Illustrations
ありがとうございます、ウルスさま！

ミーチェリア
魔弾の王と凍漬の雪姫 5 川口士
イラスト／美崎月いつか

Lord Marksman and Michelia
Presented by Tsukasa Kawaguchi / Ilust. = Itsuko Miyatsuki
これは神殿？……なのかな？
『よくもある、こんなところにつくったわけ』
巨大な空洞の中に、古い遺物がそびえている。
「ええ。いつまでも並んで同じ星を見上げていたい、大切なひと」

「あなたには好きなひとがいるのか？」
During early winter when the cold wind was blowing to the land of Alsace, a letter from his son was sent to Urs Vorn.

After eating a simple breakfast, Urs returned to the room on the second floor of the mansion and examined the contents of the letter.

"That kid Tigre is doing well."

His son, Tigrevurmuud Vorn, left his hometown of Alsace a few days ago and stayed in the Principality of Olmutz. Not only did the son lead a fulfilling life, he was also cared for by the master of the duchy, Ludmila Lourie, and his mother, Spetlama. "That happened at the time" and "It is said that there is one more thing." When reading these contents, the smile on his son's face seemed to be vivid.

"In other words, the stay here is really long. Forget it, he wrote such a long letter anyway."

In the letter, Tigre mentioned the story of his encounter with Eleonora Viltaria, the Vanadis who ruled the Duchy of Leitmeritz.

— *I knew about this a long time ago.*

Urs smiled wryly at the corner of his mouth. In the early autumn, a couple of men and women claiming to be Eleonora's men visited him. They declared that, like Olmutz, Leitmeritz wanted to build a deep friendship with Alsace. In addition, they also said that Tigrevurmuud Vorn had rescued Eleonora who was in danger.

"This is our honor." Although Urs was confused, he nodded in agreement.
To be honest, Urs couldn't ask for something to interact with Leitmeritz. In order to further develop Alsace, the assistance of this principality can be said to be an indispensable part. Although Urs had also worried that the other party might make some excessive demands under the guise of this title, but so far, there has been no sign of this.

Urs continued to read his son's letters, and suddenly, he frowned. He did this because the name of Sofya Obertas, who ruled the Principality of Polesia, appeared in the letter.

He had heard a lot about this woman from Tigre before. She is one of Ludmila's friends, and she heard that when Tigre met her for the first time, she was approachable and took the initiative to talk to Tigre. Although she hadn't seen each other for three years, she seemed to be consistent with Tigre.

"Her Royal Highness Ludmila, Her Highness Eleonora, Her Highness Sofya..."

Although the letter was only halfway through, Urs raised his head at this time.

— I remember that in the middle of summer, His Highness Militsa had been here.

Militsa Glinka, the Vanadis who rules the Principality of Osterode. While in Muozinel, she met Tigre. It is said that she and Ludmila are also very close.

In the Kingdom of Zhcted, the status of the war maiden is second only to the king.

If anyone among the nobles of the Brune Kingdom can be equal, there are probably only the family of the Duke of Thenardier and the Duke of Ganelon, known as the great nobles. Little nobles like Count Vorn's house, let alone remember their looks, the other party would not even remember their names. Communication with each other is even more idiotic.

However, Tigre did this impossible thing.
Urs showed a mixed expression and looked out the window. The white blizzard was dotted little by little on the khaki skin of the distant mountains, and the gentle hills were covered with a withered grass color. This is the view that Alsace had in early winter.

When this season comes, Tigre will carry bows and arrows, and ride a horse to inspect the situation in the collar. He will ask the leaders if they are ready for the winter, and will hunt the beasts that harass the neighborhood.

"Are you broadening your horizons at this time, Tigre?"

The father called to his son who was far away in a kind voice.

"Don't be confined by the mere Alsace, you have to see the wider world with your own eyes."

Urs once said to Tigre.

Urs loves this land that he grew up with and inherited from his father and ancestors.

But he also understands that there are many things that can't be learned and experienced by staying in this land.

He didn't want his son to become a character confined by the territory. He hoped that his son would focus on areas outside of Alsace. If possible, he even hoped that his son could expand his horizons as much as possible regardless of Alsace and Vorn's family. This is exactly what Urs wants.

On the other hand, Urs really wanted Tigre to inherit Alsace. Tigre was deeply respected and loved by the leaders, and he also had the courage to stand up for them. In this way, he will definitely become an outstanding lord.

Originally, these two wishes did not conflict with each other. After Tigre accumulated sufficient experience in the outside world, he returned to Alsace to inherit the title and territory.

But if Tigre is expected to live in Zhcted...
If his talents and beings are recognized by people from other countries, and polished to a dazzling light...

"...Maybe I am worrying too much."

Urs shook his head, dispelling his own random thoughts. The future is unknown. Tigre would not write all his thoughts in the letter. And this is not something that can be decided now.

After adjusting his mood, Urs returned his gaze to the letter.

"I'm in the port of Donis in the Kingdom of Asvarre now" and something like that came into view, and Urs couldn't help being a little surprised after reading it.

—Are you no longer in Olmutz...?

Urs knew very little about Asvarre. He just knew that the kings of other countries were currently in bed, the princes were fighting for the throne of the next generation, and that Brune was involved in the civil strife.

The letter did not mention the reason why others were in Asvarre. However, it is actually quite simple to speculate on the reasons.

—I'm afraid that even Zhcted was involved in the civil strife and also issued an order for Olmutz to send troops there.

Tigre took advantage of the situation and joined the army. Urs only recalled at this time, how much his son hoped to be able to build military exploits.

Tigre did nothing wrong in this action. According to Urs' speculation, Alsace needed to assist Olmutz. By letting Tigre, who is Vorn's parent, participate in the battle; they can also fulfill their duties and obligations as friends.

—Raffinac also went to Asvarre. I am afraid that the war will continue all the way to the spring.
Raffinac is a young man who served as Tigre's attendant. Although he is somewhat frivolous, he will indeed accomplish his mission, and even Urs trusts him quite a bit. When he comes back, he has to report his experience of the trip.

Urs closed his eyes and began to pray to the gods.

—Great Perkenas, gods living in the heavens, please bless Tigre and allow them to return safely.

In the areas of Brune and Zhcted, people believe in the ten pillars headed by the heavenly god Perkenas. The other nine pillars are Fros, the god of domestic animals, Mosiah, the god of earth, Deqi, the god of fertility, Elise, the goddess of wind and rain, Svan Lucas, the god of stoves, Triglav, the god of war, and Logi, the god of honor. Gast, the goddess of fertility and eroticism, Yarid, and the goddess of night, darkness and death, Tir Na Fal.

