

Descent 311

Chapter 311

Leonel realized that this birth must be the main event of this world. So, he focused in on the castle.

Leonel was shocked to find that the instant he did, time accelerated around him.

'This is a good thing,' Leonel concluded. 'It must mean I'm on the right track.'

Though time accelerated, Leonel caught everything that occurred. Everything unrelated to the birth was cut out, but Leonel was able to capture everything about the birth itself.

He saw the happiness of the King and Queen. He saw the difficulty of the birth. He saw how Queen Guinevere almost lost her life giving birth to this child. And, he finally saw the child being born' ;

A beautiful little baby with large black eyes.

Unfortunately, this baby was sickly. She had overly pale skin and a feeble breath. She would often nap for long portions of the day, only letting the world see her large, blinking eyes for a few minutes a day.
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Arthur and Guinevere were devastated. As the most powerful pair of mother and father in the land, how could they not pour their everything into the health of their baby girl?

At that time, after exhausting all their options, they turned their attention to the budding religion of the land, led by a Pope who was rumored to be even more talented than King Arthur himself in the Light Element.

"Pope Margrave, please do your best."

Queen Guinevere held the little baby girl in her arms. By now, the little girl was already two years old, yet her development was severely stunted. Despite already having grown to the age of a toddler, she had yet to be capable of walking on her own and her size alone made it seem as though she was still a newborn.

This left the two new parents completely heartbroken. They didn't understand what they had done wrong.

Even when their little girl had been in the womb, they had traveled far and wide to find treatments to take care of her. Guinevere had been fed the best tonics and given the best medicines for all nine months. They hadn't missed a day of nurturing their child. PANDA NOVEL

Yet, their little girl had come out like this. How could they not be heartbroken?

Pope Margrave looked just as handsome as he always did, but a hint of immaturity marred the momentum of his dignity. He smiled lightly toward the two parents and spoke.

"I am of course willing to do my best. I only hope that the Royal Family will protect The Church. We only hope to spread our beliefs to the people."

King Arthur's expression slightly hardened.

His Kingdom was just budding. Though religion could help to stabilize the people, it could also serve as an adverse variable. The faith of the common people was a hard thing to overcome. If it was weaponized, the consequences could be imagined.

However, when Arthur looked toward the tear stricken face of his wife and his frail child, his heart wavered. PANDA NOVEL

"You have This King's word." Arthur spoke resolutely.

Pope Margrave smiled and nodded, taking the little girl into his arm.

Leonel watched the next sequence of events with shock. Arthur and Guinevere believed that their little girl was being treated with Light Elemental magic, but this wasn't the case at all.

When he had left the eye of the family, Pope Margrave brought the little baby girl to a quiet room.

“ ‘! [Twisted World].”

Leonel watched as a surge of darkness shot up around Margrave. The room that had once been bathed in light became surrounded by darkness.

Leonel panicked slightly, thinking that the Pope was going to harm the little baby girl. He had unknowingly become attached. He even wanted to see the little baby girl become better.

However, deep inside, he knew that it was impossible. He had already been to the future. It was either this little girl died or she became ‘!

Leonel sighed.

The latter was confirmed by what happened next. Rather than being harmed, the little girl which had been napping suddenly became lively. Her sickly little body gained some strength and even let out an adorable little giggle. It was the kind of childish laughter that could warm the heart of even the most cold individual.

She raised up her little hands, grasping at Pope Margrave's face.

Pope Margrave smiled and let the child play with his finger. He seemed to get a slight happiness from the little girl's eagerness.

Leonel finally understood.

He had watched it all from start to finish. It was true that King Arthur and Queen Guinevere had done everything they could to nurture their little baby girl. But, all this time, they had always used the Light

Element. Whether it was the tonics Guinevere drank or the medicines she ate, all of them were of this element.

It wasn't really their fault. From their understanding, the Light Element was the best at healing. In their narrow world view, it was likely that if they hadn't done all of this, their little girl would have died even sooner or been even worse off.

But the truth was that their little girl was healthy. In fact, it was their fault that she was sickly at all. Had they not been feeding her medicines from her opposing element for so long, this little girl would have been just fine. In fact, quite ironically, had they been neglectful parents, the little girl would have been in an even better position than she was now.

When the Pope came out with their little girl and the mother-father pair saw how much more lively their little girl was, they couldn't help but shed tears. Even King Arthur, who hadn't cried even when Lamorak died, felt his eyes water.

They profusely thank Pope Margrave and put their all into helping The Church grow. All of the worries Arthur had were thrown out of the window. Who cared if he was raising a wolf in his own den? As long as his baby girl was healthy, he didn't care about anything else.

Camelot celebrated as their little princess grew. The worries they had about the little one not making any appearances vanished with the wind.

Everything was perfect until the little princess came of age and had her affinity tested.

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The idea of someone standing against the world seemed like something great and valiant to do. Just thinking about it made one's blood boil. There were maybe few other things that could elicit a person's pride than this.

However, what if the person tasked with such a thing was just a little girl of barely ten years old? What if she was subject to the silence of all the most powerful men and women of a Kingdom, all of whom were staring down toward her with varying expressions?

Shock'! Apprehension'! Disgust'!

The little princess stood in a flowing white dress, her innocent faint still smiling as she placed her little hands on a crystal three times the size of her body. Her large black eyes sparkled as she watched the flowing black lights. It all looked particularly beautiful to her.

She didn't seem to notice the reaction of those around her. She was simply ignorant to them. Her mind was still a blank slate. How could she ever think that she would be shunned by something completely out of her control?

"Wow, pretty!"

The little princess giggled.

It was the same giggle that caused the hearts of those around her to flutter. It even cracked the expressions of those that were looking toward her little body with disgust.

King Arthur and Queen Guinevere looked toward their daughter with shock, not able to understand what they were seeing. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

King Arthur was a Light Magus, a talent rarely seen across several centuries.

Queen Guinevere was a Water Magus. She too was a rare talent and even awakened a Variant Affinity that tended toward ice.

How the daughter that was the product of their union could possibly be a Dark Magus was completely unknown to them. Was this what they called fate?

Tears fell down Guinevere's delicate features as she kneeled down and hugged her daughter who was still ignorant to how her life had just changed. As for King Arthur, he didn't know how to react.

His first instinct was guilt. It was he who insisted on making their daughter's affinity ceremony a public event. He thought that this would be a great opportunity to affirm the standing of their Royal Family.

