

Strongest 1171

Chapter 1171: Wash Your Neck, It's Payback Time

Two days just outside the city of Camelot...

In a vast open field, thousands of people gathered to watch the Knight Competition that was held every three years.

This had been one of the most anticipated events within Camelot because, among the hundreds of aspiring knights, one of them would become one of the King's personal knights who served directly under him.

The Knights of the Round Table.

That was what they were called, and anyone who bore that title was respected all across the land, not only because of their skill, but because of the symbol they represented.

They were the King's Knights and through them the peace of the realm was ensured.

Since there were too many participants, everyone was divided into eight groups.

Each group had 100 participants, and only one of those 100 would proceed to the semi finals.

Morgaine and Modred watched the qualifiers from one of the best seats among the king's retinue. Although they were quite far away from the King, the place where they sat was within the "VIP" area that was allocated for the high-ranking nobles, as well as officials, of Camelot.

"Mother, there are so many knights!" Modred said with excitement. "I can't wait to participate in the next Knight's competition!"

"Silly child, you're still too young for that," Morgaine replied. "Just wait six to nine more years before you join the tournament. By then, your skills with the sword will be unmatched, and no one would be able to defeat you in battle."

"I can't wait that long!" Modred pouted. "I'll join the next competition!"

Morgaine sighed, and decided to talk to her son again when the competition was over. Right now, Modred's excitement was through the roof, and it would be counterproductive to talk him out of joining the next Knight's Competition with his current mood.

Suddenly, the crowds cheered when a black knight disarmed one of the aspiring knights in battle. The black knight then placed the tip of the blade on his opponent's neck, forcing the latter to concede and admit defeat.

"Wow!" Modred raised his fist. "So cool! Isn't he amazing, Mother?"

Morgaine nodded as she eyed the black knight in the distance. She, and the Knights of the Round Table, had deemed the mysterious knight as the dark horse of the tournament. Although he didn't show all of his strength, his ability to wield the sword was almost that of a Master.

"Mother, how about we hire that black knight to be my tutor if he becomes the champion?" Modred asked. "Can we? Please?"

"That might be a bit difficult, but it's not impossible," Morgaine replied. "I will need to ask your father about it, but only if he wins this tournament."

"Okay! I'm sure that he will win this tournament!"

"Really? How do you know."

"I just know!"

Morgaine chuckled as she lightly patted her son's head, who was looking at the black knight as if he had found his idol.

Several hours passed, and the number of participants dwindled at a rapid rate. Finally after sunset, only four hundred of the original eighty hundred remained.

The qualifiers would continue the next day until only one participant remained in each division. The moment that the tournament was over for the day, the black knight casually left the field to return to his lodgings.

Several people stalked him from the shadows because they were all curious about his true identity. Even the subordinates of the Knights of the Round Table were asked to find out where the Black Knight was staying.

When the Black Knight turned into an alley, his pursuers followed. However, after peeking into the alley, they discovered that their target was no longer there. It was as if the black knight had vanished into thin air, and it forced the pursuers to spread out in order to find his whereabouts.

Five minutes later...

"As expected, they were unable to keep their curiosity in check," William shook his head helplessly before taking off the helmet that covered his face.

The Half-Elf had entered the tournament and used the alias, Bruce Dwayne, and called himself the Dark Knight.

Usually, Knights had several titles like Knight of the Lion, Knight of the Wolves, and the most popular of all, Knight of the Round Table.

It was simply impossible for a normal mortal to defeat William in swordsmanship even if it wasn't his specialty. Even in his past life, William's favored weapon was the spear. Of course, he also knew the basics of swordsmanship, and was a decent swordsman in his past life.

Even so, his basic swordsmanship looked like it belonged to an expert due to how strong he currently was. The Half-Elf also made sure to match his strength with that of a normal warrior, so no one would know his identity.

"To think I would be joining the tournament in this matter," William chuckled as the armor on his body disappeared and was replaced by casual clothes.

The Knight tournament was held over the course of five days, and he still had four more days remaining before he gained the right to challenge the person he wanted to fight.

'Just to be on the safe side, I'll ask Astrape to return to me tomorrow night, so I can drink her blood,' William thought. 'I don't want to drink the blood of anyone here in the city because it may raise suspicions.'

The Half-Elf knew that things would get complicated if he was caught drinking the blood of others. Since that was the case, he needed to drink blood discreetly without alerting anyone else.

Earlier in the tournament, William felt several inquiring eyes upon his body, and among them were Morgaine and Merlin. Both were powerful sorcerers, so he played it safe and acted within the reasonable bounds of the tournament.

In order for his plan to succeed, he needed to act like an ordinary mortal for the next few days until he became the champion. After that, he could drop all pretenses and go all out.

Since his subordinates were already looking for clues on how to stop the Time Loop from recurring in Midgard, he had all the time in the world to enjoy this perfect opportunity to get his revenge upon those that were responsible for getting him exiled from Camelot, as well as the person that had given the decree to make that happen.

'Wash your neck,' William thought as he stared at the castle in the distance. "'It's payback time.'

While William was inside Boreas' Trial, the Drows in the Silvermoon Continent had started to prepare for the war that they had no choice but to participate in.

Princess Eowyn had been tasked to become the leader of the younger generation and care for the children that would be left behind by their parents.

Although she had some experience in this matter when he was still in the Southern Continent, she was still overwhelmed by the sheer number of Elves that would have to fend for themselves when their parents left for battle.

'Did the Human children also feel this helpless back then?' Princess Eowyn thought as she watched the Elf Children enter the makeshift-shelters that the Royal Family and the Elven Council had prepared for them.

'No.' Princess Eowyn shook her head. 'They had it worse.'

When the adults had been turned into crystals, the children were left to fend for themselves. This was very different from the situation of the Elves where William had given them one month to prepare.

One week had passed since the Half-Elf had given his decree, and all the Drows worked hand in hand in order to safeguard the well-being of their next generation. Unlike Humans, Elves couldn't reproduce rapidly.

This was why the King, the Elven Council, and the rest of the adults went to great lengths to ensure their survival.

"Well, this is better than I thought."

An amused voice sounded from behind Princess Eowyn.

The Elf Princess' guards and maidservants all glared at the newcomer, who walked in their direction in a carefree manner.

"Good morning, Charmaine," Princess Eowyn greeted the pretty Elf who also served as William's personal maid.

"Good morning, Your Highness," Charmaine replied. "Are those circles under your eyes that I see? That's no good. You should take better care of yourself. If you become sick, what would become of these children?"

Pearl, who was standing beside Princess Eowyn, couldn't take it anymore and glared at her sister. Although Charmaine was the only remaining member of her family, she still couldn't get used to the change in character that her sister had undergone since she had been captured in the Southern Continent.

"Sister, why are you glaring at me?" Charmaine asked with a pout. "I'm just worried about the Princess, you know? Sir William gave her an important duty and if she becomes sick no one will be able to take her place."

Just as Pearl was about to answer back to her sister's nonchalant statements, Princess Eowyn placed her right hand over Pearl's shoulder in order to calm her down. She then looked back at the pretty Elf who was looking at the Elf children with an amused expression on her face.

"Thank you for the concern, Charmaine," Princess Eowyn stated. "I will take heed of your words and take better care of myself."

Charmaine smiled as she nodded her head in satisfaction.

"That is for the best, Your Highness," Charmaine commented. "Sometimes, we only see things clearly when we are subjected to the same scenario. Back then, we treated the Human children as slaves, livestock, and toys. Just like everyone, I am also guilty for doing such atrocious crimes. This was why I wanted to atone for my wrong doings."

Charmaine then paused before glancing at the Elf Princess who had been given a great responsibility by the black-haired teenager who was currently not in the Elven Capital at the moment.