Since Brune took root here about three hundred years ago, many people have proposed whether to exclude Tir Na Fal from the list of the Ten Pillars, but this matter has not yet been followed.

Urs, who treats all the gods as equals, also prayed to Tir Na Fal for the safe return of his son.

Urs is not afraid of her status as the wife of Perkenas. If he wants to say whether he likes this goddess, the answer is probably not very much. But Urs was quite clear in his heart that night, darkness and death are also essential things for human beings to live in the world. It was his late wife Tiana who taught him this.

"Speaking of which, the princess should be in Asvarre at this time."

Three years ago, Urs had the honor to say a few words with Guinevere, the first princess of Asvarre. That incident was purely accidental. When he went to visit his friend's house, he learned that the envoy sent by Asvarre would arrive here in a few days. So his friends invited him to stay for a few days and saw the envoy as a souvenir for this trip.
What a straightforward princess, to be honest, Urs had a good impression of her.

—*The other party probably won't remember who I am.*

After thinking a little bit, Urs also prayed to the gods that Guinevere would be safe. Urs cherished the awe of the royal family, even if the object was the royal family of another country.

However, the civil strife in Asvarre had already come to an end at the end of autumn under the victory of Guinevere. Tigre made great contributions as a guest general of the Zhcted army. However, it will take some time for this news to reach the northeast of Brune.

After Urs prayed, he planned to read the letter again, but at this moment, there was a knock on the door outside the house.

"Master Urs, the younger one brought you a drink."

"It's Tita. Come in."

After replying, a girl opened the door and walked in. The girl has long chestnut hair tied into a ponytail with a ribbon, and a lively smile hangs on her lovely face. She was wearing a black long-sleeved shirt, a long skirt that extended to her ankles, and a white apron, and she held a plate with a silver wine glass in her hand.

She, Tita, is the maid who works in this mansion. At the age of sixteen this year, whether it is washing clothes, cooking ingredients, sweeping and cleaning, or caring for children, she can't bother her. Urs also took care of her like a biological daughter.

Tita put the silver wine glass on the table. The glass is filled with mulled wine diluted with hot water. When she finished the ceremony and planned to leave, Urs stopped her and handed out the letter in his hand.

"This is from Tigre. He also has a message for you."

"Thank you very much, Urs-sama!"
Tita took the letter from Tigre, her eyes piercing and even directly start reading. She would never do such a rude behavior in normal times; it must be because she was too happy to hold back. After all, she has admired and admired Tigre since she was a child.

It wasn't until Urs called her name with a wry smile that she turned her face blushing back to her senses.

"By the way, Tita, do you know where Bertrand is?"

"Not long ago, Bertrand was carrying the young master for a walk. It is almost time to come back now."

The young master said, Tian, the son of Urs. He is Tigre's half-brother. Tian is doted on by his father, brother, Tita and Bertrand, and is growing stronger step by step.

"That's it. When he comes back, tell him to come to my room."

"Little understands."

Tita seemed to want to read the letter quickly. After she stepped back, there was a message in the corridor. There was a trot.

Urs brought the silver wine glass to his mouth. Although the aroma is a little weak, you can feel the warmth inside the body after a sip. Wine diluted by hot water will not make people drunk, and it can be said to be one of the essential drinks in this season.

Urs felt the warmth while slowly drinking wine. When he just finished drinking, there was a knock on the door outside the house.

A short old man walked into the door holding the child. And this old man is Urs's close attendant Bertrand. He is 51 years old as the owner, and has been serving as Urs' attendant since he was a child.

"Master Urs, do you have anything to discuss with me?"

Urs took over his two-year-old son, stroking his head and said briefly,
"Tomorrow I will leave for the capital. Help me prepare for the trip. Also, choose two or three attendants appropriately to go with me."

"This is really sudden. Could something happen?"

"Well. I have something to do. Report to your Majesty that you can't report it."

Urs teased Tian while telling the letter written by Tigre.

"The young master is really awesome. The old man wants to go with him. I really envy that kid Raffinac."

Seeing Bertrand really regrettable, Urs smiled bitterly. Then he said solemnly:

"His Majesty knew about Alsace's dealings with Olmutz. However, I didn't expect that kid would connect with other war maidens one after another, if it attracts unnecessary ones. Misunderstandings are not good."

If you let it go, maybe some gangsters will make a big fuss about Vorn’s family and Zhcted’s secret collusion. He must preempt them to explain the situation clearly.

"So, I understand. May I ask the old man to go with you to the royal capital?"

"No, I hope you can stay and manage the territory for me. Things are going to be like this, I am afraid I will stay in the royal capital it will take a while to come back. I can handle things with peace of mind if you are here."

Urs shook his head in denial. Although these remarks sounded like they were only speaking in trust in Bertrand, the other reason was that Bertrand's body was already much worse than before, and Urs was scrupulous about this and persuaded him to stay.

"Besides, you can't leave Tien to Tita alone to take care of, right? This kid has become more and more naughty recently."
Urs hugged Tian with his left hand, and then grasped the rope tied around his son's waist with the free hand, and then smiled at the close attendant who was his age. And it was Bertrand who tied this rope.

"Children who are just learning to walk are the most terrible. Because the children don't know what fear is, they don't know where they are going if they don't pay attention for a while."

Bertrand said, looking at Tian, his eyes full it is kindness. After a while, he turned his gaze to Urs, and after correcting his posture, he tensed his expression and said,

"The little one understands, the old man will gamble his life to protect the life of this mansion and Lord Tian. As for the accompanying person... The candidate for his attendant, the old man will report in front of the sunset. Before that, can Master Tian ask you to take care of it?"

In the last remarks, it was obvious that Bertrand was worried that Urs might want to see his son more. Just said it after a few glances.

After Bertrand retreated, Urs said to his son with a kind smile:

"You are as naughty as your brother was when you were a kid. Don't cause too much trouble for Tita and Bertrand."

Urs holding his smiling son, stood up and left the room. He wanted to take advantage of today to visit his wife’s grave at the back of the mansion.

When he was about to walk down the stairs, Urs suddenly turned his eyes. Seeing that Tita was standing in the corner of the corridor reading the letter, she seemed to be unable to wait to return to the room to read the letter.

Urs, who was quite relieved by this, pretended not to see it, and looked at the deepest room where the black bow was once placed. Now, Black Bow was no longer in that room, and was taken away by Tigre.
After praying once again to the masters of the past that his son would return safely, Urs then quietly walked down the stairs.
Chapter 1 - Karma

The winter sky has a grey hazy atmosphere, and white snow falls like stamens.

Tigre raised his gloved right hand and took one of the snowflakes with his palm. However, the moment it touched the palm of the hand, the snowflakes melted away, leaving only water droplets the size of a fingernail.

"It's snowing..."

