

Strongest 181

Chapter 181: The Strongest Person In Lont

"Why are you coming with us again?" William asked as he looked at Spencer who was standing beside Wendy.

"I want to see the hometown of Sir William," Spencer replied. 'I will also not allow you to lay your hands on my little sister.'

"I see..." William nodded his head. He then turned his head towards the snot-nosed pansy who had his arms crossed over his chest. "And your reason for joining us is?"

"This was an order from my Young Master," Ian replied. "I will witness the wedding in his place and present our gift to our seniors from the Magic Division."

"... Right." William couldn't find any flaw in Ian's reply because Matthew and Leah were indeed Est's seniors. Also, the younger boy had consulted the two of them and asked for pointers several times on how to become a good Head Prefect for the Magic Division.

Est needed to stay behind in order to monitor the Magic Division just in case they were dispatched for an emergency mission. Although the Dungeon Outbreaks were slowly getting under control, there was still a chance that the First Years would need to be mobilized to provide aid.

James didn't mind having more people with them and happily accepted to receive them as guests. He was extra courteous to Wendy and Spencer. William knew that his grandpa was thinking of having a private talk with Wendy again to discuss plans for marriage.

Fortunately, Spencer was there to act as a buffer and prevent his gramps from having his way.

When everyone was ready, the group used the academy's teleportation gates to travel to the town closest to Lont. The Dean had approved of this request since James did help in subjugating the Lair of the Ancient Queen and prevented the loss of more lives on the battlefield.

After exiting the town, Blitz shrieked in the sky as John chanted an enlargement spell in order to increase its size. It only took two hours on Blitz' back before William saw the familiar town where he grew up.

Wendy's and Spencer's eyes widened in surprise when they saw the Ourobro (Golden Ape) that was seated not far away from the entrance of Lont.

Soon, Blitz landed near the Ainsworth Residence. John and Jekyll took their leave and returned to their own homes to rest. James had promised them sufficient compensation for helping him save his grandson and subjugate the dungeon.

Helen, who saw them land near the mansion, hurriedly greeted them and hugged Matthew, Leah, and William with tears streaming down her face.

"I'm glad you are safe, Young Master," Helen said with a teary face. "You, too, Leah."

"Sorry for worrying you, Aunt Helen," Matthew replied while looking apologetic.

"I'm back, Aunt Helen." Leah smiled. "I'm also glad to see you."

Helen nodded his head and patted William's head. "Have you grown taller, Little Will?"

"A little bit," William admitted. "Aunt Helen, let me introduce you to my friend, Wendy. Wendy, this is my Aunt Helen. She has taken good care of me since I was a baby."

"Hello, Wendy."

"Nice to meet you, Lady Helen."

"Just call me Aunt," Helen smiled. "Since Little Will and you are friends then there's no need to be too courteous."

Wendy nodded her head. "Thank you, Aunt Helen."

William then turned to look at the tag-along brother and reluctantly introduced him to his Aunt.

"This is Wendy's older brother, Spencer," William said. "He likes to eat grass, so make sure to give him some fresh hay everyday, Aunt Helen."

Spencer ignored William's words and greeted Helen politely like how nobles did. Helen greeted him in return before making a gesture for them to follow her back to the residence.

Since Helen and Ian were already acquainted, there was no need for introductions between them.

Matthew and Leah had just entered the door when an anxious Anna hugged both of them while crying tears of joy.

A few minutes passed before Anna regained her composure. She apologized to their guests for showing them an embarrassing sight during their visit.

After kissing Matthew, Leah, and William, on the cheeks, Anna and Helen went into the kitchen to cook a feast.

William was left to entertain their guests, as Matthew and Leah took a nap in their rooms. They were still quite exhausted from their near-death experience and decided to rest for the time being.

"Later, I'll give all of you a tour of Lont," William said with a smile.

"Thank you," Wendy replied.Â

She was currently seated on the couch and was petting Thor, who was lying on her lap. The Husky had his eyes closed in satisfaction.

Dia and Ragnar followed Ella outside the residence to visit the other goats that belonged to William's herd. Oliver had also snuck away to return to Celine's house in order to give her the souvenir he had "found" during his short vacation outside of Lont.

"I heard from my father that there was a town that survived the Beast Tide many years ago, and that town's name was Lont," Spencer stated as he looked at William with a serious expression. "Is the Ourobro the reason why none of the monsters dared to attack this town back then?"

There were only four of them in the living room because James went to see Owen to discuss everything that had happened while he was away.

"No." William shook his head. "We were attacked by a Wolf Tide but Gramps and the defenders of Lont managed to stop their advance. The Ourobro that you saw outside of Lont was taken from the battle that took place at the Windkeep Citadel."

Spencer pondered for a bit before asking the question that had been bothering him since he entered the small town in the countryside.

"Who is the strongest person in Lont?" Spencer inquired. He was very curious about the power hierarchy of the only town that survived the disaster that happened many years ago.

"The strongest?" William pondered for a while. In fact, he didn't know who the strongest person in Lont was. If it was a few years ago, he would have readily answered that his Gramps, James, was the strongest. However, his Master, Celine, had shown amazing combat abilities in the battle against the Golden-Scaled Crocodile.

Then there was also the town's dentist, Mr. Jekyll. William had a nagging feeling that the dentist was a very powerful expert that even surpassed James' and Celine's battle prowess.

In the end, William decided to play it safe and gave an answer based on his preference.

"My Master is the strongest," William replied with a smug expression. "I wouldn't make her my master if she was weak, you know?"

"I want to meet your Master, Will," Wendy said. "Is it possible?"

"I'll ask her later if she will agree to meet you," William answered. "My Master is quite laz-- I mean, very shy around people."

Ian snorted when he heard the shepherd mention his beautiful elven master. The snot-nosed pansy was quite sensitive to magic power. When he first met Celine, he had already known that she was someone he didn't want to mess with, if possible.

However, that didn't change the fact that Ian hated her. The first reason was because she enslaved William. Ian loathed enslavement more than anything in the world. He even made a vow to eliminate all the slave traders he came across when he became stronger.

The second reason was the fact that Celine was extremely beautiful. Just the thought of Celine turning William into her boy toy irritated him to no end. He had also heard rumors in the capital that beautiful and handsome Half-Elves were sold to become the bed warmers of their new owners.

In some cases, the nobles even exchanged their slaves with each other in order to promote better relationships in the noble circle.

While Ian was deep in thought, Wendy and Spencer were looking forward to meeting William's Master. They wanted to see the person who had trained the red-headed boy and made him the way he was now.

"Is your master really that strong?" Wendy asked.

"Yes. Master is very strong." William nodded in affirmation. "She single-handedly dealt with a Golden-Scaled Crocodile and its lackeys. That is how strong she is."

"What is her profession?" Spencer asked.

"Master? She's A Da-," William forcefully closed his mouth as sweat oozed on his forehead. He almost forgot that Dark Mages were banned in the Southern Continent. If he were to say that his Master was a Dark Sorceress, he wasn't sure how his two guests would react.

Ian was different. He already knew that Celine was a Dark Sorceress, so he didn't need to hide it from him. However, Wendy and Spencer were different. Although William trusted Wendy, he wasn't sure if Spencer was tight-lipped or not.

Celine had explicitly told him about the prejudice that the common people held towards those who wield Dark Magic.

"Your Master is a what?" Wendy inquired.

"My Master is a Da-Dancer," William hurriedly replied. "She's a very good dancer."

"A Dancer?" Spencer frowned. "Your master is a dancer?"

Spencer looked at William in doubt. Although some dancers were very strong fighters, their main profession was more in line with the realm of entertainment. He didn't believe that a Dancer was capable of training William to become a strong warrior.

"Yes. My Master is a Dancer," William lied through his teeth. "She's a beautiful Elven Dancer. Anyone who sees her dance would be charmed by how graceful and talented she is."

The corner of Ian's lips twitched as he watched William's attempt to hide his Master's true profession. Although Ian was tempted to tell the others the truth, he decided that it was not worth it to make Celine his enemy. After all, Dark Mages were banned from the Southern Continent for a reason.

Chapter 182:

"A Dancer?" Celine covered her luscious lips and chuckled. "You told them I'm a Dancer? Very funny, Little Will."

"Sorry, Master," William replied. "I wasn't thinking properly at that time."

"Mmm, don't worry. Even if they ask me to dance, I won't do it." Celine propped her chin on the palm of her hands as she looked at her one and only disciple. "Enough about that for now. Tell me everything that you have experienced in the academy."

William could only give his Master a stiff smile as he narrated the series of events that had happened to him in the academy. From the time he had taken the entrance test up to the point where Oliver helped him save the dungeon cores.

"Speaking of which, where are these dungeon cores?" Celine asked. "Rather, the souls of these dungeon cores?"

William glanced at Oliver and the latter just avoided his eyes. It seems that he didn't tell Celine everything that happened, so that William could tell her himself.

"After the twin cores used their energy to give birth to Dia, Thor, and Ragnar, they went into hibernation deep inside my Sea of Consciousness," William replied. "Second Master said that they would sleep for a very long time, and it might take many years before they wake up."

Celine nodded her head in understanding. She was also looking forward to meeting the mythical creatures born with the help of the dungeon cores, but William left them at the residence. Thor was with Wendy, while Dia and Ragnar were playing with Eve.

He didn't have the heart to take them with him when they were having fun, so he decided to visit Celine alone.

