

Strongest 201

Chapter 201: The Fisherman's Game [Part 2]

While Damian and Ezio were nearing their prey, the battle on the land and in the sky became more intense.

Several of the creatures in the forest like Forest Wolves, Winged Panthers, and other ferocious beasts were being drawn in by the smell of blood in the air.

The Wild Bison also came to assist the centaurs which helped them to a certain extent.

Psoglav had managed to catch a few more Hipogriffs which brought the number of captured beasts to eight.

William watched the scene in the air as he hurriedly transferred the Hipogriffs inside the Goblin Crypt. He was only able to apply emergency treatment to the injured creatures. However, that was enough to prevent them from dying.

Since that was the case, the boy decided to transport them to the dungeon, so that the wild beasts that were eyeing them wouldn't get the chance to sink their fangs into the new members of his herd.

"Gideon!" William shouted. "Take Psoglav with you!"

The man riding the Wyvern in the air nodded his head in understanding. Psoglav too, had a grin on its demonic face as it used a dark whip to latch on the Wyvern's body as it swooped down on the ground.

Even though he didn't say anything, there was a tacit understanding between the three of them. They were to bring down as many Wyverns from the sky as possible, so that William and the Centaurs could fight them on the ground.

Meanwhile, while all of this was happening, Ezio deftly jumped off the Wyvern's back and appeared on the Blood Wyvern's side.

The Blood Wyvern turned its head and chomped on the foolish man who was still in mid-air. It had seen what had happened to its comrades earlier and had been guarding itself from any sneak attacks from the humans.

Before the Wyvern's jaws could even close on the hooded man, the figure in the air turned into a cloud of black smoke that split itself into two.

The black smoke then flew towards the Blood Wyvern's back and merged together, becoming whole again.

Ezio held two rope darts in both hands and used them to bind the Wyvern's body and neck.

The Blood Wyvern was enraged because the man on his back dared to treat it as a mount. It spun in the air in an attempt to dismount the hooded man, but it was to no avail. Ezio stood straight like a sword on the creature's back as if he was merely standing on even ground.

The Centaur War Chieftain narrowed his gaze and lowered his bow. Seeing that the human was able to distract the greatest threat on the battlefield, it now focused its attention on its lackeys.

The War Chieftain nocked an arrow on its bow and aimed at one of the Wyvern's, terrorizing his people. A few seconds later, an arrow infused with elemental energy streaked across the dark sky and hit the side of the Wyvern's body.

The Wyvern screeched in pain as it flapped its mighty wings to fly back into the sky. Unfortunately, another Wyvern, carrying a human and a demonic beast, pressed down on its back and pinned it to the ground.

Psoglav, its Doppelganger, and two pairs of spectral hands, immediately went to work and bound the Wyvern's wings with its dark Whip.

William charged towards the fallen beast as he nocked an adamantium arrow on his bow that was coated with the venom of the Amphisbaena.

The red-headed boy aimed at the creature's neck and fired.

Unlike the steel arrows of the centaur race, the adamantium arrow easily pierced the Wyvern's scales and embedded itself deep inside its body. The Apex Predator of the Whimsical Forest roared in pain as it flailed its body in order to break free from its bindings.

William recalled the arrow from the Wyvern's body and used it once again.

After successfully penetrating the Wyvern's body five times, the venom of the Amphisbaena started to take effect.

Since it was not a creature that could be added to the herd, there was no possible way for William to tame it. His next move, however, surprised Kenneth, Gideon, Psoglav, and even some of the centaurs who came to assist him in subduing the fallen beast.

"Mama, use Mega Kick," William ordered.

Ella walked towards the side of the Wyvern's head and gave it a strong kick on its head. The blow was strong enough to crack the Wyvern's skull, and caused it to lose consciousness.

"This Wyvern is mine," William announced as he faced the centaurs that were commanded by Bastian.
"Do I make myself clear?"

The Centaur Captain gave the unconscious Wyvern a glance before nodding his head.

"Since you were the one who took it down, its life and death belongs to your hands," Bastian replied. "I apologize for what we did earlier. Although this is a bit shameless on my part, can you help us deal with the remaining Wyverns?"

William nodded his head. "Very well. However, all the Werehyenas you are able to kill will be surrendered to me."

"Deal."

"Good."

After having that exchange, Bastian led the centaurs to focus on the sly Werehyenas that were taking advantage of their plight.

William watched the centaurs go as he eyed the remaining Wyverns in the sky.

Ironically, another Wyvern crashed not far away from William's location. Its body was pierced by several arrows that belonged to the Centaur War Chieftain. It was still alive, but it had lost its ability to fight due to its injuries.

William ignored it because he wasn't the one who brought it down. Gideon and Psoglav had already returned to the sky to hunt another Wyvern.

"At first, I wanted to kill you, but I've changed my mind," Ezio said as he embedded his short sword in the Blood Wyvern's neck. "You will be more useful as my mount since I always travel around the continent."

This was the ninth time that Ezio had stabbed the Wyvern since he'd mounted its back. He didn't stab it in a single location. Instead, he stabbed several pressure points that were located on its neck.

Ezio was planning to make the creature faint due to blood loss. He didn't need Damian's help to tame the beast, because he had a secret weapon that he could use that was more effective than a slave collar.

The reason why Ezio changed his mind was because he was always hunting people. With the help of the Blood Wyvern, he would be able to locate them easily, even if they escaped. It was a well-known fact that no one could hide from the pursuit of a Blood Wyvern that had locked them in its sights.

Soon, the Blood Wyvern was forced to land. It didn't want to die and was forced to admit that its opponent was stronger than him. Just like humans, beasts also followed the strong. Even though the magical creature was a Centennial Beast, it still chose to submit rather than to die a dog's death.

"I'll give you two options. The first one is to eat this apple in my hand," Ezio ordered. "The second option is for you to get stabbed three more times, before you eat this apple in my hand. So, what is your choice?"

The Blood Wyvern cried bitter tears because the master it recognized was not only more blood thirsty than it was, but more sly than it was as well. With a screech of submission it opened its jaws and allowed Ezio to toss the golden apple inside its mouth.

As soon as the apple entered the Blood Wyvern's mouth, it turned into a liquid paste that was immediately absorbed by its body. Under Ezio's penetrating gaze, the injuries of the Blood Wyvern healed at a rapid pace.

A minute later, it once again flapped its wings to soar into the skies.

"Praise be to the Goddess Lulu," Ezio muttered.

If William had heard his Fourth Master's words, he would look at him in a weird manner. Never in his wildest dreams did he consider that the man that had ended countless lives, was a devout follower of the Apple Goddess that once tried to force William to sign her contract.

After seeing their leader surrender to the enemy, the remaining Wyverns tried to run away, but William begged Ezio to not let a single one of them escape.

William's "Fourth Master" was about to ignore the boy's shameless request, however, William's single sentence made the hooded man reconsider.

"Grandfather might need these Wyverns in preparation for the upcoming war."

With that single sentence, Ezio used the Blood Wyvern's suppression to make the members of its Weyr submit.

(A/N: A Weyr is a term used to refer to a group of Wyverns.)

William almost laughed out loud when he saw all the Wyverns stop resisting. They all landed on the ground and knelt in front of the Blood Wyvern who was now a 'pet' of William's Fourth master.

The Wyverns glanced at the pitiful unconscious Wyvern that had been kicked in the head and shuddered in fear. They didn't want to suffer the same fate and decided to just obey the human with red hair to avoid getting hurt.

Psoglav whistled at the great catch. He looked at William with a sinister gaze as if he was looking at a beautiful, naked, woman that was ripe for eating.

"Can I eat this Wyvern that got kicked in the head?" Psoglav decided to become shameless. "How about we change some of the conditions of the contract? Having a business partner like you is a good thing."

William rolled his eyes at the shameless demonic dog. How could he possibly give him a Wyvern to eat? He would only do that if a donkey were to kick his head.

"I need the Wyvern as a mount for one of my captains," William replied. "The rest of these Wyverns will go to my hometown to serve as defenders."

As William said those words, he poured a High-Grade Healing Potion on the swelling bump of the pitiful Wyvern's head then let it drink the rest.

Five minutes later, the Wyvern regained its consciousness and roared fiercely. It then faced William with hate-filled eyes with the intention of shredding him to pieces.

However, before he could even enact his vengeance, a reprimanding shriek reached its ears.

The newly recovered Wyvern turned his head and saw the Blood Wyvern looking at it with the "Calm your tits bro" expression.

The bewildered creature scanned its surroundings and noticed its brethren all kneeling on the ground. After seeing this scene, its gaze once more landed on William.

The Half-Elf looked back at the Wyvern with a refreshing smile that was screaming "I know I'm handsome, so don't stare too much, or I might feel embarrassed".

Wyverns were very smart creatures. Since its leader had already submitted, it also chose to submit, albeit reluctantly.

"How many Hipogriffs did we capture all in all?" William turned his head to ask the delicate looking Kenneth who was standing beside him.

"Including the ones on our encampment, we have twenty-four in total," Kenneth replied.

William's roommate still had a dumbfounded expression on his face. Although he had witnessed everything that happened from the start, he still couldn't believe it. Once again, his evaluation of the red-headed boy increased by another level.

'Unbelievable,' Kenneth thought. 'If only the elders of my clan could see this scene, they would definitely change their opinion of William.'

William didn't know what Kenneth was thinking because he had other things in his mind. He only managed to capture twenty-four hipogriffs which meant that he was still twelve shy of his goal.

He eyed the Hipogriffs that stood beside their Alpha that had arrived as reinforcements for the centaurs. They were all looking at the Wyvern's cautiously. It was then when an idea appeared inside the boy's head.

William smiled evilly as he looked at the Alpha Hippogriff who was standing in front of its herd.

When the Alpha saw William's smile, its body shivered subconsciously. It had a feeling that the red-headed boy was up to no good!

Chapter 202: William's Return To Lont

William swaggered in front of the Alpha of the Herd and gave it a smile that would put all the debt collectors to shame.

"I need twelve more members of your herd," William said while keeping a business-like smile on his face. "You have two choices. Let me choose twelve Hippogriffs and we can all go back to our camps and rest, or you will give me twelve members of your herd and we can all go back to our camps and rest. What would you like to choose?"

Before the Alpha could even answer, all the Wyverns screeched in unison. The Blood Wyvern's piercing gaze locked on the Alpha of the Herd, and made the latter take a step back unconsciously.

It then looked back at the smiling Half-Elf in front of it and lowered its head in submission.

The students that were currently scheduled for night duty immediately sounded the alarm.

"Wake up! Wyverns are approaching us!" one of the students shouted in horror. "Prepare to defend yourselves!"

After hearing the alarm all the members of the Angorian War Sovereign, as well as Cid and Aerith, immediately left their tents with their weapons in their hands.