Though he hadn't known his daughter's affinity, he was certain that she was very talented. Ever since Pope Margrave began to heal her, she displayed an intelligence and wit far beyond her age. There had never been a doubt in Arthur's mind.

Maybe somewhat ironically, he had been correct. Those halos of light and those cracks spreading across the crystal's face made it all very obvious. Not only was his daughter a Childe, she was a monster even amongst Childes.

But the reality of it was cruel. PANDA NOVEL

"Mommy? Why are you crying?"

The little princess blinked, unable to understand what was happening. It was only then that she took her eyes off the pretty lights and saw the eyes everyone used to look at her.

Seeing the array of emotions, her little heart trembled. Even if she was mostly ignorant of the ways of the world, she was still an intelligent little girl.

"Mommy! Did I do something wrong?"

Hearing these words, Queen Guinevere felt her heart breaking.

"You're all dismissed." King Arthur finally spoke, his expression not giving way for anyone to respond.

Those of the court left one after another.

Leonel shook his head, watching all of this from start to finish. Was this how superstition worked? Even to the point of forsaking one's own daughter? If it wasn't for the fact the little princess was in fact a princess, maybe she would have been killed on the spot... PANDA NOVEL

Unfortunately for the little girl, things weren't ending here, they were only beginning.

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“What did you just say to me?! You want my daughter to do what?!”

Queen Guinevere's words came out in a hoarse screech. She couldn't believe the words she was hearing.

No, it wasn't that she couldn't believe them, but rather that she didn't believe who they were coming from.

How could the man she loved say such words? Was this really the same man who she shared a child with?

King Arthur was taken aback by his wife's reaction. Had what he said really been so bad? He couldn't help but take offense.

“Guinevere, why are you acting like this? I only want to protect our daughter.”

“By keeping her out of the public eye?” Guinevere's lips curled into a sneer. “All you want to do is protect your precious Kingdom. If you have to sacrifice your daughter's freedom and happiness, you wouldn't mind, right?!”

“Guinevere! You're living in a fantasy land! Do you really think it's possible for her to live a normal life right now? What kind of freedom could there possibly be in her situation?!”

“Her? You can't even say your own daughter's name anymore? Does she disgust you now too?!”

King Arthur's eyes reddened with rage. Why wouldn't this woman listen to what he was saying?!

“This decision is final!” He roared.

Guinevere’s sneer only deepened. A deep divide seemed to split the two despite the fact they still stood within the same room.

“Please do put your foot down, oh esteemed Majesty. This is what you always wanted, right? The power to stand over and rule the world? But don’t you find it a little sad that you spent all this time fighting for this power, and now you’re so scared to lose it that you don’t even dare to stand beside your own daughter.

“What a Great King you are.”

Guinevere’s words held a biting cold to it. Her irises involuntarily shone a bright blue as she momentarily lost control of her own magic.

King Arthur seemed stunned by what he had just heard. His chest heaved but he didn’t have the words to reply.

He stormed out of the room, the boom of the closing door resonating throughout the castle.

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Ultimately, King Arthur’s words were final.

Leonel watched as the little princess grew up. He watched her optimism wither and her liveliness dim.

The palace maids seemed to keep a wide berth. Her own father was too ashamed to see her. Her mother was the only light in her life, but the pain of the splintering relationship with her husband left even her as a mere shell of her former self.

It could only be said that the little girl was alone.

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Leonel watched the life of this little princess until the day she chose to leave the Kingdom. With her father estranged and her mother unable to provide the same warmth she once had, the one to ultimately suffer the most was a young girl who knew nothing of the world but the same coldness.

At that moment, Leonel felt his world swim once again.

When his gaze cleared, he found himself floating within a cocoon, facing a young woman that was in the same position. However, while he was awake, she seemed to still be in a deep sleep.

The cocoon around Leonel popped.

First his clothing came back, then all of his equipment. Even the bow weighed heavily in Leonel's hand.

By now, Leonel had gained a faint understanding of the trial. He was meant to understand and empathize with his opponent. The faster he did so, the faster he would awaken and the greater advantage he would gain.

If he wanted to win, all he had to do was put an arrow through Modred's head. She couldn't resist him even if she wanted to, she was clearly still immersed in what he assumed were memories of his life.

Leonel sighed. 'What a cruel trial' | PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel didn't particularly understand what the point of this trial was. Did Merlin want to show him that the people he killed to gain the rewards he had were people too? Did Merlin want him to understand his enemy before he killed him? Was there another purpose Leonel had yet to think of?

Leonel knew that killing Modred now would be too beneficial to him.

If he killed Modred and killed Monet before he left this place, that would allow him exactly the five rewards he needed to exchange for a Tier 9 reward.

Leonel sighed again, closing his eyes. He didn't even need to think about it, he knew that he couldn't do it.

He wasn't naïve enough to believe that Modred was a good person just because she had a tragic backstory. No matter how understanding he was, it was still clear and obvious to him that her actions in the past several decades had definitely caused a lot of pain to a lot of people.

Though Modred looked like a young woman, she was definitely over 40 years old. Even if he saw the reflection of that little girl within her, Leonel knew that she was no longer than innocent little girl and shouldn't be treated as such.

Still, Leonel had his own bottom line. So, he waited. PANDA NOVEL

Seconds turned to minutes, then hours, and even days.

Leonel knew that Modred's challenge was comparatively more difficult than his own. Leonel's childhood was on Earth which had a population of billions. Just finding his storyline would be difficult let alone coming to understand his world.

Merlin had definitely not accounted for this possibility in his trials. Leonel wasn't from their world, so how could it not be far more difficult?

Plus, Leonel's ability was especially suited to taking in and organizing information. This sort of trial where he was required to filter out the unnecessary and focus in on the important was practically created for him.

It wasn't until an entire week later that Modred's lashes finally fluttered. She slowly opened her eyes, the cocoon she was in breaking to reveal her defined body which was quickly wrapped up in a long, flowing black dress.

Her gaze flashed with a hint of surprise when she saw Leonel calmly meditating before her. He hadn't opened his eyes even after she awoke, but Modred could tell that he was already on high alert.

After a moment, she came to understand what must have happened. After all, she could draw the same conclusions Leonel could. ρ??∪??????

“You know, boy, having sympathy for an enemy is as good as asking for death.”

Modred spoke lightly. Her tone didn't carry any gratefulness nor was it laced with any of the relief one should have upon escaping death by the hair of their teeth. It was obvious to any semi intelligent individual that Leonel had shown mercy. But, Modred's disregard for her own life was even more surprising.

Leonel slowly opened his eyes when he heard Modred speak.