"Very well, you can bring your friends over tomorrow," Celine said with a smile. "I also want to know them better, especially this girl called Wendy. Oliver told me that she likes you very much."

William coughed lightly and gave Oliver the "How dare you betray me?" gaze. The Parrot Monkey returned his gaze with a grin, and even added oil to the fire.

"From what I can tell, James has approved of the young lady as Little Will's potential bride candidate," Oliver commented. "I just pity the poor girl because Little Will is a wolf in sheep's clothing. He will eat her up, including the bones."

"Really?" Celine raised an eyebrow. "Do you like her, William?"

"Wendy is a beautiful and kind girl, it is almost impossible for anyone not to like someone like her," William answered. "She did make her feelings clear to me, but right now, I'm still not ready to have a relationship. For now, we decided to start as friends."

"At least you're not pretending to be a dense protagonist."

"Master, I hate dense protagonists the most."

The Master and Disciple pair stared at each other with a smile, before William decided to have a serious talk with Celine.

"Master, do you know the Dean of the academy?" William inquired.

"Let me guess, that old man told you something about my past after he saw your collar, correct?" Celine asked back. "Did he try to guilt trip you?"

Celine shook her head as she stood up from the chair and headed towards the couch to lay down. She then gave William a lazy gaze and motioned for him to come close to her.

William carried his chair closer and sat in front of Celine. He hoped that his Master would open herself up more to him after knowing the secret of the collar.

"Tell me everything that the old man told you," Celine ordered. "Don't leave out any details."

William nodded his head and complied. He told Celine everything and waited for her response.

"William, I asked you before you left Lont, but I'll ask again," Celine gave William a teasing smile. "Do you resent me?"

"Yes," William replied. "On that day you enslaved me, Master, I felt betrayed."

Celine motioned for William to come closer and the boy complied once again. Celine caressed the side of his face and looked straight into his eyes. "If you told me that you didn't feel any resentment, I would have thought that there was something very wrong with you. What I did to you is something that a Master would never do to her disciple."

"In the past, I didn't have a choice either," Celine said as her hand moved downwards to touch the collar on William's neck. "My grandfather asked the legendary blacksmith in the Silvermoon Continent to make two mithril collars. One was for me, the other for my twin sister, Celeste..."

Celine frowned as if she remembered something unpleasant, but the frown on her face disappeared after a few seconds as she continued her explanation. "At one point in time, my sister and I were forced to wear the collars on our necks. I apologize, but I cannot tell you the reason why because it is a secret."

The beautiful elf sighed as she took away her hand from the collar on William's neck. "My grandfather knows how to use Dark Magic and he was my first teacher. I won't bore you with the details of my training because you already know how it ended."

Celine's eyes glowed light-purple for a brief moment as a pang of hatred flashed across her beautiful eyes. "When I reached the age of twelve, my grandfather took me to the Northern Continent. There I was introduced to the most wretched looking hag who had the heart of a Saint. She treated me like a real daughter and gave me love more than my real mother ever did.

"There she taught me everything she knew about Dark Magic as well as how to wield the spear. She was the family I never had and I miss her terribly. With her guidance, I was able to step into the ranks of the Dark Sorceress."

Celine closed her eyes as images of her past flooded her mind. "Unfortunately, all the good, and the bad times, must come to an end. When I was twenty-years-old I had to say goodbye to my Second Mother and moved here in the Southern Continent. We still exchange letters at least twice a year, but I still miss her terribly.

"With that said, our circumstances are quite similar as well. The one who raised you was Ella, and I was raised by a hag." Celine grinned. "Our only difference is that you still have a family here, while I only have Oliver to keep me company."

"And I will continue to accompany you, Mistress," Oliver commented from on top of his perch. "Even if you were to go to a Sea of Fire, I will always be by your side."

"Thank you, Oliver."

"You're welcome, Mistress."

Celine then shifted her attention to William. This time, she had a serious expression which she rarely showed to the red-headed boy.

"Don't apologize to me, because I won't apologize to you," Celine said. "Even now, I still carry a lot of resentment in my heart, and I don't intend to forgive those who wronged me anytime soon. Whether you hate me or not, that is up to you to decide. So, my cute, little disciple, it is perfectly fine for you to hate me."

"Understood." William returned Celine's serious gaze with a smirk. "Master, you already know that I hold grudges, correct?"

"Yes," Celine answered.

"I promise that when I become stronger than you, I will settle our old debt," William stated. "I will make sure to punish you properly. I hope when that day comes, you will not hate me, Master."

"Punish me? You will have to be strong enough to do that." Celine sneered.

"Don't worry, Master. I am destined to become strong... Very Strong," William said in an arrogant manner. 'That's because I was .'

The Master and Disciple stared at each other with devilish smiles.

"I look forward to seeing that day arrive, Little Will." Celine caressed the side of William's face.

"Me, too, Master," William replied as he placed his hand over hers. "Me, too."

Chapter 183: Promise Between Men

"You must be William's friends, I am his Master, Celine," Celine said with a smile. "Just call me Lady Celine. It's a pleasure to meet the two of you."

The next day after William and Celine had a heart to heart talk, he brought Wendy, Spencer, Ian, along with Dia, Thor, and Ragnar to Celine's house. Aside from meeting his friends, his Master was also very curious about the three mythical beasts that had become part of William's family.

"The pleasure is ours, Lady Celine," Wendy replied.

Spencer was dazed by Celine's beauty and was not able to answer in time. Fortunately, Wendy's reply broke him from his trance and he immediately gave his greeting.

"It's an honor to meet Sir William's Master," Spencer greeted.

William had a smug look on his face when he saw Spencer's reaction. Celine was certainly a peerless beauty and only a handful of ladies in the Southern Continent could match her. Ian stared at his "nemesis" with a neutral expression.

"I've heard that William became the Head Prefect of the Martial Class in the Royal Academy. Is he doing a good job, or is he just lazing around?" Celine inquired in a teasing tone.

"The Head Prefect is very capable, Lady Celine," Spencer replied. "To this day, I never thought that a shepherd would be able to get the most sought after position in the academy. It opened my eyes as to how vast the world is."

"I agree." Wendy nodded her head and gave the red-headed boy a side-long glance. "Will is a brave and competent leader. The way he led the charge on the battlefield will forever be etched on the hearts of the First Years who were there that day."

William raised his chin in arrogance and the corner of his lips rose higher. Clearly, he was enjoying the praises that the twins were saying about him.

Ian was doing his best not to roll his eyes, and Celine gave her disciple a rare look of approval. Although Oliver had told her about William's Heroics, hearing it from other people added to its credibility.

"William has always been a hard worker." Celine nodded her head. "Although he can be quite dumb at times, he is still able to rise to the occasion when it really matters."

"Master, if you want to praise me, just remove the word dumb," William commented. "As your disciple, it is only normal for me to be competent, right?"

"Indeed." Celine agreed. "As expected of my disciple."

Wendy was paying close attention to Celine. For some reason, she was not feeling any kind of jealousy towards her. In fact, she wanted to know more about her. She didn't know why she felt this way, and it also puzzled her.

What she didn't know was that Celine was paying close attention to her as well. Wendy was giving her an unusual feeling that she couldn't understand. The only thing she knew was that the feeling didn't hold any malice or negativity whatsoever.

While the two girls were trying to feel each other out, Spencer decided to break the silence and ask the beautiful elf a question that had been nagging at his mind since yesterday.

"Lady Celine, William said that you were a Dancer." Spencer looked at the beautiful elf with a serious expression. "I've met a few of them and some of them are very capable fighters. Can you tell me what kind of weapon you specialize in?"

"I specialize in wielding spears," Celine answered.

"Spears? What a coincidence!" Wendy looked at Celine with starry eyes. "The spear is also my main weapon. Can you give me a few tips on how to become more proficient in it?"

"I suppose..." Celine gave Wendy a sweet smile. 'It will also help me understand why I am feeling this way towards you.'

"Can I also join?" Spencer asked with interest. "I'm also a spear wielder. It would be an honor to learn a few tips from Sir William's Master."

Celine's smile stiffened when she heard Spencer's request. The only one she wanted to get to know was Wendy and not her twin brother. Fortunately, William came to the rescue and prevented Spencer's advances on Celine.

"There's no need for Master to teach you, Spencer," William interjected. "I alone will be more than happy to teach you how to wield it. Why don't we go outside? I am itching to bea- teach you a few tricks on how to raise your proficiency in spear mastery."

William didn't wait for Spencer's reply and dragged the older boy outside the house. Ian also excused himself and followed Will. He didn't like to stay with Celine longer than necessary.

The beautiful elf stood up from the couch and motioned for Wendy to follow her. They headed towards the basement where Celine's training room was located. Oliver, on the other hand, was pondering something important.

He had discovered something unusual with Wendy, but he was not someone who liked to gossip about other's secrets. Celine knew Oliver's personality, so she didn't bother to ask him. Although it was troublesome, the elf had her own ways to find the answers to her questions.

In a small grove located at the East of Lont, Leah and Matthew held each other's hands as they faced a man wearing a traveler's cloak. It was none other than Leah's and Cedric's father Sebas.

"I knew that this day would come, but I never expected it to come this soon," Sebas said as he looked at his daughter with gentle eyes.

When he shifted his eyes on Matthew they became as sharp as a blade, but the latter didn't flinch and stared back with an unwavering gaze. Sebas stared at his future son-in-law and sighed in his heart.

He didn't have any complaints about Leah marrying Matthew. Quite the opposite, he was quite satisfied with him. His only concern was whether the young man would be able to make his daughter happy.