All of them had grim expressions on their faces when they saw more than a dozen Wyverns headed towards their location. It was led by a Wyvern that was slightly bigger than the rest. Although it was dark, the presence it radiated made the bodies of the children unconsciously shudder.

'We're done for.'

This was the collective thought of everyone in the camp. Even Dave, who was seated on the back of the Gryphon, couldn't help but feel that their current situation was very dire. The Gryphon's body was very tense with its wings spread wide. Its plan was to escape with Dave the moment the Wyverns initiated an attack on the camp.

There was no way it could fight against that many Wyverns alone, especially when the enemies were a level above its rank.

Just when everyone thought that they were about to go to the afterlife, the Blood Wyvern landed at least two hundred meters away from their location. The other Wyverns also landed a few meters away from the camp, which surprised the teenagers who had resolved themselves to fight to the death.

"Calm down, everyone," a familiar voice shouted in the distance. "These Wyverns are on our side."

William, Ella, Kenneth, along with Damian and Gideon walked towards the encampment with calm expressions.

"Sorry if we scared you," William said after he had entered the camp and removed the hood from his head. "Those on guard duty, return to your posts. Those who need to rest, go back to rest."

Contrary to William's orders, no one in the encampment moved and only stared back at him with serious expressions.

"Commander, what is going on?" Priscilla asked.

Since she was the highest ranking officer next to William, she thought that it would be best to ask what was going on.

"We took a stroll in the forest and met these friendly Wyverns," William replied. "After seeing how handsome and awesome I was, they decided to accompany me back to my hometown."

Everyone in the encampment, including the Wyverns, looked at William in contempt. All of them were thinking of the same thing.

'Who will believe your b*llsh*t story?!'

William casually flipped his hair as he stared at the moons in the distance. "I'm so handsome that even Wyverns want to become my friends."

The members of the Angorian War Sovereign were already used to William's narcissism, so they were able to ignore his words. Cid and Aerith, on the other hand, wanted to ask more questions, but William used his authority to force everyone to go back to their tents to rest.

He had no intention of answering anyone's questions and had already decided to head for Lont as soon as the sun rose in the East. What Cid and Aerith didn't know was that William didn't have any intentions of returning to the residence of the Sword Saint with the Wyverns.

Although the Sword Saint didn't do anything to him, Aramis might change his mind after seeing the Wyverns that had submitted to him. In order to prevent any conflicts from arising, the Half-Elf decided to just leave the Southern Regions without seeing the Sword Saint for the third time.

"Is this really okay?" Aerith asked as she watched the Wyverns fly towards the West. In her hand was a handwritten letter that William wanted to be sent back to her teacher.

The red-headed boy even insisted that she shouldn't take a peek at it out of curiosity.

"Whether it is okay or not, what can we do about it?" Cid answered with his arms crossed over his chest. "That boy sure knows how to Eat and Run."

Henry chuckled when he heard Cid's apt description of William. Indeed. The boy was like a bandit who ate in a restaurant and ran away without paying.

'My Liege, your nemesis' grandson didn't fall far from the tree,' Henry thought as the Wyverns disappeared from sight.

"Amazing!" one of the students exclaimed. "So, this is what it feels like to ride a Wyvern!"

"Don't get too excited or you might fall off!" one of his friends nagged at him for acting like a country bumpkin. However, everyone could tell that he, too, was feeling just as excited as his friend.

Fourteen Wyverns, including the Blood Wyvern, flew towards the West in a "V Formation". The Blood Wyvern was in the lead of the formation and kept everyone in line. On its back, there was a lone figure, wearing a hooded robe, who stood straight like a sword.Â

William told everyone that the man riding the Blood Wyvern was a hermit that lived inside the Whimsical Forest, and the Master of the Weyr of Wyverns.

Dave, who was riding the Gryphon, was accompanied by William, Ella, Dia, and Ragnar.

All the Hipogriffs that William had tamed and had "volunteered" to come with him were currently inside the Goblin Crypt. Since the majority of them were injured, they were not fit for travel. The shepherd decided to return to Lont as fast as possible because they were on a tight schedule.

Simon, the Dean of the Academy, had explicitly told William to return on the 18th of the Month of the Chariot.

This was when the Knighting Ceremony would take place within the academy. The king would personally be there to award and officially recognize William's Knight Order in front of all the nobility of the Hellan Kingdom.

Naturally, all the staff and the students of the academy would be there to witness as well. It was a very important event and William had to hurry if he wanted to meet the deadline given to him.

Currently, he still had twenty-one days before the date of the Knighting Ceremony. William wanted to have all the Hipogriffs' injuries healed before then. For that to happen, he would have to ask the Life Magus of Lont, Owen, to tend to the new members of his herd.

On the second day of their journey after leaving the Whimsical Forest...

"Commander, what is your hometown like?" Dave asked. His partner, Lionheart, was currently flying in the middle of the formation and was being treated as the VIP of the group.

"Very crude, but full of life," William answered. "If we maintain this speed, we will arrive at my hometown in an hour."

Deep down, William was feeling excited. He was wondering how his Grandpa would react when he saw the Aerial Fleet that he had nabbed from the Southern Regions and brought back to Lont.

Of course, Ezio was the one who made this possible, but since he was William's Fourth Master, The Half-Elf decided to shamelessly take all the credit!

Suddenly, a loud primal roar reverberated across the land.

Lufie, the Golden Ape that protected Lont, stood tall and roared at the approaching threat in its domain.

The eyes of the members of William's Knight Order widened in surprise when they saw the Golden Giant Ape who was less than eight-hundred meters away from them.

The Blood Wyvern advanced ahead in order to greet the Golden Ape who was very close to hurtling the massive boulder in its hands.

"It's me, Lufie," Ezio said as the Blood Wyvern approached.Â

The Ourobro recognized Ezio and lowered the boulder in its hand. However, it still didn't lower its guard and stared at the Blood Wyvern in front of it.

The townspeople of Lont had been alerted and had hidden themselves inside their houses. Only the experts stood on top of the town's wall and observed the Wyverns from a distance.

A sharp cry resounded in the sky as Blitz, along with his partner, John, circled around the Blood Wyvern.

"This is not your style, Ezio," John said with a smile. "You don't like to stand out, so why do it this way?"

"The Young Master wanted to bring the Wyverns back to Lont," Ezio replied. "He insisted that the Commander might need them for the upcoming war."

John's eyes landed on the Gryphon that was slowly approaching them. William, who was seated on its back, waved at John with a smug expression on his face.

"Indeed. William is being flashy, as usual," John shook his head with a smile as he and Blitz returned to the town of Lont.

After relaying to the townspeople that they were friendly forces, everyone came out of their houses to admire the Wyverns, which the majority of them hadn't ever seen in their lifetime.

James, along with Mordred, also appeared with big grins on their faces after hearing John's report. The Father and Son pair felt that William had one-upped Ezio into agreeing to his request.

Even so, they still gave William two thumbs up in their hearts for bolstering Lont's armed forces.

James was even chuckling internally. He was wondering how his nemesis, Aramis, would react after finding about the bold move that his grandson had made while within his domain.

'Erza, I wish you could have met William,' James thought with regret. 'I'm sure that you would have approved of this grandson of ours. He is just like you when you were younger. Bold, resourceful, and very opportunistic.'

James sighed as the Wyverns landed near the entrance of Lont. William had returned un-announced and brought with him the members of his new Knight Order.

"Son, make sure to give William's friends the best accommodation," James ordered.

"Yes, Father," Mordred replied. "I will make sure that William will not be embarrassed because of our hospitality."

The two once again eyed the Wyverns in the distance and the red-headed boy that was waving in their direction. Both of them knew that although William was very mischievous, he had the safety and prosperity of Lont in his heart.

Chapter 203: Conrad's Greatest Dream

James couldn't stop himself from smiling after hearing Ezio's report. He was very proud of William's accomplishment of beating Aramis' disciple. Too bad he wasn't there to witness it first hand.

If he was there, he might have not been able to stop himself from gloating and irking his love rival until the two of them came to blows with each other.

"Still, my grandson is really a magnet for pretty girls," James said with a smile. "That young lady Priscilla is not half bad."

"I think the Young Master only sees her as a subordinate," Ezio replied. "He didn't show anything unusual when dealing with her. Everything is quite formal."

James rubbed his chin as he pondered something inside his mind.

"How about that girl Wendy? Has their relationship improved?" James inquired. "What stage are they at now? Has my Grandson managed to take First Base? Since he's got my genes, he should be at least on First Base, right?"

Fortunately, Ezio was wearing a hood and James wasn't able to see the stiff expression on his face. He wasn't the type to gossip about William's personal love life, but he still reluctantly answered his Lord's questions.

"While I'm not a hundred percent certain, I think the Young Master is giving Lady Wendy special treatment," Ezio answered as he organized his thoughts. "Master's adopted son, Thor, is currently under

the Young Miss' care. They sometimes spend time together, but at most they only hold each other's hands."

"I see." James nodded. "How about his relationship with his friends? With Est and that interesting boy named Ian. Are they still at loggerheads with each other?"

"The Young Master has a very good relationship with Est. They usually have lunch together and discuss joint training between the Martial and Magic Class Divisions," Ezio reported. "As for Ian, yes, the two of them are still at odds with each other, which I find very strange. It is always Ian who takes the initiative to taunt the Young Master whenever they meet."

James chuckled as he listened to Ezio's report. A minute later, his smile disappeared as he asked another question.

"What about that boy, Kenneth? Did you confirm that he came from THAT place?" James asked with narrowed eyes.

"Yes." Ezio nodded. "I am very sure that he came from THAT place. As for his purpose, it is to spy on the Young Master."

"Does William know?"

"Yes. He just pretends that he is not aware of his roommate's hidden agenda. The Young Master even took him along when he went to assist the centaur tribe against the Wyverns. It was as if William was blatantly showing him his abilities. This is also something that I do not understand."

James leaned back on the chair as a frown appeared on his face. Ezio had already informed him that Kenneth was a spy. As to why he was spying on William, Ezio and James could only make guesses.

"Ask one of your subordinates to keep track of Kenneth's actions," James ordered. "If his purpose is to hurt William, eliminate him."

"Yes, Sir." Ezio bowed and disappeared from the room, leaving James with his thoughts.

"Are they the ones behind this plot?" James muttered as he stood up to look outside the window of his room. "Maybe they are linked, but not the masterminds behind the scene. Interesting, so they are finally keeping an eye on William."

A tinge of killing intent briefly flashed inside James' eyes before disappearing completely. He had endured for the past few years and remained lowkey. However, if anyone dared to make a move on his family members... he would definitely not turn a blind eye and eradicate the source of the problem without any shred of mercy!