"You see things in a different light when the same slave collar you placed on others suddenly find itself on your own neck," Charmaine stated. She was no longer looking at the Elf Princess, but at the children who were being herded to the Grand Shelters that the Elves had built for emergencies.

"Now I understand why Lord William always wore the slave collar on his neck back then..." Charmaine's words trailed off as if she was reminiscing a wonderful memory. "Perhaps, it was to remind himself that enslaving others is not the right thing to do. It is quite unfortunate that he is now a changed man. Even so, I still love him the way he is."

Charmaine smiled sweetly before giving her sister, Pearl, a glance.

"Sister, have you thought about the proposal that I gave you after our talk a few days ago?" Charmaine asked.

"Yes," Pearl replied. "The answer is No."

"Really? Such a shame. You're missing out on a great opportunity."

"Opportunity to become what? A slave? No thank you."

Charmaine chuckled after hearing her sister's words as if they were the most laughable things she had heard in her life.

"Sister, you may not be wearing a collar right now, but I know that you can feel it," Charmaine said as he walked towards her older sister with a smile. "Even without a collar binding your will, you already know that you can't defy Lord William. The only reason why you're still not a Drow is because of his mercy."

Charmaine smirked before patting Princess Eowyn's shoulder as if they were the best of friends.

"Just to make sure that you don't get the wrong idea, Lord William is not interested in you, Your Highness," Charmaine stated before looking at her sister, Pearl, with a thoughtful gaze. "He is only interested in my sister, for reasons that I don't know about. One thing that I know is that he had no

intention of making her his concubine or lover. He just wants her to be by his side... like a part of a collection, perhaps?"

Pearl glared at her sister because she had no interest in becoming part of "William's collection".

Seeing her hateful glare, Charmaine could only shake her head before walking away. However, after taking a few steps, the pretty Elf stopped and turned her head to look at Pearl, who was still glaring at her.

"Sister, let me tell you just one thing," Charmaine said as the smile on her face disappeared and was replaced with a serious expression. "Even in his corrupted state, Lord William is a good person. I don't want to see the day when his patience ends, and he turns you into a mindless puppet."

"I am only telling you this because I still care for you as my remaining family member. I am willing to do anything for him, but I will never do anything to harm you. So, take my advice with a grain of salt if you will, but know that this possibility exists."

Charmaine no longer said anything and left her sister, and the rest of the elves that were guarding Princess Eowyn, behind.

She still had important duties to do, like taking care of William's mother and keeping an eye on the sleeping beauty in the Spring of Life. Charmaine was also tasked to observe if the black-haired teenager's orders were being carried out, and everyone in the Elf Capital treated her like a plague that they didn't want knocking on their doors.

Even the Elf King wasn't comfortable being around Charmaine, which made the pretty Elf laugh with amusement in her heart.

'Master, everything is proceeding as you planned,' Charmaine thought as she looked in the direction of the Northern side of the Silvermoon Continent. 'Please, be safe, and return victorious in your conquest of the lands of Hyperborea.'

Chapter 1173: There's No Fool, Like An Old Fool

The next day of the tournament, the Dark Knight's prestige grew by leaps and bounds

Each battle he fought was watched by many, and garnered a lot of attention from even the high-ranking nobles of Camelot.

Suddenly, the cheer of the crowd erupted as the Dark Knight's opponent surrendered after getting pinned down on the ground by a foot, and a sword tip placed on his chest.

"I think he is going to be the representative of his division," Gawain said as he rubbed his chin. "Although his swordsmanship isn't that refined, I have to admit that he is still better than the rest of the aspiring knights who want to join our rank. What do you think, Lancelot?"

A handsome, yet sharp-eyed looking man gave the Dark Knight a side-long glance before shifting his attention on the other candidates.

"He will only be worthy of my notice once he arrives in the semifinals," Lancelot replied. "That is the true proof of his strength."

The other knights agreed and nodded their heads. Only Gawain felt that his friend's standards were too high. For him, the Dark Knight's performance was already worthy of being noticed.

'I guess I'll just have to wait until the qualifiers end today,' Gawain thought. 'But, I don't see anyone giving him any trouble in this competition, maybe except for the three apprentice knights that have been trained by my colleagues for this very day.'

Several of the Knights of the Round Table had apprentices that served as their squires. Naturally, they mentored these young saplings in the hope that they would be recognized as future knights through the Knight Tournament of Camelot.

A few hours later, the final eight combatants from each division were announced. Just as Gawain, and a few others expected, the Dark Knight emerged victorious and represented the 7th Division to fight in the last leg of the tourney.

Anyone who won their next match would reach the Semifinals, and that was where everything would get interesting.

Just like always, the Dark Knight left the venue in a casual manner. Even when the number of those stalking him had increased, he wasn't too worried. After all, how could they possibly hope to catch the Prince of Darkness?

Half an hour later, William managed to shake off his pursuers as he entered the new inn that he had rented. He decided to switch accommodations every day to prevent others from finding his lodgings.

He had only taken off his helmet when he noticed a person standing at the corner of his room. After giving the unexpected visitor a glance, he removed his armor as if the person that had snuck inside his room was of no importance.

"What do you hope to achieve by joining the tournament?"

"That's none of your business, old man. Just go back to conducting your experiments in the castle."

Merlin, the Grand Archmage who served the King, frowned as he glanced at the black-haired teenager who didn't hide his dislike for him.

"The Knight Tournament is an important occasion for the aspiring knights. Are you planning to do something during the competition?" Merlin asked.

"Yes I do," William answered. "I plan to win. So, if you have nothing else to say then go away. I'm tired and I want to sleep early."

"You got tired from fighting mere mortals? Is that supposed to be a joke?"

"Yes. Why aren't you laughing? Is it not funny enough?"

Magic power crackled on the tip of Merlin's staff as he pointed it at William. He knew how dangerous the black-haired teenager was, so he had no intention of letting his guard down.

"I will ask again. What is your purpose for joining the tournament?" Merlin asked. "Depending on your answer, I might have no choice but to take things into my own hands."

William chuckled as he walked towards the bed and laid down.

"You are the wisest mage in this world, and you still ask me why I joined?" William asked back in a teasing manner. "Can't you figure it out on your own, old man?"

Merlin didn't reply and simply stared at the teenager whose carefree manner made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

"You're here for revenge, am I right?" Merlin inquired after several minutes of silence. "Is it because you were banished from Camelot and were forced to die on the battlefield?"

William snorted. "You can think of whatever convenient reason you can think of to answer your question. However, I advise you to not get in my way. Do you still not understand, Merlin? I am no longer the brat that you people kicked out of Camelot just because you could. This time, I am the one kicking people.

"So, if you don't want me to kick you out, make sure to leave peacefully while I'm still being nice. Old man, believe me when I say that you won't like it when I get angry."

Merlin ignored William's words as the magic power on the tip of his staff glowed brighter.

"Just tell me one thing, are you planning to kill the King?" Merlin inquired.

"You think too much, Merlin," William replied. "If and when he dies, you can rest assured that it will not be by my hands. Somewhere out there will carry out that deed, it just will not be me. Now go. I want to rest, and your presence annoys me."

Merlin stared at the black-haired teenager for a full minute before vanishing in a brilliant light.

A moment later, the room descended into darkness. William closed his eyes and rested. He didn't lie when he said that the King's death had nothing to do with him. That was not his role. Right now, there was only one thing he wanted to do, and that was to right the wrongs that had been done to him in the past.

'The first one I'll get revenge on is Lancelot,' William mused as he allowed himself to be embraced by Lady Sleep. 'After that, it will be your turn, Arthur Pendragon. You sorry excuse for a father.'