"If you make my daughter cry, I swear that I'll beat the crap out of you," Sebas stated. "Not even your grandfather can stop me from wiping the floor with your face."

"If that time comes then I won't resist," Matthew replied. "If I am not even capable of making Leah happy then I definitely deserve a beating."

"Remember those words. I will hold you accountable for them."

"I will. I promise."

Leah watched the confrontation between her father and her lover with a smile on her face. She knew that both men truly loved her, and she was touched by their show of affection.

"Leah, take care of yourself." Sebas walked towards his daughter and gave her a hug. "After your wedding, I'll go to the Central Continent to take a look at your older brother. I'm worried about him."

Leah nodded as she rested her head on her father's chest, just like she had always done in the past. "I'm also worried about Big Brother. I hope that he's doing well."

"Cedric is still inexperienced and I'm afraid that people will take advantage of him." Sebas reluctantly let his daughter go and took a step back. "I just hope that he found some good friends when he enrolled at Everwinter Academy."

"Father, are you going to show yourself to Big Brother?"

"In a few years. I want your Big Brother to be more independent. If I show up to him now, he might revert to his old self and that would only hinder his growth. I will send letters to you from time to time. Feel free to tell me if you get mistreated by the Ainsworths."

Leah nodded her head as she fought off the tears that she had been holding back. Sebas looked at his daughter and patted her head one more time before walking away. However, after reaching his tenth step, Sebas stopped and turned his head to look at the two lovers.

"Matthew, you don't have to hurry to give me a granddaughter," Sebas said. "Wait at least two more years. Leah is still young. Also, I think that now is not a good time to have a child. There are things happening here in the Hellan Kingdom that look fishy to me."

Sebas paused as he stared in the direction of the Hellan Capital. "The Beast Tide and the Dungeon Outbreaks may be connected to each other. I'm afraid that it is just the beginning of something bigger. Until this danger passes, it would be best to hold off on having children. It's not too late to have them when everything has settled down."

Leah's father gave them one last glance before disappearing deeper inside the grove. He would wait until his daughter was safely married to Matthew before leaving the Southern Continent. Although he felt that something was amiss, he was confident that James would be able to protect his daughter.

This was why he could leave Leah without any worries as he concentrated on his eldest son who was currently in the Central Continent. The place where all the major powers of the world congregated. A place where constant wars, big and small, took place.

Chapter 184: You May Now Kiss The Bride!

Four days passed since Wiliam returned to Lont and the preparations for the wedding were in full swing. The small town became lively and everyone gathered to join in the festivities. The hunters hunted for big and small game for the feast that was about to come.

Matthew was the heir of their current Lord, Mordred. This made his wedding a "big event". The old towns of Fushia and Xynnar were now under the jurisdiction of Lont and being overseen by James' subordinates.

After the Beast Tide, several refugees sought protection from the only town that had survived in the Western Region. Because of this, the population of the two towns grew and had even reached half of their original population.

Naturally, as subjects of the Overlord of Lont, the people there also decided to join the festivities in order to show their support to their current steward. However, just as everyone was completing the finishing touches, a messenger from the King arrived in Lont and told Mordred that the king would bestow a peerage upon James.

This noble title was the reward that the king had decided to bestow on James for his participation in the Beast Tide invasion at Windkeep Citadel and his help in subjugating the Dungeon Outbreak in the Duchy of Aberdeen. However, since James had passed his rule on his son, Mordred, the peerage naturally fell into his hands.

(A/N: The Baronet of Lont is Mordred since James had retired from his position.)

Naturally, Mordred would need to go to the capital in order to formalize the bestowment of his peerage. However, he was not in a hurry. He would accompany William, Matthew, Leah, and the rest, back to the capital and just meet the king afterwards.

The Western Region was still in a state of recovery. Even though some of the lands had been claimed, there were still a few without any owners. The king needed some trusted people to oversee these lands. He wanted these lands to be cultivated in order to help the kingdom recover financially through trades of goods and resources.

The towns of Lont, Fushia, and Xynnar, combined, were big enough for someone with the title of Viscount to manage. This was also a major factor that affected the King's decision. If he were to make

Mordred a Marquesse then he would definitely encounter staunch opposition from the nobles of the kingdom.

His original plan was to make Mordred an Earl, but after giving it more thought, he decided to play it safe and just settled for Viscount.

When this news arrived in Lont, William gave his gramps two thumbs up in his heart. He was amazed at how James was able to secure benefits while doing as he pleased. Naturally, the townspeople became ecstatic with the news because Mordred's inherited rank was only that of a baronet.

Leah didn't want to have a grand wedding, but her future husband's position was a bit special. Because of this, she didn't have a choice and allowed herself to be dressed up by an overenthusiastic Anna and Helen.

"How envious," Wendy said as she looked at the white dress that Leah would be wearing for her wedding.

"Why are you envious?" Spencer asked. "When you get married, your wedding will be grander than this."

Wendy gave William a side-long glance, while blushing. This gave Spencer a headache because his sister's feelings for William remained strong even though the latter asked her to start their relationship as friends.

William, on the other hand, was feeling at peace. After he had his talk with Celine, the guilt in his heart had been cleared up. He had also considered Wendy's feelings for him, and had a private talk with her before they left Celine's house.

"If your feelings don't change after my duel with Rebecca then we can discuss taking the next step in our relationship," William said with a serious expression. "Until then, it would be best if we get to know each other first. Also, bear in mind that I might have multiple wives in the future. If you are fine with having a scumbag like me as your boyfriend then I will seriously consider making you my girlfriend."

William had made it clear to her that he was not a gentleman who would only have one love in his life. This way, Wendy would know exactly what she could expect if she decided to have a serious relationship with William.

Instead of answering William. She just nodded her head. Wendy also wanted to know if the feelings she had for William were real, or if it was just the result of having been saved by him while inside the Goblin Crypt.

"Spencer is right, I'm sure that the man that Wendy is going to marry is a very lucky guy," William commented with a smile.

Wendy blushed and averted her gaze, which made Spencer click his tongue in irritation. He was really dissatisfied with Wendy's current infatuation with William.

The next day...

Hundreds of people stopped their daily routines and lined up in the center of the town of Lont. Matthew was standing on a raised platform along with Owen as he stared at the Northern Gate of Lont.

William and Eve rode Ella's back as the little girl dug her hands inside the basket in front of her that was filled with flowers. She threw them on the ground while giggling. Which made the scene quite endearing.

Right behind Ella, several teenage beauties from Lont walked while throwing flower petals as well. Not far from them, a beautiful young lady wearing a white dress walked while carrying a bouquet.

Her midnight blue hair was tied up in a princess-style braid as she walked elegantly to where her man was waiting for her. Although her face was covered by a veil, everyone knew how beautiful she was.

When she finally reached the platform, Matthew extended his hand to hold her in his embrace. Owen, the Life Magus of Lont, was the Master of Ceremonies. He raised his hand in order to quiet the crowd, so he could start the marriage ceremony.

"We are gathered here today to witness the union of Leah Terrel, and Matthew Von Ainsworth," Owen said. "With the power vested in me by My Sacred Order, I ask you, Matthew Von Ainsworth, do you pledge to honor Leah Terrel with your life, to love, and cherish, today and every day, for the rest of your life?"

"I do," Matthew answered.

"I ask you, Leah Terrel, do you pledge to honor Matthew Von Ainsworth with your life, to love, and cherish, today and everyday, for the rest of your life?"

"I do," Leah answered.

Owen raised the ceremonial staff in his hand.

"Bow to the Heavens and Earth," Owen ordered.

Leah and Matthew bowed towards the North.

"Bow to honor the Gods," Owen ordered.

Leah and Matthew bowed towards the South.

"Lastly, bow towards each other," Owen ordered.

Matthew and Leah bowed to each other.

"With the Gods and the citizens of Lont as my witness, I now pronounce you husband and wife," Owen declared with a smile. "You may now kiss the bride."

Matthew gently parted Leah's veil and gave her a long and passionate kiss.

A round of cheering and whistling reverberated through the town as the citizens showered their future lords with their blessings.

James laughed out loud while patting Mordred's shoulder. Mordred held Anna's hand as the latter leaned her head on her husband's shoulder. Tears streamed down from her eyes, not out of sadness, but of happiness, for her eldest son had finally found the love of his life, like she did, many years ago.

William watched this scene with a big smile on his face as he held his adorable cousin in a protective embrace.

Not far from him, Celine, stood wearing a beautiful dress and veil. She usually doesn't join such festivities, but this time she made an exception. James and the people of Lont had been good to her, so she deemed that it was necessary to participate in Matthew's wedding ceremony.

Wendy, Spencer, and Ian, joined the others as they applauded the newlyweds.

Everything was going smoothly when suddenly, dark clouds covered the sky, and thunder roared in the heavens. A strong gust of wind blew over the town of Lont which immediately put a stop to the cheering.

Everyone looked up in the sky and saw three giant black bats with blood-red eyes staring at them as they flapped their wings. Standing on top the bats were three people wearing hooded robes.

Just one glance and one could tell that they didn't come to give well wishes to the bride and groom.

"A wedding? Looks like we came at the wrong time," one of the hooded people, who was standing on the giant bat on the right, said with a cheerful voice.

"Actually, we came at the right time," the man in the middle chuckled. "I like weddings. It is the perfect opportunity to snatch the bride and ravage her in front of her groom."

