

Chapter 252: Bending the Rules

"Are you sure about this?" Yuthura questioned, plainly and accusingly as Jayce stood with his chosen squad. "We'll be fine. It's not like we can't handle a Warlock or two when we know what we're expecting," he stated, dressing in his enchanted plate armour. Wicke, Bjorn, Vexx and Caelie were all doing the same, with Damian putting on a slightly less custom set that Tempest had found for him. "It's far from just a Warlock or two and you know it, Jayce," she countered, a genuine look of worry on her wrinkled face. "You've got Marisha, Red, Wam and Tempest to come and rescue us if needs be, with three Demons in the worst-case scenario, and Caelie will return to the ship once we've landed. They can't harm RK and Bjorn is basically immune. And this armour will stop any bites or scratches. So don't worry, Doc – we'll be fine."

Yuthura didn't look convinced. "Just... no heroics. Live to fight another day, understood?" Jayce nodded to the old woman and then turned to his group. "You ready?" he asked Caelie. She nodded before beginning to chant. Several spectral hands emerged from the deck and grabbed various parts of Jayce's body, physically dragging him down to his knees before pulling him down and through the ground. He emerged in a large field, his body cold and clammy, breathing heavy inside his visored helmet. The others emerged out of the ground moments later, Caelie's new method of teleportation was far less fun than the portals she could make whilst pacted to Belial.

"I never thought I'd say I missed the Demons..." Bjorn muttered, shaking his head and pulling down his visor. Jayce felt Caelie's hand on his arm and he turned and met her eyes through her visor. "We'll be fine," he reassured. "Head back to the ship, we'll call you when we need a pickup." She vanished in a spectral cloud of spirits. "We could have used her," Vexx lamented, stretching his body. "She's the perfect counter for an army of undead."

"That she is, but she's also one massive light show. And dealing with these things isn't our problem according to Commodore Tallan, so let's just do what we came to do. Wicke, where are heading?" Jayce asked, scanning their surroundings. Wicke chanted quietly before looking around. "There's something big happening in the centre of the main town. Not to make any assumptions but I'm guessing it's not a ritual to fix this." Jayce shook his head, glancing towards Damian as he clenched and unclenched his gauntlets. "Probably not. So, let's go put an end to it. Stay close, keep your eyes open for artillery. There's going to be a lot standing in our way."

They set off towards the main town, running through ruined fields of sunflowers and an innumerable amount of torn and blown open corpses. As they drew closer to the large stone houses and cobblestone streets, the very air seemed to darken and thicken – the group continuing to breath with steady ease thanks to the enchantments within their armour. “Slow down,” Vexx warned from the front, Damian and Jayce close behind him. “Why? Time is wasting,” Damian stated, pressing forwards past Vexx. Vexx immediately glanced towards Jayce, who with a single glance said everything he needed to, before grabbing Damian’s arm and stopping him from going any further. “Use your Focus kid, push past the soup in the air and feel your surroundings.”

Damian paused, shrinking back as he felt what Vexx and Jayce did. “Bjorn,” Vexx stated, gesturing with a bow for him to take the lead. “Screw you,” Bjorn returned. “I’m not being your bait.” Wicke scowled beneath her wide-brimmed pointed helmet, chanting loudly as she took out an orange grimoire from her bottomless bag. A twin plume of orange fire tore through the doors lining the street before flooding the insides of the houses and bursting outwards through each window. Infected bodies were flung out onto the cobblestone before writhing around as they burned. Some burning bodies charged forwards towards the group, only to be cleaved apart by Vexx and Jayce. “Damian is right, we don’t have time to waste. Tell me where to look and I’ll burn them out.” Vexx and Jayce met each other’s glances as Wicke passed between them. “Right, carry on then,” Jayce stated.

As they moved further into the town, gunfire rang out around them followed by screams. “Marines and survivors three streets that way,” Vexx stated, dropping down from a nearby rooftop. “So, let’s go help them,” Damian said immediately, beginning to march forwards. “No,” responded Jayce firmly, his eyes on Wicke as she looked. “What?” questioned Damian, holding up his hands in disbelief. “We have our priorities, Damian. The Warlocks come first, and they’re nearby. Whatever they’re doing is relying on these monsters as a distraction. You said yourself that time is wasting.”