“Some people would call me quite foolish, yes.”

“Some?” Modred asked with an enchanting smile. “I think even the few that would do as you did would still call it foolish.”

Leonel looked toward Modred for a long while seemingly trying to see through her. Finally, he stood, brandishing his bow.

“Shall we fight?”

“Why so soon?” Modred asked lightly. “I'm very curious about the world you are from. Just what sort of place is it?”

Leonel didn't know how to respond to this. Was he supposed to tell Modred that the pain she suffered as a child was just a fanciful story woven by writers? Would anyone be able to accept that about their lives?

“If things go well, then you’ll get to experience it for yourself.” Leonel finally said.

Leonel had deliberated over this answer for a long while. He didn’t think that there was anything particularly important about his choice of words, he just didn’t know how to explain himself so this was all he could say.

However, what he could have never expected was for the whole of the Trial Grounds to suddenly tremble fiercely the moment he spoke the last of his sentence.

Leonel’s expression changed. He shot a glance over to Modred, but he found that she was just as confused as he was. It was clear that she also had no idea what was going on.

Without a choice, Leonel pulled out the dictionary. He had to know if the situation had changed.

“What’s happening?”

[*Ping*]

[Replying to Seed, Hidden Quest has been completed. The world of Camelot is integrating with Earth’s Fold of Reality.]

Leonel stood frozen.

What? How could something like this happen?

Out of all the possibilities, out of all the thoughts he had, out of all the ways he thought things could go’ | this was the absolute very last thing he had even considered.

The world continued to rumble as Leonel clutched his bow.. He really had no idea what would happen next.

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Leonel wasn't sure if this was a good thing or a bad thing.

What did it mean for Camelot to integrate with Earth's Fold of Reality? Did that mean that its history was becoming Earth's history? In that case, would there be changes to the current normal Zones of Earth? Did it mean that Camelot was descending onto Earth? In that case, did that mean that Earth was gaining new citizens? Or potentially enemies in the demons?

Leonel couldn't make heads or tails of what was happening. He couldn't wrap his mind around just how a fairytale could become a part of real life.

But, now that he thought about it, hadn't he been interacting with them all this time? How were the people of Camelot any different from real people? If Leonel had to differentiate them between the people of Earth' ; he really had no ability to do so.

As though this wasn't already confusing enough, Leonel had no idea how he had passed the hidden quest requirements. He had done nothing to this point to work toward that goal. In fact, if he thought about it, he was really stupid for having not at least questioned the dictionary about it first. It was just that he was distracted by learning this new magic system and all the drama that had come with it.

Leonel shook his head, completely ignoring Modred for the time being.

"What requirements did I meet to cause this?"PANDA-NOVEL.COM

More than anything else, he was the most curious about this. Actually, it might have very well been possible that he wasn't the one who met the requirements at all. After all, there was still Monet, Violet Rain and Little Nana here. Even though Little Nana had been booted from the trial, she was still one of the Zone participants and Leonel had left her alone for a long while already' ;

[*Ping*]

[Replying to Seed, there are two requirements that need to be met: Awareness and Acceptance]

Leonel felt as though he had been struck by a bolt of lightning.

These two requirements seemed simple enough, but the longer he thought about it, the more impossible they seemed to be to fulfill.

Awareness alone seemed easy enough. Just telling Modred that a world like his existed might be enough to fulfill the requirements of this first prerequisite. But what about Acceptance? PANDA NOVEL

How could you possibly get someone who was born and raised in Camelot to both be aware that there were other worlds and accept their existence? In truth, even if someone wanted to accept this, it might not necessarily be possible.

The only person in this world one couldn't fool was oneself. It was not possible to make oneself think something one didn't want to think or feel a way one didn't want to feel.

Let's say, for instance, that Leonel was told that a Metamorphosis was coming before it descended. Let's say he was also told that he and everyone else who managed to survive would gain amazing powers beyond imagination. And, let's say that it was his father who told him all of these things and warned him to prepare or else it might cost him his life.

Leonel might want to believe these words. After all, they came from his father. If he couldn't trust the man he trusted the most in this whole world, then who the hell would he trust?

But even if he wanted to believe, could he?

At that time, Leonel would have known nothing of the world but what was right in front of him. On top of that, he would have been raised in an environment where science and research was above all else. How could he so easily throw all of these things to the back of his mind to accept what sounded like a nut-case's rantings? PANDA NOVEL

This was what it meant to gain Acceptance. Modred not only needed to be Aware another world might exist, but she also needed to Accept to her very soul that it did.

After coming to this understanding, Leonel couldn't help but chuckle. This fourth trial might have been exceptionally cruel, but it actually did him a massive favor. If it wasn't for living Leonel's life from start to finish, how could Modred so easily accept the truth?

Leonel took a deep breath and calmed himself, looking up to see Modred's playful gaze.

The Trial's rumbling continued and seemed to only intensify with each passing moment. It left Leonel feeling disoriented and a bit dizzy. This seemed to remind him that there was much more he had no idea about.

“How is the integration happening?”

[*Ping*]

[Camelot will form its own satellite and orbit around the core of Earth's Fold of Reality]

Leonel raised his brow. He knew that 'satellite' was a technical term astronomers used. It described both artificial and celestial bodies that orbited a planet. Did that mean that Earth was getting another moon?

What did this mean for Earth? What would it do to the already volatile political climate? How would The Empire react? What about those hidden families? The Slayer Legion?

Leonel felt a massive headache coming on.

But something felt off about this continuous rumbling. Leonel subconsciously felt as though something was hindering Camelot's progression.

“How long will this take? And does this mean the Zone trial is over?” Leonel asked.

Modred blinked her pretty eyes. Zone trial? She seemed to be very curious about this. What did it mean exactly? This little toy also seemed to be quite interesting.

[*Ping*]

[‘!]

Leonel was stunned. The dictionary wasn't answering? This was the first time this had happened. What did this mean?

Just when Leonel wanted to ask again, the rumbling reached a peak.

Leonel's vision blurred and swam. He felt his entire body being forcefully ejected. It felt as though his body had been sucked into a blackhole, stretching into a thin line that was pulled out of his current reality.

BANG!

Leonel crashed onto something hard, but his vision was still too black to see anything.

However, what he did see when his vision cleared left him stunned.

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Leonel had crashed into a ground of grey, cracked land. There seemed to be no vegetation anywhere around except for some sporadic weeds that seemed painted with an ink black.

This place was actually the no-man's land between Camelot and the Demon Empire.

