



Viviane stepped forward, head high, her gray lavender eyes alight with triumph. She brushed her own black mass of curls back over her shoulder. “We have secured the alliance of five of the tribes of Atlantis. The Sidhe have already started rebuilding their ranks, stealing as many human souls as they can to maintain their power. The Goblin king has also granted us his full army.”

Mordrid tapped one long finger on his chin. “Good. Tell the Atlantian tribes to have their scouts watching all gates to their realm. The Destined One, Arthur, and their band will be making their way there soon, I suspect.”

He looked back out at the ocean for a moment before turning back to Viviane.

“What is it?” the Priestess asked.

Mordrid dropped his hand to his side. “Have we discovered the tribe that hides the Grail of Power? Aliana has the map. No doubt she will soon figure out how to use it. We cannot let them have a head start on us.” He saw the small snarl that appeared on Morgana’s lip at the mention of their enemies.

“Not yet,” his cousin said, finally raising her eyes. “But I will return and seek the answer out.”

“There is something else.” Mordrid frowned at Viviane as she spoke. “One of the tribes says Oberon, King of Avalon, has been seen in Atlantis.”

Mordrid pulled out the dagger that had almost succeeded in killing Arthur. “Then we will kill him too, if he gets in our way.”