

Strongest 1161

Chapter 1161: Ephemera's Suspicions

"What?! The Prince of Darkness is in the Silvermoon Continent?!"

"Why do you look so happy, Lira?"

The Virtuous Lady of Temperance immediately removed the smile on her face, and replaced it with a serious one.

"You got it wrong," Lira replied. "I've been dying to get revenge on that bastard, but no one knew where he was. Now that I know his location, I'm going there to give him a piece of my mind!"

"Oi, calm down," the Virtuous Lady of Charity, Cherry, said as she held Lira's hand and looked up at her with upturned eyes. Since she was just a little girl, she treated every one of the Seven Virtues as her Big Sister, and everyone treated her like their Little Sister as well, including Celeste who usually didn't mingle with the other Virtues.

"You're right, I need to calm down," Lira breathed deeply as she tried to calm her senses. "I need to go to the Silvermoon Continent in order to calm down. Knowing that the bastard is there doesn't put me at ease."

The Virtuous Lady of Faith, Melody, heaved a long and deep sigh as she looked at Lira who was seriously planning to go to the Silvermoon Continent in order to meet the one that had captured her.

"Lira, did you forget? We have a non-aggression pact treaty with him," Melody said. "If you break the rules, we will become his slaves. I don't want to be that filthy man's slave."

Lira glared at Melody which made the latter wince. For some reason, hearing her Sister call William filthy ruffled her feathers.

"Calm down okay. How about I go with you so we can beat him up together?" Melody stuttered after being subjected to Lira's hate-filled glare. 'Wow! That's one scary glare. She must really hate that Half-Elf so much for her to stare at me as if she wanted to kill me.'

Ephemera, who was watching this scene from the side, could only shake her head helplessly. She knew that the reason why Lira was glaring at Melody was because the latter had unknowingly touched her reverse scale, which made her look at her with killing intent.

"Okay, everyone calm down." Ephemera decided to break up the tension in the air before Lira did something stupid and blow her cover. "Melody is right. We signed a nonaggression pact with the Dark Prince, so we shouldn't antagonize him, or we might just end up becoming his slaves.

"Lira, if you really wish to go to the Silvermoon Continent, I'm coming with you. But, only if you promise to not make a scene."

Lira nodded. "Okay. I agree with your proposal."

Just as the two were about to head out, they heard a strict voice, which almost made all the ladies jump up in fright.

"And, who said the two of you could go?"

The four Virtuous Lady turned to their heads to look at the Pope of the Holy Order walk in their direction with a solemn expression on her face.

"The Heir of Darkness has already taken control of the Kingdom of Zabia, and is moving to conquer the nearby territories," the Pope stated. "The Alliance has asked that we send our forces to the Southwestern Region of the Continent in order to contain their advance. It would be unwise to have the two of you leave when the Heir of Darkness is still at large."

Lira understood what the Pope was trying to say, but she still wanted to see William. Because of this, she decided to try her luck and ask the Pope a question.

"Then what about the Silvermoon Continent?" Lira asked. "The Kingdom of Zabia is only a small Kingdom. If you compare that to the entirety of the Silvermoon Continent then it is just like a drop in a bucket. Aren't we going to make any moves towards the Prince of Darkness?"

The Pope frowned after hearing Lira's words. However, she still stood her ground and gave her an answer.

"The territory of the Alliance is in the Central Continent," the Pope replied. "None of them have the spare manpower to deal with the Prince of Darkness, who is a continent away. Aside from having a non-aggression treaty with that... Half-Elf, we also know that he hates the Heir of Darkness more than anyone in the world. For now, the best plan is to let the two of them duke it out with each other. It will not be too late to deal with whoever remains between the two of them."

Lira nodded her head in understanding, but deep inside, she was cursing the Pope for even thinking of trying to take advantage of her Prince. Fortunately, William didn't shoot his seed inside her ears, so her brain was still working properly.

The Virtuous Lady of Temperance knew what she should and should not do in regards to dealing with the matters of the Alliance. Naturally, she was on William's side, and would be more than happy to fight the Heir of Darkness for his sake.

"So, when will we make our move?" Lira asked as she clenched her fist.

She was itching to decimate as many Demons as she could to ensure that William would have the upper hand when he fought against Felix.

The Pope gave the brown-haired beauty a knowing glance before giving her reply. "Soon. So, none of you are allowed to leave the Palace of Light."

The four Virtuous Lady watched the Pope walk away with various emotions swirling inside their heads.

Ephemera, who was the most observant among all of the Virtues, felt a nagging feeling at the back of her mind.

'It can't be possible, right?' Ephemera thought as she looked at the back of the Pope that was moving farther away.

If the Pope really wished to end the war sooner, she would have definitely mobilized all the forces of the Holy Order of Light, including the four Pseudo-Gods that had arrived from the heavens.

Ephemera hoped that she was just overthinking things as she tossed the idea to the back of her mind. For some reason, she felt that the Pope wasn't that serious when it came to blocking Felix's advance in the Central Continent.

It was as if she was planning to let the Heir of Darkness Conquer more lands before they made a move. That way, their Order could easily replace the various Royal Families that Felix killed during his conquest, and put one of their men in to act as their new ruler.

By doing this, the influence of the Holy Order would expand, and they would obtain a bigger territory that would not be possible if the Heir of Darkness hadn't started his invasion on the lands in the Central Continent.

Chapter 1162: Meeting With The Guardians Of The Silvermoon Continent

On the outskirts of the Sacred Grove, William sat on a black throne with three beautiful ladies by his side. A flaming black bird was perched on top of the throne's backboard and it eyed the Guardians with a complicated expression in its eyes.

Sepheron was once the strongest Guardian of the Silvermoon Continent. But now, it was just the black-haired teenager's subordinate, and it was fine with that. After knowing that there was a heaven above the heavens, it finally understood how laughable it was for thinking that it was the strongest existence in the world of Hestia.

Now that it now had the power that exceeded its previous strength, it decided to swear its allegiance to William, who was treated as a special existence by its Mistress.

"Where is Drauum?" William asked as he looked at the Guardians that he had summoned to meet with him.

Myrendor sighed as he stared at the Half-Elf who was determined to make his comrade suffer.

"Drauum doesn't want to meet with you currently," Myrendor replied. "But, I will make sure that he knows about whatever happens in this meeting of ours."

William smiled and nodded his head. Although his plan to make things difficult for the Ancient Golem was put on hold for the time being, he was still satisfied with having all the Guardians assembled before him.

"As you may already know, I am now the Supreme Overlord of the Silvermoon Continent," William replied. "I'm sure that all of you have an idea why I gathered you here today, but in order to make things clear, I will tell you why so that there will be no misunderstandings in the future."

The Half-Elf paused in order to give the Guardians a breather before he continued his proposal.

"Help me fight against Felix," William stated. "If you do that, I will drop my petty grudge, and no longer bother with any of you again. Also, after we win the war, I will remove the curse I placed on all the Elves, and we can all call it quits."

Myrendor rubbed its chin as it gazed at the black-haired teenager who sat confidently on his black throne. Although it knew that going against William was a bad idea, it still thought that the Half-Elf's proposal was too one-sided.

"You admitted that your grudge is petty, and yet you expect us to fight for you just because you said so," Myrendor said. "Don't you think that's a bit too much?"

William eyed the Ent King with a smile. He already expected that they would reject his proposal, so he wasn't surprised by Myrendor's reaction.

"Okay. Then tell me, what is it that you want in return for your servitude?" William asked.

