seriously?" The young man looked at the Loli Goddess in contempt. "Then why don't you fight us seriously? Don't tell us that you Gods can't even kill us puny mortals?"

A Goddess descended behind Lily and offered the Loli Goddess one of the apples that were growing on the hat on her head.

"You sure know how to talk," Lulu, the Apple Goddess said as she offered a golden apple to Isse, whose body had several cuts and bruises after trying to defend against the attack of one of the people that Yaldabaoth summoned. "Transmigrators like you guys, who cheated your way through the Cycle of Reincarnation, are not people that we can fight head on because of the simple reason that we are not allowed to attack mortals directly."

"Only Evil Gods can do that. If we attack and manage to kill any of you, we will receive a backlash that will make us lose part of our Divinity," Cupid glared at the young man. "It's not worth it! Killing you small fries makes us weak for hundreds, even thousands, of years. By the time we regained our Divinity, many fun things in the world have passed!"

The young man chuckled because he knew this very well. He was one of the transmigrators that the Gods of Destruction had raised, allowing them to reach the pinnacle of strength in their home worlds. They were also the so-called "traitors" that conspired with the Gods of Destruction in order to bring destruction to the worlds they were born in.

Naturally, they were greatly rewarded for their contribution, allowing them to visit other worlds with their powers intact and enjoy a comfortable lifestyle surrounded by riches and beautiful men and women, who remained at their beck and call.

"Are you done talking old hag?" the young man asked before he spat on the ground. "If you're done, let's resume the battle. It has been a while since I killed Gods. I will be sure to add your names to my collection of the Gods I killed."

Lulu was about to say something, but the words she was about to say were caught in her throat when she heard the sound of a loud horn.

Immediately after that, a devilish smile appeared on Issei's, Lily's, Cupid's, and Lulu's faces. Only Dim Dim wasn't aware of what was happening, making the latter tilt its head in confusion.

"Did you hear that?" Lily sneered. "It's time for you guys to meet your match."

"Meet my match?" the young man sneered back. "I'd like to see how anyone in this world can be my match!"

Cupid laughed and held his belly because he found this situation too funny. Just like Transmigrators were the bane of Gods, the one that they were referring to was the Bane of all Transmigrators in the multiverse.

Suddenly a giant golden portal appeared above the Heavens.

Another loud horn reverberated in the battlefield, telling all the Gods that their reinforcements had arrived.

"Sorry guys, I'm late!"

A ten-meter truck passed through the golden portal, which made the Fake Creator God, Yaldabaoth, flinch.

He knew that the possibility of Gods opposing him was high, so he created an army of Transmigrators to deal with them when the time came.

However, he didn't expect that the Gods had also thought of this possibility, and prepared a Trump Card for his Trump Card!

The young man who saw the truck snorted before flying towards the sky with his sword raised high.

"No one can beat me!" the young man roared as he unleashed an attack that could instantly obliterate an entire mountain range.

A loud explosion followed as his attack hit the incoming truck, creating a dense cloud of smoke in the sky, blocking his view.

The corner of the young man's lips rose because that was his most powerful attack, and nothing could survive it. Not even the Gods that had descended from the Heavens.

However, just as he was feeling smug about his recent achievements, he saw a pair of lights emerging from the dust cloud.

The smile on his face vanished when the ten-meter truck that he had attacked just moments ago sped up in his direction.

"Brat, I've been sending people to isekai worlds before you were even born!" Truck-Kun roared. "You and your buddies managed to escape us in the past, but this is our Redemption Arc! I'm going to send you back to the Cycle of Reincarnation where you belong!"

"F*ck you!" the young man shouted as he charged towards the incoming Truck with the intention of splitting it in half.

The two clashed mid-air, and the result was that the young man turned into particles of light.

The Transmigrators who saw this scene shuddered because this was not what the God of Destruction promised them.

They thought that they would be invincible in any world that they appeared in, which made them all conceited. However, after seeing one of their most powerful fighters get instantly killed, as if he was nothing, an instinctive fear rose in their hearts making them retreat from the battlefield.

Unfortunately for them, it was already too late.

"Boys! Don't let any of them escape!" Truck-kun ordered. "Let's Roll Out!"

Countless golden portals appeared all over the battlefield.

Trucks, Buses, Cars, Ambulances, Fire Trucks, Motorcycles, and even Bump Cars emerged from these portals, and all of them locked onto the Transmigrators, who had all started screaming like little kids running for their lives.

"You're not going to escape this time, bud!" a Fire Truck laughed as it went after a man dressed in cultivator clothes. "You managed to escape me back in the 1990's. Now I'm going to collect my interest!"