Tigre looked up at the sky listlessly. Although the sun is not in sight, it is actually just past noon.

This is the "kingdom of mountains and forests" in a deep mountain in the north of Sachenstein. Tigre and three other companions are currently walking on the overgrown and dim mountain trail.

The list of members of this trip is Ludmila Lourie, who is in love with Tigre and holds the alias of "Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave", and Ludmila Lourie’s henchmen. And Goruin and Raffinac who served as Tigre's cronies.

All of them wore thick coats, a headscarf tied to their eyebrows, boots covering their calves under their feet, and gloves made of rabbit leather on their hands. In addition, there are even wine bags full of fire wine in the bags carried by Raffinac and Goruin.

"What should I do, Mila? Shall we go back to the foot of the mountain and wait?"

Seeing this, Tigre asked her opinion aloud using Ludmila's nickname.
According to information provided by the village at the foot of the mountain, there is a small settlement near the middle of the mountain.

Although it is not clear how much road they have to travel, as long as they successfully reach the settlement, they will be able to stay overnight to escape the wind and snow.

"I want to go further. Well, it's about half an hour. You don't have to worry about freezing or snow. Lavias will protect us."

Mila looked with a smile and carried the spear on her shoulder. Her dragon gear is also known as the "Evil Breaking Horn", and has the ability to manipulate cold. When an emergency occurs, there is nothing more trustworthy than this spear.

By the way, Lavias was tied firmly with several layers of cloth at this time. This weapon is covered with gorgeous decorations, even to the point that some people will mistake it for some work of art. In order not to make it too eye-catching, Mila specially tied it up.

"Do you have any thoughts about Raffinac and Goruin?"

Tigre asked the two elders aloud. Raffinac took the lead and said in a joking tone:

"I know very well what you are thinking about, Young Master. Young Master, you will suggest that you want to live in the village at the foot of the mountain for a night, do you want to hunt before the sun goes down?"

See Raffinac smiled with Tigre teeth, and Tigre just shrugged. To be honest, he really wants to do that if he has time. Since he was a child, Tigre has been running around in the mountains of his hometown and has learned many hunting techniques and techniques. Whenever he enters an unknown mountain range, the hunter's soul in his body will awaken.

"With all due respect, I also agree with Lord Vanadis' proposal. After walking a little longer, maybe you can find a landscape that can be used as a signpost. If you want to go back, it won't be too late, right?"
Then, the elder Goruin looked at Tigre thoughtfully and said: "Lord Tigrevurmud, as the villagers at the foot of the mountain said, the current situation in this country is not optimistic."

"You mean the increasing opposition between the royal family and the local tyrants."

The local tyrant is equivalent to the local lord of Brune and Zhcted. The difference is that they have strong self-esteem and independence since ancient times, and they often contradict the royal family and are unwilling to submit to them. The little friction and hostility between each other has never stopped, and it still exists in the world today.

Moreover, small frictions between the two occurred more frequently in various places six months ago. Because of the above-mentioned situation, thieves and bandits also act frequently, leading to sudden turmoil in the country.

Intentionally or unintentionally, there was a bitterness in Tigre's expression.

So far, they have also asked many people in Sachenstein about the reason for this matter, and learned from this that now, one of the main reasons why the battle between the royal family and the local tyrants has deteriorated further seems to be the one that took place in after the civil strife in Asvarre.

During the period when King Zechariah of Asvarre was lying in bed, the royal family and the local tyrants fought fiercely about "should they take the initiative to initiate a war?" After deciding to participate in the civil strife, they also argued over "what to do next."

At the end of the discussion, they decided to help Prince Jermaine, but then the two sides blamed each other for the loss of the prince to Guinevere, which led to the situation where they met each other.

In addition, it is said that Jermaine’s soldiers and the pirates who were driven out of Asvarre also invaded Sachenstein, causing the chaos to expand further.
As a guest of the Zhcted army, Tigre will help Guinevere in the future, but in his position there is no need to blame himself for this. However, after understanding the impact of the war he participated in, his heart still became heavy.

"Yes. The current situation in this country is quite chaotic, and there are even strange rumors spreading."

The remarks of Goruin brought Tigre back to reality.

"What rumors are you referring to?"

Seeing Tigre tilted his head and wondered, the elderly Goruin solemnly continued:

"It's a rumor about the infestation of men and wolves.... I heard this incident three times next time."

When Raffinac heard the words, he seemed to remember something, and then he clapped his hands and said, "I've heard that rumor. It's a fairy tale about men and wolves, right. I heard that not only children are scared, but even adults are also scared. It hurts my brain for this."

"Of course, I am only half-trusted about the authenticity of the rumors. However, the fact that such rumors are flying is enough to show the seriousness of the situation. Regardless of the true face of the wolf, this country the situation is quite dangerous. And we don’t know in advance whether the settlement ahead is still alive.”

“Indeed, the villagers at the foot of the mountain have also said that the last time they met the settlement was a month ago."

Mila's cold face couldn't help but frown.

"So, does Goruin think we should go down the mountain first just in case?"

After Tigre asked, Goruin shook his head and said, "I will follow Lord Tigrevurmud's decision next time. Although it is also necessary to go down
the mountain first. A good idea, but from another perspective, it’s a good idea to cross this mountain as soon as possible, isn’t it?"

"So that's the way it is," Tigre confirmed in his heart. Although it sounds like words of shirking responsibility at first glance, it also means that Goruin trusts Tigre's judgment very much.

Tigre raised his head to look up at the gray sky, and then fell into contemplation.

—I am afraid that the temperature will drop lower and lower every day.

If you choose to go back down the mountain, you have to stay in this country for a few more days. This is not the result they want.

Tigre and Mila both have their own positions. The ideal situation is to leave the country before the end of winter.

"Okay. Then we'll be walking a short distance."

Tigre held the black bow on his back with his left hand. Because of the snow, the surrounding vision is blurred. Only with a black bow can you react when you see the beast and the bandit.

Snowflakes fell one after another, and the four set out again toward the mountain trail.

After walking for nearly a thousand seconds, the right side of the mountain trail began to slope downward.

The field of vision suddenly widened.

In the distance, black mountains and ridges stand majestically. The mountains in the depths were obscured by clouds. Among them, the peaks of several mountains are covered by white, covered with a layer of snowflake decoration that no one can get near. The snowflakes outline the contours of the mountains so clearly that Tigre was amazed by these scenes.
Looking around, the vast forest covers the entire land. The small towns and villages scattered among them are not so much cutting the forest into several pieces, but rather the feeling of being forced into the cracks of the forest.

—No wonder this place will be called "the kingdom of mountains and forests".