Leonel's first reaction was as expected. How could he not be infuriated? He had been that close to being able to afford to comprehend the complete Four Seasons Realm. Even if it was someone else's

comprehension, the benefit to his strength would have by no means been small. Yet, now that he had been ejected from the trial, it was all over.

However, Leonel didn't have the luxury to dwell on this because what he saw next took up all the head space he had. He felt like his breath had been completely sucked away.

Was this what the apocalypse looked like?

Right where the entrance to the Trials had been there was a massive sink hole. It seemed to extend to infinity, having unfathomable depths. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

If this was all there was, it would be enough to panic. Yet, the sink hole seemed to be connected to the skies by an invisible pillar of energy.

The rumbling, black clouds above formed a large eye of the storm above, swirling and forming a massive cyclone. The sight of large masses of cumulonimbus clouds moving along with flickering lightning and heavily falling rain made it feel as though each clap of thunder was crashing against one's heart.

This alone would have been enough of a shocking scene to put anyone in awe. However, when Leonel activated his Internal Sight to its fullest degree, he realized that this place that looked as though a mighty god had struck down with his spear from above wasn't so simple at all.

He could sense endless fragments of countless laws. Each of them formed whole or partial Force Arts representing a different strength. It was so faint that most of it was invisible even to those who had already awakened their Internal Strength.

Leonel took a deep breath and closed his eyes. When they snapped open once again, the faint image of a majestic bird loomed over his shoulder. No, it was less accurate to say that it was a bird, but rather a bird's gaze. PANDA NOVEL

Two pairs of wisdom filled eyes hung above Leonel while the faint outline of its avian body was hardly detectable.

When Leonel came out of his own world, he realized that he wasn't the only one that had been forcefully ejected from the Trial. He immediately noticed that the numbers had dwindled by half. It was clear that not all the trials ended the same way his and Modred's had' ;

The heavily falling rain rebounded off the bodies of the warriors. After King Arthur's move, no one else did anything. It was as though they were all aware that this was the calm before the storm.

Leonel wasn't the only one who noticed the oddly floating Force Arts though he was the one who could definitely see them the most clearly.

Everyone here were the elite of the elites. How could their Internal Sight be normal? They all realized that this was an opportunity.

'My luck is so bad' ;'

Leonel couldn't help but want to shed tears. He had the inside track to completing the Four Seasons Realm thanks to his ridiculous number of slaughter and star points, but now he actually had to fight again for what he had already earned. As though that wasn't enough, he seemed to still be public enemy number one' ;

As though that wasn't bad enough, the Segmented Cube had also fallen a distance away and it was still in its large form. Leonel definitely couldn't leave without it. Not only was that a treasure his father had entrusted to him, but Little Nana was still within.

It was then that the situation changed once more.

Through the rumbling thunder and heavily falling rain, the sound of cracking glass and falling beads entered the ears of all present. Though it was odd to describe it in this way, this was the image that Leonel immediately formed in his mind.

When he looked up, he found numerous cracks in space. Within these spaces, flickering gems began to make themselves known.

Very soon, it became obvious that these weren't flickering gems at all. They were treasures. These were the very treasures that had been part of the Special Ticket Store.

Leonel's expression changed. 'If Camelot is becoming a part of true history' | doesn't that mean I can take these treasures out?'

Leonel swept his gaze over the three dozen or so remaining elites, his heart tightening.. It seemed the situation had become more complicated again.

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Leonel took a deep breath.

This was no longer the trial grounds. While this meant that he was no longer restricted by cool downs and limited by skills, it also mean that this was the same for everyone else. This made this situation several times more difficult than it had been in the past.

Leonel believed that if he tried to use his Dreamscape Battle Sense now, the drain on his mind would be even greater without the limitation on the actions his opponent could take. But, for the time being, Leonel couldn't worry about this any longer.

Leonel's senses reached out once more. Though it seemed like he was paying attention to the opponents before him through the heavy rain, he was actually looking for Legend Skills.

Leonel realized something very important. Though it was negative that he could no longer guarantee himself the Four Seasons Realm with his bow, that didn't mean it was a net negative.

While he couldn't guarantee anything anymore' | his paths had suddenly broadened. With all of these Force Arts floating around, did that mean that he could find the Legend Skills for his spear as well?

Just as Leonel was about to act, someone else couldn't hold back any longer.pANDA-n0VEL.COM

Leonel locked onto a Demon Lord. Surprisingly, it was the very same Zombie Demon Lord he had met during his first battle in this no-man's land, Coyote.

Leonel remembered what Lancelot had said about this Demon Lord. Back then, he had been with the Demon Lord Dagon, a skeleton demon with heavy balls chained to his wrists and ankles. According to Lancelot, Dagon was ranked in the high 20's amongst Demon Lords and was even comparable to those in the top 20. Yet, compared to him, Coyote was much more dangerous.

The reason was simple; there was simply too little information about him. No one knew his likes, his dislikes, his tendencies; nothing. Maybe even Mordred was in the dark about this.

Coyote shot forward, his rotting eyes completely placid as though he didn't notice the tense situation they were all in. A foul stench wafted from his body as heavy droplets of acidic rain rebounded off his dead skin.

'A spear!'

Leonel took notice of Coyote's weapon immediately. This was most definitely not the weapon Coyote had used during that battle. It seemed that he had been hiding even his main choice of weapon from others. In fact, as far as Leonel remembered, he barely had any impression of Coyote during the Trials.

PANDA NOVEL

However, now that Leonel thought about it, he remembered that the only time he ever saw Coyote display any types of emotions was when the latter felt greed after Leonel took out his black-chained spear.

Back then, Leonel had been paying particular intention to the two Demon Lords in case they interfered in his battle with the minotaur. With his ability to read people, he would never mistake such an emotion.

'Wait!'

Leonel's frown deepened. For someone like as cautious and lowkey as Coyote to be making a move now? ?

Leonel's gaze flashed, locking onto a certain direction. When he realized what was happening, his frown couldn't help but deepen.

Coyote wasn't running in the direction of a Legendary Skill. But, Leonel knew it was impossible for such a man to take such a risk for nothing. $\rho \int$

"! So that's how it is."

Leonel finally understood, but he hesitated. He already had so many enemies. If he made one of Coyote too!

While no one had moved after Coyote did, Leonel could guarantee that if he did, several wouldn't stay idle any longer.

Leonel shook his head, steeling his heart. This hesitation! it wasn't like him.

Leonel shot forward, his sudden movement catching the attention of all those who had been paying particular attention to him. Still, of those paying attention, Coyote was the most shocked.