Myrendor quieted down after hearing William's reply. It didn't expect that the Half-Elf would take a step back in their discussion. He had expected that the black-haired teenager would not take no for an answer, and force them to become his subordinates by using threats, or other methods to make them submit to him.

"What's wrong?" William asked after five minutes had passed after he asked his question. "I am asking what you want in order to serve me faithfully."

Myrendor glanced at his comrades before looking back at the Half-Elf who was waiting for his answer.

"You already know that we don't want to submit to you," Myrendor replied. "Even if you ask us what we want, we have no answer to give you at the moment."

William nodded before shifting his gaze to the other Guardians who were eyeing him with a critical gaze.

"Does he speak for all of you?" William asked. "Is there really nothing that you guys want to have in exchange for serving me faithfully?"

None of the Guardians answered because just like Myrendor, they couldn't think of anything that they wanted on the spot.

Seeing all of their reactions, William decided to proceed with the Plan B he had in mind as a compromise. He knew that Myrendor would rather die than serve under him. Although he could kill the Ent King and corrupt its corpse afterwards to become his subordinate, he decided not to do that.

He was looking at a bigger picture, and the Silvermoon Continent was just a part of the goal he had in mind.

"Okay then let's compromise," William said. "Two days from now, I will be heading to the Forbidden Realm of Hyperborea. While I am away, all of you can think of what you want in return for serving me. I'm sure that all of you are aware that I can forcefully corrupt all of you to become my loyal slaves, but I have no intention of doing that."

"My mother is still the Saintess of the World Tree, and I'm sure that all of you have protected her in some form over the past few years. I admire that, so I've decided to respect your wishes and not forcefully turn you into mindless pawns. So, here is what we're going to do. While I am away, use that time to think of what you want to obtain.

"Although I am certain that Felix won't sneak attack the Silvermoon Continent, while I am away, there is still a possibility, so I ask you to continue to carry out your duties to protect your Domain. Lastly, you will prevent any members from the Holy Order of Light from entering the Sacred Grove, as well as the capital city of Morne Entheas. That is all I will ask of you for now."

Myrendor and the rest of the Guardians all looked at William with surprise after hearing what he had to say. They could understand why they should protect their Domain from the Heir of Darkness, but they didn't understand why he specifically asked them to stop the entrance of the members of the Holy Order into the Sacred Grove, as well as the capital city of the Elves.

"Why should we stop the members of the Holy Order from coming to the Sacred Grove, as well as the Capital City?" Myrendor asked. "They are our allies in the fight against the Heir of Darkness."

William smirked as he lightly tapped the armrest of his throne.

"Myrendor, you are already so ancient, and yet, you still don't understand the hearts of people," William replied. "The Heir of Darkness, and me, may be the greatest threats right now, but this also makes us the perfect camouflage for anything bad that happens at this period of time."

"I don't understand." Myrendor shook his head. "What do you mean by that?"

"It means that Felix and I are convenient pawns to be used when a certain organization causes trouble from the shadows," William answered. "Since Felix and I are painted as black, and evil, it will be very easy to frame us for everything. Tell me, Myrendor, do you really believe that the Holy Order is so righteous? I'm sure that for them, the current war is an ideal way to destabilize the current status quo of the Central Continent."

William stood up from his throne and sneered at the Ent King who was now starting to understand what he was trying to say.

"The world is a dangerous place to live, not because of the people who are evil, but because of the people who don't do anything about it," William commented as Astrape and Bronte held his arms.

"Myrendor, make sure that none of those hypocrites step foot in the Silvermoon Continent while I am away, or the deal is off. I will no longer hold back and make sure that all of you understand what it means to fight against the Prince of Darkness. All of you don't want that to happen, right?"

The four Pseudo-Gods on William's side finally unleashed their auras in full, which made the Guardians, aside from Myrendor, feel great discomfort.

"Very well. I will agree to your condition," Myrendor replied. "Before you return, the members of the Holy Order will be barred from entering the Silvermoon Continent."

William snorted before walking away. He had already said everything that needed to be said. The Half-Elf had compromised enough, and allowed the Guardians to keep their free will. But, that didn't mean that he would not change his mind if they did something funny behind his back.

The moment he returned from the lands of Hyperborea, the sooner he would start the final phase of his plan.

There was one more Dungeon that he needed to conquer before he fought against the Heir of Darkness, in addition to preparing an insurance for fighting against the Holy Order of Light.

'Atlantis,' William thought as he stood on top of the Black Phoenix which flew in the direction of the Sacred Grove. He had long wanted to conquer this Dungeon, but didn't have the necessary strength to do it.

The final battlefield for the Pseudo-God that could be found on its last floor was under the deepest parts of the ocean. Even with the four demigods by his side, he was still not confident that he could beat it.

Sepheron was useless underwater, and although water would be a great conductor to lightning, the Half-Elf had a feeling that it wouldn't amount to much when facing against the final boss of the dungeon.

Titania could probably assist everyone to fight to a stalemate, but a stalemate wasn't what William wanted.

The black-haired teenager needed a power that would tilt the battle in his favor, and to do that, he needed to go to Hyperborea, the Mythical Land located beyond the North Wind.

Chapter 1163: It's Quite Unfortunate That My Bride Escaped

A week after Felix had conquered the capital city of the Zabia Kingdom...

"This is the life," Felix said as he sat on the throne of the King of Zabia.

He had a very relaxed expression on his face, while his hands rested on top of the heads of the two beautiful Princesses who were busy servicing him. They were the previous king's daughters, who had been captured by his subordinates.

The Princes' had all been killed because Felix had no need for them. The Princesses were spared because they were suitable bed warmers, while his forces continued to spread outwards.

The two girls had already been soiled by Felix's darkness, and were already on the path of corruption.

William could have easily done the same to Lira and Ephemera, but he chose not to and allowed both the Virtuous Ladies to return to the Palace of Light in order to fight against Felix's forces that were currently expanding his foothold in the Central Continent.

A moment later, Felix grunted, and the two Princesses were showered with his seed. They look at the green-haired demon in a daze as his essence covered their faces. A moment later, they lowered their heads and started to clean his shaft, in preparation for what was next to come.

However, before Felix could proceed to embrace the two princesses, who had just finished cleaning his member, the doors of the throne room opened.

"Your Excellency, the last resistance of the Zabia Kingdom has fallen. This Kingdom now belongs to you," Felix's right-hand man reported. He kept his head bowed and didn't even spare a glance to the two ladies who were currently licking each other's face to clean the green-haired demon's mark from their faces.

"Very good," Felix replied. "Where are the Bull Demon King and Princess Iron Fan?"

"The two of them headed to the nearby Slovell Kingdom in order to kill the reigning king, as well as the male members of the Royal Family."

"Perfect. I am in need of new bed warmers."

Felix smirked as one of the Princesses hugged his neck and straddled him, while the other princess took his right hand and used it to play with herself.

Soon, the sound of depravity echoed within the throne room, while Felix's right-hand man remained kneeling with his head bowed. After seeing this scene over the past few days, he had already gotten used to it and no longer paid any mind to his Master's new hobby.

"Where is the High Priestess now? Is she still in the Demon Realm?" Felix asked.

Ahriman had prevented Eve from participating in the bloody conquest of the Zabia Kingdom, and allowed her to remain in the Demon Continent, just a few miles away from the Amberfang Fortress.

The Six-Eared Macaque, as well as the two Demigods, El Sibon and Mapinguari, guarded her. With such a lineup, Joash, the Black Dragon, didn't dare to sneak attack the part of the Demon Army that chose to remain to protect their High Priestess.