In the past, the silver-haired William had no power to defy his Fate. He couldn't fight the flow of the river and was forced to be carried away by the raging waters, until he met his death.

Upon stepping into this plane of existence, William had regained the memories he lost when he became an Einherjar in Asgard.

He remembered the unwillingness he felt as he drew his last breath.

Until the moment his heart stopped beating, his only regret was not being able to be recognized by his own father, which made the black-haired teenager feel disgusted by how pathetic his past self was.

This was why he also wanted to get back to those people that had ridiculed him in the past and show them what it was like to grovel under one's feet.

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Castle of Camelot...

Merlin reappeared inside his room with a sigh. He already suspected that the Dark Knight was William and he had come to find him in order to ask him if he planned to kill King Arthur.

Although the black-haired teenager denied his allegations, the Grand Archmage couldn't sit still and informed the King about his discovery.

In the end, the King only thanked Merlin and told the Archmage that he would be careful. After the old mage left the King's quarters, an owl flew through the window and landed on the King's bed.

A moment later, a beautiful enchantress appeared with a serious expression on her face.

"Merlin beat me to it, but I guess this is only natural," Morgaine said. "You better be careful. William will definitely challenge you tomorrow."

"I know," King Arthur replied. "But, I am not worried. He will not be able to beat me."

Morgaine snorted as she once again took the form of the owl and flew out the window. However, she left a trail of words that made the King of Camelot frown.

"There's no fool, like an old fool."

Morgaine knew that even though the king was protected by the Holy Sword, Excalibur, the one he would be fighting against was no push over. In the end, she decided to leave because she understood that the King would not listen to any of the words that she was going to say.

'William, beat the crap of that fool for me,' Morgaine cursed under her breath. 'That will teach him that he is only Human, and not a perfect being who thinks that the world revolves around him.'

Chapter 1174: Checkmate

The third day of the tournament started and the final eight participants appeared in the venue, decked with their armor.

All of them were hopeful that they would become the champion and serve the king, except for one particular knight, who stood straight with his arms crossed over his chest.

Merlin and Morgaine stared at the Dark Knight with serious faces, while Modred looked at him with a flushed look on his face.

"Mother, I told you that the dark Knight is strong!" Modred said exactly. "He will definitely be the champion of this tournament."

"Indeed. He is strong," Morgaine replied.

The enchantress no longer said anything and simply waited for the final matches to start.

William was paired off with the knight that was called the Knight of the Sparrow. The young knight served as an apprentice knight for Sir Geraint, and was personally being taught by him.

As the two faced off with each other,

The young knight raised his visor and looked at his opponent with admiration and respect.

"I am Myles Aldis, the Knight of the Sparrow, it is an honor to do battle with you," Myles stated. "May I know your exalted name?"

The Dark Knight briefly nodded his head before his charming voice reached everyone's ears.

"I am the Dark Knight," William replied. "Bruce Dwayne."

Myles nodded as he lowered his visor.

"May the best knight win."

"Likewise."

After the referee deemed that both fighters were ready, he raised his hand and declared the start of the battle.

Immediately, Myles charged at his opponent and unleashed a sword thrust that was as swift as a sparrow, and as deadly as the talons of a hawk.

The Dark Knight, casually deflected the sword thrust to the side, and counterattacked with a sword thrust of his own. However, Myles had already anticipated this move so he hurriedly used the crossguard of his sword to deflect the sword thrust that was aimed at his chest.

Succeeding in his attempt, Myles took a step forward in order to forcefully push his opponent away, and pin him down to the ground.

His plan was perfect and he had also practiced this move so many times in the past, that he was confident that he would be able to neutralize his opponent in three moves.

However, just as he was about to carry out his plan, the Dark Knight's knee rose and collided with the side of his waist, breaking Myles' momentum.

Due to his armor, the kick didn't hurt that much, but it was still enough to break Myles' concentration, allowing his opponent to counter-attack.

The Dark knight twisted his body to the side and used his arm to ram Myles' chest which sent him skidding backwards.

The blow was strong enough, and Myles felt as if he had been kicked by a horse. He found it hard to breathe as if all the air in his lungs were expelled by his opponent's blow.

The young knight desperately tried to raise his guard, and recover his bearings, but his opponent didn't give him that opportunity.

Two strong hands grabbed his shoulders and held him in place. The next thing Myles knew, the opponent's helmet was closing in on his face.

A moment later, a resounding clanging sound spread in the surroundings as the Dark Knight headbutted his opponent, which sent the latter taking a step back before falling under one knee.

"You did well, but you faced the wrong opponent," the Dark Knight said as he took the sword that he had stabbed on the ground beside him and placed the blade on Myle's neck.

"Checkmate."

Myles could only smile bitterly behind the visor of his helmet as he raised both hands in surrender. The crowd cheered for the victor and for showing them an amazing battle that was quite different from the one they were expecting.

In the end, the Dark Knight extended his hand to help Myles stand up as a sign of sportsmanship, which earned him applause and well wishes from the spectators.

Even Sir Geraint, stood up from his seat and clapped both of his hands together to applaud the two knights that had just finished their duel.

"The winner, the Dark Knight, Bruce Dwayne!" the referee shouted.

Since William had already declared his alias, the referee decided that it was safe to call him by his name.

The people chatted as they asked each other if they knew anyone by that name. Only three people, namely the King, Merlin, and Morgaine, knew of William's true identity, but they kept their silence and only watched from the stands.

The other three matches also proceeded as normal, and finally the last four semi-finalists were declared.

Since all the semi-finalists didn't receive any serious injuries, the Knights decided to hold the semi-final on that same day, leaving the championship match the next day.

The four knights agreed to the change in schedule, and once again faced each other.

This time, William was faced with another Knight Apprentice. However, just like before, he performed well during the battle, and even gave the knight enough "Airtime", so he wouldn't lose too badly in front of the people.

William even went out of his way to show that he was being pushed back, and only managed to reverse the situation due to a lucky opportunity that was presented to him.

Morgaine, who was watching from the stands, rubbed her face with both hands because she felt embarrassed by William's acting, that could get him nominated for the Oscars.

Modred, who was seated beside her cheered loudly as he supported his new idol, who just happened to be his Big Brother who had died in battle a few years ago.

The enchanting fairy felt conflicted about this turn of events, but she couldn't do anything about it except smile and clap her hands like everyone around her.

In the end, the last two fighters were announced for the Championship Battle that would be held the next day.

The Dark Knight, Bruce Dwayne.

And Izaak Bricot, the Relentless Knight.

They were the two champions that would fight for the chance to become the next Knight of the Round Table, and become one of the honored warriors of the realm.

From under his visor, William looked at the strongest knight of the Round Table, Lancelot, who was also looking at him like a hawk.

A sneer appeared on the Half-Elf's face as he gazed at the person that teased him for being a loser when he was still in Camelot.

The Strongest Knight of the Realm, Lancelot, who was known for his skill with the sword and the untold number of ladies he wooed.

He was someone that the old William aspired to be, and yet, that same person kicked him when he was down. The Knight even mocked him as he was being taken away by the King's servants when the decree of his exile had been passed down.

If there was someone that William hated aside from his father, it was none other than Lancelot, the Knight of the Cart.

The person that secretly had a crush on Queen Guinevere, and was hoping to make her his woman.

William found out about this, and even told his father his discovery, but instead of praise, the only thing he got was exile, and Lancelot's ridicule filled words as he was dragged away.

Now that his target was in front of him, William endured the itch that was spreading across the palm of his hand.

He couldn't wait for the next day to come, so that he could have his revenge on the "Righteous Knight" who turned his happy and peaceful life upside down.