"What a haul," Owen playfully played with his beard as he looked at the injured Hipogriffs that were currently outside Celine's residence.

"Can they regrow their limbs and wings?" William asked.

"They can regrow their wings, as for their limbs..." Owen lightly touched one of the Hipogriffs that had lost its hind legs. "We will need to ask a favor from someone else. However, that person will definitely charge you a high price for his services."

"I don't mind about the price, but do we have other Life Mages in Lont aside from you?" William asked.

The reason why he brought the injured Hipogriffs back to Lont was due to the fact that Owen was a powerful Life Magus. He hoped that the old man would be able to restore the creatures back to their peak condition to be able to soar in the skies once again.

"Who said that only Life Mages, and Clerics are good at healing?" Owen smiled. "You already know him, William. In fact, you know him very well."

"I do?" William tilted his head to the side. "Okay. Let's go meet him. The sooner they return to their peak condition, the sooner I can return to the academy."

Owen chuckled and nodded his head. He then took William to one of the most notorious experts in Lont and that was none other than...

"I see! You came to the right person." Jekyll flashed William a wide grin. "Regrowing and chopping off limbs is my specialty!"

William's face was stiff as he faced the sole-dentist of Lont. This was the one person that his enhanced perception designated as the scariest existence in his hometown.

"So how many Hipogriffs are we talking about?" Jekyll inquired. "Since they are magical beasts, it would take a very powerful regeneration potion to regenerate their limbs."

"Twenty-four," William replied. He was paying close attention to the reaction of the dentist that had almost become his instructor in the past.

"My stock of regeneration potions won't be enough. At most, I will only be able to fix four of them." Jekyll pondered out loud. "However, since you're already here, the problem is solved!"

Jekyll rested his hand on William's shoulder which made the narcissistic Half-Elf shudder.

"The main ingredient for the regeneration potion is Troll's blood," Jekyll said while keeping the perfect smile on his face. "However, ordinary trolls are no good. Get me Mountain Trolls. Their blood has stronger regeneration qualities. It will be best to capture them alive, so we can have an unlimited supply of Troll's blood."

The dentist clapped his hand as if he just realized something.

"This will be the price for helping you regrow the limbs of the Hipogriffs," Jekyll stated. "Capture as many trolls as you can. The more, the merrier!"

Jekyll didn't even wait for William's reply as he kindly told him to leave. He was currently in the middle of an experiment, and he didn't want to be disturbed. The Dentist only made an exception because William was James' grandson.

After having the door shut right in front of his nose, William turned his head to see a grinning Owen leaning against a tree.

"Did it go well?" Owen asked.

"He asked me to capture Mountain Trolls," William replied.

"Trolls blood?" Owen pondered. "I see, that is the main ingredient of his regeneration potion. Now it makes perfect sense. I've been wondering how he made those miraculous potions back then."

Jekyll was an alchemist to outsiders and a Mad Alchemist to those who had known him for years. His experiments ranged from the bizarre to the unexplained. Sometimes, even he didn't know the outcome of his experiments.

Even so, Jekyll had earned his place as one of the most feared individuals in Lont. A Dentist by day, and a Mad Alchemist by night. He was a person that was feared by both children and adults alike.

William and Owen parted ways because the Life Magus still had to make his rounds around town and cure the ailments of the citizens.

William, on the other hand, went to find his subordinates. He decided to use the opportunity to hunt Mountain Trolls and train his Knights at the same time. However, before they officially set out on their hunting expedition, he needed to do something first.

The red-headed boy knew that just by using their strength, it would be impossible for them to catch a Mountain Troll in the wild. He had fought one in the past, and knew how formidable it was.

Because of the level of difficulty, he decided to look for Conrad in order to raise their chances of success.

"Conrad, I have something very important to tell you. Follow me," William ordered.

Conrad nodded his head and followed his Commander towards the East Side of Lont where the Wyverns were stationed. After seeing William's incredible feats, Conrad's admiration of him had grown by leaps and bounds.

Although it wasn't as fanatical as Dave's worship for the Half-Elf, his feelings weren't too far off. If possible, he also wanted to remain as William's subordinate in order to raise his position within the Knight Order.

After arriving at the temporary Wyvern's Nest, William faced the Wyvern that Ella had kicked in the head inside the Whimsical Forest.

The Wyvern eyed William with an unresigned expression. Although it was reluctant to become a Mount, it had no choice in the matter. Their leader had already submitted to a human. If he were to rebel, the Blood Wyvern would show no mercy and eat him.

With the threat of death looming over its head, the Wyvern decided to unwillingly accept its fate.

"From now on, this Wyvern will be your partner," William said. "However, whether you are able to tame him is up to your ability."

Conrad eyed the Wyvern with a burning gaze. He had always wanted to become a Dragon Knight, and Wyverns were also considered dragons among the nobility. Hunting a pure blooded dragon was very hard.

Also, they were very similar to the pegasus who would fight tooth and nail with those who dared to use them as a mount. They were very prideful creatures and they would rather die than have someone ride on their back.

This was why Wyverns became the next best thing. Although they were prideful creatures, they would not go as far to commit suicide like the dragons if someone where to ride on their backs and trample on their dignity.

Those who were able to tame and ride Wyverns were called Dragon Knights, and that was Conrad's greatest dream. To become a Dragon Knight and show everyone that had ridiculed him in the past that he was not some helpless boy that couldn't do anything without his family's backing.

"Go, try and mount him," William ordered as he crossed his arms over his chest.

Conrad smiled and tried to mount the Wyvern's back, but the Wyvern pushed him away. The beast didn't hurt him, but merely prevented him from climbing on its back. The teenage boy tried again, but the Wyvern rejected his advances.

William watched this scene with a calm expression. However, deep inside, he was laughing very hard.

Before he went to find Conrad, he had already talked to the Wyvern and gave it an order. Unless he gave the signal, he would reject Conrad's attempt to mount him.

Although this was a very shameless move on William's part, he still did it. Why? Because he knew that Conrad was desperate for power. He had already seen how ambitious the boy was.

William didn't dislike ambitious people. In fact, he welcomed them wholeheartedly. If Conrad really wanted to rise in the ranks of the nobility, he needed to earn merits and other achievements. For that, he would need power and influence.

And right now, the only one that could give him the power and influence he wanted was none other than William.

Chapter 204: Dragon Knight of War

After being rejected multiple times, Conrad started to feel dejected. He had known beforehand that in order to become a Dragon Knight, your Dragon must first recognize you as its partner.

Seeing that the Wyvern was firm in rejecting him, the third son of the Marquese felt like giving up.

Seeing his sad expression, William knew that the time was now right to offer a carrot that the young noble wouldn't be able to resist.

"I have a way for that Wyvern to recognize you as its Master," William said in a casual manner. "The question is, are you willing to pay the price?"

Conrad turned his head to look at his commander who was looking at him with a serious expression. He didn't know how William was able to make these Wyverns submit to him, but he was willing to pay the price if that would make his dream a reality.

"What price must I pay, Commander?" Conrad asked. "Do you want me to become your servant? Your slave?"

William shook his head. "I don't need a slave, what I need is a Knight. Conrad Kent Carlton, are you willing to become my Knight?"

"Sir, I am already your knight as a member of your Knight Order," Conrad answered. "Is there a difference between being a Knight of your Order and being YOUR Knight?"

"Of course there is a difference," William replied. "Although everyone who joins the Angorian War Sovereign will become a part of our Knight Order, what I am referring to are my True Knights. Right now, I only have one True Knight in the order and that is none other than Dave."

Conrad thought back on the changes that he had felt when he saw Dave return with William that day. The newfound confidence and charisma that Dave radiated was very different from when he was still serving as Conrad's subordinate.

Although he was still the same chubby boy that he knew, he had changed, and Conrad had to admit that the change was for the better.

Conrad also remembered the words that Dave had told him in passing

"But, I hope the day will come when you will become Sir William's strength," Dave said with a serious expression. "I look forward to that day."

'I see, so this is what you meant when you said those words to me, Dave,' Conrad thought as he looked at the red-headed boy in front of him.

As the son of a noble, Conrad was a prideful person. He would not allow himself to serve someone whose rank was lower than his. If others were to offer him the opportunity to serve under them, even if it was a Duke, he still might have refused.

However, William was different.

In his mind, the Half-Elf was just a shepherd.

A shepherd who had miraculously won the title of the Head Prefect of the Martial Class Division.

A shepherd who had led the charge against the Dungeon Outbreak and turned the tide of battle.

A shepherd who had beaten the disciple of the Sword Saint in one-on-one combat.

Conrad felt his blood burn inside his body. He wanted to be able to accomplish the same feats that William had. He wanted to become someone like him who could stand above the rest, regardless of his poor background.

The boy with reddish-brown hair, and hazel eyes, knelt on the ground on one knee. He pressed his closed fist over his chest as he bowed his head in order to show respect to his Commander.

William stepped forward and summoned Rhongomyniad from his storage ring.

He lowered the lance and lightly tapped Conrad's left shoulder.

"In the name of the God of all Trades, Gavin, and the Goddess of Knights, Astrid, I gave you the right to bear arms and the power to mete justice," William said with a righteous tone. "May you protect the innocent and use your strength to uphold the honor of your Sovereign and people."

The lance glowed once as if it was empowering William's words.

"I, Conrad Kent Carlton, hereby declare my undying loyalty to Sir William Von Ainsworth," Conrad pledged. "I swear upon my name that I will serve you with everything in my power and uphold your honor as a Knight of the Angorian War Sovereign."

William lightly tapped Conrad's right shoulder before raising his lance once more towards the sky.

"Rise, my Knight, and uphold the oath that you have made today," William stated. "May your courage, and bravery, illuminate the world for eternity."

Rhongomyniad, showered Conrad with a golden brilliance. The King chess piece within William's Sea of Consciousness, also glowed thrice before returning to its normal state.

Just like what happened when he knighted Dave, a series of words appeared on William's status page.

< Second Knight of the Angorian War Sovereign has been registered >

< Name: Conrad Kent Carlton >

< Bestowing Knight Title....>

< Appropriate Title Found! >

< Conrad Kent Carlton: Dragon Knight of War >

Name: Conrad Kent Carlton

Race: Human

Health Points: 12,000 / 12,000

Mana: 3,000 / 3,000

Prestige Job Class: Dragon Knight of War (Lvl 1)

< Strength: 40 (+10) >

< Agility: 40 (+10) >

< Vitality: 50 (+10) >

< Intelligence: 20 (+10)>

< Dexterity: 40 (+10) >

Skills:

Duel Ex

Union of Man and Beast

Tactician

Dragon Descent

Shield Boomerang

Dragon Meteor

Title: Dragon Knight

< Dragon Knight>

-- When riding a dragon all stats increase by 100%

-- Aerial Mobility increase by 150%

-- Can use Dragon Fury 3x a day.

