きれいだ

彼女にだけ聞こえるような声で、
ティグルにはささやきかけた。

Lord Marksman and Michelia

Presented by Tsukasa Kawaguchi / Illust. - Tsuka Miyatsuki
刺激に耐えるように、ミラが喘ぐ。
ティグルはうなずくと、左手を彼女の太腿へと持っていった。
その感触を楽しんだあと、持ちあげて足を開かせる。
リュドミラ＝ルリエ
竜具、凍凍ラヴィアスを引き継ぎ、
オルミュッツ公国を治める戦姫。17
歳。愛称はミラ。ティグルとは相思
相愛の仲。

ティグルヴルムド＝ヴォルン
ブリューヌ王国のアルス地方を治
めるウルスの長男。17歳。国王から
の密命を受け、ミラのいるジスタート
王国のオルミュッツへ向かう。

ロラン
ブリューヌ王国西方国境を守るナ
ヴァール騎士団の団長。28歳。「黒
騎士」の異名を持つ。

ミリッツァ＝グリンカ
竜具、虚影エザンディスを受けつ
ぎ、オステローデ公国を治める戦
姫。『虚影の幻姫』の異名を持つ。
15歳。戦姫になる以前は薬師を生
業していた。
Prologue

The Demon's eyes are shining red and looking down at her.

The Demon's body proportions were similar to that of a human, but it was more than thirty chets (about three meters) tall, with high shoulder muscles, and arms as thick as a mast. His skin was strangely pale, and there were three horns on his forehead.

Even people who are brave and proud would be frightened and flee immediately after seeing such a Demon.

However, Guinevere was not afraid and bravely confronted the Demon.

She holds a sword in her hand made of black and gold metal. The semi-circular guard and the hilt are integrally formed. The end of the hilt is connected with a gold chain, which is wonderfully shaped. Although it looks more like a work of art in terms of appearance, the blade is wrapped with courage that can overwhelm everyone.

Suddenly, several men and women appeared on the left and right sides of Guinevere. They are the knight Roland of the Brune Kingdom with the alias of the "Black Knight", the Vanadis Ludmila Lourie and Sofya Obertas of the Zhcted Kingdom. There is also Tigrevurmu Vorn, a young man with a strange black bow.

"—Let's go!"

Guinevere rushed forward and challenged the Demon. Although she cleverly avoided a sweep of the Demon with its huge arm, she was knocked out by the freely retractable horns that followed.

Someone gently caught Guinevere who was flying in the air. And this person is Roland. Looking at Roland, it's clear the he is happy that she was safe as a kind smile formed on his lips. Guinevere smiled back and stood up.

She reunited with her companion and confronted the Demon. The five people launched a total attack from the front at the same time, and the Demon with a huge body just disappeared without a word...
When she dreamed of being here, Guinevere woke up.
It was dark in front of me. The cold night breeze of the autumnal equinox spread through the skin. Under the shining of moonlight, only a little light was left by the window.
This is not a battlefield, but a bedroom in her mansion in the port city of Donis.
"It's a dream..."
Guinevere finally reacted; she was not discouraged but laughed happily.
Whether it was fighting Demons or fighting side by side with Roland and others, it was undoubtedly true that these events happened. Although there are some differences from reality, this is her dream after all, so it doesn't matter if it is slightly different.
After her eyes got used to the darkness a little, Guinevere turned her head. The sword she was holding in her dream was standing on the edge of the wall. "It's blade is forged by lightning." This sword, which was so praised by future generations in poems, is the true face of the "King's Sword", the treasure of the Asvarre Kingdom.
——As long as this sword is there, I can continue to fight alongside Lord Roland.
The scene when she first met Roland once again came to Guinevere's mind. A year ago, due to the idea that she wanted to witness the real battlefield with her own eyes, she led a small number of entourages to visit the Navarre Castle located on the western border of the Kingdom of Brune.
At that time, Roland led the Rangers who rescued her after she had unfortunately encountered bandits.
Judging from the clothing, it should be easy to understand that Guinevere is a noble nobleman. However, Roland did not even ask for anything in return for not taking her hostage.
For Guinevere, who has been fascinated by the legend of the Knights of the Round Table since she was a child, Roland's
unparalleled strength and noble character is exactly the ideal knight she has longed for. Of course, this is not to say that Asvarre does not have any knights like him, but Roland's unique strength left a deep impression on her at the time.

She had never received formal training in swordsmanship, yet she could actually fight alongside Roland like that.

If it is the current self, can she also lead the soldiers to charge forward like "Overlord" Sephyria?

If things go smoothly and they succeed in regaining the stability and peace of the kingdom, the lords and nobles and the important ministers who serve the court will definitely agree with her. Since then, it is no longer a dream to be on the throne as a queen.

—is my father's condition getting better?

King Zechariah has been in bed since this spring. Although Guinevere had visited her in the late spring, her father slept longer than it took to get up, and his figure was getting thinner and thinner, even to the point where he couldn't eat.

Although, as a daughter she hoped her father can get well soon, Guinevere can't help but feel a little uneasy.

If King Zechariah wakes up now, what action will he take? If he sees his younger sons dying due to accidents and illnesses one after another, and his older sons Elliot and Germaine become enemies because of the fight for the throne as first and second heirs...

—is there is no doubt that he will order us to stop fighting like this.

And this is exactly the problem. In order to calm the situation, will her father name one of her brothers to inherit the throne?

In Asvarre, it was recognized that the Queen was enthroned. However, when only a few women among the rulers of the past known dynasties ascended the throne to become queens, the situation must be detrimental to them. Basically, the father will appoint an older brother who is also a direct bloodline of the royal family to inherit the throne.
Although Guinevere also has the right to succeed to the throne, her political achievements are far inferior to Germaine. If the father makes such a decision, there will be no room for change.

—I don’t think Father will make decisions so casually....... Why did Zechariah never specify that Germaine should succeed to the throne? Regarding this matter, Guinevere had actually guessed at all times.

From the island of Asvarre, which expanded its territory to the mainland, the two forces of the "people of the island" and the "people of the mainland" coexist within the kingdom. King Zechariah also worried about the feelings of the people on both sides, and did not favor either side in the personnel appointment of the court, which can be described as painstaking.

However, Germaine did not follow his father's approach. It's unclear if it was because of the strong support of the people of the mainland that he chose to value the people of the mainland and despise the people of the island. In this way, He is not good for King Zechariah as his heir. Otherwise, the people of the island will definitely oppose this.

However, this matter can be easily resolved with a second thought from him. He cannot be careless about it.

Ideally, she would have to decide the outcome with Germaine before her father wakes up.

Guinevere never hates her father. Although her father didn't appoint a teacher to guide her, she didn't have any opportunity to do meritorious service, and he didn't even introduce any lords and nobles who could support her.

However, her father gave her freedom. It was only by dragging his blessing that she created her current self. Moreover, her father always listened attentively to what she saw and heard from various places in her travels.

—But... Even if this is a road that runs counter to my brothers and my father, I will continue on.

Guinevere's red eyes stared straight at the "King's Sword".
Although she can't talk about it, this ideal does exist in her heart. Traveling around the country, exploring the place of origin of the Knights of the Round Table, meeting all kinds of people, exchanging experiences with each other finally gave her this idea.

In the past, she just didn't want to lose to those two brothers who had a unique environment.

Now she is just the opposite. It is because they have the ideals they want to achieve, so they don't want to lose to them. It's the same whether it's brother or father.

It is not yet possible to make the existence of "King's Sword" public. If her father learned of this, he would definitely order her to return the sword. After all, this is the sword of the founding myth.

However, "King's Sword" is a unique trump card for Guinevere. No matter who the other party is, she won't hand it over.

—I decided to win for you.

Guinevere swears silently to the sword standing still in place.

—Back again....

Guinevere turned over. After learning about Elliot's death, she would think about one thing from time to time. Although she hadn't paid much attention to this matter so far, the second brother's words were quietly sealed in her memory.

—Why are both you and I still alive?

Why did you choose to kill the younger brothers and sisters who are farther away from the power struggle than the two of us?

After the end of the post-war process, Guinevere investigated the cause of death of her siblings. Unfortunately, she has made no progress until now.

—Will my brother Germaine know something? Presumably, he also started investigating...

Just as these miscellaneous thoughts were forming in her head, sleepiness swept through again.

So Guinevere closed her eyes.
Chapter 1 - Celebration Banquet

The sea breeze is blowing with the coolness of autumn and the smell of the tide.

Donis, a port city on the southeast coast of Asvarre Island, is still vibrant today.

The ships of the lords and merchant ships arrived at the port one by one, and the hot shouts and the hammering of hammers in the shipyard were endless. The housewives walked around the busy city in groups on the street, and the bard by the street held a harp and sang poems praising Princess Guinevere.

Until recently, the residents of Donis were still living in aquatic heat.

The knight Lester, who is notorious for his brutal character, once occupied the town some time ago and persecuted its residents. Lester ordered all the city gates to be closed tightly. The walls were full of soldiers under his command. Even if they wanted to escape the town by sea, they would be sunk by the sea dragon lurking in the harbor. Under Lester's rule, this small town suddenly turned into a sea of blood.

It wasn't until ten days ago that Donis was relieved from such a poor situation.

A coalition composed of Asvarre, Brune, and Zhcted soldiers attacked Donis, and finally succeeded in crushing Lester at the end of the fierce battle. Lester not only included the soldiers but even the pirates under his command. After his defeat, they fled like scattered sand, or they chose to surrender to the coalition army.

Although Donis's proud lighthouse was destroyed during the battle, and 30% of the town was set on fire by Lester's men, the joy of liberation from tyranny allowed the residents to hurry up and start the town's re-development.

Of course, the situation is far from perfect. The young people carrying the wreckage of the burnt-out building were all sad, and the girls and children who went to the cemetery in the suburbs to
enshrine flowers were also lifeless. Residents who lament the loss of their families and their past lives are by no means a minority.

Even so, people are still striding forward, sweating, and working hard to get back the life of Donis. Although the cold wind has strengthened day by day, the vitality of the town has not diminished in the slightest.

"—Is this the houseboat? It's amazing..."

With the sun shining brightly, Tigre and Mila were full of admiration as they looked up at the towering buildings beside the street. The two were dressed in plain linen clothes and thick coats to pass as travelers. Mila carried Lavias, a dragon gear with the nickname "Evil Piercing Horn" on her shoulders. She has wrapped it in several layers of thick cloth beforehand so that others could not easily distinguish this weapon.

Ten days ago, the two had passed by here. At that time, there were many burnt-down houses here, and the atmosphere was very heavy. But now the remains of those buildings have been cleaned up, and there are even three houses under construction. The speed of this post-disaster reconstruction is really incredible.

"I heard that every time a ship is dismantled, the building materials for two or three houses can be obtained. I didn't expect it to be real."
Mila's eyes are filled with curiosity due to this technology that she has never encountered before.

On the side of Asvarre Kingdom, there has been this kind of construction method of disintegrating hulks for building materials since ancient times. But this is not so much technology as it is the life wisdom of fishermen. All in all, thanks to the disintegration of the pirates' ships, residents can rebuild temporary shelters in just a few days.

"This door, that window, and the eaves were all dismantled from the ship. If I hadn't known it beforehand, I wouldn't have discovered it. Moreover, the degree of completion makes it impossible to imagine that it was built on a temporary basis."

Carefully observed the door and the eaves, Mila exclaimed. As if thinking of something, Tigre asked Mila.

"Isn't there a similar approach in Zhcted? Even if you don't have a boat, you can dismantle carriages and the like to use as building materials for the house..."

"Basically no. After all, I don't even hear about this kind of thing. What about Brune?"

"Well... I don't know."

Tigre replied with a look of embarrassment, and Mila raised in surprise. Start looking at him.

"Why do you answer so cautiously? It really doesn't look like your style."

Mila asked Tigre this with a glance, and Tigre replied with a smile.

"It's not a big deal. It's just... after communicating deeply with the people in this small town, there is always a feeling that I don't really understand Brune."

What does this mean, When Mila was about to inquire like this, a voice calling for Tigre came from a distance. Looking around, a middle-aged woman selling fruit wine at a roadside street vendor is waving her hand here. Tigre also waved his hand gently. The two of them walked towards the vendor like this.
The middle-aged woman selling fruit wine smiled and looked back and forth between Tigre and Mila.

"Yeah, this kid is pretty cute. You shouldn't be on patrol today. I'm sorry to interrupt your date."

"No, and I happen to be thirsty now. Auntie, you can bring us two glasses of fruit wine?"

After Tigre finished ordering with a smile on her face, the woman immediately raised her voice and replied "Okay!"

Tigre handed over the copper coin and took the two ceramic cups filled with fruit wine with both hands. At this moment, Mila noticed the burn marks on the woman's right arm. The scar extends from the elbow to the wrist, and it seems to have just healed.

"Huh? This... this scar was left when a fire broke out in the small town. But it doesn't hurt anymore."

The woman showed a hearty smile when she noticed Mila's gaze.

"After all, many people died in that fire. I am considered lucky."

After Tigre bowed to her, they left the vendor. Her open-minded and optimistic personality really helped a lot.

After refreshing herself, Mila glanced at the contents of the cup. The fruit wine is red in color, and because of the use of medicinal herbs, it has a slight aroma on the nose. After trying a sip, Mila said with blinking eyes.

"There's blackberry jam in it, right. The slightly sour taste is really good."

"It's great to suit your appetite. Next time, remember to tell that aunt in person."

Tigre showed his face. The smile said so, and then roughly explained how he met the woman selling fruit wine.

Since the day Donis was liberated, Tigre has led his confidant Raffinac and Zhcted's soldiers on patrols in the town every day. Since this town will be used as a base in the future, this will
not only ensure the security of the town, but also show good to the residents.

Although it's just boring patrol work, as long as it continues, someone will start to notice themselves. Since Tigre's attitude and behavior did not contain any sense of oppression and seriousness in it, several local residents began to greet him soon.

"Because my husband, who is a fisherman, often sails to Brune, the aunt seems to have a good impression of the Brune from before."

"After all, I sailed from this small town to Brune. It only takes one day. That's why there are so many residents who have a good impression of Brune."

"Among the people who greet me, quite a few people are like this. And ah, about northern Brune... They even know better than me about the recent situation. For example, the cheese from northern Brune or the way of cider, etc. I have learned a lot of new knowledge from them."

"You, a Brune, was actually taught Brune developments by the residents of Asvarre...?"

Mila couldn't help but widened her eyes, but after a while she smiled with a relieved expression.

"Hmm.. After all, your curiosity was always especially strong. You must have honestly told them, as you're from Alsace. Clearly there are many things I do not know, right?"

This time around Tigre stared at Mila, his eyes widened.

"How did you know?"

"After all, you are so easy to understand. It's weird you don't know."

After answering triumphantly, Mila leaned her body against Tigre.

"That's why, when I asked you in front of the houseboat, you would answer why you didn't know it too well?"

"I really can't hide anything from Mila."

Tigre seemed to hold a pair of hands. His hands shrugged to show his surrender and he drank the fruit wine.
"The Brunes who don't know much about the situation in northern Brune, even the nobles, are not a minority. Especially in rural areas like Alsace, they basically only get information about the capital and the local area. ——But then I think about it, maybe it's just because I didn't actively obtain relevant information myself."

In the past, Tigre once thought that he only needed to care about Alsace's surroundings.

Even when he went to Olmutz at the age of fourteen and went to the outside world to increase his knowledge, Tigre still did not focus his vision on Brune as a whole.

Although part of the reason was that he didn't have the time to pay attention to those things, the other was that he was quite unhappy about the trend of Brune despising archers. In the past, when his father took him to visit the capital of Nice, Tigre was teased by everyone around him for using bows and arrows.

"Regarding the current situation of Brune, I am afraid I will have to spend a lot of time inquiring about it. In this case, the first thing I should do is to recognize my ignorance."

"It's really like your style."

With a smile full of kindness towards her lover, Mila said this.

After the two walked back to the avenue, a dazzling array of foods such as ale, black tea, and honey-coated bread were immediately in sight. On both sides of the avenue, there will be a bonfire stand at every interval used to light up the streets after sunset.

This measure was ordered by Princess Guinevere, the commander-in-chief of the three-nation coalition and the new ruler of Donis. Tonight, she is going to hold a celebration banquet in her home, for which she also invited residents to have fun with her in advance.

Although this is a way to win over the residents, both Tigre and Mila can understand the importance of it. If you don't draw the town residents as your base area into your companions, you won't get their assistance.

"Couldn't the black tea over there add goat's milk..."
Mila couldn't help but frown. Some time ago, she had drunk the black tea made by Princess Guinevere, but the princess actually made the brutal act of adding goat's milk to the black tea—at least for Mila.

"It seems that you can't get too much goat's milk right now, according to Lord Roland."

Tigre explained with a smile as if to comfort her, Mila fell into contemplation and tilted her head after listening.

"After the battle is over, should I try to promote the eating habit of adding jam to black tea..."

It feels like she will do this kind of thing, Tigre at this time forcibly changed the topic.

"By the way, I heard from Sofy that Donis has recruited more than five hundred volunteers. Does Princess Guinevere plan to let them fight?"

In order to join Guinevere's subordinates and fight with her, it is said that there are quite a few People gathered from nearby villages and small towns to Donis. However, Tigre was quite cold about it. Taking into account the difference in military strength between her side and Prince Germaine, as long as she could become a combat force, she should have recruited even one soldier. However, the group of people who came in response to the call were originally strong men in the village and small town. If they were to lose their lives in battle, those villages and small towns would also lose their vitality, and it would take a long time to rebuild their homes.

"Princess Guinevere seems to be planning to let them guard Donis-let's go over there and take a rest."

Mila stopped and pointed her finger at the small square a dozen steps away. There are several benches in the square, which are suitable for a short break.

"It's almost time, can you let me hear your answer? Or do you have to take a little more time?"
Half an hour ago, Mila gave Tigre a subject. But this is a big problem for Tigre. When she honestly told Mila that she couldn't come up with an answer right away, Mila suggested whether to go to the small town and continue thinking. This is also the reason why the two would walk on the road like this.

"In general, I thought it out. But I don't know if this is feasible..."

Tigre replied grimly. Mila didn't feel discouraged by this but nodded with some joy.

"That's enough. Then let me hear what you have to say right away."

"But, is it really okay to talk about it here? If someone hears it..."

Tigre frowned. In the square, there are chatting and laughing housewives and children playing skittles. Skittles is a competitive game in which several wooden sticks are erected on the ground and knocked down with wooden balls (The predecessor of bowling). It is also very popular in Brune and Zhcted.

"If you talk here, you can immediately notice someone approaching, right? Just keep your voice down as much as possible."

That makes sense. The two walked into the square together.

"The Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave" Ludmila Lourie and "The Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower" Sofya Obertas led the Zhcted army to the Kingdom of Asvarre about a month ago. It's about to usher in autumn on Asvarre Island.

At that time, the current king of Asvarre, Zechariah, was in bed, while the first prince Germaine and the second prince Elliot were competing for the throne of the next king. Zhcted chose to assist Elliott in an attempt to squeeze benefits from Asvarre. Tigre assists Mila as a guest.

However, Zhcted's plan was completely foiled. Soon after taking the port city of Donis, Elliot was unfortunately killed. It is precisely because of his existence that the Zhcteds can stay in the territory of
Asvarre as the prince's friendly army. However, due to the development of the situation, they have become outsiders in this battle, and there is no way to supply supplies.

At this moment, Sofy turned her gaze to Guinevere, who was the first princess.

Although Guinevere chose the Brune army as a companion to intervene in the struggle for hegemony, she hardly had any companions on Asvarre's side. Most of the lords of Asvarre were supporters of Germaine and Elliot, and all of them showed a neutral position to the outside world.

As a princess, Guinevere has not achieved any political achievements so far. She is still a weird person who concentrates on the legend of the Knights of the Round Table, and this has led to almost no one choosing to support her.

As a diplomatic envoy, Sofy visited Asvarre several times and met several lords of Asvarre there. On the condition that these lords support Guinevere, Sofy succeeded in persuading Guinevere to let her join forces with Zhcted.

For Guinevere, now that she had chosen the Brune Army as her companion, the intervention of the Zhcted Army would undoubtedly cause trouble. But if the lords of Asvarre were allowed to join her army, the situation would be quite different.

So in this way, Guinevere formed a mixed army composed of soldiers from the three countries.

Tigre and Mila walked into the square, found an empty bench, and took a seat at a distance.

Tigre took out a few copper coins from the leather bag tied around his waist. Looking at Mila whose blue pupils were shining expectantly, she showed a wry smile that was troubled. To be honest, he didn't think he could respond to her expectations.

—Although I thought about it in my own way, I still don't know if Mila will give affirmation.
Regaining his mood, Tigre used his fingers on the bench to make a map of the entire kingdom of Asvarre. The rough map is still deeply in mind for both himself and Mila. All they need to do is to roughly indicate the position relationship clearly.

"First of all, our side. As the commander-in-chief personally led by Her Royal Highness, the three-nation coalition composed of Asvarre, Brune and Zhcted. The force is less than 10,000. The base is Donis."

Tigre put a coin on the southeast side of the island of Asvarre. Subsequently, another copper coin was placed on the mainland.

"The opponent is Prince Germaine. He owns Asvarre's territory on the mainland and also has the support of the people of the mainland. According to the report, the military strength is as high as 60,000 or more."

In this case, what should our army do? How should we act?

And this is exactly the subject that Mila proposed to Tigre.

Tigre led Mila while wandering around the town, while groaning in his heart several times, puzzled. If the person who asked the question was not Mila, he would have already surrendered with his hands.

Tigre moved the copper coin that represented our army to the ocean between the island and the mainland.

"First, win a naval battle. And then—"

Next, Tigre moved the copper coin to the mainland. Placed in front of the coin representing Germaine's army.

"You must fight to the death on the land. If you want to defeat Prince Germaine's army, I think this is the only solution."

Mila put away the smile on her face, resting her chin in thought, carefully observing the two copper coins.

"Be more detailed."
"I don't think Prince Germaine will lead his troops to attack Asvarre Island. Instead, he will choose to wait for us to send them home on the coast of the mainland."

"With such a disparity in military strength, don't you think he wants to defeat us as soon as possible?"

“Ten days have passed since we acquired Donis. However, according to the report, Prince Germaine still has nothing to do. I thought about this. There are two reasons. First, in order to prevent the emergence of other reinforcements from Zhcted and Brune, Germaine chose to stand still.”

In the joint army, the commanders of Zhcted’s army are respectively Mila and Sofy, who are war heroes, are the black knight Roland who led the Brune army. All of them are highly regarded figures in Zhcted and Brune, and it is only natural to send reinforcements to support them.

"What about the other one?"

"Aren't there some of the lords of Asvarre who originally supported Prince Germaine as the king, and then moved their camp through Sofy lobbying? Because their information may have been leaked by these people. So Germaine should rethink the strategic policy. At the same time, he must guard against whether anyone wants to betray him."

"The analysis is good."

Mila raised her face. Her expression looked like a stern teacher, as she still has questions to ask Tigre.

"However, since the opponent is in a state of being unable to move, can we also stand still and accumulate strength? Her Royal Highness Guinevere has only obtained half of the territory control of Asvarre Island at best."

"It's winter. In the future, it will be extremely difficult for the ship to sail between Asvarre and Zhcted. This also means that Prince Germaine can be sure that Zhcted cannot send any reinforcements to help. From this point of view, it is quite dangerous to delay for too long. I think the attack should be launched as soon as possible."
Mila again set her sights on the bench. She pushed the coin symbolizing the coalition army with his finger.

"If we get a result in a naval battle, we can also choose to establish a stronghold on the mainland? Isn't it safer to conquer important capitals in order to reduce the enemy's combat effectiveness than to initiate the final battle immediately?"

"Considering the difference in the strength of the two sides, I personally think it doesn't make much sense...”

“It's just to shorten this gap in forces, so it’s time to postpone the decisive battle, right? Sofy can use pen and paper without using a single soldier. Come to increase your companions and reduce the combat power of Prince Germaine. Although this is not an upright strategy, there are many ways to win this battle without resorting to war."

With what Mila said, even Tigre thought it was the safest way. Looking at Tigre, who was embracing his arms in thought, Mila first snickered to herself, and then continued, "That said..."

"This method is not necessarily correct. If the battle develops into a short-term decisive battle, I think you have to adopt your plan. So, we have to prepare two or more filings in advance according to the situation. I think this is the safest way. As for your results this time...... Well, it's no doubt qualified."

Tigre was finally relieved. Her own answer seemed to have met her expectations. After consuming the fruit wine in the glass, Tigre asked curiously.

"By the way, can the plan I came up with really help?"

The strategic policy of the coalition army is basically determined by Mila, Sofy, Roland, and the veteran Will who serves Guinevere. There should be no room for oneself to intervene.

Mila suddenly smiled and replied with an incredible expression.

"Of course. This will also allow me to notice the areas that I lack consideration, and as a commander, I have to learn to formulate strategies. What's more-don't you want to stay by my side?"
Tigre couldn't help but sigh when Mila said the last words while tilting her head.

"In other words, what do I mean by helping you formulate a strategy together in the future?"

After considering her position, she is indeed more suitable for the position of discussing strategy. Although Tigre came to the conclusion on his own, Mila said "something is wrong" while swinging her waist-long hair.

"I hope you can learn to study the strategic policy alone and lead the Olmutz army on the battlefield instead of me."

Tigre couldn't help but stare at Mila's face in a daze. Although she had a smile on her face, it could be seen from her bright blue eyes that she was not just joking.

"Some time ago, you led the army to attack Aspen fort is not it?"

"That's because there are Lords assisted by the command, so things can be so smooth ah."

"As commander made the Lord's trust people, not what you do? And you still think having a military battle in the spring is enough? You have to be seen as a commander is to bear fruit."

Mila leaned out and tried to assert his opinion. Because it was too sudden, Tigre was said to be stunned for a while, and could only silently accept the look that Mila expected. There was not only joy, but also confusion beyond imagination, but the confused mood was gradually replaced by joy. Tigre showed a smile and said "Thank you" to thank Mila.

"By the way, this shouldn't be a necessary condition for staying with a Vanadis?"

Although he was sure of his own opinion, Tigre questioned. Mila's father, Lana, Spetlana’s husband Theodor, was said to have been a dedicated court bureaucrat.

"It's just my waywardness. It's not my obligation to become a Vanadis's companion."

"That's great."
Looking at Tigre who was smiling, Mila couldn't help but wonder. The youth said.

"In this case, I will be able to show my energy more."

Tigre wants to tie up with Mila, and not just as a Vanadis. If she sincerely expects and trusts herself, then she will respond to her willfulness even if she has to go through fire and water.

"After all, I got your approval. I want to spend my life with you."

After Tigre joked like this, Mila immediately turned red.

"That, that, that's just my slip of the tongue...! Compared to this, is this the only thing you want to ask?"

Mila first changed the subject abruptly. Then she adjusted her breathing, and asked in a low voice with a face of difficulty.

"What do you think of your Royal Highness Guinevere?"

Tigre frowned. This question is too abstract.

Observing the expression of the youth, Mila seemed to notice that her questioning method was not very good. So she added an explanation.

"I told Sofy about Zhcted's interests in the first place, and why they chose to help her, but you do not have such a position, right?"

So this is ah, Tigre finally understood what Mila wanted to ask. As a guest, Tigre, who was welcomed into the commander of Zhcted's army, would definitely cause a lot of trouble if he took a move different from Zhcted's policy. Even Guinevere is skeptical of Tigre.

"In other words, you are asking about my personal thoughts. To be honest, I can't fully trust her Highness."

There are still many doubts about the character of Guinevere. For example, why does she have the sword of the king, which is regarded as a sword by the kingdom of Asvarre? According to Sofy, after the death of the founding monarch Artorius, the sword of the king was buried deep in the mountains far away from the capital. No kings in the past have found this sword. Although Queen
Sephyria called her sword ‘the sword of the king’, there was no evidence that she was holding the original one.

Although Mila and Sofy asked Guinevere about the sword of the king, Tigre heard that because Guinevere was pretending to be unaware of it, they still did not get an answer from her.

"However, I still want to help her Highness."

"Why?"

"The first reason is that Her Highness is our savior. If it weren't for her help, we would have been killed by Lester... No, Torbalan."

Lester's true form is a Demon named Torbalan.

In order to avoid confusion, Tigre and others decided to cover up the truth, falsely claiming that Lester was using black magic at the time. Although some people were still hesitant about this, Torbalan disappeared without a trace because it turned into a clod. So there is no evidence left at all.

Torbalan's strength is beyond doubt. This Demon not only repelled Roland for a time but even used a strange chain that could seal the power of the dragon gear to chase Mila and Sofy into a desperate situation. If it hadn't been for Guinevere's intrusion, all of her group would have died there.

"The first reason... What about the second reason?"

"The second reason is basically a private matter. It is because of my father."

She scratched her dark red hair as if she was a little shy. You said with a smile.

"Her Royal Highness Guinevere once said that she had met my father once and had a good impression of him. My father even taught her important things."

For nobles, social skills with others are very important. It is an extremely precious honor for the nobles to let the royal families of other countries write down their own names. Even if it's for his father, he should also assist Her Royal Highness Guinevere.

"Moreover, Your Highness cherishes his people very much."
Tigre himself wanted to help such a character.

"It seems that you are very optimistic about Her Royal Highness Guinevere."

Mila chuckled, then continued with a relieved look.

"But it's great to hear your thoughts in advance. Tigre, as I just said, we must put Zhcted's interests first. For this, we must also plan to break with her Highness... If the situation really progresses to that point, you can relax and say your thoughts."

"Is it okay to do this?"

Feeling a little surprised, Tigre looked at his lover. Mila said with a smile.

"It's enough to know what you think. Okay, we should almost go back. We have to do it for tonight's celebration —"

Just as Mila was about to stand up, a wooden ball rolled to her feet. Looking around, the four children ran over here. It seems that he accidentally kicked the ball over while playing skittles.

After returning the wooden ball to them, a child asked with a half-joking and half-curious expression.

"Are you her boyfriend?"

"Well, that's right,"

Tigre replied upright. Because he knew that if he showed anger or shyness, he would be teased by them instead. The children made surprise sounds deliberately.

"Then, have you two ever kissed?" Another child asked.

Mila rushed to take action before Tigre could answer. She narrowed the distance between herself and Tigre, turned the young man's face toward her with her right hand, and pressed her lips on his. Tigre, whose attention was completely attracted by the children, had no time to react to this unexpected move.

The children opened their eyes wide and stared silently at the kissing couple. This silence lasted for about five seconds. Mila raised her face and smiled leisurely at the children.
"That's it, go back quickly."
The children nodded ignorantly and ran back together with their backs to the two.
After watching them leave, Tigre looked at Mila and said.
"What happened to you all of a sudden? Even though I'm quite happy..."
She would not be able to do this just to dismiss the children.
As if feeling ashamed, Mila blushed and her eyes wavered.
"This is a reward," Mila said hesitantly, and then added it after a while.
"Didn't I just talk about it, it's the thing you qualified..."
Tigre finally understood what was going on. This looked completely different from how she looked when she reprimanded the children. Mila stood up to hide her shame.
"Let's go. You have to prepare for the celebration banquet."
Tonight's celebration banquet was specially held to celebrate Donis's successful recovery of peace and to strengthen the centripetal force of these lords and lords who have just joined the coalition army.
As one of the commanders of the Zhcted army, Mila had to attend this celebration banquet. And Tigre was invited by Guinevere herself.
Seeing Mila who was walking away in spite of him, Tigre hurriedly followed her, holding her hand and walking beside her.
Although Mila didn't look back at Tigre, she firmly squeezed the young man's big hand.

The white full moon hung high in the sky, shining on the town and the sea.
The boulevard of Donis was full of bonfires. The crowd sang and danced around the bonfire, drinking ale and hot black tea, biting
bread in their mouths, and chatting and laughing with people next to them. The sound of bagpipes and the percussion of taiko drums blend into the night with the singing.

There are many roadside stalls along the road. Although there is no lively cries in the morning, the aroma of roast lamb and eel is flying around in the night breeze, and the faint white smoke rising from the pot filled with thick soup makes people who participate in the festival can't help being hungry... Every street vendor has a long queue, and there is an endless stream of people.

"—Just looking at this scene, you can feel a sense of joy."

Tigre muttered to himself while looking at the colorful avenue rendered by the bonfire.

He is now standing on the second-floor balcony of Princess Guinevere's mansion. Here you can see the sights on the street.

Tigre wore a black-based gown. His naturally curly red hair is also specially smoothed with a comb. He was holding a silver wine glass full of ale in his hand.

"Compared to this, Tigrevurmud seems to like the noisy streets more."

The person who speaks this way in a calm tone is the tall man standing beside Tigre. The man's tanned, sturdy face has old scars, as well as broad shoulders, and a strong body even when viewed from his clothes.

However, he couldn't feel the pressure of being a vanadis from his body, and he was wearing a tight dress, which made people want to smile. And he also held the same silver wine glass as Tigre in his hand.

"Yeah. After all, I was born in the country. What about you Lord Roland?"

The man called Roland shrugged while smiling bitterly.

"I'm not good at dealing with such a scene. To tell the truth, with my sword not around me I'm quite ill at ease."

"Me too. My hand will unconsciously grope for arrows ......"
The duo silently looked at each other and smiled. Roland is a knight of the Brune Kingdom, and he holds the post of commander of the Knights of Navarre. Because he has black hair and a pair of black pupils, he is dressed in black armor on the battlefield, and he is brave and good at fighting, so neighboring countries even call him the Black Knight.

Tigre and Roland met in the spring of this year, when Brune and Zhcted formed an alliance to attack the Kingdom of Muozinel. Tigre used a bow and arrow to shoot down the proud War Elephant of the Muozinel Army. Seeing him like this, Roland felt admired in his heart.

Bows and arrows are weapons only used by cowards... this concept has been deeply rooted in Brune since ancient times. Because archers are underestimated, even if they achieve certain results, they cannot be properly evaluated.

Under the subtle influence, Roland had the same view on this, but Tigre's performance easily shattered his idea. After that battle, the two greeted each other and expressed their respect to each other.

In this battle around Donis, Tigre also fought side by side with Roland, and eventually defeated Torbalan. Although he was surprised by the first encounter with a Demon, Roland still had the courage to challenge the Demon bravely. This courage was greatly admired Tigre.

Although Tigre was a guest general of the Zhcted army, Roland came here as the commander-in-chief of the Brune army. However, the two of them didn't care about the difference in their positions and talked like friends who had known each other for many years.

"I've always been curious about one thing. Didn't your father try to teach you spearmanship or swordsmanship?"

Roland asked as he put his mouth to the side of the silver wine glass. Tigre nodded at this.

"I asked my father about this matter. My father planned to wait until I was seven to teach me, but before that, I had already developed a strong interest in bows and arrows, so I wanted to give
full attention to my strengths. I told my father about this. Although my father had warned me that this was a difficult road, I still couldn't understand my father's painstaking efforts when I was young."

"It's really great to respect the father. If I am in the position of respecting the father. I'm afraid I won't make the same decision."

"Lord Roland, why do you want to be a knight?"

Tigre asked calmly, and Roland looked at the night sky silently. About ten seconds later, he responded while looking up at the night sky.

"His Majesty Faron took the initiative to greet me when I was young. But His Majesty was only a prince at the time."

At this point, Tigre couldn't help but blink. He had heard of about Roland's birth in the capital of Nice from his father's friend Mashas Rodant. But even so, the lords of a country will take the initiative to greet people, basically those who have a certain position of power.

—That being said, I myself once ran into His Royal Highness at the hunting festival...

Glancing at the startled Tigre, Roland then responded slowly.

"It's not a coincidence, it's a whim of your Majesty. Your Majesty has always been a man who plays cards in an unreasonable way. Didn't you also meet with your Majesty in Alsace?"

Tigre was momentarily surprised at what Roland said. After that, he remembered the scene at the time, and understood what Roland was getting at.

At the end of the spring, Tigre returned to his hometown after the battle of Muozinel, and King Faron suddenly visited him at this time. Both Tigre and his father Urs were frightened by this.
"—After asking my name, Your Majesty told me one thing."
He looked up at the night sky again, and then Roland spoke.
"Among the knights serving the founding monarch Charles, there is also a knight named Roland. Swinging the sword in his hand for the people is regarded as the supreme glory by him. He is a knight among the knights."
A brief silence spread between the two. First, he drank a sip of ale, then Tigre asked a question.
"It is because of your majesty's words that Lord Roland made up his mind to become a knight, right?"
"Yes. And I prefer to move my muscles and bones myself. Besides...if I didn't become a knight, I'd have to be a priest."
At this point, Tigre imagined Roland's face wearing a white priest's uniform in his mind, and he couldn't help laughing. After being glared at by Roland, Tigre shook his shoulders while pursing his lips.
"Thank you for telling me all this. It was because Lord Roland became a knight that I was able to survive the bloody battlefield. This must be thanks to your majesty."
"According to your Excellency. Isn't it the same for me? When your Excellency returns to Alsace, I hope you will convey this to your father. It is this blessing that I can survive on the battlefield."
"I will definitely be transferred. But if my father heard that I'm afraid this matter will be very scary."
“Really? Since you are allowed to learn bow and arrow, I thought that your father was a brave and courageous figure.”

-How can I explain this matter...

In this moment Tigre was about to speak, but he swallowed the words again.
Although it was his own willful request, his father actually sent him as the family heir to a foreign country. The younger brother Tian was born shortly before Tigre was about to return from Olmutz.
Although this is undoubtedly the decision made by his father after careful consideration, his father may be more likely to take risks than he thought.

"By the way, do you have any clues about the incredible power of that bow?"

Because of this straightforward question, Tigre couldn't help being taken aback. He can understand the degree of stiffness of his face.

"...Father said he didn't know about it either."

He thought that sooner or later, others would know about it. Tigre replied honestly after he was conscious. However, Roland's reaction was beyond the youth's expectations.

"That's the thing…. I thought that your father was aware of the power of the bow, and out of considerations, he decided to place it next to you... It seems that you are deeply trusted by your father."

Roland said straightforwardly, there is no cynicism. And he didn't doubt what he said, and didn't even ask more questions. After about five seconds passed, instead, Tigre took the lead to question him.

"I thought you would ask me where that power came from."

"Although I am really interested, you shouldn't want me to ask this kind of question, right?"

"Is that okay?"

Looking at Tigre who was a little surprised, Roland said with a smile like a teenager.

"I hope you can keep this matter secret for me... In fact, Durandal also possesses incredible power."

Tigre stared at Roland with wide eyes. Can someone like Roland tell him the secret of this sword Durandal?

"Your Majesty said to me when he gave me this sword. Durandal is not just a sword with ornate decorations, it has a power beyond human comprehension."
He looked at Tigre dumbfounded. With an expression, Roland couldn't help but chuck his mouth and continue solemnly.

"That guy Torbalan...seems to know Durandal's secret. Also, judging from the reaction of Your Excellency and His Royal Highness, there must be other Demons like him."

Tigre nodded. There is indeed one such Demon that has not been resolved.

"When I encounter a Demon in the future, I might have to show that power in front of Lord Tigrevurmud. If there is such a day, I hope your Excellency will not delve too deeply into this matter. Regarding the weapons of Her Royal Highness Vanadis and the peculiar sword in the hands of Princess Guinevere, I also don't intend to go into it."

"In.... Indeed, maybe this is the best way."

The Vanadis, Roland and Guinevere are all important figures in each kingdom. There may be more things like this that cannot be explained in detail than Tigre himself imagined. Rather, Roland was willing to talk about his secrets for this reason, and he should thank him.

"Then, we should almost go back. We can't stay here forever."

Roland turned his head and turned around. In front of them was a short corridor.

There was a hall in front of the corridor, in which gathered a group of people who were more brilliantly dressed than Tigre and Roland. They are the nobles who owned territories on the island of Asvarre. They are rich merchants, and everyone else is their family relatives. If you listen carefully, you can hear them talking and laughing.

In the name of Donis' reconstruction and peace, Guinevere entertained the group and held a celebration banquet.

Of course, her purpose is more than that. In order to compete for the throne, she plans to fight to the death with her brother, the first prince Germaine.
This also means that the princess has to take advantage of this celebration banquet to surely draw these attending guests into her companions.

Tigre and Roland returned to the hall together, and he couldn't help being dumbfounded by the sight in front of him.

A young girl in a cyan dress walked here with graceful steps. And this person is Mila.

Although the long hair is tied near the back of her head as usual, it is not difficult to see from Mila's brilliant hair that she has worked a lot on this. A white flower hairpin is used to add color to the tie.

The design of the dress itself is also quite colorful. The dark lace on her chest matches the folds in the same area, boldly revealing the sexy design of her shoulders and her beautiful back. A snowflake pattern is sewn on the skirt, showing a pair of slender legs without losing elegance.

Her beautiful face is covered with light nude makeup, and its beauty even makes the viewers amazed at it, regardless of gender.

Tigre looked at Mila's left hand, and a feeling of joy quietly came to his heart. Mila wore a ruby ring with a shining light on her middle finger. That was the ring that Tigre personally put on her when leaving Zhcted.

The nobles, knights, their wives and daughters, and wealthy merchants in the hall all bathed their eyes on Mila as walked towards Tigre, slowing down nonchalantly and finally stopped.

"You are so beautiful."

Tigre whispered at a volume that only she could hear. At this time, he was desperately suppressing his urge to hug Mila on the spot. However, the young man's cheeks still became hot and flushed.

Mila didn't look at Tigre, but silently saluted Roland next to him, then covered her mouth with her palm, and looked up at the four military flags hanging on the wall. She secretly responded to Tigre.
"Thank you. Don't look at me like this, in fact, I have tried my best to dress down. After all, today's protagonist is neither me nor Sofy."

Hearing what Mila said, there is indeed no excessive decoration on the dress. Tigre thought it was too late, so Mila hurriedly went to find a dress that fits. Now it seems that this is the case.

Soon after, Sofy also walked into the hall. Although she was also wearing a pure white dress like Mila, her chest was wide open, and she could even see her deep cleavage from it. Nevertheless, the atmosphere radiating from her makes such a dress not vulgar.

The pale blonde hair slid down the shoulders, and the emerald jewelry on the chest gleamed. There are many folds in the skirt, which looks quite loose.

Sofy smiled back at the people who met her, and walked toward this side calmly. After lifting the skirt and bowing to Roland, she stood beside Mila.

"How do I look, Tigre?"

"Well, it really suits you.... It seems a bit wrong to say that. Should I say that it is charming or gentle? I can't look away from you..."

Since the word beautiful had already been said to Mila, Tigre racked his brains to come up with other words of praise. As a result, Mila said coldly.

"Huh... It seems that Sofy's dress suits you well."

Tigre reacted immediately. When he praised Mila, he clearly only praised her with one beautiful sentence, but when he praised Sofy, he praised Sofy with a few words, which would make her angry.

"No, it's because..."

That sentence contains his thoughts about Mila. If he explains it this way, will she accept it? Although it was already dark outside and the hall was cool and pleasant, Tigre's forehead was oozing sweat. Desperately find a suitable way of expression.

When Tigre was at the end of his way, the commotion at the entrance of the hall saved him.
The cause of the commotion was the appearance of Princess Guinevere. With her dark hair curled up high, she wore a white dress cleverly decorated with gold thread. Her wide open chest is inlaid with lace of silver fur, and the open skirt is bold and open. You can see everything from the feet to the deep thighs.

However, the biggest difference between Guinevere and the two war maidens is the aura exuding from her body. In stark contrast to the lovely Mila and Sofy, Guinevere stood upright in the middle of the hall with her back straight. The beautiful face, the gorgeous dress, and the expressions of strong will that are far above the two make everyone present take notice.

"I, Guinevere Kelchiken Ophelia Bedville Asvarre sincerely thank all the lords for coming to today's dinner."

Guinevere looked around the hall and solemnly said. The people at the scene bowed and saluted.

"After the crusade against the infamous Lester, Donis finally ushered in a dawn of peace. Presumably the guests who arrived here during the day also saw that this small town still has a long way to go before rebuilding its home. However, the residents of the town have a firm belief in the revival of their homes, so I firmly believe that the town will return to its former prosperity one day."

After breathing in and exhaling lightly, Guinevere continued.

"A few days ago, Elliott's brother died of an assassin sent by Germaine."

It seems that some people have not yet learned this information. The exclamation sounded one after another in the venue.

In a short moment, Tigre had an expression of distress on his face. Elliot was not killed by an assassin, but by a Zhcted who lost his son because of his atrocities. In other words, Elliot got killed entirely on his own. In order to conceal this fact, it was Tigre who proposed to blame an assassin.

If everyone learns that the Zhcteds killed Elliot, those islanders who originally supported Elliot will definitely not forgive the
Zhcteds. If they are enemies, our army will find it difficult to obtain food and supplies. That's why we have to find a way to get this matter concealed.

Under Tigre's gaze, Guinevere continued.

"I and Elliot are by no means close siblings. However, we also wanted to do our part for the current Asvarre. Because of this, we have chosen to join hands against the enemy. If not for this, it will take some time to regain Donis, and more blood will bleed by then."

After her speech, Guinevere closed her eyes lightly for a while. Pray for the souls of the dead.

She opened her eyes shortly afterwards and said.

"We must fight against the despicable Germaine as soon as possible to quell this meaningless bloody war. However, this matter is difficult to do with my own strength. I also need the assistance of like-minded people to do it."

Guinevere raised her right hand and pointed to a wall. Four flags are hung on that wall together.

They are embroidered with a red dragon—a red dragon flag symbolizing the Kingdom of Asvarre, and a black dragon—a black dragon flag symbolizing the Kingdom of Zhcted, embroidered with a horse with a black mane and a blood-red body—a symbol of the red horse flag of the Brune Kingdom and the portrait flag of a woman holding a sword and wearing a crown.

The last flag is that of the overlord Sephyria. About five hundred years ago, when Asvarre was in danger of survival due to the invasion of another country, the great queen stepped forward to rescue her country and further expand to the mainland.

And the person who ordered the flag to be hung was Guinevere.

"The Kingdom of Zhcted and the Kingdom of Brune have indicated that they will provide assistance to me. In this country, many people have vowed to be loyal to me. The territory of Asvarre on the mainland is crossed by the overlord Sephyria. Treasures obtained after many difficulties are also the long-cherished wishes of our ancestors. If we hand over this land to Germaine, we will not
only be bringing shame of Queen Sephyria, but also the people of Asvarre."

Clenching her right fist placed on the chest, Guinevere looked back again. Her voice trembles a little because of the passion in her chest.

"I hope you can fight side by side with me. Not for me, but for the justice that you firmly believe in. In order for the people we love to usher in the dawn of peace, we must not let the land handed down from our ancestors live it turned to ashes in the flames of war."

After Princess Guinevere had finished speaking, the hall was so quiet that even the sound of water dripping could be heard.

However, Guinevere's speech has not yet completely ended. She turned her gaze to a man and called him by name.

"Baron Bernard, please come over."

The atmosphere in the hall rippled, and the noise suddenly fell one after another.

The crowd divided into two, and a man stepped forward from it. He looked to be forty years old. His figure is quite normal, and the round face is a little stiff due to tension. This person is Bernard.

Sofy, who was standing next to Tigre, looked at Bernard worriedly. With her lobbying, the baron chose to turn his back on Germaine and came to Donis.

Bernard walked to Guinevere and knelt on one knee.

"So far, I have presented the sword in my hand to His Majesty Zechariah and His Majesty Germaine. However, this was because I did not know how Her Royal Highness Guinevere was a human. However, Her Royal Highness Guinevere is willing to forgive my ignorance and give me the opportunity to atone for my sins. I swear that I will dedicate my sword to you."

Guinevere looked down at him kindly, and then looked around. All around.
"Perhaps someone had known about this in advance. Baron Bernard had sworn allegiance to me a few days ago, and I also took this opportunity to take his symbolic sword."

Guinevere looked serious. After a breathing interval, she spoke.

"Because of the different places of birth, I really hate things like alienating each other. If you make a commendable battle in the future, I won't be biased because of your birth. We are also the sons of Asvarre. I also hope that all the Lords will remember this matter and take it to heart."

Tigre couldn't help but stare at her eyes. Regarding the tit-for-tat between the people of the island and the people of the mainland, he had already heard from Sofy about this. In addition, most of Guinevere's supporters are islanders. Replacing Elliot to build a system that treats the people of the island preferentially is the reason why these people have high hopes for Guinevere.

However, Guinevere just publicly stated that she would not take sides.

Before the decisive battle with Germaine, she actually made such a bold act. And this will definitely arouse the resentment of the people of the island. If one fails to do a good job, they may even turn their backs on Guinevere and go to Germaine.

"Couldn't you think of her Highness's lines for her?"

Lowering her voice, Mila asked Sofy about this. However, the Vanadis with light blonde hair shook her head.

"Even though I asked her to think of a solution for the situation of Baron Bernard and the others, I didn't know she would do it. Now it seems that Princess Guinevere is really a brave figure."

“A conspiracy perhaps...?"

Seeing Tigre who was wondering with his head tilted, Sofy couldn't help but smile and whispered something with her small mouth close to the youth's ear.

"Even if you don't ask about birth, the people who support your Royal Highness are actually islanders, aren't they? If so, the islanders would think so. As long as they can unite and make a war,
even if mainlanders join in later. We, the cronies around us, will also be the people of our own islands."

Tigre suddenly realized. She actually thought about this already. The people of the island must be brave enough to kill the enemy for their own benefit. In addition, they will also ask their relatives and friends to join Guinevere's command. Of course, the same is true for the mainlanders like Baron Bernard.

Although there is a risk that the people of the island will squeeze out the people of the mainland in order to monopolize the war exploits, Bernard is also a good friend of Sofy, one of the commanders of the Zhcted army. As long as they indicate that this will incur dissatisfaction from the Zhcteds, Guinevere can also use this to impose severe punishment on such behavior.

Soon after, the voices in the hall that agreed with Guinevere's declaration came one after another.

"It seems that she first went to find some reasonable people to do a good job of with this beforehand."