The hooded person standing on the left raised his hand and a dark orb of magic manifested above him.

"We will all give you two choices," the hooded person shouted. "The first is to submit to us and follow our bidding. The other? Die without a full corpse! Now choose!"

Matthew stepped in front of Leah in order to block the lascivious gaze of the hooded man looking at his wife.

Owen stepped forward and positioned himself in front of Matthew. Deep down, the old man was sneering. He wondered if the three idiots' heads had been kicked in by donkeys. Fortunately, the wedding had just ended. If they came while they were in the middle of the ceremony, the three bastards would have definitely suffered a fate worse than death.

Celine looked at the three intruders in disdain. If they had attacked any of the other towns in the Western Region then their chances of succeeding were very high. The only problem was that they were only a bunch of small fries that had unknowingly stepped inside a Lion's Den.

"Father, let me handle them," Mordred said with a devilish smile.

"Hahaha, there are three of them," James replied. "You can handle one. I'll handle two."

William, who was seated on Ella's back, had the same devilish smile that was on Mordred's and James' faces. The thunder and lightning in the heavens rumbled and made William feel that it was a good opportunity to vent out some frustrations.

'System, change my Job Class to Prince of Thunder.'

< Job class has been successfully changed! >

< I am looking forward to seeing some fireworks! >

William's smile grew wider when he felt the power of lightning within the dark clouds answer his call. He had long awaited the day when he could test the power of the prestige class, but his lack of mana, and encounters, prevented him from doing so.

With such a golden opportunity in front of him, William was dying to send the three morons to kingdom come.

Chapter 185: Thunder God's Wrath

"Look, they're so afraid that they've become speechless." The man in the middle of the formation laughed. "I call dibs on the bride. You two can just choose among the womenfolk."

"I came here to complete the mission, not indulge in carnal desires." the man wielding dark magic replied as he focused his attention on the people on the ground. "I don't care what you do, just don't get in the way of the operation."

"I hope there's someone strong," the hooded man on the right commented. "The other towns didn't even have strong fighters. Conquering them was boring."

As he said these words a swarm of bats flew from the East and circled around Lont like a red cloud. They numbered in the thousands and their red eyes glowed eerily in the darkness. It reminded William about the time when the Dire Wolves attacked them in the valley.

Back then he was still a weakling who only knew how to hide behind the strength of his Mama and the other adults. Now, he eyed the bat swarm with keen interest and he had only one thing on his mind.

'That's a lot of experience points,' William mused. 'I'd better not miss this opportunity. Gramps and the others will definitely capture these idiots and interrogate them later. For now, I need to make sure that the small fries don't get away.'

William used his appraisal skill and checked the monsters that were presented to him as a sacrifice.

< Red-Eyed Screecher Bat >

-- Vampire Bat

-- Threat Level: B (Mid)

-- Uses powerful supersonic attacks in order to neutralize its prey before going for the kill.

-- Resistant to Dark Magic

-- A species of Vampire Bat that thrives in places where high concentration of Miasma can be found.

< Red-Winged Vampirelings >

-- Vampire Bat

-- Threat Level: E (Low)

-- With a wingspan of two-feet, this vampire bat usually hunts in groups in order to take down bigger prey.

-- Its fangs carry a mild paralyzing venom that it uses to incapacitate its prey.

-- A species of vampire bat that lives in places where death and decay abound.

'Although they are only Class E, they make up for their weakness through sheer numbers,' William smirked. 'Well, it's fine. They're free experience points anyway.'

William caressed the side of Ella's neck in order to pass his message to her. Having been together for many years, the Angorian Goat already knew what William was thinking.

She moved away from the crowd and went to the Southern Side of Lont where the number of people was scarce. Celine noticed her disciple's movements, but didn't do anything to stop him. The beautiful elf just told Oliver via telepathy to watch over the boy just in case something unexpected came up.

Celine was quite interested in the identity of the three people who dared to attack Lont. She wondered if they were part of the organization that she had joined, or part of a separate one. The senior members knew that she was staying in Lont, so she doubted that they would send these small fries to annoy her.

However, the possibility existed. Her only concern was if these members were sent here by the organization, it meant that she couldn't interfere with them. This was a very strict rule among its members, and Celine had made an oath to follow this rule.

'It doesn't matter,' Celine sneered. 'I don't even need to lift a finger in order to deal with these fools.'

As if waiting for that moment, a dragon's roar erupted from where Mordred stood. He shot into the air clad in flames and took on the form of a fire dragon.

James stood on Mordred's back and looked at the three intruders with a wide grin. Deep down he was very furious because these three numbskulls disrupted his grandson's happy event. He planned to capture them alive and torture them until they regretted the day they were born.

"Should we join, too?" John asked as he looked at the sky.

"No need." Trent, who was standing beside him, said as he crossed his arms over his chest and stared at the swarm of bats with interest.

"Too bad they're in the air." Marcus rubbed his chin in disappointment. "I kinda want to join the action."

Several of the masters of Lont also feel the same way. They were quite annoyed that their festivities had been ruined by these three gatecrashers.

On a hill overlooking Lont...

William held Eve securely in place as he sat on Ella's back. Flashes of lightning bolts snaked within his pupils as his lips moved to utter a chant.

"When dark clouds hang on the horizon,

And the roar of the heavens announce their presence...

It is now time for me to break the silence.

Lightning ever weaving, Thunder ever seeking, I call upon you now."

A deafening roar of thunder shook the sky and lightning bolts snaked the heavens like wild dragons, waiting for the call of their lord.

William raised his right hand and pointed at the swarm of bats in the distance. Oliver observed this scene with a curious gaze as he sat on a tree branch.

"The power I wield would obliterate one and all," William said as his eyes glowed with power. "Pierce through the darkness and hear my call!"

"Thunder God's Wrath!"

Like a clap of thunder, William's words echoed through the dark sky. A blinding flash of light illuminated the battlefield and everyone was forced to cover their eyes due to its radiance. What followed next was an ear-deafening rumbling that descended from the heavens.

"Evade!" James shouted.

Mordred hurriedly nose-dived to the ground to escape the unexpected rain of lightning bolts that came out of nowhere. A stray lightning bolt snaked towards them, but James calmly swatted it aside with his giant axe.

His eyes glowed in wonder and disbelief at the scene that was happening in front of his eyes. It was then when the image of a young boy with red-hair, and light-green eyes flashed briefly inside his mind.

'Could it be?' James thought in disbelief. 'Is this William's doing?'

Unlike James who had dealt the lightning bolt calmly, the three villains were caught completely by surprise. Fortunately, they were strong enough to resist the lightning bolts, but they were injured pretty badly.

Their mounts, the Red-Eyed Screecher Bats, on the other hand, shrieked in pain as the rain of lightning hit them left, right, and center. Although their bodies were strong, getting assaulted by dozens of lightning bolts still left them helpless.

Soon, the Screecher Bats crashed to the ground after being mercilessly assaulted by lightning bolts.

As for the bat swarm? They fared no better. In fact almost all of them were obliterated when the lightning storm descended. Any bat that was grazed by a lightning bolt burst into flames and illuminated the dark sky with their fiery blaze.

The citizens of Lont looked at the blazing sky in awe as the threat that once presented itself was burned away before their very eyes.

Owen had erected a barrier on the ground to prevent any of the citizens from getting hit by stray lightning bolts. Several of the experts of Lont worked in tandem to ensure that none of their people got hurt in the crossfire.

Meanwhile on the hill overlooking the incident...

Sweat streamed down the side of William's face as he looked at the devastation he'd caused. This was the first time he had used the power of the Prince of Thunder and he wasn't expecting that it would be this destructive.

For a brief moment, William thought that he had seen a glimpse of what the "End of the World" would look like, if it were to really happen.

The lightning storm didn't differentiate from friend or foe and simply struck everything within striking range. Fortunately, Barbatos had remodeled the defenses of Lont and activated a protective shield that was further strengthened by Owen's magical barrier.

'Next time I use this, I better ensure that no one is around,' William thought as he patted Eve's head.

The little girl got scared of the thunder and lightning and was currently bawling her eyes out on William's chest.

The bat swarm only had a tenth of its original number by the time the effects of the skill subsided. The survivors screeched anxiously as they flew away in haste.

< Gained Exp: 270,000 >

Name: William Von Ainsworth

Race: Half-Elf

Health Points: 5,500 / 5,500

Mana: < Disabled >

Job Class: Shepherd (Lvl 30)

Sub Class: Prince of Thunder (Lvl 17)

< Strength: 55 (+10) >

< Agility: 50 (+10) >

< Vitality: 30 (+10) >

< Intelligence: 60 (+10)>

< Dexterity: 45 (+30) >

Stats Exp: 77,391 / 438,257

(Prince of Thunder Lvl 17)

Job Class Exp: 26,849 / 60,854

By using the passive ability "Child of Thunder", William was able to manipulate the lightning storm to do his bidding. Since he didn't have any mana at the moment, he could only use external sources to activate the power of his Job Class.

The result however had exceeded his expectations. William decided to be more mindful of his surroundings when using this extremely powerful and destructive skill. What he didn't know was that, aside from Oliver, someone else had witnessed his display of power.

After the initial shock had faded, the pair of eyes observing the boy became serious. After an internal debate, the figure retreated and returned to where everyone was congregated.

Clearly, that person didn't want William to know that one of his secrets had been exposed while he was busy dealing with the fools who dared to step inside his territory.

'I'd better report this,' the person thought. 'His excellency has to know.'