'His stats are stronger than Dave's,' William thought as he looked at Conrad's stats. 'I guess this is to be expected since his role is the vanguard.'

While William was checking Conrad's skills, the latter looked at his hands with a shocked expression.

Conrad could feel the surge of power that was flowing throughout his body. He then looked at William who he had recognized as his new lord.

The red-headed boy was still holding Rhongomyniad in his hands with its tip pointing towards the sky. He fully understood that his new-found strength was due to his oath to become William's True Knight.

Conrad gave his new Lord a respectful bow before turning his head to look at the Wyvern who had repeatedly rejected him.

The young boy walked towards it with the "Let me see if you dare to reject me this time" expression on his face.

The Wyvern instinctively took a step back because its instincts were telling it that the young boy in front of it had the ability to make it submit now.

The other Wyverns also backed away in fear that Conrad would choose them as his partner instead.

Conrad walked with even steps and stopped two meters away from the Wyvern. He then raised his hand as if beckoning the Wyvern to lower its head and recognize him as his new partner.

The Wyvern looked at the boy for a full minute before lowering its head in submission. Conrad pressed his hand against the Wyvern's head and the bond between the two was officially formed.

The young boy sighed in relief when the Wyvern had recognized him as its rider. He had a feeling that this was only the beginning of a journey that would make him the man he wished to become.

Dave, who was brushing his partner's furry body, looked towards the East. He had sensed a fluctuation of magic power which felt familiar.

A sudden realization appeared in his mind which made him smile.

"You finally made your decision," Dave muttered as a powerful screech resounded from the Eastern part of Lont.

A Wyvern flapped its mighty wings and soared towards the sky. On its back was a young teenage boy who looked at the world around him with a determined gaze.

Since the two were connected with the skill "Union of Man and Beast", Conrad was able to ride the Wyvern without a specialized saddle. The two made incredible aerial stunts in the air which wowed the children who were looking at him from the ground.

Some of them even cheered as the Wyvern passed over their heads.

William watched Conrad's antics with a smile on his face. With the addition of his new Dragon Knight in his armed forces, the success of hunting the Mountain Trolls increased dramatically.

A day after Conrad's knighting, William took his officers, and twelve of his subordinates to hunt for the Mountain Trolls. He also invited Gideon to join them because he was a Beastamer that specialized in land creatures.

The reason why he only took twelve of his knights on this journey was due to the fact that there were only twelve hipogriffs that were able to perform at their peak condition. These were the Hipogriffs that "volunteered" to come with William after he bullied the Alpha of the Herd to agree to his request.

He chose those who were experienced in riding horses, because, technically, Hipogriffs were similar to horses. Also, it would be best to train his knights to ride these magical steeds as soon as possible.

Looking for Mountain Trolls was not an easy thing, especially in the Western Region of the Hellan Kingdom.

Fortunately, he had the system which allowed him to pinpoint the places where possible Troll Lairs were located. Ironically, the nearest one was near the Pantheon of Courage where William had met Est.

After traveling for two days, they finally arrived at their destination. Along the journey, William made sure that his knights had gotten used to their new mounts and were able to perform basic aerial maneuvers.

At first, William planned to "Knight" them like he had done with Dave and Conrad, but didn't push through with it. The reason? He wanted to make it an incentive for those who performed exceptionally well under his Knight Order.

This would give his subordinates the drive to do their best in the hope that they would be rewarded for their merits.

< Three Mountain Trolls detected two kilometers away from our location. >

'Understood.'

William gave out his order and Dave guided his partner to go in that direction.

It didn't take long for them to spot three Mountain Trolls lying on the ground, asleep. For some reason, the three trolls looked very familiar to William. They looked exactly the same as the Mountain Trolls that attacked their encampment when they were headed towards the temple to offer a prayer to the Gods.

Chapter 205: Temptation That Is Very Hard To Resist

"What do you think, Mama?"

"Meeeeh."

"It's them, right?"

Ella nodded her head.

Although many years had passed since then, her bestial instinct was telling her that these were the same trolls that they had fought last time.

William grinned evilly as he looked down at the sleeping trolls on the ground. His eyes were screaming "It's payback time you b*tches!" while patting Ragnar's head, who was asleep on his lap.

Currently, he was seated in the flying carriage that was being pulled by Dave's Gryphon, Lionheart. Dave was currently serving as the carriage's coachman, because William didn't allow him to join the operation.

He wanted the other members of the Knight Order to practice their teamwork and capture the trolls under Priscilla's leadership.

Conrad was currently holding his position a mile away from their location because William didn't want the Wyvern's presence to send the Mountain Trolls running.

"Well then, Vice-Commander, it's your time to shine," William said as he turned his head to look at the beautiful girl with black hair that was seated inside the carriage with him.

Priscilla nodded her head, and opened the carriage door. They were currently two kilometres above the ground, but the young lady didn't bat an eye and jumped out of the carriage.

She knew what William's objective was, but the current situation didn't allow her to be a bystander.

"Come forth, Braia!" Priscilla shouted.

A magic circle appeared below her and a Golden-Winged Hippogriff appeared to catch her mid-flight.

"I missed you," Priscilla said as she patted her trusted partner's neck.

Braia, shrieked softly, as if telling her partner that she felt the same.

The Alpha Hippogriff circled once in the air before flying towards the Hippogriff formation protecting William's carriage. The commander of the Angorian War Sovereign had already told his knights that the one who would lead the operation was none other than Priscilla.

Everyone waited for their Vice-Commander's orders as they re-arranged their formation to follow her lead.

"Team Alpha, and Team Bravo, ensure that the two trolls won't be able to help their leader," Priscilla ordered. "Team Charlie and Team Delta, follow me to capture the leader of the trolls!"

""Yes!""

The twelve Aerial Knights broke off into teams of three and attacked their respective targets. All of them were equipped with bows and arrows to slowly whittle away their target's strength. Each of their arrows was coated with the venom of the Amphisbaena, this would allow them to neutralize the trolls and bring them back to Lont.

The trolls, who were sleeping on the ground, woke up when they felt several presences descending upon them from the sky.

The leader of the Mountain Troll issued a loud roar in order to intimidate the newcomers, but it was all for naught.

Priscilla took aim as she neared their targets. "Fire at will!"

A dozen arrows flew out in succession and landed on their respective targets. Although not all of them were experienced archers like Priscilla, it was very hard to miss when you're aiming at something that was as big as a small hill from less than a hundred meters away.

The bodies of the trolls were quite hard and most of the arrows bounced harmlessly off of their skin. Only specialized archers, like Priscilla, were able to break past their defenses using the techniques that they had mastered over time.

William and Ella, who were watching the battle from the air, observed Priscilla's fighting style closely.

They could easily tell that the black-haired beauty was quite used to aerial combat while riding a mount.

'It is quite unfortunate that my appraisal skill doesn't work on people,' William thought. 'Even so, I believe that Priscilla is some kind of Aerial Cavalier. Having an Alpha Hippogriff as a mount is not something that a novice can pull off.'

William already had a hunch that his Vice-Prefect was not a simple person. Ella had already told him that Priscilla might have had hidden agendas when she joined the Hellan Royal Academy. She was neither friend, nor foe, and William still didn't know what her objective was.

Even so, there was one thing he was sure of and that was the girl leading the operation was a very capable leader.

She had easily cornered the three mountain trolls, and none of them were able to break free from her encirclement.

The trolls were unable to hit the Hippogriffs and their riders because they distanced themselves properly out of the Mountain Trolls' strike range.

In frustration, one of the trolls threw their wooden club at a Hippogriff, but the latter managed to evade it at the last second. Out of desperation, it tried to run, but the effect of the Amphisbaena's venom had started to take effect.

Priscilla had shot all three mountain trolls with three arrows each that were coated with the potent venom. Her plan was to wait for the venom to take effect before they tied up the beasts to drag them back to Lont.

The movements of the troll that had thrown his club were starting to become sluggish, but it still did its best to move its legs in order to flee. However, the team that was assigned to it didn't relent in their attacks. They continued to rain down arrows on the mountain troll until it almost turned into a pin cushion.

The same thing was happening to the other two trolls. Even the Leader was starting to show signs of fatigue. The mighty Class B Beasts were bullied by the teenagers until they finally stopped moving.

Two of the students felt that the situation was already under their control and decided to take a closer look.

"No! Don't go near them!" Priscilla shouted. "Go back to your formation!"

It was at that moment when the "subdued trolls" made their move.

The Troll leader and its lackey were only acting as if they had completely succumbed to the poison, but were simply playing dead in order to deliver a surprise attack to the kids who attacked them

With a mighty roar, the two trolls stood up from the ground and smashed their wooden clubs towards the foolish boys who dared to come within their strike range.

The Hippogriffs shrieked as they flapped their wings to forcefully gain altitude and avoid the Mountain Troll's hate-filled blow, but it was already far too late.

"Lightning God War Art, First Form... Illuminate the world, Rhongomyniad!"

A dazzling beam of light rained down from the sky and completely obliterated the arms of the mountain trolls that were holding the wooden clubs. The two trolls shrieked in pain as they rolled over the ground due to their injuries.

The two boys, and their mounts, were able to fly back to safety thanks to William's sudden interference.

Priscilla turned her head towards the flying carriage that was slowly descending towards the ground.

Standing on top of it was William holding an imposing jousting lance that shone with a golden brilliance.

"Thomas, Ryan, the two of you will be given disciplinary punishments later," William said with a serious expression. "Do that again and I will expel you from my Knight Order. Do I make myself clear?"

""Yes, Sir!""

The two boys lowered their heads in shame. Both of them regretted their actions. They only did it in order to show off to their friends, but they didn't expect that the trolls were only playing possum.

A minute later, a strong presence descended from the sky.

Conrad commanded the Wyvern to land on the ground beside William's carriage. The three trolls immediately behaved when the powerful beast glared at them. Although they had strong regeneration abilities, they didn't want to face-off against a Wyvern that could release a Dragon's Breath and turn them into charcoal

"Surprisingly, they were able to resist the venom of the Amphisbaena," Gideon commented. "Mountain trolls are indeed resistant to most poisons. Young Master, should I take care of them?"

"Yes." William nodded. "We don't want to have any more accidents along the way."

Gideon smiled and went to deal with the three trolls who were shaking in fear. In fact, even if he didn't subdue them, the Beastamer was sure that they didn't have the guts to resist. However, in order to put William at ease, he still decided to bind them using his ability.

After securing the three trolls, the three-day journey back towards Lont started.