He had been very cautious since the beginning. Before he made this move, he had deduced that there was a better than 50% likelihood that no one would bother with him and would choose to instead observe from afar.

After all, the situation was still tense. Humans and demons alike had a tendency of letting others test the waters for them. Like this, it would be possible to test for any dangers ahead of time.

However, he could have never expected that Leonel would actually throw all of this to the back of his mind. In fact, not only had Leonel done so, but it seemed as though his target was completely different from Coyote's. Yet, judging by the fact Leonel's gaze hadn't left the zombie Demon Lord from start to finish, Coyote knew that he had been seen through.

A smirk curled Coyote's lip. 'It seems that I've been seen through. But so what? They must think I'm weak just because I choose to keep a low profile. Who do you think you are to challenge my will?! Your spear is mine.'

Coyote didn't bother hiding his intentions any longer. With a hard plant of his foot, he deviated his intention direction slightly, shooting toward the empty space between himself and Leonel.

Those with weak Internal Sight wouldn't be able to see anything but a foggy space. However, it was clear that both Leonel and the zombie Demon Lord had seen something others hadn't.

Leonel was just 50 meters from his location. The sloshing of the growing mud beneath his feet didn't seem to impact his speed in the slightest. But, it seemed that he had underestimated just how much King Arthur wanted him dead.

“[Minor Teleportation].”

Leonel knew the spell well. Not only did it take up a large amount of stamina for a usual Magus, but it took half a minute and sometimes even more to cast. It was simply impractical to use during battle unless one was at the level where casting multiple spells in conjunction was possible.

For King Arthur to use this spell now only meant one thing: he had begun preparing it long ago and saved it for the expressed purpose of obstructing Leonel.

No matter how kind hearted and understanding Leonel was, he couldn't help but feel a flicker of rage from the depths of his heart.

From start to end, it was always this so-called King Arthur obstructing him in every way and fashion. Did this King really think that he was a pushover? Did he look like a man that could be targeted for death time and time again without consequences?

Leonel's aura billowed, his bow disappearing in favor of a heavy spear.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

The sound of the black spear's chains drowned out even the thunder in the sky above. Leonel could feel that his spear had been waiting to be released for a long time. He had repressed it for a long time already, it was finally time to unleash it.

Leonel's gaze seemed to pierce through the space separating himself and the King.. Even if he couldn't kill this bastard, Leonel didn't mind teaching him a harsh lesson he would never forget. How could he wield that sword so arrogantly without an arm?!

Chapter 317

King Arthur widened his stance, grasping his sword with both hands. His blond hair billowed beneath the falling rain. Even in this environment, he seemed completely untouched, a holy golden aura keeping him completely dry.

Leonel charged forward, his black spear resonating with the clapping thunder. His every step was entirely enveloped by a golden light, accelerating his speed several times over. At the same time, Bronze Runes etched themselves across his body, drawing a crown on his forehead and hovering a halo above his head.

Raging violet lights emitted from his body, directly suppressing Arthur's kingly might. It felt as though this was the true arrival of a King. A man who could hold his head even higher than the legendary King Arthur.

Such a feeling made the rage in Arthur's heart deepen.

This brat? Above him? It seemed that since his sword hadn't tasted blood in so long, his legend had been forgotten.

At that moment, spear and sword met.

The clash caused a violent wind to spread out with them as the center. Sword Force sliced the wind apart to one side and Spear Force billowed into the sky from the other.

The land around Leonel and Arthur shook and quaked, their gazes meeting across their weapons.

Leonel could see the unconcealed rage within Arthur's eyes.

Arthur could see the cold indifference in Leonel's.

At that moment, the completely forgot and were uncaring about Coyote. It seemed that the actions of the zombie Demon Lord was meaningless.

The five remaining Knights of the Round Table including Gawain watched on, hands on their weapons. There were certain battles they knew they shouldn't interfere in. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

In the past, these battles were the ones Arthur fought to build his legend. And now, they felt that this battle was no less important.

Somewhere a long distance away, Queen Guinevere stepped out onto a terrace, looking up toward the rumbling skies. A deep sadness and complexity reflected within her eyes. Somehow, she felt that this battle would be important as well even without being present.

It wasn't a matter of winning or losing. It was deeper than that.

Leonel and Arthur separated, their weapons vibrating wildly.

Arthur's aura surged, Force climbing around his body to impossible heights. It had been too long since the King of Camelot had gone all out. Many had forgotten just how powerful he had once been, it seemed impossible that a child of not even 20 years old could face him.

But, the Leonel of now wasn't the Leonel of the past.

After receiving so many rewards, his Force had been crystallized to an elite degree. Even the Lamorak of the past couldn't match him and he was even faintly approaching Arthur's level.

If he could already hold his own to a certain extent before'! What about now?

“[Holy Judgment]!”

“[Holy Judgment].”

Not caring for the thoughts of others, Leonel immediately cast the very same spell Arthur had. Today, he would prove a point. This arrogant King'! He needed to learn that he couldn't be arrogant just before anyone. PANDA NOVEL

Brilliant swords formed in the skies, however Leonel's formed several times faster. Before Arthur's spell was even complete, Leonel's golden swords had descended, shattering their Arts to nothing.

“[Saintly Light]!”

“[Saintly Light].” Leonel responded coldly.

A pillar of light descended toward Arthur before his spell completed, forcing him to dodge out of the way and cancel his own cast.

The ground shook and groaned, leaving a pit in the spot he had just once been.

“[Sacrificial Cross]!”

Arthur raised his sword, a blinding light forming at its tip. However, just when he was about to slash downward, a cold voice floated to his ears, tearing at his eardrums.

“[Sacrificial Cross].”

Leonel's spear slashed downward with a powerful momentum then across with an arrogant burst.

A cross of blinding golden light shot forward, tearing toward King Arthur. The King brandished his sword, hurriedly blocking, but he couldn't stop himself from sliding backward tens of meters, the web of his fingers tearing apart.

Leonel brandished his spear, taking a step forward. His hair billowed, seemingly untouched by the heavy rain. His halo hung above his head and his piercing violet eyes peered toward Arthur as though to question him. $\rho \int \cup$

Is this the product of your arrogance? Is this what you were so proud of?

“[Light Domain]!”

“[Light Domain].”

A sphere of light appeared before Leonel, quickly expanding until it became a dome that shrouded over 20 meters. It completely crushed Arthur's own spell, shattering his sphere before it even expanded outside of his body.

Leonel held his spear in his right, raising his left.