“But these are people we can help; we can’t just leave them to die. It’s not... it’s not what heroes do.” Jayce shook his head, stepping forwards and placing a hand on Damian’s shoulder. “We’re not heroes. But taking the Warlocks down may end these creatures anyway. Think of the bigger picture. Remember Dad’s lessons?” Damian shook his head, a soft sigh escaping Jayce in audible and physical disappointment. “Right, well, whatever. Just stay close. Wicke?”

"Down, somewhere in the sewers, that way," she responded, much to the frustration of Bjorn. "Great... just great."

They blew open a hole in the streets, exposing the large tunnels beneath. "Urgh, gross," grimaced Wicke, gagging as foul and rotten stench flooded out of the hole. "They've been here a while," Bjorn said darkly, stepping to the edge before dropping down. He landed with a crunch, dropping to a knee and scanning his surroundings whilst wielding a pair of large golden axes. "How do you know?" Vexx asked, dropping down in silence behind him. "The Warlocks tend to create monsters as foot soldiers."

"I remember, we fought one in the desert way back when," Vexx interrupted, the others dropping down to join them. "Yeah, well, they like to make a lot of them, and this stench... I've smelt it before." The sewer was a simple tunnel with a large stream of filth running towards the centre of the town. "This way," Wicke stated, pointing downstream. "Who'd of thought," Damian muttered, looking down at human skull staring up at him. It shattered under his armoured boot.

The sewers converged towards a central pit, the filthy water dropping into a deep abyss. Periodically a ravaged body would float past before tumbling into the void. "Well?" Jayce questioned, standing at the edge of the large hole. "Who's going first?" Vexx scoffed and leapt in without a second thought. Jayce glanced towards Wicke, her eyes looking at her legs in disgust as she tried to flick off the sewage water. "Don't look at me," she swiftly stated, only to scream as Damian nudged her in before following after.

Jayce landed on a large metal grate in the middle of the others, the water continuing to fall down around them in a circular waterfall. His eyes immediately fell upon a corpse drowning in the waterfall, its eyes absent and mouth gaping as it lay on its broken back, arm outstretched towards him. Suddenly, with a swift yank, the corpse was pulled through the water and away. Vexx was nowhere in sight, but Jayce could sense him just beyond the water. A gargling growl and several clicking snarls could be heard through the crashing of the water, likely a creature, or many, that had been responsible for dragging away the corpses - but curiously there was no sounds of fighting.

Somewhat nervously, Jayce stepped through the heavy crashing filth, the grating giving way to solid stone and a large domed chamber. Vexx stood with his arms crossed, a pack of dog-like monstrosities staring at him with split-jaws, human eyes and faces and spiny pale bodies. They clicked and growled at him, shuddering as he simply guarded the group with his presence alone. A tunnel

lay beyond them, a hulking, pustule-ridden, bulbous creature dragging a corpse behind it further into the darkness.

"I think they still remember something," Vexx stated, his red eyes curious more than anything as he looked at the warped corpses ahead of him. "What makes you say that?" Jayce questioned, as the others stepped through the waterfall to join them. "Well, most monsters presumably don't feel fear," he said, taking a simple step forwards that sent the small pack scrambling backwards. "Yet these ones do."

Jayce raised an eyebrow beneath his visored helmet, the slight tilt of his head presumably saying enough as he glanced Vexx up and down in his black suit of armour with taloned gauntlets and a blank red ceramic mask as a face. "I'm not scary," Vexx stated, darting forwards and eviscerating the creatures with a series of fast chops, fists and swipes before he had even finished his statement. To the outside it looked like the creatures had just spontaneously burst as he had taken a single step forward. "Right..." Bjorn inserted, stepping past Vexx with his two axes and bear helmet. "Not scary at all," he muttered, following after the lumbering monster.

They followed the creature down a series of carved passageways that clearly had been there for some considerable time from the wear and tear. Eventually they came across cages, lots of cages. The dark metal bars and the low light gave way to vague silhouettes of glistening bodies, pale glazy eyes, and warped flesh. The cages were packed tightly and on top of one another, the creatures inside shying away from the single line of glowing red glyphs along the ceiling, illuminating the passageway. "Up ahead," warned Vexx. "At least five of them, in addition to... forty-three monsters. Not including these ones."

The grim warning was hardly positive, but at least it was a warning – and something that Jayce couldn't imagine have discerning himself. There was something about the place, something foreboding and ancient that sent shivers down Jayce's spine and brought whispers into his mind whenever he tried to use his Focus. Vexx seemed immune to it, or perhaps he was simply ignoring it – it was hard to tell.