Chapter 1175: Since You Want To Play, Let's Play

That night, William didn't return to the inn.

He went to a mountain overlooking Camelot, and looked at the setting sun, while seated on his black throne.

Looking at this familiar world, the Half-Elf was feeling a sense of Nostalgia. Back then, he had died at a very young age before he could even realize his dreams, and keep the promises he made.

As the darkness slowly crept across the land, and the last embers of sunlight illuminated the western skies, a streak of lightning descended from the sky and landed a few meters away from William.

Astrape, the Deity of Lightning, appeared kneeling in front of her new Master, who seemed to be deep in thought. She didn't disturb the black-haired teenager and continued kneeling, like a knight waiting for her King's permission to rise.

Fortunately, only a minute passed before William turned his head and made a gesture for Astrape to come to him. He then lightly patted his lap, making Astrape blush in understanding. A moment later, the beautiful deity sat on William's lap and rested her head on the Half-Elf's shoulder.

William in turn held her waist, and secured her in place.

"Did you discover anything?" William asked.

"No, Master," Astrape replied. "Aside from warring kingdoms on the other side of the sea, I didn't see anything unusual during my journey."

William nodded his head in understanding. It was truly difficult to look for something unusual, if you didn't really know what you were looking for. Right now, they were still trying to understand why the Time Loop that Astrape, Bronte, and Titania experienced had happened in the first place.

"Did you sense anything that was similar to the doorways to the other worlds during your journey?"

"No. It seems that the pathways to the other planes are exclusive in this particular land, Master. I found no such doorways during my exploration."

"How peculiar," William muttered.

The portals that led to the different worlds were discovered within the Domains ruled by King Arthur. The Half-Elf didn't know if this was just a coincidence or not, but he would have to wait for Bronte's and Titania's reports before he came to a conclusion.

There were still so many things that they didn't understand about the world they were in right now. Coming to a conclusion without doing any investigation would lead them to nowhere.

"Astrape, I called you here because I need your help," William said after a few minutes. "I can't open my Thousand Beast Domain here, so I am unable to summon the Elves to drink their blood.

"Although I can randomly capture any of the ladies in the city to drink their blood, I don't know if that is a good idea or not. In order to play it safe, I decided to drink your blood instead. Of course, I will not force you to do it. I give you permission to reject my request if you don't feel like doing it."

Astrape looked at William with a smile. "Master, I will do anything if it will be of help to you. I will gladly fight your enemies for you, let alone letting you drink my blood. Please, drink until you are satisfied."

"Thank you," William smiled back as he lightly caressed Astrape's right cheek before kissing her lips for a brief moment.

The Deity of Lightning then parted her hair, and moved it to the side, to show her slender, and captivating neck, to her Master who wanted her blood.

A moment later, a prickling pain assaulted her senses, which lasted for only a few seconds. Soon, Astrape felt her body tingling due to the feeling of pleasure that was washing over her for the first time in her life.

William, who was drinking Astrape's blood, immediately felt a difference between drinking her blood, and drinking the blood of his wives, lovers, and the Elves.

The beautiful lady sitting on his lap was a Pseudo-God. Her blood was very rich in magical powers, and it immediately sated the black-haired teenager's bloodthirst, after only drinking around a mouthful of blood.

Originally, William thought that he would need to call Bronte, and Titania as well because Astrape's blood might not be enough for him. To his surprise, his bloodthirst was quenched so easily, which had never happened before.

'I think I will need to drink Bronte's and Titania's blood to conclude whether this is merely a coincidence or not,' William thought as he kissed the wound of Astrape's neck to heal it completely.

Astrape, who was still basking in the afterglow of pleasure, didn't know what was happening around her.

The black-haired teenager simply pulled her close to him and rested the beautiful lady's head on his shoulder.

Only after ten minutes had passed did Astrape snap out of her daze and realize that she had returned to her previous position before her Master drank her blood.

"Thank you, Astrape," William said softly.

"You're welcome, Master," Astrape replied. Part of her wanted to tell William that if he needed to drink more of her blood, he should just call for her any time.

However, the other half of herself was feeling embarrassed to say those things to the black-haired teenager because he might think that she was overstepping her bounds.

When the darkness deepened, and the countless stars shone above the heavens, William finally told Astrape that he would be returning to Camelot, and she should return to her investigations.

The Lightning Deity nodded her head in understanding before reluctantly standing up from William's lap. She bowed to her Master one last time before turning into a lightning bolt that flew into the heavens.

The Half-Elf watched her disappear in the night sky before flying towards the city. However, halfway in his journey, he decided to just spend the night outside. He had a feeling that the moment he stepped inside the city, Merlin, and probably Morgaine, would confront him and ask him a multitude of questions that he didn't want to be bothered with.

Several hours later...

The bell at the center of the city rang, telling everyone that the championship match of the Knight Tournament would begin in an hour.

William had arrived at the venue already wearing his black armor, and was just waiting for the battle to start.

What he didn't know was that his opponent had been called into the Castle of Camelot, while William was spending some quality time with Astrape.

Knowing who he really was, Merlin, as well as Arthur, decided to even things out and loaned the Relentless Knight, Izaak Bricot, some equipment that would allow him to increase his performance against his opponent.

At first, Izaak felt that the King and Merlin were asking him to break the rules. However, after the Grand Archmage insisted that William was someone who had come to threaten Camelot, the young knight finally agreed to receive some items that would boost his strength during the final battle.

Just as the two men faced each other, Izaak reached out to shake William's hand, which the latter accepted.

"I was told that you came here to endanger the lives of his majesty and his entourage, is that true?" Izaak asked.

"It's true," William admitted.

"I will not lose to you, Bruce Dwayne."

"That's what losers say, Izaak. Make sure to not repeat the same mistake again in the future."

The two teenagers ended their handshake and moved to their respective places.

When Izaak drew his blade, William noticed that this was not the blade that the Young Knight used in his previous battles.

The Half-Elf then gave Merlin a side-long glance before returning his attention to his opponent.

'Since you want to play, let's play.' The corner of William's lips curled up into a smirk.

Suddenly out of nowhere, a weapon descended from the heavens and landed beside the Half-Elf.

Since he couldn't magically pull out a weapon out of thin air, he decided to play a little trick to make it look like the heavens were on his side as he summoned the first weapon that he had bought from the God Shop to assist him in battle.

It was none other than the Lance that shines at the end of the World, Rhongomyniad.

The moment William held the handle of the spear and pointed its tip at the heavens, King Arthur's, Merlin's, and Morgaine's expressions, as well as the expressions of the Knights of the Round Table, changed completely.

How could they possibly not recognize the spear that the Dark Knight was wielding at the moment?

It was the spear that once belonged to Arthur Pendragon's father, Uther Pendragon, who was the supreme King before Arthur took over his position as the new King of Camelot.

William wanted to laugh out loud after seeing the King Arthur's, Merlin's, and the Knights' faces. All of them seemed to have eaten a fly, which made the Half-Elf nod in satisfaction because he chose the right weapon to get back at them for their dirty tricks.

Who was William? He was someone who literally threw sh*t at people. He was not afraid of playing dirty!

Chapter 1176: Are You Prepared For The Consequences In Challenging Me? Boy?

The people that were in the venue all gasped in shock when the shining spear descended from the sky. It was as if the Heavens had taken the Dark Knight's side and presented him with a weapon that would allow him to win the tournament.

The moment William raised the weapon and pointed its tip towards the sky, the people cheered because they thought that the Dark Knight was paying his tribute to the Gods that had bestowed upon him a majestic spear that they were seeing for the first time.

"Referee, I think it is about time to start the battle," William said as he pointed his spear towards Izaak who stood rooted on the ground. "The Gods are watching over this duel. Please, don't keep them waiting."