He pointed a finger forward, causing beams of light to form all around him under the influence of [Light Domain]. In this world of darkness, he seemed like the only source of light, willing the Light Element to manifest itself to his beck and call.

Arthur's gaze had turned a furious shade of red. It seemed as though his pupils might drip with blood at any moment. As he brandished his sword, blocking Leonel's furious assault of light, he felt as though something deep within his chest was being chipped away at.

He knew he wasn't this weak. Leonel knew he wasn't this weak either. But, his pride wouldn't let him stop casting spells. His pride wouldn't allow him to accept that Leonel was his better in this aspect.

No matter what spell he cast, Leonel could do it faster and form it with greater strength.

Leonel's barrage became faster and faster. Beneath the effect of Light Domain, it was as though a tiger had grown wings. His Light Elemental Arts formed even faster than they had before. He felt as though he could take control of the whole world.

'Domain'!

This was the feeling of a Domain. An absolute control. An undeniable Sovereignty.

The spear within Leonel's hand began to shake and rattle wildly. It felt as though it wanted to break free and soar into the skies, looking over all from above.

A certain enlightenment shook Leonel's heart. For the first time, he felt the call of the spear in his hands.

At that very moment, Coyote had appeared before the Legendary Skill Art, his rotting lips curled into a smirk.

What no one expected was for the situation to change once again the instant Coyote grasped the Legendary Skill in his hands.

The sound of shattering glass resounded once more, but this was several times louder than when the treasures appeared. It was as though a massive glass statue had fallen from the skies and crashed onto the ground below.

Within any explanation, Leonel felt a surging sense of crisis. The primitive man's instincts had already sunk deep into his bones. After being stacked with several other primitive consciousnesses, his instincts had already reached another level, helping his battle sense greatly. In fact, if it wasn't for this, maybe his Dreamscape Battle Sense wouldn't have manifested so easily or so quickly.

Without hesitation, he ducked down. As though sensing the same thing, Arthur did the same.

Those who were lucky followed the crowd even if they didn't sense it themselves. However, those who were unlucky found themselves riddled with holes from an attack they couldn't even see with their own two eyes.

Leonel watched as several elites fell, dead, not daring to get up on his own just yet. Even three of the Knights of the Round Table fell beneath this inexplicable barrage.

At that moment, Leonel's Dreamscape flashed with a violent arc of lightning centering around a particular book' | 'The Legend of Affinities: The Epic of Magi'.

According to the book, there were two affinities that were rarer than the Light Element, two affinities that had only appeared within the Legendary Magus of an Era' | Merlin.

The Time and Space Affinity.

That attack, that was most definitely a spatial ripple. However, it wasn't caused by a person. It was caused by the appearance of something.

Leonel craned his neck from the ground, looking back toward the massive sinkhole he had distanced himself from originally.

When he set his senses forward, a massive Force Art reflected in his mind. It was so large and unfathomable that he felt his mind swim just after glancing at it for but a moment.

However, what was more surprising was that it reminded him of something he had forgotten about.

Memories flashed within Leonel's mind. He finally remembered.

His Healing Branch' | He had already awakened it. And the Fourth Dimensional Art hanging within his Dream World' | It was the reason he had been able to. Not only was it the reason, but it was eerily similar to the Force Art before him now.

Leonel's heart palpitated. He knew for a fact that this Force Art was the core that made up Merlin's trial grounds.

All this time, the Fourth Dimensional Art within Leonel's world was at 99% complete, but no matter what he did, he couldn't seem to get over the edge and reach 100%. Yet, simply glimpsing at that 99% complete Art in a dazed state was enough for him to instantly comprehend his Healing Branch. Just what kind of affect would it have on other things? Just what kind of affect would it have at 100%?!

1% might sound like a small distance away, but Leonel knew that this final percent was more difficult to complete than even the first 99% as a whole. If he managed to finish it, the effect wouldn't be as small as double or even triple, it might even be tens of folds!

Leonel realized in that instant that the most valuable thing here wasn't the Legendary Treasures or even the Legendary Skills. It was the Force Art right before him.

However, Leonel didn't seem to be the only one who realized this.. The moment this Art appeared, the eyes of Pope Margrave and the dual sword wielding Peirce — who had both maintained a low profile to this point — lit up.

Chapter 318

Peirce stood from the mud soaked grounds and took a step forward, brandishing his two long swords.

“Stand down!”

Gawain looked toward Peirce with reddened eyes. They had just lost three Knights of the Round Table. As things stood now, there was only Gawain and Ector remaining. It could be said that this was the greatest blow Camelot had taken since its establishment.

Gawain's number one priority was protecting the lives of those that remained. He couldn't allow a moment of hot headedness or greed to ruin the foundation of Camelot.

The gaze he looked toward Peirce seemed only a step away from madness. He had too many clashing emotions in his mind.

On the one hand, he didn't agree with the way Arthur was doing things. But, on the other, he didn't want to see his King lose like this nor did he want his fellow brothers to sacrifice themselves one after another.

In the height of his emotions, Gawain believed that Peirce was trying to step in to defend Arthur's honor. Everything he knew about Peirce to this point defined him as a man of honor and nobility. Acting to defend Arthur at this point was exactly what the persona of the past would have done. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

However, Gawain would have never expected for a simple command of his to cause Peirce's sword to find its way to his neck.

Gawain might have been in an emotional state, but he was still one of the 12 strongest knights beneath King Arthur. He reacted with an inhuman quickness, arching his back toward the ground and barely dodging the long, slightly curved sword.

Still, he felt a cold wind across his throat. When he brought his fingers up, he found that a thin line of blood had already been drawn across his adam's apple. Death had been just that close.

When Gawain got over his shock, he immediately felt a surging anger.

"Peirce! What do you mean by this?!"

Gawain's roar seemed to be trying to rival the rumbling clouds above, but it was, maybe fittingly, completely drowned out. PANDA NOVEL

PPCCHUU!

Before Peirce even got a chance to respond, Gawain suddenly felt a sharp pain to his back.

He looked down, shaken. His body trembled, blood leaking from his lips as he tried to speak. But, the spear that had gone through his chest didn't seem apt to allow him to do so.

Gawain struggled to turn his head back, only to be shocked to find his brother in arms, Sir Ector.

Shock, unwillingness, resentment... It all flashed through Gawain's eyes in those last moments. But, all he saw in Ector's eyes was a dullness as though he didn't care about taking the life of his friend of so many years.