The person stood beside the confused crowd and acted like nothing had happened. There was a right time for everything, and leaving the town of Lont was a priority. Everything else could wait until then.

Chapter 186: When Was The Last Time You Boys Brushed Your Teeth?

"Start talking," James said as he looked at the three people who were acting in an arrogant manner when they first arrived.

Their hair was a mess, their clothes in tatters, and burn marks could be seen on their skin. Although they survived William's A.O.E attack, they still suffered due to its ferocity.

(A/N: Area of Effect - AOE.)

"You fools! You will all regret this!" the skinny man with brown hair and eyes glared at James and the men behind him. "You think this little town can handle the wrath of our organization? If you let us go now, we can still turn a blind eye to this incident!"

"He is right," the man with an eyepatch looked at James with a serious expression. "It will be folly to antagonize our organization. Our members are not something a bunch of country bumpkins could trifle with!"

Only the dark mage looked at James with a frown. As a wielder of magic, he was very sensitive to strong presences and right now... he was in front of not only one, but several strong people.

People that were far stronger than him.

"I see, so you don't want to talk," James replied with a smile. "That's fine. Jekyll, I'll let you handle them."

"Hahaha, this is going to be fun," Jekyll commented as he looked at the three people with a wide grin.

James and the others left the room and allowed the "Dentist" of Lont to handle the interrogation. Among them, no one could compare to Jekyll when it came to making people talk, including Ezio.

They were confident that they would get their answers in less than an hour after Jekyll was finished with them.

The two people looked at Jekyll with a sneer. They were still thinking that the prim, proper, handsome, smiling man in front of them was just there to intimidate them. This was not the first time they had experienced an interrogation and most of those interrogators all had the same ending and that was death.

Jekyll calmly took a chair and sat in front of the captives with a smile.

"Tell me, when was the last time you boys brushed your teeth?" Jekyll asked.

The man wearing an eyepatch spat on Jekyll and his spit landed on the dentist's well-ironed pants. The skinny man laughed due to his comrade's actions and did the same. His spit landed on Jekyll's clothes, which made the dentist's smile widen.

"I guess I need to give the two of you a crash course on proper dental hygiene," Jekyll commented with a smile.

Soon, loud, begging, cries for forgiveness resounded inside the room. The Dark Magician closed his eyes and gritted his teeth because he couldn't stomach what he was seeing. If possible, he also wanted to cover his ears, but his arms were firmly tied behind his back.

The only way he could keep his sanity was to close his eyes and use his willpower to endure the horrible screams beside him. He was already regretting coming to this backward place with the intention of lording over the newly built territories on the Western Edges of the Hellan Kingdom.

"I hope Jekyll doesn't break them," Owen said as he blew circles of smoke with his pipe. "I don't want to waste my potions on these low lives."

James just smiled at the stingy Life Magus' complaint.

"How are the townspeople?" James inquired. "Have they calmed down?"

"Don't worry about them," Owen waved his hand casually. "They are currently enjoying the grand feast that our hunters prepared. I'm sure that this whole incident will just turn into gossip in the future."

"That's good." James nodded. "I hope that my grandson and new daughter-in-law will not mind this small incident and enjoy their honeymoon."

Dwayne, who was drinking some alcohol at the side, grinned. "Commander, are you perhaps very excited to hold your great grandchild?"

"Indeed. But, I will still have to wait a few years before that happens." James sighed.

He had promised Sebas to wait until Leah was at least twenty years old before allowing the two of them to conceive a child. The overly-protective father didn't want his daughter to suffer the same fate his wife did when she gave birth to Cedric.

James also cared about Leah's well-being so he readily agreed to Sebas request. He also understood that both of them were still young. They were still studying in the Hellan Royal Academy and having a baby should be postponed for a little while longer.

As the three men waited for the result of Jekyll's interrogation, William and the others were enjoying the feast at the center of the town. Although the guests from Fushia and Xynnar were shaken, the original inhabitants of Lont treated the incident like it was just a passing cloud in the sky.

After experiencing two beast tides, the people of Lont were not easily ruffled by sudden attacks on their hometown.

"Where did you go earlier, Will?" Wendy asked. "When those scary men appeared, I looked for you, but you were nowhere to be found."

William finished chewing the apple inside his mouth before answering Wendy's question. "It was a dangerous situation, and I decided to evacuate in order to protect Eve from harm. Those men were stronger than us and it was not a good idea to confront them head on."

Spencer, who was seated beside his sister, looked at William with a serious expression. "Your uncle and grandfather were amazing. I heard that they helped in subjugating the dungeon in the Duchy of Aberdeen, but seeing them in action was truly something to behold."

William raised his chin in an arrogant manner, "My grandpa cracks coconuts with his bare hands. Handling a few small fries is not a big deal to him. You should have seen how he faced off against a Millennial Beast. That scene gave me goosebumps."

Ian was already used to William's narcissistic bragging and turned a deaf ear to his words. He busied himself in eating the delicious dishes that were prepared by the hunters of Lont.

Although the capital didn't lack high-class dishes, the local delicacies he was currently eating gave him a more "homely" feeling and they reminded him of his own hometown.

'I hope father and mother are doing well,' Ian thought as he took another bite of a dish that William had called curry.

The red-headed boy even bragged that he was the one who cooked it yesterday. He added that curry tasted better if it was eaten at a later time, so he prepared it the night before in order to bring out its true flavor.

"I wish I could stay longer," Wendy said with a sad expression. "Aunt Anna, Aunt Hellen, Uncle Mordred and Grandpa James are all good people. They are very warm and kind. Also, Lady Celine was really an expert when it comes to wielding a spear. I learned a lot from her."

William, who was currently tempting Dia to eat the apple in his hand, looked at Wendy with gentle eyes. "You can always come and visit them anytime you like. I'm sure that gramps and the others will welcome you with open arms."

"Can I?" Wendy looked back at him with a serious expression. "Can I really come and visit them anytime?"

"Of course."

"Good. Then I'll come and play with Eve again when there is an opportunity."

Wendy's mood was lifted due to William's words and she handed a drumstick to Thor in order to reward him for being a good boy.

Ragnar was currently eating a steak on a wooden plate beside William's feet. Although they only grew stronger by eating beast cores, it was perfectly fine for them to eat ordinary foods as well.

"I'm still curious," Spencer gave William an inquiring gaze. "Just who are those men? Do they have comrades? If yes, this needs to be reported to the capital and fast."

"You don't have to worry about that," William replied. "Uncle Mordred will be going with us back to the capital. He will deliver the news to his Majesty while waiting for his peerage to be bestowed upon him."

"That's good to hear." Spencer nodded.

He once again stared at his Head Prefect for a brief moment before focusing on the food on his plate. Whatever thoughts he had on his mind right now, he hid it behind a calm facade.

After the festivities, James called William to his room that night to talk about important matters.

"You're the one that manipulated that lightning storm, right?" James asked.

William nodded his head because there was no use hiding this secret to his grandfather.

"Is this the first time you have done such a thing?"

"Yes."

James sighed and massaged his forehead, "William, what you did was dangerous. Fortunately, the defenses that we installed in Lont kicked in right away. Also, the veterans were present so the damage was minimal. No one also got injured because Owen and the rest acted fast enough.

If you had chosen a different occasion to use that ability, I'm afraid that we might have suffered casualties on our side."

James said this in a calm manner, but William's guilt was enough for him to feel ashamed of his actions. He didn't think ahead when he used the skill "Thunder God's Wrath". All he wanted to do was to take the opportunity to test his ability.

"I'm sorry, Grandpa," William replied. "I will be more careful in the future."

James didn't punish William because he knew that his grandson was truly repenting for his actions. However, there was one more thing that he had to make sure of no matter what.

"Were there any witnesses when you used that skill?"

"Only Eve, but I doubt that she was aware of what was happening."

James nodded his head and only reminded William not to recklessly use the power of lightning again, especially when in public. After all, this was a secret that they had to keep until William became strong enough to protect himself.

Three days later, the group--including the newlyweds--returned to the Hellan Capital along with Mordred. Although their honeymoon only lasted a few days, the two people radiated happiness which made William envious.

Wendy chatted with Leah from time to time while giving sneaking glances at William from time to time. The two girls would giggle every now and then, which made William feel his stomach churn for some unknown reason.

They were currently on the back of Blitz and were flying towards the nearest town where a teleport gate was stationed. From there, they would teleport straight to the capital.

When they arrived at the capital city, Gladiolus, Mordred escorted the children to the academy before going to the castle to meet the king.

Before they left, James had given Mordred a confidential letter. The information that they squeezed out from their captives was quite alarming that James decided to share the information with the king.

He hoped that the Hellan Kingdom still had some forces left in order to deal with the new threat that they were about to face.

Chapter 187: Order Of The Angorian War Sovereign [Part 1]

In a private room used to entertain special guests in the palace, Mordred sat in front of the ruler of the Hellan Kingdom, King Noah Ernest Vi Hellan.

"Are you sure this information is credible?" King Noah asked after reading James' letter. His silver-gray eyes looked at Mordred with a serious expression.

"That is the information we received from the people who attacked Lont," Mordred answered. "We used a special method to extract the information so we can guarantee that the captives weren't lying. Of course, that doesn't mean that the information they gave us is true.

"They can be just disposable pawns that were thrown away in order for us to learn of this information. Whether to believe this information or not is up to you to decide, Your Majesty."

For James and Mordred, they didn't really care whether the news was true or not. Their only concern was whether it would affect Lont or not.