Mila couldn't help but smile. In front of her, there were already several lords kneeling on one knee in front of Guinevere, vowing that they would fight to the end. If you can use this to unite the lords with the outside world, it is also a good thing for the Zhcteds. In this way, these parties can supply food and supplies throughout the entire area of Asvarre Island.

At this moment, Guinevere summoned Tigre and others.

"Her Royal Highness Ludmila, Her Highness Sofya, Lord Roland, and Lord Tigrevurmud, can you please come over? I hope to introduce you to all the lords grandly."

Tigre looked blank. Not only did he not hold an important position, he didn't have any reputation. Isn't it wrong to choose him as the representative of the alliance?

Guinevere kindly introduced Mila and others. The names of Vanadis and the black knight were resounding, and after the three bowed their salutes, they were welcomed with warm applause from the lords and dignitaries.
When it was Tigre's turn to say hello at the end, Guinevere spoke to him.

"It was this one in front of you, Tigrevurmud, who defeated the frightening Lester. If Tigrevurmud was my subordinate, he would have made the greatest achievements this time. It's a pity that he already belongs elsewhere."

Tigre felt that there were several eyes on him that turned into studying competitors. Is it really good to be made a target by soldiers from other countries? Guinevere used this to incite the pride of the lords.

—In fact, it was our five talents who finally brought it down.

But the current atmosphere is not suitable for exposing this matter. Moreover, if he accidentally leaked Torbalan's affairs, it would cause Mila and the others trouble. It seems that he can only choose the default option here.

After the introduction by all members, Guinevere raised her silver wine glass filled with ale and shouted a toast.

"To the victory of our army and the future of Asvarre! Cheers!"

Everyone responded and toasted to celebrate. The waiters brought the dishes into the hall in order. The aroma of roasted whole lamb, chicken stewed with potatoes, grilled eel skewers, bread towers piled up like a mountain, and broth made of soybeans and turnips, etc. are wafting everywhere. The barrels containing ale are also placed aside.

"After all, we still have to entertain the residents of the town and other villages and small towns. It's impossible to just prepare for these."

A wry smile appeared on Mila's face. Except for the dish of roasted whole lamb, the dishes on the table are all simple dishes using everyday ingredients, it’s not very luxurious. The number of bread and ale barrels also gives a deep impression of simplicity. The reason why no one expressed dissatisfaction and disappointment was that almost everyone present had witnessed the tragic situation of the streets of Donis.
After the celebration banquet officially began, Mila, Sofy and Roland immediately crowded around. Guinevere greeted the other lords one by one.

No one took the initiative to speak to Tigre. Despite the introduction of Guinevere in the middle, the youth still pales in comparison with Mila and others. It is natural to give priority to the Black Knight and the Vanadis.

Tigre leaned against the wall, sipping ale while observing Mila. Her confidant, Goruin, personally came to ask this of him; ‘In order to prevent suspicious characters from approaching Lord Mila, I hope you can watch her yourself.’ Even if Goruin didn't ask himself, he originally planned to do so, so Tigre agreed to this request without saying a word.

By the way, Goruin did not attend this celebration banquet. The attendant and the adjutant are standing by in other rooms. Raffinac and Olivier who assisted Roland should also be there.

—Although I can concentrate on protecting Mila like this, I still want to talk to someone.

The moment Tigre thought about this while observing his lover's situation, something annoyed him immediately happened. Among the people who talked with Mila, there were several requests to shake hands with Mila, and they pulled Mila too close to them. There are even people who pretend to be indifferent to Mila.

Of course, Mila didn't allow such vulgar behavior. She slapped the other party's hand very naturally, and refused the other party's request with a smile, but Tigre was still very unhappy. Although Tigre tried to convince herself that this was her job, he was still a little unhappy.

—If I had the position to be side by side with Mila, I would be able to contain those people to some extent. When did I have to watch this farce?

Although he wanted to leave the hall and blow the air, he still had to watch Mila just in case. Obviously he didn't eat any food, but he
couldn't help asking the waiters to pour the ale for themselves and drank it through the throat.

"Having fun?"

Suddenly, a woman appeared in front of him. And she is Guinevere. Tigre felt a little uncomfortable because of the smell of wine all over his body. After turning his head and coughing a few times, Tigre smiled at her again.

"Yeah. The rich ale produced by Asvarre is really good."

Despite this answer, Tigre didn't know how many glasses he had drank. As long as the silver wine glass is empty, the waiter will immediately pour more wine. So he drank at least seven or eight cups of ale.

"I'm really sorry just now. I originally wanted to introduce you well."

Looking at Guinevere's apologetic smile, Tigre shook his head.

"Please don't mind. If I am in their position, I will also choose to communicate with His Royal Highness and the Black Knight first. Also, although I personally like to listen to epic poems, I like this kind of boasting about my heroic deeds. I don't know much about it."

“That's right. But I'm personally interested in your incredible black bow.”

Guinevere whispered softly, the chattering in the hall seemed to cover it up. Tigre raised the silver wine glass to his mouth while whispering in a volume that only she could hear.

"That bow is the heirloom of Vorn's family. Actually, I am also very interested in the sword of the king in His Highness's hand. Can you also ask the origin of the sword of His Highness?"

Tigre asked back euphemistically. And Guinevere didn't go further.

"I understand. Since you have mentioned Vorn's house, I will sell it to my father. However, I still want to inquire about one thing. ——Lord Tigrevurmud has heard of the character named "The King of Magic Bullets"?"
"Who is he...?"

Tigre did not deliberately pretend to be confused, but because he was a little drunk, he couldn't immediately remember the name. Guinevere didn't doubt that he had didn't know, and answered Tigre's question.

"In the anecdote of the Knights of the Round Table Galahad, there was a story about him destroying the dragon in Burgas, but the local rumor is that an archer from a foreign country once assisted Galahad. That archer was holding a black bow, and the arrows shot straight up into the sky, even dragons could easily be penetrated..."

Tigre stared at Guinevere in confusion.

According to Vanadis Militsa who is also known as the nickname "Illusory Princess of the Hollow Shadow ", the king of magic bullets seems to be a character in ancient legends. According to legend, the king of magic bullets was awarded an incredible bow by the goddess, defeating all enemies standing in front of him, and finally became a king.

The reason why Militsa mentioned this legend was definitely not because she was certain that Vorn's heirloom was the bow. It's just because she suddenly remembered this ancient legend when she witnessed the power of this black bow.

"It is not uncommon for the Knights of the Round Table to use power other than from their companions. However, the thought of you defeating a Demon with this bow reminds me of this story somehow..."

After thinking a little bit, Tigre decided to answer Guinevere honestly.

"I'm very sorry, Your Highness. I actually don't even know where the power of this bow comes from. To tell you the truth, I only discovered this incredible power recently."

Guinevere stared straight at Tigre's face, and soon smiled.

"Thank you for being willing to tell me this. Although the topic was initiated by me, I still do not really talk on these subjects often. By the way, what's your cuisine of preference Lord Tigrevurmud?"
"The place where I was born is not rich enough for me to choose, so I can eat basically anything."

Tigre replied with a smile, and Guinevere also smiled back. "Come here," Guinevere led Tigre to a certain table. On the table are pots full of thick soup, large plates full of bread, and plates full of large amounts of cooked dark shellfish. The size of the shellfish is as big as the palm of an adult's hand, and each shellfish is tightly closed with the shell. And in front of it were several slender knives.

Guinevere picked up the knife and shellfish with both hands, and prided open the closed gap of the shell with a skilled technique.

"It's a bit bitter, please eat carefully."

Because of the hospitality, Tigre took the shellfish and ate it. Sure enough, just as she said, a strong bitterness swept across the tongue. Because it was too rude to vomit, Tigre could only endure the bitterness, chewing it carefully and swallowing it. Since Tigre's reaction was quite interesting, Guinevere laughed.

"This is a sober potion. It was specially brought as a gift from a nearby fishing villager from his village."

She picked up another shell and prided it open with a knife and ate the shellfish while chewing carefully.

"This bitter taste seems to be quite popular among some people. The same is true for black tea. Everyone has the same tongue, but each has its own advantages. Would you like to try one? The edge of the shell is very sharp, so be careful. Don't touch—"

When Guinevere said this, a man walked over here. This is an elegant middle-aged nobleman dressed in silk clothes. From his black hair, he can see a few white hairs mixed in. Although there was a kind smile on his face, he showed an attitude of contemplating everything.

"His Royal Highness. I'm sorry to disturb you when you are talking."

"Isn't this Earl Delaine. Did you have a good time at the banquet?"

Guinevere saluted the old earl with a smile. However, Delaine's response was only a deep sigh.
"It's quite pleasant... Although I personally want to answer you like this... But what did your Highness think just now to say those words!"

Because of this unexpected answer, Guinevere couldn't help blinking. He continued.

"Why do you say that the people of the island and the people of the mainland should be treated equally? This is absolutely impossible. Please agree with us to reuse our island people when we win, and to exploit the property and territory of the mainland people to share with us. If not with such a reward, I believe that both the lords and the knights will lose their intent to fight."

Tigre pretended to be drinking ale, covering the corners of his mouth while observing the old earl. Although he put on a face of educating others, there was no respect for Guinevere in his attitude.

Delaïne turned his gaze to the dishes placed on the table, and couldn't help feeling a little surprised.

"The dishes placed here are the same. Although this small town has just been affected by the war, it is unable to produce decent food. But it is actually filled with bread. There are even such unpalatable shellfish... The cooking is also home-made. This is a facade. There must be many knights who are disappointed with Her Royal Highness."

Tigre held the silver wine glass in his hand and couldn't help injecting strength into it. The old earl, by telling Tigre about his requirements and dissatisfaction, prepared to embarrass Guinevere.

"In that case, you can stay on this island."

Even though he knew that he shouldn't speak here, Tigre couldn't help butting in.

"We don't force people who can't fight to join the war. In contrast, the military merits were taken by the Brune and Zhcted troops."

"Don't be foolish," Delaine laughed.
"You really think that if not help the people of the island, you can beat Germaine army? Even if there is with the Black Knight and the Vanadis —"

"— Earl Highness."

Guinevere cut off Delaine's words with a freezing voice.

"Guests fought bloody battles for Donis. Of course, the people of the island also went to battle to kill enemies, but... May I ask you, where were you and your soldiers at that time?"

Delaine was Speechless. He looked at Guinevere with an angry look.

"Please also respect the will of the people of Asvarre Island."

After stating this, he left in a hurry.

Tigre yelled in his heart first, and then bowed his head deeply to apologize to Guinevere.

"I'm very sorry. Because of my indiscretion, I caused unnecessary trouble..."

"It's okay," Guinevere smiled and shook her head.

"Thanks to you, I have a sigh of grievance. I should thank you, Lord Tigrevurmud."

While Tigre was shocked, a nobleman spoke to Guinevere. They started talking with each other, leaving Tigre alone.

—Although Her Highness said so, it is still quite bad.

At this moment, several young people spoke to Tigre. Looking at Tigre's performance just now, it seemed that this group of young people became interested in this figure.

Tigre continued to watch Mila while chatting and laughing with them.

Nearly a quarter of an hour after the celebration feast began, Mila was finally liberated from the hands of the lords and nobles. Almost all the dishes were empty, and only half of the
original people remained in the hall. Most people either go back to the guest room to rest or have a gathering of acquaintances.

Tigre was at a loss, not knowing what to do. Although he can walk to Mila now. However, it is better to wait until the celebration banquet is over. Although it was a bit uncomfortable to watch Mila in this way, it was still his duty after all.

Suddenly, Mila looked over here. Just as Tigre was wondering if it was accidental, she drew a wink at him and then walked briskly toward the balcony. Soon after, Sofy, who also ended the dialogue with the lords, walked over here with a smile on her face.

"Go ahead. I will help you buy time and keep anyone from approaching the balcony."

"Thank you."

Feeling the turbulent agitation in his chest, Tigre murmured his thanks to Sofy. Tigre put the silver wine glass on the table and left the hall pretending to be doing nothing as he walked towards the corridor.

The full moon quietly shone on Mila who was standing on the balcony.

Tigre stopped and stared at her silently as if time were still. Bathed in the moonlight, she looked back and smiled with a beauty beyond words.

The night wind was slowly blowing her beautiful cyan hair. As if using this as a signal, the youth stepped forward again. Step by step, shorten the distance between himself and his lover. Her pure white dress is like a product of a fairy tale, making Mila look like a fairy.

"—You are so beautiful."

What he blurted out was the same words as before. Despite the scorching emotions in my heart, he still couldn't think of any other words. With just this one word, you can tell the endless thoughts in your heart.

"Thank you."
Mila opened her arms to welcome her lover. Her cyan pupils were slightly moist.

Although he immediately wanted to rush over and hug his lover's slender body, Tigre suddenly stopped his movements. Because Tigre noticed that there was hair on the fold extending from Mila's chest. Since it was brown hair, it was probably dropped by someone who was talking to her in the hall.

Watching Tigre brush her hair away with a displeased look, Mila couldn't help laughing.

Tigre deliberately coughed a few times, adjusted his posture, and embraced Mila again. The warm and sweet aroma from Mila's soft skin that permeated through her clothes made Tigre extremely moved. The anxiety that emerged from the bottom of his heart gradually dissipated. Hh hoped this moment can last forever.

"From time to time I see you looking at me with a hideous expression."

Mila asked wickedly while hugging Tigre.

"It's nothing like that..."

Although Tigre reflexively denied, but not long after, he admitted it with an "um". The arms that hugged her were gradually injected with strength. Although this action is like a child's declaration of sovereignty, she still has no complaints.

Tigre stroked Mila's beautifully exposed back with the palm of his hand. He firmly grasped her with his hands, feeling her smooth skin and graceful body curves.

Mila let out a slight breath escape her mouth. The delicate breath made Tigre's body hot. He felt around her back with the palm of his hand, putting his fingers into the inside of the dress.

"St... stop, it's too much to do this in this kind of place..."

Even Mila couldn't help panicking, but Tigre ignored her protest. Although Tigre took away his palm, he touched her skin with the tips of his fingers instead. He moved the left hand slowly below her waist.
Stroking her buttocks across her dress, Mila couldn't help but shiver. The gentle gasping sound stimulated and raised the youth's lust. Tigre let her go as he prepared to put his lips on her delicate cherry lips.

"No!"

But at this moment, Mila stretched out a finger to block it in the middle and pushed Tigre's lips back. Tigre blinked first, then asked Mila the reason with his eyes.

"Isn't this nonsense, I'm wearing lipstick now. And I don't want to smudge your lips."

"...I was wrong."

Although Tigre's answer was unexpected by Mila's answer, It makes sense. After all, they had to go back to the hall after this, and someone might notice the strange lipstick on Mila's mouth.

"You are drinking too much, right? I forgot to ask you, what did you just discuss with Her Royal Highness Guinevere to make her so happy?"

Mila asked as if she had just thought of it, but the last half of the words sounded especially harsh. Even Tigre now understands this, so he quickly explained.

"We really haven't talked about anything. If it looks like that, it's just because I had a good laugh with Her Royal Highness."

Regarding the conversation with Guinevere, Tigre didn't reserve anything. Mila frowned slightly.

"It depends on your father's face. What exactly did Lord Urs say to His Highness?"

"I don't have any clue at all. Father only said that he had said something to Her Highness. And Father is not the kind of person who will please His Highness specially. Maybe what he said accidentally happened to hit His Highness's heart directly."

In Tigre's view, his father was not a person who was not good at praising others. However, he will not over praise the person he
meets for the first time, and they will not praise each other with those gorgeous verses.

"That's it. If that's the case, no matter how you think about it, there won't be an answer."

Mila immediately stopped thinking about it. Now it is enough to know that Guinevere is interested in the power contained in Tigre's black bow.

"It's almost time to go back."

Mila smiled. Tigre smiled bitterly.

"It's not so good to go back to the hall together. I'll blow the air a little bit."

Although it sounds like the same thing, Tigre is actually unable to move because of other things. He hugged Mila in his arms and enjoyed the touch of her skin, causing a part of his body to swell to the point that he could even be seen in a dress. Maintaining this state, he has no face to go back to the hall.

"If that's the case, I'll go first."

She didn't know whether to accept Tigre's words or see through what he was thinking, so Mila turned her back to her lover. However, just as she was about to step into the corridor, she turned her head and looked here.

"— following Her Royal Highness Guinevere... have you really never had such an idea?"

As her face was covered in the dark night, Tigre was not clear about Mila's expression at the moment. Why on earth would she ask such a question? Tigre wondered for a bit and finally thought of a possibility.

-Is she jealous? Just like I was jealous of the men near Mila.

Tigre walked to Mila's side and held her left hand lightly.

"As long as you don't hate me, I will always stay by your side."

After speaking, Tigre raised her left hand and kissed the back of her hand gently. He raised his head and said.
"I never found a chance to say thank you."

Tigre was referring to the ruby ring. After Tigre let go, Mila put her left hand to her chest. As if protecting the ring, his hands were folded together.

"Didn't I say that I will cherish it?"

Although he still can't see Mila's expression, he can hear that her voice is trembling. With her cyan hair swaying in the wind, she walked toward the hall again. Tigre's gaze fell on his right hand, and he slowly clenched his fist in order not to forget her touch.

On a balcony different from Tigre's, Roland was resting against the wall. The eyes staring at the night are full of exhaustion. To be honest, Roland actually wanted to take off the tight attire he was wearing immediately.

"Sure enough, I'm still not used to these kind of occasions..."

Roland became a knight at only thirteen and was awarded the sword Durandal by King Faron when he was twenty. Since there is no other knight in the world who has won such an honor, Roland has actually had a lot of experience of being forced to attend banquets. Today’s dinner is actually one of the smaller ones.

However, whether it is the feeling of alienation from the crowd or the breathlessness, it is basically the same as the banquets he has attended so far. He even felt that the training of swinging two hundred wooden swords in the air was much easier than attending a banquet.

Roland basically has no interest in topics such as flowery language, urban fashion, and interpersonal relationships. Roland was also not good at talking about topics like what happened on the battlefield and the knowledge of weapons. So he can only listen to what the other party is saying and answer his questions as honestly as possible, but this will make him be regarded as a boring man by the other party instead.
As his relatives and friends like Olivier, who served as the deputy commander of the Knights, can cope with noble ladies, bureaucratic relatives, or obese and bloated businessmen. If he was there, the Asvarre people would likely have a better impression of the Brune army.

"Although it's a bit embarrassing, I'll still ask Olivier to attend the banquet with me next time."

Just as Roland groaned and complained, the sound of footsteps coming here came from his ears.

He didn't detect any hostility. Roland stood upright, waiting for the owner of the footsteps to appear.

"I walked over when I saw someone here... I didn't expect you to have left yet."

The person who appeared was Guinevere. She holds a silver wine glass in each hand. She passed one of them, but Roland cautiously rejected her.

"Thank you for your kindness, but I have already drunk a lot of ale."

"It's filled with water, so why don't you drink it?"

Like a child who has succeeded in a prank, Guinevere has a triumphant smile on her face. Roland took the silver wine glass with a wry smile and drank it in one gulp. The cold water somewhat eased his fatigue.

"I see you keep a straight face in the hall, is there anything that doesn't suit you?"

Guinevere asked, and Roland shook his head.

"No, I just don't know what to say on this occasion. I was often at a loss when I was in Brune. Sorry, I did something that spoiled the atmosphere."

"That's the same as me. It's okay."

Seemingly pleased, Guinevere laughed.

"Neither do I, I'm not very good at banquets. After all, I talk about topics like the place of origin of the Knights of the Round Table, so I am often regarded as a weirdo of a princess."
Isn't this evaluation very appropriate? Roland thought so.

Suddenly, Guinevere leaned over towards him. Feeling the weight of her body, Roland couldn't help but panic. It would be a big problem if someone saw it.

"Your Royal Highness..."

"As a companion who is also not good at coping with banquets, can you just let me rely on you? Let me relax and talk with you, there is no one but you here."

Roland sighed. Even if he were to go away, she would definitely not listen. This princess is such a person.

"If I do anything bad to your Highness, then..."

"When I warmed your cold body with your skin, didn't you do nothing?"

Roland accidentally fell into the sea because of fighting a pirate. Guinevere jumped into the sea herself and picked up the unconscious black knight. After that, Guinevere took off her clothes and put herself on Roland, using her body temperature to save him.

Roland could only keep silent about this. She also rescued him in the battle with Torbalan. With that said, there is really nothing to refuse for this small request.

Suddenly, Roland saw the stain on Guinevere's left hand. Taking a closer look, blood was oozing from her thumb. She noticed that Roland was staring at her fingers, frowning slightly.

"This was accidentally cut by a shell in the hall. I thought it was not streaming anymore..."

However, Guinevere did not continue. Because Roland raised her left hand and put his mouth to the place where the thumb was bleeding. The black-haired princess stared at the black knight without a word.

"It's rude..."
Roland, who bowed his head to apologize, seemed to be quite confused by his behavior. This is not his action after passing through the brain, but a product of reflex.

Guinevere tightly held her left hand and leaned on Roland again. In order not to let him see the expression on her face now. Then she began to look for other topics.
"Can I ask you one thing?"
"As long as it is a question that I can answer."
"Why do you want to be a knight?"

Roland couldn't help laughing, as this reminded him of talking to Tigre before the celebration.

_I actually have to talk about my childhood memories twice. Today is really a wonderful day._

He was an orphan who grew up in the temple, and met Faron who was a prince at the time. Roland explained all of this. After finishing her words, Guinevere asked in a calm tone.
"But, do you really want to be a knight?"

This may be the first time this question has been asked since he was born, and Roland couldn't help but fall into thought. Since then, he has excelled in physique and physical contests, and he has never questioned the point of being a knight. Although he was a little sorry for the priestess who raised him, this still did not change his determination.
"Yeah. From the day I was called up by King Faron, I didn't consider other ways out."

Roland replied with a firm tone of conviction, and then felt a little confused.
"I also have one thing I want to ask you.—Do you really want to be a queen?"

He seemed to hear a little swallowing voice.
"Why do you ask...?"
"After becoming the leader of the knight order, I am often asked by others...why would I want to be a knight."

"According to my experience, most of these people are looking forward to being a knight. I am a knight, or someone who can’t find my way forward... Basically these two types of people."

"You, have always been my longing."

With the volume that covered Roland’s voice, Guinevere responded.

"Whether you are alone or when you are in command of the knight, you have always been so strong. Even if the enemy is currently greater, you will never have any cowardice, and you can even defeat the enemy and protect Brune from the enemy's destruction, right? No one would not dream of you like this—"

"His Royal Highness. What I want to ask now is the reason why you want to be a queen."

Quietly interrupting Guinevere’s words, Roland retorted again. In order not to let herself go on, the black-haired princess closed her mouth and looked up at the moon in the night sky.

"—Lord Roland, do you believe in fate?"

Guinevere asked softly. However, Roland's answer was somewhat cryptic and tortuous.

"Although I do not fully believe in the so-called fate. However, when the king and I met in my childhood, I really felt the presence of fate."

-I see.

After murmured to herself like this, Guinevere couldn't help but smile.

"The moment that made me believe that destiny exists was when I obtained the sword of the king."

Because of these words she uttered coldly, Roland trembled involuntarily. However, he immediately calmed down. With a solemn expression, Guinevere continued.
"Although I dreamed of becoming a queen, it was just a wish. The two elder brothers are young and healthy, and there are so many supporters. I don't have any capital to compete with them. I really didn't want to lose to them, so I planned to open up the status quo by myself, but..."

Her father was ill in bed, and her younger brothers and sisters died one after another, and the kingdom had already become a very dangerous place for her. In order to avoid being involved in the power struggle between the two elder brothers, Guinevere chose to leave the capital.

"I visited the place where the Knights of the Round Table originated while observing the development of the situation. I also knew the local residents and the local terrain. However, when I visited a place dedicated to the Knight Bed, the ancient temple of the Vale, I was attacked by an unknown assassin."

Guinevere fled into the temple. Then, just as she desperately searched for a hiding place, she suddenly found a secret door. She ran into the secret door without hesitation.

"In front of the secret door is an altar with a single-edged sword enshrined. It is the sword of the king. I took the sword of the king and repelled the assassins who came from the attack. This discovery...no, this encounter is I don't think it's accidental."

In the surname of the royal family of Asvarre, the name of one of the Knights of the Round Table must be carried.

With Bedwell's surname, she obtained the long-lost sword in the temple where the knight was enshrined, which made Guinevere feel the existence of fate. It was like asking herself to inherit the legacy of Artorius and Sephyria, making Guinevere determined to join the civil strife.

"Of course, my reasons are not limited to these. The country that has fallen into chaos because of the poor health of my father and the deaths of my brothers and sisters makes me want to do my part. I cannot give the throne to my brother Germaine or Elliot. The reason is that I know that they will definitely abandon the people on one side of the mainland or the island after the war."
Therefore, Guinevere decided to seek help from other countries. After forming an alliance with Brune, watching the battles of her brothers, she was planning to seize the time to consolidate her power.

However, her plan fell through. Unexpectedly, Elliott died before the battle with Germaine. Whether it was teaming up with Zhcted or letting the mainland lords headed by Bernard submit to her, these things were not in her plan.

"Since things have progressed to this point, I can't help but fight with my brother. I am also ready to become a queen. However, because things have progressed too suddenly, I can't help but wonder if this is what I really want."

After these words, Guinevere lowered her head in shame. Surprised that he actually vomited all the bitterness to Roland, an incredible sense of peace of mind emerged spontaneously. Maybe she really hopes somewhere that this person can listen to what she is carrying.

"—Your Royal Highness."

At this puzzling voice, Guinevere raised her face. Roland stared at the night and continued.

"You are already on the battlefield. The situation on the battlefield is ever-changing."

"In other words, will there be many things I didn't expect to happen next?"

"You better prepare for this. But your Highness, Your subordinates and we exist for this."

Although Roland was a little hesitating, Guinevere still listened carefully. Because she knew that the black knight was trying to weave words for her.

"Your speech in the hall made me understand your enlightenment. What you have to do next is to implement this belief. It is like a pine fire that illuminates the night. In this way, we will repulse the enemy, break free from traps, and open our way forward. Although
I'm a Brune, I will definitely wave the sword in my hand in order to lead your Royal Highness to the throne."

Guinevere clasped her chest with her hands. Suddenly she said nothing in order to keep these words in mind. Then she thanked Roland with a "thank you".

"—If you can become a knight of our country..."

"His Royal Highness," Roland interrupted Guinevere's words briefly. After shook his head, the black knight said.

"The moon is out of reach."

This is a proverb that Brune has had since ancient times. The plain refusal made Guinevere pouted dissatisfiedly and retorted with a baseless story.

"Among the Knights of the Round Table, there are people who can throw a spear to the moon."

Roland couldn't help but widened his eyes when he heard the words, and then slowly shook his head.

"Isn't it your next duty to find someone who can do this kind of thing?"

Guinevere lowered her head. A sense of peace and regret came to her heart at the same time. If Roland really agreed to her request, she might be disappointed while happy. She is really a self-talking woman, she laughs so in her heart.

Looking up, the light of the full moon was shining on both of them.

"The moonlight is so beautiful."

"Yeah."

Although Roland is not a man of exquisiteness, the beauty of the moon is still understandable. In response to a short word of approval, accompanied by the princess, they silently looked up at the moon.

The two shadows irradiated by the full moon just kept overlapping while motionless.
Just as Roland and Guinevere looked up at the moon, Prince Germaine, who was in her rival camp, was also looking at the moon. However, his face was full of displeasure.

Germaine is 27 years old this year. Although he used to be a young man with a beautiful face, now he has fat all over his body, with a round face and a big belly. He was wearing a loose silk dress and a robe woven from fur. In his hand he held a silver wine glass decorated with precious stones, which contained wine from Asvarre. Compared with ale, wine is more suitable.

This is Valverde, the city on the mainland side of the Kingdom of Asvarre. When the overlord Sephyria attacked the mainland with her troops, the initial base was here. Not only is it easy to defend, it also has a long history. Because of this, Germaine used this city as a base.

Now he was standing inside Valverde's city hall, thinking hard about something.

"It seems that Guinevere really wants to fight me."

The lords of Asvarre Island are going to Donis, where his sister has setup a base. he received such a report this morning on the matter. Germaine arranged for spies and soldiers to go to strategic points, hoping to obtain intelligence around Asvarre Island as soon as possible.

"That's crazy. Do you want to be the second Sephyria?"

Without hiding the anger in his heart, Germaine cursed. Compared to Elliot, his sister's actions seem to have brought him a greater impact. When he learned that his sister had joined forces with the Brune army, he even wondered if he had heard it wrong.

Germaine didn't think highly of his sister.

"Father just spoils Guinevere's head too much. As the first princess, she is not a good role model for her siblings."

The reason why Germaine said this was because he had advised her several times on matters of royalty. However, his father didn't scold Guinevere at all, but instead let her do whatever she wanted.
“Germaine, isn’t it nice to have a person like Guinevere? That person neither favors the people of the mainland nor the people of the island, but thinks that the people on both sides should be treated well. This One point is completely different from you who holds more importance towards the people of the mainland and Elliott who supports the people of the island. I think this is a very precious thing. Moreover, although you said that I will leave Guinevere alone, this also means that I will not give her special assistance.”

Thinking about it now, Germaine felt that the reason his father did this was to compensate Guinevere. Zechariah gave her daughter the freedom she wanted to satisfy her desires.

— _And this is the result. That blockhead doesn’t think about the kingdom at all. On the contrary, it has brought about unnecessary war. I don’t know how to restrain her. It is basically a poisonous insect that is ready to swallow this land._

It is impossible for Brune to assist Guinevere without any conditions. How much do they intend to take away from this country? However, the father cannot be blamed for this. Germaine chose to leave her alone because he thought that Guinevere could not do much. It seems that he was too naive.

— _She is no longer my sister. I absolutely want you to pay for your indiscretion._

Father will be very sad when he wakes up, but all this is for the sake of Asvarre's future.

"In spite of this, it is said that the commander-in-chief of the Brune army is the black knight. It seems that this battle is not easy to fight..."

Germaine also heard about Roland's reputation. Although he had never confronted him head-on, the generals and soldiers had already informed themselves of various rumors about him. It's an absolutely inadvertent opponent.

— _I can’t focus on Guinevere and the Brune Army._

The Zhcteds assisting Elliot are also key targets.
According to the report, they have remained in the port city of Donis since Elliot's death. They still intend to continue to stay in this country and look for an alliance partner to replace Elliott to not let the money invested so far be lost.

Although it is a group of despicable and shameless people, it is said that two war maidens are in charge of the command. He can't be careless.

Others, like the movements of the lords of Asvarre who originally supported Elliot, also made him very concerned. Although there is no difficulty in breaking them individually, they are not easy to deal with if they are united.

―It was a miscalculation to let Baron Bernard and the others escape...―

Germaine trusted Baron Bernard. From the beginning of fighting with Elliot, he stood firmly in his camp.

For this reason, when he learned that he had conspired with Ourufan and Papezi to flee Asvarre Island with the main cadres, Germaine arrested and executed their relatives on the mainland one by one. The other lords were slaughtered like chickens and curbed monkeys. However, this caused their dissatisfaction instead.

Suddenly, an idea flashed through his mind. Germaine's expression grew darker.

What if Guinevere included the Brune, Zhcted, the lords of Asvarre, and the betrayers who fled from her side under her command?

To achieve this is by no means easy. Only when there is a mediator who can analyze the interests of all forces, can this coalition have a chance to be established. And Guinevere couldn't do this.

However, there may be such a person among the Brune army, the Zhctedian army, or the lords.

Although it's not impossible to win, you still have to be aware of it first, and then you have to face a severe situation.

Bring the silver wine glass close to your mouth. At some point, the wine glass was empty. It seemed that he had drunk it during the
time when he was thinking hard. Germaine reached into the sleeve of his robe and took out a bronze bell. The bright and refreshing tone of the bell and the autumn night reflect each other.

From the depths of the corridor, an attendant appeared. The old man has served Germaine since he was a child. After receiving the order to bring the wine, the old man bowed respectfully and then went to prepare.

The waiter cautiously reported while pouring wine into the silver goblet.

"His Royal Highness, lord Ratwidge has returned."

After hearing the name, Germaine's mouth rose slightly.

"Summon him immediately and bring it directly to me."

Ratwidge is one of the few men he can trust. He is Thirty-four years old. Although not conspicuous in the court, Ratwidge is excellent as a commander and soldier, and he has repeatedly made military exploits in the battle with the Brune and Sachenstein forces. He is a man who is good at winning battles with unpretentious tactics, and this is what Germaine likes about him.

Soon after, Ratwidge walked to the balcony.

He was a huge man who was so tall that he needed to look up to see clearly, with a sharp face. He has Stiff black short hair, thick eyebrows, big eyes, tall nose, thick lips, and thick body hair. In a word, he was a man like a gorilla.

Although there was no malicious intent, Germaine always laughed unconsciously whenever he saw this man. Because he can feel closeness and strangeness from Ratwidge's face at the same time. Ignoring the master's reaction, Ratwidge kneeled to report on the spot.

"His Royal Highness, the subordinates brought the Sachs army. The number is about three thousand. All cavalry."

"Good job."

Germaine expressed condolences to Ratwidge.
Upon learning of the alliance between Elliot and the Zhcted forces, Germaine also made up his mind to hire the troops of other countries, so he dispatched Ratwidge to Sachenstein.

Asvarre and Sachenstein have been enemies for many years. Even if they have to join forces due to political factors, they are basically in a relationship of mutual hatred.

To this end, Ratwidge once expressed opposition.

"The enemy is Zhcted's Vanadis. Isn't it a good idea to introduce the Sachenstein army to reduce the casualties of the Asvarres?"

Germaine arbitrarily rejects all opinions. Germaine certainly knew that by doing so, these people would definitely take the opportunity to burn and loot the land of the people of the motherland, but at the same time, he thought that as long as they were placed under their noses, their actions and attempts could be well restrained.

"After all, I've heard that Elliott is dead. Now it's Guinevere and the Brune army preparing to fight me. Just kill that stupid sister. The disgusting civil war has finally come to an end. I look forward to your performance."

"The subordinates will do their best. Having said that, there is one thing this subordinate wants to ask your highness." Ratwidge said in his voice with slight fears and weak expectations.

"The one who hung the corpses of Viscount Osborne and his relatives outside the city wall..."

"You said this." Germaine, who was a little pleased, suddenly changed his face.

"Haven't I have been attacked by assassins before? Thanks to your blessing, they did not succeed."

Hearing Germaine's words, Ratwidge nodded. One summer night, four young people from Asvarre sneaked into the city hall and prepared to assassinate Germaine with poison blades.

"You all say this is a good thing Elliot did, and I think so. However, I always feel something is wrong, so I send others to investigate this."
If betrayers are lurking in their army, prepare to stab them from behind during a battle with the enemy, it would be bad. Despite having more than 60,000 soldiers, Germaine still has no reason to act at will, just to prevent this possibility from happening. He had no plans to attack Asvarre Island until it was found out who did it.

Then ten days ago, Germaine found out who sent the assassin.
"Does Viscount Osborne want to kill His Highness?"
"Yes. However, that guy is not planning to defect to Elliot, but to support the royal family who obeyed his words. For nothing more, I originally planned to execute him and his family only, but..."

Germaine became more and more intense as he spoke. The passion that was originally suppressed in the body seemed to gush out. The first prince of Asvarre continued with annoyance.
"Even Dursilla was killed by that guy."

Ratwidge raised his head, staring at Germaine nervously.

King Zechariah has a total of seven direct bloodlines, and Dursilla is his second daughter, with an innocent character. Although she liked the atmosphere of the island more than the mainland, she was quite close to Germaine. Germaine also loved this sister who was fifteen years away from him.

Dursilla suffered from an illness this spring, and her body was gradually losing weight. She died of illness at the age of twelve.

In the same period, in addition to Dursilla, his three other siblings died one after another. Germaine suspected that these were the actions of Elliot, so he secretly investigated this. Although it was heard that they all died due to accidents or illnesses, the continuous occurrence of such things still made him suspicious.

"That guy Osborn actually uttered a rant, saying, "I'm just cutting the grass and roots while these future pests are still maggots." He also said that Dursilla will join the people of the island sooner or later and send me poison or something. So I said to him. 'In that case, I will cut the weeds and roots while the future pest is still a maggot. You shouldn't complain.' When I burned down that guy's mansion, I would destroy everything. When people gathered
together are beheaded one by one, the guy actually begged me for forgiveness. So I made an offer to let him choose someone to live."

Germaine's voice became louder and louder until he was shouting out. He was furious when he talked about it. Ratwidge lowered his head again and continued to ask after a brief silence.

"Your Majesty, let your subordinates take the liberty to ask.... The subordinates just heard about this. Is it true that Baron Bernard and his relatives were all arrested and executed?"

"I knew about it just after I came back. The news is pretty good."

Germaine told Ratwidge that Baron Bernard had fled to Asvarre Island. In the dark night illuminated by the rays of the full moon, Ratwidge's face changed obviously.

"Your Majesty, your subordinates won't say that punishing Osborn and Bernard is wrong. But..."

"Is it wrong to behead the rebels and the betrayers?"

Germaine responded fiercely at the words of Ratwidge.

"If Osborn is left alone, he will definitely come to assassinate me. If Bernard's relatives are exiled, they will definitely get in touch with Bernard secretly and leak our army's intelligence to the side of Asvarre Island. If you don't make a decision as soon as possible, our army will begin to fall apart from the foundation. Ratwidge, you probably don't understand this."

"But Your Highness. The successive executions will cause panic. Let's not talk about Osborne. Bernard and his relatives can wait until after the war to be punished, right?"

"You are too naive," Germaine sneered.

"There are only a minority of people like you who are worthy of my trust. Most of the lords are not like that. If we don't hold the reins well, they will definitely get overwhelmed."

Then Germaine began to explain some of his thoughts. He'll organize an organization within its own sphere of influence that rewards informers and observes the movements of the lords.

"Your Highness..."
Ratwidge did not continue to investigate the matter. Even if rewards are given to the informant, it will not necessarily prevent the Germaine army from falling apart. If Brune or Zhcted sees the clues, it will let them win the chance. Even if the war is really won in this way, Germaine may not necessarily lift the whistleblowing system after that.

—*I can only advise winning.*

The first task is to win this war. Ratwidge said this to himself. Although Germaine is a strict master, he is quite tolerant to those loyal and righteous people. If this advantage grows in the future, Asvarre's future will certainly not develop in a bad direction.

"By the way, do you have anything else to report?"

After being asked by Germaine, Ratwidge hesitated for a moment, then nodded. Although it was a bit wrong to talk about it in this atmosphere, he still said it out of loyalty.

"Just in case, the subordinate wants to report something."

Germaine nodded and urged him to continue while fiddling with the silver wine glass decorated with gems.

"There are reports that there are dragons near Burgas."

"Dragon...?"

Hearing such inauspicious words, Germaine's face was blue. Dragons live in steep mountains or deep forests where ordinary people cannot enter. Since few people have the opportunity to see a dragon, some people even doubt whether dragons really exists.

Germaine painted a map of his surroundings in his mind. Burgas is west of Valverde on a mountain and forest area spanning five or six days of travel. There are geysers in the mountains and forests, which are famous for hot springs. Even among the kings of the past dynasties, many people have come here admiringly.

"Is it possible that dragons like bathing?"

"Subordinates don't know, but they have seen monkeys bathing in water."
"I really don’t want you to say things like monkeys with that face…"

Germaine thought this

"Is it really a dragon? It's not just a mistake."

"Although the subordinates didn't see it with their own eyes, it's hard to tell... However, Burgas has a legend that the Knight of the Round Table Galahad had defeated the dragon."

If all the legends of the Knights of the Round Table are taken seriously, dragons were flying in the sky in ancient times.

Germaine just laughed at Ratwidge's words.

However, he can't really leave the dragon alone. Germaine was lost in thought.

When he heard about the dragon, the first thing that came to his mind was the sea dragon lurking in Donis Harbor. It is said that ‘Hailong’ sank five warships and the soldiers on them.

—Speaking of which, Brune seems to be manipulating the dragon to attack Muozinel...

Could it be that Brune brought the dragon to Asvarre's side? Because this thought was too jumpy, Germaine shook his head quickly in denial. Since they have to move it, why not take it to places like Royal Capital or Donis. There is no reason to bring it to Burgas.

"Send a thousand soldiers to Burgas to investigate. To be honest, I don't want to worry about such trivial matters. Let them go immediately."

When the dull atmosphere on the balcony changed a little, Ratwidge began to inquire about Enemy movements on the Main Asvarre Island. After listening, he couldn't help but make a gorilla like expression.

"If Guinevere can successfully unite the various forces, I am afraid it will be difficult to deal with. May I ask, how many warships are docked at Marie?"
Marie is a port city on the north side of the mainland. Quite close to Asvarre Island, Germaine planned to use this city as a stopping point to attack.

"According to yesterday's report, forty warships have been gathered."

"At least one hundred. If possible, the subordinates hope to have 120 warships."

"Is this necessary? It is said that the Brune army. With more than 20 warships, the Zhcted's army only brought ten warships."

Germaine frowned. Even with this necessity, he didn't like to gather too many soldiers in places out of sight. This will make him worry about whether anyone will betray him.

"Because of this, it is necessary to defeat them with overwhelming force. Princess Guinevere is next to the "Red Mist ". Ratwidge did not give in at all and tried to convince his master. Germaine couldn't help groaning in a low voice.

When the veteran Will, who has the alias of Red Mist, decided to follow Guinevere, he laughed it off. This man who did not accept his invitation against Elliot could not follow someone like his sister. However, when it was later found out that this matter was true, Germaine's lungs exploded.

"Will is a famous general in naval battles. In order to maintain the morale of the soldiers, please allow your Highness to approve..."

"...I understand. Just do as you said."

Germaine sighed deeply. The courage to act decisively is needed here. Ratwidge bowed his head deeply to express his gratitude and continued.

"I'm afraid that before winter comes, Princess Guinevere will take the initiative to fight."

"If this is the case, we will not be able to face their attack in a safe manner. Even though we plan to use Donis as a base. But the small town was destroyed by fire, and even the proud lighthouse was
damaged to the point of being unusable. Wouldn't it be safer to form an alliance with the lords on Asvarre during the winter?"

Germaine tilted his head. Bewildered, Ratwidge shook his head in denial.

"The subordinates believe that Princess Guinevere cannot have enough money to keep the Brunes until spring. Moreover, if the Brunes are allowed to live in Donis for a long time, there will inevitable Suffering happening to the residents of Asvarre Island. Pretending that we are going to spend the winter on the island makes us careless. In fact, we want to cross the ocean in one effort to launch a surprise attack."

"That's why we need a hundred warships to meet them? How about you give them command?"

"The subordinate thinks that Secretary Caldart should be the commander. In terms of maneuvering the fleet, he is the only one who can contend with the red mist. Since his father is a crew member, he has been familiar with ships since childhood. Take the liberty to ask, has your Highness heard of the nickname "Unsinkable Man"."

"Well, no matter if you are fighting against Sachenstein, Brune or Zhcted, your ship will not be sunk, right? So, is that talking about Caldart?"

As if just remembered, Germaine replied with questions, and Ratwidge nodded vigorously.

"All the battles he participated in ended in victory. Caldart seemed to be blessed by luck from birth. At least his subordinates think so."

"Okay. Just do as you say."

Germaine smiled and nodded.

"If you can defeat them along the coast of Marie, you can follow this momentum to attack Asvarre Island in one breath. Even if you fail, you only have to give up Marie and retreat to Valverde. In addition, you can send a ranger to detour behind the enemy and intercept their food and supplies."
"Let’s end the advancement of Guinevere, what's the situation in the south? Even if I say what I say, I should have a grasp of the current situation in our country."

Ifrikia is a ten-day voyage south by boat from the Asvarre kingdom. Among the countries of the mainland, they only trade with Asvarre and Muozinel. However, trade between them is not very popular. Although the relationship is not bad, you still have to be careful at this time.

"There is nothing moving yet. After all, the South Sea is warmer than the North Sea, but there will still be famines when winter comes. You have to be very careful about this."

"The analysis is good. Sure enough, we still have to make a judgment during the winter. That's fine."

Germaine sighed with a wry smile.

"Experience in commanding a hundred warships, but it is an unquestionable opportunity. If other people can also be like you, it would be great if they have enough strength to recognize the talents of others above themselves."

"Subordinates once did. There have been times when I was far better than others. I believe everyone will understand this one day."

Ratwidge admonishes this way. On top of this, he also suggested that Germaine let Luo be responsible for Valverde's defense work. Regardless of victory or defeat in naval battles, there will be another battle. For this, Ratwidge had to prepare in advance. Time cannot be wasted on the defense work of this city. Germaine allowed it.

"You will handle everything on the battlefield. The Sachenstein army also asks you."

"The subordinates will do their best."

Ratwidge stood up and saluted, and then left the balcony. Germaine was alone, looking up at the moon with a proud expression.
"Guinevere, you don't have the ability to rule this land of Asvarre at all. You are nothing at all. Because there is only one who will rule the land and islands of Asvarre, and it’s me Germaine..."

Only he and the moon heard this low whisper.

Ratwidge left the city hall where Germaine lived and walked hurriedly on the chilly night road.

His destination is not his own house, but the residence of his colleagues. Although the current time is not suitable for visiting others, considering the arrangements for tomorrow and beyond, he thinks that he should meet him now.

After walking a distance of about five hundred alshins (about five hundred meters), he arrived at his destination. After reporting his name to the young servant who came out to respond, he was immediately invited into the mansion. Come to the hospitality room, sit on the sofa and wait for the host's arrival. The fireplace by the wall was burning wood, which was quite warm.

Soon after, a man appeared in the hospitality room. He is about twenty-five years old, with short blonde hair and blue eyes, and a good physique with firm muscles. The corners of his mouth rose slightly happily.

"Long time no see, Ratwidge. When did you come back?"

"This afternoon. I'm sorry to bother you at this time, Tallard."

The man called Tallard smiled as if he didn't care at all.

"Even if you come in the middle of the night, I welcome it. After all, Ratwidge is the kind of person who won't do this unless it's necessary."

Tallard sat on the sofa opposite Ratwidge on. The elderly maid walked in and put silver wine glasses, wine, and cheese platter on the table.
"Regarding your Royal Highness Germaine's matter, I hope to hear your opinion. What happened during my absence? I always feel that Your Royal Highness has become a little anxious."

"This matter.... The matter has to be traced back ten days ago. His Royal Highness broke free from the shackles that were bound to him."

Compared with Ratwidge, who is cautious in words and deeds, Tallard speaks quite outspokenly. Although there was a reproachful look from Ratwidge, the owner of the mansion took it easy and brought the silver wine glass close to his mouth.

After sighing, Ratwidge could only convince himself that there was no way. If Tallard, who was born in a fishing village, was asked to observe the etiquette one by one, the topic could not go on. He just doesn't care about it too much.

"As for the cause of the death of Her Highness Dursilla, you have heard from His Highness?"

When asked about this by Tallard, Ratwidge nodded solemnly.

"Sure enough, did that change your Highness?"

"Probably it can't be wrong. But I think there are other reasons."

These words made Ratwidge stand up. Tallard has a keen observation. Visiting the man in the middle of the night was also because he thought he could hear any useful information.

"The assassin sent by His Highness who killed Elliot, do you know about them?"

Ratwidge nodded. Although Germaine didn't say anything other than "his brother died", Ratwidge knew about him hiring the assassins. But what does it matter?

Tallard continued with an ironic smile.

"The reason why His Royal Highness hates Elliot so much is because he firmly believes that his brothers and sisters were killed by Elliot. Regardless of the throne, His Highness has a reason to kill Elliot. However, it was Osborne who killed Princess Dursulla. This
means that His Royal Highness sent an assassin out of a wrong judgment."

"What kind of wrong judgment is this? The duel with Prince Elliot is inevitable. Sending an assassin is not a method that everyone is quite used to, is it?"

Ratwidge tried desperately to defend his master. Tallard shrugged.

"Ratwidge, you are not wrong. But the question is what your Highness thinks. Your Highness is a strict person. This is true for himself and others. In order to avoid making mistakes again, he has to be more rigorous than before. I'm afraid your Highness thinks so as well."

Ratwidge stared at the wine in the silver wine glass with a pained expression.

Perhaps it's as Tallard said. Whether it is a whistleblower or the thoughts of the lords, if it is the result of Prince Germaine's overcorrection, it is not difficult to understand.

After drinking the remaining wine in the silver wine glass, Ratwidge sighed deeply.

"In short, we just have to win this war."

Tallard frowned in surprise. With a face like a gorilla, Ratwidge smiled in relief.

"Take victory to prove your innocence. After you become a king, you must be able to calm down again."

"Perhaps. But what I guess is not necessarily correct."

Tallard picked up the wine bottle and prepared to pour Ratwidge, but he solemnly refused. Although he felt as if he was lost in the thick fog when he left Germaine's city hall, he had already decided what he should do. All that is left is to move forward courageously towards the destination.

"Lord Tallard, let's change the topic. I have one thing I want to ask you."
Ratwidge explained in detail his plan to confront the enemy in the sea near the port city of Marie. Then, he plans to hand over command of ten of the warships to Tallard. This shocked Tallard.

"Ten ships is a bit too much."

"Your commanding ability is worthy of my assessment. I hope you will go to Marie immediately after dawn."

"No problem. By the way, the soldier's organization and the choice of weapons.... Can I decide by myself?"

No problem, Ratwidge replied. Tallard couldn't help but smile joyfully.

"Lord Ratwidge, I promise you that I will do my best to fight."
The two held each other's hands tightly. Later, Ratwidge left the mansion.

Outside Valverde's city walls, a light flickered.
The soldiers under Germaine and the Sachenstein army are not here. In order not to make the residents feel scared, they set up camp two Belustas (about two kilometers) away.
The lights are from a bonfire. Travelers who failed to reach the city before sunset could only raise a bonfire by the city gate and wait for dawn.

"Really... nothing good has happened since I came to this country..."

A traveler grumbled while biting on dried lamb. He is a young man about twenty years old. From the brown skin illuminated by the fire, it is not difficult to find out that he is a Muozinel. Although he was wearing a thick coat and a headscarf to cover his face, he did not do this to hide his identity, but because it was too cold.