"The High Priestess is still in the Demon Realm," the right-hand man reported. "The Main Temple in this city is being cleaned up in preparation for her arrival."

Felix snorted, but he didn't say anything else. Ahriman doted on Eve and allowed her to do as she pleased, on the condition that she didn't leave the Demon Army.

Although he didn't want to admit it, the Heir of Darkness was quite jealous of the treatment that was being given to Eve. Still, he made no move to make things difficult for her because he knew that he would only be antagonizing not just one God, but two Gods who had made the red-haired girl their Priestess.

"Any movement from the Alliance?" Felix asked.

Although he was confident that his current forces could overcome the disparity of numbers because of the Pseudo-Gods, he knew that he might still get pushed back if the full might of the Central Continent were to be pitted against him.

Felix's right-hand man nodded his head. "Their forces are now headed in our direction in an attempt to contain our expansion. However, because of the distance, it will take them at least a month before their main force reaches this kingdom.

A sneer appeared on Felix's face after hearing his subordinate's report. A month was still a very long time, and if his forces continued to expand till that time, then it was possible to annex three more Kingdoms, and possibly an Empire as well.

"Have our spies said anything about the Holy Order?" Felix inquired. "They should have made their move by now."

Felix's subordinate didn't answer right away because he was still organizing his thoughts on how to properly answer his Master.

The Heir of Darkness didn't mind waiting as he used his right hand to squeeze the breast of the Princess that was using his hand to make herself feel good, until her face winced in pain.

Eventually, Felix eased his hold on the tender breast that had now reddened due to his touch.

"Master, we still don't have any leads on where the Palace of Light is located," Felix's right-hand man answered after a few minutes. "There have also been no sightings of any movements from the Templars

of Light or their flying ships. We simply can't track their movements because their forces are covered in mystery."

"I see," Felix replied as he used his palm to slap the backside of the Princess riding his lap, and pulled her closer to him. "Tell the spies to be alert and report to me immediately if there are any changes in the Alliance's movements. Also, tell them to pay extra attention to any sightings of the flying ships of the Holy Order. If they see even one of them, make sure to report to me as quickly as possible. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Your Excellency!"

"You may go and pass my orders to everyone."

Felix's right-hand man nodded his head as he left the throne room.

He had been given complete authority when it came to the management of the lands that they had captured, while his superior enjoyed the spoils of war that were presented to him.

Not long after the doors closed, the Princess that was straddling Felix's body shuddered as the green-haired Demon's Darkness shot inside her. A moment later, she fainted, and was immediately dragged away by the second Princess, who was waiting patiently for her turn.

Soon, a lovely sigh escaped her lips, as she felt Felix's member push deep inside her.

"To think that you were just a chaste maiden two days ago, and now you're nothing more than a slut," Felix chuckled as he indulged himself in the pleasures of the flesh.

The princess didn't reply as she moved her hips desperately in order to sate the heat that was burning her from inside out.

Felix smirked as he allowed the beautiful girl to have her way with him, while he fantasized about the new batch of beauties that would soon be soiled in his depraved quest for power.

'It's quite unfortunate that my bride escaped,' Felix mused as he held the Princess' waist and started to move his hips faster, making her cry out loud in pain and pleasure. "If only she was here, I would definitely have plenty of fun with her."

The green-haired Demon regretted not being able to embrace his Prophesied Bride, because Celine was truly a beauty.

'No matter,' Felix thought as he felt the heat from his loins rising up to the surface, while fantasizing about the beautiful Elf, whose body he hadn't been able to taste.

'Her sister is still here, and holds the Virtue of Chastity. I'll make sure to capture her alive, and enjoy stripping her Virtue away from her. Isn't she William's Prophesied Bride? I'd love to see the look on his face after I make Celeste my woman.'

Felix grunted as the woman in his arms shuddered non-stop as his seeds of corruption seeped deep inside her body. A few seconds later, the Princess slumped limply in Felix's arms, as the latter immersed himself in the pleasure that had yet to subside.

More than anything else, Felix wanted to make William suffer, and one of the ways to do that was to corrupt the women that were important to the Half-Elf and mark them as his own.

Felix still had no idea that William had over the Silvermoon Continent. Only Byron, as well as the Pope of the Holy Order, knew that the Dark Prince had already taken hold of the ancestral lands of the Elves.

If the Heir of Darkness only knew that his rival had already captured territories that far surpassed the lands that he had conquered, he would definitely order his army to hasten their pace in order to conquer more lands.

Fortunately, he didn't know so he just focused on succumbing to the pleasures of the flesh, while he waited with great anticipation for the next batch of beautiful ladies that would soon come his way.

Chapter 1164: I'll Play Along With This Little Farce Of Yours

While Felix's expansion was happening in the Central Continent, William had already left the Elven Capital and headed to the Forbidden Ground of Hyperborea. He knew that time wouldn't wait for anyone, so after tying up some loose ends, he set off without another word.

The journey towards his destination wasn't that troublesome. At least, that was what he originally thought.

However, before he could enter the Forbidden Grounds, he would need to cross the Rhipaeen Mountains, where the Guardian of Hyperborea, Boreas, was located.

Only by getting past his trials would someone be able to enter the Land Beyond the North Wind, which was also called the Eternal Garden of Apollon, where an eternal spring could be found.

This was the resting place, and the last hurdle before they finally reached the Forbidden Ground of Hyperborea.

The lands of Hyperborea were considered a myth by the Elves because only one of the hundreds of thousands of Elves that had tried to find the mysterious Domain had returned.

After the survivor told of his hardships in finding the Forbidden Ground, the most that he had managed to reach was the Gardens of Apollon, which was the last sanctuary before entering the lands of Hyperborea.

Out of grief, and fear, the last survivor decided to return to the Elven Lands, never again to step foot in the realm that had harvested countless lives. Even though many Elves tried to encourage him, and even assured him that he would be well protected if he served as their guide, he didn't budge and lived a life similar to a hermit, away from Elven Society.

Arwen had told William about this tale before he left the Sacred Grove. Although his mother tried to persuade him, the Half-Elf had already made his decision, and had left Soleil in his mother's hands for safekeeping, so he could return to her side the moment he had finished his task.

In truth, Hyperborea was similar to Atlantis. Finding the Dungeon under the vast ocean was like finding a specific grain of sand on a beach. The famed underwater city had never been found in the past, and

William had only stepped foot in it due to the power of the Ring of Conquest, which had randomly sent him to the Legendary City, whose whereabouts was a complete mystery.

"We're finally here," William muttered as he stared at the barren lands filled with snow and ice. In the distance, a lone mountain could be seen.

No matter how much the Half-Elf tried to look, he was unable to see the peak because some kind of Divinity protected its secrets, and prevented anyone from scrying through the mists that blocked their vision.

"Master, why don't you just stay here?" Astrape inquired. "I'm sure that the four of us can easily pass Boreas' trial. There's no need for you to endanger yourself in this expedition."

"My sister is right, Master," Bronte replied. "It will be better if you leave this matter to us."

Sepheron and Titania both nodded their heads in approval because they had a feeling that this Forbidden Ground wasn't as simple as it looked. They were already Pseudo-Gods, and they could feel something dangerous lurking within the mists that made them feel wary.

"It's fine," William replied. "I will also take Boreas' test. I'm quite curious why no one has ever managed to step foot inside Hyperborea. Maybe this discovery would help me in one way or the other."

After seeing that William didn't want to budge, the Four Pseudo-Gods had no choice but to stay close to him to ensure his safety as they passed through the white mists that hovered near the peak, and the base, of the Rhipaeian Mountains.