The tunnel opened up into another huge domed chamber filled with wet pillars and more cages, a large beam of light descending down from above along with a rope and bucket. "A well?" Wicke questioned, only for Bjorn to shush her as a loud chanting rumbled around the room. Surrounding the beam of light, floating in the air and slowly orbiting, were nine hooded figures in maroon robes. Their

arms were spread, heads back and bodies dripping blood. "I think we found them," stated Vexx, looking towards Jayce. Damian strode forwards instead.

"Warlocks!" he announced loudly, the ritual faltering and the floating figures turning to face him – numerous red eyes glowing from their shadowed faces. "We are here to put an end to your torment of these people, surrender and-" he stated heroically. "Yeah, we don't do that here," Jayce interrupted, stepping past his brother and flicking out two swords. "You know the routine by now," he stated to Wicke, Bjorn and Vexx. "Aye Captain," they returned, Vexx and Bjorn surging forwards as Wicke began to chant.

"Do not let them interrupt the ritual!" stated one of the Warlocks bearing the most red eyes. He waved his hands and the numerous cages unlocked, four of the Warlocks convulsing before large fleshy wings tore out of their backs and their cheeks split open into extra mouths. Jayce glanced to his brother. "No mercy, slaughter them," he clarified, surging forwards into the fray as countless green, black and red bolts of energy flew around the room.

"Damian, defend Wicke and handle the creatures!" Bjorn called back, crafting a stairway of ice as he ran upwards and leapt at a Warlock. Damian faltered, taking in his surroundings as more of the dog-like monsters dashed out of their cages. Wicke was running around the room, vaulting over creatures as she kept her gaze upwards and listened to the chanting from the Warlocks' many mouths and discerning the intention of their spells before throwing out counterspells. Almost anything she didn't recognise she shut down, creating openings for Jayce, Vexx and Bjorn to engage their targets. "Damian, move!" Jayce yelled out from above, a Warlock swooping past him with Jayce in close pursuit as he batted aside spells and tore through the monsters leaping at him. Damian ducked forwards and ran after Wicke.

The victim Vexx had chosen gagged on his own blood as he fell to the ground, his wings and arms torn off and a gauntlet grasping his heart outside of his chest. His six blood red eyes blinked rapidly in shock as he looked up at Vexx. His skin was pale and carved with symbology Vexx didn't recognise. His mouth was full of yellow and brown crooked teeth, stained red from his own blood, and rather disturbingly he grinned. "Blind Mother!" he cackled. "Take me into your embr-"

His flesh bloated and darkened into a pulsating red colour. Vexx leapt free as he detonated in a mass of spiky bones and malformed organs before coalescing back into a hulking inside-out form with a fleshless skull face. "Instant kills!" Vexx

yelled out, twisting in the air and carving his way through the mass, only to retract his arm as the entire form was splattered into the floor by a colossal invisible form. He looked up at nothing and flipped a middle finger before a swarm of the monsters descended upon him from all angles.

A Warlock of the Blind Mother froze solid in the air, shattering to the floor as Bjorn grabbed and threw him hard towards the ground. The flesh didn't move and Bjorn turned his attention to another. "Wicke, deal with the High Mages! Ignore the rest!" he yelled. Damian tackled a pustule ridden hulk, throwing punch after punch into the creature's skull before with a crunch and a squelch it fell still. "Damian!" Wicke cried, drawing his attention back to the hounds surrounding her as she continued to chant – a pillar of blue flames in her hands. Damian roared and threw a series of heavy and reckless swings, the air cracking as he made impact after impact.

The ten-eyed Warlock Grandmaster stopped chanting, looking down at the display around him. The monsters were running out. Between Vexx's targeted assault and Bjorn's messy ice storm, the creatures were getting caught up in a maelstrom that they simply didn't have the resilience to survive. Two of the Warlock High Masters were already dead and Jayce had severely wounded a third. He growled. "Failure will result in abandonment," warned a feminine voice in his ear. "I understand my lady, but--"

A hiss sent a shudder throughout his body. He chanted quickly with mouths all across his body before throwing his arms upwards and unleashing a huge blast of red energy that blasted open the ceiling. Almost immediately, bodies began to stumble in from above – all of them twitching with large writhing black-purple parasites. "Away!" declared the Grandmaster, sprouting three pairs of fleshy wings and flying out into the open air. The four chanting Warlocks abandoned their ritual and flew after him, the lone survivor moving to pursue - only to falter as the Grandmaster turned and looked at him. "Not you, brother."