The Fire Truck collided with the Cultivator and sent the latter to the Cycle of Reincarnation.

"Nooo! Please don't kill me!" another Cultivator screamed as he tried to outrun the Ambulance who was chasing him like mad.

"Hohoho! What do we have here?" The Ambulance increased its speed as it closed the gap between it and the Cultivator it targeted. "You managed to reach the Immortal Emperor Grade, but in my eyes, you're nothing!"

Just like that, the Immortal Emperor died just like an ant being crushed by the wheels of a truck.

"Stop! I have attained the Rank of Martial God!" a handsome Cultivator shouted as he faced a Bump Car that could be found in amusement parks. "I refuse to die in this humiliating manner!"

"Well, sorry to disappoint you Mr. Martial God," the Bump Car replied. "But no matter what your rank is, You are Doomed To Be Cannon Fodder. So, bye bye!"

The Transmigrators who were dominating the battlefield earlier, all ran for their lives as the countless Harbingers of Death, that specialized in sending people to Isekai Worlds, chased them with a vengeance.

It didn't matter if their ranks had reached the Divine King Realm, Divine Sovereign Realm, and Divine Master Realm.

Transmigrators who didn't get Truck Kun's and his Comrades seal of approval, were considered as illegal immigrants in the multiverse and needed to be purged.

Unfortunately, some of the worlds they transmigrated to didn't have proper roads, so Truck-Kun couldn't go to those worlds to purge them.

As the screaming Transmigrators tried to escape the trucks that were after their lives, the surviving Gods once again banded together to fight against the Army of Destruction.

After seeing that the tide of battle had once again tilted in their favor, the Half-Elf shifted his gaze to the Fire Giant, and summoned his wooden staff.

Now that he finally had the power to fight Surtr on equal grounds, the Half-Elf no longer hesitated and unleashed the power that had been with him for thousands of years.

Chapter 1459: Surtr's Objective [Part 1]

"All of you stand back for now," William said as he used Life Magic to heal the injuries of his wives, as well as Superbia and Invidia, who had fought bravely in order to protect him a while ago.

"Can you beat him, Will?" Lilith asked in a worried tone.

"I don't know if I can beat him," William replied. "But, I will not be beaten."

Although he suddenly had an explosive boost in strength, he was not conceited enough to say that he could beat the God of Destruction in front of him.

"Understood," Lilith nodded. "We will go help the others fight the Army of Destruction by regrouping with the Virtues on their Flagship."

"Good," William stated before standing between his wives and the Fire Giant, whose entire body was covered in Hellish Flames.

"Be careful, Will."

"All of you should take care as well. Leave this guy to me."

The Eight Deadly Sins knew that if they stayed, the Half-Elf wouldn't be able to fight with all of his strength because he had to constantly worry about their safety.

In order to not hold him down, they hastily retreated to join the Alliance in fending off the Army of Destruction, whose aggressiveness had risen to the next level, after Yaldabaoth empowered them with his Divinity.

Surtr didn't even spare a glance at the departure of the beautiful ladies whom he had been bullying. His whole attention was now focused on the Half-Elf, whose presence had changed completely.

Elliot and Conan were by his side, ready to fight alongside William, for the revenge match that he had waited thousands of years for.

"Wait for us!"

"We will also join you!"

Two loud shouts came from the sky, as two more familiars joined them in battle.

Chloee, and Claire, in their familiar forms descended from the sky.

"I called for them," Celeste said as her image appeared behind William. "Since I am fighting with you, it is best to fight using my full power as well."

William nodded his head in understanding. He was about to tell them his plan to fight against Surtr when Elliot whispered something in his ears, making the corner of the Half-Elf's lips twitch.

"Is that really needed?" William asked.

Elliot smirked. "Of course. It is about the mood, and since we are at the End Game, we should spice things up a bit."

William chuckled because, even in this situation, his Angelic Familiar still had the audacity to make a scene.

"Very well, let's go." William agreed to Elliot's proposal, so he simply stood straight while holding the wooden staff in his right hand.

Elliot glanced at Conan, Chloe, and Claire, and the three of them nodded their heads in understanding.

"Said West, only My Perfection!" Elliot shouted as he made a fighting pose on William's left shoulder.

"Said East, Defender is my Profession!" Conan declared as he struck a similar fighting pose to Elliot's.

"From the North, I am the Fighter who destroys everyone's opposition!" Chloe announced as she took a fighting position above the Half-Elf's head.

"From the South, I am here, so pay attention!" Claire said with a flushed face as she pressed her hands together, floating beside her sister, Chloe.