"Are there No spicy tasty lamb? I cannot accept the appearance of eel. Even the ale here is so bitter. The worst of it is too cold here. Obviously autumn has just begun, there is our winter so cold ......"
People from Muozinel can't stand the cold. In order to capture slaves, Muozinel had repeatedly attacked Zhcted and Brune in neighboring countries, but they never had a record of attacking another country in winter. The reason is that the soldiers cannot stand the cold. With the alias of "Red Beard", the respected king's brother Kureys once jokingly said: "You can't fight in winter. After all, just a glass of warm wine can cause soldiers to rebel."

The man who murmured while burning the fire came to Asvarre because he had accepted Kureys's order. His name is Damad.

Damad came to Asvarre for the first time. And so far, he has no interest in this place. It is precisely because of this that Kureys told him to "go to Asvarre and observe it from an outsider's perspective, and then come back and report to me."

Even Princess Aisha, Damad's master, encouraged him with "This is the secret order of His Royal Highness." So he finally got interested in accepting the order and set off from Muozinel about two months ago. Damad drove his horse across the Kingdom of Brune from south to north, intending to go to Donis on the island of Asvarre.

However, Donis was under Lester's control at this time. Therefore, Damad prepared to change his itinerary to go to the capital of Colchester, but because of the dangers of the military and the complicated situation of the pirates, and the thick fog on the street, he gave up this idea and left Asvarre Island and crossed the ocean to the mainland.

Damad, who had heard about Germaine's fame on Asvarre Island, planned to go to Valverde after collecting information on several small towns and villages. In order to avoid Germaine, he moved cautiously due to the army's search, but he did not have time to catch the closing of the city gate.

"Although I saw all kinds of things during the trip, is this really fruitful..."

Thinking of the journey so far, Damad complained alone. The reason why he kept complaining was that besides forgetting the cold, there was another reason.
Turning his gaze to the city gate, a dozen piles with sharp pointed ends stood beside him. Viscount Osborne, his family members, and those who served his family were exposed to this place by being stabbed mercilessly by stakes. Even the hounds and horses were stabbed here, which can be said to be quite thorough.

According to the soldiers guarding the city gate, there were still a large number of crows gathering here until sunset. Although it is not clear in the dark night, their bodies must be covered with maggots now. In order to ignore this tragedy, Damad can only continue to think about other things.

"If winter comes, I will really freeze to death. Although it's almost time to go back... But I haven't got any results that can hold my head up..."

Also, it looks like a better expiration date. If you can't find it, you can only take the dried eel back as a local product. Although it feels like no matter what to bring back, the young princess will be very happy.

Suddenly, Damad put on a serious expression. He felt something approaching from the depths of darkness. The body that was trembling due to the cold, followed the master's will and placed it on a stand. As he grabbed the sword in his hand to get up, the sword had been pulled out of its sheath.

"—A thief?" he hurriedly shouted in Muozinel's language. After a breath interval, a knight came over.

Seeing the knight's figure illuminated by the campfire, Damad frowned. The knight's physique is quite satisfactory. As he was covered with armor, he couldn't tell whether he was a man or a woman. Although he didn't feel any hostility, he still couldn't care less with a sword full of ornaments hanging from his waist.

"What are you doing here?"

The knight's voice was a little low, and there was a strange local accent. He doesn't speak Asvarre.

"As you can see. Or do I look like I am tasting wine elegantly?"

"Camping beside a large number of corpses?"
"Bandits and beasts have a high probability of lurking in the dark. How can I say that the corpses are not will attack me."

This guy is very strong. Damad thought so while answering the question. There is no flaws just standing still. The sight from the slight gap under the helmet was even colder than the night wind.

Soon after, the knight turned his back to Damad.

"You don't seem to lie. Excuse me."

"Wait", Damad called the other party immediately.

"It's not up to the rules to answer by myself. It's so late, why are you here?"

The knight raised his right hand and pointed to the city gate.

"I'm here to inspect the city gates. I am a knight of Sachenstein, and I have to stay here for the time being."

Damad can't help but look bitter. Not only Brune and Zhcted, but also Sachenstein joined the country’s civil strife? It seems that the situation is really getting worse.

— That being said, our country should also be involved in other ways. After all, His Royal Highness' Brother also said that someone who knew the national conditions had already been sent to Asvarre... The knight's back disappeared into the darkness. Damad retracted the sword into its scabbard and sat on the ground.

What should he do? Does he continue to travel like this until you see the battle between the prince and the princess come to an end? Although this is also possible. But what does "what you see and hear" actually mean.

—I heard that several Muozinel merchants are stopping by Valverde. This is the news he got when he was collecting intelligence in small towns and villages. After all, this is a city where trade is popular. It is quite normal for merchants from other countries to open shops and live here. Moreover, Valverde is still Germaine's base. In order to avoid the spread of war, people who fled here should not be a minority.
Damad decided to talk to these businessmen before making a decision. At this moment, he realized one thing and couldn't help cursing "hateful".

"I should have asked the knight of Sachenstein to let me in."
Although it is very likely to be rejected, there is no loss in asking a few words. Unexpectedly, he could only continue to endure the cold here, and this also made his stomach full of fire.
The night is still long. Thinking of this, Damad sighed helplessly.

On the afternoon of the day after the celebration banquet, in a single room of a small wine shop, Tigre and Hamish had a good relationship with each other. On the table was a plate of stew made of iron broad beans and smoked herring.

Hamish is twenty-four years old this year. A tall man with a physique that fits the word stout. The most eye-catching is his left arm, which is twice as thick as his right arm. According to me, this is the product of long bow exercises.

"Despicable Germaine. It's not an exaggeration to cut him a thousand knives."
Grumblingly, he drank the ale in the pottery cup, and Hamish cursed rudely.

When King Zechariah was still healthy, Elliot often took the lower aristocrats of the same age and the sons of the lower aristocrats to the town for outings, and Hamish was also one of his playmates.

Hamish was not good at words and could not talk about many topics, but what was incredible was that Elliot liked and trusted him. Hamish swore allegiance to the young master. When Elliot and Zhcted came back from forming an alliance, Hamish, who learned the news, brought his favorite longbow and led the soldiers to rush over immediately.

Because of the close relationship between them, Elliot's death brought a considerable blow to Hamish. The celebration dinner last
night had also entertained him, but he did not show up until the end.

Some worried Tigre went to visit him and invited him to the tavern for a drink. The reason for preparing a single room is not only for the attention of Hamish, but also for talking about some topics that are inconvenient for others to hear.

Tigre felt guilty in his heart while listening to all kinds of curses at Germaine.

The reason why Tigre was able to stay calm and calm during the celebration banquet was because he didn't know the participants at all, and basically Mila and Sofy would greet them.

Hamish was a companion who fought side by side with him and attacked the Lower Baham Fortress. Tigre quite liked his straightforward character. The thought that he was cheating on him made Tigre nauseous.

——It would be nice to bring Raffinac.

The reason why Tigre did not let his older cronies follow him was that he also knew the truth about Elliot's death. Shouldn't let him bear this guilt with himself.

"Lord Hamish, what are your plans next?"

When he drank the third cup of ale, Tigre asked in as plain a tone as possible. There was a ray of rational light in Hamish's drunken eyes, his eyes wandering as if he was looking for answers.

"To be honest, I am also very confused. Of course, I am not without the mood to avenge your Highness against Germaine. It's just..."

His eyes fell to the bottom of the drinking pottery cup, and Hamish was lacking vitality. The voice continued.

"Even though they joined forces to attack Donis, for His Royal Highness Elliot, His Royal Highness Guinevere was once his own competitor. The relationship between the two is actually not very good. Even if this point is excluded, Her Royal Highness Guinevere doesn't seem to have plans to focus on the island like His Royal Highness Elliot."
Why, do you have to work hard for Guinevere? Even if she really wins this battle, it will not do us any good at all, will it? This question has been deeply buried in Hamish's heart.

Tigre could understand his mood. If you are in the same position, you will spend a few days thinking hard.

Tigre confirmed again in his mind, what he was going to say next.

—Mila told me Zhcted's current position, and on top of that, it was up to me to decide.

This is by no means something to say that he deceived Hamish. However, Tigre knew very well that he would definitely regret it if he did not say it.

"My personal--"

Tigre held the empty pottery cup with both hands while staring at Hamish.

"I hope I can fight in the same camp with Lord Hamish. This is undoubtedly my true desire. However, from my standpoint, I can't invite you."

It seems that I am not sure about Tigre. As the words meant, Hamish frowned. Even though he knew it was a single room, Tigre lowered his voice.

"For the Zhcteds, it is hoped that there will be a neutral target like Lord Hamish to stay on Asvarre Island. There are two reasons. First, when the power of Her Royal Highness Guinevere increases, it won't have much influence on the Zhcted's army."

The reason Guinevere relies on the military power of other countries is also that she has no military capital at all. Although a few lords finally chose to join her, she could not open the status quo on her own.

However, if the battle with Germaine succeeded repeatedly, the situation would be reversed. The lords who know the current affairs will definitely turn to support Guinevere. For Zhcted's army, although this can reduce the burden, Guinevere's right to speak
will also increase. To be honest, they hope this kind of thing can be stopped in moderation.
"...What about another reason?"
"Not all of the lords who followed Guinevere were those who swore allegiance to His Royal Highness. Some people reluctantly joined here because they did not want to follow Germaine. If they unite Opposing Her Royal Highness Guinevere is also very troublesome for the Zhcted."

Hearing Tigre's explanation, Hamish couldn't help laughing wryly.
"If that kind of coalition of lords is really formed, they will definitely give priority to their own interests than the will of Her Royal Highness Guinevere."

It's like there are several commanders with the same status in the same army. Hamish had witnessed the endless scenes of where to attack, how to deploy, how to fight, just arguing.
"I'm Zhcted's guest."

Tigre continued with a tight face.
"Basically, I will act in accordance with Zhcted's guidelines. —— There are many things that are hidden from you."

The room fell silent suddenly. This is what Tigre can do now. Based on the trust in Hamish, he racked his brains to come up with words.

While bearing the heavy load on his body, Tigre waited silently for Hamish's response. The rough long bowman's eyes looked directly at where Tigre was, but his eyes were not looking at the young man, but at other things.

After about thirty seconds passed, Hamish suddenly asked.
"Tigrevurmud, how old are you?"
"Seventeen."

Although confused by this abrupt question, Tigre answered honestly. Hamish sighed deeply. His pupils radiated as strong as an archer aiming at the prey.
"It seems that I have to be worried by a young man who is seven years old. I am not using it. Even if I am a friend who puts my heart on myself, I will have ten or twenty things to hide from them. Let alone. You were born in different countries, and the things you pursue and protect are different. I asked you to take pains for me, sorry."

"Ah, nothing like this..." When Tigre didn't know how to agree, he couldn't help being a little vague. Remarks. At this moment, he suddenly remembered something, so he asked Hamish.

"Yes, please I ask of you ...... do you know a person named Luo? He is settled in the continent's princes, lives near Valverde."

Before Tigre had finished speaking, Hamish was obviously a little embarrassed.

"I know. However, he shouldn't have joined Germaine's camp, he should remain neutral."

"According to Willchin, he is named among the powerful lords and knights in Germaine's camp. Willchin thought it was because he was going to fight with us, so Germaine once again lobbied to recruit the lords on the mainland. Our army's Sofy also said that Baron Bernard had said this to himself."

“That being the case, then surely he is, I know who Luo it. What do you want to ask? "

“Character and relationships now. Is it possible to convince him to join us......? "

Before Tigre finished speaking, Hamish shook his stout head.

"He is a straightforward and stubborn person. Since he has already followed Germaine, at least he won't change ownership until the end of this war. But, that's it..."

As if he caught some clue, Hamish stared straight at Tigre.

"Tigrevurmud. If His Royal Highness Guinevere allows, I want to follow His Royal Highness to the battlefield. Sorry, could you please help me convey it to Willchin?"
Tigre stared in surprise. Hamish. It was not until he calmed down that he asked him the reason.

"Have you had any history between you and Luo?"

"About ten years ago, my uncle was taken care of by lord Luo on the battlefield. To the uncle who wanted to repay this kindness, Lord Luo seemed to say that something happened to him in the future. , Please take care of my daughter too."

"How is your uncle now?"

Tigre asked cautiously, and Hamish shook his head again. It looks like his uncle has passed away.

"Good uncle with my relationship. Since Lord Luo choose to follow Germaine words....... Although unlikely to convince Lord Luo, but at least have to protect his daughter the job."

With a hesitant expression, Tigre stared at Hamish. Although he should have understood this a long time ago, this is the case with civil strife. The dear friends also fight each other.

Tigre thought about what words should be used to encourage Hamish, but he immediately gave up the idea. He can judge the situation more clearly than he is a foreigner. As a Brune, you should not interfere too much.

"Thank you for being willing to fight with me."

With a smile on his face, he said this short sentence, and Tigre reached out to Hamish.

Hamish also smiled and held Tigre's hand.

The two travelers were walking on the street of Donis, which was illuminated by the afternoon sun.

The two wore thick coats and hijabs to cover their faces. One of them carried a small leather bag on his shoulder, and a rapier hung from his belt. The other man carried a long-handled scythe on his shoulder. Although the curved blade has been wrapped in cloth, its shape is still unobstructed.
The dressing of the two is very eye-catching, but fortunately no one is paying attention to them now. After all, in the current Donis, all kinds of people from all over Asvarre Island gather here. The residents are only concerned about the movements of the Three Powers that set off from the town this morning.

The real face of the two is the war maiden of Zhcted.

"I also heard that there was a terrible battle here. I didn't expect it to be rebuilt so quickly."

Under the turban, looking at the street with an interesting sight, was a girl with a scythe on her shoulder. The name is Militsa Glinka, who just turned fifteen this year. Of course she carried her dragon gear on her shoulders.

"This level cannot be said to be rebuilt."

The girl who said this was a girl with a rapier on her belt. Her right eye is golden, but her left eye is actually blue. Because the colors on the left and right sides of the pupil are different, people often call her "different rainbow pupil".

She is Elizavetta Fomina. A Vanadis who has the nickname "Princess of the Thunder Swirl", is two years older than Militsa, and is seventeen years old this year.

"I visited this small town half a year ago. Whether it's the towering lighthouse or the street that is still full of vigor in the evening, it is full of some eye-catching sights. Come and see it again a year later. It will scare you."

After crossing the street, the two stopped, turned around and face each other at the end of the road.

"Militsa, thank you. Thank you very much. It takes ten days to reach a place by boat. It is really convenient to be able to shuttle in one day."

Militsa has a trick, which can move to other places in an instant. Dragon Skill. She used this power to come to this small town from the Principality of Lebus in Zhcted and takes Elizavetta as well.
"Please don't worry about it. I happen to have something to come to this country to deal with. By the way, why did Master Elizavetta come to Asvarre?"

In Militsa's impression, she should be appointed as Asvarre. The second formation of the Asvarre Expeditionary Force. At this time when winter is approaching, although it is difficult to leave her territory, it is still possible to stay in Lebus just in case, right?

"I can't tell you about this. Just like you can't tell me something."

Looking at Elizavetta who shrugged, Militsa nodded in agreement. She does have things that she don't want to be asked about. Since it is unclear whether she is a trustworthy person, it is impossible to tell her.

Elizavetta turned her back to Militsa waved gently.

"It seems that you are more worthy of my trust than Valentina. I will repay you for this kindness."

Ignoring the response, Elizavetta left here. While watching her back, Militsa wondered why other Vanadis had such a bad evaluation of her master.

"Okay, I should go now..."

First of all, I have to find out the location of the hotel. After all, I have to stay in this town for the time being to collect necessary information.

Toward the place where the sound was noisy, Militsa slowly took a step forward.
Chapter 2 – Valcerates (Valcerates)

This tri-nation coalition with Guinevere as the commander-in-chief is officially named "Valcerates". According to Guinevere, who is energetic and named after this, this seems to be the ancient Asvarre language. "The term is taken from the "Overlord of Land Conquest" led by Overlord Sephyria." She straightened her plump chest and talked freely.

The name can be officially recognized since most people feel that the name is not trivial in any way, so there is no denial or rebuttal. The only people who really agreed were Tigre and Roland. The soldiers of Asvarre, Zhcted, and Brune formed the shining army. The number of Asvarre soldiers is about four thousand, the number of Zhcted special soldiers is about one thousand nine hundred, and the number of Brune soldiers is about three thousand nine hundred, the total number is a little less than ten thousand.

The total number of warships is less than sixty. With this number of soldiers, the Shining Army set off from the port city of Donis. Today is seven days after the celebration dinner where Will served as the commander. By the way, compared with the time when they attacked Donis, the Asvarre soldiers had more than 70% new faces. Due to Guinevere's declaration at the celebration banquet, several lords headed by Earl Delaine chose to leave this camp. Only the volunteers are still staying in the port city of Donis.

From Asvarre Island to the mainland, it only takes one day by boat. However, the coalition army chose to sail safely at sea and arrived at Marieou's coast on the morning of the third day.

Defeat the enemy in this sea area, if possible, drive straight into the enemy's sphere of influence and build a bridgehead. This is the wishful thinking of the coalition army. If the Germaine army wins, they will certainly do the same. Taking advantage of the momentum to attack Donis, he took Donis as his own.

At this time, Germaine's fleet also spread along the shore. Its number is exactly one hundred and twenty. It is exactly twice as
much as the Glory overlord. The number of soldiers is also nearly 20,000.

One cannot help but feel that the victory or defeat was known long before the war started.

On the bow of the flagship of the Germaine Army, "The Dawsome", Caldart is listening to reports from soldiers deployed by the Reconnaissance Coalition Army.

Caldart is thirty-three years old this year. He has a well-trained body and well-defined features. Among them, the black eye mask worn on the left eye is the most impressive. Wearing a black-based blouse covered with gold silk satin, a scimitar hung around his waist. The left arm seemed to be unwilling, hanging weakly at the foot.

"That's it. Although there have been rumors...but, really is the red mist in command..."

In the depths of Caldart's remaining red pupils, a light of anger and joy is about to burst out. The left eye, which was lost five years ago, felt like an illusion.

"You can retreat."

Caldart noticed that the soldier's expression was a little stiff as soon as he spoke.

"Do you feel uneasy?"

"Absolutely, there is absolutely no such thing. After all, you are an "unsinkable man" as the commander of our army."

Hearing what the soldier said, the corner of Caldart's mouth rose slightly. To be honest, he doesn't really like this alias. However, the ship he was in did not sink even one. It seems that many people treat this as a good name just like the soldier in front of them. In that case, they only need to acquiesce in this matter. Caldart grinned out.
"You don't have to fool me. Red Mist is indeed a terrifying enemy. Nevertheless, you can rest assured. Because I will let you witness the scene where the guy loses the naval battle with your own eyes."

Caldart had no expression on his face. Shaken and confident, the soldier nodded vigorously. After a salute, he left.

After confirming that there were no others around, Caldart cleverly removed the blindfold with his right hand. Gently stroke the closed left eyelid. With his right eye, he stared at the enemy generals lurking in this sea area.

"For the past five years, I have prayed to the Knights of the Round Table every day... I look forward to the day when you and I will become enemies. The despicable man who brags about defeating Vanadis and thus robbing my father's reputation and my left eye. I have dreamed of sinking you several times so far. And today, I will make the dream come true."

After speaking of his anger, Caldart calmed down somewhat. The opponent is a famous naval general; it is quite dangerous to lose his mind to fight with it.

Suddenly, Caldart looked away and saw two men approaching here.

Both are tall and skinny. A black cloth wrapped the entire face except for the eyes and nose and was dressed in leather armor. A short knife hung around his waist.

"Are we going to fight too? Or, do we have a goal?"

One of the men whispered. Caldart shook his head.

"You should wait on this ship first. I'm afraid you don't need to play." The

Two were assassins hired by Germaine. Although the strength of the fighters should not be underestimated, what is most anticipated is the assassination skills of the two. Either assassinate the black knight or one of the Vanadis, Germaine ordered Caldart.

—Is your Highness's idea really correct.......

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Although Caldart has the confidence to command the fleet correctly, he is not so arrogant that he can defeat the black knight and vanadis who are known for their bravery with swordsmanship. If you have to knock them down, there is no way to resort to such methods.

— As long as I beat Val, there will be no problems.

As long as our army wins, the Brune army and the Zhcted army will abandon Guinevere. More importantly, Caldart did not want others to interfere in this battle with Will.

The cool breeze turned into cold wind blowing on the deck. The vast sea under the faint sky was stained with lead. Every soldier wore a fur coat. Some people even wear hats and scarves because their coats are not warm enough.

Tigre, Mila, and Sofy stood on the bow of Zhcted’s flagship "Dragon Flame". Like the soldiers, the three of them wore fur coats.

Mila and Sofy can use their respective dragon gears Lavias and Zaht to keep warm, but they still chose a coat to wear. The coat is quite thick, and it feels that even swords can't penetrate it.

"Obviously, it has been sunny until yesterday. It would be nice if the winner can be determined by yesterday."

Looking up at the gray sky, Mila complained. In addition, Tigre was staring nervously at the Germaine Army neatly arranged in the distance.

"Although I heard that there are more than one hundred enemy ships, it is amazing to see it with my own eyes..."

During this battle, ten Zhcted warships were deployed on the right flank. Twenty-five warships of the Brune Army under Roland's command are on the left flank, 17 warships of the Guinevere's Army under Will's command are in the center, and the remaining five warships of the Guinevere's Army are the last. The reserve forces are in the rear, and this is the formation of the coalition army.

There is only one large ship on the side of Guinevere's Army. This ship, known as the "Great Tortoise", is wider than other warships
and has a sleek and smooth shape. Several iron plates were placed where the enemy's attack angle might penetrate, and the oars extending from the belly of the ship totaled about a hundred on both sides. The action is quite slow.

The main task of this ship is to use its huge size and weight to defend and attack. Especially in the event of a collision, the ship colliding with it will be unable to fight due to violent shaking. Even if several enemy ships surround it, it has the destructive power of forcibly breaking through.

The Guinevere Army sent this ship to lead the battle, intending to use it to defend the position.

On the other hand, the Germaine Army deployed 50 warships in the center, and 20 warships on the left and right wings. It is said that there are still 20 warships on standby in the rear. According to the report of the investigation team, Will, the commander of Guinevere’s Army, estimated this number, and the captain of the Great Tortoise also said that "it seems to be about the same as estimated."

The two armies withdrew the sails together, and the battle was about to start.

—The commander of the enemy army is a man named Caldart. Even Lord Hamish said he was a powerful general.

Among the generals and knights who followed Germaine, Hamish had previously reminded Tigre of the most in need of vigilance.

One of them is Ratwidge, a man who can be called Germaine's right-hand man. He not only has excellent battlefield command ability, but he can do everything from managing the logistics department to negotiating with the princes. He is an almighty man.

The other was Caldart, who led this fleet of 120 warships. Hamish once said that he is a figure comparable to Will in terms of fleet command ability alone.

—There is a figure like Tallard.

Before he knew it, Tigre's expression gradually became serious.
The man Tallard once led three ships to appear in front of the Zhcted's army, shooting at Sofy with a bow and arrow. Although he was born as a fisherman, he has excellent commanding ability, leading hundreds of soldiers to make military exploits, and his career is smooth sailing. "In short, he is very good at fighting," this is Hamish's comment on him.

—Is there anything I can do on this battlefield?

While thinking about this, Mila, who was standing next to him, patted Tigre's shoulder gently.

"Calm down, Tigre. It's not about letting us fight all the enemy forces. Moreover, Red Mist's command ability is genuine. Of course, your archery skills are the same."

Tigre turned his head and looked back at the black bow behind him. Thanks to the training, he is now accustomed to the shaking of the ship, and even the sea breeze coming in can judge the wind direction by his feelings.

"Thank you, Mila. You are right. There are so many enemies, which means it is also a great opportunity to build a military exploit."

Thanks to his lover, Tigre picked up the black bow with his left hand and flicked the bowstring gently. The slight vibration from the fingertips made him quite satisfied. In this way, even dozens of arrows are no problem.

At this moment, with a "hey" sound, Sofy hugged Tigre from behind.

"What, what's wrong, Sofy!"

Because of this unprepared behavior, Tigre panicked. The pale blond hair rubbed his cheeks, and the breasts that still maintained the elasticity and tension through the coat pressed against him, making Tigre's cheeks flush. Sofy didn't mind it, and whispered softly in Tigre's ear.

"It's been so cold today since the morning. Now, Tigre. Let's warm up each other's bodies like this."

Sofy's arms around Tigre's neck gradually injected strength. The chest deformed further due to the pressure irritated his back,
making Tigre a little anxious. However, suddenly a force forcibly pulled her away from her.

"That’s enough, you two!"

Confused by Sofy's sudden action, Mila finally recovered and pulled Sofy away from the side. Unconcealed, staring at Sofy angrily.

"The enemy is currently approaching, quit joking around!"

"Ah ah la la, this is also fighting as a shield, you’re not an honest child today."

"What ...?"

Lavias, who was on her shoulders, exuded white light, and a cold wind blew wildly on Sofy's face. Sofy hurriedly left Tigre. This spear-shaped dragon gear has the power to manipulate cold air.

"It's too messy. Let me make it clear that I was not playing just now."

Sofy wiped her face with the cuffs of her coat, pursing her lips pretending. Despite pretending to be angry, it is not difficult to find from her expression and voice that she is not serious. Tigre stared at her incredulously. If the prank just now wasn't just a joke, could there be any deep meaning?

Noting Tigre's gaze, Sofy chuckled.

"You better prepare yourself. Although this is just a little suggestion of mine, it's better than nothing."

Unable to understand the meaning of her words, Mila couldn't help but frown. At this moment, a cold wind blew past, causing her to shrink her neck reflexively. Tigre looked at this scene, and the answer flashed through his mind.

"Did I pay attention to the enemy's equipment?"

"Yes. That's right."

The cold wind blowing on the sea must be quite severe for the Germaine soldiers. Presumably, they are also wearing fur coats, heavy clothes, and hats on their heads. In this case, Tigre, who uses a bow and arrow as a weapon, can only aim at the gap between his clothes.
—At such a distance, even I can't see Germaine's clothes clearly.

However, he can still rely on his imagination to judge. Moreover, this is exactly his most important weapon as a hunter.

"Thank you Sofy. It seems I'm really too nervous."

"It's great for me to help! But we should warm each other's bodies...."
Sofy secretly gave him a look, but Tigre didn't know how to react. Just as Mila raised her eyebrows to protest, the horn sounded. Immediately afterward, the sound of the Taiko drum that even the atmosphere vibrated.

"Go on, Tigre! Sofy!"

After quickly switching her expressions, Mila ran. She clenched Lavias with her right hand, and grabbed Tigre's arm with his left. Tigre was pulled over by her, and Sofy followed them behind with a smile.

After leaving the bow and returning to the deck, three men stood there waiting for Tigre. They are Raffinac, Tigre's confidant, Goruin who serves Mila, and Bonner, both the captain of the Luo Yan and the commander-in-chief of the ten Zhcted warships.

The three of them also wore fur coats, but Raffinac also put on a thick coat under the coat, and even a hat on top of his head. Goruin wears an iron helmet on his head and wears leather armor, while Bonner is wearing a black hat, red clothes, and walking on crutches. He looks the same as usual.

"Raffinac, can't you calm down?"

Tigre couldn't help laughing as he watched Raffinac biting the smoked eel with a bitter face.

On Asvarre's side, the eel's head is usually cut off before being smoked, and what Raffinac bites is the smoked eel that continues to be finely sliced. Tigre has also eaten it, using an excellent technique to adjust the proportion of salt and fat. Although it is smoked, it is very chewy, and it is very suitable for ale or fire wine.

"Young Master, when you see such an exaggerated army, no one can calm down."

Raffinac held the smoked eel while turning his gaze to the Germaine army in the distance. It turned out that he had also thought of going with himself, and just as Tigre was about to say something to encourage him, Goruin said.

"Presumably the other party thinks the same way. On our side, we have a Vanadis whom Zhcted is proud of, and Tigrevurmu who
defeated Lester. Your Royal Highness Raffinac, let us come and make good use of the prestige of these adults to intimidate the enemy."

Just by changing the words, the young knight managed to calm Raffinac down. With a stiff smile on his face, Raffinac thanked Goruin.

Bonner walked up to Mila and Sofy and saluted.

"Our army will maintain the current course and collide with the enemy's left-wing."

"Lord Will asked us to entangle the enemy until noon. Do you think it is feasible?"

Mila asked.

This morning, the Guinevere's Army in the center gave such instructions.

Based on the current position of the sun, it will take about a quarter of an hour until the time Will said.

"It just depends on how the enemy moves..."

Bonner continued in a cautious tone.

"When I left Donis again, I explained that warships' combat methods are roughly divided into two types. One is to hit the enemy ship at an angle of attack and make a hole in the belly of the enemy ship to sink it..."

The angle of attack is an armed weapon equipped under the bow. As the name suggests, it is a huge sharp horn that rises straight ahead. Most warships also sharpen the angle of attack and use metal to reinforce the toughness of the log. As long as a ship equipped with a horn of attack can hit an enemy ship from the front, it can easily pierce the belly of the enemy ship, allowing seawater to penetrate into the enemy ship and sink it.

Bonner went on to explain,

"The second is to use ladders, planks, ropes and other tools to move and use hand-to-hand combat to suppress enemy ships. Although
the former is the mainstream of naval warfare, our army will use the latter to suppress the enemy."

"It's up to Mila and I to get on the enemy ship and make a fuss. This is the core of this strategy."

Holding her Staff-shaped dragon, Sofy smiled happily. In this battle, she and Mila fought as a fighter, not as a commander. The intention of this is to defeat the morale of the enemy army with overwhelming strength. Delay the enemy's actions in exchange for time.

"Yes. Presumably, the enemy will act in the former way. Since there are multiple ships, they will still have the advantage even if one is changed. In short, I will be responsible for the command, please rest assured."

After bowing his head to thank him, Tigre immediately looked around.

On the deck, the soldiers of Zhcted had already waited seriously. They hold either bows and arrows or a huge shield, with a short knife hanging from their waists. Some are chatting and laughing with others, while others are staring straight at the sea. There are even people who bite smoked eels like Raffinac.

The horn sounded. They shocked all of a sudden and walked to the edge of the ship to line up. Tigre and his party looked at them, nodded to each other, and joined the queue. Tigre and Raffinac stood at the portside corner, near the bow. Raffinac prepared a huge shield in order to protect himself and Tigre.

Mila and Sofy are located near the starboard bow. Goruin stood by Mila and Sofy. Several crewmembers followed Bonner, standing at a distance from the soldiers.

"Those guys are starting to act."

The soldier beside him muttered to himself. Tigre and Raffinac looked south.

Germaine's army braved the wind and waves and began to move forward.
The sound of breaking waves hitting the ship seemed like a horn of war.

The Zhcted lined up ten warships vertically. As the flagship Dragon Flame, it was in the forefront to withstand the first wave of enemy attacks. Although this is risky, considering that Mila and Sofy have to get on the enemy ship, it is better to take the lead. The scene of the two war heroes taking the lead will increase the morale of the soldiers.

With the arrow hitting the black bow, Tigre watched the approaching Germaine's left wing.

Fifteen warships stayed where they were, and the other ten rushed up here. Arrange in a column, narrowing the distance with the shortest straight line. Seeing the weapon similar to the angle of attack under the bow, as Bonner expected, they intend to use the frontal impact to sink our army.

"The enemy's speed is so fast."

"By the way, the captain seems to have said it. There is an ocean current from south to north around here."

Tigre recalled the conversation with Bonner during breakfast this morning. Like tidal changes, ocean currents are said to be formed by the convergence of countless constantly changing torrents. To be honest, Tigre did not understand its principle structure either.

"The current? What is that?"

"Actually, I don't know it very well, but you can think of this area as a wide river. The enemy is in the upper reaches, and our army is in the lower."

"...also In other words, the enemy is able to take advantage of the situation, but our army has to go upstream, don't you mean?"

Raffinac frowned. During their conversation, the distance between the two armies shortened considerably. Tigre, who stood on the
bow and looked at the enemy ship. He couldn't help but widen his eyes.

The port side of the enemy ship was full of soldiers. On the other hand, there were no soldiers on the starboard side of the enemy ship.

—What does this mean?

His question was answered immediately. The enemy ship did not choose to directly ram into it, but slightly changed its course and moved towards the left side of the Dragon Flame. Seeing this, Tigre and the others couldn't help taking a breath.

On the port side of the enemy ship, the archers lined up in three rows in an orderly manner. There are about fifty or sixty people in a row. In order not to block the sight of the back row, they even divided into three rows.

"Raise the shield!"

Tigre shouted loudly, lying on the ground. Boom, the sound of Taiko drum came into his ears.

Immediately afterward, a large number of arrows flew from the ship of the Germaine Army. Countless arrows shot onto the Dragon Flame in a parabolic shape. The screams of the special soldiers of Zhcted came and went.

Not long after, the second wave of arrows came over. They shot down several soldiers who had stood up to fight back.

They loosen the bowstrings together, and the third wave of arrow feathers gallops through the sea breeze. A black shadow was formed on the sea, and a rain of arrows filled with killing intent fell from the sky. Several arrows shot into the deck, and the soldiers suffering from the rain of arrows huddled to the ground in pain. There is no room for counterattack.

Moreover, this is far from over. During the period when the soldiers in the second row and the third row were shooting arrows, the soldiers in the first row put new arrows on the strings. The Taiko drum sounded again.

—This tactic is amazing.
While being guarded by Raffinac, Tigre sighed with grief and indignation.

It is for this battle that the enemy forces gathered soldiers on the left string. In order to prevent the warship from overturning, they must put many heavy objects on the starboard side. Use the continuous arrow rain to seal our army's actions for consumption, and then let the standby warships attack them.

With the Zhcteds unable to move, the leading enemy ship passed the left side of the Dragon Flame. Immediately afterwards, the enemy's second ship also shot a large number of arrows. The Zhcteds had to raise their shields against the rain of arrows.

"Young Master, what should I do! I will be helpless if this goes on!"

Raffinac said anxiously. On the surface of the shield he held with both hands, there were already more than twenty arrows stuck in it. Several of them pierced through the shield, and arrows were even visible from the inside.

"I know!"

Tigre then got up. Of course, not really standing up. He squatted down as much as possible, leaning against the edge of the boat, showing half of his face. As another wave of arrows came, he hurriedly curled his neck.

—if this goes on, it will not even be possible to warn the friendly forces behind.

Looking at the Dragon Flame, which was unilaterally attacked by Arrow Rain, can other warships really understand the situation? Although strengthening the defense is a good thing, if you regard this as a pure archery battle, they will undoubtedly be defeated unilaterally. The density of arrows is not in the same grade at all. No matter which ship, there are not so many archers on board.

-What should I do? There must be something I can do.

Mila and Sofy could not leave starboard since the enemy is very likely to also attack there. Bonner is in the center, and like Mila and the others, they cannot leave their posts.
—*If you continue to maintain it, perhaps His Royal Highness Bonner or Mila and the others can find a way to open the situation, but...*

That would be too useless. Even if it is for them, he has to think of something.

—*After all, I am the guest of Ludmila Lourie.*

Once again, Tigre peeked out from the side of the ship to observe the enemy ship. Raffinac hurriedly raised his shield. The sound of the arrow slamming was endless, and it hit the tympanic membrane. Tigre gritted his teeth and stared intently while wiping the sweat out with his palms.

Surprised, Tigre opened his eyes wide. He almost yelled for it. Standing on the enemy ship was the youth he had seen. He has short blond hair, a bow and arrow on his back, and a machete on his left waist.

—*Tallard...!*

The bold man approached the Zhcted army from the front and shot at Vanadis with an arrow. Could it be that he came up with this tactic?

"—Thanks to you, I finally thought of what I should do."

A smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, and Tigre reached out and touched the quiver hanging around his waist.

It doesn't make sense to fight back now. The goal is the next ship.

The enemy's second ship passed on the left side of the Dragon Flame. Immediately afterward, the third ship gradually approached.

Taking off his coat, Tigre stood up. Raise the black bow, hit the arrow, and pull the bowstring firmly.

Although the soldiers on the third ship also tightened their bowstrings, they had not yet come over.

—*Because I can't shoot at this distance.*

The flying distance of the bows and arrows shot by them was only one hundred and eighty arcs (about one hundred and eighty
Tigre believes that a ship with close to two hundred archers can achieve this kind of performance.

Aim for a good target. Tigre shot the arrow flatly and without thinking.

Not affected by the wind, the arrow dashed away in a big curve and shot into the Germaine army's warship. Although he did not hear any screams, Tigre calmly confirmed whether the target he was aiming at was knocked down.

Tigre faced the soldiers of Zhcted. He took a light breath and shouted.

"Counter-attack! Raise a bow and shoot an arrow!"

Zhcted's soldiers looked at Tigre in astonishment. The gaze was filled with a sense of astonishment based on how the few of us would launch a counterattack, but there were still a few people who slowly stood up, raising bows and arrows. Because Tigre's voice and expression were full of unshakable self-confidence, they moved them.

The third ship of the Germaine Army was about to reach its firing range.

Tigre shouted as he put the new arrow on the black bow.

"Archery!"

Both the Zhcted and Germaine forces shot arrows at the same time, building a black rainbow full of hostility between the two ships. The rainbow disappeared, and the rain of arrows hit both camps at the same time.

The arrow hit the shield, pierced the fur coat, and wailed. The side that was hit hard was the Germaine Army. Observing the reaction of the enemy ship, Tigre ordered the Zhcted forces to attack again. The soldiers shouted for response. Raffinac, who finally recovered, asked Tigre the reason.

"Young Master, what did you do?"

"It's not a big deal. It's just that you shot the Commander down."
Tigre replied while staring at the enemy ship, Raffinac tilted his head and wondered, "Commander?"

"The enemy troops lined up in three rows along the port side and shot arrows in order. It would be impossible to do this without a commander. I am afraid that the big taiko drum sound before they shoot the arrows is the signal."

"...That's why the young master passed the three hundred Alshins and aimed at someone who looks like a commander?"

Tigre nodded as he looked at Raffinac who asked in a low voice. "Well. It's great to be able to knock down in one shot."

Thanks to Sofy. Tigre said silently in his heart. It is precisely because of the dialogue with her that he can imagine the enemy's action pattern and pay attention to details to respond.

"No wonder they were in chaos. They would never have thought that one of the enemies could do such a thing..."

Raffinac sighed deeply when he called his master "doing something very ridiculous."

The Zhcteds shot a rain of arrows. Although the Germaine Army was also planning to fight, their actions were out of order and were defeated by the Zhcted troops who were pursuing them.

Just as the enemy was about to be wiped out, the third ship left here. Tigre and Raffinac first confirmed the soldiers' condition. Fortunately, not many people were seriously injured. Tigre ordered these people to be transported to the starboard side while killing the commander of the fourth ship that was approaching.

"Since the formation can't be broken, didn't you stop to observe the situation..."

The ten enemy ships approaching here were moving in a row at a constant speed. If the fourth ship brakes urgently, a warship behind will hit it. Alternatively, if it stops advancing, it will let the enemy see its flaws. Therefore, even if they noticed the strangeness of the third ship, they could only move on. This is just right for
Tigre. After all, the enemy has an advantage in numbers, so you have to seize the opportunity to take advantage of the victory.

Immediately afterwards, the Zhcteds continued to attack the subsequent enemy ships, and then the seventh to ninth three ships chose to distance themselves from the Zhcteds. It seems that he was observing the situation, and he didn't even shoot the arrow.

However, the last ship chose Dragon Flame to launch an assault. Of course, the bow is equipped with angles of attack.

Tigre looked back at Bonner. The old captain also looked here. As if saying that everything was left to me, Bonner nodded slowly. Tigre also responded with a kind smile full of trust.

The enemy ship approached quickly. The distance between the enemy and ourselves was immediately reduced to less than 300 Alshin.

Bonner calmly calmed down and ordered the crew to retreat the Dragon Flame. Afterward, flames were spit out from the dragon's mouth hanging on the bow.

It's unclear if it was because of being scared by the flames, the enemy ship's course had been slightly adjusted. The target changed from the belly of the Dragon Flame to dozens of oars protruding from the left string. If the oars on the port side were destroyed, the Dragon Flame would be immobile.

The enemy ship bravely braved the wind and waves. The rowers of the Dragon Flame yelled like an angry horn. Pull back the oar on the port side together and put it in the cabin.

Bonner had predicted that the enemy's goal would be the oars. The enemy ship's angle of attack eventually only hit the waves.

The Zhcteds also greeted the enemy ship with a rain of arrows.

Standing at the stern of his own house, Tallard looked at his companion's warship in astonishment. Almost all the ships that followed them were severely hit by the Zhcteds.

"What the hell is going on...?"
An endless rain of arrows composed of three rows of archers. This tactic has won countless victories for him. Although some enemies tried to counterattack, no one could take a unified action in the rain of arrows. So far, there has been no such serious injury.

—*Are all the third to sixth ships killed? What happened? The seventh, eighth, and ninth ships seem to plan to act cautiously... How is the tenth ship?*

It is impossible to see a more detailed situation from here.

—*Is it only the first ship that hit the Zhcteds, and the second ship I boarded?*

After getting enough distance from the Zhcteds, Tallard ordered the ship to turn around, draw an arc on the sea, and return to the friendly army on standby. Fortunately, the Zhcteds did not launch a pursuit.

Put down several small boats to contact other ships to confirm the current situation. Among the ten ships under his command, more than half were shot by random arrows, and the number of casualties was quite tragic.

"This can't be described as severe damage..."

Tallard sighed greatly and scratched his short blond hair. I was dumbfounded because of the blow.

"Although there are two war maidens who are on the opposite side, but I didn't expect that this tactic I had been thinking about for a long time was of no use."

Before the war, he was so confident that it was a problem....

Soon after, the crewmembers who came back from the five badly damaged ships began to report the situation. Listening to their report, Tallard couldn't help but doubt his ears. All four people except one said the same thing.

"Before reaching the firing range, the commander was shot down," they replied.
Tallard only replied "This is it" and listened to other information such as casualties, etc., and then issued an order to evacuate them back. After speaking, let them return to their respective boats.

Tallard walked to the bow. Staring at the Zhcteds neatly arranged hundreds of alshins away from here.

—Is it possible?

Verify the crew report in your head. Longbow masters may have shot arrows from a distance. However, the ship was shaking and the sea breeze was blowing. The commander wore a hat and a coat. In this case, is it possible to kill with one arrow?

One ship can be explained as such, but now it is four. The other party must have deliberately targeted it.

"Who can do such a thing..."

Just as Tallard gritted his teeth with anger, a young man suddenly appeared in his mind. The young man grabbed the arrow that Tallard had shot at Vanadis with his bare hands, shot at the men hiding in the shadows, and successfully hit him.

It must be that person. Tallard concluded. Although there was no evidence, he couldn't think of anyone else who could do it.

"I remember his name is Tigre.... By the way, it is TigrevurmuVorn. That guy seems to be very close to Vanadis."

Tallard stared at Zhcted with a tight face. In the clear blue pupil, there is a domineering wave.

This result was caused by his own omission. It was precisely because he was thinking about how to deal with the Vanadis that he defeated out on the water. The next time there was a fight, Tigre had to be included in the calculation.

"However, I don't know if it's next time..."

Tallard's line of affairs turned to the south. The ten warships under his leadership are not the full combat power of the Germaine Army's left wing. The remaining fifteen warships should soon be used as the second battle to attack the Zhcted.
After giving the soldiers and crew's treatment to Bonner, Tigre, Mila, and Sofy came to the bow together.

"I'm afraid the offensive is not over yet..."

Tigre sighed with fatigue. Germaine's warships lined up towards this side. Although it is impossible to grasp the exact number, it is determined to be more than ten.

"I will handle those guys. I'll leave it to you two here. I almost figure out what the naval battle is going on."

Mila's face showed a warlike smile. Tigre looked at her worriedly. Is it possible that she intends to board the enemy ship? Nevertheless, the number of enemies is too much. Is she too reluctant to be alone?

"It's okay."

In order to make the yearning person feel at ease, Mila smiled, and then asked Tigre and Sofy to leave the bow. Sofy seemed to trust Mila's strength and smiled and encouraged "Come on."

Mila stared intently at the approaching enemy ship. The sea breeze moved the hair. The waves hit the dragon's head and turned into drizzle raindrops on her head. Nevertheless, Mila remained unmoved.

—I have seen Tigre's active performance.

As Donis said, Tigre's growth rate is impressive. Because of this, he wanted to be the existence that he wanted to accompany him.

The enemy ship rushed straight up. It seems that he intends to sink the ship even if both lose out. Mila first gave a sneer, and then inserted Lavias on the deck. In response to the user's will, the ruby in the center of the spear tip shines brightly.

In the next moment, the angle of attack under the bow of the Dragon Flame changed. The angle of attack froze from the bottom and was wrapped in a thin layer of ice at an astonishing speed. In an instant, a thick and long ice spear grew out of the angle of attack. The width of the angle of attack is doubled along with the length.
The Germaine soldiers stared at the scene in amazement. Although the captain was bewildered in ordering the crew to change course, Mila was a dragon that was liberated after fully tempting them. It is impossible to have time.

The ice spear penetrated the enemy ship. Dozens of screams came and went one after another, overshadowing the noisy crash.

"Retreat quickly!"

Mila shouted. Not long after, the Dragon Flame began to withdraw. On the way, the ice spear broke apart, leaving only the ice attached to it on the belly of the enemy ship. Soon after, seawater began to pour into the hole in the belly of the ship.

The ice spear was not broken by accident. It was Mila who ordered Lavias to cut off to make it difficult for them to block the hole.

Mila diverted her attention. On the right, two enemy ships are approaching here. That was so, Mila felt admired. If it took too long to deal with the ship just now, the two ships will be attacked from both sides. The enemy is by no means reckless.

— But you shouldn’t think about it first, why did we let the flagship take the lead?

Inhale gently and exhale. Give orders to Lavias again.

Then, a dull voice sounded. The two enemy ships tilted sharply. Then, on the sea next to them, at a loss, a huge block of ice revealed the tip of the iceberg.

Of course, this is what Mila did. Relying on the power of Lavias, two icebergs were generated from the bottom of the enemy ship. The iceberg is half the size of a warship.

Although the Germaine Army avoided the capsizing of the warship, they were still shaken by the sudden appearance of the iceberg, and command errors occurred. As literally, the chaotic oars got tangled together and eventually collided. Dozens of oars played a piercing symphony, and then broke one by one and turned into countless wrecks floating on the sea. Unable to move, they had to wait for the friendly army to rescue them.
Cheers obscured the deck of the Dragon Flame, and not only Tigre, but also Sofy and Bonner stared at Mila's back in amazement. In such a short period of time, The Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave successfully repelled three enemy ships.

Mila didn't show pride, but looked around calmly. Her gaze finally stopped on an enemy ship observing the situation here. They were within the range of the archers. However, they hadn't been relieved from the miserable defeat of the friendly army and had no idea of attacking.

"—I Failed."

Mila muttered in a low voice with the expression and tone of the executed man. Detecting the distance between the enemy ship and holding Lavias firmly, stepped back about ten steps. A layer of white and shiny cold air wrapped her whole body.

A cold air burst upwards from under Mila's feet, forming a smooth ice path on the deck. It wasn't until the edge of the ship that the ice channel bends upwards violently, extending above the sea surface before stopping.

At the same time, Mila's army boots were also covered with a thin layer of ice. Leaning forward, she moved forward gracefully. Accompanied by a crisp sound, the ice boots glide steadily on the thin ice. Mila slowly speeded up calmly. Because she is quite clear, she must not hesitate or show mercy.

The enemy is within reach and has no plans to approach the Dragon Flame. Even if they changed their minds temporarily, Tigre and Sofy were still on this ship. In addition, so is Bonner. There must be no problem.

Mila, who jumped out of the ice path at an amazing speed, danced in the air while bathing in the sea breeze. Tigre and others, as well as Germaine's soldiers, looked up at her in amazement. There were noisy noises from both ships at the same time.

The distance from the enemy ship was more than a hundred arcs. Although Mila's jump was amazing, she didn't even jump half the distance. Of course, Mila knew this very well in her heart.
"—Lavias!"

She called the dragon gear in her hand. A point on the sea surface was blown away by the cold wind from the center, and an ice spire grew along with fierce waves. This is not a steeple standing vertically, but a steep slope.

Mila landed to the top of the spire, and then skated on the ice again. Just before falling into the sea, step on the minaret. With a chill, Mila jumped into the air again.

This jump successfully jumped onto the enemy ship. After landing on the enemy ship with a roar and sliding a certain distance on the deck in an arc-shaped curve, Mila finally stopped. Germaine's soldiers were speechless, staring at this absurd intruder. Because everything that happened before them was out of thought, they didn't know what to do and stood still.

Mila gently pushed away the messy bangs and raised her spear. Michelia's fighting spirit flashed in the green pupils.

"—Bring your horse here, Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave of Zhcted, I came here to teach you a lesson."

Upon hearing this provocation, Germaine's soldiers finally recovered. They surrounded Mila, fiercely waving the sword and ax in their hands and attacking Mila.

After a white flash, red blood was floating in the sky. The Germaine soldier who was about to slash at Mila had his forehead cut open and fell on the deck. Mila fired several shots in succession, and three more enemy soldiers spewed blood and fell. Seeing this extraordinary skill, Germaine's soldiers stopped. Although they have an overwhelming advantage in numbers, even if they bravely launch an assault, they will be killed.

At this moment, one of the soldiers threw the ax at Mila. At almost the same time, the soldiers behind Mila roared and slashed at Mila.