As soon as William and his entourage stepped inside the mists, visibility had dropped to zero. They were unable to see, even their own bodies. But, none of them felt anxious or afraid of what was happening around them.

They simply walked forward in order to get away from the white mists as soon as possible, so that they could make the long trek towards the peak of the mountain to see Boreas.

As William walked steadily, he soon found out that the mists around him were no longer as thick as they used to be, and he could faintly see a light in the distance. He had already been walking for what seemed to be an hour, and he could now see the light at the end of the tunnel.

As the black-haired teenager stepped out of the white mists, he found himself on a cliff overlooking a town in the distance.

William frowned because although he hadn't seen this place for thousands of years, he was certain that he knew what he was looking at. Although he had lost his memories when he had become an Einherjar, those same memories returned after he had stepped out of the fog that blocked his way.

"Camelot," William's frown deepened as he looked at the place where he was born in Midgard. "This is probably just an illusion."

William wasn't stupid. There was simply no way for this place to exist, since Asgard had fallen thousands of years ago. Also, how could he possibly reach the city of Kings just by trying to pass the mists that would allow him to arrive at the base of the Rhipaeen Mountains?

It was simply impossible, and the Half-Elf was aware of this too. In the end, he just thought that his test had started, and stared hatefully at the castle in the distance.

"Is this Boreas' trial?" William clicked his tongue. "Quite a tasteless bastard he is. Sure, I'll play along with this little farce of yours."

A faint trace of killing intent flashed through the Half-Elf's eyes as he walked towards the city in which he had many painful memories. It had been thousands of years, but the feeling towards the city had remained, which made William want to summon his Legion and turn the place inside out.

Growing up, he had suffered a lot because he was the bastard son of the king that sat on the throne at that time, but he was never recognized as one of his sons. Instead, he was sent away to Tintagel Castle when he was fourteen, and banned from returning to Camelot in any manner or form.

'I don't know if I can trust my memories,' William thought as he neared the gates of the city. 'But, if I were to base the looks of this place from the one in my head, nothing has changed much since I've left.'

The current William wished nothing more than to burn the legendary castle and its city from the face of the world, but since he is in some kind of trial, he decided to endure it all until he found out why he was brought to this place by Boreas, who was sometimes referred to as the North Wind.

Just as he was walking towards the gate as if he owned the place, a guard that had his sword drawn blocked his path.

"Why have you returned, Boy?" the guard asked. "The King had already decreed that you will never step inside Camelot again. So, you better go back to the countryside and spend your life rearing goats and sheep like a Shepherd."

The guard smirked, and the rest of the guards manning the gates laughed and cheered at their comrade who was making fun of the black-haired teenager, who had planned to walk through their city gates right under their noses.

Suddenly, the guard that blocked William's path smashed through the closed steel gate, before falling down on the ground like a puppet that had its strings cut.

The guards stopped laughing and had all drawn their weapons at the same time. They all looked at William in disbelief because their comrade was only following the order of their king.

"Y-You! Are you planning to rebel?!" one of the guards shouted in anger. "You are no longer welcome here in Camelot."

William chuckled evilly as he looked at the pitiful guards that dared to block his path.

"I originally planned to just go sight-seeing, but since all of you are dumb enough to try to stop me, I guess I'll just have to force my way in," William flashed the guards a devilish smile that made them feel a cold tingling sensation pass through their spines.

Black flames erupted around William's body making the temperature soar. The guards who were all full of themselves a while ago were now screaming in panic as the black flames slowly made their way towards their direction.

"Since all of you wish to die then I'll be more than happy to send you all off to the afterlife."

The black-haired teenager was already annoyed that he was brought to a place that he hated. But, the guards further annoyed him, which brought another painful memory inside his head to the surface.

Chapter 1165: You and what Army?

Just as the black flames were about to devour the guards and burn them to a crisp, the gates opened and a powerful gust of wind blew the flames back to where it came from.

William casually waved his hand and made the black flames disappear as he eyed the familiar face that had appeared before him.

"So, you have returned, William," an old man holding a staff said as he looked at the black-haired teenager in front of him. "Why have you returned? You already know you are not welcomed here."

"What makes you think that I want to return here?" William asked back with contempt.

The old man arched an eyebrow. "Then what are you doing here?"

"Maybe the Gods wanted your city to be destroyed?" William replied. "I'm not gonna lie. I am very tempted to make it happen."

"Very funny. After not seeing you for a few years, you already know how to bluff," the old man commented. "You plan to destroy Camelot? You and what army?"

William laughed. This was the first time he ever laughed since he became the Prince of Darkness. It seemed that the question "You and What Army?" tickled even his black-stained heart, and the Half-Elf was very tempted to show the old man in front of him just what kind of army he was able to command.

Just as William was about to show the old man whether he was bluffing or not, he sensed something in the distance.

William turned his head to look behind him and saw a procession of knights headed in his direction. At the very front of the formation was a handsome, middle-aged man flanked by several high-ranking knights that the Half-Elf used to look up to.

But now, they no longer amounted to anything in his eyes. That young bastard that was sent away, because he would tarnish the King's family name, died long ago. Whatever wishes he had in the past to make his father recognize him as one of his sons, was irrelevant to the current William.

Seeing a suspicious person at the gate, the knights spread out and encircled the Half-Elf who was looking at his father with an amused expression on his face.

"Why are you here?" the King asked. "Didn't I banish you from this place?"

"That's the third time I've been asked that question," William replied. "And it doesn't get less annoying every time someone does. How about I ask you a question instead. Are you ready to die?"

"He has come to assassinate the King! Men, to arms!"

"Protect his Majesty!"

"Kill him!"

Several magical barriers surrounded the King of Camelot, while William simply crossed his arms over his chest.

Black flames erupted around him and spread out towards the Knights. This time, he didn't hold back and truly unleashed the power that would kill everyone in the surroundings.

"I will not let you have your way, you fiend!"

Golden radiance met William's dark flames and the two collided in blazing glory. A minute later, both attacks were canceled, but the Half-Elf was still standing at ease, while the person who blocked his attack was panting heavily as he kneeled on the ground.

"As expected of you, Gawain," William commented as he looked up at the sun that was currently at its Zenith. "The knight that is said to be invincible under the sun. I seem to have formed some kind of karma with people belonging to the Sun Faction."

The Half-Elf chuckled as he remembered the Sun God, Lugh, whom he had fought in the Celestial Realm in the past. That was when he discovered that the people who had been blessed by the Sun God were like cockroaches.

They were very hard to kill.

"Everyone step aside," the King ordered. "None of you are a match against him."

Gawain sighed as he backed away while glaring at William. The sword, Gelatine, trembled in his hands as if it no longer wanted to clash with the black-haired teenager a second time.

"I'll ask again. Why—"

"If you continue your question, I will guarantee that you, as well as your knights, will die here today. Do not annoy me any further. I will be the one asking questions, and you will answer them. Do I make myself clear?"

The King gazed at the young man before shifting his gaze at the old man in the distance.

The old man shook his head as if telling the King to not provoke the black-haired teenager whose power he could not fathom.

"Fine," The king answered. "Ask your questions."

The Half-Elf stared at the King for a full minute before asking his question.

"How many years have I been exiled from this city?" William asked.

"Six years," the King replied. "The last time I heard about you is when you joined the warriors of Tintagle Castle to drive out the invaders that had stepped into the mainland. No survivors from the castle returned, and your corpse was found among the dead. Are you back to haunt us for not giving you a proper burial?"

"You didn't give my corpse a proper burial?"