Gawain's body fell limp and lifeless, the plop of his figure onto the wet ground somehow resounding more than his final roar. ρ??∫??????

The eerie sound seemed to wake Ector from his daze. He blinked, his eyes squinting in confusion. He looked from his bloodied spear to the body on the ground. When he thought of a certain possibility, his heart shook.

“ALIARD!”

Ector's tragic cry sounded like a wounded beast. He was so furious that the blood vessels of his eyes popped, causing streaking tears of blood to coat his cheeks. However, they were quickly washed away by the heavily falling rain as though the world itself didn't want him to grieve.

Ector turned his gaze toward an unassuming Magus, a seemingly amiable old man Leonel knew well. If it wasn't for Aliard, Leonel wouldn't have lost control of his emotions during his first meeting with Lamorak and maybe their relationship wouldn't have turned out as tragically as it did.

PCHU!

A spurt of blood flew off Ector's neck, his head snapping backward as small bits of remaining flesh tried to keep it attached to his shoulders.

In his death, he didn't get to see who did it. However, there had only been one person in that direction. It could only have been Peirce.

Ector could have never believed that he would be betrayed by not one, but two people of Camelot.

This entire sequence of events was witnessed by both Leonel and King Arthur. The latter had reached such a state of rage that his visage had returned to an eerie calm. It was a kind of calm that even made Leonel's heart tremble.

What kind of feeling was it to watch six of your brothers killed one after another? Not only killed, but to even be betrayed by two you once thought you could trust with your life?

There were many times that Arthur had thought of expanding the Knights of the Round Table to 13 just to add Peirce. Magus Aliard was a pillar of Camelot, one of the 7 more powerful mages of their Kingdom. Yet, both of them had slighted him in this way.

At this point, his rage toward the two of them was several levels beyond the rage he felt for Leonel.

Leonel cautiously rose, his eyes narrowing as he looked toward Aliard.

“So that's how things are... Maybe even Lamorak was being unknowingly influenced...”

There were many people Leonel thought that might be traitorous. He knew there was a high likelihood of a Mythological Zone becoming a Unique Zone, so he had always been paying attention.

He subconsciously focused on Lamorak because the latter had not only humiliated him, but always seemed to be outrageously antagonistic for little to no reason. Then, after he saw Mordred's backstory, he realized that the Pope might very well be involved as well.

But he had forgotten one thing... Aliard had been there that day too... And, he was a Mage that specialized in mental attacks.

What if from beginning to end, this was all orchestrated by Aliard?

Leonel's eyes fell on the seemingly amiable, scholarly man. His aura wasn't as towering as King Arthur's, yet the wind and rain seemed to bend around him as though not wanting to disturb him.

"You're very curious." Aliard spoke. Despite the billowing winds, heavy rain and rumbling clouds, not to mention the hundreds of meters that separated them, Leonel felt as though he was speaking right into his ear. "You've been branded by The Bishop. Why are you not following his orders properly?"

Leonel's pupils constricted.

Chapter 319

The Bishop. It had been too long since Leonel heard mention of this person.

Within the Joan Zone, this entity seemed to rule the lives of Joan and the men around her. At first, Leonel had thought that The Bishop was the man in the tunnels, Nicolas.

Leonel still remembered the fanaticism in Nicolas' gaze when he asked him if he was well known in the future. Despite the fact the man was his enemy, Leonel couldn't help but feel bad for him at the time.

These people were likely promised great things, but how many of them really got to enjoy these rewards? Nicolas thought he had become some famous legend in the future, yet... Leonel had never heard of him. Wasn't that too sick of a joke?

The moment Leonel heard Aliard's words, he realized that this really was related to the matters of the Joan Zone. In all likelihood, his previous conjecture that their purpose in the Joan Zone was related to their successful entry into this Mythological Zone was most likely also correct.

But, what made Leonel more apprehensive was that Aliard said he had been branded. Was he talking about the Force Art he had drawn on the back of his left hand? But hadn't he gotten rid of it? How was it that Aliard still thought he was branded?

The moment Leonel returned to Earth's Pseudo Fourth Dimension, the Art's effects were shattered. Could it be that Aliard had sensed its previous influence?PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel looked toward the back of his left hand. He could still see the vague outline of the once prominent scar, but the magic it once held had long since disappeared.

Leonel looked back up, facing Aliard.

“So you’re the one who made Lamorak target me?” He asked coldly.

Aliard didn’t respond, he seemed to feel that this conversation was meaningless.

Leonel’s gaze narrowed. It seemed that he had been a puppet on a string from the very beginning. Whether it was his battle with Lamorak, his terrible reaction back then, even down to the fact Aliard’s ‘disciple’ Elys had been the one following him and guiding him all this time, it might even be possible that Aliard was slowly manipulating things in the background to make more and more people turn their blades toward Leonel within the trial grounds.

The more Leonel thought about it, the more he felt his heart chill. PANDA NOVEL

He closed his eyes, settling the rolling waves in his chest. When he opened them once again, his calm had returned.

“Thanks, you’ve taught me a lot.” Leonel said placidly.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Leonel brandished his spear, the clanging of the spears reaching a feverish pitch.

Leonel flipped his palm, causing a horn to appear in his hand. If one looked closely and had been there that day, it would be possible to recognize this horn as having once been the property of the Black Rhino Leonel had defeated during his trip to this no-man’s land. Back then, Leonel had just wanted to complete a few missions so that he could read the rest of what the Mage Academy library had to offer. But now, this horn had become his trump card.

Since these traitors had revealed themselves so easily, even after seeing the combat prowess of Leonel and Arthur, and even taking into account the existence of Mordred and the others, it meant they were confident in their own strength. Confident to the point of believing they no longer had to hide themselves. ρ???(???????)

However, did he really look like someone who could just be rolled over?

Leonel guessed that the goal of these people and The Bishop was the Fourth Dimensional Force Art to his back. Maybe in the meantime, they wouldn't mind picking up some treasures and comprehending some Legendary Skills along the way. To them, this was practically an open treasure trove they could take up whenever they wanted. The so-called resistance before them was meaningless.

Leonel laughed. But, when others heard it, they felt their hearts tremble.

They could hear all of his emotions. His bitterness, his rage, his pride.

In the past several months, he had been toyed with like a puppet on a string. He thought himself to be intelligent, yet he hadn't even realized who his true enemy was until the last moments.

Now that he thought about it, Aliard was probably only dissatisfied with him because he wanted to make use of Lamorak for a bit longer. By Aliard's estimation, had Leonel not killed Lamorak and gone against the wishes of The Bishop, Aliard would have never been exposed at all.