Tigre looked at this mountain forest with deep emotion. Whether it is Alsace, his hometown, or Olmutz, governed by Mila, they are different from the wild forests in the mountains of this country. This endless scene is impressive.

"Sachenstein seems to believe that in the past, there were giants and fairies inhabiting the mountains."

Goruin's words made Raffinac a little curious, and then he asked,

"There are also fairies in Brune. The story of living in the mountains, but.... The giant is a bit exaggerated, isn't it just the bear that is mistaken for a giant. Or is it a thief with a strong physique?"

"It may also be the possibility of misunderstanding the miners. It is said that in most cases, giants carry gold. However, even if there are towering and majestic mountains everywhere, it is hard to imagine that there are really giants inhabiting. Here's what."

Raffinac heard the words and looked at the mountains again, shrugging exaggeratedly, and said,

"I really want to see a giant who will give gold. However, since the giant is giving gold, the goblin does it again. What?"

"As far as I know, fairies are guides who are responsible for bringing humans to giants. If humans succeed in defrauding gold from giants, they will take the next part of the gold as a guide..."
Tigre listened to the conversation between the two and looked back at the sky. At this moment, he saw a big eagle gliding past the sky, holding the black bow as heirloom with his backhand.

However, when he was about to reach out to the quiver tied around his waist; he shook his head and gave up the idea.

Even if it really hits, Big Eagle will fall down this slope, and it is impossible for him to climb down the slope to find it. Meaningless killing must be avoided as much as possible.

"Tigre, do you know Hrasvarg?"

Mila, standing next to Tigre, asked with a smile on her face.

"I remember; it is a white big eagle believed by the Sachenstein people? According to legend, it will bring peace to the dead and send them to heaven. And it is also painted on the flag of Sachenstein."

"That's right. So, it’s better not to shoot big eagles casually. The residents of this country might treat them as the dependents of Hrasvarg."

"This is indeed the truth. I will pay more attention."

Although he has previewed the knowledge of this country in Asvarre, there are still many things that he will not understand without actually taking a trip. He can't cause Mila and others to fall into danger because of your own reckless actions.

The cold wind with snowflakes blew towards each other, and the turbans covering the heads of the two shook with the wind. A small snowflake stuck to Mila's front hair. Upon seeing this, Tigre leaned forward and helped her flick the snowflakes away with his fingertips.

The two looked at each other close at hand, and then Mila quietly closed her eyes. At this point, Tigre certainly understood what Mila wanted to do.

Fortunately, Raffinac and Goruin were looking at the distant mountains and talking happily. Although it feels that the two of them turned their backs at
the moment they looked at them, it is probably just their own illusion. All in all, the two of them really helped a lot by not looking here.

Tigre pretended to help Mila fix her headscarf, and quickly kissed her on the mouth.

He doesn’t know if it's affected by the cold atmosphere, but Mila's lips are so soft and warm. Although there was a sweet aroma passing through his nose, he still controlled himself. With regret, he moved his lips away.

At this moment, Mila's blue eyes flashed with a light of "want to prank". She stood up quickly and pressed her lips together. While Tigre was stunned, he licked his lips with his tongue.

After Mila moved away, she covered her blushing face with a turban, and said with a smile,

"You are too careless."

"...I will reflect on it."

Tigre pretended to be calm while express gratitude to the flying snowflakes in his heart.

❄

There have been seven days long.

Before that, they all stayed in the kingdom of Asvarre. As mentioned earlier, Tigre is in the form of a guest general of the Zhcted army, while Mila assists Princess Guinevere as a commander.

Guinevere won the support of Zhcted and Brune, and then pacified Asvarre Island, and defeated Prince Jermaine in naval battles and field battles. After that, she was officially appointed as the heir of the next generation by King Zechariah, and held a ceremony to inherit the "King's Sword".

The civil strife finally brought down the curtain in this form. Unlike other countries around, Asvarre recognized the Queen's ascension. And this kind
of her, surely one day she will sit on the throne as Queen Guinevere.

In winter, the northern waters are rough, making it difficult for ships to move.

The Brune army had chosen a sunny day to go out to sea because they could return to their hometown in only one day, but the Zhcted army was going to stay on Asvarre Island until the spring.

This time, Tigre had decided to come to the Kingdom of Sachenstein long before the end of the civil strife was announced. Upon hearing the news of Prince Jermaine’s death, although he was shocked by the sudden turn of events, it also means that he has fulfilled his obligations as a guest. Afterwards, he made up his mind to go to Sachenstein.

Because in Sachenstein, there may be clues about the "Lord of Marksman".

Mila, who heard what had happened, naturally said that she wanted to go together.

Tigre happily accepted her kindness, and then set off with each other's confidants to leave Colchester, the capital of Asvarre. As for the management of the Zhcted's army, it was handed over to Sofya Obertas, the same commander as Mila, to do it all.

If you want to travel from Asvarre Island to Sachenstein, you usually have to take a boat in the port city of Donis. Merchant ships from various countries gather in this small town, and of course there will also be merchant ships heading to Sachenstein. Just like when you go to Brune, if you choose a good day to leave the port, you can reach your destination in just one day.

Unfortunately, Tigre and others stayed in this town for an unexpectedly long time.

One of the reasons is that heaven is not beautiful.
When Tigre and the others arrived in Dunis, the area was covered with dark clouds and the sea was rough. Even the local residents complained: "Although it is early winter, I didn't expect the weather to be so bad." Upon seeing this, Tigre and the others could only pray to the gods while waiting for the weather to recover.

And another reason is that they can hardly find a boat to Sachenstein.

Everyone knows that Asvarre and Sachenstein are rivals.

It is said that Zacharias, the king of Asvarre, once commented on Sachenstein to his close associates:

"The name of that country is only suitable for describing the countryside or the border."

On the other hand, it is known that Augustus, the king of Sachenstein, once also commented on Asvarre with his important ministers:

"There is a dung pond full of dirt. It is also specially covered with fog, which is ridiculous."

Of course, the confrontation between the nobles and the civilians of the two countries is also quite serious. When a person meets an Asvarre, every time they meet twice, there will be a quarrel, and the other time they will use their fists directly.

Because of this, every time they made a request to go to Sachenstein, the boatmen in Asvarre always showed a bitter face. After all, Tigre and others are kind to this small town. Even if the seas are rough in winter, the boatmen planned to take them for a ride. However, they really can't accept the fact that they are going to Sachenstein.

"Even if you are really transported to that rustic country. If the situation in the sea area worsens by then, we will have to dock the ship in that country for the whole winter. I can't accept this. Although it is very I’m sorry, but I’d like to ask you to be smart.”
After that, although Tigre and the others also sought out Brune, Zhcted, and the boatman in Sachenstein, most of them had already decided to stay in Dunis. When spring arrives, they do not intend to act. Although some people said, "If the weather is clear, I can take you for a ride," but the weather is still as bad as ever.