The Warlock gasped as a tendril several metres in length thrust itself into his chest. It swiftly retracted, the Warlock falling down to the mass of bodies below with a writhing creature in his chest. "Don't let them escape!" Jayce yelled, pursuing after the fleeing group with Vexx on his heels. "Uh, Jayce!" Damian called after him, a series of small tentacles reaching out to the corpses around them as the abandoned Warlock thrashed on the ground and screamed.

Jayce glanced back, the tainted Warlock swiftly snatching bodies around him and compiling them into a wall of flesh in all directions, his voice disappearing into

the mass. More tendrils snatched out as the flesh began to bulge and congeal, turning into a large meat ball that only continued to swell faster and faster as it took in more matter. "Monster or bomb?" Jayce quickly weighed up, the others quickly fleeing out of the pit. "Jayce, we need to move! Now!" Vexx yelled, grabbing Wicke in a singular movement before running as fast as he could towards the nearest coast.

"Caelie, pickup now!" Jayce yelled into his communicator. He dropped to the floor where Bjorn and Damian were both sprinting, spectral hands cracking the ground before dragging them through. Jayce opened his eyes to find himself back on the Stacked Hand, the meat bomb physically visible in the middle of the island in the distance. "Get us away! Warn the Navy to fall back now!" Jayce yelled out, Vexx landing on the Stacked Hand with Wicke a second later as Marisha yelled into her transceiver. She opened her eyes, her face cut up from foliage and eyes stinging from the wind. "Are we all-"

The island blew open in a devastatingly bright explosion. The Stacked Hand shook as the horizon disappeared, Gaea screaming as she held the ship together. Huge colossal chunks of rock sailed across the sky to impact like meteors in the ocean around them. A ship that hadn't managed to escape the island in the mere moments after Marisha's warning simply vanished, the force of the blast leaving next to nothing behind as its crew was instantly vaporised. The wave of water that followed swept ships aside, sending those unable to turn in time tumbling over the surface. Bjorn angled the Stacked Hand towards the wave at an angle, Wicke quickly chanting to break up the wave as it approached.

Eventually the rocking stopped and some semblance of calm returned. Sunflower Island was gone. There was nothing left.

"Exarga," came the eventual growl of a voice that Jayce recognised as Commodore Tallan across the transceiver. "We are going to have a talk, now. My fleet is on its way to your position." The voice was anything other than happy, and, given the situation, Jayce couldn't help but feel the same. "Do we have the location of those that escaped? Did anyone see which way they went?" he questioned to his crew, looking somewhat desperately towards Vexx. He shook his head and Jayce swore viciously.

"This is bad, real bad," Wicke eventually stated, shaking her head in disbelief at the mess they had just been through. "Those that escaped... whatever ritual they were doing – they can just try again somewhere far from here when we're least expecting it," she added, looking in desperation towards Jayce. Damian

scratched his head. "Could you not use your magic to track them?" he questioned. She glared at him and scowled. "Yeah, sure. Like the last survivors of a cult of mages wouldn't know how to avoid it. Scrying with magic is risky – it's an extension of yourselves and can be traced back. If I'm caught, they could send feedback to kill me, or worse - and that's if I can even spy on them to begin with. They've avoided detection by the Republic and its hunters for over three years since the collapse of the Church – I can't."

Jayce thought to himself. He hadn't been aware of the risks for scrying, but then again none of his crew had been a Wizard like Wicke, and as Mages went there was nothing truly to compare with. Magic had always been a bit of an experiment for him, he had relied too loosely on it without understanding it fully. He met Wicke's gaze, a solution clearly in her mind but one she didn't want to voice without him saying it first. She nodded to him. "It's our only way," he admitted, "but how do we know they'll try again soon? I don't like it Wicke."

"Like what?" questioned Damian, looking between the two of them. Wicke reached into her bottomless bag and pulled out a crystal ball, turning swiftly towards Yuthura. "Jayce," Yuthura said almost immediately. The last time Wicke had looked ahead into the future she had murdered someone. Whether or not they had deserved it had been a different conversation, but it had brought out a darker side of Wicke that all of the crew had been uncomfortable with. Jayce looked back towards Yuthura and nodded. "What do you think the odds are that they'll try again, or unleash another parasite plague on another island? You know the Warlocks better than anyone." With a sigh, Yuthura turned to Wicke. "I'll get you the materials."