"All those who died were given a proper burial because they died as heroes protecting the realm. As for your corpse, the Lady of the Lake asked for it. I do not know why she did that, but since I didn't feel any ill intention coming from her, I allowed her to take your corpse back with her into the Lake."

William pinched the bridge of his nose as he thought of Ashe's past life. Back then, he didn't know that the lady whom everyone revered in Camelot was smitten with him. During his teenage years, he only had eyes for Acedia after making a vow that he would spend his life caring for her after he returned to Alfheim.

"Okay then has anything unusual happened as of late?" William inquired. He was very tempted to go to the lake and see what Ashe had done with his corpse. However, his instincts were telling him that he shouldn't do that.

The Black-haired teenager felt that if he went to see Ashe right now, he might discover something that would make things awkward when he finally found a way to revive her.

So, in order to keep the future peace in his family, he decided to let bygones be bygones, and let the Lady of the Lake do whatever she wanted with his corpse.

The King was looking at the black-haired teenager with a serious expression on his face. He could feel that the boy that was in front of him was no longer the teary-eyed boy whom he had banished from his city, six years ago.

"Three Daemons appeared, and are wreaking havoc in the Northwest Regions of the Kingdom," the King replied. "All three are beautiful women, but their magic far surpasses the magic that we knew. One could control the power of lightning, while her twin screams thunderous roars that could shatter the eardrums of those who were close enough to hear her screams.

"The last one was a fairy-like being with long red hair. She had golden butterfly wings behind her back. Although she wasn't as aggressive as the other two Daemons, she was still capable of charming people, making them fight against each other. We just came back from our crusade against them. Unfortunately, they were simply too strong, so we decided to retreat."

With such vivid descriptions, William could easily guess the identity of the three "Daemons" that the king was talking about.

'So, they're also here,' William thought with great interest. 'I thought that all of us would have individual trials, so I guess I was wrong.'

The Half-Elf then looked at the Northern Regions as his entire body was shrouded with lightning. A second later, a crisp "Kzzzt" sound reached everyone's ears before the black-haired teenager vanished from where he stood.

Now that he knew where his comrades were, William decided to reunite with his subordinates first.

Something had been bothering him since the King answered his questions.

'Six years since I left Camelot,' William mused as he made calculations inside his head. 'Isn't that the same time when Asgard fell? Could this just be a coincidence?'

The Half-Elf didn't know the answer to his questions. All he knew was that he needed to find a way to clear the trial before he snapped, and return to Camelot to start killing people.

Chapter 1166: A World That Repeats A Continuous Cycle Of Death And Rebirth

"Master!" Astrape exclaimed as soon as she felt William's presence headed in their direction.

She and Bronte had been blaming themselves for losing sight of him inside the fog. Titania, on the other hand, still had a calm expression on her face, but she felt more relaxed now after sensing William's presence as well.

A few seconds later, a lightning bolt descended a few meters away from the three Pseudo-Gods that had sent Camelot's King packing.

As soon as William appeared in front of them, Astrape immediately gave him a hug and squeezed him tight. Bronte did the same, and soon the Half-Elf was sandwiched between the two beautiful deities, while Titania watched from the side with contemplation.

Part of her wanted to join the fun, while the latter half just wanted to observe how her Master would react to the two over-eager ladies, who were treating him like a burger patty.

After a few minutes, the two Deities finally had their fill, and allowed the black-haired teenager to get a breather.

"Master, we've been looking for you for almost a month!" Bronte reported. "Although I tried to assure my sister that you might be in a different Domain doing your trial, she still wouldn't listen and almost started a one-sided genocide with the mortals of this plane."

Astrape pretended that she didn't hear her sister's words and busied herself looking at the clouds in the sky as if they held the answers to the mysteries of life.

William was shocked by this discovery. He had only been in this world for nearly an hour, while his subordinates had already been there for almost a month already, which was insane. It was also at that moment when the Half-Elf noticed that the Black Phoenix was nowhere to be found.

"Where is Sepheron?" William asked after looking around. "Is he not with the three of you?"

This time, it was Titania's turn to reply. "We originally thought that Sepheron was with you, so we weren't too worried about him. Besides, he is already a Pseudo-God. No one on this plane of existence can threaten his life."

William arched an eyebrow as he listened to the Fairy Queen's report.

"What do you mean by plane of existence?" William inquired. Bronte and Titania had both used the word plane as well, so he wanted to confirm whether his hunch was correct.

"Master, this world is half real and half illusion," Astrape answered before the Fairy Queen could even reply. "It is true in a sense because it is following a certain timeline, and half illusion because we all know that this isn't real. Although it might sound contradictory, this world is trying to portray something that had already happened. But, it is stuck in an infinite loop."

Titania then interjected on Astrape's explanation as she told William the conclusion that she had formed.

"Master, in short, this world repeats a continuous cycle of death and rebirth," Titania replied. "I'm guessing that our trial is about letting the time of this world continue to move forward, instead of rewinding itself."

William was still trying to comprehend their situation, but he was starting to understand the gist of it.

"So, in short, we just need to find a way to let time flow forward again, right?" William asked. "That way, the infinite time loop will be broken."

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania all nodded their heads in unison. Although they didn't know what was causing the world to always revert back to a fixed moment in time, they believed that as long as they all worked together to solve the mystery, all of them would be able to pass Boreas' trial with flying colors.

"But, it is strange." Bronte frowned. "I don't think we are in Hestia. At least, I don't feel any connection with Hestia at the moment."

"Could that fog have some kind of trick to it?" Astrape inquired. "I've stayed inside the Dungeon all my life. This is something very new to me."

"Indeed." Titania nodded her head in agreement. "As the Fairy Queen, I would sometimes venture out of Tir Na Nog when I was bored. Although I'm not a hundred percent certain, every Forbidden Domain had its quirks."

"Anyone who enters Tir Na Nog stops aging, but the moment they leave its boundaries, their age catches up to them. Several mortals who pursued eternal life would often try their luck in my Domain. However, they could only get what they wanted if they survived long enough to enjoy their long lives."

Titania chuckled with amusement because he had seen countless humans die in Tir Na Nog due to their wish for eternal life. However, instead of longevity, what they found in Tir Na Nog was a long, and painful way to die.

"When I was in the Seventh Sanctum, I fell into the River of Samsara and was sent into a world that wanders in the void," William said after a few minutes of silence. "It was the place where those who had temporarily escaped the cycle of death and rebirth gathered. Maybe, Titania is right. This may indeed be one of the unique features of this Domain that bars people from reaching Hyperborea."

The three ladies looked at their Master with serious expressions on their faces. They didn't want to get stuck in an infinite loop, so they decided to tell William everything that they had experienced so far.

"So three days ago, you found yourselves standing in the same location after you stepped out of the fog," William muttered as he rubbed his chin. "During the time that you were here, all of you explored in different directions in order to try and find me, but your search didn't come up with any results. You also didn't find Sepheron, so all of you thought that he was with me."

The three ladies nodded in confirmation.

"So, did you find anything interesting when all of you were frantically trying to find me?" William inquired.

The three ladies exchanged a glance at each other before nodding their heads.

"There were a few places of interest," Titania replied. "However, we all deemed that these places would take us to a different planes of existence, so we didn't dare to enter them casually."

"Getting stuck in an infinite loop may be bad, but getting stuck somewhere permanently is something I don't want to happen," Astrape commented from the side. "This was why we decided to just continue searching for you, Master, before we made any decisions about whether we should try these places or not."

William closed his eyes as he pondered their next course of action. For some weird reason, he had a nagging feeling that those places of interests that the three ladies were talking about were similar to the great oak tree that led to Alfheim, where Acedia, and the Elves resided.