The referee as well as the people of that era were quite superstitious. They didn't doubt William's words, and the referee raised his hand to declare the start of the match, without even asking for the King's permission.

"Duel Start!"

As soon as the signal for the battle started, Izaak broke out of his daze and firmly held Clarent in his hands. This was King's Arthur other sword, that were on par with Excal

Merlin and Morgaine chanted and a blue dome surrounded the battlegrounds, keeping the two combatants inside.

Both sorcerers knew that this wouldn't be an ordinary battle, and they needed to ensure that the people that were watching the tournament would be safe from the attacks of the two young knights, who were both wielding magical weapons.

"His Excellency was right," Izaak said with gritted teeth. "You threaten the peace of this kingdom."

"You believe that old fool?" William asked in a teasing tone. "He can't even spell his own name right, and you think he is right? Very funny."

Morgaine and the other Knights all glanced at Merlin, as if asking him if what the Dark Knight was saying was the truth.

"Don't believe his hubris!" Merlin roared. "Whose stupid enough to not know how to spell their own name?!"

The Knights of the Round Table averted their gazes. Although they were all intellectual individuals, some of them weren't good when it came to writing things, especially writing their names. However, none of them would admit it, especially in front of their King.

A gust of wind blew across the battleground as the sword in Izaak's hands hummed.

Clarent, which was a sword that King Arthur used, glowed blood red as magical powers were gathered into its blade.

William smiled as the tip of Rhongomyniad radiated in a golden light, he was prepared to meet Izaak's strongest attack head-on. The Half-Elf was constantly observing Clarent's power, so he could match it with the same strength.

He was afraid that he might accidentally kill Izaak in their duel, which was something he didn't plan on doing because it would lead to complications later on.

"Enact justice upon the Guilty!" Izaak shouted. "Lay waste to my enemies, Clarent!"

At the same time the magical sword unleashed several crimson wind blades in William's direction.

"Illuminate the world!" William roared. "Rhongomyniad!"

Two powerful attacks collided with each other, which ended up in a powerful explosion sending dirt, and rubble flying in every direction.

The crowds gasped in shock because this was the first time they were seeing such an incredible display of abilities. Fortunately, the barrier that protected them from William's and Izaak's combined attacks held firm, and kept them safe from harm.

A moment later, the sound of weapons clashing rang within the dust cloud that blocked everyone's sight.

With each blow, Izaak could feel his body getting stronger due to the power that was being supplied to him by Clarent. Even so, his opponent was casually dodging, blocking, deflecting his attacks even though he was currently in a trance-like state that allowed him to surpass his limits.

'Why are my attacks not landing?!' Izaak felt anxious because something was telling him that no matter how strong he became in this battle, he would still not be able to even graze his opponent's armor due to the difference in strength.

When the dust cloud receded, everyone gasped in shock when they saw that Izaak was already kneeling on the ground, unable to raise his sword.

The young knight's hands were numb after unleashing a barrage of powerful blows that didn't even land on his opponent.

William on the other hand, just stood a few meters away from Izaak, with his weapon lowered to the ground. It was as if he was letting his opponent catch his breath, so that the two of them could fight again.

"Have you rested enough?" William asked after five minutes had passed. "You can surrender now if you don't want to continue."

Izaak didn't answer. Instead, he forced himself to stand by using Clarent to support his body.

"I'm not done yet," Izaak said in a hoarse voice. "I will protect, His Majesty. I will protect this Kingdom!"

"Okay," William replied as he walked towards Izaak in a carefree manner. "You can sleep now."

Without another word, William tapped the side of Izaak's head with his spear, making the young knight lose consciousness.

The referee ran towards the collapsed knight and checked if he was in any mortal danger. After seeing that the teenager just lost consciousness, the referee announced William's victory, making the crowd cheer in unison.

Modred, who was right beside his mother, shouted in joy as his favorite knight won the tournament. When the shouting, and cheering receded, William then walked towards the VIP Stands, and pointed his hand at a Knight who was seated just below the King's throne.

"I want to challenge the strongest knight of the kingdom," William declared. "Sir Lancelot, do you dare to fight me?"

The faint trace of ridicule didn't escape the Knight's ears, and it made Lancelot smile at the young knight who dared to challenge him.

The Strongest Knight of the Realm, emptied his wine cup before standing up from his seat.

"Are you prepared for the consequences in challenging me, boy?" Lancelot asked.

"Yes," William replied in a teasing tone. "Come. I have prepared a special wooden stick just for you."

William smiled and walked towards the audience who was watching him fight. After the Dark Knight left the barrier, a boy with freckles on his face handed him a wooden staff with a fawning look.

"Sir Bruce, I made sure to keep this wooden staff safe," the boy replied. "My friends tried to take it from me, but I made sure that they didn't even get to touch it."

"Good." William patted the boy's shoulder, which made the latter become ecstatic. "You are bound to become a great person someday. Someone who doesn't shy away from duties has the makings of a knight."

The children who saw this scene became jealous as William lightly patted the boy's head before he walked back to the battleground, carrying his wooden staff.

"This staff is very effective against idiots," William declared. "Let me test it on you, Sir Lancelot. I just want to know if you are an idiot or not."

Lancelot's smile remained on his face, but in his eyes, a trace of killing intent was oozing out. No one in Camelot dared to challenge his name and authority, and because of this, he planned to teach the young knight a painful lesson that he would not forget in his lifetime.

Chapter 1177: The Secret Of William's Wooden Staff

"I just want to know if you are an idiot or not."

This sentence, that was spoken in a teasing manner, spread across the venue, making all the spectators wonder if they heard the young knight's words properly

Lancelot was the strongest knight of the Round Table, and was even said to be on par with King Arthur himself. However, the Dark Knight had chosen to challenge him, and his weapon of choice was a wooden staff.

This made the people scratch their heads in confusion. But, since the young Knight was already the Champion of the Tournament, they thought that this was just a simple exhibition match done for everyone's entertainment.

William stood in a carefree manner while the wooden staff rested on his shoulder. He had already challenged Lancelot, and if the latter were to reject his challenge that would make him a Killjoy.

No one liked Killjoys.

Not even during medieval times.

Lancelot didn't even bother to don his armor and only carried his sword, Arondight, to the battleground.

Merlin and Morgaine exchanged a glance before nodding at the same time. They once again cast a barrier spell in order to reinforce the protective array that they had placed earlier. Now that Lancelot had accepted William's duel, this battle could no longer be considered child's play.

"Protect the people," King Arthur ordered. "Make sure none of my subjects get hurt."

The Knights of the Round Table stood up from their seats and hurried to where the spectators were watching. All of them were carrying their magical artifacts, and would not hesitate to use them to ensure the safety of the innocent.

William and Lancelot stood facing each other, but neither of them moved. They allowed the Knights to position themselves just outside the barrier to prepare for any incidents.

"Are both Knights ready?" King Arthur asked as he raised his hand to signal that the battle would start after his command.

William and Lancelot nodded their heads. Both fighters then took a fighting stance at the same time, waiting for King Arthur's prompt to start.

Seeing that both fighters were ready, he no longer wasted any time and shouted, "Duel Start!"

A second later, a crisp, cracking sound, reverberated in the arena as Lancelot drew his blade. It was as if the very air was cut in half the moment when Arondight was unsheathed from its scabbard.

Arondight, the sword which was said to be indestructible when attacked by any mortal weapon, was only given to the strongest of knights in the current era. The fact that Lancelot held this sword in his hands, meant that the sword had recognized him as the one-true-knight that was capable of wielding him.