Mila remained unmoved. First hit the flying ax back, and then, without looking back, slide the handle of the spear back. A stick pierced the abdomen of the soldier approaching him. The careless
soldier was knocked into the air by Mila and fell on the deck. Rolled his eyes and fainted.
"Tell you good news. I won't chase into the sea."
Hearing these words, several soldiers looked towards the sea. If you jump in, you will be saved.
"Don't just listen to that guy!"
A man with the style of a captain roared.
"She just said that she was Zhcted's Vanadis! Did you forget, her first level is worth 100,000 gold coins!"
Mila couldn't help but look at the Germaine soldier. It can be said that it is quite courageous to be able to reprimand and encourage others in this situation. Compared to other people, he must be defeated first.
Mila kicked the deck and rushed up. The tip of Lavias' spear cut through the atmosphere and pierced the throats of two Germaine soldiers. Ignoring the enemies who fell to the ground, Mila stared at the man with the captain's style. She used a sharp stab at the man and then dried the blood sticking to the tip of the spear. At this time, there was a new corpse on the deck.
The following battle can be said to be one-sided. Although the saying goes that outnumbered, Mila alone suppressed the soldiers. Germaine's soldiers divided into groups of four or five to attack Mila, but none of them could touch Mila with their blades.
Mila waved Lavias without hesitation, and accompanied by a rain of blood on the deck, killing the soldiers one by one. Cut their heads through the throat, and sometimes knock them down with a long handle.
In fact, Mila deliberately showed her brave and combative side here. One of the reasons is that deepening their impression of Vanadis's strength here will help future battles. They actually used the peculiar power of manipulating ice to defeat our army, which they had never expected. In addition, it is necessary to let the companions see that he is not just a person who abuses the power of dragons.
Soon after, the Dragon Flame came to rescue. The Zhcted soldiers headed by Tigre gathered at the bow and shot arrows at the Germaine soldiers. In the end, their morale fell to the bottom, throwing away their weapons one by one and jumping into the sea. As declared, Mila did not continue to pursue them.

The Brune army, who was in charge of the brilliant left-wing task of the overlord army, was played by the right wing of the Germaine army just before the battle.

However, this is not to say how hard they were hit. In fact, they haven't started war at all. For Roland, who commanded the Brune army, the enemy's actions can be summed up as "very annoying." As soon as the right wing of the Germaine Army approaches the Brune Army, they will use "monkeys who can't even use bows and arrows", "wine madman who puts the wine barrel by the bed", and "your mother's crotch." It's as stinky as moldy cheese" and so on to provoke them.

However, when the Brune army was preparing to attack, they retreated urgently, and when the Brune army didn't want to chase, they returned and approached them again. By the way, the wines and cheeses produced by Brune are actually highly praised by neighboring countries.

Standing on the bow of the Brune Army's flagship "Joyful Light", Roland sighed unhappily. Although Brune's knights and soldiers wore fur coats, he was wearing black armor and carrying the sword of invincibility [Durandal] as if he did not fear the cold at all.

"It's really an annoying group of guys. Obviously we have an advantage in numbers, but they challenge us face-to-face regardless of the uprightness."

"Clearly knowing that we have a black knight sitting in front of us and daring to come over is quite courageous in my opinion. If it was me I would just find some excuses to fool around and ran away."
The man who was joking next to Roland was Oliver, the deputy commander of the Knights of Navarre. The two have a long friendship, and they regard each other as unique friends.

After tidying the skirt of the fur coat over the armor and looking up at the gray sky, Olivier continued.

"Isn't it right for the opponent to avoid fighting because of fear of you? We have to wait for a while until the sun rises to mid-air."

If you enter a hand-to-hand battle, soldiers will inevitably suffer casualties. Roland said bitterly.

"Personally, I don't want the soldiers to die for nothing. However, I just don't like them. Moreover, the slander they deliberately used to provoke us makes me very uncomfortable."

"This is what it is. The commander of our knights. The knights and soldiers who have just been to the deck have the same thoughts as you. They also said that they want to scold them back."

Roland frowned as he looked at Olivier's expression with a little joy. . Although he was not interested in this kind of thing, the soldiers still had to listen to their demands.

"How is it?"

"That Longbow fool, he smells ale even when he breathes, eat your smoked herring, the barbarians who speak with a local accent, your wife likes eels more than you... Generally speaking."

Roland couldn't help feeling a headache. It's simply children quarreling. No, even the children speak more decently than they do.

"Go tell them to vent their anger in the fight."

"Oh..."

Oliver narrowed his eyes. A fearless fighting spirit overflowed his face.

"Are you ready to return the color?"

Roland nodded, and then looked away.
To the west, the Guinevere's Army is fighting the Germaine's central team in a death fight. In the face of nearly three times the number of opponents, the Guinevere's Army managed to withstand the pressure.

"The distance is widened again."

At the time of the war, the Brune army had not been so far from the Guinevere's Army. After repeated provocations, the right wing of the Germaine Army successfully induced the Brune Army to leave the Guinevere's army. Although Roland and the others also tried to get our army back to its original post, Germaine's right wing did not tire of provocation.

"Those guys probably want to use this to isolate the connection between our army and your Royal Highness's army, and then break them separately."

Although the method is very irritating, but even if it has the advantage of numbers, it is still not anxious and adopts this kind of rock solid the tactics are quite impressive.

"However, this farce should also be over. Just take advantage of your remaining freedom now."

Roland said with a grudge all over his body, and then Olivier sneered.

"It's almost time. If you act now, it looks like you are going to rescue the princess's army."

"Then, let the rowers work harder. The whole army heads west. The enemy might think that provocation is useful. Hurry up and catch up with our army. Then take the opportunity to defeat them."

Upon receiving Roland's order, the 25 warships of the Brune Army began to move. Very different from the time when they planned to return to their posts so far, the Brune forces drastically changed the direction of their navigation, breaking the waves and heading west.

This action immediately caused the Germaine Army's right wing to panic. Just as Roland had imagined, their duty was to contain the
Brune Army's actions, and it would be troublesome to let Roland and others run to the central battlefield. So they hurried to catch up with the Brune army. The sea is rough, and several white tracks are depicted. The roars, shouts, and insults of Brune and Asvarre were mixed, and a corner of the sea suddenly became restless.

Suddenly, the Brune army stopped advancing. Turning back together, they drove straight to the right flank of the Germaine Army chasing him. Accompanied by the sound of anger, it attacked like a ferocious beast.

Germaine's right wing was shocked and immediately understood that this was a trap. The Brune army pretended to help the Guinevere’s Army, in order to get them to the bait. Even if you want to get a distance, you cannot do it because you chased too tightly. Even the queue is in a mess. Even so, they still mustered up the courage to prepare to meet the Brune army.

The town was headed by the Joyful Light, and the Brune warships with horns rammed one after another.

The sound of the collision between the galleys is as loud as the falling thunder that penetrates the huge rock. The chorus of wailing sounds one after another. On the ship whose belly was pierced, the soldiers and crew hurriedly ran around, throwing the small boats on board into the sea.

The pierced ship has already lost its skills. Even if they wanted to block the entrance of the cave, the inaccessible seawater made it impossible for them to approach the entrance. At this point, the soldiers and the crew had to jump into the sea vying. Both on the sea and on the ship became purgatory on earth.

The warship that was damaged by the attack did not raise the white flag and surrender. The enemy is right in front of my own eyes. In order to get to the enemy ship, the sides of each other's warships clashed at the same time.

The hostility rose rapidly in the body, and the soldiers of the two armies roared like wild animals. Both the Brune army and the Germaine army set up ladders and planks to bravely board the
enemy ship. Following the collision of warships, humans collided with each other.

Swing the blade, swing down the axe, and collide with each other with shields. The sprayed blood dyed red armor and red ladders, and even the sea surface was dyed crimson black for a moment. The insults in Brune and Asvarre were flying all over the sky, and both the listeners and the shouters became emotional.

Those who lost their balance after exerting too much force and those who were seriously injured and unable to stand up fell into the sea one after another. Others choose to grab the enemy and fall into the sea together.

In the battlefield where anger and screams were mixed, Roland's terrifying fighting style was especially noticeable. Durandal in his hand uttered low noises, chopped off the heads of the Germaine soldiers together with their helmets, or cut off their bodies together with their armor, and the enemy could only spray blood while falling into the sea.

Roland stepped forward as he flicked the blade, avoided Liu Shi, and threw the axe with the sword stall. Every step forward, one or two Germaine soldiers were cut down. People can't help but feel that the only way to survive is to jump into the sea before Durandal arrives.

Then, Olivier made full use of Roland's bravery and skill, far beyond ordinary people.

After Roland boarded the enemy ship and killed twelve or thirteen Germaine's soldiers, completely wiped out the enemy's fighting will, and then Olivier called him back to the Joyful Light. Then, when the Joyful Light found a new prey and ran into it, she put up a ladder and sent Roland up. After Roland left the enemy ship, he sent Brune's knights and soldiers up to clean up the Germaine soldiers in one fell swoop.

Although the black knight is no longer in front of them, it is impossible for them to forget their fear and maintain their high fighting spirit. Germaine couldn't even prepare for battle, and was pressed by the Brune army.
After making the four enemy ships unable to move in this way, the remaining enemy ships finally began to distance themselves from the Brune army. At the time of the collision, eight enemy ships sank because of the collision, and Germaine lost nearly half of its combat power due to the army's right wing. On the other hand, the Brune army also sank a warship.

"What to do? Do you want to chase it?"

Roland asked Olivier on the bow of the Joyful Light. Although the black armor was stained red by the enemy's blood, the invincible sword was incredibly free of blood and fat. However, the user's face still showed a tired look.

"Leave them alone. Take this opportunity to let the soldiers and the rowers take a break."

Olivier answered in this way, also with messy hair and tired face. Although he did not personally end up fighting with the enemy soldiers, he always fought on the bow of the Joyful Light to observe the changes in the battle. As far as mental consumption is concerned, it is probably even bigger than Roland is.

"Moreover, the time is coming soon."

Hearing Olivier's words, Roland raised his head and looked at the gray sky.

The sun will soon rise to the mid-heaven position.

In the central battlefield, the Germaine Army gained an advantage. On the Germaine's side, not even a single ship was sunk. Compared with this, Guinevere's army had already sunk three ships. On the sea, Guinevere's soldiers wailed repeatedly, their faces floating in the waves with iron.

The reason why the morale of the Germaine army is so high is that they succeeded in making the leading turtle immobile in the early stages of the war.
Caldart, the commander of the Germaine Army, noticed that the opponent was planning to use the Turtle as a protective barrier, and ordered a fierce attack on Guinevere's army. In the form of three ships against one, use the angle of attack to sink the enemy ship, use the sea current to launch an assault and quickly approach the enemy ship, let a whole group of soldiers board the enemy ship, and use various tactics to force them to retreat.

In this way, the slow-moving Big Tortoise was isolated, and then the oars on the right were destroyed one by one with the angle of attack. Although the Big Tortoise intended to use the oar on the left to keep away from the Germaine Army, it happened to be caught in Caldart's trap. The big tortoise that drew an arc curve just ran aground. Caldart had already known the existence of the shallows in advance, so he deliberately induced the action of the Great Tortoise.

"The coast of Marie Ou is our sphere of influence. We know exactly what kind of terrain this place has."

Guinevere's Army, who lost the Great Tortoise, had to silently endure the onslaught of the Germaine army. There is no sign of organizing a counterattack, just retreating blindly.

Considering the overwhelming disparity in numbers, they may be considered quite good at fighting, but the fighting of the soldiers and crew only prolonged the time for their defeat.

"Although I don't think I can easily capture them, I didn't want it to be so difficult."

Caldart muttered admiringly on the bow of the Davao, the flagship of the Germaine Army.

However, his tone is more like praising the defeated for fighting. Believe in the victory of our army.

"However, it's just a matter of time. It's unexpected to find the wrong person to follow the master. It seems that the luck of the Red Mist General has also come to an end."
The adjutant standing next to Caldart revealed a mocking face. After thinking about it for a while, Caldart asked the adjutant next to him a question.

"Is there any movement on the left and right wings?"

"Neither the Brune nor Zhcteds have come to rescue. I am afraid that they are being restrained by our left and right wings."

The adjutant replied immediately. Soldiers at the top of the mast patrol the movements of enemies and friendly forces in the distance and convey relevant messages through body language. Caldart nodded first and then informed the adjutant.

"Pick thirty ships with surviving stamina. Annihilate the enemies in front of you in one fell swoop."

"The captain intends to launch an assault to defeat those guys from the front, right?"

Caldart shook his head as he listened to the adjutant's angry voice...

"If we really act like that, we will be in the middle of the red mist."

After a glance at the gray clouds in the sky, the single-eyed commander began to explain to the suspicious adjutant.

"Red Mist, it is impossible for this man to fight against our army in this sea area without any chance of winning. That guy has two plans in his mind. One of them is to endure the Brune army and Zhcted. The armies rendezvous, and is using the black knight and the Vanadis to defeat me. But, I must have judged that the current situation is not suitable for this tactic."

"In other words, he will use another plan Huh? What exactly is that plan..."

Looking at the agitated adjutant, Caldart pointed to the sky--the sun was to be precise.

"When the sun rises to mid-sky, the ocean currents around this sea area will change. Although it is flowing from south to north now, the ocean currents will completely reverse at that time."

After a breathing gap, the adjutant widened in surprise. If the direction of the ocean current changes, the enemy's speed will
become faster, and ours' speed will become slower. Despite being bathed in the cold sea breeze, beads of sweat could not help appearing on his forehead.

"The guy in the red mist must have known about this a long time ago. That's why he has been waiting for the time to come. The reason why he ordered the soldiers to persevere is that he saw the opportunity to turn defeat into victory. When the direction of the ocean current changes, Even if that guy sacrifices more than half of the ship, he will find a way to sink the ship I set up."

"Then, we will withdraw one after another to consolidate the defense..."

Halfway through, the adjutant swallowed the words again. If it continues to drag on, the Brune Army and the Zhcted Army may rendezvous with the Guinevere's army. Caldart sighed.

"That's why I asked you to pick thirty ships. Taking advantage of this, you will make a roundabout behind the enemy by raiding on both sides of the enemy on their flanks."

The adjutant couldn't help sighing. In this way, even if the ocean current changes, there is no problem. The Guinevere's Army must be careful to deal with the enemy forces behind him; it is difficult to concentrate firepower on them.

In fact, Caldart was able to adopt this tactic at the beginning of the war. Because he was wary of Will, he didn't do it. Although it was only temporary, he had to divide his army into two.

_-What should I do if there were any traps?

He never implemented this plan based on this concern.

However, after using various means to attack the Guinevere’s Army, Caldart was convinced. Even if he divides the army into two, Will can’t do anything, because he has no spare power.

The adjutant rushed out immediately after receiving the order, leaving only Caldart on the bow.

"It will be over soon, Red Mist. I will gouge your left eye out to let you know your sins and behead you to the public, and then
enshrine you to the tomb of your father. I will not waste my time praying to the Knights of the Round Table."

A cruel and merciless smile appeared on Caldart's face with vicious words from his mouth. Even the oncoming sea breeze is so refreshing to him now.

Caldart's orders spread throughout the army, and Germaine's army marched forward through the wind and waves. First, twenty warships shot down arrows from the front, or pretended to make a surprise attack to attract the attention of the enemy. Then, two Rangers consisting of fifteen ships rolled up the waves and crossed the sides of the Guinevere's Army.

Of course, the Guinevere's Army who saw through their intentions also obstructed, but the Guinevere’s Army had to deal with the frontal enemy, so they could not completely stop them. He finally let them pass.

"Very good. Next, I just need to crush them with all my strength without mercy."

Caldart called the adjutant, intending to give the order to the flagship to move forward. This is not only to master the battle, but also because he thinks he has won so boldly.

"The enemy army has begun to disperse and flee."

The adjutant smiled contemptuously. However, Caldart could not laugh. He was touching the lion statue on the bow of the advancing warship, staring intently at the Guinevere's Army to understand their attempt to do so.

The chilly sea breeze was blowing beside him, blowing his hair. Caldart raised his bangs, opening his mouth as if he noticed something.

Caldart looked back at the adjutant with a terrible expression and shouted.

"Hurry up and let all our ships disperse Right now!"
Because of this sudden order, the adjutant tilted his head in confusion. Obviously, the general offensive will be launched later, so why do you need to spread the line? Caldart loudly urged him to do it quickly.

Above the two of them, the sun finally reached its position.

In the next moment, a strong gust of wind roared from the east to the west. The narwhal shook violently. Caldart lost his balance and the adjutant fell on all fours. Suddenly, screams came from all over the ship.

While supporting the adjutant to get up, Caldart's expression gradually became desperate. It is too late to give orders. The squally wind showed no sign of stopping, and gradually strengthened and rolled up the waves on the sea.

Caldart walked to the bow and watched the enemy's movements while supporting the edge of the ship. Like herself and the others, Guinevere's Army also experienced the baptism of storms and turbulent waves, and the ship tilted left and right.

However, Caldart, who has rich experience in naval battles, can understand. They did not confuse themselves, and controlled the ship calmly. It seemed as if this gust of wind had been expected long ago.

Located at the forefront of the Guinevere's Army is the flagship "Red Blade".

The residents of Donis gave this ship to Guinevere. They repaired the least damaged ship they owned, and dedicated it to her after installing the red dragon symbolizing Asvarre on the bow. At the same time, this is also a symbol of Donis's submission to Guinevere.

Guinevere expressed her gratitude to them, compared the ship to another blade of her own, and took off the name.

Now, Guinevere and Will are standing by the bow of the Red Blade.
Guinevere is dressed in a white-based dress and holds the sword of the king. The sturdy Will wore a plain leather armor and a coat. A thin sword hung around his waist.

The seawater rolled up by the strong wind poured down like rain, and the two of them were already wet. Guinevere's hair was on her unhappy face, and even the skirt of her dress was dripping with raindrops. Although she maintained a resolute attitude out of stubbornness and self-esteem, she felt that as long as she relaxed her vigilance a little, she might immediately fall on the deck at any time. The only thing that hasn't lost its brilliance is the King's Sword held by Guinevere.

"I didn't expect it would go so smoothly."

While wiping the sea beads dripping on her cheeks with her hand, Guinevere looked up at Will. Staring ahead, the sturdy veteran answered quietly.

"If the opponent's imagination is richer, our army may lose. When the sun rises to the highest position, the ocean currents will change...'. Since Red Mist is commanding a fleet of this size, it must be the opponent He also knows this little thing."

However, he didn't seem to consider the weather.

Will said these words, with regrets in his voice.

In the seas near here, a few days after the clear sky, there will be a short gust of violent wind at noon. Will knew this a long time ago. Therefore, it took two days to arrive at a destination that can be reached in only one day. The purpose of delaying the war for a day is to achieve this effect.

"By the way, between the enemy's commander Caldarts and you, have there been any feasts in the past?"

With a nonchalant tone, Guinevere changed the subject.

"I remember not long after leaving Donis, I heard the name from the scout."

At this moment, Guinevere clearly saw Will's brow wrinkle slightly.
"It's been five years ago. He and his father fought under my command during the battle with Zhcted's army."

Although there was no concealment and perfunctory prevarication, Will did not look directly at Guinevere replied so. Guinevere showed a somewhat surprised expression, and then wondered when thinking of something.

"Is it the battle where you defeated Vanadis?"

"Yes", the veteran who was so sure, his expression became much stiffer than usual.

"Caldart's father died in that battle, and Caldart's left eye and left arm were lost..."

Just halfway through Will's speech, a soldier came to the bow to report the battle. The veteran paused the conversation and listened to the soldier's report. In addition, so is Guinevere.

"The enemy army behind our army burst into flames and smoke. It seems that our army's reserve forces are doing it."

The Germaine Army's 30 Rangers, who circled to the rear of the Guinevere Army, were also caught in the wind and waves like their own. The dense formation dragged them down, and the companion ships collided one after another.

It's good to be unable to move because the oars are entangled. Some boats cannot be controlled because the oars are all broken. Other boats were pierced by the horns of the companion boat, and the screams and screams were endless.

The soldiers and crew on the ship swayed from side to side, bumped into one another and tangled together, and rolled around on the deck. Others were swallowed by the waves that hit the ship. The barrels rolled around and the boxes were blown away by the wind. The tied rope wrapped around the leg of the soldier who was sliding down the deck. Now is not the time to fight at all.

At this moment, five warships, which were on standby behind the Guinean Army as a reserve force, rushed into it. Four of the five ships did not carry people but piled up a large number of barrels full of oil and bundles of firewood. There was only one ship
carrying crew and rowers, and their task was to tow unmanned ships to take the sea current and set them on fire.

In this way, the four huge fireballs that flew over were launched as a surprise attack from behind the Germaine Rangers. Even the Rangers would not ignore the movement of these reserve forces. Several ships have been separated long ago, planning to meet them as soon as there is a move. However, no one expected to fall into this situation.

In order to avoid the fireball, panic erupted as the Rangers collapse in a nearly self-destructive form.

"Thanks for your hard work."

Hearing Guinevere smiled and thanked, the soldier who came to report was so touched that his eyes shone, and after a salute, he left. The young and beautiful princess stood at the forefront with a knife in hand. She doesn't care to put herself in the storm. This move made the soldiers' morale soar.

After returning to the two of them alone, Guinevere turned her eyes slightly to look at Will.

"It's the same when attacking Donis. You seem to like burning boats."

"After all, there is a shortage of manpower."

Will replied flatly, while Guinevere frowned. This passage sounded like blaming Earl Delaine from our army because of his own declaration, and Guinevere shut up and protested unhappily.

With a calm attitude that didn't mind the host's feedback, Will continued.

"Please don't be surprised, my lord. The situation with abundant manpower is rare. —Well, the wind should almost stop. It's time for us to play."

Hearing these words, Guinevere renewed Sort out your emotions. Yes, the war must be ended first.

After about a hundred seconds, the wind gradually weakened. All in all, it took less than a thousand seconds for the wind to blow.
Taking a deep breath, Guinevere glared at the enemy in front of her. She can't give them time to breathe, and you have to defeat them exhaustively.

"Assault!"

The command immediately reached the ears of the soldiers and crewmembers, and there was a shout of cheering from the ship.

Caldart stood on the prow of the narwhal with a blue face. Due to the assault of the Guinevere’s Army, the enemy dispersed Germaine’s army. Some ships were pierced by horns, and some ships were boarded and ravaged by high-spirited enemy forces. Such reports came one after another.

"No...not yet. It will take more time for the left and right fleet to come back...!"

In order to prevent the collapse of our army, Caldart commanded desperately. However, as more instructions were given, he fully understood the fact that the battle situation had been unable to recover.

Since there are reports that the right-wing ships are coming here, they should be able to rendezvous immediately. However, the Brune Army seemed to be heading towards the location of the Guinevere’s Army. The thought of the black knight boarding on that ship made Caldart tremble. At the same time, he thought that there was another method he could use, so he called the adjutant.

"Then you will command. You don't have to fight reluctantly. Let our army continue to retreat until the left and right flanks come."

"Your Excellency, what are your plans...?"

Caldart moved his gaze away from the adjutant who asked the question. Open it, and stare at the Red Blade standing in front of his eyes.

"I'm going to board the ship and kill Red Mist."
The adjutant was surprised at first. Then he was helpless to persuade the innocent commander.

"Your Excellency, please don't miss the overall situation for temporary passion. Let us just retreat. Even if His Highness Germaine reprimands us, we will be able to restore the stigma in the next battle, right? Opportunity for naval battles there will be again next time. Presumably Ratwidge will say the same."

Seeing the adjutant's unexpected resoluteness, Caldart couldn't help staring at him. He couldn't help laughing.

Was this a Temporary passion? Not at all. This anger that burns the body has been in him for five years. However, Caldart did not tell the matter, but said so.

"If you really want to think about the overall situation, let me solve the red mist here. That person is the right-hand man to the princess, and I am just a general to your highness. As long as the red mist is not there, then I can leave it to Ratwidge with peace of mind.—Ah, yes. Call those two people here."

The only remaining single eye had a resolute determination, and Caldart smiled proudly and Laughed. He intends to use these two assassins as pioneers.

The sea breeze carried anger, screams, and groans of dying people along with the smell of blood.

Standing on the bow of the Red Blade, Guinevere and Will watched the soldiers' battle together.

There was a little shame and anger in Guinevere's red eyes.

Originally, she was planning to rush in front of the soldiers and board the Germaine Army's flagship Drape into the enemy camp, but Will stopped her. In addition, what really dispelled her was what Will said next.

"Are you planning to take away the opportunities for the soldiers to make contributions with the sword in your hand?"
After hearing this, Guinevere instantly flushed with shame. She didn't expect to be on this level at all.

"The military exploits established by the soldiers are also your military exploits."

"That's right. It's really not good to take away other people's opportunities..."

The reflective Guinevere stayed in the original with Will's company.

The Germaine Army's central team continued to retreat while desperately resisting, but under the fierce attack of the Guinevere’s Army, one after another warship was sunk. Now they have less than ten warships left.

It wasn't until just now that the right wing of the Germaine Army finally came to the front battlefield, but almost at the same time, the Brune Army also arrived, resulting in no major changes in the battle situation. The Brune army came to the rear of the Guinevere Armys and focused on attacking the Germaine's Rangers.

Although the left wing of the Zhcted and Germaine forces has not yet arrived, no matter who it is, it is clear how the war will end.

Suddenly, a scream came from behind. Guinevere and Will turned around together.

Three drenched men stood there.

The man standing in front wore black-based clothes, and the blindfold covering his left eye was particularly impressive. Holding a sword stained red with blood in his hand, a soldier fell under his feet.

The two men behind him exuded a heterogeneous atmosphere. With cold murderous eyes, she looked straight at Guinevere.

Looking at the man with the blindfold, Will's eyes widened in surprise.

"Caldart..."
Guinevere was speechless. The enemy's commander personally boarded the ship to fight such a thing that she had never expected.

"How did you come here...?"

"Come to the neighborhood in a small boat and use the oars as a foothold. You can do this little thing as a crew member."

Caldart answered nonchalantly. Then came straight to this side. Now, since almost all the soldiers have boarded the enemy ship, few soldiers remain on the Red Blade.

Will, holding a rapier in his hand, stopped Guinevere who had picked up the sword of the king and planned to fight.

"Please leave it to me to deal with this. These people don't need to let your Highness move the knife."

"Don't say anything stupid!"

Guinevere rebuked with a strong tone. Once in hand-to-hand combat, the veteran will immediately be out of breath. In addition, the number of enemies is dominant. It is impossible to let him fight alone.

"The sin of putting your majesty in danger, please let the old man, the old bones, pay for it."

"It is the greatest shame for me to let you fight alone."

Not even a subordinate can protect it. There is no one with the qualification to hold the sword of the king. Guinevere glared at Caldart, and whispered to the stubborn Will.

"Couldn't you think that this man's father's death has his own responsibility?"

"What are you talking about? I just think it's the adult's responsibility to be a child's opponent."

Although Will replied with a smile, Guinevere can clearly hear that there are many complex emotions in his words. It seemed that there was no way to stop him; this was the only conclusion she reached.

"I see. Let us fight together."
Caldart stopped a few steps away from the two of them. With a sharp eye, Caldart cursed loudly with anger and hatred.

"Why, as the Red Mist, you still have to take away the glory of your father. The one who repelled the Zhcted Vanadis is not you but my father!"

Will's answer was rather plain, concise, and powerful.

"Because I was the commander in that battle."

Caldart's only remaining single eye was bloodshot, and the anger in his heart burst out instantly. In an angry voice, he gave orders to the men beside him.

"The princess will take care of it for you!"

"Please withdraw, my lord."

Will rushed up with Guinevere on his back. At the same time shouting "Enemy Attack!" Next, before the soldiers arrive, he only needs to buy time.

Will confronted the two men who kicked on the deck and charged. Block a fierce slash from one of them with a rapier. Then he turned his wrist and cut it towards the enemy's head. However, another enemy bounced off this blow.

Moments after the counterattack, one of them kicked a precise kick. Just as the kick was about to hit the shoulder, Will immediately made a judgment. Tilt your body to match the shaking of the ship.

A sound of tearing the atmosphere came, and a shining dark gray object penetrated Will's cheek. The toe of the man's shoe carries a short knife with a thin blade.

"You still hide this little thing. It seems that you are not just fighters."

Just as he was about to regroup, another person launched an attack on him. The man held a sword in his right hand and something like a needle in his left hand.

Will blocked the man's sword. The ship shook accordingly. At the same time, a flash of light was emitted from the man's left
hand. Immediately afterward, Will felt some pain in his cheek. It seemed that a needle shot by a man stabbed him.

The shaking of the ship saved his life. Will sighed deeply while cutting at the man. The blow just now was clearly aimed at the eyes.

With a roar like a beast, Caldart attacked from the front. Will also yelled for battle. The blades collided and sparks flickered in the sea breeze. The situation is deadlocked.

At this moment, the men rushed over from both sides of Will. Will took a breath. Although they have overtaken them, as long as he turns his back to Caldart, he can kill them with one blow.

"Is this an occasion to look around!"

Caldart shouted. Despite his rough sword skills, every blow is full of momentum. After ten rounds, Will was out of breath. A few more sweat slipped across his cheeks.

"Apologize to my father's spirit in the sky and die!"

Caldart pierced the sword straight into Will's left eye. Will leaned back while blocking the enemy's blade with his sword and slid away. With all his strength, he rolled up Caldart's sword.

However, at this time there was one thing beyond Will's calculations. Because of exhaustion, the sword slipped from his hand. The two swords wandered around each other in the air, and finally landed some distance away from them.

Both are bare-handed fists. Only Will thought so.

Caldart gave a sinister smile, then pulled out his left hand. The place near the left elbow came off, rolling on the deck with a dull sound. This is a prosthetic hand. Then, where the front of the elbow was originally the arm, a dark gray blade was inserted.

However, Caldart did not immediately attack. Because of the sea breeze blowing between the two, it brought vague screams and a slight smell of blood. He watched Will while turning his eyes.

"—It takes more time than I thought."
The unexpected situation made Caldart shocked. In front of his eyes, two assassins fell in a pool of blood, and Guinevere was looking over here with the expression of a warrior.

"Are you really your Royal Highness Guinevere...?"

Even after forgetting the anger at Will, Caldart let out a startled voice. In his opinion, Guinevere is a princess who only knows how to play around and has no outstanding talents. It is impossible to have the strength to defeat an experienced assassin.

At this moment, an arrow slipped through the sea breeze and shot. Caldart was sluggish in response to shake. The single-eyed Marine with his left foot pierced and fell down on the spot with a painful groan.

Guinevere walked towards him and pressed the sword of the king to his throat.

"Kill me," Caldart said loudly. Guinevere responded coldly to his request.

"You are the one who loses. Why did you give me orders?"

After she finished speaking, she drew her sword, and Guinevere kicked Caldart in the face fiercely. Seeing Caldart who fell to the ground with nosebleeds, Will rushed forward without delay. Suppress him from above.

"Thank you, Will."

Guinevere said to the veteran in comfort. The reason why he kicked Caldart was that she realized that Caldart was going to die and attack herself. Rather than holding a sword against his throat, he might as well block his movements.

Covering her black hair that was messed up by the wind, Guinevere looked away. On the friendly ship beside him, there was the figure of Hamish with a long bow. It seems that he shot this arrow.

At last, they noticed the noise, and the soldiers who remained on the ship rushed over. Instead of Will, he pressed Caldart and broke the blade on his left arm. Looking at them, who bowed their heads and apologized because they didn't come in time, Guinevere expressed her forgiveness generously.
"I have to say that even we were careless this time. I will not pursue it. In addition, this man must not be allowed to commit suicide. Please take care of this man."  

In addition, it must be announced loudly that Caldart has been arrested. The news, Guinevere ordered. In this way, it can not only boost morale but also allow the enemy to fall apart.  

Will said while watching the corpses of his companions and the soldiers escorting Caldart.  

"His Royal Highness, please count on Lord Hamish for the capture of Caldart." Guinevere frowned when she realized his intentions.  

As Elliot's loyal minister, Hamish always keeps his distance from Guinevere. This is an excellent opportunity to let others see that even such a man, if he does meritorious service, he will give him a correct evaluation. Even if Hamish's attitude towards Guinevere does not change, it can arouse the enthusiasm of other lords and soldiers.  

"Are you okay?"  

Looking at Guinevere with frowning, Will closed his mouth and nodded solemnly.  

"Let me stay by your Highness to direct this battle. I think these are enough."  

"I see..."  

Although still a little uncomfortable, Guinevere still promised. Turn his attention to the battlefield. It's okay to leave the task of sweeping and pursuing the enemy to the soldiers. Will silently watched the movements of the friendly forces.  

In a nonchalant tone, Guinevere asked the veteran beside her.  

"Just now, why did you deny Caldart's remarks?"  

Guinevere was referring to Caldart's father who had defeated Vanadis, and Will took the honor this passage. Will did not deny it. In other words, this may be true.  

As if he had already known that she would ask such a question, Will remained as calm as ever.
"That's a long story, do you really want to listen?"

Guinevere nodded and urged him to speak quickly, Will cast his eyes into the distance.

"Five years ago, I worked in the North Sea — is a vast sea east of Asvarre Island, Zhcted had a military battle. However, the cause of what is trivial some of the branches are window dressing."

There are countless scattered islands between Asvarre Island and Zhcted.

Few countries claim ownership of these islands. Taking into account the manpower and cost of management, it is simply an uneconomical business. Because of this, it's unclear when the two sides acquiesced in using the islands together.

On a certain island, when the warships of Zhcted and Asvarre came to a berth, the two sides began to compete for a better place to live. Although in the beginning, the two parties planned to solve the problem through conversation, the situation became more and more uncontrollable. From arguing and staring to beating each other, people on both sides were injured.

In addition, the storm happened to hit the island at this time, and some people died as a result.

In the end, the two sides stalemate with each other.

"The wrong thing is that the opponent who is unwilling to give up his territory is inevitable. In addition, some people have raised the problem that the fur and wood of Zhcted's specialty are too expensive, so they attacked Zhcted. I learned afterwards that Zhcted also seemed to be in the same situation."

King Zechariah appointed Will as the commander.

The Zhcted's army dispatched the "Princess of Thunder Vortex", the war maiden of the Principality of Lebus to fight.

"In terms of commanding the fleet, I was slightly better than the other. Two to thirty percent of the enemy's warships were sunk by our army and eventually fell into a state of immobility. —Your Majesty. Do you know the real horror of Vanadis?"
At the sudden question, Guinevere frowned slightly. Her black hair danced with the sea breeze.

After judging that she could not answer immediately, Will announced the correct answer to her in a fearful voice.

"It's their strength as a Vanadis far beyond ordinary people. To put it in the vernacular, They can open the battle and break through the siege on their own. They can do things like this."

Two people that she knows appeared in her mind. Mila and Sofy's brave and combative side in the Donis Raiders is indeed unmatched by the knights.

"If Caldart were a Warrior whom I and His Highness couldn't fight with, I'm afraid I would die here, and His Highness could only abandon this ship and ran away."

Although this is just a hypothesis, one can feel the real feeling in Will's words. A chill accompanied by trembling passed over Guinevere's back. She took a light breath first and then asked carefully.

"Could it be that the warrior who was at war with you boarded the ship you were on?"

Although the battle for commanding the fleet was lost, as long as Will, as the commander, was killed, it was Zhcted's victory.

As if thinking of the situation at the time, the veteran nodded stiffly.

"That is simply not human. Vanadis flew from the shipwreck floating on the sea as a foothold, stepped on the oars, and came to the soldiers. Among the soldiers facing Vanadis, There are the figures of Caldart and his father Irene Gar."

Guinevere widened her eyes. Will continued in a hoarse voice.

"The other soldiers simply couldn't hurt Vanadis's cold hair and was defeated one after another. Among them, only Irene Garqin withstood the Vanadis's offensive. Not only that, but even Vanadis was injured. Due to her own injuries, she also suffered. There was an unexpectedly long battle, Vanadis dispelled the idea of killing me, so I went back."
After Vanadis left, Will picked up Irene Gar, who had fallen in a pool of blood. However, he hadn't breathed anymore in his arms. Caldart lost his left eye, and his left arm was deeply chopped...

After speaking with a sigh, Will asked the princess with the face of a teacher.

"Who is the honor of defeating Vanadis? What does your Highness think about this matter?"

Guinevere did not answer, and the red pupil looked up at the veteran with confusion.

In commanding the fleet, Will defeated Vanadis. Irene Gar and the others bet on their lives and blocked Vanadis's onslaught. If Will was killed by Vanadis, Asvarre Army was defeated, so it can also be said that the two of them defeated Vanadis.

"After the battle, I reported Irenegar to King Zechariah. After listening to the details, your Majesty said so. The battle merits of defeating Vanadis belong to you as the commander——"

Zechariah's judgment is not wrong. However, Guinevere could see that Will's expression was obviously depressed.

"Is there any special reason?"

"He really likes the customs of the mainland."

Although Will's answer was quite euphemistic, Guinevere immediately understood.

In order to maintain the balance between the mainland faction, which focuses on the customs of the mainland, and the island faction, which focuses on the customs and customs of the island, the father always takes great pains. Rather than granting meritorious service to the former, it is better to grant this honor to Will, who is indifferent to factional struggles. This is Zechariah's choice.

"I have no complaints about your majesty's decision. As the commander of the army, I also have my own self-esteem and
pursuit. If only Irene Garching was praised, I would be dissatisfied. Nevertheless, it can be said that what Caldart said is wrong."

Seeing Guinevere not saying a word, Will paused for a moment and then continued.

"Just as a person cannot control a ship, a person cannot fight. However, in most cases, the brilliant victory is always attributed to the commander. The commander is such a post that deprives his subordinates of credit. As the saying goes; "At the cost of tens of thousands of soldiers, he built a lot of merits, and finally Artorius became a great king.""

Guinevere looked away from Will and looked in the direction of the battlefield. The Zhaocteds finally joined them. Germaine's left wing seemed to have rushed to the team. Since this strong wind blows from east to west, the two armies located west of the center come so slowly.

"I don't know what the correct answer is."

Guinevere frowned anxiously, pursing her lips and murmured. To be honest, she thinks Will can afford to defeat Vanadis. However, treating Irene Garch as a small figure defeated by Vanadis also made her feel quite inappropriate.

"It's okay, it's normal."

Will said with a gentle expression while looking at the battlefield like the master.

"There is neither a wrong answer nor a correct answer to this question. Even so, in most cases, failure to make a decision will lead to the most serious consequences. Please always be alert to your commander's side while exploring Move forward with diligence."

-If you really want to be a queen...

Although Will didn't say anything, Guinevere did hear the voice. Then he nodded resolutely.

Suddenly, Will stepped forward, frowning and staring ahead. Guinevere followed his gaze, but in front of the Red Blade there was only the companion ship. In a position further ahead, the
Guinevere’s Army was chasing the fleeing enemy. Now only a little scream and the sound of water can be heard here.

"What's the matter?"

"The situation of the mopping-up war seems to be a bit... Although it's a bit difficult to explain, the sound of the wind seems to have changed."

Uncertainly out of anxiety or lack of confidence, Will's voice was a little weak.

Guinevere closed her eyes tightly and concentrated on sifting through the sounds she heard. Indeed, the sound is obviously different from just now.

"How about sailing forward to see the situation?"

"Forget it. It's not sure if anyone else will launch a surprise attack like Caldart."

The black-haired princess' idea was immediately rejected.

Will's judgment is correct. About a thousand seconds later, the Red Blade received such a report. Among the warships pursuing the Germaine army, the three warships of the Guinevere army and one warship of the Brune army were repelled.

"The several warships in the Germaine Army who are in charge of the back of the palace shot down a huge number of arrows without interruption. The maneuvering skills of the ships are also quite ingenious. More than 70% of the soldiers and crew on the deck..." 

Guinevere was shocked when he heard it, while Will stood there dumbfounded.

Although the victory of this battle was included in the bag, in the final situation, the Guinevere Army and the Brune Army suffered unexpected casualties.

The Germaine army fled the battlefield. They became defeated soldiers covered in scars and exhaustion.
On the sea they passed, there were thrown away weapons, armors, the wreckage of wooden barrels and wooden boxes, as well as the fragments of ships damaged by the battle. The track of the warships can be described clearly.

They neither threw the body into the sea, nor did they pick up their companions who were drifting on the sea. Because the enemy has been pursuing and beating our army. They silently reciting the names of the Knights of the Round Table and praying for the luck of the living and the souls of the dead are all they can do at this moment.

The army in charge of the rear is the left wing of the Germaine army that has just joined the team. A fleet of 19 warships was commanded by Tallard. The other commander was crusaded by Mila during the battle just now.

After being repulsed by Tigre, they did not choose to actively fight, but while restraining the enemy while observing the situation. Until the battlefield was swept by that terrifying strong wind, they immediately rushed to the center of the team when they noticed the abnormality.

However, by the time they arrived, the battle had already been won. The enemy arrested Caldart as the commander, Tallard only learned about it at this time.

"It seems that we have all fallen into a big somersault."

Now that Tallard has been entrusted with the duties of the queen, Tallard can only find a way to deal with Guinevere's army and the Brunes who have a strong sense of fighting. They were immersed in the victory, riding the wind and waves all the way in order to build their exploits, singing and advancing.

Tallard led five warships against the enemy. Moreover, each warship is carrying archers in three rows. While staring at Zhcted, they replenished enough arrows.

In addition, these five warships returned safely with the results as Tallard expected.
The soldiers on the ship in front of the Guinevere Army and the Brune Army, thinking about seizing the opportunity to board the enemy ship, all gathered at the bow of the ship. Tallard ordered the archers to shoot arrows down here.

The soldiers who were still laughing at them as the bereaved dogs were still stubbornly resisting, so hundreds of arrows pierced them and fell on the deck.

"—Why. Doesn't this work? I almost lost my confidence."

Standing on the boat, Tallard looked at this scene, with light shining in his eyes and smiling contentedly.

With a fearless expression, Tallard watched the movement of the coalition forces.

Seeing the four warships in front were counterattacked one after another, the following ships stopped advancing in confusion. There are also a few warships that have not figured out the situation, and they collided with friendly forces and caused chaos.

"It's almost time to withdraw. But when I return to Valverde, I'm afraid there will be a few people who will be executed." What Tallard said at this time was actually mostly a joke. Unfortunately, one of the subordinates who heard these words secretly informed them as Tallard's criticism of the prince after returning to Valverde.

Tallard used his bow and arrow to pin down the Guinevere's Army who was still going to chase, while slowly retreating from the battlefield.

Guinevere, who received this report on the Red Blade, ordered the soldiers no longer to pursue the pursuit, and quickly rescued the companions and Germaine soldiers who were still drifting on the sea.

The horror of the shining army has been deeply rooted in the minds of the fleeing enemy. For a person competing for the throne of the next generation of rulers, this is an act of disguising his benevolent side.
"Moreover, we are all Asvarres too. One can save the next one, isn't it?"

Will and Caldart fought as enemies on this battlefield five years ago. They also face each other side by side with Zhcted's saber. Thinking of this, she couldn't help but feel a little bit sentimental to rescue the Germaine soldiers, and Zhcted's army also actively participated.

On Asvarre's side, Sofy and several lords became close friends. In order to build a good interpersonal relationship with them, places like this must not be slack. Although some of the soldiers were dissatisfied with this, no one dared to defy Vanadis's orders. The Germaine soldiers rescued by their hands are by no means a minority.

Now that this is the case, the Brune army can't stand by. They rescued the soldiers who fell into the sea in the form of assisting Guinevere's army and Zhcted.

Why do we have to help the enemy? Roland answered such a protesting knight.

"Because of the fear of sinking into the bottom of the sea, I am quite aware."

It is said that the knight stopped talking after hearing it.

In this way, the Maritime Battle ended.

In this battle, in addition to the unmanned ships, the Shining Army also lost ten warships, with more than two thousand dead and the same number of wounded. Considering that the number of enemy troops is twice as many as ours, this can be said to be an unprecedented victory.

On the other hand, Germaine lost more than forty warships to the army. More than thirty ships were sunk, and the shining army took nearly ten. Nearly 5,000 people were dead, 7,000 were injured, and the other side captured about 3,000. The situation can be said to be quite tragic.

Mila and Sofy, who stood on the deck of the Dragon Flame and listened to relevant reports, couldn't help but stare at each other.
"What do you think?"
"Although it is impossible, the situation may not be optimistic."
Taking into account the difference in strength between the shining army and the Germaine army, it is not enough to give such a small blow. However, if Asvarre's navy turns from prosperity to decline, the pirates will become arrogant. If that were the case, it would also affect the Zhcted region.
"You have to win and control. Don't win too much. It's really difficult."
Sofy sighed deeply after touching her cheek.
A small part of the Germaine Army fled to Marie O, while the large group of the Germaine Army fled to the port city of Navia.
After finishing the task of rescuing the soldiers, the shining overlord lined up neatly, marching forward with pride, and arrived in the small town of Marie before sunset. Marie Ou had no plans to fight at all, welcoming the arrival of Guinevere and others.
The Shining Army successfully built a bridgehead on the mainland.
Chapter 3 - The Heroic Knight

When Ludmila Lourie woke up, the morning had just passed. Turning over from the bed, he stretched his body slightly. The blanket made of bearskin is quite warm, even if you only wear underwear, you won’t feel cold.

—I only found out after I came to this country that sleeping on the ground really suits me.

Although she still wanted to sleep for another quarter and a half of an hour, by the window, bright sunlight had already spilled into the room through the gap between the curtains. Pull open the curtains covering the room, and there is a blue sea under the clear blue sky. As the fleet belonging to the shining army is full of docks, the port is quite lively.

Mila shifted her gaze and looked at her dragon gear leaning on the head of the bed. Lavias, who has the nickname "Evil Piercing Horn", was standing here quietly, as if it felt Mila's sight, and the ruby buried in the tip of the spear was shining. Mila smiled back at this.

"Yes. Let us work hard together today Lavias."

This is one of the rooms in the mansion near the port in the small town of Marie. Yesterday afternoon, the Allied Forces of the Three Powers, which claimed to be a Shining Army army, entered this small town.

Guinevere negotiated with the town mayor, and eventually borrowed three mansions, several hotels, and temples. The commanders of the Three Kingdoms used the three mansions as residences, while the hotel and shrine were used as lodging places for soldiers, crews, and rowers. For the town mayor, this can prevent the town’s residents and the army from clashing and causing chaos, which is very desirable. After happily agreeing, rush to prepare everything needed before the night comes.

After that, Guinevere praised those who made the war and agreed to reward them afterward. Next, the soldiers, crew, and rowers, regardless of each other, all raised ale to celebrate the victory. Rather than forcing them to strain their nerves, she paid
more attention to this activity that united the soldiers. The corner of Marie Ou is as lively as a festival.

Mila didn't drink with the soldiers and crew, but accepted Guinevere's invitation to attend the banquet with Tigre and Sofy.

—Nothing major happened during the meal, but afterwards... Tigre was okay, right?

Mila put on her military uniform while thinking about what happened last night. After the meal, Tigre received an invitation from Hamish, and disappeared into the night streets with Raffinac.

"I can do all the merits in battle."

Hamish, who was praised by the princess, thanked Tigre countless times, even though Tigre simply replied, "I did nothing." He still congratulates him with a smile. Seeing this, it should be quite late, Mila thought while watching her sweetheart.

—If possible, I really hope that the two of them could celebrate the victory together yesterday.

Mila Takes Lavias into the corridor. She sees Sofy coming from the end of the corridor. She is dressed in a white and green gown, holding the dragon gear Zaht in her hand. Good morning to Mila.

"Good morning, Mila. Tigre's words are still sleeping."

Since she said it too naturally, Mila responded with "thank you" without even thinking about it.

"...Wait, how did you know?"

"Because I saw his sleeping face just now. It's so cute."

Seeing Sofy smiling nonchalantly, Mila couldn't help being stunned. He almost dropped Lavias.

"You, what do you mean by this?"

"Although I also listened to Goruin's words, Tigre didn't seem to be back until the morning. I couldn't help but care. After all, Tigre is a very important friend of mine."

Mila was hit hard, and the blue eyes looked at Sofy with anxiety. This war maiden, who was not afraid of the sky and
fearless on the battlefield, was as embarrassed as a young girl at this moment.

Looking at Mila like this, Sofy couldn't help laughing. As if giving way, he leaned his body against the wall.

"Did You go call him? Don't be late for the military meeting in the afternoon,"

"I, I know."

Seeing Sofy teasing herself, Mila stalked away from here, as if she was hiding her embarrassment.

She came to the door of Tigre's room and knocked gently on the door. Nothing happens. She tried to turn the door handle and found that the door was unlocked. Mila swallowed and stepped into the room.

As the curtains were still closed, the room was quite dim. Tigre was lying on the bed with a blanket wrapped around his chest, quietly asleep.

Mila quietly closed the door and walked to the bed. Look down at your sweetheart.

"Really, you slept too soundly..."

Despite the stunned voice, Mila's expression was full of sympathy for Tigre. With a smile on her face admiring this innocent face, Mila suddenly thought of a prank.

"—Tigre."

Mila whispered softly. Tigre did not wake up as a result, and even his snort did not change. Raise the volume a little and call his name again. However, there is still no sign of waking up.

"You can't blame me... You must blame yourself for not getting up."

Constantly defending her actions, Mila held her breath and brought her face closer to Tigre. The thought of mischief had long since disappeared from her heart, and her whole heart was filled with tension, shyness, and a little excitement.

The throbbing of her chest became more intense, Mila squeezed her palms tightly and lightly kissed Tigre's forehead.
Hold your breath and slowly remove your lips. Spit a hot breath. "I haven't gotten up yet... Then how about this trick."

Mila bent down again. She kissed Tigre's left and right cheeks in sequence.

When she moved her face away, she was already blushing. The corners of the mouth rose slightly.

"You haven't gotten up yet. I really can't help you..."

Mila's pair of blue pupils stared affectionately at Tigre's lips. The thought of whether Tigre would really wake up from kissing made her feel a little daunted, but after another thought, since she did not wake up at that point, kissing would definitely be fine. And in her heart, Mila had been urging herself to kiss Tigre.

At this moment, Tigre turned his head slightly. Mila shrank into a ball with fright.

After a short silence of about five seconds, Mila was relieved to see the signs that Tigre was not waking up. After re-examining his sleeping face, Mila frowned.

There was something like a mole on Tigre's neck. Looking closer, Mila's eyes widened.

On Tigre's neck, there is actually a lipstick mark.

Mila was shocked at first, and then an angry fire boiled from the bottom of her heart.