Jekyll was very happy to receive three, very healthy, specimens for his experiments. If the trolls had been scared of the Wyvern, they were now scared sh*tless because their instincts were telling them that the smiling man in front of them was stronger than a pure-blooded dragon.

They even started bawling their eyes out when the Dentist started to pat their bodies one by one to check if they had any abnormalities.

William had left the scene right after he had delivered the poor mountain trolls to their new owner. He didn't want to see what method Jekyll would use in order to draw the blood from their bodies.

The very next day, Jekyll personally delivered thirty-six regeneration potions to William. He stayed to watch the Hipogriffs regrow their limbs, because he wasn't sure if the dosage was enough for magic beasts.

Fortunately, it worked perfectly and all the Hipogriffs finally gained a new lease on life.

Half a day later, he gathered all the members of the Angorian War Sovereign and awarded the members one Hippogriff each. The commoners among the group were smiling from ear to ear because they couldn't believe that they were about to become Aerial Knights.

"We don't have much time left before we return to the capital," William announced. "I'm giving all of you exactly one week to learn the basics on how to properly ride your new partners. Then we will return to the Academy for the official ceremony of our Knight Order."

William scanned the faces of his officers and subordinates. "You will be under the scrutiny of the King, the nobles, as well as our peers in the academy. Remember this, the first impression is the most important. We must give them a show worthy of our rank as members of the Angorian War Sovereign!"

""Yes!"" the members of William's Knight Order replied in unison.

The red-headed boy smiled as he nodded his head. 'We need to make an impressive show. That way, we can poach some of the students from the Magic and Spirit Divisions as well.'

What William wanted to create was an Elite Knight Order that combined all the different Divisions in the academy. In order to make that happen, he had to use suitable bait in order to entice them.

Looking at the Wyverns, the Gryphon, and the Hippogriffs around him, William was sure that this was a temptation that anyone would find very hard to resist.

Chapter 206: Slowly Staining Their Hearts In Darkness

"I'll be going to the capital first," Mordred patted William's shoulder. "Are you sure you don't want to come with me?"

William shook his head, "I still have to train them, Uncle. They're still not up to my standards."

Mordred looked at the thirty-six Hippogriffs in the sky. They were currently practicing an aerial formation along with the Wyvern and Gryphon.

They still had ten more days before the Knighting Ceremony, but Mordred had to go to the capital early because James asked him to run some errands. He would also be there to witness the King officially award William his commander post because all the nobles were required to attend the ceremony.

This was the King's way of letting everyone know about the birth of the new Knight Order and give them the chance to see William. This way, they would recognize him when he visited their domains during official missions.

"Don't worry, Uncle," William replied. "We will be there for the ceremony. Tell Big Brother Matthew and Big Sister Leah that I'm fine and they shouldn't worry about me."

"Alright." Mordred nodded. "I'll see you at the capital."

"Have a safe journey, Uncle."

"You, too."

Inside the Hellan Royal Academy...

"A new Knight Order?" Carter raised an eyebrow. "And the leader is a First Year from the Martial Division Class?"

"Yes, Professor," a pretty young lady with brown hair replied with a smile. "Ten days from now, a knighting ceremony will be held here in the academy. The King will be present as well."

"According to the rumors, the leader of the Knight Order is the current Head Prefect of the First Year Martial Class," the pretty young lady's best friend commented. "His name is William Von Ainsworth and he's a Half-Elf."

"Interesting." Carter smiled at the two young ladies who were currently inside his bedroom.

After the Dungeon Outbreaks had been cleared, he finally had time to refine some "candies" for the Third Year students of the Magic Division.

The two girls inside his room had been eating his candies for more than a month now. As magicians, they had a natural resistance to certain spells, so Carter was sure that their current "dosage" was not enough for him to fully control their thoughts.

However, these two girls had a huge crush on him the moment they saw him in the academy. They had been making advances towards the very popular and capable instructor who had a big future ahead of him.

The brown-haired girl was the only daughter of a Marquess and her best friend was the daughter of the head of the merchant group in their domain. The two of them had been close since childhood and enrolled at the Academy at the same time.

The brown-haired girl's name was Charlotte, and her best friend's name was Annie. Together, they decided to "seduce" Carter and make him their husband.

With the help of the suggestion spell that had taken hold of their hearts, their feelings for Carter only grew with each passing day.

"Professor, have you thought about our proposal?" Charlotte asked. "I'm sure that with my family's backing, you will be able to obtain a noble title from the king."

Carter had thought about the girl's proposal for quite some time and there were no demerits in it whatsoever.

'Being married to the only daughter of a Marquess is not bad,' Carter thought. 'I will be able to use her family's influence to collect more followers for my Lord's cause. Also... this girl and her friend have great bodies. I can't wait to have a taste.'

"I don't mind marrying you, but I intend to have many wives," Carter replied. "Are you fine with that?"

"How many wives do you plan to have, Professor?" Charlotte inquired.

It was very common for noblemen to have many wives. Charlotte and her friend understood this and had already prepared themselves for it. The only condition was that they would be Carter's First and Second wives.

Carter thought and opened his hand. "Not more than five."

Charlotte and Annie exchanged a glance before nodding their heads.

"I agree with your condition, Professor," Charlotte said with a longing expression. "If you like, we can even help you convince the girls you chose to be your other wives. All I ask is that you give us special treatment."

Carter caressed the side of Charlotte's pretty face and marveled at its smoothness. "What kind of special treatment do you want from me?"

Emboldened by Carter's question, Charlotte decided to take a chance and moved closer. She then gave a light peck on Carter's lips before her whole face became beet red from embarrassment.

'Such an innocent girl,' Carter laughed internally. 'I will take my time to corrupt her innocence and make her my loyal slave.'

Carter placed his hand at the back of her neck and pulled her close to him. The two exchanged light kisses that slowly transformed into passionate ones.Â

The handsome professor also pulled Annie close to him and kissed her as well. He didn't intend to ravage both girls right away, because he wasn't in a hurry.

What he drew the most pleasure from was to take his time to corrupt innocent girls until they became whores who would wantonly shake their hips to satisfy his carnal desires.

The sound of kissing echoed within the room as Carter started to train his two future wives.

The two girls looked at him lovingly and kissed both sides of his face simultaneously.

Little did they know that the demon lurking inside their beloved's body was slowly staining their hearts with darkness.

'This candy is quite good,' Wendy thought as she ate the candy that was given to her by her senior, Charlotte. 'Big Sister Charlotte was quite generous to give me a dozen. I wonder where she got these?'

Since Wendy was an officer of the Magic Division for the First Years, it was only natural for her to interact with the other officers of the Magic Division, who were in different grades.

She had known Charlotte for five years and had met many times at parties held for the nobility. They even shared two hunting expeditions together that were sponsored by her father in their own Duchy.

As she was eating the candy, she felt a fleeting sensation pass through her body. Wendy didn't give it much thought because she only felt it for a brief moment. Her body had quickly returned to normal, so she figured that she might have just imagined the feeling.

"Thor, do you like candies?" Wendy asked the puppy in her lap.

Thor shook his head before lying down with the intention of going to sleep.

"Suit yourself." Wendy grinned as she ate another candy. "I wonder when William will return to the academy. I hope he's doing well."

Thor yawned and smacked its lips. He was confident that his "Master" was perfectly fine and healthy. After all, the two of them shared a powerful bond. If something bad happened to William, he would be able to sense it right away.

Wendy ate the candies until none were left. For some reason, she had the strong urge to ask Charlotte where she got the candies so she could buy more.

'I'll ask her tomorrow,' Wendy thought as she picked up the puppy and carried him to the bed.Â

The beautiful young lady was not aware that a certain suggestion spell had already started to take root inside her heart. Wendy was one of the candidates that Charlotte had picked to become another of Carter's brides.

Carter had told her that he wanted to marry girls that were born to noble families. The higher their rank, the better.

Blinded by her infatuation and the power of the suggestion spell, Charlotte started to distribute Carter's "candies" to the noble ladies that she got along with. The only thought in her mind was that if she was to share her future husband with other girls, she would rather share him with people that she got along with.

"Good job," William said as he watched the performance of his Aerial Knights. "All of you take a fifteen-minute break. We will resume the training afterward."

Eight days remained before the Knighting Ceremony in the Hellan Royal Academy. All the members of the Angorian War Sovereign had become more proficient in controlling their mounts.

Of course, the main reason why they performed well was because the Hippogriffs were not resisting their orders. There were even times when the magical beasts "improvised" by themselves in order to keep the formation steady.

"Commander, I have never seen these formations before," Conrad said as he stood beside William. "Even the Gryphon Brigade of our Kingdom has never done anything remotely similar to what we've been doing."

William had a smug smile on his face as he listened to Conrad's words. He wanted to brag, but he didn't know how to properly word it. After all, how could he possibly tell his Dragon Knight that the knowledge he was sharing with them came from another world.

In the end, he decided to play it safe and just patted Conrad's shoulder. "Actually, I saw these formations in my dream. I thought that they looked cool and wanted to implement them in reality."

William was about to say more when his good friend, Theo, came to find him.

"William, Mr. Barbatos is looking for you," Theo said as he panted for breath. "He said that the thing you asked for has been completed. He told me to come and find you so that you can check to see if it still needs some adjustments."

"Thank you," William patted his friend's shoulder. "I'll give you two slices of apple pie later."

"Do you think I'm still a kid that you can bribe with apple pies?"

"You don't want it?"

"I want three slices."

William chuckled as he shook his head helplessly. He always liked to talk to Theo. Talking to the chubby boy, who was a year older than him, reminded William of his younger years. Years when he was still innocent and unaware of the darkness that had long been hiding inside people's hearts.

Chapter 207: The Star Of The Show Has Arrived

The various noble families from all over the Hellan Kingdom, as well as those who held considerable influence, all gathered within the Royal Academy.

Today was the day when the King of the Kingdom, Noah Ernest Vi Hellan, would officially recognize the birth of a new Knight Order.

Currently, there was only one Knight Order in the Hellan Kingdom and that was the Knight Order of Gladiolus. The members of this order were given special treatment by the nobles as well as the other important people in the Kingdom.

Their Commander, Andreas Valentine, was hailed as one of the pillars that supported the King's rule and ensured that laws and orders were followed without fail.

Now that a new Knight Order was about to be founded, many nobles were wondering why the King had made such a move. Of course, there were speculations, but none of them dared to ask the king publicly or in private.

Afterall, Noah was known for being a firm ruler and once he had decided upon something, he wouldn't take it back.

The Sun was about to reach its Zenith and the time for the official Knighting Ceremony was near. However, the one who would be granted the prestigious title was nowhere to be seen. This irritated some of the nobles who had travelled a long distance just to participate in the event that was organized by the Royal Academy.