"At the Center, I am embraced with my wives' love and affection!" William stated as he took a fighting stance as well.

"We!"

"Are!"

"The!"

"Legendary!"

""Baka Warriors!""

Elliot then pointed at Surtr with an arrogant look on his face.

"Are you one of us?"

An explosion of different colors erupted behind them, completing the scene, putting the Power Rangers to shame.

Surtr gave his opponents the "What the F*ck are you people doing?" gaze, which made the flush on Claire's face even redder.

Celeste, covered her face with both hands in embarrassment before disappearing completely. She clearly didn't want to be seen as part of William's and the four Familiar's antics during this very important fight.

The Virtuous Lady didn't know that this was the formation that William, Elliot, Conan, Chloe, and Claire had practiced for fun when they were still in Hestia Academy, when all of them were together.

Elliot knew that an opportunity like this wouldn't come again, since their Fairy Tale was about to end.

What William, Chloe, and Claire didn't know was that after this battle, he and Conan would disappear once again, so he wanted to make some lasting memories of the limited time they had together.

"Okay, let's get him!" Elliot shouted. "Familiar Fusion!"

The Angelic Familiar turned into particles of light and merged with the gem in William's chest.

""Familiar Fusion!""

Conan, Chloe, and Claire also declared their intention to become William's strength, allowing the Half-Elf to use the full power of the Familiamancer Job Class.

The three Familiars also turned into particles of light and merged with William.

A moment later, two more angelic wings emerged from William's back, and these two wings were coated with black and green flames, indicating that Chloe's and Claire's powers had fused with William.

Since Celeste had fused with the Half-Elf, he also gained the ability to make Chloe's and Claire's powers as his own.

For the first time since he descended to the world of Hestia, Surtr's expression became solemn as he looked at the Half-Elf whose body was releasing a silver aura.

William knew that it was all or nothing so he held the shield with everything he had, channeling the powers inside his body that were being provided to him by those who had fused with him.

Even though the weapon William was holding in his hands was a wooden staff, the God of Destruction could tell that it wasn't just a simple wooden staff that Shepherds carried when they went to the fields to tend to their herd.

The two combatants each took a step forward, and disappeared from where they stood.

The next second an earth-shaking explosion, which caused the land to split apart and rubble to fly in every direction, blasted everyone within a two mile-radius away from where William and Surtr clashed.

This was a true clash between two powerful beings, which made the Einherjars, the Armies of the Alliance, as well as the Army of Destruction, momentarily stop their battle as they tried to prevent themselves from falling over due to the powerful earthquake that shook the entirety of the Ainsworth Empire.

James who was carefully watching the battle from a distance could tell that William had drastically become stronger than his former self.

However, he knew that it still wasn't enough to change the outcome of the battle because the Half-Elf was still unable to break past Surtr's defenses.

If William could fill that gap between them then the Old Bandit of Lont was sure that they would be able to overcome this hurdle.

While the Half-Elf and the Fire Giant was busy fighting against each other, the other Gods of Destruction was also giving their best to get rid of the pests that were hovering around them like flies.

Chapter 1460: Surtr's Objective [Part 2]

William and Surtr exchanged blows non-stop causing everything around them to be obliterated.

Perhaps knowing that his size wouldn't be a great advantage in his battle against the Half-Elf, Surtr decreased his size until he was only ten-meters tall.

Although he was still considered a Giant with his size, it was far smaller than his original height, preventing William from taking advantage of his blindspots.

"You've grown stronger," Surtr said after he and William distanced themselves from each other.

"Not strong enough," William replied.

After exchanging blows with Surtr, he clearly felt that the God of Destruction was still stronger than him. If they were to make a comparison, William's Rank was that of a Millenial Beast, while Surtr's rank was at the Peak of the Myriad Rank.

Although the Myriad Beast was stronger, William was able to effectively fight the Fire Giant due to the abilities he currently possessed. Also, his wooden staff was indestructible so no matter how sharp, and deadly Surtr's flaming sword was, he was able to withstand it just fine.

"Are you sure you want to continue to fight here?" Surtr asked in a teasing tone as he made a gesture to show the Half-Elf their surroundings that had been destroyed completely. "Why don't we take it up there?"

The Fire Giant pointed towards the sky, and the Half-Elf nodded.

During their clash, thousands of Giants, and tens of thousands of members of the Alliance died. Even though they were quite a distance away from the main battlefield, the aftermath of their fight had reached the warring armies, and killed friends and foes alike.

The two flew high up in the air until they were more than 7,000 meters above sea level.