And they are not good to ask the Zhcted forces, after all, it is too exaggerated to go to Sachenstein by warship. In order to conceal people's eyes, Mila's name as a war maiden is not good.

What is shocking is that it was Guinevere who came to rescue Tigre and others who were living in nothingness.

One afternoon, she appeared in front of everyone without a sound. Immediately afterwards, she complained to Tigre and others who were shocked and speechless:

"I thought I and you could be called comrades who lived and died together. I didn't expect that you didn't even follow I said hello, and left without a sound. You are too outspoken like this."

Because she was right, Tigre felt a little embarrassed, and could only apologize and pray for her forgiveness.

"I'm really sorry. We didn't mean to ignore your Highness. It's just that His Highness seems to be busy all the time, so just... Besides, we were planning to go out to sea before winter came. I didn't expect to be able to catch up."

Seeing Tigre smiled apology appearance, Guinevere gave back a smile in mind. After some inquiries, she learned that she had heard the story from Sofy, and hurried to Donis.

"Couldn't you please talk to me earlier? Let me introduce the boatman. He has taken me to the mainland several times, and the technology is absolutely genuine."

After some inquiries, he learned that this person is her. When visiting the place where the Knights of the Round Table originated, the boatmen who
drove her to various places. Seeing the princess triumphantly, Tigre felt gratified while expressing gratitude to her.

After that, they went to see the boatman, and the boatman said that as long as the weather didn't get worse, they could set sail on time tomorrow. Fortunately, after one night, the sky finally cleared, and the sea breeze was quite comfortable and pleasant, making it a good weather for going out to sea.

The port was very lively due to the long-lost sunny day. Guinevere shook hands with the four people in order to bid farewell, and cheered for them. While holding Tigre's hand, she lowered her voice and asked quietly,

"You are going to Sachenstein to find out about the Lord of Marksman, right?"

"Yes. Even small clues are fine, I think you must inquire about this person as much as possible."

After all, Guinevere told herself that the Lord of Marksman went to Sachenstein, and they didn't need to hide it.

"If you find anything, come and tell me when you come back."

She squeezed Tigre's hand firmly. His hot eyes were full of curiosity and expectation. After all, the Lord of Marksman was once a comrade-in-arms of the Knights of the Round Table, Galahad. It is understandable that she would react this way, but in the eyes of others, she may seem like a girl who is reluctant to say goodbye to her friends...

Mila, who shook hands with Guinevere, expressed gratitude with a smile:

"Thank you very much for your help. I owe your majesty a favor."

"The trivial matters are not enough. I should just go out and relax. But it's really a pity. I wanted to bring your Royal Highness Ludmila to know more about our country's black tea culture."
"I wouldn’t dare do this. And there are many kinds of black tea produced in Zhcted. I would like to invite your Royal Highness to drink it.”

"Your Highness Ludmila, I will take this opportunity to make it clear. The Zhcted black tea is added too much jam. And the jam shouldn’t be added to the black tea, right?”

"His Royal Highness, with all the bluntness, is goat milk really suitable for black tea? The happiness that I can get from it will be superfluous. I’ve lost it because of the impurities, isn’t it? I hope your Highness will think twice about it.”

If Tigre and Goruin didn’t pull them apart in time, the two of them would probably continue to insist on their opinions without giving up. Keep going.

According to the original plan, the ship arrived at a small fishing village in northern Sachenstein on the day after leaving Dunis.

Askania, the capital, is in the center of the kingdom. They had to cross several mountains and several jungles to reach the royal capital.

In order to get to the royal capital, Tigre and the others set out toward the mountains.

❄

After another four and a half minutes, Tigre and the others discovered a small village.

The village is surrounded by shoddy fences, and at a glance, there are fewer than 20 families. Because they didn’t see any figures, they approached slowly and carefully, unsurprisingly, the village looked miserable after being attacked by thieves.

Several homes suffered severe damage, leaving a ruined wall. Several corpses wrapped in rags were abandoned on the road. However, the corpses that have been eaten by birds and beasts have almost all turned into bones.
The four of them split up, and after patrolling the village, they still didn't find a half figure.

"The surviving villagers probably abandoned the village and fled after being attacked by a gang of thieves. Judging from the state of the body, the attack did not happen yesterday or the day before yesterday, but ten days ago."

After listening to Tigre's analysis, the other three nodded in agreement.

Even in times of peace, there are many incidents of villages or villages being attacked by thieves. However, because they discussed a lot about the current situation in this country along the way, they would inevitably associate this matter with what they heard from his population.

Afterwards, Tigre and others buried the body together in the corner of the village. The frozen soil made them take more time than expected to complete their work.

After sunset, they found a sturdy stone house and moved in.

Although the house is full of dust, it is enough for shelter from wind and rain. There is a small quadrangular trough in the center of the floor. The trough was filled with ashes, which seemed to be used for burning fire.

Goruin stayed to see the house, while Tigre, Mila and Raffinac went nearby to pick up things that could be used as firewood.

"This kind of weather is not suitable for hunting."

Seeing the heavy snow drifting, Tigre sighed. If you can catch a hare or a mountain bird, you can get fresh meat. Although there are food leftovers, he is tired of dinner with only hard bread, dried meat, and dried vegetables.

In addition, as a hunter, Tigre would not be able to feel completely at ease if he didn't explore the terrain along the mountain road clearly. The deep mountains and wild forests are by no means what they can see. What's
more, if there is a gang of thieves nearby, doing so can also find their tracks early.

"Of course not. You should know better than anyone about how drastic the weather changes in the mountains."

"And if it's so cold, the wild beasts will hide in their dens and stay behind closed doors"

Tigre can only return to one "ah". After all, the other three are here to travel with him, and they are not too self-willed.

Afterwards, the three returned to the stone house with a large amount of wood.

"Welcome back. It's cold outside."

Goruin had already lit the fire in advance. Seeing a silver wine glass next to the fire, Raffinac peeked at the contents in surprise. Then he smiled and asked,

"Are you heating up hot wine?"

"Yes. I have diluted it with water beforehand, so I don't have to worry about getting drunk."

The four people sat around the fire and shared the heated fire wine. Alcoholic hot drinks slowly spread throughout the body, making everyone breathe a sigh of relief. Even the frozen body gradually stretched out.

They cut the bread into proper sizes and bake them by the fire. Then put water, dried meat, dried vegetables and other materials into another silver wine glass, slowly boil and stir to make a simple thick soup. By doing so, the salt in the jerky can be incorporated into the thick soup, and the boiled jerky is also more suitable for human consumption.