"I daresay it was a mistake to appoint a lowly country bumpkin to be the head of a Knight Order," an Earl said in disdain. "Just who does he think he is for making the King and all of us wait here for his arrival?"

"That's right!" a baron supported. "Just because his family has earned him a few achievements, he dares to act like he's a bigshot? Such arrogance!"

"Why don't we ask the honorable Viscount Ainsworth why his nephew is still not here?" a Marquess asked to join in the fun. "Since both of them came from the same hometown, he should be aware of the boy's current status, Yes?"

"Yes! Speak up Lord Ainsworth, where is this nephew of yours who is supposed to be the Commander of this new Knight Order?"

"Don't tell me he chickened out? Well, that is to be expected of someone who tends to sheep and goats."

The sneers, jeers, and laughter filled with contempt, started to spread within the area where the nobles were seated.

Naturally, Noah, the King of the Hellan Kingdom, heard it all, but he made no move to help Mordred. Deep inside, he was wondering why the boy Est had praised over the high heavens was still not around.

Although there were still fifteen minutes before the appointed time, his behavior was not satisfactory.

Andreas, who was seated on the King's left side, had a smile on his lips. He had heard about the boy from the King and wondered what kind of individual he was. Unlike the nobles, the Commander of the Knight Order of Gladiolus was looking forward to William's appearance. In his mind, anyone who could make the King wait for him was someone worth befriending.

While Mordred was being taunted by his peers, the students of the First Year Martial Class Division were feeling anxious.

Everyone in the academy knew that William was their Head Prefect, and was looking forward to his arrival. However, as the hours passed, no signs of the "Heroic First Year" could be seen. The upperclassmen of the Martial, Magic, and Spirit Divisions were looking at the anxious first years with various expressions.

Some of them felt contempt, ridicule, and disdain.

Some felt interest, and amusement.

Only a small minority, mainly the First Years of the Magic, and Spirit Divisions sympathized with the Martial Class Division. They had come to admire William after his inspiring performance during the Dungeon Outbreak, and some of them even treated him as their target to overcome and an idol to idolize. Only these students felt genuine concern for William's absence.

Est, Ian, Isaac, and Wendy, in particular, were feeling more anxious than most. Ian had even cursed William internally for the umpteenth time for being an idiot.

The sun had risen to its zenith and only two minutes remained from the allotted time. Mordred, who was seated in the noble's area, raised his hand to stop the nobles from speaking. He had a smug look on his face, as he turned his head to look at the people around him.

"Calm your tits, everyone," Mordred said with a smile. "The star of the show has arrived."

As if waiting for his words, a loud screech reverberated in the air as several dark figures appeared over the horizon.

Conrad, William's Dragon Knight, grinned as he ordered his partner to dive.

Right behind him was a platoon of Hipogriffs flying in a V formation with him as the lead. In the center of their formation, was a flying carriage pulled by a Gryphon. The carriage was coated in gold and shone brilliantly under the light of the sun.

The nobles who watched the scene gasped in shock because the Wyvern's speed didn't decrease, in fact, it had even increased as it glided near the ground. The Hippogriffs flying on its left and right side had done the same thing with the golden carriage at their center.

When they neared the area where the nobles were located, the Wyvern made a right turn with only a few meters away from the seat of the nearest noble. The gust of wind created by the sudden turn, and the whirring sounds that followed not long after, made the nobles seated at the very front almost pee in their pants.

Suddenly, the sound of cheering was heard and it came from the First Years of the Martial Class Division. The Aerial Knights circled around the venue once before separating into four groups. These four groups made crisscrossing aerial maneuvers that made Andreas raise his brow.

Ironically, the leader of the Gryphon Brigade of the Hellan Kingdom was also there. He watched as the First Years performed an air show that even he and the members of his brigade were unable to perform.

The First Years of the Magic and Spirit Divisions joined in the cheering and some of them even called out William's name.

Suddenly, trails of colorful smoke appeared behind the Aerial Knights as they zigzagged across the sky to continue their performance.

This was the first time that the citizens of the Hellan Kingdom had seen this kind of thing. Even Noah found himself transfixed by the exhibition that was happening in the skies. The interchanging smoke trails of white, blue, and red, created various shapes that mesmerized those who viewed them from the ground.

In the end, three giant hearts of different colors appeared in the sky above the academy. At the center of the heart, a trail of blazing fire--made by the Wyvern's Dragon Breath--created a flaming bridge headed towards the ground.

Right at that moment, the Gryphon, pulling the Golden Carriage, trailed over the bridge and flew towards the place where the King and his important ministers sat.

The Gryphon landed smoothly on the ground where it was showered by cheers from the students, and also a few members of the nobility. Even those that had taunted Mordred earlier found it hard not to be impressed by the performance that they just saw.

The Gryphon made a right turn when it neared the King's makeshift throne and stopped.

The doors of the carriage had a unique design on them that was similar to an Angorian War Ibex with its front legs raised high and head facing the sky.

It was the insignia of the Angorian War Sovereign and it was now making a debut in front of everyone.

Dave jumped down from the coachman's seat and respectfully opened the door closest to the King.

Priscilla, Kenneth, Spencer, and Drake, disembarked from the carriage and lined up on either side of the door. They pressed their fists over their chest and looked straight in front of them.

Not long after, William stepped out of the carriage wearing his full Battle Regalia. The equipment that was forged for him by the greatest Blacksmith of Lont, Barbatos, appeared in front of everyone.

This was the same set of armor that he had worn during the Dungeon Outbreak and it made the ladies of the First Year Divisions look at him with starry eyes. Wendy wasn't able to stop herself from emitting a soft squeal when she saw how handsome William was.

The Golden Armor, as well as the Winged Circlet that adorned the young boy's head, made him look like a prince that was about to go to war.

He walked with steady steps as he passed his officers. All the nobles' expressions became serious as they appraised the young man.

Lawrence, who was seated not far away, looked at William with a wide smile on his face. Seated right next to him was his granddaughter, Rebecca, as well as the representatives of the Misty Sect.

Naturally, Rebecca's mother, Agatha, and mentor, Eleanor, were also there. The Misty Sect Disciples, headed by Kingsley, looked at William with various emotions. Right at the center of them all was a "Great Elder" from their Sect, who had a higher position than Eleanor.

The old lady gazed at William with a calm expression. She knew who he was, because Eleanor had mentioned his name many times in the past. Her reason for coming today was to give the King some face, as well as to see this "fiance" of one of the prodigies of their sect.

She was already aware of the Seven Year Duel agreement and, to be honest, she didn't care much about it. For her, Rebecca was one of the Core Disciples of the Misty Sect and no ordinary man was suitable to become her partner.

When William arrived in front of Noah, he bent his knee like a knight and saluted his sovereign.

"Long Live his Majesty, King Noah Ernest Vi Hellan," William shouted. "Glory be to the Hellan Kingdom!"

""Long Live his Majesty, King Noah Ernest Vi Hellan!""

""Glory be to the Hellan Kingdom!""

The nobles and the students repeated his words, as they, too, saluted their sovereign.

Noah nodded his head in appreciation of William's performance. Deep down, he felt slightly better for having to wait for the arrival of this "red-headed hot potato" that had caught Est's eye.

Chapter 208: Commander Of The Angorian War Sovereign

The King stood in front of William holding a ceremonial sword in his hands.

The students looked at this scene with envy and jealousy, for they, too, wanted to be recognized by the king and granted peerage. One could say that it was every "commoner's" dream and the main reason why they did everything they could to be enrolled at the Hellan Royal Academy.

They hoped that by showcasing their abilities, the King would be able to discover their talent and take him under his wing. Their second option was to be recruited by one of the prestigious noble houses and serve their heirs as retainers.

The students from the First Martial Class Division felt proud and, at the same time, regretful. Proud because the one being knighted was their Head Prefect, and regretful because they didn't formally join his Knight Order when he had first announced it.

Back then, they thought that their Head Prefect was just joking around and not being serious. Sadly, he was not, and the amazing magical beasts that served as the mounts of their comrades proved that they had made the wrong decision.

Even so, they were still quite hopeful that their esteemed Head Prefect would give them another chance to become part of his Knight Order.

It was not only the First Year Martial Students, but the other Divisions in different grades were thinking the same as well.

Being part of a Knight Order gave them a higher chance of becoming an Official Knight which was the first step to becoming part of the noble circle.

Matthew and Leah shared a knowing glance at each other as they watched William being knighted in front of everyone. The two of them were already praying for the pitiful souls that William would be bringing under his wing.

Noah, raised his sword and lightly pressed it over William's left shoulder.

"William Von Ainsworth, I have deemed you fit to be the commander of the knight order called the Angorian War Sovereign," Noah said in a righteous tone. "Do you now swear by all that you hold sacred, true, and holy that you will honor and defend the Crown and the Kingdom from those who wish it ill?"

"I swear," William answered.

"Do you now swear that you will honor, defend, and protect the ladies, and those weaker than yourself?"

"I swear."

"In the name of the Goddess Astrid, Protector Goddess of the Hellan Kingdom, I dub thee Lord William, Commander of the Angorian War Sovereign," Noah raised the sword and gave a light pat to William's right shoulder. "Rise, my Knight and uphold the oaths you have made."

William stood up and faced his King with a calm expression.

Noah sheathed the sword in his hand, and called upon his Weapon Bearer.

"Bring forth, Soleil," Noah commanded.

A knight, clad in armor, humbly knelt in front of Noah and presented to him a golden box, with intricate designs on it, that was commonly used to store jewelry.

Noah opened the box and picked up a golden ring that had been one of the treasures of the Hellan Royal Family. It was one of the artifacts that the Goddess Astrid had given to the Royal bloodline when the kingdom was first founded.

"Accept from our hands, this symbol of authority, by the Order of Chivalry and your Knightly Rank and Station," Noah stated. "I present to you Soleil. An artifact that is to be used to defend the Kingdom from all harm. Take it and never forget the responsibility that goes along with it."

William once again knelt as he raised both hands to accept the treasure that was presented to him.

Noah placed the ring in the center of his open palms and took a few steps back. The ceremony was over, and it was now time for William to prove to everyone that he was worthy of his new rank and authority.

What Noah didn't know was that the moment Soleil fell into William's hands, a series of notifications appeared on his status page.

< Ding! >

< Mythical Weapon "Soleil" Acquired >

< Would you like to acquire the Sun Knight Job Class? >

< Yes / No >

William forcefully fought the urge to read the information of the Mythical Weapon and his new job class. Now was not the right time to do that because he was being watched by many people.

After receiving the ring, he gave Noah a respectful bow before wearing it on his right ring finger.Â

A soothing warmth spread throughout his entire body after he put the ring on. William did his best to prevent himself from making a sound of pleasure as the comfortable sensation washed over him.