By the time Commodore Tallan pulled up next to the Stacked Hand, the Rising Aces had their answer. Tallan was an average-sized man, broad-shouldered, fair-skinned, with thin dark hair and a wiry moustache. His eyes were narrow, green, and permanently squinting as he strode across the gangplank without permission onto the Stacked Hand. A sizeable escort of Marines dressed from head-to-toe in combat gear followed him, and for the first time – truly in a long time – Jayce felt that there was no respect for him. This was beyond like or dislike, he could feel that they didn't respect him.

Jayce wasn't fond of it, Wicke hated it. "Just who do you-" she began, only for Yuthura to pull her backwards from behind and gag her with her hand. "Not now," Yuthura warned, releasing Wicke once she stopped squirming. Tallan glanced with disgust at Wicke and then the rest of the crew before he finally

rested his eyes on Jayce. "Pirate Jayce Exarga, I gave you a clear expectation to leave this to the pros and you disregarded that command. This is the consequence of it," he stated gesturing to where Sunflower Island had been.

"All those men and women fighting for the few survivors left, two whole Republic warships, evidence of the crimes being committed and a historical location that had been vital to the Republic for centuries, gone – because of you. I am in every right to prepare gallows for you now." Vexx tensed and Tallan seemed to recognise the pure and immediate malice radiating off him, as did Tallan's men. "But..." he added reluctantly. "I would be a fool to not hear what you saw first. Perhaps your testimony may add some defence for the courts to be worthy of hearing your pleas, or perhaps it will grant some insight on where the perpetrators have fled to. So... explain. But first, you girl, make us some tea. A busy day has left me thirsty."

Wicke pointed to herself and Tallan clicked his fingers before gesturing towards the living quarters. She glanced towards Jayce and pulled a face, but he simply tilted his head towards the living quarters. She stomped away muttering to herself. Tallan stepped forwards towards the centre of the deck, pacing from one side to another as he took in the sight. "A legendary ship, and an infamous crew," he said reverently. "Reduced to this," he added plainly, setting his eyes back on Jayce.

Jayce clenched his jaw, the faintest reaction drawing a thin sliver of a smile across Tallan's blank face. "You're being rude, Tallan, I'm not so kind as to not take it personally," Jayce returned. Tallan pursed his lips, clicking his heels together and facing Jayce firmly. "Your presence has already been logged and dispatched to both Old and New World headquarters. Your family's dominion may not care at first, but I assure you my allies will. Harm me, cause me any problems and it will be the last thing an Exarga does for this... Republic. You have meddled long enough in the affairs of this good world, and your family's privileges have long been notably over-extended. So yes, Exarga, I will say and treat you as I like because you are no longer a Pirate Lord, you are no longer a Betrayer, you are the last of a fallen legacy that you killed yourself."

Jayce glared at him. "Your tea girl is awfully slow," Tallan noted, looking towards the living room. Marisha stepped away, likely to ensure that Wicke hadn't poisoned anything. "No matter. What have you learnt?" Tallan questioned. "The instigators were Warlocks of the Blind Mother." Tallan shook his head. "Impossible, they were purged – by your family, no less, along with

any other..." he trailed off and shook his head. Jayce folded his arms. "I don't know what to tell you but you saw that bomb, it's exactly that cult's style."

"Their next target is Veridian Cliffs," Jayce stated truthfully. The Marines behind Tallan tensed. "Veridian Cliffs has only a small civilian population outside of its naval base. For what reason would these 'Warlocks' attack?" Tallan questioned. "It's where the dead are taken," Wicke answered, returning with a tray holding a pair of teacups. The water inside was a rosy pink. "Outside of what remains of the Necropolis--"

"Ah yes, another of your successes."

Wicke ignored him. "Outside of the Necropolis, it's one of the largest graveyards in the entire New World. They needed bodies for their ritual, and given the recent war..." Tallan nodded, taking off his tricorne hat and running a hand backwards across his slick hair. "By the Gods..." he muttered, ignoring the tea cup and turning around to his ship. "Set a course immediately for Veridian Cliffs." His crew moved immediately, his Marines marching back over to their ship, but before he departed, he gave one slow glance back to Jayce. "You will finish the job you started, but this time... you will follow my lead, without question." He departed the Stacked Hand and the gangplank was withdrawn.

Jayce finally felt his body relax, shaking his head as he watched the Commodore's ship sail away. "What a cu-" Wicke swore, alarming Jayce more than anyone as Vexx nodded approvingly.

