

Thalos 175

Chapter 175: Morgan's Theatrical End

This scene left not only the ordinary soldiers—unversed in magic—stunned, but even the great mage Merlin was left speechless.

He could list a hundred spells to counter Morgan's dark magic, but he absolutely could not cut off someone's source of magic entirely!

It was like shutting off the headwaters of a river—no matter how much one flailed downstream, not a single drop would ever emerge again.

This method of severing the very root of someone's magical origin was nothing short of cheating.

Such was the power of a God-King!

Merlin stared at King Arthur in disbelief. He couldn't comprehend how Arthur had so easily aligned himself with such a being.

Regardless of how it came to be—this was a blessing for Camelot.

Surrounded by his knights, Arthur slowly approached the mother and son duo in the middle of the field, holding his sacred sword while riding his steed.

Mordred's veins bulged at his neck, his face twisted in rage. He brandished his sword, trying to direct its point toward the very knights and soldiers who had once followed him. But no one responded.

Those "rebels" had simply formed a massive defensive circle, shields raised to prevent his escape.

Arthur approached, sorrow weighing heavily in his gaze.

"Mordred, why?" Arthur had never publicly acknowledged Mordred's identity, but that hadn't stopped him from pouring his heart into raising him as a noble knight.

It was clear now—Arthur had failed.

"There's no 'why'! That throne belongs to my mother! It will belong to me! I'm simply reclaiming what's ours!" Every word from Mordred struck Arthur like a dagger to the heart.

Arthur had become king by pulling the sword from the stone.

But to some, that still made him a "usurper."

Hearing this, Arthur's once-radiant golden hair seemed to dim, his normally melodious voice turned hoarse, and even his clear blue eyes briefly lost their luster.

"If this were only about the Kingdom of Camelot, I might have forgiven your treachery. But your greatest mistake—your unforgivable crime—was sowing rebellion at the very moment our world is being devoured by chaos, worsening the catastrophe."

When Arthur spoke the first half of this sentence, knights like Gawain and Bedivere instantly tensed up. They knew their king too well—Arthur had always been indulgent with his own people. When Lancelot and Guinevere had once shared a bond of "Platonic affection," Arthur had tacitly allowed it.

Even when Lancelot fled with the queen, Arthur had barely ordered a pursuit.

His soft heart had always been his greatest weakness.

Fortunately, Arthur chose the greater good this time.

Gawain and the others secretly sighed in relief.

Just then, Morgan's body became shrouded in a dark aura as she suddenly screamed, "Arthur! Don't think you've won! I curse you—"

At that moment, Merlin paled and raised his hand in panic. "Don't curse him, or you'll—"

Before he could finish, Morgan spat out the curse in full fury: "I curse you never to claim your throne! I curse you to die at the hands of your own blood! I curse you—Ahh—"

What happened next left everyone speechless.

Morgan had imagined many possible fates after her rebellion failed—death among them.

But never had she imagined that she'd die from her own curse rebounding.

She hadn't understood the magnitude of the blessing Arthur bore, nor the incomprehensible power granted to him by a force entirely unknown to the Celtic world.

Thus, when she attempted to use a curse tainted by chaotic magic, it was perfectly reflected back upon her due to the absolute gulf in divine rank.

Every word of her curse—meant for Arthur—was now redirected at herself.

Morgan's heart, as if magnetized, drew Mordred's sword with unerring force!

It sounded absurd—yet the highest-level curses often operated with exactly that kind of surreal, reality-twisting logic.

To fulfill their intended outcome, they could reshape fact and law alike.

But if the curse was turned back on its caster, then she, Morgan, would be the one to never become queen, to die by the hand of her own blood.

Their eyes met—mother and son—both frozen in horror.

Arthur, too—their lover and father—was equally stunned.

No one had foreseen this twist.

While Arthur's mind was still blank, Morgan's body collapsed limply, and Mordred stood there, eyes bloodshot, staring in disbelief at his bloodstained hands.

"I... I... What have I done?" Mordred couldn't accept the reality of his mother's death.

And then, to the utter astonishment of Arthur and every knight present—

Mordred drew his sword across his own throat.

The traitor-knight, Mordred, was dead.

A rebellion that was meant to cost Arthur nearly all his knights—a legendary tragedy of mutual ruin—had ended, inexplicably, in anticlimactic fashion.

Arthur took a long while to recover. He stared blankly at Merlin.

The old mage sighed deeply. "Remember the God-King's blessing? He said, 'I grant you freedom from all magical affliction.' That's why Morgan's curse rebounded. She brought this upon herself."

Arthur's face twitched. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

This entire disaster had been started by his sister Morgan's madness, her envy, her desire for the British throne. He, Arthur, had done no wrong. His protector, the God-King, was blameless.

All the fault lay with Morgan and her bastard son, Mordred.

But even with the rebellion crushed in such a fashion, Arthur could find no joy in it.

Yet he had to show joy.

With Morgan and Mordred dead, even the repentant rebels began to cheer.

"Hahaha! Dead! Those damn traitors are finally dead!"

"Serves them right!"

"That's what they deserved!"

"Your Majesty! Lead us now to purge the chaos and restore the world's order!"

"Yes! Your Majesty!"

Arthur's mouth was bitter, but he forced a smile and nodded, responding to the hopes of his soldiers.

The cheers in the camp grew even louder.

To Arthur personally, this rebellion remained a tragedy.

But for Camelot, it was an overwhelming victory.

The civil war had been averted. The kingdom had retained its strength almost entirely.

Back in the royal palace of Camelot, seated once more upon his familiar throne, Arthur felt utterly drained.

"Your Majesty," Bedivere approached and whispered, "The northern kingdoms of Connacht and Ulster, as well as the eastern Fiona Knights, have all sent joint requests for military cooperation."

"It's also a directive from His Majesty Thalos."

"Prepare the fleet," Arthur said, waving his hand and closing his weary eyes. "We sail for war."