Did Sofy do it? this is like something she would do. However, it is also possible to get it at the wine shop. After all, he drank it until morning before returning. However, it doesn't matter.

There is only one most important thing now, which is to make this trace disappear without a trace.

Mila stood out on the bed and embraced Tigre's waist boldly. While paying attention not to let herself be pressed against Tigre, he buried his face in Tigre's neck. Stick out your tongue carefully and carefully lick off the lipstick mark.

"You can't do this. You got dirty with this kind of thing..."
In addition to the smell of lipstick, there is also a vague taste. It's Tigre's sweat. Mila kept turning her tongue until she couldn't taste the red smell. As for what to do when Tigre wakes up, such trivial matters have long disappeared from her mind.

Mila temporarily let go of her mouth. The saliva turned into a silver thread and dropped from the lips, and it broke quietly when it was halfway through.

The traces of lipstick have completely disappeared. However, Mila was not satisfied.

"Fortunately, you still ate my jealousy at the dinner party. It's all because you are too defenseless..."

The blushing face rubbed against Tigre's chest in order to transfer her scent to him. After fully enjoying the touch of the strong chest plate, put your lips on your neck and bite while sucking. This is by no means obscene since the two of us are already connected as lovers.

Tigre frowned slightly and murmured. it seemed that he hadn't completely got rid of the dream world. While twisting his body, the young man stretched out his hands and pushed away what was pressing on him. He grabbed Mila's arm with his right hand and rubbed her chest with his left. He was stroking her plump breasts from the top of the uniform, playing with it as if trying to distinguish her true face.
Mila tried to suppress the sound that was about to come from deep in her throat. He slapped Tigre's hand away and got up hurriedly from the bed. After taking a deep breath, Tigre finally opened his eyes.

"...Good morning, Tigre. You seemed to have a good time last night."

At this moment, Ludmila Lourie said good morning with a smile on his face.

Tigre and Mila, who had left the mansion, dressed the same as they did in Donis, and walked into the town as a traveler. Of course, Mila had a cloth to wrap Lavias.

Although it hasn't reached noon, the crowd is still in an endless stream. After all, this place was still under Germaine's control until yesterday morning. Mila thought that the residents of the town would observe the situation of our army with breathlessness, but now it seems that they are living their usual daily lives.

Of course, some children looked at the soldiers of the coalition army with a curious look. At the same time, some mothers took their children away, and some crewmembers were staring at the soldiers, but the atmosphere was not dangerous enough to cause conflict.

"It seems that Her Royal Highness Guinevere and Lord Roland have soldiers who take good care of them."

Except for a few large mansions, most of the walls of the buildings are made of granite. Since most of the buildings facing the port are like this, it must be a hard stone that is quite resistant to sea wind. Above such a wall, there is a roof made of thin stone slabs. This kind of design seemed rather unpretentious in the eyes of the two Tigre.

The two went into a wine shop together.

As the store is very small and exquisite, the table occupies more than half of the total area. The vigorous dialogue was mixed, and
the little girl clerk was walking around in a hurry. The aroma of grilled meat and grilled fish came to the two of them at the same time.

When we walked to the empty table, the clerk began to order the two. After Mila ordered fruit wine and a few dishes, the little girl clerk obviously tilted her head and wondered.

"Don't need any ale?"

"I'm sorry. This man drank too much yesterday, and he has not woken up from a hangover."

"That's a shame. The most popular in our shop is ale and ale beef stew it's better to come when you are sober next time."

After the clerk's sister left, Mila turned and looked at Tigre while smiling bitterly.

"So, how much did you drink last night?"

"Not as much as you told me. Besides ale, I also drank Asvarre cider and fire wine. I also ordered potatoes, Cod, and fried soybeans for the instant wine dish. Compared to this..."

With a somewhat serious expression, Tigre changed the subject.

"Although I haven't gone around seriously, what do you think of this small town?"

After Tigre asked in a low voice, Mila frowned slightly.

"This... Although it didn't leave a bad impression on me, it was obviously inferior to Donis."

Regarding Donis's situation, the two actually only knew the scene after it was destroyed by the fire. Even so, as long as they walk around the town for a while, it is not difficult to find that it is indeed a port city that is visited by merchant ships from various countries.

Although Marie Ou is also a mature town, its scale is still too small compared to Donis.

"If this is the case, maybe we don't choose here as our base, right?"
"That's a great help. With our current strength, we can't defend this town at all."

Protecting a port city is not just about land. You have to deploy troops on the sea. Now, the total number of soldiers in the coalition army is less than 8,000 even with the wounded. On the other side, Germaine may have tens of thousands of soldiers under the army.

"It's useless to think too much. Your Highness definitely has his own ideas, and it's not too late to comment after you ask."

After changing his mood, Tigre said in a relaxed tone, and Mila nodded with a smile.

The food happened to be served. A thick soup made from cod, shellfish and sea cabbage, oatmeal, fried lamb with soybeans, and cider is placed on the table in order. Tigre first thanked Mila, and then delivered the thick soup to his mouth. For a slightly tired stomach, the soup and porridge are so mild and delicious.

"By the way, both soup and porridge have a peculiar taste. Did you use a different salt?"

"—I used sea salt made from sea water."

Guinevere and Roland were standing in front of the two of them. This unexpected encounter made Tigre and Mila couldn't help but feel a little astonished, but what surprised them, even more, was their outfits.

Guinevere wore a white-based gown with a black coat. Her Bright black hair and white hair accessories are the same as usual. As long as it is someone who has seen her face, they must be able to recognize her immediately.

Roland is the same, dressed in black-based clothes, draped in a fur coat, and a simple sword hung around his waist. The impressive face and the tall, well-trained body are quite eye-catching.

Tigre glanced at the store secretly. As he expected, more than half of the guests were looking here curiously. It is impossible for this pair to be unobtrusive.

"I didn't expect to meet you here. It just so happens that we haven't eaten yet. Can you let us have lunch together?"
Guinevere said this, and put the chair at hand indiscriminately. Pull to the table. This attitude of not thinking that she would be rejected at all, should she say that she was innocent and pure and prosperous, or should she be worthy of being a princess with a noble bloodline, Tigre was very troubled. Mila also expressed helplessness with the amount of money.

"Sorry to bother you. I didn't expect the two of you to come to this store too."

While sitting in a chair stiffly, Roland apologized in a low voice. "It doesn't matter..." Even though Tigre responded to them like this, he couldn't help but ask.

"Well, why did you come to this store? And, your outfit is..."

"His Royal Highness said that he wanted to hide his identity and stroll around the town and let me go with him. I am your Highness's guard and must be worn with me. Therefore, I wanted to dress up like a mercenary. But when I actually walked into the street, I was mistaken for a human trafficker twice by others..."

Although he wanted to ask them if they really understood what it means to hide their identity, Tigre sees that Roland's face was full of fatigue and he couldn't bear to ask. Maybe he can't be blamed.

Besides the two men, the triumphant Guinevere was talking to Mila.

"How about it? Although this is my first time dressing up, it looks like a traveler, right."

Mila could only reply with a wry smile. she wished she could not equate putting on a coat and cross-dressing.

The little girl from the clerk came to order. Of course, she also looked at Guinevere and Roland with suspicion. Tigre appropriately ordered some meals for the two of them, and then took out the large-denomination Asvarre silver coin from the leather bag and handed it to the clerk. He hopes she will not pursue this matter.

"This child is a well-known eldest lady. We plan to take her to Donis for refuge." Tigre added specifically.
Considering that many people went to Asvarre to escape the war, he said so. Guinevere's temperament and beauty are at a glance. Roland is also serious. This explanation should make sense. "That's really amazing. You can run as far as you can."

After putting the silver coins into the pocket of the skirt, the little girl clerk cheerfully said loudly, "Don't cause trouble to other customers." Then he ran back to the kitchen. Guinevere, who looked at this series of conversations with an incredible expression, lowered her voice and asked Tigre.

"Lord Tigrevurmud, Can you tell me what you mean by that paragraph?"

"I will explain it clearly. Please call me Tigre. There is no need to add "Lord". Also, How should I address you?"

Since she plans to change clothes, she should also use a pseudonym. After Tigre solemnly inquired, Guinevere nodded proudly.

"Call me Kirchken."

Is this really a pseudonym, Tigre wondered in his heart. Her full name is Guinevere Kirchken Ophelia Bedwell Asvarre. However, there will be no end to this kind of investigation, so Tigre took it as such.

"I see. First of all, to be honest, your dressing is too conspicuous."

Guinevere smiled happily as if listening to a joke.

"What silly thing are you talking about? No matter how you look at it, I am a traveling girl now."

"A traveling girl doesn't wear a white silk dress that can be seen from the gap in her coat."

Tigre Reprimanded her mercilessly. Guinevere immediately tidied her coat, but it was a pity that it was too late.

"That's why I told the clerk that you are an aristocratic lady who is about to flee to Asvarre Island. Although I don't think anyone will come to ask you about your identity, please remember this first. Come down."
"As for Lord Roland, he is a vigorous guardian. In this kind of public place, you would call the hall... Miss Kerchken the eldest lady."

Mila continued from it, completing the entire set. The two nodded looking at each other.

Three years ago, when Tigre was living in Olmutz, the two would come up with various settings before sneaking into the town to go shopping, and they liked it. It can be said that making up such false stories is normal.

"Why do you want to go shopping..."

Just as Tigre was halfway through the question, the conversation of the men who were dining was heard from the neighboring table.

"What kind of person is Princess Guinevere who won the battle?"

"I don't know very well, but she seems to be a person who likes to travel. It is said that she also traveled around the mainland and China with her entourage. What the islands look like."

"I'm not asking this, I'm asking what she intends to do with our town. Prince Elliott doesn't often publish some, let the pirates attack the town, or burn the town. Everything about this, is this kind of horrifying remarks?"

Guinevere closed her mouth and listened carefully. Make no secret of it.

—That's it.

Because she was concerned about what the residents of Marie Oo thought of them, she went to the town to inquire about the situation. It's hard to think of such a spontaneous behavior as being done by a princess.

After listening carefully to the surrounding voices, I realized that even the guests at other tables were talking about the Shining army.

"What does Princess Guinevere plan to do with this town? To be honest, I really don't want her to stay in this town to fight Prince Germaine."
"But the soldiers are quite honest. There is no robbery everywhere."

"After all, the mayor has issued a statement to fully surrender, right? Anyway, I don't know how Prince Germaine will act."

"I heard that Prince Germaine has implemented a whistleblowing system, and he has executed people with rebellious intentions one after another."

At this moment, the food was served. The content of the dishes is roughly the same as that of Tigre, and a portion of beef stew with ale is added to it.

"It looks so delicious."

Guinevere cheered up again, looking at the various dishes on the table, clapping happily. She was drinking oatmeal quietly, with a contented smile on her face.

"Although this kind of porridge can be drunk both on the island and on the mainland, the salt content of this bowl of porridge has been adjusted very well. It tastes good even without adding goat milk."

"Goat milk can be added to oatmeal?"

After hearing Tigre's question, Guinevere nodded happily.

"Although I think goat milk and oatmeal is a perfect match, there are many people who add honey to it. Others include grated apples in the southern part of the island and smoked fish in the seaside area. Dry or something..."

Then, Guinevere sent the lamb skewers pierced with bamboo skewers into her mouth. Same as when drinking oatmeal, her table manners are quite elegant.

"These lamb skewers are sprinkled with too much salt. The lamb skewers with less salt and more herbs are more satisfying to my appetite..."

Listening to her thoughts, Mila was surprised that it was her turn.

"Kerchken, have you ever eaten this kind of food?"

Guinevere replied with an expression that heard strange questions.
"Yeah. You also know that I traveled around the place where the Knights of the Round Table originated. I can't go to that kind of place with a chef, so I will eat in the villages and small towns where I live."

"It's the same as today. Come into the store to have a meal?"

Seeing Mila who left her questions one after another, Guinevere shook her head in denial.

"No. I dine at the mayor, village mayor's house, or in the temple. There are also a few times I sent entourages to buy bread and mutton skewers, and everyone sat in the carriage to enjoy. What happened?"

"Nothing. I just think your eating is quite elegant."

After Tigre answered with a smile, Guinevere asked with an incredible expression.

"I can think that you are complimenting me?"

"Of course. However, I think you shouldn't pretend to be a traveler in the future."

Next time, let us find a way together. Just after Tigre finished speaking, Guinevere suddenly turned her head.

"Oh, there is a bruise on your neck. What happened to you?"

Seem entirely oblivious beside Mila shocked Tigre scratched his neck and asked, "is it near here?"

“I didn’t come back until late yesterday. I’m afraid I made it at that time. It won’t hurt if I touch it, I think it’s okay.”

This scene when Tigre and Guinevere laughed at each other. Mila on the side could only stare silently with a gloomy expression on her face.

When I left the wine shop, it was already after noon. Tigre, Mila and Guinevere patrolled the town together.
There are not many travelers and businessmen. The residents drank wine leisurely while listening to the bard's harp playing, waiting for the storm called the Union Army to dissipate.

After strolling through some roadside stalls to satisfy her curiosity, Guinevere pointed her finger to the high ground outside the town.

"If you stand on it, you should be able to see the panoramic view of the town. Would you like to see it together?"

No one opposed, so the four of them went to the high ground together. Although the road is quite steep, there are steps made of fine wood everywhere, so it didn't take them much effort.

After arriving at the high ground. Tigre and Mila looked at the scene in front of them and sighed.

Under their noses, Marieou's street scenery spread out. While patrolling the streets where his group walked, Tigre gazed happily at pedestrians the size of peas. Guinevere, who took off her coat, also looked down at the scenery of the town, and then suddenly turned back to look at the trio of Tigre.

"—Someone suggested that this town should be burned to the ground before the war with Germaine."

Without any opening remarks, go straight to the subject with the same tone as usual. Tigre blinked, and Mila frowned slightly. Roland was stern.

The fading sunlight shone down, and the four blurred figures were reflected on the ground. Except for Tigre and his party, there is no one else here. With a cruel expression and voice, Guinevere continued.

"The attitude of the residents of Marieou is too docile. It seems that this makes them feel uneasy. Maybe they are actually planning something in private, so it's better to just give the worries to two paragraphs. That's what they say.... What do you think we should do?"

"I object."

The person who answered first was Tigre. With an expression of disgust, the young man continued.
"The reason why the residents of this small town honestly submit to us is precisely because we did not make any derailment. If we do such things that endanger the lives of others, not only Mary Io, but even Prince Germaine dominates all the villages and small towns below will become our enemies. And —"

Although Tigre stopped midway, he said after Guinevere urged him with his eyes.

"Even from my personal perception, I hate the act of burning down towns. My father once taught me that the job of a lord is to enable residents to spend every day peacefully."

Guinevere’s lips made a slight movement, as if muttering something to herself. ‘He’s a good father’. It looked like she was saying that, but in fact, he couldn't confirm it because he couldn't hear the sound.

Next, she turned to look at Roland. The reason why the Black Knight didn't speak immediately was to express his sincerity. He was originally not good at words and had limited knowledge, and it took him some time to convert his ideas into words.

"You negotiated with the king of our country and concluded a formal cooperation contract. The Brune army under your command will follow your instructions. But——"

Roland's eyes became sharper. At least, it seemed so in the eyes of Guinevere.

"That's what you said when you met in the castle of Navarre. Because you are worried about the chaos of your motherland, you want to put a stop to this meaningless struggle."

"Yeah. I did say it."

Guinevere nodded in agreement, and after confirmation, Roland continued.

"When you celebrated the feast in Donis, you said that you are all equal citizens of Asvarre. There is also a temple dedicated to the Knights of the Round Table in this small town, and the knights of the Round Table you are proud of have been passed down from
generation to generation. Even so, do you still think they are not the Asvarre nationals you should guard?"

Guinevere opened her eyes wide and stood there as if a bolt from a blue sky. She looked at the black knight blankly.

Roland's remarks made her heart shake violently. Because what he said was his past self. These words that I have said are by no means just talking casually. She really wants to calm the current chaos in the country. Instead of standing still and waiting for others to solve it, he took the initiative to stand on the battlefield like the overlord Sephyria.

She has not forgotten these. However, the current self was blinded by what was in front of him.

Finally, Guinevere looked at Mila. The green-haired Vanadis looked at the princess dumbfounded with her hands on her waist.

"What about you, what do you want to do? After listening to the words of these two people, do you still want to burn this small town?"

Guinevere shook her head in denial. Mila stared at her fiercely.

"In that case, please come to us honestly. You want to use the power of the alliance to stop these foolish princes. You are sure that these two good people will raise objections, and then deliberately raise this topic. Yes. Although I understand that you don't want to owe too much favor, this attitude really makes me unhappy."

The two boys who were called the good guys looked at each other. Knowing that she didn't say that on purpose, and the two really couldn't refute this claim, they accepted the title honestly.

"Let's just talk about it. I have the same opinion as Tigrevurmud. I won't say more about it."

After finishing what she should say, Mila closed her mouth.

The weeds under her feet swayed with the breeze. Guinevere took a deep breath, then exhaled slowly.

"thank you all."

She smiles back to the trio.
The sky to the west was stained with vermilion, and the coldness in the wind was gradually increasing. In the meeting room of the Guinevere House, the main officers of the coalition army gathered. The representatives of the Zhcted Special Army are Tigre, Mila and Sofy, the representatives of the Brune Army are Roland and Olivier. And the representatives of Asvarre are Guinevere and Will. Several maps were posted on the wall, and Guinevere and Will were standing in front of the wall. Tigre and others sat on the chairs prepared in advance and looked at the young princess together.

"—I'm so sorry, Sofy. I'm causing you trouble."

Tigre apologized to Sofy in a low voice at a volume that no one else could hear.

Tigre, Mila, Guinevere, and Roland only learned after returning to the mansion that Sofy, Will and Olivier were slowly pushing the process of the meeting while they were shopping. This gave Tigre a sense of guilt.

"You don't need to care. Just leave things like this to me who knows Asvarre."

After speaking, Sofy showed a little devilish smile and put her mouth to Tigre's ear.

"However, you have the intention and I'm really happy oh. If you can, can you come and help me rub shoulders tonight?"

"Whom you want to be shoulder pain, I am honored to serve u do."

To With an angry expression, Mila interjected. Although she is also very grateful for the help of her friends, this is different from that. Tigre and Sofy must not be allowed to be alone, Mila silently made up his mind.

Just when Sofy was about to say something while smiling bitterly, the military meeting officially began.
Guinevere first greeted the people attending the meeting briefly. Then immediately enter the topic.

"How should our army act from now on.... First of all, listen to Will's opinion."

After hearing the princess's words, the veteran with the alias of Red Mist stepped forward.

"In the previous naval battle we captured more than 3,000 soldiers, and more than 1,000 swear to submit to Her Royal Highness Guinevere. The remaining 2,000 soldiers have been sent back to Asvarre along with Caldart."

"Are those who are going to follow Her Royal Highness to be trusted?" asked one of the Asvarre nobles. Will replied without frowning.

"His Royal Highness Guinevere said that he trusts them. I will follow His Highness's will."

Since Hong Wu has said so plainly, no one can object. Although the nobleman didn't seem to accept it completely, he still retired honestly. Will then explained.

"The ship carrying the horse has just arrived at the port. According to the report, there is no problem with the health of the horse."

The people headed by Roland sighed in relief. Until the outcome of the naval battle, the ships carrying the horses stayed at Donis. A knight who does not ride a horse is not a knight at all, and cannot give full play to their mobility on the battlefield. It is not an exaggeration to say that it is great news.

"The volunteers who protected Donis have just arrived in this small town. I asked them to form a force of fifty to one hundred men and go to various small towns and villages to spread the reputation of Her Royal Highness Guinevere."

These are also essential actions. Since their numbers are far lower than the opponent is, they have to work harder in other areas. Then Will turned his gaze to the map on the wall.
"Late night last night, I sent two teams of scouts to the south and west to investigate the situation. According to the report, Valverde, where Germaine was a stronghold, was guarded by more than 40,000 soldiers."

The entire conference room was bustling. Only yesterday, he defeated an enemy that was twice as large as his own, but there was still such a huge gap in force. The lords couldn't help sighing.

But what Will said next made the pessimistic atmosphere disappear in an instant.

"It also includes the cavalry of the Sachenstein Army. The number is about 2,000 to 4,000."

One of the lords was furious with a stiff expression, and some people had veins on their foreheads. Some people overturned their chairs and stood up, others yelled in surprise.

"Germaine is not good at finding someone for that boy, so he has to find Sachenstein to join forces...!"

"Sure enough, that man is not qualified to rule the kingdom. The lords who choose to follow that man are mentally ill."

"I forgot even the most basic principles. I became so despicable and mean after being caught in the tackiness of the mainland."

The lords' anger against Germaine rose and fell one after another. As far as the Asvarre people are concerned, Sachenstein has been a long-time enemy, and hearing the name of this country makes their hearts unable to calm down. Moreover, the Kingdom of Sachenstein actually lends soldiers and horses to Germaine. Germaine should be scolded.

On the other hand, Roland sighed in admiration, "Oh."

"I don't stick to the inherent form; I choose to join hands with Sachenstein. It's quite a set."

"Are they good?"

Among the three, Mila, who was closest to Roland, asked. Because there is no national border between Zhcted and Sachenstein, even
if there is a symposium between countries, there is almost no chance of fighting.

"How should I put it, although the Sachenstein army does not give the impression of being particularly sharp and strong compared with our Brune. However, there are no weak soldiers in the Sachenstein army, and the command ability is quite good. Besides, they often Will use weapons like trebuchets."

After they vented their anger, Will raised his hand. After confirming that the meeting room was quiet again, he looked back at the map.

"As for the Germaine Army who fled to the small town of Navia in the battle yesterday, they seem to have left their warships and fled the town early. Also, in the fortress of Luxor near Marie, Only dozens of enemy soldiers were found. Germaine seems to be planning to designate the surrounding area of Valverde as a decisive battlefield."

Lux is a fortress that's a day to the southwest of Marie' A fortress that can only be reached by horse. If you want to head south from this small town to Valverde, you can never ignore such an important enemy town.

However, Germaine chose to release such a strong fortress. Only a few soldiers were left to monitor their actions.

"It seems that he knows quite well where to use the soldiers. It's really tricky."

Mila frowned. Although sitting on five times the strength of this side, Germaine did not care. In order to avoid being broken by each, he decisively abandoned the fortress and concentrated his troops together. The same is true for the soldiers to stay around Valverde, making full use of the geographical advantage, and planning to bring our troops into the enemy's battlefield.

"Although our army also has a map of Valverde's surroundings and a floor plan of its city hall, the city is heavily guarded. From north to east, there are a series of small hills, with a river passing by in the south and dense woods in the west. The city walls are towering.
On top of this, 50,000 soldiers are guarding, and there is no chance of winning from a frontal battle."

As if he had finished saying what he had to say, Will stepped back and waited. In her place, Guinevere stepped forward. After looking around the princes, she declared solemnly.

"Our army will not go to Valverde, but to suppress the port city of Navia in the west, the Fortress of Lux in the southwest, and Burgas, a small town south of the Fortress of Lusk."

Under Sofy's guidance Next, Tigre and Mila stared at the map on the wall. Walk four or five days along the southwest street from Marie Ou, and you can reach this small town called Burgas.

"Navia and Lukas are not a problem even if they resist. It is reported that Burgas' defense is quite weak, and it will probably not take long to successfully suppress it. —This is a trick to lure soldiers."

The last paragraph was emphasized so that the lords looked at Guinevere in surprise.

"His Royal Highness, what do you mean by luring soldiers..."

"Bring Germaine and his army out of Valverde."

Several people who understood what the princess intended could not help but sigh. Guinevere smiled.

"I want Germaine to think so. The reason why we avoided the frontal decisive battle with him is to expand our forces while disintegrating their camps while expanding our strength. If Germaine takes action. If so, we can choose a more advantageous battlefield to fight.""

What if Germaine stays at Valverde and stays motionless?" one of the lords asked.

Guinevere smiled beautifully, and then immediately replied.

"At that time, we will be spreading the news about Navia and Burgas that our army has occupied. At least, it won't do any harm."

"There is something I want to take the liberty of asking Her Royal Highness."
So far, a young lord who was silent stood up with a loud voice.

"While our army is going to suppress Navia and Burgas, what should we do if the enemy is attacking Marieou with troops? If Germaine is allowed to retake this town, he will definitely take advantage of it. Attack on Asvarre Island and point to the capital of Colchester, isn't it?"

Several lords looked at each other with uneasy expressions. If Germaine sent 40,000 soldiers to contain the Shining Army, and he was leading the remaining 10,000 soldiers to attack Asvarre Island, Guinevere would have no choice. The criticism of the young lords is quite incisive.

However, Guinevere shook her black hair and shook her head.

"That kind of thing won't happen. Because I don't plan to let soldiers stay in this town."

Because it was too unexpected, the young lord was dumbfounded.

"His Royal Highness does not intend to protect Marie Io...?"

"Leaving the soldiers behind is not the only way to protect the town."

Guinevere smiled.

"At noon, I visited this small town. The walls were low and thin. It almost couldn't accommodate our troops who were less than 10,000. This town is not suitable for positional warfare. The reason why Germaine's army did not stay behind here must be because they know this truth well."

The young lord nodded abruptly in agreement. There was a faint chill in Guinevere's smile.

"But, please think about it. If we abandon this town for no reason, what would Germaine think? Do you think he will retake this town happily?" asked Guinevere after making a speech. the young lord whispered.

"You suspect that this is a trap, after all, it's the adult..."

Germaine's suspicion was quite heavy, and the lords knew it well.
"Of course, Germaine may also intend to take Jizhi to retake this town. However, considering the structure of this town, it will not be difficult to retake it again. Moreover, even if Germaine does successfully land on Asvarre Island. The land is full of his enemies. It is no easy task to capture the king."

Most of the lords on Asvarre Island supported Elliot. Then, they thought it was Germaine who sent the assassin to kill him. During the period when the lords interfered with Germaine and slowed his actions, Guinevere could think of many countermeasures to deal with this matter.

"His Royal Highness, please forgive me for being rude just now."
The young lord bowed his head deeply and finally figured it out. After he returned to the chair, another lord stood up. He is a little old man who seems to be kind.

"His Royal Highness, please forgive me for being rude, can you please listen to my opinions?"

In just an instant, Guinevere frowned slightly. However, she nodded silently and allowed the lord to speak. The old lords expressed their opinions in a chatty tone.

"The next proposal is to set the town on fire after the expropriation of food and materials. What do you think?"

Tigre and Mila couldn't help looking back at the lord.

—Is it possible that this old man is the one mentioned by Princess Guinevere...?

"May I ask your Majesty to send about a thousand soldiers among the prisoners captured by our army to stay in this town? We claimed that Germaine ordered them to set fire to this town. Then, we the thousand soldiers were executed and used to blame Germaine. At that time, our army can declare everyone. Although Mary Io has declared allegiance to our army, Germaine burned the small the town's revenge action is simply an inhumane move."

Guinevere silently watched the old man and described this terrible strategy with a nonchalant expression.
"In the case of loss of popularity, soldiers fleeing, and lack of calmness, Germaine will not have the capital to fight our army. Then he can easily take down Germaine's head."

After the old man finished speaking, an ominous atmosphere enveloped the entire conference room. Tigre put his head away from the old prince. Because he was quite aware of how ugly his face was.

The responses of the lords were divided into various types. Some people stroke their throats as if they heard something terrible, while others nodded in agreement with an expression of admiration.

Guinevere did not hide her unhappiness at all, staring at the old man.

"You also told me this morning. You said that you don't know what the residents of this town are secretly planning, and you have to cut off their worries."

"I did say that below."

"Everyone has it certain ways of doing things. There are people who are good at sword dancing and those who are good at archery. And this opinion of yours is really not compatible with me. Next time, please come up with suggestions that are more nutritious. You don't have to burn the town in everything. Punish the prisoners."

Upon hearing these words from Guinevere, the elderly lord apologized and said "because the next consideration was not thoughtful enough." Several lords sighed in peace. However, Tigre felt that he did not change his original plan. It seems necessary to be on guard.

After confirming that no one else wanted to speak, Guinevere looked around everyone present.

"Like yesterday's victory represented by the general, and with your great strength and courage against our army won the victory. As a result, there are surely many people can not fight the enemy front and are dissatisfied with it."
Several The prince's body trembled slightly. They are all people who did not achieve the expected results in the naval battle. Presumably, in the next battle, they will definitely fight the enemy bravely. They must not be poured cold water here. Guinevere continued with a resolute expression.

"However, I can't do such a reckless thing as challenging the enemy several times just because of your enthusiasm. Just as your actions are filled with indignation, there must be some of the lords under Germaine's that wonder if they are following the wrong camp. I want to give these people some time to think about it."

The lords looked at each other. If only the number of enemy troops retreats, they can still express their warfare by reprimanding the coach for his weakness, but she also expressed her kindness to the lords in the enemy camp. It is difficult to refute.

"I feels the gentleness of Her Highness again. I'm willing to obey Her Highness's will." A young man named Tobias stood up and saluted, and then others rushed to agree with this proposal.

"However, it is really good to choose Burgas as the target. It is appropriate to use it as a meeting place to lure the guy away from Valverde."

After a lord said so, the lord next to him sneered.

"Don't you just want to bathe, right? Burgas is quite famous as a bathing place."

Hearing these words, the others also laughed. Just when the atmosphere in the conference room was peaceful, Guinevere repeated the decision to go to Burgas and announced the dissolution of the conference.

At the same time, Germaine was listening to an unusual report in his room in Valverde City Hall. A thousand soldiers sent to Burgas were all annihilated. The dragon did exist, and it also destroyed the villages and towns surrounding Burgas.

"What did you say..."
Germaine, who had read the report, threw the silver cup in his hand to the ground. It is unpleasant just for a creature that only exists in fairy tales to appear here, and this dragon is still making trouble within its own sphere of influence. A thousand soldiers were lost.

—*Are you trying to say that I don't deserve to be on the throne at all!* Due to the unreasonable state of affairs, an angry feeling spontaneously emerged.

"If swords and spears really can't deal with dragons, what should we do? No, it's a way to induce Guinevere's army to go there and let them kill each other...?"

About what to do At this point, even Ratwidge couldn't immediately think of any good ideas.

"Anyway, let's observe the situation first. If it does not leave Burgas, the disaster situation will not expand further."

Helpless Germaine followed his advice, but the anger in his heart was still burning.

By the time Tigre and his party returned to the mansion, the white moon was already shining high in the night sky.

After bidding farewell to Mila and the others, Tigre walked to his room with a kerosene lamp in his hand. Just as he was about to reach out and open the door, he suddenly stopped. The brow furrowed slightly.

—*Someone is inside.*

Raffinac had already seen it at the entrance of the mansion, so it wasn't him. In that case, is it a thief? However, even if you prick your ears, you can't hear anything.

He was determined to open the door carefully. Of course, the room was completely dark. He raised the kerosene lamp and looked around, and saw an object covered in blankets on the bed. It looks like it is wrapped around a person's head.
Tigre opened the door and put the kerosene lamp on the table. Walk slowly to the bed. First, he looked down at the blanket with indifferent eyes, and then immediately crawled on the floor, peeking at the contents from the bottom edge of the bed. Tigre's eyes widened in surprise as he suddenly couldn't say anything.

"That...", a petite figure lurking under the bed bluntly asked himself a question.

"Why do you know that I am inside?"

Tigre's eyes adjusted to the darkness, and the face of a girl with long black hair was reflected in his eyes. She is an acquaintance of his. However, under the girl's head, there was coat-like clothing, and she couldn't recognize it until she looked closer.

Tigre sighed and got up from the bedside. Soon after, the girl got up from under the bed. Without being timid, he hurriedly saluted.

"Long time no see, Lord Tigrevurmud."

"Although greetings are really important, but Militsa, don't you have anything else to explain first."

Tigre looked down at the girl dumbfounded. This lovely invader is named Militsa Glinka, the war maiden of Zhcted who has the alias "Illusory Princess of the Hollow shadow". She is fifteen years old. Although she admired Mila as "Sister Ludmila", she also had a merciless side.

"Anyway, can you please put on your clothes first?"

Militsa's jacket opened to the left and right, falling to the floor. A new shock struck Tigre. Because under this coat, she actually didn't wear anything.

Although she was wearing underwear around her waist, it was just a string thong covering the crotch. She covered her slightly raised breast with the palm of her hand. However, this look is not at all fascinating, not only because of her overall poor body, but also because she is not ashamed at all.

"Where's your clothes...?"
Tigre asked, feeling a headache, and Militsa turned her eyes to the bed. It seems that her clothes are under the blanket.

"I see. Can you please put on your clothes as soon as possible? Also, you are not allowed to show your body in front of others in the future."

"That's right. I don't know why I'm here with Tigrevurmu. When we were together, I always remembered what happened in my hometown village..."

Despite being dumbfounded by her pretending reaction, Tigre turned his head back to her first. Just in case, Tigre kept his eyes on the open door.

There is always an ominous premonition. Afterwards, this hunch came true.

"Tigre, I have something to think about--"

Mila suddenly appeared and looked inside the door. In front of her were the young girl who treated herself as her sister almost naked, and the sweetheart standing in front of her. Mila looked at Tigre blankly for a moment.
"Mila, listen to me!"

Feeling a rush of fear rushing to his back, Tigre explained desperately. If you calm down, no matter who it is, you will find that there are many doubts in this matter. However, Mila seemed to have not heard his words, and stepped into the room quietly. Overwhelmed by this silent pressure, Tigre was completely unable to move.

Mila, standing in front of Tigre, stretched her right hand to the youth's face.

Then, he touched Tigre's nose with one finger.

"What are you afraid of?"

Mila smiled helplessly. Tigre continued to explain to Mila the situation, as she had not recovered his calm.

"Isn't it just Militsa's prank? Although I don't know why this child appeared here. If you are always so flustered, you will only be teased by her."

"As expected of Sister Ludmila."

Militsa, who was hiding behind Tigre, stuck her head out to applaud Mila.

"By the way, if the person standing here is not me, but a prostitute or other woman who lives in this small town, what would the elder sister do?"

"Well," Mila crooked. An unknown smile appeared on his head and face.

"The nose seems to be finely chopped after being frozen."

Of course this is just a joke. But Tigre couldn't laugh at all.

While Militsa was getting dressed, Tigre prepared chairs for the number of people, and Mila called Sofy and made four cups of black tea. She also adds fig jam to it. Mila originally came to his room to invite Tigre to drink black tea, so hot water was already prepared.
After about a thousand seconds, the four people sat down around a table.

"Although I have a lot to ask, let me first ask why you are hiding under my bed? Although that is not a good idea, can you hide under Mila or Sofy's bed?"

"Of course I have thought about it, but I immediately noticed that this would be discovered by Sister Ludmila and their dragon gear, so I gave it up."

"If only hiding under the bed, Lavias would still Zaht with me will find out right away."

Hearing Sofy's words, Tigre looked at the black bow leaning against the wall. Although it is also a very trustworthy partner, it seems that at this time, it still can't be expected to warn users this kind of intimate behavior.

Militsa took a sip of the black tea and stared at the silver cup with an incredible expression.

"The aroma and taste are completely different from the ones I've drunk before. Is this black tea in this country?"

"Yeah. Although the tea is also produced in Muozinel, it seems that the flavor has changed during the transportation to Asvarre. Because it is interesting, I will try to see which jam is better. Up to now the best match so far is fig jam."

Tigre felt quite admired. Although she has long known that she has an unusual passion for black tea, she did not expect that she would be able to make such an attempt during the march. In addition, the black tea is just as she said, after the jam is dissolved in the mouth, he can smell a light fragrance, a slight sweetness seeps into the tip of the tongue.

"It's really delicious. It's no wonder you are so proud."

After Tigre applauded, Mila said "thank you" and nodded gently. Sofy said from the side with a smile.

"It's better to leave this kind of remarks until you are alone, Tigre. Mila desperately suppresses the desire to dance and dance."
"I think Sister Mila should be alone when alone. I am immersed in that sense of happiness along with my patience." Militsa said calmly, seeming to imagine the scene, Sofy lowered her head and shook her shoulders.

It looked like he was holding back a smile. So Mila glared at Sofy.

"So, what on earth did you come to this town for?"

As a way to relieve your sweetheart, Tigre asked Militsa. Although she has a dragon tool that can instantly travel to various places, she presumably will not appear here because of a whim. Normally, she would think she had received some secret order from Zhcted.

Sure enough, after Militsa sat upright, he lowered his head towards Tigre and the others.

"I have an unrelenting request. Can you please take me to Valverde?"

The three looked at each other. Valverde is the stronghold of Prince Germaine. It seems that the situation is definitely not simple enough to go there. So Mila asked.

"Can you tell me your reason?"

"It's a long story, please forgive me. It goes back to the beginning of autumn——"

Militsa said after this opening speech.

She was called to the king's city of Sirregia, and she received a certain order from the phantom of the previous generation Vanity Valentina. She asked Militsa to find out who the traitor was who sold the intelligence of Zhcted and Brune to the enemy during the spring expedition to Muozinel.

During the expedition of Mila and Sofy, presumably, this traitor would be ready to move in the territories of Olmutz and Polesia that they ruled. Under such considerations, Militsa obeyed Valentina's instructions and flew to the two principalities as literally. Then, the trap was finally found out.

"Have you really found it out!?"
Tigre couldn't help but exhale and got up from his chair. Saying "sorry" for his rude behavior, he sat back in the chair again. After all, King Faron of Brune once appointed Tigre to take over as the liaison officer who detected the traitor. This matter is closely related to him.

As if saying that she doesn't mind, Militsa shook her head lightly, then continued.

"Sister Tina called them the "anti-king faction." A party formed by ten lords from above and below. In this group, some lords hold titles and territories at the same time, and some have been expelled for some reasons. There are also some famous lords with a long history. There should be no people living in hardship in it. What they have in common is their rebellious heart towards His Majesty the King."

At this point, Militsa turned to Tigre.

"As for what the anti-king faction should do, I have asked Sister Tina to deal with it. In order to meet with the person who is investigating the traitor like me, I flew to Brune's side. The person told me that Brune was also sent against the king. the king has dissent from lords are formed from two against the king sent secretly teamed together, and the national intelligence were secretly sold"

Tigre and Mila looked at Militsa in astonishment, as they were suddenly speechless. Although they had long thought that trap is not simple, but the scale is completely beyond their imagination.

Sofy put away the smile on her face and asked in a faint tone.

"The reason why you are here is that Asvarre provided financial aid to the two anti-king factions, right? And in this way, Muozinel is also inseparable from this matter."

Militsa opened her eyes wide and couldn't help sighing.

"Yes, both countries are involved in this matter. When our country and Brune intend to attack Muozinel, Muozinel will induce the two armies to penetrate into the enemy's position to extend the front as much as possible, and then Asvarre will attack Brune."
Tigre's back felt cold. If this is the case, of course the guys called anti-kings will also sell the information to the Asvarre army. Brune might face a difficult battle because of this.

Moreover, the dragons that the Brune army relied on was also killed by Rusalka during the attack on Muozinel, and as a result, he suffered a surprise attack by the Muozinel army and fell into a state of devastation.

"The reason why things didn't progress like that was that King Zechariah happened to be ill at this time, right."

Mila confirmed so, and Militsa nodded.

Tigre looked up to the ceiling with a complicated expression. To be honest, Tigre is actually quite sympathetic to King Zechariah. After the illness, the children died one after another, and the remaining children were brought in other countries' troops, leaving the kingdom torn apart and fighting for the throne.

However, when Tigre heard that the king was about to attack Brune, although he had not yet reached the point of schadenfreude, he secretly rejoiced that it was time for the king to fall ill.

At this moment, Tigre suddenly remembered something, so he asked Militsa.

"By the way, does Sachenstein have nothing to do with this matter?"

"As far as I know, Sachenstein has nothing to do with this matter."

Militsa shook her head in denial, and Tigre couldn't help feeling a little surprised.

The Kingdom of Sachenstein borders Brune and Asvarre from east to west. The relationship with Asvarre has been very bad since ancient times, and various disputes often occur. Moreover, the relationship with Brune is not very good. Although there has not been any major battle between them, there are often territorial disputes and other issues in the border.

"It's because they don't want to join forces with Asvarre or Muozinel?"
Mila couldn't help laughing wryly. Tigre tilted his head and wondered. Regardless of Asvarre, are there any conflicts between Sachenstein and Muozinel? Just when he thought so, Sofy explained with a smile.

"About ten years ago, Sachenstein attacked Muozinel with a thousand warships. They took a thousand warships and sailed to the southern waters. They took two hundred warships against such a large army and won an overwhelming victory. Kureys Sahin Paramir. It seems that it was only after that battle that he began to be called "Red Beard"."

Tigre sighed. Although this kind of story tends to exaggerate the strength of the enemy and ours, since the winner is the Kureys, this is truly what happened. Since there had been such grievances between them, it is no wonder that Sachenstein would be so wary of Muozinel.

After getting the black tea that Mila had just brewed, Militsa started the topic again.

"Until not long ago, King Zechariah's men seemed to have met with the anti-king faction based on Donis. However, as the confrontation between the two lords intensified, I heard that they moved their base to Baal."

"Even if they can immediately order the transfer of the base, it seems that their noses are very sensitive."

Mila sneered at this. If they stayed in Donis like this, they might die in the hands of Lester, who was actually a disgusting demon named Torbalan. It can be said to be quite a wise judgment.

"However, it is a problem even if they are still in Valverde now. Maybe they have moved to another place..."

When he said this, Tigre looked at Militsa.

"Speaking of which, I don't seem to ask you yet. Do you know the current situation of our army?"

"I don't know at all. After all, just gathering information makes me very busy."
Hear Militsa's answer, the three exchanged their sights. The final decision will be explained by Tigre as the representative.

After listening, Militsa looked around the three with furrowed brows.

"Why did things develop like this...?"

"We are not discouraged and the result of a lot of hard work, right..."

Scratching his dark red hair, Tigre smiled weakly. Seriously, Tigre can understand how she feels now. After all, the same is true for the three of them.

"This is a decision made for the benefit of Zhcted. Although I don't know what will happen in the future, it is only at this point that I can raise my head and tell you this."

Mila said, and Sofy also nodded in agreement.

"That's it. It doesn't matter if you want to go to Valverde, but I hope you can wait. Wait until the battle with Prince Germaine is over."

Militsa looked troubled.

"But, I don't have the experience of leading soldiers in battle."

"I didn't say let you fight with us. After all, this is our mission. I will send guards to stand by with you in the back during the war. This is also a good thing for you."

"That's right. Just seeing the battlefield with your own eyes is a good experience."

Mila also agreed, and Militsa lowered his head and said, "Then, please."

Although they planned to talk for a while later, they ended the meeting early considering that Militsa was struggling. Moreover, Tigre and the others couldn't stay up all night before leaving the town.

After the three war maidens left, Tigre lay on the bed. The light of the kerosene lamp has not yet dissipated.
After listening to what Militsa said, he was quite concerned about it. The reason why he didn't ask Militsa on the spot was because it was a relatively personal and unimportant matter.

Suddenly, a black shadow came into sight. Something that appeared directly above Tigre fell vertically in accordance with the law of gravity. His abdomen was hit, and Tigre made a sound like a frog being run over. After sighing deeply, even Tigre couldn't help but look embarrassed, staring at the girl sitting on his abdomen with reproachful eyes.

"Forgot something? Anyway, can you please open the door well next time and come in."

This girl is Militsa. Unlike when she left the room, she carried a long-handled scythe made of bright red and black lacquer on her shoulder. And this sickle is her dragon gear, Ezendais.

"Actually, I wanted to do this originally. After all, to come to this room, you have to go through the corridor in front of Sister Ludmila and Lord Sofya."

Militsa replied and left Tigre. Tigre got up from the bed. She ran over again because she didn't want to tell those two people something. First, he has to listen carefully to what she says.

"Because the pruning just now was a failure, but I was shocked by you, so I wanted to challenge it again."

"Do you want me to call Mila to scold you."

Even Tigre threw down his harsh words and threatened, and Militsa just shrugged exaggeratedly.

"I just forgot to tell you something, so I ran over secretly—about your mission."

The purple pupils stared straight at him, making Tigre's anxiety disappear in an instant.

This is exactly what he was thinking about just now. King Faron appointed himself as a liaison officer. If there is a letter to be secretly sent to someone in Zhcted, it will be relayed through Tigre.

"Militsa, am I really the bait?"
He honestly asked this question, and after a while, he got a "yes" as an affirmative answer.

"That's it..."

Unbelievably, he didn't feel lost at all, but rather felt relieved and understood. In fact, as early as the initial stage, Tigre had wondered if this was the case. How such an important responsibility could be handed over to the person who is still in trouble.

In a plain tone, Militsa continued.

"The person who discussed with me in Brune gave you a very high evaluation. He said that he had never seen a bait as eye-catching as you, and said that when you return to Brune, please be sure Go to the palace."

Tigre gave a wry smile. It would be nice if you had the consciousness of being bait to make eye-catching actions, because if you mistakenly thought that you were entrusted to do these things, wouldn't you just be a clown? Then again, are your recent actions that fascinating?

"I should have said it, let's say goodbye first."

Militsa held the scythe again. The curved blade made of bright red and jet black gleamed. However, she suddenly stopped what she was doing. As if just remembered, Militsa asked.

"By the way, did you bring the bear puppet with you?"

"Well, of course."

Immediately understanding why, she asked this question, Tigre nodded and got up from the bed, from the luggage placed next to the black bow in the bag, take out a puppet the size of a palm. This puppet was the amulet that Militsa received from the maid Tita who was working in the mansion when she went to Alsace.

"I'm relieved. The atmosphere of that small town is very similar to my hometown, so I like it a lot. ——It seems that you value your hometown very much, Lord Tigrevurmud."
This time, Militsa really left. As she left, Tigre saw a faint smile on her face. However, half of her face is covered by shadows, so this may also be her own illusion.

For a while after that, Tigre had been staring absently where the girl was standing.

—Hometown?

Tigre thought of the faces of his father, younger brother, Tita, and attendant Bertrand. There are also the faces of the hunters, hunters who are close to him and the leaders who follow him on the expedition to Muozinel. … Is everyone okay? Is there always an urge to meet them because he is in a foreign country so far away from Asvarre?

—My father, I will never do anything that would damage the reputation of Vorn's family.

Tigre looked east and swore so. After this, Tigre lay back on the bed. After noon the next day, the Shining Army set off to leave Marie Ou.

The faded grassland danced with the wind and sand. The warm sunlight that casts down on the ground seems to tell people the fact that the autumnal equinox has passed.

The shining army composed of about 1,500 people from Zhcted's army and about 2,000 people from the Guinevere’s Army marched straight towards Burgas. It has been a day since they left Marie Ou.

On the morning of the departure day, Guinevere split the Shining army into two. The first army was a mixed force composed of the Brune Army and the second Guinevere army, and the second army was a mixed force composed of the Zhcted and the second Guinevere army. The first army is responsible for suppressing Navia and Lukas, while the second army is responsible for the positive pressure on Burgas.
"As of now, there is no sign that the Germaine army is approaching."

Mila, who was riding on a horse in front of the Zhcted army, couldn't help muttering to herself in surprise.

"Maybe the enemy is still investigating our army's movements? According to the contact report of the First Army, the enemy seems to have suffered a lot near Marie." Tigre replied while riding beside her on horseback...

Mila has offered a strategy since Marie O's departure. After the Second Army left Marie Io, the First Army asked the soldiers to stay near Marie Io and ambushed, waiting for the appearance of the Germaine Army. Sure enough, the Germaine's reconnaissance unit came to investigate Marie O's situation, and hurriedly retreated after being attacked by the rain of arrows from our army.

"That's right. Maybe I think too much. Since I'm still searching for the movements of our army, it's still too late to think about countermeasures when I get close to Burgas."

Mila also knew that Germaine was not stupid. He is like a beast staring at its prey, waiting for the perfect time to jump out and pounce. If 50,000 troops were dispatched in one breath, even if Mila and Sofy fought bravely, they would definitely not be able to rely on this army of less than 4,000 to defeat their opponents.

"By the way, since leaving Marie Io, you seem to be alone in a daze and thinking about things from time to time."

"You really can't match Mila."

Tigre gave a bitter smile at first, and then immediately turned back with a serious expression.

"During Marie O's military meeting, do you remember the lord who proposed to burn the town?"

"That kind of thing can't be forgotten right away."
After replied with an unhappy face, Mila paid attention. The situation to Tigre was a little strange. After receiving her curious gaze, Tigre said bitterly.

"Say it in advance. I'm not sure of his approach. It's just that, if it goes well, the proposal can really reduce the number of soldiers under Germaine's command. At the same time, our army can also be anti-objective. Perhaps accepting that proposal is for the soldiers that is the best choice..."

So far, more than 400 dead have appeared in the Zhcted's army. Rather than let them die on a foreign land and disappear in a foreign ocean, shouldn't they find ways to let them live and return to their hometown to sleep peacefully? It is the responsibility of a commander to get as many soldiers home as possible alive, isn't it?

"—Points deducted."

Mila's judgment was short and spicy. She sighed first, then poked Tigre on the forehead.

"Tigre, our duty is not just to keep the soldiers alive. To give them a reputation corresponding to their military exploits is also an equally important job."

"Fame..."

Looking at the somewhat confused Tigre, Mila Nodded slightly and continued.

"As you said, adopting that proposal will really make our army better. But when the last incident happened, our army would have to bear the stigma of executing prisoners and burning down towns that did not resist. Some countries and generals did. I would choose to disregard the rights and interests of the soldiers to make such a move. But this is not my style."

"That is true."

Tigre accepted his fault frankly. He didn't even think of it until now, because Mila had taught herself this way not long ago. Why did he forget about it?
The soldiers must be proud of the wars they participated in. Of course, it is inevitable that some people think otherwise, but it is important to think about this matter based on which kind of soldier.

"I'm sorry, Mila. I seem to be really tired."

"Really. You have to cheer up a little bit."

Looking at Tigre who was honestly apologizing, Mila stretched out her finger again. This time, poking his cheek gently with love.

"After all, you are mine... you are a guest general recruited by our army."