After a discussion among the experts of Lont, they decided to pass the information to the king, so he could take appropriate countermeasures to handle the problem.

The other man present inside the room was the Grand Archmage of the Hellan Kingdom, Emrys. He had a frown on his face as he read James' letter, and one could tell that the contents of it were not good.

"My King, if what is written in the letter is true then that explains the movement of the Anaesha, and Zelan Dynasties on our borders." Emrys sighed. "Although I don't know how they're doing it, they are doing a good job at chipping away the armed forces of our Kingdom."

Noah nodded absentmindedly at Emrys' comment. The Beast Tide and the Dungeon Outbreak, had greatly diminished the military might of the Hellan Kingdom. If the two Dynasties on their borders decided to attack them during their moment of weakness, the Hellan Kingdom wouldn't be able to resist their combined forces.

"What do you suggest that we do?" Noah asked his loyal adviser.

Emrys stroked his beard as he pondered, "The Kingdom of Freesia is our ally, but they are too far away to offer assistance. It would be best to alert them of our current situation and have them prepare for the worst.

"As long as the two Dynasties don't use all of their military might to suppress us, we may still have a chance. The King of Freesia is no fool. He knows that if we fall, his kingdom will be the next target of the two dynasties."

Noah nodded his head in understanding. "So you mean to say, have them use us as a deterrent so that our two friendly neighbors don't use their full strength to attack us in fear that they will get stabbed in the back, correct?"

"Yes, your majesty," Emrys replied. "This is the only thing we can do right now. The losses we have received from the constant monster outbreaks are nearing half of the kingdom's overall strength. We even had to resort to asking the children to help resist the Dungeon Outbreaks that are currently spreading across the land."

Noah bit his lips in frustration. Indeed. The kingdom was really nearing its limit. Because of the losses they suffered, they had no choice but to conscript the students who were still studying in the various institutions in the kingdom. Many seeds had already fallen due to this incident and it was truly heartbreaking.

"Aside from notifying our ally, is there anything else that we can do?" Noah asked.

"Well, there is one more thing we can try, but I doubt that it will work." The Grand Archmage gave Mordred a side-long glance before shifting his attention to the king. "We need the help of the Northern Tribes. If they are willing to give their support then we will be able to resist an invasion."

Noah had a troubled expression when Emrys mentioned the tribes in the North of their Kingdom. These tribes were given free reign on their lands and were "technically" not citizens of the Hellan Kingdom.

The reason why they were not included in the kingdom was because the former kings weren't able to conquer their lands. This proved how strong these tribes were and the best thing they could do was to sign a non-aggression pact with them.

These tribes did what they wanted to do, and the Hellan Kingdom couldn't interfere. Of course, this also meant that the tribes couldn't invade the lands of the Hellan Kingdom as well. They were more like "the neighbor next door" that they couldn't afford to offend.

The oath both sides took was a powerful one and the main reason why there was a lasting peace between the two factions.

"Let me think about this first," Noah answered after some time. "For now, alert the Sword Saint and tell him to observe our borders."

"As you wish, My King." Emrys bowed and left the room.

Mordred was quietly sipping his tea at the side. He was perfectly fine pretending that he didn't hear the conversation between the King and the Archmage.

Noah looked at his future Viscount with a helpless expression. He knew more than anyone that the Ainsworth Family didn't plan to interfere with matters of the state. Even if he made Mordred a Viscount, he wouldn't actively help the kingdom resist the invasion.

After all, he was the one who exiled one of their family members to never step foot in the Hellan Kingdom ever again.

"It seems that all of you didn't slack on your training while I was gone," William said with a smile. "Very good. As expected of the Martial Division."

A day after he returned to the academy, William announced that he would be making an important announcement and all the students of the Martial Class were required to attend.

The students who numbered just slightly over three hundred looked at their Head Prefect with solemn expressions. Kenneth, Priscilla, Dave, Spencer, Drake, and Conrad were standing behind William. They were the officers he chose among the batch of students to form his council.

"The reason why I called you here today is to announce the name of our Order." William scanned the faces of the students who were looking back at him. "From this day onwards, by the power vested in me as the Head Prefect of the Martial Division, I hereby declare the founding of the 'Angorian War Sovereign'!"

James had already told William about the impending danger that would befall the Hellan Kingdom if the information they gathered from their captives proved to be true.

Because of this, William had decided to speed up his plan to create his own fighting force before the Academy would dismantle the ranks of the students in order to join a possible war with the two neighboring kingdoms.

"With all due respect, Sir!" a teenage boy raised his hand as he looked at William with a serious expression. "I don't think that forming an unauthorized organization is allowed within the Hellan Royal Academy. We might get suspended by the Dean if he finds out about this."

Some of the nobles nodded their heads in agreement. This meeting that they were currently having was a private one and no instructors were present. It was as if William was planning to stage a Coup d'état and take over the entire academy. If anyone were to find out about this action, all of them might get punished.

"Yes, what you say is true." William nodded his head. "That is why I won't force any of you to join. If any of you don't want to participate in this undertaking, feel free to leave this hall right now. Don't worry, I promise that I won't do anything to harm any of you who chose not to be part of my Order."

The students glanced at each other, but none of them moved from their spot. After following William's strict training regimen, they noticed significant changes in their martial prowess. Although they were afraid that they might get in trouble for forming a secret order inside the school, William's charisma had won them over.

Even so, they didn't say anything and stayed where they stood. Some of them had a nagging feeling that if they really left the room right now, they would regret it for the rest of their life.

Kenneth and the other officers were shocked by William's sudden declaration because they were not told anything beforehand. They knew how serious this undertaking was and they were wondering if the red-headed boy was really serious or just joking around.

William was surprised when nobody left the hall. He was expecting that at least half of the students would leave. Seeing that nobody was planning to go, he decided to proceed with his speech.

"So, none of you want to leave?" William asked. "Since this is the case, I want all of you to sign a contract and you will sign it with your blood. This is your last chance to back out. Once you sign the contract, I will do everything in my power to make all of you strong. However, you are duty bound to stand by my side. Whether we are going to face a mountain of fire or a sea of knives, none of you are allowed to retreat."

"Think carefully and think well. I'll give you all exactly ten minutes to decide." William placed his hands behind his back as he waited for the ten minutes to end.

He was not afraid even if the Academy Dean found out about his plan or not. His grandpa had already made the necessary arrangements when he gave the letter to his Uncle Mordred.Â

The die has been cast and whether the King approved it or not, was up to him to decide.

Chapter 188: Order Of The Angorian War Sovereign [Part 2]

"Your family is really good at giving me a headache," the King said with a helpless tone.

"Thank you for your praise, Your Majesty."

Noah rubbed his temples as he looked at Mordred who was happily eating a slice of cake.

There was a condition attached to the letter that Mordred had given him. In exchange for the information, he was to allow the forming of a Private Order within the Hellan Academy led by none other than William Von Ainsworth.

James added that without the information, the Hellan Kingdom would have been taken by storm, if the two Dynasties outside their borders were to launch an attack without warning. Because of this, Noah was currently stuck between a rock and a hard place.

If he chose not to agree to the condition then it means that the Ainsworths' would no longer support the kingdom in any which way in the future. If he chose to agree then the nobles would start yapping and raise a ruckus.

Both were equally troublesome, but the last paragraph in James' letter made Noah reluctantly agree to the condition.

"If you don't agree then I promise that you will regret it."

Only a single sentence. Noah had seen this sentence many times during his reign and he ignored each and every one of them. However, when it came to this particular old man, he had to take it seriously.

Noah knew that deep inside, James had grievances with him. When the king exiled James' son, Morgan, from the Kingdom, the old man started to give Noah the cold shoulder.

William's Grandpa, James, served the former King and they were very close. The former king even wanted to make James a Duke, but the latter declined and only settled for the lowest rank of Baronet before leaving for the farthest edge of the Western Region.

There he built a small town, and stayed there ever since. Far from the politics of the King and the nobles. Only the old generation knew of how formidable he was, and all of them could attest that he was the last person they wanted to mess with.

Only the next generation, like Rebecca's father, were unaware of how influential James could be. All it would take for James to silence them forever was to lift a finger, and it would be done. The only reason why Rebecca's father was still alive was because of the "Old Fox" Lawrence.

He and James were good friends and had been on the battlefield together. In order to give him face, James decided to let them off the hook.

If the Tribes were the Overlords of the North, then James was the Hidden Dark Lord of the West.

Noah had to tread carefully when dealing with these two forces. All these years, James didn't ask for anything. Even when he took the towns of Fushia and Xynnar, he didn't expand his lands any further. He conducted himself in a manner that even Noah found it hard to find fault in his actions.

James restrained himself and did it well. Because of this, Noah reluctantly agreed to give William a badge that allowed him to form his own order.

'Such a shame, I was planning to add him to the Knight Order of Gladiolus after he graduated from the academy,' Noah lamented.

He had already made the necessary arrangements by giving Est the badge of the Knight Order, so that he could pass it to William. It was his way of bringing the next generation of Ainsworths under his wing. Who would have thought that the old fox, James, had seen through his move.

Ezio had already reported to James that William had acquired the badge of the Knight Order from Est. This was also why the old man was forcing Noah to allow William to establish his own Order. An organization that would be recognized by the Hellan Kingdom.

That way, he would have his own Private Force. What better place to recruit members for that Private Force than the best academy in the Hellan Kingdom? This was the only part that made Noah's heart itch. He silently cursed James for shamelessly using the talents of the Kingdom to raise his grandson's private army.