Perhaps due to the ring's power, William's body seemed to glow radiantly, which made his image more majestic.

Noah and the rest of the nobles were about to go to the main hall of the academy to rest, when a ridiculing statement stopped him in his tracks.

"I can't believe the peasant who lost to me four years ago is now the head of a Knight Order," Kingsley spat in disdain. "If a loser like him can become a Knight Commander then doesn't that mean that the title he holds is garbage?"

"Kingsley, mind your manners," Eleanor reprimanded. However, her face carried a tinge of ridicule and contempt as she looked at William. "Forgive our disciple, he is just a very straightforward person. I hope Lord William will not mind his words."

Contrary to everyone's expectations, William did the unthinkable.

"I don't mind, because what he said was the truth," William said with a smile. "I indeed lost to him four years ago."

William's words sent ripples of commotion throughout the noble ranks as well as the students of the Hellan Royal Academy.

Aramis, who sat in a remote corner of the venue, raised an eyebrow as he looked at the boy, Kingsley.

Cid and Aerith also looked at the smug looking side character who had the invisible words cannon fodder written on his forehead.

"That person beat William?" Cid narrowed his eyes. "That weakling, beat William?"

Cid looked at the boy in disbelief. He couldn't accept the fact that William lost to someone whom he could easily defeat with a mere flick of his sword.

"Maybe there was a mistake," Aerith said as she, too, looked in the cannon fodder's direction with a doubtful expression.

The members of the Angorian War Sovereign, who had personally witnessed William's incredible feats, looked at their commander and the Misty Sect disciple in disbelief.

"At least the new Knight Commander is honest," Kingsley stated in an arrogant tone.

"Yes. Isn't it funny?" William asked back. "I, the loser, am now a Knight Commander, and the winner, you, is just one of the many disciples of the Misty Sect? It seems that the Misty Sect is a very poor and pitiful sect. They can't even see talent in order to give it the accolade it deserves."

William's smile widened as he taunted the boy who had played a dirty trick in their duel many years ago.

"It seems that the Knight Commanders of the Hellan Kingdom lack class," the old woman, who was also the Great Elder of the Misty Sect, commented. "For you to speak such words against one of our disciples, who has won against you in a duel, sounds rather pitiful, doesn't it? What's the matter? Did it hurt your pride when everyone here became aware that you lost to one of the many disciples of the Misty Sect?"

Instead of getting angry, William only gave the old hag a haughty side-long glance before looking back at Noah.

"Your Majesty, what is the crime for besmirching the honor of a member of the Knight Order?" William asked.

Noah looked at William with a serious expression before giving his reply. "Fifty whips and a fine of a thousand gold coins."

"Then what if that person is a noble?" William inquired with an evil smile that screamed of murder.

Noah's gaze narrowed as he answered William's question. "Any noble who dares to besmirch the honor of the commander of a Knight Order will be stripped of their title and their properties confiscated by the kingdom."

"Right." William nodded his head. The red-headed boy then faced the current Duke of the Rhode Family and grinned evilly. "Did you hear that, Mighty Duke of Rhode? Because of your son's stupidity and arrogance, your noble title will be stripped from your generation. My condolences."

Draven Rhodes, the current Duke of Rhode, looked back at William with a dumbfounded expression.

Earlier, he was feeling smug because his son had beaten the new Knight Commander and announced it to everyone. However, he didn't expect that this petty act would cause him to lose his title!

Andreas, who was seated on the left side of the King laughed out loud. "I see, the son of a Duke dares to ridicule the Head of a Knight Order? I, Andreas, am very curious. Just where does this brat get his confidence from? Does he think that a puny little branch sect can save his life?"

Andreas grinned evilly as if he was already looking at a dead person. The nobles seated behind him unconsciously shuddered because they remembered a scene that had happened a few years ago.

There was once a Marquese that had ridiculed Andreas when he had just taken the position as head of the Knight Order of Gladiolus. On that same day, the entire family of the Marquese were captured and beheaded by the Knight Order and their territories seized by them.

Currently, Andreas' rank was that of a Marquess and the properties he had right now belonged to the same Marquess that had slighted him.

Draven couldn't allow such a thing to happen to his own family! So what if his son was a disciple of the Misty Sect? Their main branch was in the Central Continent. How could they possibly interfere in the affairs of the Hellan Kingdom?!

Chapter 209: Tragic End

"You unfilial son! Apologize to Lord William right now!" Draven roared in anger. The Duke of Rhode charged towards the boy and forcefully made him kneel in front of William.

"Apologize!" Duke Rhode grabbed his son's head and pushed it down on the ground.

"No! I will not apologize!" Kingsley tried to fight back. "Why should I apologize to a loser?! What? He became angry because I said that he lost to me? Is that it? How petty! Is this what the Knight Orders do? Eliminate those who defeat them in a fair duel?"

The old hag from the Misty Sect narrowed her eyes as he looked at the King of the Hellan Kingdom. "Your Majesty, are you sure you want to do this? Do you want to be on the black list of the Misty Sect?"

Noah smiled as he looked calmly at the Great Elder of the Misty Sect who was glaring at him.

"Misty Sect?" The corner of Noah's lips curled up in ridicule. "Your Sect has no power here. Did you forget? I merely allowed your sect to build a branch sect in my lands because you promised to abide by the laws of my Kingdom.

"Right now, a disciple of your sect has broken the rules of my Kingdom. No, Lady Miriam. I am not afraid of your Misty Sect. If you don't like my rules then you can take all of your disciples and scram."

Lady Miriam gripped her staff in anger as tendrils of magic power condensed inside her body. However, before she could even do anything, she felt a very powerful killing intent that was as sharp as a blade pressing over her heart.

Her instinct was telling her that if she continued what she was about to do, she would die before she could complete her spell. Miriam slowly dispelled the power she had gathered and sighed.

She looked at the boy, Kingsley, whose head was being forcefully pressed to the ground by his own father. As the Great Elder of the Misty Sect, being unable to protect one of her disciples was a slap to her face.

If not for the killing intent that had threatened her life, she might have raised a ruckus in order to tell everyone in the Hellan Kingdom that the Misty Sect cannot be humiliated. Unfortunately, she didn't have the ability to make that plan a reality.

After thinking for a while, Miriam thought of a plan that could at least save their Sect's face from the current situation.

"I have a proposal," Miriam said. "Since this incident is due to my disciple's arrogance, why don't we settle their grievances in a fair duel? All of us will stand here as witness that after this duel, both parties will put down the ill will they have for each other. How does that sound?"

Kingsley, who was being pinned down on the ground, struggled and raised his voice, "That's right! Do you dare to fight me in a fair duel?! I'll show everyone just what kind of weakling you are! Four years ago you lost to me and I hadn't even used my magic power in our duel. Do you dare fight me using my full power, or do you want me to give you a handicap?"

"You want a fair duel? Sure. I don't mind. However, a simple duel without any stakes in it is boring," William replied. "How about we spice things up and place bets to make it more interesting?"

"Hmp! Fine! Do you think I'm scared of a weakling like you?" Kingsley stood up and spat in disdain. "How about this, if I win, your position as the Head of the Knight Order will be mine."

"Okay, but what can you possibly give me in return if you lose?" William glanced at Miriam. "What can the Misty Sect possibly offer me that is equivalent to the position of the Head of the Knight Order of the Hellan Kingdom?"

Miriam had a calm expression on her face, but deep inside she was sneering. She had already subtly scanned William's body and found out that he was void of any magic power. Kingsley was a talented Magic Swordsman, so she wasn't worried that the boy would lose in the duel. She was even looking forward to seeing her disciple cripple the arrogant boy in front of her.

"What do you want in return?" Miriam asked.

"What I want is really simple..." William glanced at his Ex-Fiance for a brief moment before facing the old hag once again. "I want you, and all the representatives of the Misty Sect, excluding Rebecca, to kneel in front of me, and say 'You are the most handsome Half-Elf in the Southern Continent. No one in the world is more handsome than you.'"

The members of the Angorian War Sovereign rolled their eyes because of their Commander's antics. They had already gotten used to his narcissism and simply treated his actions like the passing wind.

"That's it?" Miriam inquired.

"Yes. That's it," William crossed his arms over his chest. "Simple, right?"

"Very well. I accept this condition." Miriam then looked at Kingsley with a serious expression. "If you win, I will allow you to train inside the Cold Prison for half a year. I will also give you three High-Grade Magic Crystals as a reward for your victory."

"I will not fail you, Great Elder!" Kingsley bowed respectfully.

Deep down he was very excited by the rewards that were promised to him. Training inside the Cold Prison and acquiring High-Grade Magic Crystals would speed up his cultivation and allow him to break through to the next rank.

"Well then, shall we start?" William asked.

"Let's!" Kingsley answered. "I will make you regret this."

William didn't reply and just walked towards the center of the venue, away from the crowd. He had forced the current situation using his authority as the Head of the Angorian Knight Order.

Why did he do this? The reason was really simple. He needed a demonstration of his power and authority. He knew that even though he was now officially recognized as the head of a rising force, his impression on the nobles and the students was still not enough for them to recognize his authority.

Fortunately, Kingsley acted according to the "script" and couldn't keep his arrogant mouth shut.

The disciple of the Misty Sect in front of him had donned his own armor in preparation for their battle. Like he had declared earlier, he would be using his full power to humiliate William in front of the nobility of the Hellan Kingdom.

William waited patiently for his opponent to finish his preparations and simply stood with his arms crossed over his chest.

'The grudge I held from long ago will now be repaid in full,' William mused. 'I just hope that I don't accidentally kill him in the process. While that would be unfortunate, I have to give his Majesty some face. This will allow him to look good in the eyes of the other nobles.'

While William was thinking these things, he felt a heated gaze in the distance. The red-headed boy casually turned his head to see who was staring at him, and found a beautiful girl with long blonde hair, and blue eyes, looking at him anxiously.

William smiled and waved at Wendy. This action of his was seen by everyone, and their eyes locked on the girl whom the handsome Half-Elf had waved at.

"Hmmm?" Lawrence eyed the young lady who had visited their domain many times in the past. With a glance, he could tell that Wendy liked William, and the latter seemed to have good feelings about her, too.

The Old Fox of Griffith felt his liver itch when he saw Wendy's face turn beet red when William waved at her.

'Not good,' Lawrence thought. 'I'd better do something or else someone might get other ideas.'

The Old Fox of Griffith glanced towards his right side and saw a middle-aged man looking back at him. The man still looked handsome, even in his middle years, and he was looking at Lawrence with a calm expression.

He was none other than Spencer's and Wendy's father, Joaquin Armstrong, the current Duke of the Armstrong Duchy.

Spencer had already written a letter to him telling him of Wendy's infatuation with his Head Prefect. The reason why Joaquin came to the academy was to have a better look at the boy who had caught his daughter's fancy and see if he was a possible candidate to become his son-in-law.