Although Mila immediately corrected her words, she blushed because of the omissions just now. Sofy, Militsa, Raffinac, and Goruin were behind Tigre, watching them with satisfaction.

On the morning of the third day of the march, Mila received another piece of information. As they will arrive in Burgas tomorrow, there is a tense atmosphere among the soldiers.

A group of travelers composed of a dozen men and women appeared in front of them.

The soldiers suspected that it was a reconnaissance team sent by the Germaine Army, so they all arrested them. However, because they are still carrying children, they are just skeptical. After questioning, I learned that these travelers had fled here from Burgas. Ever since, the soldiers took them to Mila.

"I really don't know whether to praise you for bravery or to reprimand you for rashness."

Mila couldn't help but smile wryly and ordered the soldiers who captured the travelers to hand over a silver coin. Then the coins were distributed to the travelers, and they finally relieved their guard.

Mila asked them why they had fled Burgas. Regarding Burgas, although they have heard about the situation from Guinevere,
Will, and Tobias who led the Guinevere army, they have no idea about the current situation. Have to find a way to get information before arriving in Burgas.

The traveler's representative replied with an iron face.
"In the mountains, a dragon appeared."

For a moment, Mila even wondered if she had made a mistake about the meaning of this Asvarre. But after repeated inquiries, other travelers also said the same thing.

"The body is full of black scales, as huge as a mountain, spreading out huge wings that can completely obscure the sky. Simply trampled on the houses and temples, and eaten the residents of countless small towns... .... Several nearby villages have been destroyed by it."

Although Mila couldn't believe it, she still ordered the release of these travelers. In the direction of Marie O, they hurriedly left here. After that, Mila gave a few silver coins to the soldiers who had captured the travelers. Although she planned to deal with them strictly, she was the first offender after all, so she spared them. As long as they can converge a little, it is enough.

After this, Mila called Tigre, Sofy, and Tobias. Order the soldiers to rest on the side of the street and share the information they heard from the traveler.

"Is it possible, do you want to say that dragons really exist...?"

Tobias laughed. This man is both cheerful and active. Although he was only twenty-four years old, he mastered two thousand soldiers skillfully. However, lack of caution in doing things, Mila said of him.

"Tigrevurmud, what do you think?"

Mila, who is a war hero, asked her own opinion, and Tigre replied sternly.

"Three years ago, I met an earth dragon in the Vosges Mountains. According to Princess Guinevere, Burgas is surrounded by forests and mountains. It is indeed possible for dragons to appear."
To say whether humans can defeat dragons is true, Tigre can assert that he cannot win.

Like a huge body the size of a hill, sharp claws and fangs that can easily tear even iron blocks, and iron swords that cannot hurt its scales, the ferocious beast with the above characteristics is the dragon. Destroying a village is a trivial matter.

"Even if it is not a dragon, there is something that forces the residents to flee collectively. It is invading Burgas and the surrounding land. We can't be careless."

Sofy was also strained. At this time Tobias took the initiative to ask.

"Let me lead a thousand soldiers to explore the way ahead, what do you think?"

His eyes flashed with a strong sense of war. Sofy exhorted with a smile.

"Secretary Tobias, you also have the duty to command the Asvarre soldiers. You shouldn't make such a hasty action."

"I agree. First send soldiers to the north and southeast to investigate and collect as much information as possible. ."

Mila tried to persuade him too, but Tobias shook his head.

"It's okay. I have no intention of letting the soldiers borrowed from the princess die in vain. When I find out what is invading Burgas, I will return immediately. Besides, this is not the Knights of the Round Table. The story, I don't even think there will be dragons at all."

Mila and Sofy looked at each other awkwardly. Judging from Tobias' attitude, he can feel his strong sense of competition. He probably wanted to get the victory of the Zhcteds first. In addition to being lured by fame and fame, he also wanted to respond to Guinevere's intention to entrust the soldiers to him.

Because of this enthusiasm and dominance, Guinevere and Will gave him such a high evaluation. But in the eyes of Mila and Sofy, being positive is okay, but it is troublesome to be positive enough to lack coordination.
"Please wait a minute!"

With an anxious face, Tigre stopped Tobias.

"I think what those travelers are telling is the truth. Here we should stop marching and collect as much information as possible. If the dragon infestation is true, it will pose a huge threat to us."

Tigre knew well the terrible parts of the dragon. Not only because he had fought with him alone, but also because he had witnessed the tragedy of the Muozinel Army that was ravaged by the earth dragon. So he can understand. That creature is not in the same class as the wild boar or bears; never approach the dragon easily.

"I remember you were, Lord Tigrevurmud, right."

Tobias said with cold contempt in his eyes.

"Although it is a bit disrespectful to you as a warrior general, I think your cautious attitude can be called timid. If you stop because of suspicious information like the dragon, it will give Germaine time to send troops to encircle and suppress us."

Tobias's words are basically reasonable. Germaine's army still doesn't know what their army is doing. If there is too long a delay in suppressing Burgas, their plan will collapse as a whole.

Tigre closed his mouth. Even if he continued to admonish, it would only arouse Tobias's disgust. In contrast, Mila said in a kind tone.

"Secretary Tobias also makes sense. But Sofy also said that you still have the obligation to command the soldiers. Here is still to be handed over to the investigation, what do you think?"

Tobias's expression was slightly relaxed but he still has no plans to change my mind.

"It's okay, let me lead the investigation. I understand what Her Highness Vanadis wants to express, but I also have to show my majesty to my subordinates. I don't want to be regarded by them as just hiding in the rear command."

Sofy shook her head slightly. As an ally of the Army of Guinevere, Zhcted's army can request it, but it must never force it.

"Please be more careful."
After watching Tobias leading a thousand infantry to the grassland, the three again began to discuss countermeasures. The three judged that it would be better to let Tobias leave first, and then gave up on persuading him.

"If there really is a dragon, what should I do?"

Tigre asked Mila and Sofy. The answers of the Vanadis are simple and clear.

"It's up to us to fight it. I said before; Dragon gear can split the dragon scales." "Although I have no experience in fighting dragons, I should be able to do it. Zaht also told me that there is no problem..."

Suddenly, Mila with a hesitant look that Tigre. The blue pupils are full of confusion. Tigre understood her thoughts and smiled heartily.

"Mila, you can try to rely on me more."

That's what the traveler said with huge wings that can cover the sky. At least that dragon is the kind that can fly. Your own bow is likely to come in handy.

The Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave was so moved that she couldn't speak. She stared at the sweetheart, smiled and nodded.

"Yeah. Sofy, you are responsible for protecting us. If the dragon lands on the ground, I will fight. If the dragon flies in the air, Tigre will shoot it. Let's do it like this."

Militsa stayed next to her because the detailed situation is not yet clear at this stage.

The trio of Tigre called Raffinac and Goruin to explain the situation to them.

"Lord Goruin asks you to be in charge of the Zhcted army, and Raffinac, you serve as the assistant officer of Lord Goruin, and by the way, help take a look at Princess Guinevere's army."

Tigre gave orders on behalf of the three. Goruin saluted silently, but Raffinac seemed a little unconvinced. However, Raffinac knew that even if he insisted on expressing his dissatisfaction, he would
only drag Tigre's back. So at least I have to joke and watch the owner leave.

"In the story, the man who defeats the dragon and the beautiful princess get married, but it is a fixed bridge."

"If the dragon is really killed, I will collect a whole sheep from the villagers as a souvenir."

Tigre also made the same joked back, and then the three of them rode out of the army.

Infantry formed the Tobias army, and it was not difficult for them to catch up on horses. There is a vast and flat grassland nearby. The three of them hid in the shadows of scattered trees, observing the Tobias troops in the distance of hundreds of Alshins.

"Just chasing down like this will be noticed by them."

"But the roundabout is also quite dangerous. After all, we are not very familiar with the geographical environment around here."

Tigre and Mila both looked bitter. The field of vision is vast here, even if only their figure is very conspicuous. However, there is also a risk of getting lost if you leave the street too far.

"Do you want me to use my dragon skills?"

Sofy suggested. Her dragon gear can make her figure invisible to others.

"Sofy, please. When we chase them, let's find a place to rest and wait for the sun to go down."

Sofy waved the tin rod in her hand, and the golden light from the tip of the tin rod turned into particles and dispersed.

"—The dazzling grains of sand hide away from my body!"

The light grains wrapped the bodies of the three of them. Tigre didn't know if they had disappeared now. However, Sofy smiled to herself. he has no reason not to believe her.
Get out of the shade. Leave the street to ride a horse. Soon after, they marched in parallel with Tobias' troops across two hundred arcs. Although you can still hear the sound of horseshoes, they must be regarded as auditory hallucinations.

Tigre and his party chased them, then drove hundreds of Alshins back to the street.

"—Now, Tigre."

Mila called the young man's name nervously.

"If the dragon really exists, it really has black scales..."

She just said that, as if she wanted to say nothing. However, Tigre understood what she was going to say. Zhcted made a law over there that no dragons with black scales would be killed. Its roots come from the first king who called himself the incarnation of the black dragon.

Of course, if there are really dragons messing around, they will not follow this rule stupidly. What's more, this is not Zhcted but the territory of Asvarre. But this is after all common sense that they have been taught since they were young, and it would be no good if one accidentally was put back by this incident and the situation became serious.

"I see. I will solve it."

After nodding vigorously, Tigre suddenly felt a strange feeling and frowned slightly.

—What's wrong...?

Tigre clenched the black bow in his hand and looked around as he stretched his hand to the quiver. This feeling is not the first time he has experienced it. When hunting in forests or mountains, bears or wolves in the distance will look at themselves as prey. Strangely, the breath of wild beasts is not felt around here.

Tigre looked up at the sky. At this moment, he saw a figure in the distance.

Because of this shocking scene, Tigre held his breath. A certain creature has wings like a bat, and it is coming straight from south
to north. It has a Long neck, slender feet, with a tail. In addition, this creature is the flying dragon.

Mila and Sofy also noticed the dragon and stared at the sky in amazement.

"What a behemoth..."

Mila muttered. Tigre felt the same way. This flying dragon is twice as big as the one in Thenardier's house. With such a size, it is easy to destroy the town.

"Let's go back quickly."

Sofy said so nervously. Although it is not clear what the target of the dragon is, no matter where it strikes, it will undoubtedly cause huge damage.

—*Tobias must be notified that they will turn around!*

Tigre and his party rushed hurriedly. Plural screams and screams reached the ears of the three. In the place where the Tobias team was originally located, there was something like a black hill.

"So this is the case..."

Tigre gritted his teeth angrily and regretfully. The dragon landed after taking Tobias as prey, probably because of their larger numbers. In addition, travelers said that this dragon once ate humans. The possibility of attacking humans as food must also be considered.

"I'll take the lead."

Mila ran ahead of them with Lavias in her hand. Tigre drew the bow and arrow with his right hand, but it did not hit the bowstring. If an arrow containing "power" is shot here, the Guinevere soldiers will also be involved.

Suddenly, the black hill was about to move. The dragon unfolds its wings and look up to this side. It seems that he noticed the whereabouts of Tigre and his party. The next moment, the dragon raised his head and roared loudly. The atmosphere shook, and the horses stood there in shock. Tigre and Mila immediately kicked off
the stirrups and jumped to the ground, while the horse threw off Sofy. Tigre caught her decisively.

"Are you okay, Sofy."

"Well, it was a great help. But this is too—"

Because of the tragic situation, Sofy couldn't even continue.

The grassland left a big pothole like a tornado, and blood-stained red turf corpses spread across the field. Around the flying dragon was a group of immobile soldiers, and soldiers who were able to move also dropped their weapons and armor and fled. Just a high-altitude blow from the flying dragon caused Tobias's troops to fall apart.

Must take down the flying dragon now, Mila kicked the ground and rushed out. It seemed to have noticed Mila too, twisted his head slightly, and threw the corpse over after eating. Mila immediately jumped aside to avoid the blow.

Throwing to the ground was Tobias, who had lost his left arm and the lower part of his waist. His face was distorted with fear, staring at the sky emptily. Of course, he has long lost his breath.

Mila's eyes were full of angry fire. She rushed straight towards the flying dragon. But before she reached the distance where she could perform dragon skills, the flying dragon flapped its wings and flew into the air with its feet on the ground. Mila could only stay on the ground and stare at the flying dragon.

Tigre and Sofy rushed to Mila's side. The three of them watched the flying dragon while adjusting their breathing. The Flying dragon didn't choose to escape but hovered in the air.

Tigre frowned. There are countless small protrusions like dorsal fins on the back of the flying dragon. These dorsal fins probably grow along the spine. But is there anything like this on the flying dragon you met before?

"Just do as we planned before."

Sofy suggested so, and Tigre calmed down and nodded. This is not the time to study the body of the flying dragon. It has to be resolved before it loses interest and leaves.
Tigre hit the black bow with his arrows. Lavias of Mila and Zaht of Sofy overflowed with white light and golden light respectively, and gathered on Tigre's arrow.

Flying dragon aimed at Tigre and his group, and prepared to dive down. Tigre stepped on the ground, tightened the bowstring, and aimed at the dragon. From its hovering in the air, predict its speed. It has to shoot an arrow that makes it unavoidable.

The flying dragon straightened its wings, leaned forward, and began to fall rapidly.

The moment Tigre was about to shoot the arrow, there was a strange sound as if the wind was torn apart. This sound made Tigre and the others deafening and chaotic. Not only that, as if in line with this sound, the flying dragon swooped down with an astonishing acceleration.

Sofy seems to be talking about something, she is going to use dragon skills. A thin film of light appeared to protect the three. In an instant, the flying dragon entwined in the storm galloped past Tigre and the others. The surface of the ground fell, and the spewing stones and dirt hit the three of them in raging waves.

—What is going on...?

Tigre couldn't help but knelt on his knees. He tapped his ears with the hand holding the arrow. Although the tympanic membrane did not appear to be shattered, there was still no sound. An attack like this was completely unexpected.

Flying Dragon looked down at Tigre and his group from above. It seemed to be a little confused that the three of them were still safe. Mila helped Tigre up.

"Are you okay, Tigre."

"Um... I'm sorry to worry you."

At the same time, the dragon fell quickly again. Sofy once again expanded the barrier of light. And Mila is also ready to use dragon skills and hold the spear.

However, the flying dragon dived down with the same acceleration, uprooting everything outside the barrier. Neither
Mila nor Tigre could capture the flying dragon, so they couldn't start. The grassland around the three of them turned into a wilderness, completely unrecognizable.

—Just as ferocious as a Demon.

At this moment, Tigre saw something flying from the other side of the sky. It also seems to be a flying dragon. Is it possible that there are companions? Tigre shuddered, but the atmosphere between them was very different. The flying dragon with black scales was also wary of the flying dragon that had just appeared hovering in the air.

—And, it seems that someone is riding on that flying dragon.

The flying dragon with black scales attacked the flying dragon that had just appeared. The flying dragon hurriedly flapped its wings and escaped the surprise attack. But he didn't seem to avoid it completely, lost his balance and fell to the ground. Tigre was not mistaken. As expected, someone was sitting on the dragon's back.

At about fifty arcs away from Tigre and the others, the flying dragon glided and landed.

"How can it be... how can a wild dragon attack me...!"

The young man riding on the back of the flying dragon looked up at the sky with a frightened and nervous expression.

This young man is Zion Thenardier.

When Brune was about to fall, Zion set out to leave his hometown of Nemetaku. He learned that the Brune army had intervened in the internal strife in Asvarre, and planned to use actual combat to test his own ability to control the flying dragon, so he flew to Asvarre.

Because of his father's opposition, he could only take advantage of the night to ride the flying dragon and leave secretly. Although he was determined to face his furious father when he returned home,
he might forgive himself more or less as long as he established his military exploits. This was his wishful thinking.

The reason why he happened to appear in this place is that Zion didn't go directly northward from Nemetaku through the Brune territory, but chose to enter Asvarre by crossing the Sachenstein territory towards the west. He chose to enter the country through this route for the following reasons.

The flying dragon cannot fly tirelessly. At least, the head raised by Thenardier is not good. When it is hungry, it will be in a bad mood. Moreover, Zion himself could not fly on the dragon for a long time. After all, riding a dragon takes a lot of energy and energy.

If this is the case, it is not possible to stay in a village or a settlement before leaving Brune, but it is not good to run to tell his father after someone knows his true identity. After all, the Thenardier family is one of the great nobles representing Brune, and Zion is also the eldest son of this family.

What's more, if you choose to go north, you will have to pass through the collar of the great nobleman Ganelon who is opposed to his father. Zion has an inexplicable fear of Ganelon.

Moreover, this is also a good opportunity to test whether the riding dragon can be used for detection.

The news that the Brune army assisted Princess Guinevere, Zion had already learned when he entered the sphere of influence of Prince Germaine, who was on the mainland side of the Kingdom of Asvarre. Although Zion didn't have the courage to approach Valverde, even if he only observed the situation in the west from the sky, he would definitely gain something.

In any case, he participated in this battle as a brave knight. It is said that the commander-in-chief of the Brune army is the black knight Roland who has a sense of competition.

Zion wanted to make the contribution, puff up his chest and join the battle.

—What the hell is going on...!
Zion mind was filled with chaos, desperately sorting out the information in his hands.

After all, the sun was about to go down, thinking that it was almost time to find a village to land for a little rest, suddenly a wild flying dragon attacked him. And this flying dragon is twice as big as Zion's flying dragon.

"It's a lie? Why are there dragons in this place!? Is it because this is a remote country full of mountains and forests!?

The only thing that can be sure is that this wild dragon sees itself as an enemy. Maybe it accidentally violated its sphere of influence. All in all, this is a life-critical crisis.

Avoid the assault of the wild flying dragon. But in fact, Zion just grabbed his flying dragon's back desperately. In order to survive, Fieron managed to avoid the blow with all his strength.

However, he doesn't know if it was because the flying dragon used too much force, which caused it to lose balance and fall to the ground. Although avoiding this frontal conflict, the flying dragon was temporarily unable to move due to sliding down to the ground.

Then Tigre and his party ran to Zion, who was yelling at him.

For Tigre and others, this was a completely inexplicable development. Why is Zion here? Why would he come here riding a flying dragon? There are as many things as mountains.

However, Tigre temporarily hid the things he wanted to ask in the corner of his mind. As a hunter and a Vanadis, the mind can guide the action most suitable for this situation.

"—Lord Zion, can you please lend us your strength?"

Tigre said at this time, there is always a sense of oppression that can't be said.

Sofy once again developed the dragon skills, forming a new enchantment. The pale blonde hair was messy and flowing, and his
face was exhausted. The dress made of green and white intertwined was also stained by the flying dust.

Mila, standing beside her, shook Lavias in her hand impatiently. "—A static world."

The surroundings of the barrier were frozen, forming an ice barrier. Although the original plan was to allow Sofy to withstand the attack of the flying dragon and Mila to defeat the flying dragon, Tigre and the others have given up this plan. Flying Dragon's actions were too fast. Even Tigre, the hunter, could not accurately capture its movement.

Then Tigre is now riding with Zion on the back of the dragon. Tigre sat behind Zion and tied his body and his body firmly with a rope. If you want to shoot an arrow in this situation, you have to maintain a posture that is so close to your body, but for this reason, even if there is any situation, Tigre will not be thrown off the flying dragon alone.

The black-scaled flying dragon hovered in the sky while observing the situation here. Obviously, the four of them and the flying dragon under them were treated as enemies and annihilated.

"—Hey, Vorn!"

Zion stared at Tigre without concealing his unhappiness.

"It's because of your Royal Highness that I asked you to ride on the flying dragon of our Thenardier house. Originally, people like you can only play the role of bait at best. Give me a good memory of my own!"

"I know."
Tigre replied reluctantly. Zion is needed now... to be precise, the power of the flying dragon is needed.

If you shoot an arrow from the ground, it must be impossible to shoot. Before the flying dragon speeds up its flight, even arrows with "power" may miss because of the late distance. However, if you shoot an arrow after accelerating, you will be unable to aim because the target is too fast. Therefore, you have to find a way to get close to each other.

Zion had to assist Tigre. For one, Mila and Sofy requested it as he just said. Moreover, Olmutz, under Mila's rule, had some exchanges with the Thenardier family, and he was a subject so he could not refuse.

In addition, his own flying dragon is looking hostile at the black scale flying dragon on the opposite side. Fieron made some subtle moves to convey this idea to Zion. In addition, Zion hates the feeling of being overwhelmed unilaterally. It must have a good knowledge of the strength of the flying dragon bred by Thenardier's house.

"How can I be looked down upon by this kind of bunny dragon who grew up in the country!"

The black-scaled flying dragon stopped hovering and began to descend rapidly. Mila and Sofy put on a preparatory posture.

The flying dragon's dive produced a violent wind. The ice wall made by Mila was blown to the ground in an instant, and a violent whirlwind engulfed everything from soil, weeds, shrubs and so on. Immediately afterwards, a harsh wind cut sound hit the tympanic membrane. The flying dragon that Mila and Sofy grabbed with sharp claws, kept this position and flew into the air again.

In order to catch up with the black-scaled flying dragon, Zion's flying dragon spread its wings and flapped its wings. The whirlwind that rolled up transported two humans and a flying dragon to the sky. Neither Tigre nor Zion said a word because they couldn't hear the sound now.

Tigre hit the arrow with the black bow. The arrow already carries "power", which is accumulated bit by bit while on the
ground. Never miss this arrow. Zion looked at Tigre's arrow with a look of surprise, but still left the doubt in his heart and looked up at the black-scaled flying dragon.

"Because of you, the young master has to carry some archer, and even has to assist him in archery!"

Of course, he couldn't even hear this passage.

The black scale dragon hovered leisurely while aiming at the two Tigre. Tigre stared intently, then his eyes widened. The countless protrusions on the black scale dragon's back swelled unnaturally.

"—I'm coming!"

His instinct told him so, and Tigre shouted. Although it is impossible for the flying dragon to understand human language, it still seems to have felt something from this urgent cry. Spread its wings and leap aside. Afterwards, the black scale dragon rushed straight forward, running through the space where they were originally. The sound of the wind resounded like thunder.

"It's like lightning..."

Tigre couldn't help sighing. But this is not difficult to understand. Just as there will be thunder rumbling after lightning, there will be strange sounds after this dragon flies away, which will make hearing loss.

—However, it finally made me see clearly.

Tigre used his whole body to feel when shooting an arrow. Use the eyes to catch the action of the prey, the nose to catch the taste of the prey, and the ears and skin to catch the wind and grass. Coupled with the knowledge and experience he has accumulated; he shoots arrows to make it hit the target. Just now because the tympanic membrane was numb, the aim was not successful.

"Hey, if you want to shoot, you can shoot as soon as possible. Isn't this your job?"

Zion seemed to shout something, but Tigre couldn't hear him. His eyes have been locked on the body of the black scale dragon.
The black scale dragon finally noticed the arrow in Tigre's hand. A look of taboo and violent light burst from his eyes. The eyes narrowed into a thread.

The protrusion on the back swelled. Tigre did not let go of this moment.

The arrow left the finger. While the arrow radiated white and gold intertwined brilliance, it flew towards the black scale dragon as if attracted. At the same time, the black scale dragon is also preparing to launch an assault here.

There was a loud noise, like a giant hitting the ground with an iron mallet.

The white and gold power penetrated the huge body of the flying dragon, and it turned into powder and swept away. Broken horns, broken fangs, pieces of meat, bones, and various internal organs were scattered around. The only wing that still maintained its original shape fell in front of Mila and Sofy.

"Although I've seen it once before, it's really a power I'm afraid of..."

Sofy looked up at the sky muddy. In front of her line of sight, Zion was comforting the flying dragon circling in horror, and Tigre holding Zion's back. Due to the recoil of the arrow, the rope seemed to loosen.

"Fortunately, you are the one who uses this black bow."

"What can I say so far?"

Mila patted Sofy's shoulder lightly.

"No problem. Tigre knows this "Power" best."

Mila also raised her head to look at Tigre. Her cyan eyes are full of trust and love for youth.

The tragedy of the Tobias team can be said to be completely beyond imagination.
The number of people alive is less than two hundred, the dead are about three to four hundred, and the number of people who escape is more than four hundred. Even if the three of Tigre ran non-stop, they caused so many casualties. If it were thirty seconds later, they would really be wiped out as literally.

According to the surviving soldiers, the flying dragon's first rapid dive broke up their formation, and every soldier fell into a state of panic. The tympanic membrane pain caused by the wind shear also contributes to the panic atmosphere.

During the second rapid dive, the flying dragon landed on the ground to trample and eat men recklessly. This decisive blow completely shattered the Tobias team.

In less than half a day, Goruin led the Second Army to arrive, and they were also stunned by the situation in front of them. Later, after hearing about the cause of the incident from Tigre and his party, the dead were buried.

When he saw Zion's face, Raffinac once blatantly expressed his disgust, but after Tigre explained that Zion was here to assist them, he immediately swallowed all the words back into his throat.

Instead of Tobias, commanding Guinevere's soldiers was a young man named Wally. Compared to sadness, his expression is just poor.

A Belust (about one kilometer) away from the place where the dead were buried, Tigre and his team set up a camp to briefly explain to Zion what has happened so far.

"You are actually a guest general of the Zhcted Army...?"

Zion looked at Tigre with suspicion. If only Tigre said that, he would probably sneer. But even if Mila and Sofy said the same, he could only believe that it was true.

"He belongs to our army...No, he knows the important secrets of our country. It is also because of this that I took him with our army."

After Sofy explained this, Zion tilted his head and wondered.
"The so-called secret? Of course, I didn't mean to ask in detail, but..."

"Let's put it this way. Do you know where the power that defeated the dragon just came from? In fact, it is our Vanadis' place. The power you have."

Tigre and Mila were surprised at first, then admired. She is not lying. However, information about the power of Tigre's bow was concealed. But this was a difficult choice for Sofy. Although Long Ji's information does not necessarily have to be kept secret, if possible, it is better not to let too many people know. However, since they have all been seen, it is necessary to explain them.

"The fact that Vanadis possesses incredible power must have been heard by Lord Zion?"

"I have heard similar rumors..."

Zion nodded. This is indeed true. However, Zion has not actually taken this matter to heart. After all, relying on the human body to call thunder and call the wind, he still remained skeptical in his heart.

"In other words, it is because of this matter that Lord Tigrevurmud walked with you?"

"Yes. The commander of the Brune Army also knew about it."

Roland knew this power was still there. There is the power of Tigre's black bow. Although he is not a talkative person, he will surely agree with them and he is a trustworthy figure.

Hearing Roland's name, Zion was finally able to accept it. Moreover, if it weren't for this reason, he couldn't understand why the son of a small nobleman could serve as a guest general of another country.

After explaining Tigre's matter, they began to negotiate their plans.

"What should I do? Do you want to go back to the fortress of Luxe in the north?"
Tigre asked Mila and Sofy’s opinions. Tigre believes that regardless of Burgas, rendezvous with the First Army is the top priority. The low morale of the Guinevere’s Army is also a hidden danger.

However, Mila shook her head in denial.
"Keep the original plan to go to Burgas."

Mila argued for two reasons.

One is because Germaine’s movements were too slow due to the army. Perhaps Germaine knew the news of dragons appearing in this land. Therefore, no matter how our army acts, the other side does not necessarily have any reaction. That being the case, now is the perfect time to suppress Burgas.

Moreover, they must also confirm the victimization of the town that was invaded by the dragon, and provide assistance for restoration according to the situation. To put it ugly is to gain prestige, but this is very important to the current shining overlord.

The next day, the second army of the Shining Army arrived at Burgas.

The miserable sight of not losing to Donis when he was just burned out came into the eyes of Tigre and his party.

The residents of Burgas were on guard against the Shining Army, but when they heard that Tigre had discovered and defeated the dragon, and the Guinevere soldiers led by Wally expressed their sympathy and prepared to help. After they revived the town, they accepted Tigre and his party. The Guinevere soldiers seemed to have alluded to the residents of this small town the four hundred comrades they had lost.

As wild dragons arbitrarily destroy and eat humans, more than half of the town is destroyed. It seems quite difficult for them to rebuild their homes by themselves.

According to their words, Germaine also seemed to know the existence of the dragon, and sent a thousand soldiers to the place. But they were immediately annihilated by the dragon, and after learning that The Shining Army had landed, they chose to release them.
"If I were Germaine, I would have made the same choice. After all, there is no way. If a wild dragon appears, I will have to abandon everything and flee there. Just like the natural disasters like earthquakes and tsunamis."

It's really a terrible dragon. After all, even the two war maidens teamed up and couldn't find a solution immediately. Sofy said so after hearing about the characteristics of this dragon from Tigre.

"That should be the dragon Lano; it is what is known as a subspecies of dragon. Wind stored in the body, behind the ejection by the pores, resulting in amazing acceleration, this is a long and famous creature."

Small town Residents are afraid of Zion's flying dragon, but after learning that it is very honest and safe, they are not as cautious as they treat pustules. But they still don't get close to it.

When the first army of the shining army led by Guinevere and Roland arrived in Burgas, it was already a few days later. Although they were quite surprised when they heard what happened, they could only believe it after witnessing the tragedy of the town and the wings of the flying dragon. Guinevere called the mayor and made an appointment to help them revive the town.

As for Zion Thenardier, he formally joined the war as a heroic knight and belonging to the Brune Army. By the way, the merits of defeating the dragon belong to him. This was given to him by Mila and Sofy.

Even if the news of Tigre's crusade against the dragon is spread everywhere, it is unlikely that anyone will believe it. But if it was the dragon who defeated the dragon, it would be quite convincing. This incident would surely give Germaine a heavy psychological blow. Sofy judged it this way.

Although Tigre has some regrets, even if he advocates the claim of defeating the Dragon, he cannot give a detailed explanation, and his future position will be a bit embarrassing. For things like military exploits, they should be built on the battlefield where humans struggle with each other.

The Shining Army liberated Burgas from the dragon's crisis.
This news spread throughout the surrounding area at an alarming speed, and finally reached the ears of the Germaine Army.
Chapter 4 – Interlaced Thoughts

There is a bathing area using mountain hot springs in the town of Burgas. Fortunately, the bathing area is still safe and sound, so it is provided to the Glory overlord for use. This is not only a preparation for the residents to express their gratitude, but also to please the army. All in all, Guinevere happily used this bath.

"I didn't expect to be able to enjoy such a luxurious bath in such a place."

Mila sighed comfortably while soaking in the hot spring. In addition to her, Sofy, Militsa, and Guinevere are also in this bath. At the invitation of Guinevere, the three war maidens came to this bathing place to recuperate their tired bodies. Because there are several kerosene lamps hanging from the ceiling, the bathing area is quite bright.

"You just have a good soak. You know, even the knight of the round table Galahad had healed his wounds in this bath."

Seeing Guinevere's smile, Militsa nodded politely... Not only because the other party's status as a princess of a country made her a little intimidating, but also because she had to keep a secret about coming to this country to look for a trap, so she decided to say less. When Sofy introduced Militsa to everyone, she said that she was a reinforcement sent by Zhcted.

Indeed, the war maiden can replace a thousand soldiers even if only one person comes. However, Sofy did not forget to remind everyone.

"Since she became a Vanadis just a year before, she did not participate in the experience of major battles. I do not recommend her to the battlefield, but rather utilize her as a Vanadis' name."

"In other words, the news of another Vanadis joining our camp was hype. Not only can it increase the morale of our army, but it can also reduce the morale of the enemy, right?"

After Guinevere confirmed this way, Sofy said so. The expression nodded.
Guinevere can agree with Sofy's explanation. Vanadis only had seven people, and it was too much to throw three of them into Asvarre's territory no matter what. However, if you send a novice who has accumulated experience, it will make sense.

Guinevere fully understands the strength of Mila and Sofy. There is no anxiety.

"By the way, how are Navia and Lukas doing?"

Sofy asked. Guinevere nodded happily.

"There is no problem. Navia has announced that he will assist our army, and Lukas' Germaine army was driven away by us. Our soldiers are waiting there and moving. In addition, we rescued Burgas' after the news spreads, presumably the surrounding areas will choose to join us. Burgas also said that he will assist our army in the operation."

"Since this is the end, how will Germaine act?"

The three revealed serious expression. Guinevere's army killed the dragon that was infesting Burgas, and in addition, Burgas was subordinate to Guinevere's two things. Presumably, both will bring an unparalleled impact on Germaine. There is no doubt that Germaine will be anxious for a decisive battle.

"Do you have any ideas about where to choose to be the battlefield?"

Upon Sofy's question, Guinevere nodded solemnly.

"Between Burgas and Valverde, there are several plains suitable for army operations. Both sides can clearly see each other's movements, no matter where they choose to be the battlefield. However, there is something that I am more concerned about now. It's..."

Guinevere told Mila and the others what he had heard in the small town of Navia. Because of Germaine's implementation of the whistleblowing system, it is said that the atmosphere in the surrounding towns is quite gloomy.

"Although I have heard that he is a very suspicious person, but this is too..."
Mila muttered in a low voice. Sofy seemed to be lost in thought, her eyes wandering around the hot spring.

"If you choose to drag into a protracted battle, you can wait for the Germaine Army to disintegrate from the inside, but this way..." Guinevere grumbled. Although this is indeed a very effective method, in the period before the collapse of the Germaine army, more people of Asvarre will be the victims of this matter.

"It's better not to adopt this plan. It's no good not to kill the evil."

It is not the best policy for Zhcted to let Guinevere, the next generation of rulers, complain.

"By the way, you two really have something quite amazing on your body."

I don't know if I want to change my mood, Guinevere's eyes are fixed on Mila and Sofy's chest. Of course, this was also the first time they saw each other naked. Mila said sadly.

"Isn't yours bad?"

Among them, the one with the most abundant breasts is undoubtedly Sofy, and Mila and Guinevere are of the same level. The eyes of the two turned to Sofy's chest at the same time. Sofy walked around behind Mila with a smile. By the way, during this period of time, Militsa remained expressionless and silent.

"Don't think that the only important thing is size. Whether there is love or not is also very important."

As she said this, she gently rubbed Mila's breasts from behind.

"What does the so-called watering of love mean...?"

Sofy replied with a grinning look at Guinevere who was blank.

"Of course it refers to whether there is a male partner. It's a pity that I haven't had that kind of marriage."

"You should almost let me go!"

Mila forced Sofy's claws away and covered her Pull the distance on one side of the chest.
"Oh, oh. As expected, you still don't want to be touched by someone other than the one you like."

"That's not the case at all!"

"Didn't you touch him?"

For a moment, Mila was speechless when asked this question. Silence is the best answer. Militsa deliberately covered her mouth, Sofy and Guinevere looked at each other and smiled, stepping closer to Mila.

"Sister Ludmila, I don't have such an object of affection. Could you please tell me more in detail...?"

"Compared to this, could you please tell me the story of Galahad?"

Mila was obviously breaking the subject. However, this is exactly what Guinevere meant.

In this way, they listened to the story of Galahad while enjoying the warmth brought by the hot spring.

While the Vanadis and the princess were having fun, Tigre, Roland and Zion were staying together in a corner of Burgas. There are three fences erected here, and a flying dragon is staying inside and eating a whole lamb.

"This kid yells when he's hungry. Fortunately, he is pretty good this time."

Zion couldn't help sighing. Tigre and Roland looked at him with admiration.

"Is this flying dragon what you prepared during the battle with Muozinel?"

After being asked by Roland, Zion straightened his back and chest and answered "Yes."

"Thenardier's house is really terrible. Although I have seen it for the first time, there shouldn't be anyone who can ride a flying dragon. How can you do it?"
"Of course it's because of this young master's talent. That's why," Zion said proudly. In fact, Zion had thought about it a long time ago and answered this answer no matter who asked. What's more, this was still in front of Roland, and he had no face to say "I have been riding for several days before practicing."

"It's a lot more peaceful than when I saw it in Muozinel. And the action of removing your belt looks quite skillful." Tigre said. As long as you have glanced at the dragon saddle and belt next to the flying dragon, you will be able to understand Zion's familiarity at a glance. Zion scowled and stared at Tigre.

"When all is said and done, it's because I have talent! Is it possible that you think I have been riding this kid for several days before practicing! Compared to this kind of thing, Vorn."

Zion turned the subject openly.

"If you were riding on the back of a flying dragon, what kind of weapon would you use? Since you've ridden all of them, tell me what you think."

Tigre blinked first, and then asked Zion.

"Do you want to discuss with me the weapons that can be used when riding a flying dragon?"

"Why do you have to discuss with this with a young master such as I?!"

Although Zion grinned and yelled at him, he was really hit by a lack of courage. He could only smack his lips, and then continued.

"It's just a reference at best."

"That's quite interesting."

To Zion's surprise, Roland seemed to be quite interested in this topic.

"According to your tone of voice just now, you must have tried several kinds, right? Swords and spears are not good?"
"If the blade is inserted into the enemy's body, I think I will not be able to pull it out."

Despite a little flinching, Zion answered honestly. Roland looked at Tigre.

"So, how about using a bow and arrow? Lord Tigrevurmud can do it, right?"

"A normal bow can't be done," Tigre shook his head in denial.

"The flying dragon's speed is too fast and it is quite difficult to aim at the target. Moreover, the wind pressure will blow the arrow away. If you fly over the enemy line and twist your body to aim from behind, you may be able to... No, it still can't be done, it's too difficult. A whip maybe unexpectedly feasible depending the enemy, but also the speed of the dragon can be used as a weapon."

“You guys actually think this young master should hold a whip on the battlefield!"

Zion clenched his fists and cursed. "That's why I hate people who use bows and arrows," Zion cursed.

"In that case, only long-handled weapons are left. Don't use blades, but make an iron ball weapon full of thorns."

Hearing Roland's words, Zion showed a somewhat embarrassed expression. Although this is indeed much better than a whip, it is far from the image of a knight in his mind. Moreover, this weapon alone sounds heavy. Overweight weapons will cause unhappiness in the flying dragon. But if it is made into a light weapon, it is basically a whip.

"I'll use your opinions as a reference."

After smacking his lips, Zion turned his back to the two. Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly stopped. A small figure crossed three fences and slowly approached the flying dragon. Taking a closer look, it was a seven to eight-year-old boy. It seems that the children in the small town came to see it out of curiosity.

Zion looked distressed and a little unhappy, and strode to the boy's side. The boy gradually approached the flying dragon lying on the ground, shook his shoulders like a start, and looked up at Zion.
"Have you been looking for my flying dragon?"

The young man did not answer, with a smile on his face that he intended to blur the past. Zion sneered faintly and then grabbed the boy by the collar. Pulling him to the ground while walking to Fieron's side. Because Fieron had just eaten a whole sheep, he looked at Zion with a big mouth open.

After Zion picked up the boy with both hands, he slowly moved him to look at the flying dragon's face. Although the boy's face was blue and his mouth was open, the scene was too much, so much so that he didn't even scream. Zion threw the boy's body outside the fence. Walked to the boy and looked down at him coldly.

"This kid does not just eat sheep, but even people. Why do we erect fences if you don't think about it? Remember to tell your companions about this."

It seems that because he is still unable to speak, the young man can only nod his head desperately. After repeated confirmations, Zion turned his gaze to a place not far away. There stood several children of the same age.

"Next time you dare to cross the fence again, be prepared to be swallowed with your head and bones! Do you understand!"

After witnessing Zion's actions, the children disappeared. When Zion sneered and was about to leave, a faint voice suddenly stopped him, so Zion turned his attention to the boy who fell on the ground.

"Then, that...Big brother, why do you want to ride a dragon? You, aren't you afraid..."

"This is my flying dragon; do you think I need to be afraid?"

Feeling like he was like wasting precious time, Zion really left this time. Watching this scene, Tigre and Roland looked at each other first, then laughed bitterly.

— It seems that he has changed a little too.

Tigre thought so. When fighting together in Muozinel, he always had an arrogant, rude and indifferent face. Although he was still as unruly as ever, he showed a kind expression when he looked at the
flying dragon. Even so, it seemed that he still didn't open his heart to others.

"It seems that we have to be ready to fight."

Roland said silently while looking up at the flying dragon. Tigre nodded in agreement. With the impact of defeating the flying dragon and the appearance of the flying dragon on the Germaine army, it is not difficult to predict what actions they will take next.

Saying goodbye to Roland and Zion, Tigre returned to his room as the sun had already set. Raffinac seemed to have gone out and did not see him.

Tigre thought about taking care of him before dinner. When he was about to reach the black bow against the wall, there was a knock on the door. Because it was Militsa's voice, he opened the door. Unlike the usual black-based clothes, a black-haired Vanadis wearing a loose yukata stood at the door.

"Tigrevurmud, I have to tell you a piece of good news."

Militsa deliberately lowered her voice and whispered as she approached Tigre's ear.

"Sister Ludmila is bathing in the hot spring. —She is alone."

Tigre looked at her dumbfounded.

"Did you just come to see me just to say this?"

"Although you may think I am nosy, I have just heard Master Sofya say that the relationship between the two of you seems to be fine Progress?"

Militsa's eyes exuded a strong interest. After all, when he first met her, Tigre was holding Mila in underwear. She also knew that the two were actually connected. That being the case, it is not difficult to understand why she thinks so for the two of them.

—Considering the positions of both of us, I think it is quite progress.
After a brief period of confusion, Tigre switched to a serious expression.

"Although I don't doubt your kindness, please answer my question honestly. Considering the status gap between me and Mila, if we really get married, it might have a bad influence on Mila. I believe you also understand this truth?"

-Even so, you still support this relationship. Why?

It doesn't matter if it's just a good intention, but Tigre can't figure it out.

Militsa, who was asked, tilted her head and looked up at Tigre.

"I don't know what other people think, but my reason is pretty simple. Because it’s quite interesting watching you two. And, when I was with Lord Tigrevurmud, Sister Ludmila is always full of flaws and it's quite fun."

Tigre looked at the black-haired Vanadis silently. Militsa continued to speak while covering her mouth with her cuffs.

"Of course, there are other reasons. If you two are really married, it can also serve as a precious model for me. Although I plan to marry a kind-hearted and wealthy man, there will always be more choices, right?"

"That's it. It seems that we have a heavy responsibility."

"Yes. Please cheer up. Also, I really hope that those who work hard can get something back. The relationship is broken because of the identity gap. I have heard about it from time to time whether it is in my hometown or in my current territory."

Tigre nodded. Even he has heard such cases in Alsace and Olmutz. Even if they are common people, there is still a considerable gap in the life or opinions between the barren craftsman and the wealthy businessman.

Of course, there is also love that can bridge this gap. However, Tigre wanted to do not to bridge the gap, but to fill the gap.

"Finally there is another reason --"

She smiled and looked at Tigre.
"Because Sister Ludmila seemed so happy when talking about your topic."
After speaking, she left here as if she had melted into the darkness of the corridor.
Tigre hesitated for a while before he made up his mind.

The reason why Mila stayed alone in the bath was because she hadn't been able to enjoy the soup.
Until Sofy left, they had been inquiring about Tigre's affairs, far beyond the point of joking and teasing. "If you want to know, you can find an outstanding man by yourself." Mila almost blurted out this sentence.
After feeling a cool breeze outside, Mila cheered up again and walked into the bath again.
Rub the foam with soap made of animal fat, and then dry the body with a towel. At this moment, a door opened sounded behind him.
—Is there anyone else who wants to soak again?
Just when Mila thought about it, an unexpected sound reached the eardrum.
"Mila, are you there?"
"Tigre!?"
Mila couldn't help but yelled. She made a prompt decision and covered her chest with the towel in her hand. The sound of footsteps gradually approached, and Tigre walked in with only a towel tied around his waist.
"You, why did you come here...?"
Mila's tongue got knotted because of being too panicked. On the other hand, Tigre's voice was quite clear and calm.
"I heard you were bathing by yourself, so I wanted to accompany you. Isn't that okay?"
Tigre became a little blush as he said this. For this young man, it takes courage to make up his mind to make such a bold move. His heart was already beating with tension and excitement.

"when......"

Of course not, even though I wanted to say that, Mila couldn't speak. For this subject who has seen all corners of her body, what is so embarrassing. Besides, Tigre was able to confide in her heart's wishes frankly, which made her quite happy. Besides, she was the only one present.

However, Mila still did not choose to answer "Yes." Instead, she grabbed the edge of the towel covering her chest and turned her back to Tigre. However, she also did not say rejection.

Tigre walked to Mila's side and washed his body with a wooden bucket. After washing away the sweat again, he went straight into the bath. As for what to do next, even he hasn't thought about it yet.

Mila watched Tigre's movements for a while, but after discovering that the young man was just soaking in the soup without any movement, she returned to the process of taking a bath. Tigre sighed secretly while looking at her.

—-Obviously as long as you reach out, you can reach it.

Mila must allow him too.

However, Tigre is not yet qualified to stand beside her. This is true in all aspects.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting so long."

However, Mila is undoubtedly more anxious about this matter than he is. Judging from her age and standpoint, many people must come to visit and propose marriage. However, Tigre has not heard of this matter yet. In other words, Mila rejected all these marriages.

"Anyway, I'll wait for you until you become a grandmother, so you can figure out how to make a contribution before then."

“Don't worry about it.” Mila replied in a cheerful tone.

At this point, Tigre finally showed a smile.
"I won't let you wait that long. Let's not talk about Lord Lana's side, Lord Theodor and Goruin will definitely be angry. And so will my father."

"Just ask Lord Roland. And How about Her Royal Highness Guinevere? In this expedition, Secretary Tigrevurmud made great achievements, how about asking them to say such a few words?"

Mila said in a joking tone. Tigre just shrugged.

"It's too cunning anyway."

"It's not fabricating your military merits. It's just asking them to explain to others. Let's not say whether your Highness will help, Lord Roland should help you."

Mila talked more and more vigorously. She seemed quite fond of the idea she had thought of. However, Tigre shook his head.

"Maybe I will really ask Lord Roland to help one day, but I hope you can wait for me again."

At least, he has to make himself acceptable. Establishing enough military merits and encountered a situation that could not be resolved by himself, by then he was asking him to help.

"As you said, if you please Lord Roland, he will probably not refuse. But because of this, I want to raise my chest and tell him that I have done what I can do the best, Okay."

It May be a little arrogant, but this is the glory in Tigre's mind and his persistence.

"I'm sorry. I didn't consider your feelings."

Mila bowed her head to apologize. Tigre couldn't help getting up from the bath.

"You only said that for my sake. I should apologize, because I kept you waiting."

Mila lowered her head and said nothing. Tigre could also perceive her mood at this time. She must be thinking she accidentally hurt Tigre's self-esteem.

Tigre walked out of the bath and sat beside Mila. Touch her shoulder lightly. Mila trembled in surprise. However, she did not
shake Tigre's hand, nor did she intend to leave there, instead she leaned her head on Tigre.

The moist cyan eyes and the warm brown eyes sparkled, and Tigre moved his face towards him. Lips and teeth blend. Tigre reached out and hugged Mila, stroked his palm along his arm to his abdomen, and finally touched the elastic breast. Mila twisted her body as she exhaled a hot breath. The towel covering his chest fell down and fell onto the abdomen. Tigre covered her breasts with his hands.

"No... Don’t bully there all the time."

This irresistible pleasure made Mila gasp repeatedly.

"But, you at this moment, I can only touch you now."

Tigre put his left hand under her crotch. After fully enjoying the touch, she lifted Mila's thigh. During this period, the two of them seemed to confirm each other's minds, their lips and teeth blended, and they wanted to ask for it.

Tigre dropped Mila to the ground. At this moment, the two with a keen sense of hearing heard a noise coming from the door.

The instinct of being a hunter and a Vanadis made Tigre immediately enter the alert posture. Tigre guarded Mila, and walked cautiously to the door. However, Militsa was hiding there.

—That's it.......

That's why she came here to instigate herself. Although it certainly includes kindness to them, curiosity is the main reason for her actions. As a result, in the end, Tigre could only give up and continue to do it. It was late at night when Tigre and Mila visited the temple of the Knights of the Round Table Galahad.

It was Guinevere who brought the two to this temple. Because she said she wanted to talk about the legend of "King of Magic Bullets", Mila also came along.

While talking freely about the greatness and brilliance of Galahad, Guinevere took Tigre to one of the rooms in the temple.
Tigre and Mila, who entered this room, immediately opened their eyes wide. There are two stone statues made of marble. One of them is a Vanadis holding a sword and shield, and the other is a hunter holding a bow.

"This is Galahad's comrade-in-arms, "The King of Magic Bullets." According to legend, he is from the East."

"Has his name not been passed down?"

Mila asked. Guinevere shook her head.

"Only the name of the King of Bullets has been passed down. It is said that this is his name in the texts, and even Galahad called him that. In addition, the character of the King of Bullets is not in other legends of the Knights of the Round Table."

Guinevere told Tigre the story of Galahad and the King of Magic Bullets.

"At the time when Galahad was alive, this town seemed to be invaded by flying dragons. Although Galahad tried his best to attract flying dragons to the ground, they all ended in failure."

At this moment, a traveling hunter from the East appeared.

Moved by Galahad's noble character, the hunter offered to help. On the day when the flying dragon smashed the town, the hunter shot an arrow to damage the wings of the flying dragon, and the flying dragon fell to the ground after entering the ground battle, Galahad's home arena.

"Look at that way."

In front of Guinevere's eyes, the hunter was raising his bow. Because it is a stone statue, neither the bowstring nor the arrow is real, but there is one thing that surprised Tigre.

There are arrows on the bow and arrow. To be correct, there is a protrusion on the bow and arrow, and the arrowhead is inlaid on it. Guinevere walked into the stone statue, pulled up the arrowhead and walked back.

"It is said that when the hunter left, he gave the arrowhead to Galahad. Then, Galahad left the arrowhead in the town where he
met the hunter. Galahad left behind for a while. In other words, I said that I would give this arrowhead to the archer who will save the town in the future."

Guinevere handed the arrowhead to Tigre.

"Can I really take it?"

"It was you who really defeated the flying dragon, right? With the power of your bow."

Guinevere smiled lightly. However, she immediately returned to a serious expression.

"Wandering the place where the Knights of the Round Table originated, I gradually discovered.... The so-called legend, you can't just listen to it casually. But maybe this story of Galahad is just a fiction, made up by someone. And this arrowhead may be just to cater to this story and was specially made by someone. Even if it is true, I think I should give this arrowhead to you. Can you please tell me something?"