Seize the Seas Tales: Family History

"You'll be okay without us, right?" Arthuria questioned to Jeanne, looking around at the stacks of crates surrounding them and the numerous builders carrying tools and lumber. "Go, stop fussing. We'll be fine without you for a few weeks, Councillor Pendragon. Gujin has things handled and there's next to nothing for me to do other than sign Syndicate documents and pay the bills. Oh, and to send out messages of the Order's revival to anyone who will heed the call," Jeanne returned with a small smile, leaning forwards and planting a kiss on Arthuria's lips. "Elaine wouldn't have suggested this... journey if it didn't mean something to her, and to you and your siblings. We'll be fine." Arthuria nodded, and slowly stepped away. "Just... call me if you need me." Jeanne waved. "I won't!"

Between Morgana's broomstick and their own individual capabilities, the four siblings crossed the Heart of the Republic into the Gardens with little issue. It was tiring, certainly, but mainly just for Morgause – their littlest sister who had swiftly found herself with three very experienced mentors. They travelled for days, their destination a mystery and veiled in vague answers from Elaine who only insisted that it was important they went together.

"So," Morgana said eventually, stoking a fire as she cooked dinner on a small empty island. "We arrive tomorrow, but where and why? Surely you can tell us now, right, sister?" she questioned, Morgause and Arthuria both looking to Elaine. Elaine let out a long sigh that was more like a huff, before she eventually nodded. "A few years ago... well, a while back - I found Dad. I was sixteen, thereabouts, and it took a while to track him down. I had been working as a mercenary for hire, mainly small jobs like giant rats and other creatures, so I had the funds and the means to ask the Guild the right questions," Elaine explained. "And?" Arthuria prompted. Elaine shook her head and leant back before shutting her eyes. "You'll see tomorrow. No more questions."

Arthuria's eyes narrowed as she looked down at the tombstone in front of her. Both Morgana and Morgause stood behind in disbelief, only for Morgana to scowl and step back – shaking her head. "Typical," she muttered, spitting on the floor and leaning against a nearby tree. Arthuria felt like she wanted to cry, she could feel emotions welling up inside her, but nothing came out. Instead, she looked numbly to Elaine, stood to the side with a shadow across her face.

"I tracked him here, to Valley's Light. It's small," she explained, gesturing to the small village around them and the tiny graveyard. "So, it didn't take much to find out which house was his. I don't really know what I was expecting, an apology or... well, when he answered he turned so, so pale. Like he'd seen a ghost. He told me to leave, to go away and never show my face again. I remember... a woman asked who was at the door. There was a... a boy in the corridor. 'No one', Father said, slamming the door in my face."

"I... just meant to frighten him. To leave a message." Elaine looked down at her hands. "I stabbed my sword into the door. I thought he'd walked away... but..." Elaine looked down at the floor, a vivid image of blood pooling out from underneath a wooden door and a scream coming from the other side. "It was an accident... I'm sorry, I killed Uther. I killed our father, it's why I fled to the Old World. Where Scáthach found me."

Morgause stepped towards Elaine and wrapped her tightly in a hug. "It's not your fault," Arthuria stated, glancing towards Morgana who nodded in agreement. "It sounds like he got off lightly," Morgana added. "But... what about the boy?" Something shattered loudly nearby, the quartet turning to find a broken vase on the floor and a shaky hand pointing out towards Elaine. A young blonde boy, no older than twelve, stood with a ghostly face. His eyes were golden. "You!" he growled. "Murderer!"

He fumbled for a pocket in his coat, pulling out a small pistol and aiming at Elaine before firing. The bullet crumpled against Elaine's palm before falling to the floor, his golden eyes widening as he gasped and backed away. A moment later he was screaming in pain as Elaine held him in the air by his wrist. "Let me go! I'll kill you! You killed my father! Help! Help!" he screamed. Elaine looked apathetically towards her sisters before she dropped him to the floor and sat on him. "Get off me! Evil witch! Monster! Old cow!"

A vein pulsed in Elaine's forehead and Arthuria rushed forwards as Elaine pulled back a fist. "Get off him! Elaine, let him go!" she cried. Elaine faltered and then eventually stood up. Immediately he scrambled forwards away from them, only to crash right into Morgause's armoured knee. "Ow!" he groaned, holding his head before looking up at two sets of golden eyes towering over him – eyes that looked identical to his own. "Little brother," Arthuria stated, drawing his terrified gaze. "Sit down. This is going to be a lot to take in."