The thick soup was also shared by them, just like the fire wine. The four of them ate the jerky and chewed carefully. Although jerky can also be eaten
directly, uncooked jerky is hard and salty, and is not as good as cooked jerky.

From time to time, someone will start a topic and talk about some small things. They talked about snow matters, alcoholic topics, mountain stories spread by Zhcted or Brune, what to do when they arrived in the capital, and so on.

After dinner, Mila looked at Tigre with her blue eyes and said,

"Let’s check first. According to the information provided by the villagers, if we leave tomorrow morning, we will probably be able to cross the mountain to the foot of the mountain in the afternoon. With the street at the foot of the mountain as the boundary, roughly the east of the street can be regarded as the sphere of influence of the royal family, and the west of the street is the sphere of influence of the local tyrants."

Mila said while drawing a map in the air:

"Walking east of the street will bring you to the small town of Hanor under the influence of the royal family, and walking west of the street will bring you to the small town of Solmani under the influence of the local tyrants. Whether you go east or west, it will take two days. And we are going east, right?"

"Yeah. This country is more unstable than expected. Let's go straight to the royal capital through Hanor."

Tigre stretched his hand to the belt hanging on his belt. Leather bag, something was taken out of it.

That is a black arrowhead.

The black arrowhead is longer than the width of the closed hands, the tip is quite sharp, and it shines with pitch black light. And the most puzzling thing is its unique touch that is neither stone nor metal.
In a temple in Asvarre serving the Knights of the Round Table Galahad, Guinevere gave the arrow to Tigre. According to her, this arrowhead was given to Galahad by a traveling hunter who claimed to be the "Lord of Marksman."

The Lord of Marksman is a character handed down since ancient times. According to legend, the goddess granted him a must-have bow, and after defeating all enemies, he finally ascended to the throne.

In the past, the Vanadis named Militsa had mentioned this to Tigre, but Tigre did not take it seriously. After all, at the time, he thought it was just a legend or heroic story that he often heard.

However, some demons call Tigre the Lord of Marksman. And that demon is Zmei.

Since then, the word Lord of Marksman has flashed through Tigre's mind from time to time. He must be in this country, as much as possible to grasp the clues related to it.

—*Although the sphere of influence of the local tyrants is also very interesting.......*

Tigre was lost in thought while thinking of the map that Mila just drew in his mind.

The Kingdom of Sachenstein was born about two hundred and fifty years ago.

The Lord of Marksman visited here more than 300 years ago, when there were many small countries on this land. Because of the steep mountains and vast forests, the communication between the town and the village is extremely difficult, and this has also caused the phenomenon that many people occupy the land and become kings.

The battle between the kings is endless, and only when they are fighting against foreign enemies such as Brune or Alsace will they unite and work together.
And it was Grimovaruto, the first king of Sachenstein, who ended this situation. He was not a king, but after defeating several kings to expand his territory, he established his own kingdom.

Even if the Lord of Marksman really did something on this land, it was also something that happened before the establishment of the kingdom. Will there really be any documents passed down in the capital?

In addition, the Lord of Marksman traveled here from the continent of Asvarre, and the first land he set foot on would be the western part of Sachenstein. Most of the western region is currently the sphere of influence of local tyrants.

—**However, before clarifying the power relationship between the local tyrants, rash contact with them is also quite dangerous.**

The opposition to the royal family is not just a local tyrant. It is a powerful federation of local tyrants. On this point, Sofy also reminded them a few words.

"Although I have a good relationship with the royal family and the local tyrants, the royal family is more reassuring if I insist. On the local tyrant's side, because the local tyrants still have power relations with each other, and power changes occur frequently. So even if you negotiate with the other party, you can't be careless."

Even Sofy, who is good at diplomacy, is troubled by this. On the other hand, Tigre’s diplomatic strength is probably less than half of hers. If you find the wrong person, you may even become an enemy of most local tyrants, and the situation will not be optimistic then.

—**Furthermore, it is not safe to visit local tyrants everywhere.**

Tigre wanted to avoid being involved in disputes between local tyrants and royal families as much as possible. In this regard, the king is unlikely to be a battlefield. Regardless of whether he is safe or not, Tigre must protect Mila.
—Although Sofy said that she would report her name when necessary, but...

If possible, Tigre wanted to wait until things were in desperation before using this technique. The matter of investigating the Lord of Marksman was originally Tigre's own personal matter, and had nothing to do with Zhcted's policies.

What's more, Mila also said that when she arrives in the royal capital, she will be named Vanadis herself.

Although he has repeatedly made military exploits in Zhcted and Asvarre, Tigre is still only the son of a lesser-known nobleman. Even going to the palace will only be turned away. On the other hand, Mila was able to obtain permission to enter and leave the palace, and by doing so, it would ensure their wealth.

—However, even if you have the name of Mila, you can't walk around the palace.

According to Sofy, Augustus, King of Sachenstein, was a very strict and mean character. Once, when the princess was in bed, the king never visited her in the dormitory until the princess was cured.

"Once, please, your Majesty, at least visit the princess."

After being advised by the invisible minister, it is said that the king replied indifferently without even moving an eyebrow:

"Seeing my face can make her sick. Is it getting better?"

Such a cautious king might not give them permission to read documents.

"Tigre, I also said when I came to this country--"

Mila's voice came into his ears, making him unconsciously raise his head. In front of her there was a smile full of trust and intimacy.
"If you have anything, please ask us at any time. After all, we are here for this."

Tigre understood the meaning of her words. Mila is asking herself to make full use of a Vanadis's position. Even if they are rejected by the king, they can secretly connect with the princess and prince to accomplish their goals.

Tigre inspected the three partners, then bowed his head deeply and said,

"Thank you. However, I am not worried about your safety. Indeed, I care about the local tyrant's circle of influence, but it is also true. So should not rush because it is more in contact with. If Hanor asked to be in the news enough, then we are going to go out into the Solmani go, failing that, we still according to the original plan to go to the king."

"After all, the opposition between the royal family and the local tyrants is getting more and more fierce. The royal city is probably the safest place."

Raffinac responded softly. After hearing this, Goruin also said with a kind smile:

“Good judgment. Those who get bearskins must have a battle with them. But it’s not the best strategy to challenge unscrupulously."

"Well, since you said that."

Although Mila said that, she seemed to be dissatisfied in her heart. Look like.

While pouring out the little fire wine in the silver cup, Tigre smiled and said to her,

"Of course I will rely on you when necessary. However, I also want you to see my handsome side. It’s a bit too shame to ask for your help before arriving in the town."

"You, don’t be too horny."
"I didn’t get too horny. I just want to double it because you are by my side. Just work hard."

"Yes, yes. I have already decided on tomorrow's schedule. Let's rest early today."