"So, I took it unceremoniously."

Tigre took the black arrowhead. The incredible touch is neither stone nor metal. Then, after wiping off the thin dust, the arrowhead showed its undamaged hard brilliance. If what Guinevere said is true, since Galahad was a knight who served the first king Artorius, that is to say, this story happened about three hundred years ago.

Mila peeped from the side, tilting her head slightly and whispered in a volume that only Tigre could hear.

"This is very similar to your bow. Is it made of the same material...?"

Tigre also felt deeply about this. He raised his head and asked the princess.

"The King of Magic Bullets, where did he go after this?"

"It is said that he went to Sachenstein. I didn't know after that."

Tigre first thanked Guinevere, and then re-examined the arrowhead. There are still many unknown things about this black
bow. Therefore, Tigre is quite concerned about the origin of this arrow.

One day, the Vanadis will confront the Demon head-on. In other words, Mila will eventually fight the Demon.
In order to fight alongside her, one must find a way to solve the mystery of the black bow.
—Sachenstein?...
Tigre had only heard the name of this country. But if he could learn the origin of the black bow from it, after this war, he would have to take a trip.
Tigre clenched the arrowhead in his hand.

Several days have passed since the shining army set up a camp in Burgas.
The preparations before going out are already perfect. In the case of food and material shortages, they still have no reason to act. There are roughly two points.
First, they hoped to prepare Burgas to a certain extent before the war began to use it as an army stronghold. The current coalition forces can be said to be deep into the enemy's position. Ensuring Burgas, a safe zone, is also important for maintaining the morale of soldiers.
Secondly, they are waiting for the Germaine army to march here.
"If there is a war near Valverde, the enemy will definitely hide back into the city during the pursuit. It is not a joke. No matter what, the battle must be settled."
Mila announced at the military conference. Sofy, Roland, and Guinevere also agreed.
The Shining Army did not have room for several battles. Moreover, even if you try your best to capture a city like Valverde that is easy to defend and difficult to attack, it will cause huge casualties of soldiers. The prestige gained by defeating the dragon will probably plummet.
For these reasons, the coalition hopes to take the initiative to fight when the enemy is far away from Valverde. However, Germaine's army still did nothing.
Within a few days, The Shining Army received good news and bad news.

One piece of good news is that several lords decided to join the coalition army at the request of Guinevere and Baron Bernard. The number of soldiers they led totaled more than two thousand. They swore to Artorius and the Knights of the Round Table that they would be loyal to Guinevere, and they would hand over weapons and food to the army without hesitation.

Thanks to them, the number of Asvarre soldiers in the shining army has reached five thousand. The Brune Army currently has about three thousand five hundred people, while the Zhcted's Army has about one thousand five hundred. Therefore, Guinevere can finally call the second Guinevere as the core backbone of this army...

However, at the same time there was also something that caused Guinevere's headache.

Volunteers from all over the country gathered in Burgas.
"I heard that your Highness defeated the dragon that ravaged Burgas. Please let me, no, please let me serve your Highness."

"Master Guinevere not only unified the island of Asvarre, but also wiped out the pirates. It's all gone and won the sea battle, right? In other words, Master Guinevere is the righteous party. Please let the old man join the battle."

"I originally thought Prince Germaine was not a good product. And I heard that he has recently punish the lords he didn’t like when he wasn’t happy, or even directly execute them if it’s a little bit more serious. I think following the generous-minded Princess Guinevere, my talents have room for display."

They said this and begged to join the Coalition army.

There are both young and old. Some seemed to have never even held a weapon, and some looked like bandits. Moreover, their information is ridiculously wrong. It can be said to be extremely distorted.
Having said that, increasing the manpower as much as possible is the current situation of the Shining Army. Their existence also means that Guinevere is valued, and that so many volunteers can gather, which means that the volunteer soldiers in Donis have a reputation as a black-haired princess.

There is no way Guinevere wouldn’t have accepted their request.

One morning, Guinevere called Tigre, Mila, Sofy, and Roland to her camp. Val had been waiting inside for a long time, and the six people sat in a circle on the carpet.

"According to the return of the scouts who came back early in the morning, the enemy has remained silent until yesterday."

After Guinevere raised this issue, Sofy shook her golden hair in response.

"It seems that Prince Germaine also understands that he can't leave Valverde's path."

"Is there no way to seduce them? Although the current food and materials are still sufficient, it is impossible to use these to survive the winter. If there is a dispute between the people of the island and the people of the mainland, the situation on our side will become quite difficult."

Guinevere looked at Tigre and others seriously. Roland said silently.

"Anxiety is a tactician's taboo. The countermeasures taken by being forced and helpless will also produce flaws."

"I am not anxious. Just because the situation is different from the previous prediction, I feel a little uneasy."

Guinevere grumbles, saying a joke and muddle through. However, her expression was rather stiff.

In order to break the dull atmosphere, Tigre asked Will.

"Does Lord Will have any good ideas?"
After the veteran looked at Tigre with a serious face, his eyes fell on Mila and Roland.

"Our ultimate goal is only Germaine. First, His Royal Highness Ludmila led the Zhcted army to drive away Prince Germaine from the front, and then Lord Roland led the Brune army to fight out from other directions. It's an application of hunting, what do you think?"

Looking at Will, who was gesticulating to explain, Mila and others looked at each other in embarrassment. The strategy he came up with as a naval master was so simple. Guinevere sighed and told Will.

"Lord Will, even if we let Ludmila and Lord Roland each control half of the command of the entire army, this kind of battle can only be said to be brave and inexperienced. Moreover, the soldiers under them will definitely do this. I'm very angry."

Will knew that he had made a mistake, and after apologizing to the two, he closed his mouth. Even Tigre felt a little sorry. Judging from Will's utterance of the word hunting, he had intended to cater to Tigre.

At this moment, the voice of soldiers calling Will came from outside the camp. The veteran stood up, bowed to Guinevere and walked out of the camp. However, he was back soon.

"His Royal Highness, Marie Io seems to have been taken back by the enemy."

Holding the paper in his hand, Will reported nervously. Guinevere's eyes widened, and Tigre couldn't help looking at Mila. Mila asked Will with a calm expression.

"What is the number of enemies who have captured Marie?"

"About four thousand or so. Marie surrendered without resistance. The enemy seemed to be there."

Hearing this answer, Mila murmured bitterly.

"It's not bad to be able to reduce four thousand enemy troops without fighting, but..."
"However, the lords who follow His Royal Highness would not have thought of this."

Roland's unscrupulous remarks made Guinevere. He lowered his head in frustration. What these lords would say is quite easy to imagine. Sofy said while looking at her sympathetically.

"It seems that we have to launch a decisive battle quickly."

If the lords cause a commotion, their anxiety will also be transmitted to the soldiers and eventually spread to the people. If you don't act before shaking and turning into chaos, the soldiers and lords will vie to run away, and in the worst case, you will have to be rebellious.

"Let's disband temporarily. Tonight, can you please come again? After all, the lords who have heard of this will definitely come to me..."

Because Guinevere said so, Tigre and others stood up. However, Roland did not act.

"As an outsider, it would be better for me to be there. It's okay to leave it to Olivier from the army."

Indeed, even Mila and Sofy can't bring the sense of prestige like the black knight. There is nothing more reliable than this. Guinevere couldn't help being a little surprised, and then thanked Roland.

Tigre and others walked out of the camp. After returning to the camp of the Zhcted forces, he saw Raffinac trotting over. He breathed a sigh of relief as soon as he saw Tigre's figure.

"Young Master and Lord Vanadis are also here."

"What's going on? You are so flustered."

"This, this..." Raffinac scratched his head in confusion.

"A rare visitor has arrived. Now it is received by Lord Goruin and Lord Militsa."

Tigre tilted his head and wondered. Wouldn't it be Sofy's acquaintance if he would come to meet with Zhcted's army? But in this case, the other party should report the name. Raffinac would not use such terms to describe each other.
"What's the guest's name? Who else are you here to see?"
Raffinac replied with a face of poverty at the urging of Tigre.
"He is a person called Damad. Though I don’t know him, Militsa immediately recognized him. He wants to meet with Guinevere."
Tigre looked at each other with Mila Noodles. Their eyes were full of surprise and confusion, and then they faced Raffinac together.
"In short, let's talk about it first. Help us lead the way."
With Raffinac as a guide, Tigre and his team went to the camp where Damad was.
When Tigre and his party entered the camp, Militsa, Damad, and Goruin were talking and laughing while drinking black tea. Sipping the black tea made by Goruin, Damad sighed contentedly.
"I didn't expect to be able to drink such decent black tea in this country..."
"In the final analysis, does this country really have black tea?"
Militsa asked about this seemingly rude question. Damad nodded.
"Valverde has it. After all, it's a big city that makes a living. But it's hard to drink."
"Not only the way of making tea, but also the preservation of tea. I heard that they also seem to have encountered a bottleneck in cultivation."
As soon as Goruin said this, a sneer appeared at the corner of Damad's mouth.
"Isn't this nonsense? It's impossible for such a cold country to nurture decent —"
When he said this, Damad raised his head. Staring intently at Tigre, who had just entered the camp, shook his head with a hesitant expression.
"If you were a peerless beauty, I might have believed that this was the guidance of the gods."
"As the saying of Brune says "fairy pranks"."
"So that's the case. Is it a prank? Look. People who come to
Brune will also say something nice.” After a sneer, Damad leaned aside. Goruin got up and said, "I'll cook some hot water," and walked out of the camp as if handing over. Tigre and the others sat in the empty space.

"Sure enough,"

Mila muttered while looking up at the ceiling, then cast her gaze on Damad and introduced him to Sofy.

"About the thing happened, I have to tell. The Demon forced us to fight together with him, but we had all thought we would never again see each other."

“Oh, so you are the brave Vanadis whom Mila mentioned. When we first met, I'm Zhcted’s war maiden called Sofya Obertas.”

He smiled slightly at himself. Sofy, even though Damad frowned in confusion, he stiffly declared his name. Then he looked at Tigre.

"To be honest, I didn't expect to meet you here, but our relationship is not so good either. Can we start talking about the subject?"

"I am rather curious; why did you appear here?"

Tigre replied with a cheerful smile on his face. Originally, he should be arrested and interrogated, but because he had fought side by side with him, Tigre didn't think it was necessary to do that. And Tigre didn't actually hate Damad's cheeky attitude.

"What you want me to say is fine, but can you listen to my request first."

Damad said after raising the pottery cup in his hand and drank the black tea in it.

"I want to help Princess Guinevere. Please tell me about it."

"The reason?" Mila asked briefly.

"It won't be good if the prince wins."

"Prince Germaine is facing Muozinel, do you want to say that?"

"I will tell you all. Believe it or not, it's up to you to decide. Yeah. Germaine has a companionship with the political enemy of the host I serve. That’s why I don’t want him to win this war."
"The political enemy you mentioned refers to Hakim, a member of the Muozinel family?"

Sofy asked further with a homely expression. Damad's eyes widened, staring at her in a little astonishment. Seeing him so panicked, Tigre and Raffinac couldn't help feeling a little pitiful. He couldn't stand it anymore, Mila comforted.

"Sofy is the Vanadis who rules the Principality of Polynesia. Since you have your own position in Muozinel, you also know which part of Zhcted Polesia is located?"

"Although it is not professional enough, I'm confident that Asvarre understands the situation of Muozinel better. The man who defeated the coalition of our country and Brune was the king's brother Kureys, right. So I thought about it. Among the political enemies of His Royal Highness, who can reach out to Asvarre? After narrowing the range to a few people, the rest is what I guess."

Sofy explained nonchalantly, and Damad hugged his head in regret.

"I knew I would just run away when I saw your familiar faces. It would be nice if I didn't meet you..."

"If you run away, you will never see Your Royal Highness Guinevere."

Militsa said mercilessly without any change in her expression. Damad sighed, raised his hands and surrendered.

At this moment, Goruin returned with a small pot filled with hot water. When he brewed black tea corresponding to the number of people, Damad started to explain again.

"It seems I can only say it, everything is just like what the blonde war maiden said. Germaine and Hakim have an alliance. Having said that, Hakim has no plans to send troops to help Germaine. He can Only give him some money, or introduce him to some people who can take on dirty jobs."

"If Prince Germaine wins, Hakim's voice will increase day by day. This is what troubles you, Right? Besides, do you have any other reasons to help your Royal Highness Guinevere?"
Damad stared directly at Tigre who asked.
"If it's yours, it's okay to talk about it. I do have other reasons."
Even though he was a little surprised at his attitude, Tigre motioned him to continue speaking with his eyes, so Damad said.
"Have you heard about Germaine's implementation of the whistleblowing system?"
Tigre nodded with a hint of disgust in his brown pupils mixed with red. Due to Tigre's reaction, Damad's expression eased first, and then immediately showed a serious expression.
"Is it called the people of the mainland? People from foreign countries are often the targets of their whistleblowing, because we are not natives. There are already several Muozinelns who have settled in Valverde, because they are suspected and the people who supported Princess Guinevere were involved and were arrested."
"Is there any evidence to prove it?"
Damad just shrugged as he looked at Tigre who stood up.
"It's not excluded that they were arrested at the same time. Both opposing parties have powerful and expensive support. It is common to bribe both sides to please them at the same time like this."
"I also heard about it from time to time in villages or small towns. A stable way to earn a living."
As if he could understand, Raffinac expressed his thoughts on the side. Damad continued.
"Although it has not yet reached the point of torture, no one knows what will happen in the future. If this is the case, it is better to become a companion of Princess Guinevere and find a way to win. So, I hope your Highness I can understand that Muozinel has this desire."
"It's not impossible to let you join, but what can you do specifically?"
Mila asked while drinking black tea. She looked at Damad directly. As if he had expected someone to ask this question a long time ago, the young Muozinel smiled knowingly.

"We can send someone to open one of the gates on Valverde's wall."

After a short silence, Tigre and others looked at each other speechlessly. Damad's face was full of confusion. The expression is like saying that if you want to capture a town, there is no more effective way than this.

"We need to discuss; can you please wait?"

Sofy put the silver cup on the carpet and stood up. At the sign of the emerald pupils, Tigre, Mila and Militsa also stood up together.

After entrusting Damad to Raffinac and Goruin, the four of them walked out of the camp. Form a small circle on the spot. Sofy shook her head.

"It's useless. If it weren't for the current situation, the proposal would be just right."

"Is there any problem?"

Militsa tilted her head in wonder. So Tigre began to explain.

"Damad's proposal is based on the premise that the coalition forces will attack Valverde. But if the coalition forces march towards Valverde, Prince Germaine will definitely choose to launch a field battle. However, the current coalition forces there is no background for launching a second attack."

"Suppose first that we can defeat Prince Germaine's army in the field. Then, the surviving enemy forces will inevitably escape into Valverde. If this is the case, we have to attack the enemy. The number of troops is much higher than in our city. Even if someone opens the gates from it, it will inevitably turn into a tough battle."

Sofy sighed bitterly. Militsa first nodded in admiration, then looked at Mila curiously. Since hearing Damad's proposal, she seemed to think of something silently.

"Sister Ludmila, do you have anything to care about?"

"Maybe it's possible."
After muttering to herself and nodding her head frequently, Mila looked around Tigre and others.

"Let's go to Guinevere's camp."

Mila seems to have some ideas. Tigre and Sofy looked at Mila with surprise.

When Tigre and his party came to the outside of Guinevere's camp, several lords of Asvarre just came out of the camp. One of them seemed to notice Mila and Sofy, and walked over with a flattering smile. Is he a middle-aged nobleman with a mustache?

"Oh, if it isn't Zhcted's war heroes? You are here at the right time. Actually—"

"Are you here to talk about Marieou?"

Mila asked first. The noble nodded vigorously.

"Your news is really well-informed. That's right, Marieou has fallen. No matter how many small towns and fortresses are captured, it won't make any sense to be blocked. So a few of us came here. Her Royal Highness proposed to set off to break the status quo."

Just as they expected. Mila pretended not to know and asked again.

"How did your Royal Highness answer?"

"You may not believe it, but your Royal Highness does not intend to take back Marie O."

The nobleman shook his head exaggeratedly, behaving very disappointed.

"Furthermore, and even more irritating. Even the black knight vented his nostril with Her Royal Highness. Known as the bravest warrior on the ground, he actually... If this goes on, with Germaine the coalition army will fall apart before the army fights. Can you please persuade the princess too?"
The nobleman pressed on gradually and complained to Mila with a warm gaze.

"I can understand your current mood, but please calm down first." Mila blocked the man's hand and smiled kindly at him.

"We are also going to discuss this with His Royal Highness in the future. Perhaps, His Royal Highness has considered so far that we didn't expect it?"

"I don't think there will be such a thing... Your Highness Vanadis, please. If your Highness intends to do it If there is any unconscionable act, please stop her anyway."

Before the anger seemed to be relieved, the lords of Asvarre shook their shoulders and left. After watching them leave with a wry smile, Mila smiled at Tigre.

"It seems that Lord Roland has taken good care of her. Then let's go in."

Tigre stared at his sweetheart's profile in surprise. It seemed that she really had any thoughts on Damad's proposal. What exactly does Mila want to do?

Guinevere, who greeted the four in the camp, immediately asked, "Have you seen them?"

Mila described the conversation with the princes, smiling bitterly.

"I'm sorry. Let you be their punching bag. Because of Lord Roland's presence, nothing major has happened on our side. —— Anyway, what happened?"

"Yeah," Mila nodded. Four people sat cross-legged on the carpet.

"I have some ideas on how to defeat Germaine, so I came here to explain."

Hearing these words, not only Guinevere, but Roland also looked at Mila with interest.

"Please be sure to speak and listen."
A serious-faced Guinevere took the map placed in the corner and spread it out. Mila explained about Damad and continued while looking at Roland.

"I hope to compile a ranger with Lord Roland as the commander."
Mila gave a detailed explanation while gesturing around on the map. The eyes of Tigre and others were surprised. Guinevere looked down at the map without saying a word. Roland made a comment on her behalf.

"It's really a risky plan."

After a while, Roland turned his attention to Tigre.

"If Lord Tigrevurmu is also added to the Rangers, I will accept this proposal."

So far, Mila's calm expression appeared slightly shaken. Although she could not immediately agree, Tigre replied silently beside her.

"I see. It's my honor."

Mila and Guinevere looked at Tigre and Roland awkwardly. Mila didn't want to be separated from Tigre, and Guinevere couldn't think of anyone other than Roland to send as the commander of the Rangers. After all, the two parties as the parties had agreed to it, and they had no reason to oppose this. What's more, Tigre and Roland both looked very interested.

The proposer and the commander-in-chief faced each other sternly, and began to discuss the details of the operation.

In the evening, an old man came to visit Guinevere. He is a scholar working in the court, and because he is quite familiar with the anecdotes of the Knights of the Round Table, he is quite familiar with Guinevere.

Part of the reason why Guinevere agreed to summon him was because he wanted to ease the exhaustion caused by the war. The old man took out a drink of black tea with goat's milk dissolved in it.
After chatting for a while, Guinevere asked him why he was here. The old man replied that he would move here during his leisure time in the summer. To be correct, he escaped here.

"Because I saw a very horrible scene. Originally I wanted to bury that scene in my heart, but I still want to tell your Royal Highness..."

The old man's voice trembled while the tray came out, and Guinevere said about it.

"This is what I witnessed in one night, the whole limp body of princess Gerda was clean from the bedroom to His Majesty moved out ....... The next day, the court will declare Gerda died because of an accident news."

Gerda is not only the third princess, but also the youngest child born between King Zechariah and the princess. She Just turned ten this year. Although Guinevere doesn't hate her sister who is far from her own age, she doesn't like her very much. Investigate the reason, because Gerda is a strange child.

What Gerda is best at is finding out what others accidentally throw away. However, she didn't deduce where the things fell from the known information, but smirked and answered where the things were. Then, after searching there, you can find that the thing is really there.

At first, everyone thought it was Gerda who hid the things secretly and pretended to not know the location of the things. However, this is not the case.

Once, King Zechariah told the children about a bracelet that was lost 15 years ago. After hearing this, Gerda said with a foolish smirk as usual.

"That thing is in the room at the corner of the palace."

The bracelet was really there. Before that, it was obviously impossible for Gerda to know the loss of the bracelet and the shape of the bracelet. Although the brothers and sisters thought she was strange, King Zechariah happily praised her for finding the bracelet...
For the next period of time, Guinevere said nothing.

What the old man wanted to say was the fact that the king might kill his beloved daughter.

Although this is almost like a fantasy, Guinevere could not deny his conjecture with certainty.

"...You haven't told anyone else about this matter?"

After the old man nodded, Guinevere again ordered him not to disclose the matter.

After the old man returned, she kept looking at the dark place and thinking about it.

In the morning after receiving the news of Marie Ou's fall, the Shining Army set off for Burgas.

Neither heading north nor northeast, but going straight along the east street.

The striker is Guinevere's 4,000-man army, followed by the Brune army of about 2,500, and then the volunteers of about 2,000. The Zhcted's army of about 1,500 men served.

In order to prevent the volunteers who are not accustomed to marching from getting lost or acting without authorization, the Zhcteds were given the role of monitoring them, so this organization was formed.

If she finds a village or a small town built along the street, Guinevere will stop the march to let the soldiers rest, and she will walk into the town or village with a small number of soldiers. Ask them about the movements of the Germaine army, buy them if they have surplus food, or give them some comfort.

"Because of the long civil strife, I apologize to you as a member of the royal family. I also ask you to bear with me for a while. Soon, this country will regain its former peace. Although I cannot guarantee that it's all the same daily life, but I promise that the day for you to sleep peacefully is not far away."
Of course, this passage was made out of political intent, but the attitude of being able to receive the people naturally and tirelessly is undoubtedly Guinevere's greatest advantage.

Seeing her attitude, the lords and soldiers who came from the people of the island will feel a little disgusted, but Guinevere has the same attitude towards the people of the island, so they can't say anything about her. In the final analysis, they didn't have any complaints at all, who had not supported Guinevere before.

Not only that, the volunteers who gathered after Guinevere came to the mainland were also convinced that their choice was right, and gradually tightened their nerves.

The Ranger led by Roland had left the team since leaving Burgas. They considered that if they didn't do this, it would be impossible to hide the Germaine's eyeliner.

On the third day since Burgas set off, Guinevere had obtained valuable information in the villages along the way. The Germaine Army, who had stayed near Valverde without any action, finally began to take action. The Germaine army began marching westward along the street.

―It finally led you out of Valverde.

Burying the tension to the bottom of her heart, Guinevere said silently in her heart.

The Shining Army marched for two more days and arrived in the Astoruga Plain before noon.

And about four thousand Germaine has been waiting there for a long time.
Chapter 5 - Pathfinders

There is a reason why the Germaine army did not move.

Although they had the consciousness that they had to start a decisive battle as soon as possible with the army, they were forced to act too hard.

The dragon that wantonly infringed on Burgas suffered the crusade by the Guinevere Army. This news brought an unparalleled impact on the Germaine army. After all, before this, the news that the entire army of a thousand soldiers under Germaine had been destroyed was a well-known rumor.

In addition, he heard that the Guinevere's Army also invited the assistance of the flying dragon to which Brune belongs. Prompted the lords and soldiers to shake strongly, and even some lords turned from supporting Germaine to a neutral position. Without Ratwidge's mediation, several lords might have been publicly executed.

It wasn't until the 4,000 soldiers sent by Ratwidge successfully regained Mary Io that they finally were motivated to act, because the Shining Army was marching towards this side.

The total number of the Germaine Army is about 45,000. In addition, three thousand people from the Sachenstein army.

According to the scout's report, the Guinevere's Army only had about 10,000 people. Judging from the number of people alone, the Germaine army is undoubtedly dominant, but the queen's army is not only the black knight, but also even a dragon.

Ratwidge lobbied the lords and soldiers to boost morale with "the number that can win the final victory," and with the promise of Germaine, he agreed to give rewards to consolidate the unity of the army. Five thousand soldiers were given to Luo who guarded Valverde, and the other 40,000 soldiers were recruited into the team and headed to the Astoruga Plain to fight to the death.

However, at this time something unexpected happened to Ratwidge.
On the eve of the army, Germaine said he would also go to the battlefield. Of course, Ratwidge strongly opposed it.

"There is no need to even go to the battlefield with your Highness. Your subordinates will definitely come back with good news, and please stay with Valverde."

"I refuse. I said in advance, I definitely don't believe your ability to do things."

Shaking his fat body, Germaine continued.

"In the final analysis, this battle is a quarrel between brothers and sisters. I must be present. Of course, the soldier's commander will give you full authority to deal with it. But, I can't let you quarrel with each other on my behalf. Besides, let you take it personally. Going down to Nivea's first level is too burdensome for you."

At this time, Ratwidge first thought of the case of Viscount Osborne's murder of Dursilla. At the same time, I also remembered that Germaine must have regretted taking Elliot's life, Tallard's speculation.

Germaine didn't want to use his status as a prince to take away the results, but he didn't want Ratwidge to be charged with killing the royal family. This way of caring for people fits his style very well.

"Subordinates understand. Subordinates will definitely dedicate victory to Your Highness."

Ratwidge bowed his head to greet him and said his determination.

Subsequently, the 40,000 men of the Germaine Army and the 3,000 men of the Sachenstein Army set off for Valverde.

They arrived in the plains of Astoruga a day earlier than the shining army, reorganizing their formations leisurely while waiting for the arrival of the enemy.

Except for a few streams from north to south, the Astoruga steppe has no characteristics. At this time when winter is approaching, because the amount of water in the river is small, infantrymen can
even cross the river easily without soiling their ankles. The terrain will not have any influence on the battle.

The Shining Army is about 10,000. Four thousand troops of Guinevere’s Army are in the center, two thousand five hundred Brunes are on the right, and one thousand five hundred Zhcteds are on the left. There are two thousand volunteers behind them. Expand in this form.

The command of the central government is handed over to Guinevere. With the sword of the king hanging from her waist, she appeared in front of the soldiers. Seeing the mysterious light emanating from its wonderful blade, the soldiers couldn't help but be amazed.

The commander of the right wing is Olivier, the deputy commander of the Knights of Navarre. Beside him, there was a burly knight in black armor, posing as Roland.

"Let's make good use of the reputation of the Black Knight. Even if it is just a fake fox, it is enough."

In addition to the above reasons, there are also considerations to prevent the enemy from noticing that Roland is not on the battlefield.

Zion Thenardier is also on the right. However, he is in charge of serving as a guerrilla knight. In other words, he can fight freely. This is not because the Knights of Navarre avoids the character Zion, but because even Olivier doesn't know how to use the Wyvern.

Zion carried a hammer and spear on his shoulders, straddling the dragon's back. It seemed that Fieron hadn't been very happy since the beginning, he was a little bit concerned about it.

"Why don't you like this weapon? Obviously, even if you're hit by this thing, it won't cause any serious problems, right."

Even after he tried to comfort him a few words, Fieron was still in a bad mood.

Two war maidens are in charge of the left wing. Zhcted's army headed the town with Mila, and Sofy was in charge of the
formation of the queen. So that when Mila alone breaks through the enemy line, Sofy can be in the rear to command the entire army.

In order not to pull Mila's hind legs, Goruin stayed beside Sofy. If Mila fights with all her strength, even his cronies can't keep up with her.

On the other hand, the Germaine Army also adopted a similar formation to the Shining Army. There are 20,000 in the center and 10,000 on each of the left and right wings, with a reserve force of 3,000 in the rear. Ratwidge is in the central commander and Germaine is on standby.

Tallard led a mere 500 soldiers on the left. Not only did he fail to identify with his active performance in naval battles, he was even blamed by the prince for the loss of five warships. You, a commoner-born man, were scolded by him.

Three thousand members of the Sachenstein army were incorporated into the right wing of the Germaine army. The commander of the Sachenstein army, as expected, is Weiss.

Weiss is a normal figure, and his whole body is covered by armor. The voice is low and the gender is unknown. A richly decorated sword hung around his waist. The cavalry led by Weiss, each wearing heavy armor, and the horses hung with thick vests, are a heavy cavalry regiment. Although they are not good at performing long-distance roundabout operations, they are quite confident in their ability to charge.

The heavy cavalry regiment is loyal to Weiss. Since they set foot on Asvarre's land, they followed the commander's orders and did not do anything to plunder. Considering the friendship between Sachenstein and Asvarre, this should have been an impossible thing.

This Weiss said to the soldiers on the eve of the war.

"Although this is somewhat detrimental to the reputation of our army, we are only here to investigate the situation in this battle. If someone wants to fight as hard as possible, be careful not to involve your comrades in it. Also remember, don't fight the battle."
It is of course impossible for Germaine and Ratwidge to know that the commander of the friendly army gave such a ridiculous order. With some confusion, the horn of war resounded across the sky.

The opposing armies marched forward.

The distance between the two armies gradually shortened. At this time, Guinevere, who commanded the central unit of the Shining Army, galloped out. And Mila, who was riding a horse, was beside him.

"My brother and those who follow him are stupid!"

Guinevere shouted loudly while waving the sword of the king.

"It's still too late. Have the courage to admit your sins and surrender! Because of your ambition alone, the blood of many people has stained this land! Stop this kind of meaningless killing!"

There must be no comparison. This is more effective provocation. Because of this play, the soldiers of the Germaine Army's Central Army reacted fiercely. They rushed forward bravely and attacked Guinevere.

Two flashes of yellow gold and white run through the sky. Guinevere slammed a heavy blow with the sword of the king, Mila slammed a sweep with Lavias, knocking down Germaine's soldiers.

Signaled by the collision between the central forces of the two armies, the battle began.

The Germaine soldiers who held their long swords high on their heads and put their long spears under their armpits were chopped down and stabbed to the ground by the princess and the Vanadis. The golden light from the sword of the king reflected the blood flowing, and the cold air from Lavias instantly froze the pool of blood.

Seeing the mountain of corpses piled up by his companions, Germaine shuddered from the soldiers. The princess was such a brave and capable person; they were surprised by it.
Guinevere and Mila ran across the blood and screams, swinging down the blade that pronounced the death sentence, and burying Germaine soldiers one by one on the battlefield. Blood and dust mixed together, roaring and crying like wild beasts one after another.

The soldiers of the Shining Army who were excited by the commanders’ good fighting shouted and cheered, and they collided with Germaine in two steps late. He swung blades, slammed shields, and even knocked the enemy to the ground physically. The shining army with a disadvantaged number, took advantage of the momentum to forcefully push the Germaine soldiers back.

Ratwidge, who was in command behind the Germaine Army, couldn't help but wrinkle his gorilla-like face after hearing the report. As far as he knew, Guinevere was not such a good fighter.

"Let the counterfeit pretend to be a princess to provoke us. This should be considered a more reasonable explanation."

Ratwidge ordered the central troops to retreat. It seems necessary to observe it carefully.

Seeing the appearance of the enemy troops retreating quickly, Guinevere and Mila smiled at each other. The two of them were sweaty and tired, their bangs stuck to their foreheads.

It is impossible to suppress the enemy frontally by relying on the number of people, and the two of them are quite aware of this. Therefore, they formulated a countermeasure. First, Guinevere initiated a provocation, and then repelled the enemy who was stunned by anger, thereby weakening the morale of the enemy. So far it can be said to be quite smooth.

"Then I will go back to the left wing."

"Yeah. It was a great help."

After a brief conversation, the two left. Suddenly, Guinevere looked at Mila's back and asked.

"Can they catch up?"

Mila replied without looking back at the princess.
"We have to keep going until they come back."

There was no hesitation in her voice, full of trust in them.

There was a little confusion on the right wing of the bright overlord army.

The reason was the flying dragon that Zion was riding. Even though the two armies had already started a head-on conflict, Zion remained silent. To be precise, the flying dragon was crawling on the ground as it was troublesome.

Zion couldn't help feeling at a loss. Now is not the time to be in a daze.

"Hey, fly, hurry up. Are you kid trying to shame this young master!"

Although he was hitting Fieron's neck desperately, his fist had no effect on this invulnerable body. Fieron's reckless habit was unreservedly displayed.

Olivier, under the command of the right wing, did not expect the flying dragon to play any role, and silently commanded the battle. Although only a quarter of the 10,000 enemy troops and 2,500 people were used to fight the enemy, he entered a protracted battle with the enemy by consolidating the position and constantly retreating. Thanks to this, there were almost no major casualties.

But there is also a big reason, because the enemy's offensive is not as violent as expected. Roland's counterfeit seems to have played a considerable role, just sending a black armored soldier to lead two hundred soldiers from above and below in a roundabout way can also make the Germaine soldiers slow down and observe the situation.

"However, the enemy is four times as much as our army. If you are a little careless, you will be surrounded immediately."

Roland's counterfeit can't be kept under control. Sooner or later he will wear it. Before that, you have to figure out what to do next.
Just when the two armies were at a stalemate one after another. Suddenly, the flying dragon got up, spread out its wings and roared. Although Zion was so startled that he almost fell off the dragon saddle, thanks to the belts wrapped around his waist and feet, he avoided showing up. "Have you finally raised your spirits? Okay, let's go!"

As if understanding Zion's orders, the flying dragon flapped its huge wings and kicked on the ground, soaring high in the sky for an instant.

"Okay, then go and give the group of Asvarre soldiers a show..." Zion stopped here. After circling slowly in the high sky covered with gray clouds, the flying dragon quickly dived towards the shining army. Not only Zion screamed, but also even the soldiers who were on the ground screamed constantly.

However, when it was about to hit a human, the flying dragon adjusted the angle of its wings. Accompanied by a wind pressure that blows everyone down, the flying dragon glided low and flew over the enemy formation.

This time it was the turn of the Germaine soldiers to mourn. Like a pile of sand being kicked down by a child, the entire queue collapsed, and the soldiers ran away crying and throwing down their weapons. However, The Shining Army did not seize this opportunity to pursue the pursuit. Because their queue has already been washed up, they are trying their best to organize the queue. The flying dragon slowly raised its height and soared above the sky again.

"You, you really..."

Zion glared at Flying Dragon while running his nose and tears. Breaking through the enemy line in just an instant and planting the concept of terror into nearly a thousand enemy troops can be said to have achieved considerable results. The premise is that it did not cause the same damage to the friendly forces.

"When did I give this order? Didn't you fly quite steady some time ago..."
Zion was pale. Because the flying dragon once again made a rapid dive. Moreover, he rushed again to the position and angle that would involve friendly forces. In spite of swearing to his heart's content, Zion firmly grasped the long-handled hammer spear. Suddenly, Tigre's words flashed through his mind.

"Fly over the enemy line, twist your body to aim from behind..."

Flying Dragon lowered his height. Zion just grabbed the unreliable partner's back, waiting for the moment when the partner flew into the enemy's formation. A violent wind hit Zion, and the surrounding scenery changed at an alarming speed.

After sliding over the heads of his companions and enemies, Zion turned his body and threw the hammer spear out.

The hair of the sledge hammer with a heavy weight flew straight out and hit the back of the head of a soldier in the Germaine army. And this knight who died in an instant was actually a commander of 500 soldiers.

However, until the end of the war, Zion did not know that he had established such a result.

On the left wing of the shining army, Sofy cleverly manipulated the actions of Germaine's army.

One thousand and five hundred Zhcteds followed her command and retreated. After seducing the enemy's forward troops, they quickly advanced to counterattack and knocked down the Germaine soldiers one by one.

"Sure enough, I still don't want it to last too long."

Behind the Zhcted's army, Sofy shrugged towards Goruin who was standing beside him. The young knight nodded slightly in agreement.

"The enemy should almost be aware of it. Our army did not set up an ambush."
From the beginning of the war until now, the Germaine army has not formed any rangers, and is obsessed with attacking the Zhcted from the front. It is precisely because they are alerting the shining army to set up ambushes.

In battlefields that are clearly beneficial to the army, the overwhelmingly smaller side will send guerrillas. Especially for the army with Vanadis and the Black Knight as commanders, it's clear that they will send a large-scale ranger to detour, or send ambush where they are lurking. They expected Germaine to think about it this way.

Suddenly, Sofy stared straight ahead with a serious expression as the enemy has a new trend.

"The Sachenstein Army has started to move."

Mila should be fine. Seemingly feeling something bad, Sofy bit her lip tightly. After a coordinated battle with Guinevere in the center, Mila immediately returned to the left wing, where she fought hard with Germaine's army. She was already exhausted.

As if to wipe out Sofy's worries, Mila was waving Lavias on the left wing and knocking down the enemy. Now she has abandoned her horses and stood on the ground with her feet.

Even if I heard the horses hoofs of the approaching Sachenstein cavalry, they were not afraid. The sharp flash of Mila stabbed them from the ground and shot them down, or directly sent the enemy to the horse.

Dodging the swords and spears from the top of the head, aiming at the gaps in the opponent's helmet and armor to penetrate. One step earlier than the blood sprayed by the enemy, the next enemy will be shot down.

Seeing Mila's brave and heroic posture, Zhcted's special soldiers also worked hard, besieging the Sachenstein cavalry with two to three units. One of them used a shield to block the opponent's attack, while the others took advantage of this gap to attack the horse. Even a horse whose body is covered by a vest will stop moving in fright as long as it is beaten. In this way, the Zhcteds repelled the onslaught of the Sachenstein cavalry.
At this moment, a Sachenstein knight galloped toward Mila. Feeling an extraordinary aura from this knight, Mila stepped steadily to face it.

A crisp metal sound resounded across the battlefield, and the dazzling white firelight was fleeting in the atmosphere. Mila looked up at the iron-clad knight who had no gaps in his body with nervous and trembling pupils. The knight held a richly decorated sword in his hand. And this knight is the commander Weiss.

—*This feel is neither iron nor steel.*

If you insist on describing it, it's like a dragon gear. What exactly is this sword made of?

"Form a ranger with the commander-in-chief as the target and go around behind our army." Weiss said coldly.

As if confirming his own thoughts during the period, Weiss still did not stop his sharp slash. Mila used her love spear to bounce the approaching blades one by one, seemingly unaffected by fatigue.

"If you want to win this battle, I think there is no other way."

"Is that true?"

Mila sneered back, using Lavias to slash while aiming at the enemy. However, this blow was also blocked by Weiss twisting his wrist, and the spear blade still failed to pierce his throat.

Suddenly, with an unknown premonition, Mila stepped back. And she immediately understood the true face of this ominous premonition.

From the north—that is, to the left of the Zhcted’s army, there was a cry of the enemy.

Could it be possible that the Germaine Army sent a ranger to conduct roundabout operations? Although it is quite correct to target the Gestalt army with the smallest number of the shining army’s, where is the army divided?

"That's the four thousand soldiers who took back Marie Ou."

Riding on the horse and looking down at Mila, Bays told the truth coldly. Mila took a breath. Quite different from the right wing of
the Germaine Army, which was hit hard by Sofy, the Zhcted's Army was totally unsuspecting. He will definitely rush towards here with the momentum of the angry waves. Even if you want to try to meet, you can't ignore the powerful enemy in front of you.

—I Can't hold on.

If their left wing collapses, then the center will be crushed by siege. Mila couldn't help feeling desperate.

Sure enough, is that strategy still too reckless?

At this time, shouts came from the north direction again. Although it was invisible from Mila, the volunteer soldiers, who were regarded as reserve forces, took action behind the shining army. However, Guinevere did not order them to attack at all.

Volunteers have uneven equipment and have not been properly trained like the enemy. The only thing that can be compared is their high fighting spirit. It was this fighting spirit that made them brave to rush towards the enemy.

The four-thousand-man Rangers, which was gradually approaching the Zhcted, was entangled by the volunteer soldiers from the side. They only won a short time of about 100 seconds, but the price they paid was a lot of blood.

The Rangers arranged their queues and faced the enemy with swords and spears. The two thousand soldiers immediately fell apart. Losing their intent to fight, they dropped their weapons and fled around.
At this time, in the center of the Germaine Army, Ratwidge was preparing to launch a full-scale general offensive. So far, he has warned the enemy to set up ambushes and send out rangers, so he has carefully commanded the soldiers. The opponent is the Vanadis, the Black Knight and a flying dragon. Even carelessness will wipe out the advantage. He thought so in his heart.

However, he finally understood. At least the enemy did not send such troops near this battlefield. In this case, he can defeat the enemy by mobilizing 40,000 soldiers.

Just when he was determined to issue a general mobilization to the left and right wings, suddenly a soldier rushed to report out of breath. According to him, a strange force appeared in the rear.

Ratwidge led a small number of soldiers and rode his horse to the rear. Then he saw that scene.

On the gently undulating plain, there are dozens of trucks pulled by horses guarded by more than a thousand soldiers. The truck was loaded with dirty goods piled up like a hill.

Guarding the front of the van are the figures of two knights. One was a strong knight in black armor, and the other was an archer with dark red hair.

Ratwidge felt bad at once. They must not be allowed to approach here. Although he had not seen the Black Knight personally, nor did he know Tigrevurmud Vorn, they immediately understood that these people were not easy to mess with.

The Germaine Army stopped a hundred Alshins away. The two men and a thousand soldiers took a big breath, and screamed towards the clouded sky.

"Valverde has fallen! It was attacked by the Shining Army!"

Ratwidge was dumbfounded and speechless.

The matter had to go back two days before the Battle of Astoruga.
The sky was gloomy, and there was still a period of time before dawn. In the vast forest west of Valverde, groups of dark shadows were moving quietly. Among them was a knight, wearing black armor and carrying a big sword, standing at the front of the team. And this person is the black knight Roland.

Tigrevurmu Vorn was dressed in black, carrying a black bow, and riding alongside him. About two thousand soldiers followed behind them. Everyone was either dressed in black, or covered the body with mud and melted into the darkness. Hamish was also in it.

This is exactly what Mila thought of. During the battle between the shining army's own team and the Germaine's own team and Sachenstein, the Rangers led by Roland captured Valverde.

"—Although this is not an uncommon strategy."

Mila said when this plan was proposed in Guinevere's camp. The tactics of using this team as a decoy to use the Rangers to capture enemy bases have been recorded since ancient times. "But I think this is indeed the most effective strategy under the current situation."

Originally, the best strategy for the Germaine army was to stay in Valverde and wait for our army's supply line to be interrupted and enter the protracted battle. However, this method has not worked. By suppressing Navia, Lukas, and Burgas, Guinevere gained access to food and supplies. He even became famous for defeating the dragon. It is not surprising that Germaine will be worried about this, if he continues to stay in Valverde, will there be scruples that other areas will fall one after another.

They must defeat The Shining Army as soon as possible. However, they did not know the movements of Guinevere and others, so they could not arbitrarily assign an army to attack.

At this moment, the Shining Army obviously rushed towards Valverde. Therefore, Germaine can only observe the enemy's opposition while waiting for the opponent to act.
However, Germaine stopped the army at Astoruga, as if waiting for our army to move. After all, Astoruga is not only a day's walk from Valverde, but also suitable for army operations.

Our team marched upright down the street with the purpose of tempting Germaine's sight. If only half of the troops appeared, Germaine would definitely be suspicious of the enemy army in front of him.

When the team attracted the attention of the enemy, the Rangers went to Valverde in a big circle. Of course, Germaine will definitely leave a garrison in the city. However, they would never have thought that our army would attack Valverde on the eve of the battle with the team led by the Germaine army. What's more, The Shining Army still has a weakness in strength, and it is even more unlikely that such a move will be made.

"What if the enemy's defense is unusually strong?"

After hearing Guinevere's question, Mila answered naturally.

"Presumably we will be caught in a tough battle. However, regarding the attack on Valverde, our army possesses three weapons."

One is to own Valverde's map. The second is the floor plan of the Valverde City Pavilion. The third is the existence of a Muozinel who can open the city gate from the inside.

If someone opened the city gate from the inside, they would be able to rush to the city hall in the shortest distance, and after entering the city hall, they would be able to point directly to the city lord's room. In other words, a short-term decisive battle can be conducted.

"The question is, is the man named Damad trustworthy? Your Royal Highness Ludmila, you seem to trust his character quite a bit."

Even in the face of Guinevere's sharp gaze, there is no fear at all, Mila deeply Nodded.

"Indeed, not only is it in line with His Highness's interests, but Damad also came to us with personal factors. No matter how you
look at it, it is too coincidental. It is indeed possible that it was an assassin or spy sent by Prince Germaine. However, he is a Muozinel, not an Asvarre."

Guinevere widened her eyes when she heard the doubt pointed out by Mila. If Germaine really wanted to send a spy, he would definitely send Asvarre who can gain Guinevere's trust.

"Perhaps he has already seen through our thoughts, but deliberately sent Muozinels?"

"If that's the case, he will prepare a map of Valverde's surroundings. Of course, he will be fooled in order to lure us. And prepare other things."

"That is to say, because he is not prepared enough, can it be a reason to trust him?" After Mila smiled and nodded, Guinevere finally smiled and nodded in agreement...

Then back to the present, the Rangers finally arrived at Valverde. Damad was still walking with Tigre and others until the next morning, but after that, he rode his horse alone and returned to Valverde earlier. When the daybreak sun shines on the wall, Damad and his companions will open the west gate together.

After allowing the horse to move forward about two or thirty steps, Roland and Tigre looked back at their companions. Two thousand soldiers, composed of Brune and Asvarre soldiers, were quietly preparing the queue. Militsa and Raffinac walked out of the queue and came to Tigre's side. Tigre said to the two.

"Militsa, take protecting yourself as the top priority. Raffinac, you guys take care of each other."

When the black-haired Vanadis said that he wanted to walk with the Rangers, both Tigre and Mila were quite surprised. Mila originally wanted her to stay in the back of the team and wait for her to familiarize herself with what is going on in a large-scale war.

"There is a case in everything, when I can use Ezendais to help our troops pass the city gate."
Since she said so, Mila could only helplessly enroll her into the Rangers. Both Tigre and Roland are very valuable combat power. Since two thousand soldiers have been put in, the attack on Valverde must be successful.

Of course, this may more or less contain Mila's personal concerns about Tigre's personal safety. However, at least she would not admit it.

Tigre and his party waited quietly, swallowing their saliva, and a shimmering outline flashed across the edge of the city wall. Its daybreak. Then, as if waiting for this moment, the gate to the west should lightly open.

Cocktail flame shining on the wall shook. It seems that the soldiers in charge of guarding the door panicked at the sudden situation. There can be no delay from now on.

"—Crush!"

Tigre and Roland shouted together, and the soldiers cheered and shouted. With the two as the vanguard, the shining army's ranger suddenly galloped toward Valverde. The sound of roaring shouts and horseshoes broke the silent dawn, causing the soldiers on the wall to panic.

It was Roland who broke into the city gate first. Germaine's soldiers have gathered around the city gate. Song Ming in their hands swayed slightly in the darkness.

Raising the sword and spear, the Germaine soldiers attacked the black knight from both sides. However, at this time Roland had already swung the invincible sword (Durandal) in his hand.

The sound of shattering iron armor and flying flesh and blood one after another. This is the slashing sound made by three Germaine soldiers as they turned into unspeakable corpses. After knocking them down, Roland immediately twisted his wrist and slashed the enemy in the opposite direction.

Tigre caught up with the riot. The young man put three bows on the black bow and tightened the bowstrings. The arrows that cut the night wind shot down the Germaine soldiers holding Cocktail
one by one. Of course, the sunlight hasn't hit here yet. Because of the loss of the light source, the Germaine soldiers fell into chaos.

Roland kicked the horse belly. Seeing through the moment when the enemy soldiers who had already tied their hands and feet gathered, they dared to fly away. Just seeing the black knight approaching gradually made them scared and bewildered. Roland did not solve them on the spot, but broke through the enemy line and rushed into the alley paved with stone roads.

"It's going pretty smoothly."

Tigre and Roland went hand in hand. Although their faces were covered with sweat, their breath was not disturbed.

"The next thing is the main event."

A dark and dark city hall with its back to the sun stood in front of the two of them. After going through a few bends and reaching the back door of the city hall, Raffinac and Militsa also caught up.

"The soldiers have all come in! But they were cut into long lines."

Hearing Raffinac's breathless report, Tigre ordered with a serious expression.

"Go and tell them again, and ask them not to stop before they arrive at the pavilion."

The soldiers of the Rangers only knew the way from the city gate to the city hall. Geographical position is on the side of the Germaine soldiers living in this town. Even if they use surprise attacks to play tricks on their opponents temporarily, as long as they calm down, they can cut off the connection between the various units and conduct various defeat operations.

Even on the way to the city hall, they were attacked by Germaine soldiers.

"Enemy attack!"

The sound of shouts, horns, and taiko drums were mixed together, and the entire town became a battlefield.

The enemy who sprang from the alley was chopped to the ground from the front by Roland, and the enemy standing above the
building and staying in the shadow was shot to the ground by Tigre before preparing to shoot the projectile. Dead bodies piled up on both sides of the road, and the walls of the houses were stained red with blood. Started by this never-ending cry, the barking of the dogs one after another.

Seeing the appearance of the Germaine soldiers chasing after him, the soldiers behind the shining army jumped off their horses. They did not give up the struggle. The soldiers hit the horse's buttocks with their sword hilts, causing the horses to rush into the enemy's formation. Because the distance between them was too close, several Germaine soldiers were knocked away by horses.

Of course, this would not be able to get rid of all the Germaine's pursuits. Amid the clanging of swords, spears, swords and halberds, some soldiers lost their way and were slashed and killed, and some soldiers were stabbed with spears by the enemy, and then trampled by dozens of enemy soldiers and killed.

But even so, quite a few soldiers arrived at the back door of the city hall in blood and sweat.

In front of a gate that opened on both sides, the soldiers as forwards, led by Tigre and Roland, gathered together. Raffinac ran to the door and looked at the door.

"It won't open. Judging from the size of this door, I guess it was locked from the inside."

He shook his head while wiping the sweat from his forehead. In other words, you must use the city breaker to push it away.

"I see. Please get out of there first."

Roland said lightly while jumping off the horse. He carried Durandal on his shoulders and walked towards the door. Stop when there are about ten steps left. Raise the big sword with both hands and look straight at the door.