After all, his suggestive magic on Lamorak had been weaved over several months to years. It was much too subtle compared to Ector who he rashly took control of just for a few moments.

Though he didn't mind being exposed now, he felt as though it was unnecessary and he felt forced by the circumstances. He didn't like not having everything in the palm of his hands. To him, Leonel's actions were akin to a jumping monkey stalling the path of a King.

However, even Aliard couldn't help but frown slightly toward Leonel's laughter.

He could tell that this laughter wasn't one of hopelessness nor was it one of madness. It was almost like the kind of laugh you gave a friend when you fell for a prank... it was simply too light.

Leonel brought the horn up to his lips and blew.

At first, the horn was a deep black luster. It curled up for over a meter and weighed almost a hundred pounds.

However, after Leonel blew, several gorgeous patterns lit up across its surface, shimmering with a beautiful pale green light.

The billowing wind from Leonel's blow tore into the skies, causing the thunderous storm to pause for just a moment.

Aliard's pupils constricted. It wasn't just him, but so did Pope Margrave's. As the two most accomplished mages on the battlefield, they realized exactly what just happened. This was definitely beast taming magic, but they had never seen it used in this way.

Leonel calmly put the horn away as though he hadn't done anything special. In its place, he pulled out a familiar golden rod. Though it no longer held France's flag on one end of it, Leonel would never forget this pole. It was none other than a replica of Joan's weapon.

"I didn't get to use this against the monocle wearing bastard. But, that's just fine. I happen to hate you all almost as much."

Did they think that he, Leonel Morales, was someone they could easily deal with whenever they wanted to?

He would make Aliard and the other lackies of this so-called Bishop pay a price for their arrogance.. And, the cost he was asking for was nothing less than their lives.

The blaring horn seemed capable of separating even the thick clouds above. Those close to it felt as though they had suddenly been thrust into the center of a storm. Even after the sound traveled tens of kilometers, it refused to dissipate, multiplying over itself and projecting outward for longer and longer distances.

Leonel stood amidst the rain with an indifferent expression. However, the ground had already begun to rumble. If the world had already felt as though it might end at any time, it was practically on the brink of destruction now.

Aliard's expression had been bordering on smugness just moments ago. But now, it felt as though everything within his body had tightened. He stared daggers toward Leonel, but the latter remained unmoved.

At that moment, the first roars came from over the horizon. Massive demonic beasts of all shapes and sizes charged forward as though they had lost their minds, savage expressions being projected from their red eyes.

It could be said that Leonel was an absolute expert of every path of magic Camelot had to offer. As long as it was within the Magic Art Tower, it was stored within his Dream World, never to leave. The only reason he never used elements outside of Light and Earth was because it simply wasn't worth it.

With his affinity, casting Light or Earth Arts took half the stamina, could be completed in half the time and carried twice the strength. Why would he waste his time casting other arts when this was the case?PANDA-NOVEL.COM

However, there were especially rare instances where the paths of other mages were beneficial to him. Whether it was when he used a teleportation Art as a trump card or when he used the sensory blockers of mental mages to form the maze within Camelot's castle, both of these were instances of Leonel taking a step out of his true comfort zone.

The use of this horn was yet another instance.

Originally, Leonel hadn't had a plan to use Joan's treasure. He originally saved it within his Dreamscape only to test his new Dream Sculpt ability. Back then, Joan's treasure had just been a useful outlet.

However, after he met Simeon again, he realized that this treasure might become very useful when disrupting Simeon's control over his beasts. Unfortunately, Simeon had smartly retreated long before Leonel got a chance to use this trump card he had kept in reserve.

When Leonel came to this SS-grade Zone, he found himself pushed into a corner again and again. He realized that he needed trump cards or else this really might be the place he died. The problem was that alone'; Joan's staff was useless. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel didn't dare to use it on humans for fear of the backlash. He affirmed this unwillingness after reaching this world. With the strong mental strength of mages, who would dare casually try to take control of their minds? Even Aliard had to be especially careful.

Due to this realization, Leonel thought that Joan's staff might very well become useless to him until he met Simeon again. But, when he was browsing the Mage Arts of the Magic Art Tower, he suddenly stumbled into the world of beast mages.

Overall, they were a small profession, often overlooked entirely. Many of them were just glorified mailmen, used to take control of messaging birds to communicate between long distances. However, it was in them Leonel saw endless potential and a plan began to form in his mind.

The horn just happened to be a useful medium, but the true strength of the horn were the spells Leonel inscribed onto it. These spells were to beasts what mermaids were to sailors. The moment they heard it, they couldn't help but be lured to Leonel uncontrollably.

Leonel had been saving this card in his back pocket for a long time, waiting for an opportune moment to use it. In fact, looking toward Leonel now, King Arthur felt an endless bubbling fear within his heart.

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What if Leonel had blown this horn from within the walls of Camelot? What would the result have been then?

This was maybe the first time King Arthur had ever felt such a way. If Leonel had wanted to raze Camelot to the ground'; could he really have done it?

There was one point that made all of this all the more shocking.

In order to stall Camelot and force them to keep some warriors back to defend their lands, Mordred had commanded beast tides to attack human settlements. Of course, she couldn't control these beasts, she could only direct them in particular directions almost like a glorified herder.

However, due to Mordred's actions, not only were there higher concentrations of beasts in this region than there was usually, they were also in large groups.

Could it be that Leonel had taken this into account as well? Just who was this boy?!

Leonel raised his golden rod. A powerful, surging Spirit Pressure shot into the skies, separating into dozens of thin lines of energy.

“Arthur, Mordred, come here.”

Arthur frowned. His initial instinct was to reject Leonel's words. But, what the latter said next made his blood freeze.

“Come here, or the first person I trample will be you.”

Leonel's voice turned completely icy, carrying an air of majesty that seemed to project directly from the halo above his head.

If it wasn't about his own life, he would let Arthur be trampled to death. As for saving Mordred, that was for two reasons. For one, he still felt a hint of sympathy toward this beauty. But, more importantly, she was the key to fixing her father's marriage.

Mordred's lashes blinked somewhat flirtatiously. Her tastes were usually quite young to begin with as she had once told Monet. In fact, she had never even considered being with a man, nor was she attracted to them. But, she had quite a good impression of this child.



Even within the rain, she glided forward elegantly, completely ignoring Arthur as though he didn't exist.

At this point, the battlefield was caught in an odd stalemate.

Unfortunately, the first of the beasts had already crossed into their fields of vision.