William also knew Arondight's power, so he didn't use Rhongomyniad to fight against it. Since it was a sword that couldn't be defeated by a weapon forged by mortals then a wooden staff that belonged to a God was the perfect counter for it.

The moment Lancelot took his first step, it was as if the entire world flickered for a brief moment.

The next second, the Fairy Blade was only a few inches away from William's neck, and was only kept at bay by the wooden staff in his hands.

"Not bad," William said. "You didn't even hesitate to go for the kill on your first strike."

"Shut up," Lancelot replied. "Words are not needed during duels. I didn't come here to chat with you."

William smirked. "Well said."

He no longer said anything and instead, unleashed a kick towards Lancelot's groin.

To his surprise, Lancelot moved his body to the side, allowing Lux's kick to pass harmlessly to his side.

Using the moment of his turn, Lancelot used his elbow to attack William's face that was covered by his visor without holding back.

The Half-Elf took a step back and deftly used his wooden staff to block Lancelot's strike, while raising his left knee to counter attack. Just like what he did earlier, Lancelot moved his body once again to evade the Dark Knight's attack, as if he was dancing.

These exchanges only happened in the span of a few seconds, and yet, all the spectators could see was a blur.

Both fighters were moving too fast for their eyes to follow. Only the King, Merlin, Morgaine, and the Knights of the Round Table could see the incredible scene that was happening in front of their eyes.

Suddenly, the ground shook and a meter deep fissure appeared on the arena. But, it didn't end there.

With every strike Lancelot unleashed, more fissures appeared on the ground. However, no matter how much he tried to land a hit on William, none of his attacks landed.

This was very similar to what happened when he was fighting against Izaak. For William, unless Lancelot used the full power of Arondight, his ordinary attacks didn't pose a threat to him.

After a minute of evading, William no longer stayed passive and moved in for a strike. He had lowered his strength to match Lancelot's because fighting the knight as a Demigod would be too boring for him.

The moment William crossed the gap between them, Lancelot knew that his opponent had finally decided to fight seriously. However, just as he was about to unleash a sword strike at his opponent, he felt that something was amiss the moment William pointed the tip of his wooden staff in his direction at close range.

"Quick Shot War Art Second Form..." William's words reached Lancelot's ear, which made the Knight raise his weapon in a defensive position.

"Shotgun!"

Immediately Lancelot's body skid on the ground after receiving William's unexpected blow. However, the Half-Elf wasn't done with his attack just yet.

"Quick Shot War Art Fourth Form," William declared. "Grand Bazooka!"

The attack was shot at almost point-blank range. A second later, Lancelot's body flew several meters in the air as if he was hit by a speeding truck.

William then moved his hand on the handle of his wooden staff as if he was reloading a shotgun.

As Lancelot propped himself up the ground, his body jerked several times as invisible bullets smashed on his body, making him take a few steps back every two seconds.

After using Arondight to block the invisible bullets from hitting his body, the Strongest Knight was finally able to take a breather.

Lancelot's mouth was filled with the salty taste of his own blood, and knew that he could no longer take his opponent lightly.

"Can you still fight?" William asked as he twirled the wooden staff in his hands. "You can concede anytime you want, you know?"

Lancelot ignored William's taunt and wiped away the blood that flowed out from the corner of his lips with the back of his hand.

"Cut through the firmament," Lancelot declared as dark clouds covered the heavens. "Raze the world, Arondight!"

The sword in Lancelot's hand turned purplish in color as the power of the world revolved around it. Clearly, he finally decided to stop holding back and just wanted to kill the person in front of him.

Seeing that the worst case scenario had happened, Merlin threw a ball made of crystal at the arena. The moment the ball hit the ground, William and Lancelot were sent to a Domain, where they could not kill any innocent during their no-holds-barred battle.

William smiled after seeing the full power of the Fairy Sword, Arondight. Even in his Demigod Form, Lancelot's sword could still kill him if it landed cleanly on his body.

"Say, we've been together for a very long time," William said as he held onto the wooden staff firmly in his hand. "I know that the current me doesn't have the qualifications to order you around, but just this once, lend me the power that I need so I can put an end to this chapter of my past life."

The wooden staff in William's hand vibrated as if agreeing to his request.

William had carried the wooden staff since he was a baby, and it had protected him when he was about to be killed by a goblin. Although he hadn't used it for quite some time, this was a weapon that had been entrusted to him by the God of Shepherds himself.

A moment later, a steady, and determined voice echoed within Merlin's Domain where the two combatants were facing each other.

"I am a Marvel to see and know, for no one has ever been able to see and grip me, and never will, no matter how large his hand, except one man alone. And this man will surpass in skill all those who have come before him, and all who will follow afterward."

A thunderous clap resounded in the Heavens as the voice continued to utter the words that made the very fiber of the world tremble.

"The man who will carry me must be more valiant, and confident than any other if he is to carry me as purely as he should. I cannot be taken to any vile, or sinful, place. He who would put me in such a place will be the first to regret it, but if he takes proper care of me, he can go everywhere safely."

The wooden staff in William's hand glowed like the sun, and he watched with amazement as the wood on the staff was stripped away, similar to an apple being peeled in a circular motion.

"In your current state, you are unable to wield me. However, just this once, I will lend you my aid."

The weapon in William's hand hummed as the weapon that had never been seen before appeared in the closed off domain.

It was the sword that belonged to a King.

It was a sword that belonged to a God.

"Strike with all the power of the Virtues of the World," William ordered as he raised the sword towards the sky. "Cut through time and space, Sword of *****!""

On the first day, God said.

"Let there be Light."

And by his words, the world that belonged to Merlin, was covered in Light...

Before it was split in half.

Chapter 1178: That Was The Most Amazing Feeling Ever

In the venue where the tournament was held...

Merlin cried out in pain before collapsing on the ground unconscious. Just before King Arthur could come to his aid, a loud cracking sound was heard in the arena.

The crystal ball that the Grand Archmage had thrown earlier split in half, and the light that shot towards the Heavens from the crystal ball made everyone who witnessed it kneel on the ground.

Even King Arthur wasn't spared from this effect, and even though he tried hard to resist the overwhelming pressure that was coming from the light, it was futile.

For the first time since he became the King of Camelot, Arthur Pendragon knelt on the ground. No matter how much he resisted it, in front of that Holy Light that illuminated the entire world, no one had the strength, nor ability, to remain standing.

The people who saw it didn't feel any overwhelming pressure to make them go down on their knees, like Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table did. The common folk simply felt that it was a sacred light and, out of habit, they began to worship it as they had done with many supernatural things that happened in their world.

To their credit, the light didn't harm them. In fact, everyone who was suffering from disease or illness and who saw the light felt their ailments and pains melting out of their bodies.

Such was the effect when the power of the Eight Virtues of the World was unleashed in full.

"Mother, what is that light?" Modred asked as he kneeled beside his mother and looked at the dazzling light that parted the dark clouds that hung in the sky.

"It is Divine Light," Morgaine replied subconsciously. "This is the first time I've seen it with this much intensity, but I am certain that what we're seeing is Divine Light."

When the light finally receded after a full minute, the clear-blue sky once again appeared above their heads. The sunlight shone down on everyone. It wasn't hot, but warm and, to a certain extent, very gentle.

The wind blew past everyone, giving them a refreshing feeling as if taking their remaining ailments and woes away.

When the pressure forcing King Arthur and all his knights to kneel disappeared, all of them stood up at once.

The first thing the King did was check to see if Merlin was fine, but thanks to the Divine Light that had shot towards the heavens, the injuries that the Grand Archmage received had healed completely.

He was just feeling so refreshed that he felt that lying on the floor didn't seem that bad. It had been a while since he had taken a proper rest, and he was very tempted to just sleep on the ground and wake up a few hours later.