Mila responded with a tone of "I'm tired of hearing this," and she turned a deaf ear to it. Upon seeing this, Tigre could only scratch his dark red hair, and smiled bitterly with the two elders.

Afterwards, the three big men discussed the shift of the night watch, but Mila rarely listened to her without speaking. The warm campfire was not the only reason for her ruddy complexion.

"You're really too cunning," this muttering was swallowed by the swaying fire, and ultimately failed to reach the sweetheart's ears.

❄

After smelling a pungent odor, Tigre woke up instantly.

After sitting up, he looked around in surprise, then frowned.

Because in this dim space, there is only Tigre alone. And there is no breath of living people nearby.

──Where is this? Moreover, what is this pungent smell...? 

It was an unspeakable and evil smell. However, there is a similar feeling. Although he didn't recall it immediately, Tigre had smelled this odor several times before.

When Tigre was about to stand up, he noticed that he was holding something.

Taking a closer look, he held a black bow and a black arrowhead in his left and right hands, respectively.

Why do you hold these things in your hands?
Just when he was puzzled, there was obviously no light shining in, but the surroundings slowly opened up.

Tigre felt astonished at first, and then stood up in this seemingly ruined building for many years.

The walls of the extended corridor are full of cracks, and most of the pillars in the building have already been broken.

The stone bricks on the floor either fall apart or peel off directly, twisting and deforming to the point that it is difficult to walk.

In addition, part of the walls was covered by thin ice, even the pillars were frozen by the cold, and a white snow hill was even piled up in a corner of the room.

The atmosphere settled quietly in this silent space.

A situation beyond common sense is right in front of us. Why did it appear here? Although he feels incredible in his heart, his consciousness is like being surrounded by fog, unable to think normally.

Tigre took a step forward. This is not his own will, but something is guiding him.

Not only could he not hear the footsteps, he didn't even know if he stepped on the floor.

—*There is snow everywhere, but it's not cold at all.*

Suddenly, a dark shadow rushed out from the front and came over here. The shadow was about the same height as himself, holding a bow and arrow in his left hand. But the gender is unknown.

Obviously both sides have realized each other's existence, but no one chooses to stop or slow down. And no matter how close the distance is, the opponent's body is always covered in darkness.
Two people who said nothing, passed by each other. Tigre continued to move towards the depths of the corridor.

This is a long corridor. On the way, Tigre also passed by other dark figures. The size of the black shadow varies greatly, and the only thing in common is that everyone holds a bow, and each bow has the same shape as the black bow.

Soon after, he came to an open place. This vast space is even big enough to contain the entire Vorn family mansion in his hometown. Even the ceiling is high.

Tigre stopped and stared blankly at the thing in his eyes.

It was a huge stone statue with a height of twenty Alshins (about twenty meters).

The stone statue depicts a black dragon crawling on the ground and a beautiful girl about to ride the dragon's back. The girl's waist-long hair was dancing lightly, and her body was covered with only a long cloth. Although the entire square is as ruined as the corridor, only the stone statues of the girl and the black dragon are standing quietly in the square without any damage.

Obviously the girl's eyes were staring at the black dragon's head, but Tigre felt that the girl seemed to be looking down at him, and a strange sense of oppression surged.

Tigre still felt that the stone statue was talking to him until now, making him a little breathless. However, he couldn't turn his head away from it, and he couldn't even use his feet. He could only hold the black bow and arrowheads in his hands tightly, and withstand the pressure as much as possible.

In front of the black dragon stone statue, seven black shadows emerged. Four of them just stood silently in place, but the remaining three slowly stretched their bodies up and down while greeted Tigre.
Tigre wailed immediately. Because their voices are not transmitted through their ears, but through their heads directly into consciousness. The sensation of being rushed into the mind by the sludge with consciousness hit his whole body, and a feeling of vomiting came to his heart, making him unable to stand firm.

Although Tigre knew in his heart to flee immediately, his feet still couldn't help.

After lowering his head and looking at his feet, Tigre was surprised to find that the part of his body from the toes to the knees had been dyed black. It seemed almost like those dark shadows who passed him before coming to this square.

The triple shadow is gradually approaching itself. Tigre who noticed it gritted his teeth and stared at them angrily. He stepped steadily, straightened his back, and raised his black bow.

Tigre tensed the bowstring hard, as if it was carrying an arrow.

However, Tigre's line of sight was not the group of dark shadows, but the stone statue on the square.

Just as he was about to let go of the bowstring, the stone statue of the girl suddenly turned her head to face her.

Immediately afterwards, the surrounding scenery changed instantly, and a stone wall stood in front of Tigre's eyes. It was a seemingly old and solid stone wall without any traces of cracks.

"What's the matter?"

Mila whispered into her ears, as if worried about her appearance.
—Is it a dream...?

The confusion of consciousness gradually cooled down. After understanding that all was just a dream, Tigre suddenly felt tired and sighed.

However, it didn't take long for Tigre to fall into chaos again. Because when he looked at his right hand with a wonderful touch, he suddenly found that the black arrowhead was being held in his hand. And his left hand is also holding the black bow tightly.

—I was responsible for the first round of adding firewood and vigil. After working safely, Mila came to work with me... Then he lay down and fell asleep. Although I do have the black bow at hand, the arrowhead should be in a leather bag. Did I hold the black bow in my hand in my sleep and take the arrowhead from the leather bag?

"Tigre, are you okay?"

After being questioned by Mila again, Tigre sat up slowly. He noticed that his forehead was full of sweat, so he wiped it with the coat he put on him.

After Tigre faced Mila again, he felt that the campfire was a little dazzling. On the other side of the bonfire, Raffinac and Goruin were lying on the ground sleeping with their backs to them.

After taking the arrow back into his leather bag, Tigre sorted his emotions and said to Mila with a smile:

"I'm fine, I just happened to have a strange dream. I shouldn't have said any strange dreams, right?"

See Tigre's mouth after joking around, Mila showed a relieved expression.

"I only heard you groaning. What kind of dream is it?"

"Well..."
When Tigre was about to explain, he couldn't help but frowned. Obviously, the surrounding scenery seemed vivid when he dreamed, but he couldn't remember the content of the dream. He clearly remembered that he had witnessed something terrible, and that sense of consternation still lingered in his heart, but strangely, no matter how much he explored the memory, he could not recall any scene at that time.

"It seems that I forgot when I woke up..."

After seeing Tigre sighed and answered, Mila could only smile back. However, judging from the expression of the youth, it is not difficult to infer that he did not have any good dreams. After thinking about it again and again, Mila put on her usual attitude on the surface and patted her thigh gently.

"Please."