Back in the Grand Hall of the Solaris Dormitory...

After the ten minutes had expired, the majority of the students had come to their senses and left the hall one by one.

A soft sigh escaped William's lips and the officers behind him thought that he was sighing in disappointment. What they didn't know was that William was actually sighing in relief. Forming an order was not an easy thing to do. In order to arm his subordinates, he needed gold and other resources.

William was currently fourteen-years-old and the Ainsworth family was very poor (or so he thought). He didn't want to ask his grandpa to give him money in order to support his subordinates.

The red-headed boy wanted to use his own powers in order to build a strong force whose name would be known throughout the entire Southern Continent.

What he didn't know was that James had a mountain of gold and treasures at his disposal due to the fact that he constantly raided the hideouts of bandits in the Hellan Kingdom. If William knew about this then he would shamelessly hug his grandpa's thigh and beg for him to give him a few thousand gold coins for his personal use.

In the end, out of the more than three-hundred students inside the Great Hall, only thirty-six remained.

William looked at these young men and women and nodded his head in appreciation.

"Thank you for your trust," William said with sincerity. "I will do my best to exceed your expectations. For now, let's sign the contract. Please, form two lines."

The students obediently complied and formed two lines. William then handed a stack of contracts to Priscilla and Kenneth to distribute to those that had remained, and willing to join his organization.

Somewhere in the Temple of the Ten Thousand Gods...

"Gavin, your follower is a good person," Sancus, the God of Oaths and Contracts patted Gavin's shoulder inside the restaurant. "It's a shame that I didn't see him sooner. He has the potential to become a good scammer. Such a shame, we could have conquered the world together using loans and debts. Hah~ quite unfortunate. Truly unfortunate."

The corner of Gavin's lips twitched as he forced himself to keep the smile on his face. Deep down inside, he didn't know if Sancus was praising him or not for having a shameless follower like William.

Gavin also agreed that Sancus and William would have been a match made in Heaven. He could already see the red-headed boy grinning like mad as he laid upon a mountain of gold while being surrounded by beautiful ladies.

"That's it! I've decided!" Sancus suddenly stood up as he looked at the projection in front of him.

William was currently supervising the signing of contracts using the person's blood in order to empower it and allow Sanctus' divinity to bind it in place.

"I'm going to give him a gift," Sancus chuckled mischievously.

"What kind of gift are you planning to give him?" Issei who just arrived in the restaurant overheard the conversation and decided to join Gavin and Sancus.

"Ah, Issei, perfect timing," Sancus grinned. "I'm planning to send this as a gift to William using the Mail of the God Shop. What do you think? Will he like this gift of mine?"

Sancus opened a box to show the two gods the gift he was planning to give to the red-headed boy.

Gavin and Issei almost spat blood at the same time when they saw the contents of the box.

"Y-You can't be serious?!" Gavin exclaimed. "Oi, think twice! No! Think thrice!"

"Sancus, my friend, I think William wouldn't like this gift." Issei was already sweating buckets. "No. I'll be perfectly honest, he wouldn't like it. He might even curse you and stop believing in your power as the God of Contracts."

"Is that so?" Sancus heaved a sigh of disappointment.

The two Gods wiped their heads in relief after seeing Sancus' expression. Both of them knew that William would go into a mad fit if the God of Contracts sent that horrible thing to him at this point in time.

"Donger, don't worry," Sancus said as he caressed the wooden box in his hand. "I will find you a good owner one of these days."

As if to respond to Sancus' words, the box shook a little. It was as if it was agreeing to its Master's words.

Donger, the Great Dong that pierced the Heavens thousands of years ago, and made all the ladies scream in panic at the sight of it, was currently sealed by the God of Contracts. The contract between him and Donger was going to expire in four years, and Sancus was looking for a worthy person to take in the poor Donger.

Gavin and Issei exchanged a glance at each other and nodded their heads. No matter what happened, they would not allow William to receive Donger from Sancus. If that were to happen then the World of Hestia would definitely experience a world shaking calamity.

Chapter 189: Speak Now Or Forever Hold Your Tongue

After the contract had been signed, William took everyone that was part of his Team inside the conference room that was under the Head Prefect's management. As the leader of a newly formed organization, there were some important things that he needed to discuss with them.

"I'm sure that most of you are curious as to why I decided to form an organization within the academy," William said. "Unfortunately, I can't tell you the details yet because it is something that concerns the Kingdom's security."

The expressions of the students suddenly became serious as they listened to William's explanation.

"All I can tell you is that I intend to create an elite unit that will be able to cope with any kind of situation, regardless of what it is," William explained. "Of course, in order to make that happen, each and every member must reach a certain level of proficiency and perfect their teamwork."

"There's also the problem of the weapons and equipment that you will use whenever we go out on missions. All of this requires money and resources and, to be perfectly honest, I don't have these resources."

Spencer coughed lightly when William came out clean. He had already known that the Ainsworths were not that well-off when it came to money. Even their main residence in Lont couldn't compare to what they had in their Duchy.

"Sir William, you already know that making an organization requires funding," Priscilla commented. "If you don't have the resources then why make one in the first place?"

"That's because, I am confident that we can make things work out if all of us work together." William grinned. Although he didn't have money and resources right now, there were many ways to get them.

As someone that had accompanied Ezio for half a year wandering the Hellan Kingdom, William had seen the darkness and filth of humanity. He planned to use his knowledge in order to gain the funds needed for his private army.

"First things first, I want all of you to have a mount," William continued his explanation. "This way, we can travel anywhere in a moment's notice."

"What would you guys like to have as a mount? At the very least, the mount should be a Class C Beast." The red-headed boy ignored his officers and stared at the regular students in his organization. "If you have any recommendations, feel free to tell me."

"M-Mount?" one of the students' eyes widened in surprise. "You're going to give us mounts? For free?"

The one who spoke was a commoner and he was eighteen years old when he passed the entrance exam. He followed William because he felt that he had nothing to lose by becoming his direct subordinate. Never in his dreams did he think that the first thing that his Head Prefect would ask was what kind of mount they wanted.

"For free? Yes." William nodded. "However, whether you can tame them or not will depend on your ability."

William glanced at his officers with a grin. "I know that all of you are very capable, and you can secure a mount of your own. However, if you need help in acquiring one, just tell me, maybe I can help. Just take note that the limit is a Class C Beast. It can't go higher than that."

The students got really excited and started to discuss what kind of Beast would be ideal for them.

William watched this scene as he sat leisurely in his chair. What he didn't know was that inside the Dean's Office, Simon, the current Dean of the Hellan Academy was rubbing his temples due to the letter that had just arrived a few minutes ago.

Noah had informed Simon that the Kingdom was about to recognize a new Knight Order that would be called the "Angorian War Sovereign", or AWS for short.

He was tasked to prepare for a short ceremony within the academy grounds for this new order to be recognized by the entire student body.

"Celine, your disciple will be the death of me," Simon sighed as he put the letter aside and looked at the ceiling. "Just what in the world is happening?"

This was the first time that a First Year Student would become the head of an organization that would be given the same rank as the Knight Order of the Hellan Kingdom. This was not a simple thing to do because this would basically give William the rank of a General in times of War.

Simon couldn't think of a single reason as to why the King would do something like this. If not for the fact that the letter was delivered with the King's official seal, he would have thought that this was just a prank made by the red-headed boy.

The Dean of the Academy rubbed his tired eyes as he stood from his seat. He had to obey the king's wishes and discuss it with the staff. Simon also wanted to have a private talk with William to ask him why something like this was approved.

Est hastily left the Magic Class Division along with Ian and Isaac after reading the King's letter. He couldn't believe that the shepherd he knew would do something like this. William had just left Lont for a week and when he came back, he became the leader of a new Knight Order?

This was something unheard of!

The reason why he rushed to the Martial Class Division was to confirm whether this news was true or not. Depending on its credibility, he might need to change his plans when it came to interacting with the boy who seemed to be hell bent on forming his own private army.

Unfortunately, when he arrived at the Martial Division, he was barred from entering. The guards said that the Head Prefect had ordered them to not allow anyone aside from the Martial Division to enter the premises, because he was going to discuss something important with the First Year students.

Because of this, Est had no choice but to return empty handed, and wait for the boy to come and find them after the meeting was done.

William sat comfortably on his chair, not knowing that he had alarmed many influential people in the capital.

Currently, the students were discussing the kind of Mount that they wanted. The commoners were very excited, and it affected the mood of the lesser nobles as well. All of them agreed that the mount should be fast, and must be able to fly as well. This way, it would give them plenty of leeway to travel on both air and land.

"A creature that can travel on both air and land sounds good." William nodded his head in agreement. The only creature he had encountered that was capable of doing those feats was the Winged Black Panther that attacked him at the outskirts of the Strathmore Forest.

Although it would be a bit tricky to catch these creatures, it was not impossible. He already had someone that could help him do this in his mind, he just needed to find the opportunity to talk to that creature and make him agree to his request.

William subtly listened as the students mentioned beast names like Gryphons, Winged Tigers, Pegasus, and many more flying beasts.

The red-headed boy almost spat at them for trying to bite off more than they could chew.

Gryphons and Winged Tigers were Class B creatures. As for the Pegasus? They were Class A Beasts that only allowed a select few to mount them. They were known to attack those who trespassed on their territory and were very aggressive creatures.