After some internal struggle, the Half-Elf finally decided that nothing would change if he didn't take a chance, so he gazed at his subordinates with a serious expression on his face before giving his reply.

"Take me to those places," William ordered. "We will decide what to do after I have seen them for myself."

""By your wish, Master.""

Chapter 1167: It Has Been A While, Auntie

"Here is one of those places, Master," Astrape said as she stood beside her Master.

William sighed in his heart because he already had a hunch that Astrape would take him to this place.

It was none other than the Old Oak Tree that connected Midgard to Alfheim, the lands of the Elves. Back then, there was a specific condition that needed to be met in order to cross between the two worlds, but now the Half-Elf knew that, if he wished for it, he could open the portal and step into the Elven lands anytime.

"Are we going to enter it Master?" Titania asked. "I can feel the strong power of nature on the other side of this doorway to another realm."

William shook his head. "No. Take me to the other places that are similar to this. I will decide once I have inspected all of them."

"Understood," Astrape said as she held onto William's right hand. "If you'll excuse me."

"Mmm." William nodded his head in understanding.

A moment later, all four of them were enveloped with a lightning bolt and streaked towards the sky, and headed to another location.

A few seconds later, they arrived on a cliff overlooking a deep ravine, whose bottom couldn't be seen.

"This is the second place, Master," Astrape reported.

William narrowed his gaze because he could feel a strong attraction coming from the bottomless pit in front of him.

'This feeling is similar to the Oak Tree that led to Alfheim,' William mused. 'This probably leads to a different plane, but I have no idea where it is.'

After carefully observing the ravine for a while, he once again ordered Astrape to take him to the places where they had felt the same kind of uniqueness within Midgard.

All in all they found eight locations that signified that they could visit eight different places. William didn't know if this was just a coincidence, but something was telling him that he already had an idea of where those places would lead him.

According to Astrape, the Time Loop would happen every three weeks. This infinite loop would continue until they found a way to allow the stuck time to move forward.

'This is quite troublesome,' William thought as he pondered his next course of action. 'If my hunch is right, these pathways lead to the other eight realms. In order for time to push forward, I need to find the reason why the Time Loop happens in the first place. Only by understanding the cause, will I be able to find a solution to this problem.'

The black-haired teenager then discussed his plan to his subordinates, and the three ladies had no objection to it. They were also thinking of the same thing.

"So, where should we go first, Master?" Titania asked. "Should we stay here on this plane and wait out the three weeks before we move to the next location?"

William frowned. He knew that by staying in Midgard for three weeks, they would be spending a lot of time trying to look for the reason for the Time Loop. However, if all of them separated, it would be difficult for one person to traverse the entire realm, searching for clues if they were alone.

Also, the people on the other planes of existence would not ignore their presence. The Half-Elf was quite worried that if Astrape, Bronte, and Titania were to appear in places like Asgard, Vanaheim, Jotunheim, and Muspelheim, they would be attacked by the powerful beings whose strength may even surpass their own.

After pondering for a few minutes, William decided to play it safe and have everyone stick together for the time being. That way, they would be able to cover more ground, and report their findings to each other. It would also allow them to spot the probable causes of the Time Loop if they all brainstormed together.

"We'll stay here on this plane for now," William ordered. "The three of you spread out in different directions and look for clues. You can report to me in this city."

The black-haired teenager placed his fingertip at the three ladies' forehead to make them know Camelot's location. Although he didn't like the city where he was raised until his early teens, he knew more about its surroundings compared to the three deities, who were still unfamiliar with this world.

"Meet up with me three days before the Time Loop happens," William ordered. "Now, go!"

""Yes, Master!""

Three streaks of light flew in different directions as they obeyed William's command. The Half-Elf then sighed before using his Lighting Strider Skill to return to Camelot, in order to solve the mystery of the Infinite Loop that plagued this plane of existence.

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At the Gates of Camelot...

The guards stared anxiously the moment the black-haired teenager appeared in front of them.

He walked through the gate unhindered because none of the guards had the courage to block his way. They had seen how William had dealt with the Knight Gawain, and knew that ordinary people like them were not a match for his Dark Magic.

"This place is still as lively as ever," William muttered as he walked towards the city's center.

Many people were strolling the streets with smiles on their faces. They called out to each other as they had known each other for years, which was a very common thing within the walls of Camelot.

As the black-haired teenager wandered aimlessly along the streets, several people looked at him with curious gazes. However, none of them called out to him and simply saw him as one of those foreigners that came from distant lands.

William was aware that he was being followed, but he paid no attention to the people that were sent by either his father or the wizard who served as the country's court magician.

Just as the Half-Elf was walking past his past haunts, that he used to go to when he was still a gullible child who only wanted to get his father's recognition, a cloaked figure appeared several meters away from him.

They were inside an alley, so no one else was there aside from them.

Although the cloak blocked the person's face, it didn't hide the long strands of silver hair that peeked through it.

"Welcome back, Will," the cloaked figure said with tenderness and affection. "I missed you."

William didn't answer and simply stared at the person who had secretly treated him with love and care when he was still in Camelot.

Back then, she introduced herself as his Godmother when he was young, but after growing up, he found out her real identity, which she had kept hidden for reasons only she knew.

"It has been a while, Auntie," William replied. "Surprisingly, I don't feel the same way as you do."

"Don't say hurtful things, Will. Have you forgotten how I cared for you when you were still a child? How much I loved you?"

"If you really loved me then you should have told who you really are. It's too late to play the Mother Role, Auntie."

A sigh escaped the lady's lips before she took off the hood that was covering her face. A moment later, a beautiful lady, whose blue eyes and silver hair could easily charm men whose will was weaker than hers, was laid bare in front of his eyes.

She was none other than the enchanting fairy and sorceress, Morgan Le Fay, who was also William's birth mother, who had given birth to him in Midgard.

Chapter 1168: Have You Heard About The Nine Realms?

William sat facing the silver-haired fairy in front of him in one of the most famous inns in the city of Camelot.

Right now, he needed to gather information, and there was no better individual to ask than the person in front of him right now.

In the past, the beautiful enchantress had played a big role in his life. She was there when he was lonely, she was there when he felt sad. But, she wasn't there when his father exiled him from Camelot and sent him to Tintagel Castle to live out the remainder of his life.

"Do you still hold a grudge about what happened back then?" Morgaine asked. "There was simply nothing I could do about it, Will. I'm sorry, but my hands were tied back then."

"It no longer matters," William replied. "The person you cared for died long ago. His corpse is with the Lady of the Lake. The person standing in front of you today is a different person. I would appreciate it if you don't call my name so fondly."

Morgaine shook her head in disappointment before looking at the black-haired teenager, whose golden eyes radiated with power.

"What you say is true," Morgaine replied. "My son has already died in battle, but even if you have taken that form, there is no mistake that you were the one that I gave birth to. Am I right?"

"Our connection was cut the moment your son died. I now have a different mother, in a different space and time."

"You say some very interesting things. Very well, since you don't want me to call you fondly, I will just refer to you as William. Will that be fine?"

The Half-Elf nodded. If he was still the William that hadn't been corrupted by Darkness, he might have still been polite to Morgaine who had raised him as a Godmother, instead of a mother. But now, these things were now in the past, and he no longer wished to dwell on the painful memories that he had forgotten when Wendy had taken his soul to Asgard.

"I have a question," William said. "Are you aware of the Time Loop that is happening in this plane?"

"What Time Loop are you talking about?" Morgaine frowned.