"Just five more minutes, okay?" Merlin said as Athur shook his body. "No. Make that ten minutes. I deserve the extra five minutes due to working overtime yesterday."

King Arthur was very tempted to slap the old man because he had completely forgotten what had transpired earlier. However, before he could even do that, Merlin's eyes opened wide after he remembered what happened to his precious portable domain.

"That damn brat!" Merlin stood up enraged. "He destroyed my Domain!"

As if calling the Devil's name, two figures reappeared in the battleground. On the ground, Lancelot lay with several wounds on his body.

His sword arm was bent at a weird angle, which signified that his arm was broken.

The Strongest Knight's clothes were in tatters, and were similar to a shredded rag. The proud Knight was nowhere to be seen. In his place, a person who was writhing in pain could be seen.

William walked towards the fallen Knight and looked down on him. A second later, he casually kicked him until Lancelot's body turned over, with his face facing the ground. William crouched down and raised his hand.

A resounding clap echoed in the venue, followed by Lancelot's pained howl.

William spanked the strongest knight on the bum a second time, as if he was disciplining a child that had done bad things.

"Stop this at once!" King Arthur shouted, as William was about to slap Lancelot's bum for a third time.

The Dark Knight gave the King a side-long glance before slapping the proud knight's backside for the third time.

The people, including the Knights of the Round Table, couldn't believe what they saw. Someone actually defied the order of their King. This had never happened in the past, and it made King Arthur feel that his face had been slapped as well.

After slapping Lancelot's bum thirteen times, William finally stood up and faced the King of Camelot.

When everyone's eyes were on him, the Dark Knight snuck in a kick to the Knight lying beside his feet, turning his body over so that it faced the sky.

A gasp escaped everyone's lips because they never thought that William would be so shameless as to openly sneak attack the fallen Knight under their gazes.

"Y-You!" King Arthur was doing his best to not make a scene in front of his subjects, but William's repeated acts of violence were challenging his authority. "You're not worthy of being a Knight!"

William's reply was to take off the helmet that covered his face.

Long-silver hair that reached his shoulders appeared in front of everyone. William's gray eyes stared at the King with a mischievous glint in them as if he was looking at something very funny.

"I know, right?" William replied in a carefree manner. "I was never meant to be a Knight, nor I was meant to be your son. The only thing that was meant to happen to me in this world was to die. So, f*ck you, Father. You're nothing but a f*cking piece of sh*t!"

William then laughed after hurling insults at the King whose face had gone livid out of anger.

The Half-Elf ignored him as he looked towards the clear blue sky. Although it was a lifetime ago, he felt as if all the frustrations and the grudges he kept in his heart melted away like snow on a sunny day.

For the first time since he was tainted by darkness, William felt so peaceful. He then closed his eyes and allowed the wonderful feeling to wash over his body.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself standing in a peaceful and beautiful world, where the sea under his feet reflected the clear blue sky on the heavens.

Standing in front of him was the silver-haired William who had a smile on his face.

"Thank you," the silver-haired William said.

"You're welcome," William replied. "But, this is just the first step, right?"

The silver-haired William nodded with a smile on his face.

"I have so many regrets in my lifetime," the silver-haired William stated. "Promises that I was not able to keep. What you did to Lancelot, and to our father, felt great. That was the most amazing feeling ever... well, aside from making love to our wives."

William gave his other half a knowing smile. How could slapping Lancelot's backside even come close to slapping Lilith's bubble bum? Remembering the Amazon Princess that was waiting for him on the Floor of Asgard made William's cold heart feel warm.

"There are still grudges that we need to settle," the silver-haired William said as he patted William's shoulder.

"And promises that we need to keep," William replied as he patted the silver-haired William's shoulder. "Don't worry. I got this. I'll make sure to do it right this time."

The silver-haired William smirked before turning into particles of light and merging with William's body.

He now understood how to break the Time Loop that plagued the world.

It was not the world whose time had stopped, but it was his time that had stopped.

After defeating Lancelot, and giving an invisible slap to his father's face, William understood that the key to this world was himself.

Now that his grudges against Lancelot and his father were settled, it was now time to move to the next place, and keep the promise he made to the pitiful lady that held him until he drew his last breath.

"Although it is several lifetimes late, it is time for me to keep the promise I made," William said softly before turning his back to the King who once played an important role in his life.

The color of William's hair changed from silver to black, and his gray eyes turned golden in color. The armor he was wearing disappeared and was replaced by a princely robe that enhanced his handsome features.

Soon he disappeared from the venue and reappeared on the mountain where he had drunk Astrape's blood several hours ago.

"Astrape, Bronte, Titania, return to me," William ordered. "There's no need to look for clues anymore. I know where we should go next."

""As you command, Master!""

William summoned his throne and sat on it. He then rested the side of his face on his closed fist before closing his eyes.

Memories that he had once lost in Asgard flooded his mind.

Memories that he had managed to regain in his current lifetime.

Chapter 1179: Reunion in Alfheim

William stared at the fantasy-like scenery as he stood on top of a mountain.

After the three beautiful Deities returned to his side, the Half-Elf left Midgard with them and went to his next destination, Alfheim.

"The three of you, take a tour of this realm and see if there are any interesting things in it," William ordered. "Do not come to find me. I will call for you when the time comes. At most, we will stay in this plane for four to five days before we move to the next place."

""As you wish, Master.""

The three ladies bowed in unison before taking off towards the skies. Although William's order was basically telling them to go sight-seeing, they didn't find anything wrong with it because his orders were absolute.

As the three disappeared into the horizon, William's body turned into a lightning bolt and flew towards the place where someone had been waiting for him for the past thousands of years.

It didn't take long for the black-haired teenager to arrive at his destination. He hovered in the sky as he used his ability to gaze at the scenery that had played an important role in his life when he was still William Pendragon.

'It's still the same as I remember,' William thought as he looked at the garden which housed the lazy Elf whom he had escorted from the forest where she had been staying previously.

After looking at the nostalgic scenery, William used his abilities to zoom in on a wooden cottage in the distance. Bypassing its walls, he saw a lady with long blonde hair, curled up in a fetal position.

She was holding onto a robe, and treated it like a hug pillow.

Tear stains could be seen on her beautiful face, as she wept for the person that she hadn't seen for a long time.

After seeing this scene, William felt a pang of ache in his heart because he knew full well the reason for her tears.

Taking a step forward, the Half-Elf traversed the great distance and appeared several meters from the door of the cottage.

Suddenly, a commotion sounded inside the wooden cottage before the door burst open.

The blonde Elf, who usually spent her time sleeping, cried out as she ran towards William with outstretched arms. Her long blonde hair that was dozens of meters long, fluttered behind her as if it was weightless.

Out of reflex, William spread his arms wide and caught the crying beauty in his arms.

Acedia, the Elf who carried the Sin of Sloth, wailed in William's arms, while the latter held her tight.

He didn't expect their reunion to happen like this, and the black-haired teenager could feel the sadness that the beautiful Elf had endured for the several years that he was gone.

"It's fine; I am here," William said softly as he lightly patted the head of the crying Elf who was holding him so tightly. "I'm back, Acedia."

Acedia didn't reply because she was crying like a child. It was as if she had forgotten how to talk, and was only using her raw instincts to tell William how sad she was.

The two stayed in each other's arms for a long period of time. The Half-Elf knew that Acedia was pouring out all of the sadness and loneliness that she had bottled up inside her over the past few years, and William allowed her to do that.

Finally, the beautiful elf looked up at William and cupped his face.

"W-Wel... come... b-back," Acedia said hoarsely. Clearly, she hadn't talked for a very long time, and she was having trouble saying the words she wanted to say.