The two men stared at each other for half a minute before averting their gaze to look back at William. Both of them weren't able to read each other's thoughts, but one thing was clear. They would look at the results of this duel first, before making their final decision.

"I'm ready," Kingsley announced. "Let's begin!"

"Alright," William stood straight and placed his arms on the sides of his body. "Let's start, you can attack me anytime."

"Don't blame me if I accidentally kill you," Kingsley stated. "It's been a while since I've used my full power."

"Don't worry. Even if you team up with that old hag from the Misty Sect, you won't be able to kill me."

"Are those your last words?"

William didn't reply, instead he yawned as if ridiculing Kingsley's attempt to taunt him.

"Die!" Kingsley unleashed all of his magical powers and gathered it in his sword, manifesting a sword aura.

"Final Phase, Phoenix Annihilation!" Kingsley roared as he became one with his sword and charged at William like a burning blue comet.

Miriam clenched her fist in triumph because Kingsley initiated the third strongest move of their Misty Sect. Its power was enough to create a two-hundred meter wide crater and annihilate everything within range.

She was not worried about getting caught in the friendly fire because the court magicians had already established a magical barrier to prevent the bystanders from getting hurt.

'You will pay for your insolence!' Miriam sneered as her eyes focused on the arrogant boy that was about to die a miserable death. However, what she saw made her feel that something was amiss.

'Why isn't he moving?' Miriam thought.

Everyone in the venue had the same thought and they were wondering why William was just standing there like a street lamp.

Finally, when the blue comet was only meters away from the red-headed boy, William raised his hand and casually threw a punch. Just a simple punch and it made everyone's eyes widen in surprise.

A powerful shockwave erupted from the collision of William's punch and the blue comet. In that brief moment, the comet shattered into a shower of sparks and William's fist connected with Kingsley's chest.

The arrogant boy spat out a mouthful of blood before his body was blown away due to the force of William's casual strike. In the eyes of others, it was just a simple punch, but it was actually William's strongest attack.

Cid felt his heart itch when he saw the same move that defeated him a few weeks ago. He knew from first hand experience how deadly William's blow was. If he wasn't wearing the special armor given to him by his Master, he might have died back then.

"So weak," William muttered. "I only used twenty percent of my power and it's already over? Are the disciples of the Misty Sect really this weak?"

The boy's words, which were filled with ridicule, brought everyone out from their trance. Eleanor, Rebecca's Master, rushed in the direction of the fallen boy to check his condition. Just like her Great Elder, Miriam, Eleanor thought that the one who would have a miserable ending was William.

Never in her wildest dreams did she consider that Kingsley would be the one to suffer such a tragic end.

Suddenly a notification appeared on William's status page. When he read the message, he almost laughed out loud due to the irony of it all.

< Ding! >

< Hidden Quest has been cleared! >

< Vengeance is Always an Option >

< Reward: 2000 God Points >

Chapter 210: I Am Someone Who Holds Grudges

William didn't even bother to look at Kingsley and walked in the direction of the representatives of the Misty Sect.

As he came closer, the Misty Sect disciples felt their hearts beating wildly inside their chest. They were feeling anxious. Although the Handsome Half-Elf was smiling, they felt that they were about to be sent to the gallows to be hanged.

Miriam calmly looked at the boy and stepped forward. She was about to say something, but William had cut her off before she could even say a word.

"Now I'll know if the Misty Sect has any integrity or if they are just one of those third rate sects who don't have any sense of honor and dignity," William said in a very casual way. "Everyone here will serve as a witness and see for themselves just what kind of organization the Misty Sect is."

William ignored Miriam and stared straight at Rebecca. "Everyone will know, if the Misty Sect is just as good as you thought it would be."

Rebecca's face remained calm as she returned William's gaze. Four years had passed, and she had become more beautiful than the last time William had seen her. However, William was no longer the same innocent boy he was back then, who was easily affected by beautiful appearances.

The red-headed boy gave Lawrence a side-long glance before turning his head back to Miriam.

"Well then, are you going to kneel or not?" William asked.

Miriam gripped the staff in her hand tightly. William didn't give her any opportunity to negotiate. He even shamelessly pushed her into a corner and used the name, honor, and dignity of the Misty Sect as blackmail material to force her to make an important decision.

Ignore the deal that she had made with the boy and have the Misty Sect labeled as an organization without honor, dignity, and integrity.

Or, accept the humiliation with gritted teeth as they knelt in front of the young teenager in front of them.

If they chose the second option, even if they adhered to the deal, it would become a black stain in their life. If they didn't do it then all the nobles in the Hellan Kingdom would look down on their sect.

The worst part about this was if the news spread to the Central Continent. Miriam didn't dare think of the consequences that would fall upon her head if this news came out. Their Sect Master would definitely rip her head off her shoulders in anger, if she were to bring shame to their organization.

The nobles of the kingdom were waiting for Miriam's decision. Although they didn't like the boy, and they had conflicts with each other on a daily basis, when it came to external forces, they would always stick together as pillars of the Kingdom and lay down their differences for the greater good.

Miriam sighed as she slowly knelt on the ground. She had been the great elder of the Misty Sect for many years and never in her life had she experienced being forced to kneel in front of someone.

Usually, it was others who knelt before her to beg her for forgiveness. Sometimes, they would beg her, while kneeling, in order to ask her for a favor.

The moment her knees touched the ground, she felt as if the world had lost its color. The disciples of the misty sect tearfully followed their elder's action and kneeled on the ground as well.

As the proud members of the Misty Sect, they never would have thought that a day would come when they had to humble themselves in front of others.

William crossed his arms over his chest and looked down on Miriam as if he was looking at an insect.

Miriam looked up on the boy that she had greatly underestimated. The Half-Elf wasn't that tall, but for some reason, she felt like she was looking up at a towering mountain. A mountain whose peak she couldn't see.

Her lips trembled as she forced herself to speak the words that they had agreed upon before the duel started.

"You are the most handsome Half-Elf in the Southern Continent," Miriam said through gritted teeth. "No one in the world is more handsome than you."

William nodded his head and turned his attention to the Misty Sect Disciples. He was looking at them with the "What are you kids waiting for?" expression on his face.

""You are the most handsome Half-Elf in the Southern Continent. No one in the world is more handsome than you.""

William shifted his gaze to the beautiful young lady that he had exempted from kneeling in front of him. The so-called genius that was born every two-hundred years. The girl that his grandfather had asked to become his fiance when he was still a one-year-old baby.

"Three years from now, I will climb the peaks of the Misty Sect to look for you," William announced. "I will make you understand that in the face of absolute strength, your talent, and beauty are meaningless.

"The reason why I didn't choose to make you kneel today, is because you are, also, a noble of this kingdom. However, three years from now, we will be fighting on your home turf. Wash your knees until then. I will make sure that you properly kneel in front of me."

William then glanced at Rebecca's mother, Agatha.

"I am someone who holds grudges," William stated. "I will make sure to return every insult, every ridicule, that I have received tenfold. Wash your neck until then."

William didn't bother to wait for Rebecca's or Agatha's reply and walked away. He had already said what he wanted to say, and there was no use staying in this place.

Dave's Gryphon, Lionheart, landed a few meters away from William, while pulling the golden carriage. The Half-Elf was about to climb it when Noah gave him a reminder.

"Lord William, tomorrow evening there will be a banquet held at the castle in your honor," Noah stated. "I'll be waiting for you there."

"By your will, your Majesty," William pressed his fist over his chest to salute Noah before climbing into the carriage.

With an arrogant screech, Lionheart ran and soared towards the sky. Soon, the members of the Angorian War Sovereign, along with their Magical Mounts formed a protective formation around the carriage.

Andreas watched this scene with a mischievous smile on his face. He wanted to talk to William, but the boy had decided to return to his own Division in order to escape mingling with the noble households.

'What an interesting junior,' Andreas thought. 'I'd better have a talk with him tomorrow.'

Noah watched as his new Knight Order disappeared into the Horizon. He was very satisfied with William's show of authority. It allowed the nobles of the kingdom to feel good about themselves because even the haughty Misty Sect had no choice but to bow down to a Knight Commander of their kingdom.

Lawrence looked at his granddaughter, who still had the calm expression on her face, before glancing at his daughter-in-law whose face had gone pale from fright.

"Did you see it, Agatha?" Lawrence asked. "That is the same boy you called a filthy shepherd four years ago. You'd better make sure not to annoy or slander him again in the future. I don't want to see my son forced to relinquish his noble peerage because of your short-sightedness."

The Old Duke's veiled threat made Agatha's face even paler. She had never regretted her decision to try to break up her daughter's marriage agreement in the past. But now, things have changed.

William was no longer the lowly shepherd that she had ridiculed in the past. He was now in a position of authority. Not only that, he had even forced the Misty Sect, who was well-known in the Central Continent, to kneel.

Agatha had clearly heard William's words that he was someone who held grudges. She had already seen how ruthless he could be, so she didn't dare find out what kind of revenge the boy would have on her if she provoked him further.

Lawrence saw his daughter-in-law's troubled expression and decided to leave it at that. As an Old Fox, he understood William's intention and even praised him for paving a path for his granddaughter's success in the Misty Sect.

After making their Seven-Year Duel known to everyone, it would force the Misty Sect into pooling all of their resources into making Rebecca stronger. That way, she would be able to beat William in their duel and recover their Sect's prestige.

Lawrence glanced at Joaquin who was currently looking at Wendy's blushing face. The young lady, who was the same age as Rebecca, was clearly infatuated with William. The Old Fox's scheming mind started to turn its gears.

Although he didn't know what the outcome of the Seven-Year Duel would be, it would be best to have a talk with Joaquin and lay out some conditions between the two of them.

Mordred had a very smug expression on his face as his peers looked at him with newfound respect. He wanted to shout and tell everyone "I was the one who raised that kid!" and similar boastful words, but he knew that it was a lie, so he didn't proceed with his plan.

Even so, he was very proud of William's domineering performance which made the other nobles reel in their arrogance. Even those who ridiculed him earlier were keeping quiet for fear that he would remember them.

'Tsk, you lot are lucky that I'm not my father,' Mordred mused. 'If my father were here, all of you would be puking blood because of his shameless demands for compensation.'

Mordred turned his head to look at the hooded figure in the distance. His father didn't come to witness William's ceremony because the Sword Saint would be there. The two of them would definitely not be able to control themselves and land blows on each other.

'Aramis Bran Caliburn...,' Mordred narrowed his eyes. Although Mordred didn't want to admit it, he admired his father's nemesis.

The reason? Because he was the only man that his father had considered a worthy opponent among all the experts in the entire world of Hestia.