Looking at her expression, William was sure that she really didn't know about the Infinite Time Loop that was happening in the world.

'I guess she really isn't the real Morgaine,' William thought. 'Everyone in this world are simply avatars that play their role according to the rules of this world. They are unaware that they are stuck in a time loop and just live their lives in the same vicious cycle.'

For some reason, William felt pity for the woman who was once his birth mother, and was considered to be one of the most powerful beings in Midgard.

Seeing the pitiful gaze that the black-haired teenager was giving her, the frown on Morgaine's face deepened, as she tried to figure out what the Half-Elf was trying to say. However, before she could delve deeper in his earlier words, William asked her another question that made her put aside the matter of the Time Loop for the time being.

"Has there been anything out of place lately?" William inquired. "Something that you've never noticed in this realm before?"

Morgaine nodded. "There is."

"What is it?"

"You."

This time, it was William's turn to frown. It then made him realize that he had phrased the question wrongly, so he decided to give it another try.

"Aside from me and the three Daemons that appeared recently, is there anything else that is different?" William inquired. "Any kind of abnormalities that looked wrong to you?"

Morgaine tapped the top of the table with her fingertip as she gazed at William with great curiosity. She no longer gazed at him with tenderness and affection, but as a sorceress who was looking at some rare artifact or ingredient that she had come across accidentally.

"There are several places where I sensed a different kind of power," Morgaine replied. "I went to one of them a day ago and discovered something interesting."

The silver-haired enchantress stared at William's face as if waiting for any changes to appear in his expression.

"I found the entrances to different worlds," Morgaine stated after seeing William's indifference, hoping that it would trigger some kind of reaction in him. "Have you heard about the Nine Realms?"

William nodded. "I know it."

"Well, those pathways lead to those very same realms," Morgaine explained. "I had visited Alfheim in the past, as well as Vanaheim... but looking at you, it seems that you have already been there as well, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"How interesting."

Morgaine's expression suddenly became serious as she looked at the direction of the castle of Camelot.

William also turned in the direction of the castle at the same time she did.

Both of them were powerful individuals, and could easily sense any magical fluctuations in their surroundings. Currently, inside the castle, a great magical formation was starting to go out of control. If

it wasn't stopped or controlled soon, it could lead to the complete and utter destruction of the castle of Camelot.

"What is the old fool, Merlin, doing at this time?" Morgaine frowned as she stood up in haste. "Let's talk later, William. I better check things out before this place is turned to ashes."

A moment later, the enchantress turned into an owl and flew straight towards the castle in the distance.

After a brief internal struggle, William decided to follow her as well. Right now, he was looking for clues that would allow him to stop the recurring Time Loop, and any abnormality could be a clue that would give him the answers he was looking for.

Just as both the owl and the Half-Elf were about to reach the castle, the two were blown away by a powerful shockwave that erupted from the sky above the castle.

At the very last minute, Merlin had sent the out of control formation towards the heavens in order to spare the people, and the city, from complete and utter destruction.

Chapter 1169: You Just Did It To Scratch An Itch?

After the incident with Merlin, Morgaine invited William to come with her to the villa that was located in the eastern side of the city.

Since the Half-Elf had nothing better to do he decided to accept her invitation.

'Right now my priority should be to gather information,' William thought as he flew behind the owl that was slowly descending towards the ground. 'Might as well see what this enchantress is planning.'

Morgaine returned to her original form after she landed near the gate of a residence.

The black-haired teenager looked at the villa with a curious gaze. He was confident that he hadn't been to this place before. But, since he didn't feel any evil intentions from the beautiful sorceress who had once been his mother, he decided to trust her once and accept her invitation.

As soon as they entered the gates, the sound of a determined shout reached both of their ears.

In the distance, a young boy with blonde hair was swinging a wooden sword, while an old knight stood beside him. It was fairly easy to tell that the knight was teaching the young boy on how to properly use his sword.

Morgaine smiled and grabbed William's hand before leading him towards the young boy, who was still focused on his practice swings.

The knight had already noticed Morgaine and gave her a brief nod before taking a few steps back.

The black-haired teenager watched as the young boy practiced with a determined look on his young face. The boy's face was already flushed, and sweat trickled down on his forehead as swung, and shouted at the same time.

"Isn't he good?" Morgaine asked in a volume that only William could hear. "He will definitely be a great knight someday."

"Perhaps," William replied in a casual manner. "Or maybe he will die before he becomes one."

Morgaine pouted as he lightly pushed William to show her displeasure, but the Half-Elf didn't even budge after being pushed by the enchanting fairy, who could ensnare any man to devote his life to her.

Perhaps hearing William's words, the boy turned his head to the side. His flushed expression immediately beamed up when he saw Morgaine and hurriedly ran in her direction.

"Mother!" the young boy shouted as he spread his arms wide.

Morgaine smiled as she picked up the young boy and held him firmly in his embrace.

It was at that moment when he saw that the boy had gray eyes, similar to the color of his eyes when he was still in Midgard. Although the hair color of the boy was blonde, and his was silver, he had no doubt that the young boy in Morgaine's arms was his never-before-seen little brother.

"How old is he?" William asked.

Morgaine smiled. "Nine."

The boy looked at his mother before shifting his attention to the black-haired teenager that he had seen for the first time.

"Mother, who is he?" the boy asked.

"Him? He is none other than your Big Bro—," Morgaine stopped herself in time before correcting herself. "His name is Wiilliam. If you like, you can call him Big Brother. William, this is Modred. My son."

"Big Brother," Modred called out to William with a smile.

However, the Half-Elf ignored the boy and stared at Morgaine, as if demanding an explanation.

The smile on Morgaine's face stiffened when she saw William's penetrating gaze.

"You go back to training, little one," Morgaine said as she kissed Modred's cheeks. "William and I have a few things to talk about."

"Un!" Modred kissed his mother back before running towards his mentor to continue his sword training.

Morgaine looked at her son with affectionate eyes before making a gesture for William to follow her.

The two walked silently in the hallways of the Villa until they reached the second floor.

"Modred is also his son," Morgaine said softly as if to change the current atmosphere between her and William. "Since the Queen was still unable to give him an heir, I seduced him a second time, and Modred was born. However, unlike you, The King decided to recognize him as his adopted son. That was done to let the Queen keep her dignity."

"Some kind of dignity," William snorted. "Just be honest, you just want to rub salt in the Queen's face that she can't give birth to a child."

"How rude. That was never my intention."

"So, what was your intention? You just did it to scratch an itch?"

Morgaine sighed because William didn't hold back his words as he made his opinion known.

"Even if you don't admit it, you still carry a grudge," Morgaine stated. "Is it because I lied and didn't tell you that I was your mother? Or was it because your father kept you at arm's length? That is also why you clashed with him at the gates, no?"

William shook his head. "The past me didn't carry a grudge against you or him. The me back then was stupid and believed in Happy Endings. He thought that if he worked hard enough and gained enough merits, the man sitting on the throne would praise him and recognize him as his son.

"Thinking back on it now, I felt disgusted with myself on how stupid I was. No. My past self didn't carry a grudge against you, or my father. The one who carries a grudge is the current me."

Morgaine didn't say anything and simply raised her hands to cup William's handsome face.

"You are deeply hurt," Morgaine said. "I know that it may be too late to say anything, but I am sorry. I should have told you who I really am. I should have cared for you more. I am sorry for hurting you."

William closed his eyes. Two minutes later, he gently pried the soft and delicate hands that were touching his face away.