A moment later, the beautiful Elf's body slackened, as if she had lost her strength on her legs. Her eyes were slowly drooping, and yet, she was fighting it with everything she had.

Acedia was afraid that she was just dreaming, and her beloved would disappear the moment she woke up. Because of this, she bit her lips until blood gushed out of them, alarming the black-haired teenager that was holding onto her.

"Don't hurt yourself," William said sternly. "I'm not going away. I'll still be here when you wake up."

Acedia stubbornly shook her head. It took William a full-minute to calm her down, so he could use healing magic to cure the injury she had inflicted on herself.

In the end, Acedia grabbed onto William's clothes, and held it in a vice-grip before she fell asleep, while being held by the man she had waited for a very long time.

The Half-Elf looked at the beauty in his arms and wiped away the tears that were still spilling from her eyes.

One of the greatest regrets in his life was not being able to keep his promise to Acedia.

Now that he was given a chance to do so, he would make sure that the pitiful, and lonely girl, who was exiled by her own race, would once again feel the warmth of someone being by her side.

In the distance, Astrape, Bronte, and Titania looked at this scene with great interest.

They didn't know who the lady in their Master's arms was, but they were very curious to know who she was.

However, before they could continue watching, they saw William turn into their direction, and gave them the "Have you watched enough?" glare, which scared the three Deities silly.

Astrape, Bronte, and Titania, were like wild ducks that flew in different directions after hearing a gunshot. They knew that they had seen something they shouldn't have and William caught them red handed.

Since none of them wanted to face William's anger, they decided to make themselves scarce, and leave the Half-Elf, and his beautiful lover alone till their Master called for them to return to him.

William snorted before carrying the sleeping elf back inside their cottage. The main reason he had ordered the three deities to go sight-seeing was to prevent them from sticking around him, while he reunited with Acedia.

Although the lazy Elf had a carefree personality, she could be quite impish at times, especially when William did something that she didn't like.

In order to prevent Acedia from feeling jealous, he wanted the three Deities to be as far away from him as possible. That was the only way to ensure that the lady in his arms wouldn't have an excuse to wrap William in her hair, and hang him upside down due to lack of delicacy.

Chapter 1180: Acedia's Wish

Several hours passed before the beauty in William's arms stirred.

When Acedia opened her eyes, she looked sleepily at William for a few seconds, which the Half-Elf found amusing. This was not the first time that he had seen her in this manner, which made him remember of the times they spent together in the past.

Since the Half-Elf was in the mood to tease her, William kissed her on the lips, making the beautiful Elf's eyes open wide like saucers.

The kiss didn't last long, and when William pulled back he smiled at the blonde beauty whose eyes were still staring at him in disbelief.

"Good afternoon," William said. "Did you have a nice nap?"

"Will...," Acedia muttered as she stared at William's golden eyes that were very different from the ones she remembered.

"Sorry, should I revert back to my old appearance?" William asked.

Acedia then shook her head before hugging her beloved.

"Will... is... Will," Acedia replied. "Nothing... will... change."

William just smiled. He didn't want to refute Acedia's words, because that would not do any good.

Instead of replying, he just kissed her again. This time, Acedia returned his kiss.

Soft pecks slowly grew in intensity as they transformed into passionate kisses that lit a fire in their hearts. After five minutes, William was the first to pull back from Acedia's advances.

It seemed that being separated for a very long time had made the lazy Elf more bold when it came to exchanging kisses with him.

"I missed you, Acedia," William said softly. "I'm sorry that I arrived late."

Acedia shook her head before hugging William. No words were needed because she was already feeling very happy that he had returned to her side.

A few hours later, the two left the wooden cottage and wandered around the Violet Ever Garden like they had done in the past.

In order to not tire Acedia, William decided to carry her like a princess as he took a stroll around the familiar paths that they had both taken when he was still with her.

The two of them chatted as they did, making the stroll a lively one. Soon, Acedia was talking better. Her usual cheekiness returned and she even made sure to complain to William because he had made her wait for a long time.

"Sorry, I should have come sooner, but things got out of hand in Midgard," William apologized. "In return for making you wait, you can ask me for anything. Whatever it is that you ask, I will do it without fail."

"Are you sure?" Acedia asked back. "You're not allowed to take back your words later, you know?"

William chuckled. "Don't worry. I won't take back my words. Just tell me what you want, and I'll make it happen."

Acedia closed her eyes as if she was seriously pondering what to ask the black-haired teenager who was carrying her around like a princess.

The Half-Elf didn't disturb her and allowed her to think. In truth, William was very curious about what Acedia wanted. When they were together, aside from returning to her side, the sleeping beauty didn't ask him for anything.

Now that she was given the chance, Acedia took the matter seriously and didn't hurry to give William an answer.

Finally, after a good amount of time had passed, the sleeping beauty opened her eyes and told William what she really wanted.

"Ljosalfheimr," Acedia said. "I want to see the capital city of the Elves, Ljosalfheimr."

"Okay," William nodded. "Do you know where it is located?"

Acedia nodded before shaking her head.

"I haven't been there before," Acedia explained. "But, I was told that the Elven Capital is near where the sun rises in the East."

"I see," William commented. "Then, we'll go there tomorrow."

"Will you really take me there?"

"Didn't I just say that we will go there tomorrow? You should have more faith in me."

Acedia stared at William with a doubtful look on her face. Clearly, she didn't believe that William could take her to the Capital City of the Elves, which she had never seen before.

Seeing her reaction, William decided to punish the lazy bum who had no faith in him. A few moments later, Acedia found herself squirming and laughing at the same time as she was tickled relentlessly by the black-haired teenager until she begged him to stop.

Naturally, William didn't make things difficult for her and stopped his naughty hands from punishing the Elven beauty further.

As William carried his lover towards their wooden cottage, he ordered Astrape to head East and see if she could find the Elven Capital before morning came.

His loyal servant answered his call and did his bidding. Among the three deities serving under him, Astrape was the fastest of them all since she wielded the power of lightning. He believed that it wouldn't take long for Astrape to find the Elven Capital that was hidden within the Eastern Regions of Alfheim.

Just like Acedia, the black-haired teenager didn't have the opportunity to visit other places in the Elven World, aside from the Violet Ever Garden. He was also very curious as to why Acedia was exiled by her people.

That night, William embraced his eager lover, who didn't resist his advances. Acedia's sighs filled with pleasure echoed within the walls of the cottage.

It had been too long since she and William had made love with each other. The passion that they had been holding back lasted until midnight. After their lovemaking ended, both held each other tightly as they closed their eyes to sleep.

When morning came, they would leave their small home for a short period of time and travel towards the Elven Capital.

For some reason, William felt that this time around, the one that needed to get closure in their life, was Acedia and not him. However, he didn't mind it. As long as he could make the sleeping beauty happy, he didn't mind taking her to the ends of the world and back.

William covered his lover's delicate body with a blanket and kissed her forehead, just like he did before he left her back then.

Words couldn't convey how guilty he felt after he had died in Midgard, and was spirited away to Asgard. He had repeatedly tried to return to Midgard, in order to be with her again, but it was simply impossible.

In time, his memories of her slowly disappeared from his head, until he had forgotten about her completely.

"This time, I won't forget," William said softly as he gently pulled the sleeping Elf to his side. "This time, I will keep my promise to you."

As if hearing his words, Acedia made a humming sound before snuggling up against his chest. William smiled before closing his eyes to rest a little longer as well, using the beautiful Elf as a hug pillow.

This was his payback for what Acedia was doing to his wife, Chiffon, back in the Springs of Life. for some reason, he found her body quite comfortable to hug, and decided to do the same when he returned to the Sacred Grove, once his expedition to conquer Hyperborea was done.