They also distanced themselves away from the main battlefield, preventing any of their attacks from affecting the two warring sides.

The only thing that the people from the battlefield could see were the flashes of flame and lighting in the sky.

They also heard thunderous explosions, which came as a result of the two combatants duking it out against each other, with the intention of ending their opponent's life.

No words were shared between the two as they fought tooth and nail, trying to bait, feint, and parry each other with every opportunity they had.

Surtr's sword had ended countless worlds, but the wooden staff in William's hands didn't snap in half even after their countless exchanges, which made Surtr confirm his suspicion that it was some type of indestructible weapon that the Half-Elf had prepared for him.

No one knew the name of the sword that Surtr wielded in battle.

All they knew was that the one who made the sword was Surtr himself, and he forged it in the deepest, and hottest, place in Muspelheim for the sake of destroying the land of Asgard, the place that the mighty Asgardians called their home.

Since no one knew the name of the sword, they simply named it Ruin.

Surtr didn't bother to correct them so the name stayed.

The Sword of Ruin, that had caused the downfall of countless worlds, was said to shine brighter than the sun the moment its full power was unleashed. Surtr only drew this sword whenever he was facing stout opposition and, the moment his opponents saw his blade, they didn't live long enough to tell its tale.

Seeing that their fight was becoming a stalemate, the God of Destruction decided to try something different.

Instead of attacking William, he raised his sword high up in the air and conjured mighty flames that soared hundreds of meters into the air.

"Destroy all that is Living!" Surtr shouted. "Eradicate...

"Interitus!"

Surtr unleashed a fiery blast that was aimed not at the Half-Elf, but at the very land itself, which forced William to block it with everything he had.

It was at this moment when the Shield that Chiffon had taken from the Tower of Babylon, Svalinn, appeared in front of the Half-Elf, blocking Surtr's attack.

The Half-Elf instinctively equipped the shield on his right arm, and braced himself for the incoming attack that contained Half of Surtr's full power.

Svalinn was said to be a shield that could withstand the heat of the sun and keep it at bay.

Originally, it had a bluish color, but after Chiffon became its new Master, the shield had changed its color to light-pink.

The golden snowflake embedded in the center of the shield glowed brightly, as it endured Surtr's attack. The Half-Elf was slowly being pushed back due to the power behind the flames, which could potentially start the destruction of his home world, if it ever reached the planet's core.

With a loud shout, Surtr increased the power behind his attack, pushing the Half-Elf all the way to the ground.

William knew that it was all or nothing so he held the shield with everything he had, channeling the powers inside his body that were being provided to him by those who had fused with him.

Elliot's Firepower, Conan's Defense, Chloe's Superhuman Strength, Claire's Magical Prowess, and Celeste's ability to double his strength.

Merging all of these powers with his own, the Half-Elf roared in defiance as the land under his feet shattered, creating a crater that was getting wider with each passing second.

Finally, Surtr's deadly attack ended, making the shield in William's hands emit smoke.

Its surface had partially melted, and the golden snowflake embedded in its center had lost a lot of its luster.

Clearly, it would not be able to withstand the same level, or stronger, attack that it blocked a moment ago, making the Half-Elf's face turn grim.

"You bastard!" William shouted.

Surtr laughed before giving the Half-Elf a sneer.

"My objective in coming to this world is to destroy it," Surtr stated. "Your role is to stop me. We're just doing both of our roles. Didn't you hear me earlier? I said, 'Play Time's over'."

The Fire Giant laughed as his sword gathered Hellish Flames once again.

William roared as he turned into a lightning bolt, and clashed with the God of Destruction, preventing the Fire Giant from unleashing the same attack again.

The two clashed repeatedly and, this time, the Half-Elf didn't hold back as he pressed on the offensive.

With each passing second, the flames in Surtr's sword grew stronger, and the smile on the Fire Giant's lips grew wider.

""Destroy all that is Living..." Surtr said in a teasing tone before unleashing a strength that blew the Half-Elf dozens of meters away. "Eradicate..."

"Interitus!"

The Fire Giant unleashed his attack not towards William, nor towards the land, but towards the Army of Destruction, the Einherjars, as well as the members of the Alliance.

The Half-Elf couldn't believe that Surtr would not hesitate to even attack his own allies in order to force him to block it.

With a growl that came from every fiber of his being, the Half-Elf traveled at the speed of light for a brief moment, and appeared between Surtr's devastating attack, and the Armies that were still fighting against each other.

William held Svalinn in his hands as he tried to block the attack that could instantly vaporize all the lives behind him, including the lives of the people he loved.