"Fine, I will accept your apology," William replied. "But, our relationship ends here. You will no longer think of me as your son, and I will no longer think of you as my mother. Like I said earlier, the William you knew is already dead."

Morgaine sighed before nodding her head in understanding. "Understood. Now, let's talk about your reason for coming here. Are you planning to get revenge on your father for banishing you from Camelot?"

William shrugged. "That will depend on my mood."

Morgaine frowned as she and William arrived at the balcony of her residence.

"Earlier, you said something about a Time Loop," Morgaine said. "Can you elaborate?"

The corner of William's lips curled up into a smile. He was half tempted to tell the beautiful enchantress that this world that she was living in was not real, but only a fragment of a world that belonged to a distant past.

"Why not," William said in a teasing manner as he sat without any invitation on the chair that was overlooking the garden of the villa. "I will also need your opinion on this topic, so you might as well sit down."

William's teasing words made Morgaine feel that the black-haired teenager was making fun of her. Even so, her curiosity had won her over, so she decided to listen to what he had to say. She was a powerful sorceress and anything related to magical phenomena was a topic that she couldn't resist.

The Half-Elf watched with amusement as the fairy enchantress sat across from him to listen to what he had to say. In his heart, he wondered how the real Morgaine would react once she discovered that she, as well as the people in her world, only existed to become part of William's trial to reach the Forbidden Domain of Hyperborea.

Chapter 1170: Settling Old Scores

"Let me get this straight, your friends are trapped in some kind of Domain and they need to find the key that will prevent the world from returning to a specific point in time," Morgaine stated. "Hence the time loop

William nodded. "Right."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"Because the key to fix that time loop is on this plane of existence."

The frown on Morgaine's brows deepened as he listened to William's answer. After a few minutes of silence, the Fairy Enchantress shook her head and leaned back in her chair.

"I find your story hard to believe," Morgaine stated. "How can the key be here in Midgard? Maybe you should go to Asgard or Vanaheim. The Gods may hold the answer to your problem."

"Ah. I plan to do that at a later time," William replied. "For now, I've decided to stay here in Midgard and investigate. Can I use your home as my base for the time being?"

"I don't mind. But, on one condition."

"Mmm?"

Morgaine smiled mischievously. "I want you to play with Modred once a day."

"No thanks."

"Then the deal is off."

William smirked before standing up. He just said that he planned to stay in Morgaine's residence on a whim, but that didn't mean that he didn't have other options.

Seeing that the black-haired teenager was planning to leave, Morgaine hurriedly stopped him by holding onto his arm.

"Please, just play with him for three days," Morgaine replied. "After three days, the Knight Tournament will be held in the castle, and Modred will be taken to the castle to be raised by Queen Guinevere."

"Oh? She doesn't mind raising a child that wasn't raised in her womb?" William arched an eyebrow. "The Queen sure is benevolent."

Morgaine shook his head. "This is just a compromise between both parties. Since she is childless, the King thought that it would be a good idea if Modred were to be raised by her since I am not always in Camelot. You already know that I can't stay in the Human Realm for long periods of time."

"I didn't know," William replied. "You never told me that."

"Yes. It's my fault. I am sorry for being a no-good-mother."

"At least you know your mistakes."

William turned to look at the Fairy Enchantress with a serious expression on his face. "You said that the Knight Tournament will happen three days from now?"

Morgaine nodded. "This tournament is held every three years, and the champion will become one of the knights of the Round Table. It just so happens that this is the third year since the last tournament was held."

The enchanting fairy's face then suddenly had a realization as she looked at William with a devilish smile.

"I can still remember that, back then, you were training hard in order to enter the Knight Tournament to become its champion."

"Right. If I can go back to the past, I would have kicked my old self and told him to stop being stupid and live his life for himself, and not for the man that sits on that stupid throne, who thinks that he is the center of the world."

Morgaine chuckled. "But, he is the center of the world. At least, in this country, his words are law. Everyone's livelihood will rise and fall depending on his whim."

The sorceress' laughter immediately stopped when she saw the smirk that was plastered on William's face.

"W-Wait! Don't tell me that you are planning to join the tournament?" Morgaine asked with a shocked look on her face.

"Why not?" William replied. "Just think of it as allowing my past self to realize his stupid dream. Also, the champion will gain the privilege of challenging one of the knights in a one-on-one duel, right?"

A chill ran down Morgaine's spine as he looked at William's golden eyes that glowed maliciously. Clearly, the Half-Elf planned to gatecrash in the tournament to create trouble for everyone.

Unfortunately for her, there was nothing she could do to stop him.

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The next day...

"Big Brother, Mother said that you are good at handling a sword," Modred said as he looked up to the black-haired teenager who was watching him from a distance. "Can you teach me?"

"No," William replied. "You already have a mentor. You should ask him to teach you."

"But, today is his day off."

"Not my problem."

Modred pouted as he swung his wooden sword a few times to change his mood.

"Say, Big Brother, are you married?" Modred asked.

William arched an eyebrow because he didn't expect that the little brat would ask him this kind of question.

"Yes," William replied. "Why?"

"It's because you are good looking like my father," Modred stated. "I'm sure that your daughters will be exceptionally beautiful as well. I have a great idea. How about I marry your daughters when I grow up, Big Brother?"

The memories of Raizel, as well as his adorable daughters, Maple and Cinnamon, flashed in front of William's eyes. The mere thought of the blonde brat in front of him marrying his daughters made him want to give Modred a good spanking.

A moment later, a devilish smile appeared on William's face as he summoned his wooden staff that he hadn't used for a very long time, appeared on his hand.

"I changed my mind," William said. "I am going to teach you how to become a knight."

"Really?" Modred asked as he looked at William with anticipation.

William nodded like a good Big Brother, whose hands were itching to beat up a certain someone who was thinking of marrying his precious and adorable daughters.

"Of course," William answered. "But, a knight only learns about actual combat. If you want to learn, you must fight and learn from experience."

Modred nodded his head in understanding. "Actually, I already told my mentor that I have grown bored of practice swings. I wanted to experience a real battle, but he said that I was still too young for it."

"What a bunch of utter nonsense. True men learn from the battlefield. Those who swing their wooden swords in sheltered villas are considered garbage."

"Big Brother! You understand me!"

William flashed a smile that would put toothpaste models to shame. "Of course. Now, let's start your lesson."

"Un!" Modred took a stance before charging at the Half-Elf whose hands were itching to beat the crap out of the underage-little-playboy who dared to target his daughters.

A minute later, pained cries similar to a pig being slaughtered resounded inside the residence. The Half-Elf repeatedly whacked the blonde-brat's bum until it became swollen.

That night, Morgaine cursed the black-haired teenager as she applied some healing potions to her son's swollen backside. She never thought that William would stoop so low as to bully a child.

The Half-Elf's defense for himself was that he was just teaching Modred the reality of battles, so that he wouldn't be stupid enough to challenge someone that was leagues above his current strength.

Naturally, Morgaine didn't buy William's bullsh*t and kicked him out of the villa. The Half-Elf only chuckled as he walked away from the residence. He never thought that he would interact with his past life's "little brother" in such a way.

'Well then, I guess I'll kill some time while waiting for the Knight Tournament to start,' William thought with a smile.

His past self had once wanted to be the last man standing in the tournament and earn the recognition of his father. Now that a perfect opportunity had arisen, William thought that it would not be a bad idea to join the fun.

There was someone that he had wanted to challenge for a very long time, and this was the perfect opportunity to do it.

'Don't worry, past self of mine,' William said as he disappeared in the darkness of the night. 'I will settle our old scores, not only for your sake, but for mine as well.'