Could it be that he was thinking... that everyone present is looking forward to it, and firmly remembering what is about to happen. Even the sand and dust rolled up by the cold wind stopped instantly because of the quiet oppression.
Roland kicked the ground and rushed out with the shout. The shadow turned into a storm and approached the door, and the sharp blade of the big sword pointed straight at the door. The impact sound like thunder made the atmosphere shake violently. The gate shrouded in darkness was instantly pushed open, and the four corners of the gate cracked at the same time. In the scene before him, even Tigre was speechless. Roland's goal is not the gate. He cut the big sword into the gap between the two doors, and finally split the door bolt in half. This is beyond the reach of everyone.

"Okay, let's go."

Not proud of his actions, the black knight looked back at the soldiers and said in a flat tone.

Luo, who was appointed by Germaine to guard Valverde, got up from bed immediately after receiving the report of the surprise attack. His living room is located on the top floor of the city hall.

Luo is forty-two years old this year. Since becoming a knight at the age of twenty, he has accumulated solid achievements with both civil and military sides. He has served as a garrison captain several times. When he stayed in a small town near the border of Sachenstein, he faced an offensive attack by a Sachenstein army three times the garrison force. After several struggles, he successfully defended the small town. The reason why Ratwidge recommended him as the captain of the garrison is also because of the achievements he established.

However, Luo was completely passive now. Although he had already speculated that the enemy's internal traitors were lurking in the town and opened the city gate to let the enemy in, the instructions he gave have been slowing down the opponent, completely unable to stop the enemy from advancing.

—It seems that the enemy's target should be this castle...and I am.
After listening to one report after another, Luo judged this way. There was no arson or plunder, which really relieved him. Is it because they pay attention to speed, or because they are one of the few elite troops?

—Or maybe... Is Your Highness Guinevere's compassion for me and the people of mainland?

Luo shook his head and shook off the thoughts in his mind. After ordering his men to put on the armor, he gave instructions to the knights and soldiers.

"In the city hall to stop the enemy offensive. They lure them around those guys cut off. Outside city hall allies will come sooner or later and by the time we come to a pincer attack! I remember passing inform other people!"

Not long afterward, there was a report of the enemy invading from the back door of the city hall.

In the long and narrow corridor, Germaine soldiers with crossbows were standing side by side in an orderly manner.

Roland used the sword as a shield to take over a dozen huge arrows shot in a row. Although several of them passed through the black armor, they did not hurt him at all. However, no chance to breathe was given, and the same number of huge arrows shot over. Even if he was as strong as Roland, he was forced to stop.

Although only a dozen Germaine soldiers were seen at the end of the corridor, Roland judged that there were nearly twenty soldiers behind them. They take turns filling huge arrows to shoot continuously. Roland admired the shortcomings of the crossbow that took too long to load an arrow.

But now is not the time to admire the opponent. If you continue to stand still, sooner or later you will be surrounded by the enemy.

"Lord Roland, can you please lower your head a little?"
Tigre, who was standing behind him, said eagerly. Perceiving Tigre's intention, Roland lowered his head and assumed a posture that he could carry out an assault at any time.

Sure enough, after Roland put on the frame a moment later, Tigre immediately shot two arrows. The arrow was only one hair away from the ceiling, and it shot through the heads of two Germaine soldiers, causing confusion and causing them to chaos themselves.

Roland kicked the ground and rushed out. Although some soldiers hurriedly shot huge arrows, the black knight did not hide. Because from the direction of the crossbow shooting, he judged that they had all missed.

When entering hand-to-hand combat, the black knight will be invincible. Before they were about to throw away the crossbow and drew the knife, the black knight had already raised the sword and slashed. The head, arms, and weapons rolled onto the ground together.

The soldiers who survived the slash of the sword turned their heads and ran away with a scream. However, Roland did not let them go. Because Roland knew that if they let them go now, they might raise their swords to resist again after they calm down, so he ruthlessly beheaded them all.

Smash the crossbowmen and ran out of the corridor. An endless stream of enemy troops gushed from the roads on the left and right.

Roland beheaded all the oncoming Germaine soldiers, while the enemy soldiers who attacked from the side and from behind were handed over to others to deal with.

Even though the screams of his companions came from behind, Roland still did not stop and stepped forward. He knew in his heart that the only way to open a path ahead was the best way to repay them.

From time to time, Tigre would turn around to shoot for aid, but that was all.
"Really, if they are so energetic early in the morning, can't they just sleep in a bed or something?"

Raffinac couldn't help showing a bitter expression after pulling away the sweat sticking to his forehead hair. He is holding a short spear in his right hand. Because he didn't see him holding this weapon before breaking into the city hall, it was taken from the enemy's side.

Militsa, who was standing beside Raffinac, also had a short spear. Perhaps it was taken when Ezendais was not suitable for fighting in the house. Because of the dimness of the corridor, and I don't know if it was because of tiredness, or because of the dull atmosphere on the battlefield, she remained silent along the way.

Coming to the hall were Two knights wearing full armor, each carrying a large mallet the size of an adult's head, stood in battle. He was a head taller than Roland, and his shoulders were very wide. The two leaned on each other's shoulders, as if an iron wall stood in front of them.

"Are you the legendary black knight?"

One of the knights roared. And this is his last words.

Tigre shot an arrow behind Roland. Although the armor on this man's body was wrapped up and down solidly, there was still a little space to ensure sight. And Tigre's arrow aimed at this slit and shot in.

The giant knight fell backwards and never got up.

Astonished by his colleague being killed by an arrow, another knight stood there. Roland pulled the distance between himself and him in one breath, and together with the helmet, he chopped the knight's head in half.

Without time to wipe the blood stains on the great sword, Roland continued to move forward. However, he stopped after only a few steps.

"What's the matter?"

Tigre asked in surprise, while Roland stared at the floor in front of him.
"It's a trap."

Roland poked the suspected trap with his finger. Immediately afterwards, a square hole was opened in a part of the floor. It was a big cave enough for a strong adult to fall. Roland looked back at the corpse of the knight who had just been beheaded by him.

"They originally planned to lead us into the trap while fighting."

Tigre told the existence of Raffinac's cave behind him. It's unclear when, he is holding a short spear in his right hand. Because he was holding a sword before breaking into the city hall, it was taken from the enemy's side.

And Militsa was standing beside him silently. Perhaps considering that fighting in the house is not suitable for the use of Ezendais, so she went into battle with a short spear like Raffinac. Raffinac turned his head and called on the soldiers behind him to be careful of the trap. After it was over, The Shining Army broke out of the hall.

They're running down the corridor again. Suddenly, Tigre heard a strange sound. It came neither from the front nor from the back.

"Lord Roland, up there!" Tigre shouted out,

He was Aware that something was wrong. At the same time, the lattice windows hung on the ceiling fell down at an astonishing speed. And Roland was standing under it.

Tigre and others were dumbfounded. Roland looked up to the ceiling and stopped. Roland knelt down, holding the big sword in both hands. Although he can understand how he intends to survive this crisis, anyone who looks at it will definitely think he is too reckless.

The falling lattice windows are very hard and heavy. It must be to prevent the enemy from advancing, and was specially prepared to block the corridor. Its impact force is equivalent to hitting several times with a city breaker. However, everyone hallucinated in their hearts, as if they had seen the scene where Roland broke the lattice window.
The loud impact sounds overlapped together, making a loud roar like a dragon's roar. Both the shining army and the Germaine soldiers standing behind them and pursuing them were all stunned and motionless. Among those who were close to Roland, the tympanic membrane was numb, and the whole body trembled.

After the echo disappeared, the corridor returned to silence again.

Then Tigre saw it. Roland stood unshakably from his back, and the huge dent at the end of the corridor left by the lattice window tied with iron chains.

"The arms are a little numb. It seems that I have to exercise again when I go back."

Roland sighed deeply. Looking at his profile, the Glory overlord jumped for joy. The enthusiasm of the cheers even frightened the Germaine soldiers who were chasing back.

"Please stay there for a while,"

Tigre said to Roland, standing in front of him. Draw three arrows from the quiver, and set the black bow to tighten the bowstring. When you get to the front of the stairs, shoot an arrow upward.

The next moment, Germaine, armed with a bow and arrow, rushed down. They were injured by Tigre's bow and arrow and fell.

Anticipating that the enemy soldiers would run down the stairs, Tigre took the lead to release the arrows, but from the perspective of others, it was as if they had voluntarily hit the arrow. When fighting in a castle or a city hall, pay special attention to places such as stairs. Tigre learned this from Mila.

During the period when Roland was dealing with the enemy soldiers, Tigre kept shooting arrows towards the stairs. After ruining three more enemy soldiers, he turned his head and said to Roland.

"No problem, you can go up."

Roland couldn't hide the surprise on his face and looked at Tigre, but then immediately put on a serious expression and quickly
walked up the stairs. Tigre followed in his footsteps, and the Shining Army successfully ascended to the second floor.

"Thank you for your help, Lord Tigrevurmud."

Roland thanked him coldly.

"It's really a pleasure to entrust yourself behind to others. It's been a long time since I felt that way." The Germaine soldiers came heading up from the corridor with knives and spears. Roland sneered and rushed out. Tigre took aim at the knight who looked like the captain of the enemy army across his shoulder. While Roland knocked down the first enemy, he shot the knight.

—*Entrust yourself to others*...

The words Roland just said, Tigre said silently in his heart. He has the same idea. There is no warrior more reliable than the black knight. You don't even need to think about how to break through the enemy in front of you. This is definitely not an exaggeration; he always feels that his vision is much clearer than usual.

On the stairs to the second floor, the quiver hanging from Tigre's waist was empty. Tigre took the prepared quiver from Raffinac behind him. The cronies older than him are already out of breath.

"Are you alright?" Tigre asked worriedly, and Raffinac smiled with fangs.

"Of course it's okay. And compared to me, Militsa is even more..."

Just as he said this while looking at Militsa beside him, a shout suddenly came from behind them.

—*Is it the enemy? No, it doesn't feel like the sound of those people chasing behind us.*

What happened? Tigre had no clues for a while. There is only one thing that can be understood, and that is that the Germaine soldiers are following behind and catching up.

Seeing Militsa standing still in place, a Germaine soldier raised a knife at her. Tigre shot an arrow immediately. The enemy soldier
whose throat was pierced by an arrow fell down while vomiting blood.

Tigre grabbed Militsa's arm and pulled it to his side, then shot arrows one after another. Raffinac also stabbed the enemy with a short spear.

"There seems to be a hidden room in the wall over there!"

Cocktail's flames faltered, screams and blood sprayed everywhere, Raffinac roared loudly. Tigre finally figured out the current situation and encouraged his companions to push the enemy back. The current situation brooks no delay. The situation must be sorted out before the enemy disrupts our army. The enemy in front was left to Roland to deal with.

Tigre shot down several enemy soldiers one by one, and the Shining Army also regained order and finally repelled the other Germaine soldiers.

After a breath, Tigre looked at Militsa beside him. She turned blue and her mouth closed tightly. It seemed that the enemy's assault just now seemed to make her a little at a loss.

Are you okay? In the end, Tigre didn't say this sentence. If you ask that, Militsa, who has an upright character, will definitely answer that she's okay. When Muozinel encountered Demons made by Demons, this girl was single-handedly fighting with her.

"Militsa, how did your sister Tina call Mila before she met me?"

Because of this unexpected and untimely question, Militsa looked dumbfounded. After blinking, she replied with a confused look.

"Th... that Cold and ruthless Vanadis..."

"Okay, that's good." Tigre smiled and patted her shoulder with his right hand.

"This is what the Master Vanadis told me personally. At this time, I can recall the happy things that were stored in the corner of my mind. If the body is too rigid, both thinking and actions will become dull."
Militsa's eyes gradually opened, revealing an expression of understanding. She stared at Tigre first, then clamped the short spear under her armpit and gently grasped the young man's hand on her shoulder.

Ignoring Tigre's surprised expression, Militsa wrapped the young man's palm with both hands and rubbed it carefully. With a strange irritation coming from his palms and fingertips, Tigre couldn't help screaming. Because it was a wonderful touch that was both comfortable and tingling, Tigre couldn't help but look at Militsa with a confused expression.

Although he wanted to tell Militsa to stop, he didn't know what Militsa wanted to do. Just as Tigre looked at her hand while worrying about how to talk, after about five seconds, Militsa released Tigre's palm.

"How about it. Is it a little more relaxed?"

Militsa asked with the usual expression and voice that couldn't infer his mood.

"As a healer, I have also learned what to do when this is the case."

So it turned out like this. Tigre understood immediately. As a gift to help her relieve tension, she specially massaged her fingers. Indeed, after shooting so many arrows, whether it is fingers or arms, I can feel a little tired, which is really helpful.

"It's a great help. Thanks to you, I'm relieved a lot."

After Tigre thanked her, Militsa squinted and smiled.

The Shining Army continued to move forward. Although they were also stubbornly resisted by the Germaine soldiers with their shields and spears, no one could stop Tigre and Roland.

Tigre shot the commanders in the rear one by one, and Roland, together with weapons and armor, beheaded the enemies to death. There were basically no traps on the road after the hidden room, and even the resistance forces came intermittently.

Then, Tigre and his party finally arrived at the city lord's room on the top floor.
"Your Excellency is the Black Knight?"

Luo, wearing an armor helmet and holding a shield and a long sword, greeted Tigre and his party with a calm attitude. There were three knights standing beside him, but these three knights were overwhelmed by the aura of Roland and could not move.

In this tense atmosphere, after seeing Roland silent, Luo asked calmly again.

"I heard the report that your Excellency will smash the fallen lattice window. Is that true?"

"If it is true, would you be willing to surrender? If you wish, I would bet on my title as the commander-in-chief of the Brune Army to guarantee the safety of your lives and property. At the same time, I swear that I will not let the soldiers plunder and endanger the local residents."

Roland asked quietly. What the Shining Army needs is the fact that this city has fallen. As long as Luo is willing to surrender Valverde, and then leave with the surviving soldiers, he is not considered a violation of the rules. However, Luo shook his head.

"I hope you can ask the soldiers who survived after you kill me. Personally, I will never surrender. Now that I have the next order to protect this town, I will block them with my own life."

Tigre couldn't help but think of what Hamish said about a man who was both straightforward and stubborn. Tigre stood beside Roland and spoke to him.

"Lord Luo, do you know a longbow user named Hamish?"

Since joining the Rangers, he has been silent and has not had a decent conversation with Tigre. Now that he has come here, it seems that he must also make up my mind. In short, there is no time to wait for Hamish to come up.

"Who is your Excellency?"

"My name is Tigrevurmud Vorn. I am a friend of Lord Hamish."
In order to muster the courage to say these words, Tigre even took a breath time. Luo seemed to understand, shaking his body and nodding. In just a moment, a satisfied smile appeared on his face.

"In that case, I hope your Excellency can convey this to your friend. My daughter... I beg you!"

When he finished speaking, Luo rushed out. From his quick pace and sharp slash, it is not difficult to see that he is an excellent fighter.

However, it is still far behind the Black Knight. One step earlier than his sword, Roland's Durandal pierced Luo's abdomen. Luo fell down while spraying blood. Falling in a pool of blood that was gradually spreading, Roland immediately became motionless. Roland couldn't help sighing slightly, then turned to look at the knights under Luo's command.

"I ask you again. Do you want to surrender? Just like I said, I will guarantee the safety of your lives and property."

The knights abandoned their weapons and accepted Roland's proposal.

Luo's death and the surrender of the knights spread immediately. First, the fighting inside the city hall stopped, and then the bloody clashes stopped outside the city hall. In the end, even the soldiers on the wall honestly surrendered.

Ever since, before noon, Valverde fell completely.

Although Tigre and Roland were exhausted, they still had things to do. The capture of Valverde was at best one of the tactics of this grand battle.

They took weapons and armors from Germaine's soldiers, then handed them water and food, and blasted them out of the east gate. They are very honest. It seemed that Luo's death had dealt a considerable blow to them.
After dealing with this, Tigre also prepared a large number of trucks, and placed the weapons and armor they captured, the Germaine army flag, and the damaged back door of the city hall, etc., which can prove Valverde's fall. However, because Tigre and Roland still had to gather with the dignitaries in the town to explain the situation, they were handed over to Raffinac for command and operation.

Then when they were ready to leave Valverde, it was already dark. It was at this moment that Tigre remembered the things he hadn't touched with Damad. Obviously, it was said that if the Shining Army succeeded in capturing Valverde, it would be right to say hello.

Regarding the Damad matter, Tigre also made immediate progress. While resting with Roland in a room in the city hall, Militsa suddenly appeared and said.

"Tigrevurmud, here is a message from Damad. He said, "You helped a lot.""

"That's it?"

Looking at Tigre with an incredible expression, Militsa nodding her head.

"Huh, it does look like that guy's style..."

Thinking of the encounter with him in Muozinel, the parting at that time was also an understatement. Roland, who heard the conversation between the two, gleamed with light in his black pupils and smiled happily.

"You won't get tired of acting with Tigrevurmud. It seems that your Excellency is quite good at making friends with foreigners in foreign countries."

Tigre blinked inexplicably, and then just said, "Thank you." Your compliments." Leaving aside the Vanadis and Hamish, Damad seems to be a friend of his own, but Roland's retort will also arouse his disgust.

At this moment, Raffinac walked in and informed them that they had moved all the weapons, armor and flags to the truck. Then
incidentally reported that after Valverde surrendered, it has been calculated that our army has nearly a hundred dead and nearly a hundred wounded.

In the early morning of the next day, five hundred soldiers were left behind to guard Valverde, and Tigre and Roland led less than 1,300 to leave Valverde. Hamish chose to stay in Valverde, as if he had protected Luo's daughter. While saying "sorry", Tigre handed over Luo's burial work to him, and he agreed to it. At that time, Hamish's face was full of haggard, tiredness, and unspeakable regret...

The soldiers were also a little tired. In the middle of the break, Tigre and his group walked cautiously on the street.

In this way, Tigre and his party arrived in Astoruga as expected. "Valverde has fallen! Lord Luo has been conquered by Brune's black knight! The weapons, armor and flags of your companions piled up on our car are the best evidence!"

The horses under operation led the wagon to the truck Next to Germaine Army. Seeing the goods piled up on the truck, the Germaine soldiers uttered a short mourn together.

The goods there are exactly the same as they wear. Not only have weapons and armors, plus the broken flag, they can only choose to believe that it is true anyway.

Valverde has fallen. Luo has also been punished.

These two news quickly spread throughout the Germaine army. The news spread ten or ten, and soon thousands of people cried out.

This change of the enemy army was quickly learned by the commanders of the Shining Army. After several twists and turns, Zion, who took off successfully again, will also see the news of Tigre and his party from above to report to the Brune army. And this news immediately spread to the center and the left. Guinevere said with a smile as if she had forgotten her fatigue.

"Order the soldiers to shout loudly, saying that Valverde has fallen."
The effect of this move is quite fatal. The forward soldiers in the Germaine Army also noticed what was happening in the rear. And they learned the news from the enemy. Astonishment and fear deprived them of their fighting spirit, they stood there blankly with an expression of not knowing what to do now.

The next moment, The Shining Army launched a general offensive. The Guinevere army, the Brune army, and the Zhcted army all let the remaining troops out together. The soldiers roared and rushed towards the enemy with their weapons. And Tigre and Roland led 1,300 soldiers to attack the rear of the Germaine Army.

Flesh and blood flew across the battlefield, and helmets and shields were thrown to the ground and trampled on. Forty thousand Germaine soldiers were swallowed by the torrent, completely lost their fighting spirit, and were easily cut from it. Although there were also brave and combative people who stepped forward, they were eventually caught up by their fleeing companions and fell into a state of slashing.

The Germaine army was defeated.

Germaine was shocked and did not move on the horse. He followed Ratwidge's instructions with a few of his men to stay behind, but he couldn't understand the sudden and dramatic changes before him. Not long ago, his army clearly had an advantage. Obviously victory is about to be won. However, all of this fell apart immediately.

"His Royal Highness, please run away!"

Hearing one of his subordinates shouting, when he recovered, Germaine saw a knight in black armor rushing up single-handedly. The knight also held a large ornate sword in his hand.

Germaine had planned to turn his horse back, but stopped in a panic. Even if you escape, where can you escape? Valverde can't go back anymore, and other small towns are also far away.
During the period of his confusion, the black knight cut off his men one by one, shortening the distance between him. Germaine hurriedly galloped his horse, but was immediately caught up by the black knight. The Black Knight did not swing down the big sword, but grabbed Germaine by the sleeves and pulled him off the horse.

Just when Germaine fell to the ground and was about to stand up on his muddy body, the tip of the knife firmly held Germaine's throat.

After conveying the news that Germaine had been captured, the Germaine soldiers who were still resisting surrendered in one fell swoop. Although Ratwidge was desperately deployed until the end, he also dropped his weapon after learning the news. Tallard had also surrendered. It is reported that he was the first to surrender. Weiss, the commander of Sachenstein, led his soldiers out of the battlefield before the Germaine army completely collapsed. Mila didn't choose to chase Weiss, because she was already very busy just in command of her army.

Before sunset, the battle of Astoruga came to an end.

The Germaine soldiers were defeated with little battle. More than 10,000 soldiers were lost and 24,000 soldiers surrendered. Only about three thousand people died.

On the other hand, there are even fewer than a thousand dead in the Shining Army.

Bring the captured Germaine to Guinevere. The last time the two met was already spring time, and the brother looked at his sister as if seeing another person.

"Are you really that Guinevere...?"
"Yes. I am the sister who has always been hated by the older brothers."
When he thinks of each other's current situation, Guinevere must be half-joking. Say this sentence. Germaine closed his mouth, lowered his head and said nothing. As far as Guinevere is concerned, since he has been arrested, there is no need to take his life, so he first ordered people to watch him and imprison him.

Unexpectedly, this decision caused the situation to become troublesome.

When the sun went down, Guinevere ordered the people to set up a camp in the Astoruga Plain because they had not finished the post-war work. And a strange brigade came to Guinevere's camp.

With a refined and capable look, they told Guinevere that they were an envoy from the palace.

"Your Majesty has woken up, and has said that there is something I want to talk to Her Royal Highness Germaine and His Royal Highness Guinevere."

Guinevere was dumbfounded, and looked directly at these messengers with iron.
Epilogue

The battle has been over the last ten days. Now, Guinevere is staying in a room in the palace in the royal capital of Colchester. To this day, she is still agitated by regret and shock. When the messengers told her father that she had something to say, Guinevere almost thought the floor of her footing was going to collapse. At the end of the suffering and fierce struggle, she finally won.

However, now she has to dedicate this hard-won victory to these people who have not acted at all. Although only for a moment, she really thought about beheading these messengers on the spot. However, Guinevere did not choose to do it.

After she promised to let her brother go back alive, she called Tigre, Mila, Sofy, and Roland to explain the situation to them in order. The four were dumbfounded and speechless.

"This is, what's the trouble......" Mila finally recovered and said hesitantly.

And Guinevere is depressed again to explain.

"Knowing that things will turn out to be like this, we might as well just choose to capture Valverde..."

Sofy couldn't help sighing. Choosing to do that would at least delay Germaine's comeback. And even if he really initiates an action, the number of companions will be drastically reduced. However, it was the Zhcted and Brune forces that suffered the most from this incident.

Because Guinevere is still just a princess now, and Germaine and Elliot, who died not long ago, are still just princes. "Although your country insists on signing a contractual relationship with our country, it is only an agreement made by the prince and the princesses without authorization. If your country feels that our country is not keeping its promises, you can take their first class back home."
King Zechariah could use reasons like this to repent of the contract signed between Zhcted and Brune and Guinevere. Besides, they don't want Guinevere's top head.

"If you think about it again, at least we can negotiate directly with King Zechariah, and we have made a lot of progress."

Sofy smiled and comforted Tigre and the others.

In short, we must claim the rights of our army to King Zechariah.

Five people, Tigre, Mila, Sofy, Roland, and Will, decided to follow Guinevere to the royal capital. Militsa couldn't walk with them because he had to investigate the internal affairs. Depending on the situation, she may go directly to Zhcted.

Zion followed the Brune army and stayed in the port city of Donis. After all, he couldn't take the flying dragon to the royal capital. Zhcted's army was handed over to Goruin and Raffinac management, and the Brune army was on standby in Donis.

The surrendered Germaine was handed over to Ratwidge in charge. Although there were some protests that the enemy soldiers should not be handed over to the enemy generals to manage, Guinevere rejected those easy to see. After all, there is no general in Valcerates who can command a soldier whose unit is tens of thousands.

Only Guinevere and Germaine were brought to the king's bedroom. Others stayed in another room on standby.

Not seeing her father in just a few months, Guinevere was shocked. Although the black hair and beard are neatly trimmed, the difference in father's face and the dryness of the skin are unexpected. Even wrinkles have increased a lot. The arms protruding from under the robe were as thin as skinny. It seems that his father just woke up and he didn't seem to recover from his illness.

"It's a bit heavier than joy or sadness.... your beloved son and daughter are right in front of you."
He heard the general situation from the ministers. Zechariah got up from the bed and said this, and then sighed deeply with a face that didn't want to go on.

First, Germaine, and then Guinevere, the two of them told about the events after their father fell ill.

As if he had lost his emotions, King Zechariah heard the last words expressionlessly and sighed deeply again.

"All the responsibility lies with the king of this country, that is, as your father. It is not Germaine, Guinevere, or Elliott who has died... But, it is really amazing, Guinevere. You do not have the qualifications to sit on the throne. If you know this, why do you want to do such a stupid act?"

"I never think I have done anything wrong. Everything I do It's for the future of Asvarre."

Guinevere answered her father, her chest straightened up. Zechariah shook his head.

"If this is the case, you should submit to Germaine. The next king has decided to be Germaine. Brune and Zhcted will let Yu negotiate. The same goes for Sachenstein... Even though you the two were supported by the Lords, and they also carried their expectations, but this farce must not be allowed to continue to endanger the stability of the kingdom."

Guinevere blushed. There is nothing wrong with what the father said. However, she still cannot simply agree with it. If it is the father of the past, although he will eventually come to the same conclusion, he will at least try to convince himself. Is it because of long-term sickness in bed that caused physical decline? Germaine said.

"Father's decision is inexplicable. While there is some urgency, but Guinevere what to do with it? Despite her being a royal family, doing such a thing can not be without punishment, right?"

Despite the mouth Germaine also looked unhappy when he said this. It seems that even he thinks his father's remarks are a bit
suspicious. This kind of situation that only benefits him seems to make him a little dissatisfied.

King Zechariah was speechless when asked. Seemingly expecting this situation, Germaine changed the subject.

"Then, I will discuss the issue of Guinevere later. The sons and ministers have something to report. About the brothers and sisters... the deaths of Edward, Garuba, Dursilla, and Gerda."

"With these four people among them, it has been ascertained that Dursilla’s death was the work of Viscount Osborne. Although it is considered a first cut and a second play, you still have to give permission. Regarding the deaths of the other three, I also want to re-investigate. Maybe I can find the initiator among them."

What happened next caused Guinevere and Germaine to open their eyes at the same time. King Zechariah did not feel any sorrow or shock on his face, but was slightly shaken.

However, Germaine chose to shut his mouth. It would be a bit bad to do something extraordinary here.

And Guinevere acted in the opposite direction to her brother. Is it possible that father has something to hide from us? Although it is dangerous to ask directly, what if the father is shaken and then asked?

"I have something I want to show my father."

Despite some hesitations about whether to speak now, Guinevere still judged that she could only play the hole card now. She ordered the attendant with her to bring something over.

Soon after, the attendant and Will moved a large long box into the bedroom. After opening the lid, there is a sparkling sword of the king inside. Guinevere took out the sword of the king and presented it to Zechariah.

"Father, do you know what this is?"

The shaking on Zechariah's face became more serious than before. The king's eyes wandered between his daughter and the sword. Before long, he sighed and murmured.
"The sword of the king.... Why is the treasure that has been lost since the death of the overlord is in your hands?"

"This is what I found in the place of knights of the round table. It exists. It seems to be responding to my will. It is like saying, let me take it with me and inherit the great deeds of the kings of the past."

"How is this possible..."

Germaine murmured like a groan. The King said nothing, staring at the sword intently. His face is like a ghost possessed by a god.

Not knowing how long it had passed, Zechariah raised his face and looked at her daughter.

"Are you... you stretched out your hand to the throne because you got this sword?"

Guinevere shook her head.

"My father, I also have my own temper. Even if I don't find the sword, I will definitely look for opportunities to develop my talents. If I really want to use the sword as a talisman, I will work harder to show myself what I am."

It’s great not to choose to do that, and Guinevere is meditating in her heart today.

If she relies on the power of the sword to win, she will never know the bottom line of her power. She must imagine in her heart where she can go without a sword. Because of this, she now dared to assert with confidence.

King Zechariah sternly looked back at the sword. Even the king who obeyed his eldest son ascended the throne, but he seemed confused when he saw the existence of the sword.

"I'll Give You one night to think about it."

Germaine and Guinevere exchanged their sights, nodding to each other. Germaine has figured out the whole thing. However, Guinevere has not finished asking.

"My father, I have something to ask you."

Guinevere squeezed her hands slightly, urged by her father's eyes. It seems she still needs a little courage.
"Does your father have any clues about the death of Gerda?"
"...What do you mean?"

Even though he didn't reply immediately, the expression of King Zechariah remained unchanged. This made Guinevere nervous.

The reason why Guinevere agreed to meet her father was not just because she could not ignore her father's orders. She also wanted to ask her father about Gerda. What a hope in her heart, whether there was any misunderstanding about what she had heard from the old man in Burgas. At least in Guinevere's impression, her father loved and trusted her little sister.

However, his father was silent about Gerda's death, without even sighing.

That night, Guinevere decided to visit her father's bedroom. I plan to ask about Gerda again in a one-on-one situation.

The attitude of Zechariah, who didn't care about the death of her little sister, made Guinevere very concerned. Because the father she knew was a gentle king who loved his son and daughter.

Now that the daughter said she wanted to see her father, the soldiers in charge of the guard had no reason to stop her. Guinevere came to the door of her father's bedroom. After knocking on the door, Guinevere noticed an ominous atmosphere coming from across the door. She could hear a voice similar to talking, but there was no light from the door.

"—Father!"

Guinevere suddenly opened the door.

What caught your eye was the figure of his father who was about to get up from the bed, and Germaine who was putting the dagger on his throat.

"What are you doing! Brother Germaine!!"

"It's Just as you saw!", the fat eldest man replied with an angry expression.
"Guinevere, Gerda was killed by her father."

Guinevere stood in shock. However, she was in a good mood immediately. After all, she had already guessed this in her heart. But even so, it takes a little courage to make her accept this fact.

"During the day, the death of Gerda you mentioned, I also have deep doubts about it. Except for the death of Gerda, there are too many doubts about the death of other people... I made up my mind to come and ask this. The result is this result!"

"What on earth is, why..."

Guinevere tried her best to ask this sentence.

King Zechariah didn't meet his beloved son and daughter, but stared at the wall and replied.

"Because that kid said that there will be no more kings in our country."

Guinevere's eyes widened. Zechariah continued weakly.

"I really can't laugh at it as a kid's joke. That child is special and unique. Since no one can be the king in the future, it means that Asvarre's reign will end in Yu's generation. If that's the case, it's fine. What will Germaine, Elliot, Edward, Garuba, Dursilla, and Gerda receive? I can't help but become scared. Because my heart is too scared, and fainted for a while."

Although Zechariah slept for a few days after that, the trauma of his heart was still not healed. Although determined to do this requires considerable time and consciousness, King Zechariah made up his mind.

"I ordered a few cronies whom he trusted to call Gerda to this dormitory... and took her life."

Guinevere took a deep breath. Germaine then asked.

"After that, my father was still ill in bed. The death of Gerda made the people who supported me and those who supported Elliott think that it was the enemy's actions, so they acted without authorization. This is the whole story."
So far, King Zechariah has managed the country properly while maintaining the balance of power between the mainland people and the island people. However, because of this, when the king fell ill, the crisis consciousness of the people of the mainland and the islanders was awakened.

"Don't you think this is a farce?"
Germaine laughed hoarsely with a little self-deprecation.

"This year-long stupid struggle... The cause is that our father killed the daughter."
Germaine raised his short sword. Guinevere kicked the ground and rushed to the side of her brother. Obviously he didn't hold the sword of the king in his hand, but his body was unexpectedly light. Germaine smiled contentedly. Turning his wrist, he thrust the dagger into his throat. The spray of blood stained his father and the bed.

"My elder brother ...!?"
Because of the sudden action of her brother, Guinevere was stunned. The head was soaked in blood, Germaine said in a hoarse voice while leaning against the wall.
"We... have been wrong... too much..."
And this became his last words.

Tigre and the others heard the news of Germaine's death when the sun had just risen.
As things took a turn for the worse, Tigre, Mila, Sofy, and Roland looked at each other and were so shocked that they could not speak. Tigre asked everyone.
"In the end, what will happen next?"
"The only surviving Guinevere will become the queen of the future. There is only this possibility."
Mila said tiredly. Since she is the only person with royal blood, there is only one possibility left. What's more, the sword of the king is also in her hand.

"Although this is the best result for us... But we may have to stay in this country for the time being. Although it is not suitable to go to sea until spring."

Sofy said. She turned her gaze to Roland.

"Lord Roland, what does the Brune army plan to do next?"

"We will leave a unit for negotiations, and the others will return to Brune. After all, our country is not too far away from here, and so am I. I plan to go back."

The negotiations will definitely take a long time. But before that, Asvarre still had a mountain of things to deal with. Organizing the funerals of the princes, arranging the burial of the dead, establishing a new system, and rebuilding the towns and villages that were burnt down in the war, the lords and soldiers' merits and rewards, no matter what is urgent.

Zhcted's negotiations with Brune must go on at the same time. But it only takes ten to twenty days to process it.

"—Mila, I have one thing I want to talk to you."

With determination in his eyes, Tigre said. The young man told her that she wanted to go to Sachenstein. Tigre took out the arrow he received from Guinevere in Burgas, and continued.

"I want to know more about this black bow. No, it should be said that I feel I have to explore."

It is to solve the threat posed by the Demon. It's also for Mila.

"Maybe I won't find anything in the end, but I—"

"I see."

Mila interrupted Tigre's words.

"I'll go with you. My position can help you when necessary."

"But you, as a Vanadis, have the obligation to command the soldiers, don't you?"
"I'll leave the command of the soldiers to me. Come handle it."

Sofy smiled and offered to ask. She also encountered Demons during this expedition, and she also saw the power of Tigre's black bow. She very much agrees with Tigre's consideration.

"Even in winter, as long as the weather is good, you can take a boat directly from Asvarre Island to Sachenstein. I will not leave Asvarre Island until spring. I look forward to your active performance."

"Thank you. You, Sofy."

Tigre shook Sofy's hand with Mila, and vowed to return safely.

King Zechariah officially announced that Guinevere would become the official successor, and the lords and nobles were most shocked by this incident. No one had expected that this successor battle, which started with Germaine's confrontation with Elliot, would end in such a way.

Germaine's death was ultimately dealt with by suicide. Depressed and ill from losing to his sister, rumors spread throughout the court, and this is probably the result he wanted.

A few days later, Zechariah called Guinevere to the bedroom. The complexion of King Asvarre became worse than before. It seems that his son's rebellion and his death have dealt a considerable blow to him.

Nevertheless, Zechariah tried to speak.

"Guinevere, do you know that there is a cave by the creek in Colchester?"

"Do you mean the cave where Sephyria inherited the sword?"

Guinevere answered without hesitation, And Zechariah just smiled.

"Yes. It seems you know better than I."
To inherit the sword, you must hold a ceremony. One hundred and fifty years ago, Sephyria held the same ceremony. Although he was named the king's successor, there must be some opposition from the princes. Moreover, if Guinevere wants to fulfill her dream, the authority of the sword is indispensable.

The next day, Guinevere went to the cave alone.

At the end of autumn, the cave was full of cold. Holding a small candlestick with a candle in her hand, Guinevere marched into the cave without fear. After all, she had been here once before.

It is said that Artorius inherited the sword of the sword king in this cave three hundred years ago. According to heritage records, Sephyria also held an inheritance ceremony 150 years ago. Because of the unknown whereabouts of the sword after Sephyria's death, the descendants of the king never used this cave again.

To be precise, one person came here. The king used a replica of the king's sword to hold an inheritance ceremony. However, the matter of specially making copies was criticized by the world, and his did not last long in the end.

—I must be a queen.

At first, it might be just her own arbitrary actions, but as I stepped forward, the idea became stronger. She wonders if Artorius and Sephyria were the same at the beginning?

—I want to create a country that does not distinguish between islands and continents.

She has the ability to do it. If it is oneself who is bound neither by the people of the mainland nor the people of the island. If it is oneself holding a sword. If it's her who has a confidant like Will.

Not long after she left, a puddle appeared before her eyes. Probably it is the result of water drops dripping down the wall or ceiling into small potholes over a long period of time. The width of the water column is much smaller than that of a normal lake, and the depth is quite shallow.
Guinevere took off her clothes and walked into the pool naked with the sword of the king. When the foot was stepped on to the bottom, the water only reached Guinevere's chest.

Guinevere held the blade and the handle with her left and right hands, and lifted them up and shouted towards the dark cave.

“Crimson Dragon! The elves who live in the land of Asvarre! The first ancestor Artorius and the knights of the round table! My name is Guinevere Kerchken Ophelia Bedeverre Asvarre, with the royal blood, with the will of Sephyria in her heart, intends to ascend the only throne and receive the crown.”

She took a breath. Obviously the air is very cold and humid, but the body is as hot as burning.

"I would like to invite you all to witness together. Protection is not what I want. Grace is not what I want. What I want is one, whether I have the resources commensurate with the sword. If I am not qualified, I would like to be struck by thunder. If I am not prepared for courage, I would like to turn into a dead soul in the dark abyss. However, if you are willing to give approval, please lead my soul to the direction of the round table!"

Once the declaration is made, the dazzling black and golden blade of the sword of the king is formed. It emits iridescent light.
With her skin, Guinevere could feel that a force stronger than ever before was pouring out of the sword. She even forgot to breathe, unable to divert her eyes.

After about ten seconds, the light from the chain gradually faded. Guinevere sighed deeply.

—*It seems that they agree with me as a user.*

While feeling joyful, an indescribable terror surged into her heart. Before approval was given, this sword was already a very powerful weapon. So what now? Can she really control the sword of the king, and use it as freely as Artorius and Sephyria?

—*No, it must be done. Because I was determined to stand up and face it.*

Guinevere sighed slightly, then got up from the pool. He curled his neck because he felt a little cold on the way.

Suddenly, feeling the breath of others, Guinevere stared at the shadow. To be honest, she thought that it did not identify with herself, and really planned to drag herself into the underworld as a dead soul. If the undead does appear, Guinevere can only be brought into the world of the dead obediently, while the body and soul will disappear from the ground forever.

She heard footsteps and breathing. A figure appeared in the shadow.

Guinevere breathed a sigh of relief. The opponent is just human. Perhaps someone who doesn't agree that he is about to become a queen, broke into this cave in a disorderly manner. The wet body will be wiped dry later.

"Come out for me."

Guinevere warned quietly while holding the sword. The other party did not hide, and walked straight forward.

The scene before her stunned her. The real body of the figure is a female. The woman has long red hair and is dressed in a gorgeous dress based on purple. However, what is particularly eye-catching
all over her body is her pupils of different colors on the left and right.

—*Different rainbow pupils.*

Guinevere turned her gaze from her eyes to the weapon she was holding in her right hand. A black whip. Although it doesn't look like a weapon at first glance, it can feel a mysterious flow of power. Guinevere has only seen something similar recently.

—*But it's not just that. I can still feel the flow of unlucky power.*

The flow of this power is similar to the miasma emitted by a Demon. All in all, Guinevere asked questions right away.

"Are you a war maiden?"

"You know. Could it be the power of that incredible weapon?"

The woman, Elizavetta Fomina, raised the whip. Guinevere faces her with a sword in her right hand and a lock in her left hand. A relaxed smile appeared on her face, and she asked her another question.

"Zhcted said he wanted to help me. Did His Royal Highness Ludmila and His Highness Sofya know about this?"

"In your country, it is not divided into two camps: the people of the island and the people of the mainland. Is it?"

This is Elizavetta's answer. In other words, other forces besides Mila and Sofy, those who did not want Guinevere to be the queen, ordered this Vanadis to attack her.

Elizavetta kicked off the ground. Shorten the distance between each other and wave the whip in his hand.

Guinevere also squatted down and rushed forward. Thunder bursts from the whip and the blade respectively.

"I didn't expect even you to be in charge of thunder and lightning...!"

Elizavetta's pupils were full of surprise. She stopped and waved her whip. A black flash that was too thunderous to conceal one's ears hit Guinevere from all directions.
However, such an astonishing attack did not even hit Guinevere with a single blow. The golden chains extending from the sword of the king moved separately and withstood every blow separately. Not only Elizavetta, who was an enemy, but also Guinevere, who was a user, was dumbfounded.

"So what about this trick!"

Elizavetta raised the black whip. The whip is divided into nine from the handle, and each whip is lodged with a powerful lightning force. Guinevere stood still and did not act. Because the sword of the king has notified her of this matter.

"Who are you? From whom did you get this power?"

Upon hearing this, Elizavetta stopped her movements. There was a surprised expression on his face, as if he was wondering why you would know. However, that only lasted for a moment. She relentlessly hit Guinevere with the lightning strikes accumulated to the limit.

"—The heavens and the earth shattered and burnt the flaming claws!"

Then, the golden chain extended from the sword of the king in Guinevere's hand was directly wrapped around the opponent's whip.

In the next moment, the thunder light wrapped around the whip immediately disappeared.

The Vanadis's eyes widened, and she didn't say a word for a long time. At the same time, flaws that cannot be exposed on the battlefield are exposed.

Guinevere quietly swung down the sword in her hand.

Blood was flying around, and the hand holding the black whip was cut off from the elbow.

The red-haired girl fell down. Guinevere frowned and stroked her left shoulder. Although it was only a little past, there were burns the size of a thumb.
Guinevere sighed slightly and waved the sword of the king slightly. The other chain moved and picked up the fallen girl's whip. After picking up the black whip in her hand, Guinevere swung down the sword again. This time, the golden chain picked up the girl's arm.

"You can't leave this kind of thing in this sacred cave."

She hugged her clothes under her armpits and dragged the girl with a chain, and Guinevere walked out of the cave. Let go of the girl in the nearby bushes, and leave the rest to the beasts.

She beat a Vanadis. At this moment, she suddenly felt real.

The feeling of blood spurting up all over the body. No matter what difficulties you encounter, you have the confidence to open the way ahead.

After she returned to the royal capital, the palace would surely greet her, the new ruler, with cheers.

And this was the first step that Guinevere took as a queen.
Afterword

It was summer when I started writing this work, and this year's scorching heat was also a difficult opponent.

It has been four months since the last volume, so readers have been waiting for a long time. For the first time readers of this series, I'm Kawaguchi Shi. The fourth volume of "The King of Magic Bullets and the Snow Girl of Frozen" finally came out successfully.

After the three volumes were on sale, I thought I had to publish the book in the autumn to try my best. With the help of various people, I finally completed the book. As mentioned above, the battle of Asvarre, which has continued from the previous volume, is finally divided.

In the last volume, as well as the last volume, all the children appeared on the stage, and it became quite lively. Tigre and Mila, as well as the assisting characters all have their own active performances. It would be great if you can please the judges.

Okay, let me promote it a little bit. Do you guys buy the "King of Magic Bullets and the Sacred Spring's Double Sword" on the same day as the fourth volume. That book is about a new magic bullet journey where "the king of magic bullets" and "the king of magic bullets" begin to fight with the protagonist of the adjutant Lim Alisha of the war maiden Ai Lei who appeared in the second volume.

I was the original designer of this work, and Mr. Seo was responsible for writing the book. The masterpieces include "Silver Flash Battle Otome and the Sealed Princess", "SKYWORLD Sky Realm" and other works. Perhaps the readers of this book have already read it. By the way, the illustration of Silver Flash Battle Otome was also drawn by the teacher Miyazuki いつか, and work on a reissue is still in progress.

This is the first attempt for me, but what kind of sparks will be added to the world of magic bullets by Mr. Seto's style? Interested readers must buy one. Next comes the words of thanks.
It is finally possible to describe the male character Zion, who is a rare animal. Miyue いつか, thank you! When will this guy live? (Question statement). Thank you for also drew a cover image for Militsa. Presumably this makes your schedule very fast, I'm very sorry.

Thank you for your help, H-san, the new editor, and T Zesan, who has been in charge of inspections since the previous volume. After all, the hot summer season is over, I will definitely work harder next time, yes, probably.

In addition, I also sincerely thank the various practitioners who are responsible for helping books to be put on the shelves.

Then, readers, thank you for your willingness to purchase this book. After the civil war in Asvarre, please stay tuned for their stories.

Furthermore, the manga version under the charge of Mr. KAKAO has been completed about three chapters. It is expected to start serialization within this year. Please support me.

In some cold night, Mr. Kawaguchi
The Tigre’s Cave Special Short Story

Tigre and Mila, Sofy, Raffinac and Goruin stand together on the rocky shore, facing the vast ocean ahead. Raffinac and Goruin’s costumes were the same as usual, but Tigre was shirtless and wearing shorts that reached his knees. A rope was tied around his waist, and the other end of the rope was held in Raffinac’s hands. Mila and Sofy only used cloth to cover their chest and lower body, holding their own dragon gear in their hands.

"How deep is the sea?"

Tigre asked casually this morning when the five were having breakfast together. Due to the smooth reconstruction of the harbor city of Doris, Prince Germaine is not about to attack at the moment, giving everyone a sense of relief. Sofy also smiled and said,

"If that's the case, do you want to dive down and have a look?"

"No problem?"

Mila frowned. In fact, she is also very interested in how deep the sea is. Like Tigre, she saw the sea for the first time during the expedition to Asvarre. What's the matter with the sea that allows a large ship carrying hundreds of people to move forward leisurely?

"It's actually very dangerous, but it should be okay if you and I are there."

Sofy's suggestion is to use her dragon gear to illuminate the sea, and then use Mila's dragon gear to keep out the cold, and dive to three hundred chets (310 meters) deep place.

Both Tigre and Mila agreed, and the words of 300 Chet would not disagree with each other, so it became what it is now. Tigre and the two war maidens nodded each other, and soaked in the calm sea together. After the body gets used to the temperature of the water, inhale heavily and begin to sink.

——-It's amazing...

Tigre can see the surrounding scenery clearly thanks to Sofy's dragon equipment lighting. Looking around, it's all transparent water. The part that cannot be illuminated by light is deep
darkness. Occasionally there are fish swimming from the darkness, but when they see the light, they turn around and run away in fright. In a blink of an eye, the three of them had sunk a hundred chets.

—— *It's autumn. The sea must be cold.*

Thanks to Mila's dragon gear to keep out the cold, Tigre did not feel cold. But the more it sinks, the heavier it feels. As if all the sea water was pressing on him. And no matter how you dive, all you see is sea water, and there is no feeling of the end. Mila and Sofy seemed to feel the same way, seeing that their eyes were full of surprises and tensions about the unknown. When diving to a depth of three hundred chets, the three of them held hands and began to float.

—— *If you want to pray in such a deep sea, which god should you call?*

Tigre suddenly thought of this question. There is no patron saint of the ocean among the ten gods headed by Perkenas, the king of the gods. If you insist, it should be Tir Na Fal, who is in charge of night and darkness and death, right?

—— *I want to call you more than them.*

Tigre squeezed Mila's hand firmly and rose towards the bright sea.
Melonbooks Special Short Story

As they entered the shrine dedicated to the round table Knight Galahad, Tigre and Mila exclaimed in amazement.

In addition to murals on the walls on both sides of the passage, many Galahad's great deeds and anecdotes were also carved. The writing about the great cause is strong and powerful; the style related to anecdotes is funny and pleasant. The content and the beautiful murals complement each other, so the two can't help but stop and be fascinated by it.

"I'm glad that both of you like it."

Guinevere, who took them into the temple, smiled happily. Yesterday, Tigre asked Guinevere to show him around the temple. It is rare to come to Asvarre; he wants to see what the temple of the Round Table Knight looks like.

Due to the smooth reconstruction of the harbor city Doris, the spirits of the three were somewhat relaxed, and Guinevere agreed without saying a word. Mila, who heard about this incident, also expressed her wish to visit, so the three visited the temple together today.

"Galahad is also a character with a lot of anecdotes among the Knights of the Round Table. First, because of his miserable life experience, he was abandoned by his father and grew up in the temple. In order to become a knight, he went through many trials. The adventure unfolded by Artorius' order, the record of this long journey has been preserved. Among them, the battle with the army of the Kingdom of Cadiz was in the mainland..."

When it comes to the Knights of the Round Table, Guinevere said with two eyes. His speaking speed was much faster than usual, and his voice became agitated. Mila looked at her dumbfounded, and Tigre listened to the princess with a smile. The appearance of Guinevere reminded him of Mila when he talked about black tea.

"So, in Prince Elliot's full name, there is Galahad's name..."
It is unnatural to say nothing, so Mila said with some worry. For a short while, Guinevere showed a look of mourning for the dead, then nodded and replied,

"Putting the name of the samurai in the round table in the full name is the tradition of our royal family of Asvarre. For example, my full name is uses the name of the knight Bedwell."

"What kind of knight is Bedwell?"

Hearing Tigre asked curiously, Guinevere frowned in confusion.

"People say that he is a very strong strongman. Others say that he has only one arm. And... the hair is incredibly hard. But it's just a legend, not necessarily true..."

It should be because just a little Investigating, you can know this, so Guinevere said it directly. After hearing these words, Tigre and Mila both laughed out loud at the same time.

Of course, there is no relationship between Bedwell and Guinevere. However, Guinevere's gorgeous black hair does feel very hard to the touch.

The reaction of the two made Guinevere pouted unhappily. "It doesn't matter to you anymore." She turned her back to the two of them. Tigre and Mila quickly apologized and walked beside her. Mila said,

"I think it should be possible to use the names of other knights."

"The Knights of the Round Table are all male, so there is no feminine or suitable name for the princess."

Guinevere shrugged. Her round table knight lecture has just begun.