Fortunately, Priscilla stepped up and woke them up from their daydreams. In the end, she gave one recommendation and William thought that it was a very good choice.

"We should go with Hippogriff," Priscilla proposed. "They are easier to tame and less aggressive than the Gryphons. Also, they become loyal mounts once you properly train them. They are the mainstay of the Kingdom of Freesia's Air Cavaliers.

The students unanimously agreed with Priscilla's proposal and looked at William in anticipation.

"Very well." William nodded in acknowledgement. "Hippogriff it is. However, only those who will be able to complete the regular training will be given the right to have one. You must show me that you are worthy to own a Hippogriff."

The students cheered in happiness and left the room with big smiles on their faces. Only the officers, Kenneth, Priscilla, Spencer, Drake, Conrad, and Dave, were left with William. The hippogriffs were only for the regular students, but the leaders were different. They had to stand out from the rest in order to lead their subordinates effectively in the roles that they were meant to play.

"Who among you doesn't have a mount?" William inquired. "Speak now, or forever hold your tongue."

Conrad and Dave raised their hands. Although Conrad was a noble, he was the third son in a family of Marquese. He wasn't highly favored in his family which was why he decided to enroll at the academy in order to grasp his own fate.

He didn't amount to much because he was surrounded by very capable individuals, namely Priscilla, Spencer, and Drake. However, even though these teenagers were stronger than him, he was stronger than them in one aspect and that was socializing.

Because of this, he was able to form a circle of friends who had very high potential, just like Dave who became an officer before him.

Dave on the other hand was just a commoner that came from the South of the Hellan Kingdom. After successfully enrolling in the academy, he hoped to be under a nobleman's wing. This way, he would be able to live a better and comfortable life.

Aside from these two, none of the other officers raised their hands.

It meant that they already had a mount of their own and didn't need William to provide one for them.

Chapter 190: James' Old Nemesis

"Okay, what kind of beasts do you want to have?" William inquired. "I will give you a bit more leeway and allow you to choose a beast that is at the initial stages of Class B. Anything higher than that is impossible. Now, tell me what you want."

Conrad and Dave exchanged a glance at each other before telling William what kind of mounts they wanted.

A devilish grin appeared on William's face before he nodded his head in understanding.

A week passed and the students that went to help subjugate the various Dungeon Outbreaks in the Hellan Kingdom finally returned to the academy.

Naturally, there were casualties among the student bodies, but it was lower compared to what Simon had expected. Even so, each student that passed away was a great loss for the Kingdom. The King had given the families of these brave students proper compensation and a monument was built inside the academy to honor their bravery.

It took some time for the students to recover from their traumatic experience and all lessons were put on hold for a month to allow the students to recuperate.

Simon decided to postpone William's Ceremony until everyone in the academy had regained a semblance of normality before shocking them all again with the event that he had planned for Celine's one and only disciple.

While things were on hold at the Academy, William took this opportunity to take the members of the Angorian War Sovereign outside of the academy to conduct their special training, capture mounts, and gather resources.

"Gwaaark!" Dave, the officer in charge of the Logistic Team, used a tree as a support as he vomited everything that he had eaten for lunch. He could taste the sourness in his mouth as tears streamed from his eyes.

A few meters away from him, several students were also puking their hearts out. William and his officers watched them with understanding and allowed them to take a break for the time being.

"I never thought you were this ambitious, Sir William," Priscilla said in admiration. "However, with just this, it won't be enough to cover everyone's equipment."

The beautiful girl addressed the young boy who was wearing a hooded traveler's cloak and was standing in the center of the bandit's camp.

William gave his Vice-Prefect a side-long glance before looking at the gold chests beside his feet. "Fortunately, this Kingdom has plenty of scumbags ripe for the pickings. We won't be running out of bandits to hunt anytime soon, so you don't have to worry about not having enough funds, Vice-Prefect."

Kenneth didn't expect William to be someone who didn't bat an eye when killing people. He did it in such a natural manner that it made the delicate looking boy look at him in a different light.

Conrad had killed a bandit once in the past due to self defense. Because of this, he was able to slightly endure the heavy scent of blood in the air. However, he didn't dare to look at the pile of corpses that were lined up on the ground.

After killing two bandits, he had already reached his limit and didn't force himself to kill more. It was William and Priscilla who mercilessly slaughtered the bandits using their bows and arrows. The funny part about this was that both of them only killed the strong people among the bandit group.

They left the weaker ones for the students to deal with in order to give them some "life experiences" that they would need to survive in the world.

Even Spencer, and Drake, had to admit that they didn't expect that their Head Prefect, who was only fourteen-years-old, could be this merciless. The two of them had already been trained by their families to take human lives, but the scene in front of them still made them feel uncomfortable.

"Spencer and Conrad, go to the town and tell the Guard Captain to bring his men to clean up this place," William ordered. "Also, remember to collect the commission afterward. Some of these bandits have bounties on their heads. We need every gold coin we can salvage from this lot."

""Yes, Sir.""

Priscilla and Kenneth were paying extra attention to their observation of William. For some reason, the usual happy-go-lucky atmosphere that their Head Prefect always radiated was gone. It was now replaced with a boy who's killing intent oozed out of his body.

Ella walked towards William and stood beside him. Dia and Ragnar had stayed with Ella when William gave the order to attack the Bandit Hideout. The Angorian Goat didn't hide anywhere, but stood back a safe distance in order to not intervene with William's bandit subjugation.

Dia immediately crawled onto William's clothes. After she'd coiled herself around William's neck, she playfully removed the boy's hood and nuzzled his cheeks. She was like a spoiled daughter that was asking for her father's attention.

The red-headed boy smiled and lightly rubbed Dia's chin. The killing intent surrounding him disappeared completely, and the usual William who was bright and sunny returned like a refreshing breeze.

"Thank you, Mama," William said as he picked up Ragnar from the ground. He then rubbed the puppy's head and the latter licked his cheeks in response. Thor was currently staying by Wendy's side, so he didn't bring him along on this trip to the South.

Kenneth and the others were dumbfounded by this sudden shift in character. They even felt that the indifferent William that they had seen a few moments ago was just a figment of their imagination.

William didn't know what his officers were thinking because he was too busy shielding his face from Ragnar's and Dia's combined assault. The two "children" peppered the red-headed boy's face with their affection, while Ella watched from the side with gentle eyes.

"Sir William, what is our next plan of action?" Priscilla asked. She was doing her best to keep the smile on her face from twitching because of the sudden change in William's character.

"Let's wait until Spencer and Conrad return," William replied in a casual manner. He then raised his head to look at the sun and made calculations inside his head. "The day is still early, we'll have enough time to raid one more bandit hideout before we have dinner in the next town."

Dave and the others who had just finished emptying their stomachs suddenly felt that the world had lost all its colors. Surprisingly, they were not afraid of raiding another bandit camp. What they were afraid of was having dinner, after killing the bandits in the Southern Regions of the Hellan Kingdom.

The way they were now, they would be unable to stomach smelling or eating meat for the next few days.

Now they finally understood why their Head Prefect rarely ate meat when eating in the Dining Hall.

William gave his pitiful subordinates a devilish smile. Unlike the red-headed boy, the people in Hestia were faster to recover when it came to the concept of killing.

This was also why they were able to accept the fact that they had just taken a human life without guilt whatsoever. In this world, where the lives of people were like grass, those who refused to fight would sooner or later be cut down.

As students who had enrolled in the academy, they were not oblivious to this concept. More than anyone else, they were faster to adapt because their environment required them to fight.

Although they were suffering right now, they were still better off compared to William who had experienced going to hell and back.

James read Ezio's report with a calm expression.

He had ordered him to keep watch on William, Matthew, and Leah in the academy. Since the newlyweds were currently staying in the academy, Ezio deemed that there was no need to look after them and sneakily followed William and his subordinates.

Ezio was surprised that the first thing that the boy did after leaving the academy was to hunt down bandits. What surprised him the most was that the boy had meticulously picked targets that they were able to fight.

He didn't go towards the notorious bandit camps where strong fighters congregated. Instead, he picked weaker camps that could be taken down with the current forces at his disposal. This action made Ezio recognize that William had grown from the experiences he had encountered in the past four years of his training.

Ezio had written all of this in the letter he had sent his Lord as he continued to monitor William's movements.

James knew that aside from gathering resources, William was also training the students how to take human lives in preparation for the war that might happen a few months from now.

He figured that his grandson wanted to create an Elite Unit that wouldn't shy away from taking the lives of others when they headed deeper in the enemy's formation. Even so, he was still worried that his grandson would do something reckless and bite off more than he could chew.

"Damian, Gideon, come here," James ordered.

"You called for us, Boss?"

"Is it our turn to shine?"

Two men standing two meters tall with sturdy bodies appeared in front of James with a grin.

"My grandson is currently clearing out some bandits in the Southern Part of the Hellan Kingdom," James explained. "Make sure the old salamander doesn't make a move on him. That old bastard still holds a grudge against me and he might vent it out on William. Make sure that he doesn't go too far."

"The South?" Gideon tilted his head. "You mean THAT South?"

"The South where that Grumpy Old Lunatic is staying?" Damian asked.

James smiled and nodded his head. "William has wandered into his territory. I want the two of you to bail him out if HE does something unnecessary."

Damian and Gideon glanced at each other. Although they were confident in their strength, the person they were going to deal with was one tough cookie.

Afterall, it was none other than James' nemesis, and the sole Sword Saint of the Hellan Kingdom, Aramis Bran Caliburn.