It took Tigre almost a breath to understand the connection between her actions and her lines. After understanding everything, Tigre couldn't help but stare at the tender and beautiful legs exposed from his military uniform.

However, Tigre immediately shook his head to deny his nasty desire.

Raffinac and the others slept beside them, and he should be honest with Mila's kindness at this time, instead of acting like a baby.

"Thank you."

Tigre made as little noise as possible and slowly climbed to Mila's feet.

He quietly looked up and found that Mila's face was stained with red clouds. Even though her affectionate appearance made Tigre's urge to hug him directly, he finally resisted it and put his head on Mila's thigh. The soft and elastic touch made Tigre's heart throbbing wildly. After the sweet body scent entered the nasal cavity, he flushed even more and was at a loss.

The unexpected stammers made her restless, and Mila quietly put her hand on Tigre's head when she saw it. As if calming a child, she gently stroked
his head.

Her thoughts seemed to be successfully conveyed to the past. Tigre no longer felt nervous, relaxed, and closed his eyes. Although he wanted to immerse himself in this peaceful time for a while, his consciousness was defeated by the Sandman before he knew it.
Suddenly, Tigre remembered.

The strange smell in the dream is the smell of corpses. That unique smell can only be emitted by leaving the life-losing creatures alone.

No wonder he has a similar feeling. But why are there piles of dead bodies in that space?

The Sandman gradually eroded his consciousness.

-Where is that space? Have I smelled corpses?

While thinking like this, Tigre's consciousness gradually faded away.

Not long afterward, Tigre's snoring sound came from the room.

❄

After a brief breakfast at dawn, the four set out to leave the village.

Although the snow has stopped, the mountain breeze is still cold. Like yesterday, the sky was gray and the sun still did not come out. The four of them grasped the collars of their coats tightly and continued to advance along the mountain road.

"By the way, about the dream I had yesterday--"

Tigre said to Mila, who was walking beside him, while observing the surroundings.

"I remember, I dreamed of a huge black dragon."

"Black dragon?"

Mila repeated Tigre's words quietly, and then frowned.

"If you were a Zhcted, you might be said to have been inspired by Zanilza."
The black dragon Zanilza is not only equal to the gods in the Zhcted region, but even by the masses. After all, the founding monarch of Zhcted claimed to be the incarnation of the black dragon.

Of course, the truth of the facts is not known. However, this man who claimed to be the incarnation of the black dragon established the system of Vanadis later, led many of his men to victories repeatedly, and finally built a nation.

The citizens of Zhcted rushed to reciting the great deeds of the founding monarch and passed on through the ages, and the soldiers proudly raised the banner with Zanilza. Even the peculiar law of "You shall not kill young dragons or dragons with black flakes" prescribed by the founding monarch when he was alive has not been abolished, and it is recorded in the code in detail.

Zanilza, for the Zhcteds, is a guardian who is different from the existence of the gods.

However, Tigre is a Brune. In the eyes of the Zhcteds, it is impossible for foreigners to be inspired by Zanilza.

"In your dream, what happened after seeing the black dragon stone statue?"

"I have no impression at all. I only remember that it was an incredible place, and besides the black dragon stone statue, there seemed to be many other things......"

"I think it's better for you not to pay too much attention to it. When you were in Asvarre, didn't you fight against a dragon who had black scales? Perhaps it was the memory of the time, after changing your image. Is it in your dream now?"

Mila smiled at Tigre, trying to cheer him up. "That's right," Tigre also nodded in agreement. Although everything in the dream left him with an indelible and terrible impression, after thinking of it as a nightmare, he would feel that it was actually not a big deal.
"Is it the terrible nightmare of the black dragon statue on the stage? Isn't it the dream of the Lord Vanadis who was angered by you and threw the stone statue at you, right?"

Raffinac joked in a pretending tone. "It is indeed possible," and Goruin also agreed with a smile. Tigre was so angry that he couldn't speak. He didn't remember the content of the dream, so he couldn't refute it.

──It's just a dream anyway. Keeping your mind on this kind of thing is no good.

You must turn your attention back to reality. After all, they have not left the mountains yet, and they are not far from the town.

The forested mountain path gradually turned downhill. After advancing a short distance, a river appeared, the width of the river was about ten Alshins (about ten meters). Although the river has plenty of water and the speed is turbulent, there is a rough bridge.

"It's lucky. I didn't dare to use the well in that village before."

Raffinac seemed quite happy, and quickly took out the leather bag for water from his luggage.

However, when he was about to walk towards the river, Tigre grabbed his collar by the collar. Tigre had noticed that a group of people were staring at them in the overgrown woods.

"——I am surrounded. Are they bandits?"

Mila raised Lavias with a serious face. Tigre immediately placed the arrow on the black bow.

"The number is about thirty or so."

Goruin stretched his hand to the sword at his waist, and Raffinac also clenched the stick hanging from his waist. The stick is a product cut from oak, and the parts after the handle are reinforced with metal.
Seeing Tigre and his party stopped, the people hiding in the dark knew that they had been exposed. Then, a group of heavily armed men walked out of the woods. Each of them was wearing a semicircular helmet, wearing chain mail, and draped a dark brown coat on the outermost layer. Weapons are axes, firewood, bows and arrows, etc.

—*Not a bandit.*

Their unified arms made Tigre make such a judgment. Probably a soldier under the ruler of this area. Judging from the murderous aura around them, as long as it is determined that Tigre and others are enemies; they will go forward and fight directly.

In this tense atmosphere, a sturdy man stepped forward.

A scarf made of wolf skin was wrapped around the coat of the sturdy man. He has black pupils and black hair, a slender face, and his skin is light black after the sun, with a face that looks exactly like a horse's face. "It's a horse face." After hearing Raffinac teasing softly, Tigre didn't know how hard it took to hold back the laughter.

"Who are you guys? Get off of me!"

He was speaking in Sachenstein. Judging from the attitudes of others, this big guy seems to be their captain.

Tigre retracted the arrow into the quiver on his waist and took off his turban honestly. He raised his left hand holding the black bow high, showing that he was not hostile.

"We came here from Brune. Because we wanted to meet an acquaintance living in the capital, we traveled all the way to—""

"The other three also show me their faces!"

The Captain interrupted Tigre aggressively. Although Tigre was very angry, he suppressed his emotions and asked gently,

"Before this, can you please tell us who you are?"
"I am waiting to serve the Goldberg family."

The name Tigre has an impression. Sofy once said to herself that this is a powerful force that can compete for the first or second place among the local tyrants.

"This entire mountain belongs to the Goldberg family. Whose permission did you get to set foot here! If you don't want to go down the mountain as sinners, you will pay me the corresponding price."

That's how it is. Tigre finally understood their intentions.

This is something that often happens in other people's territories. Even a stone in the territory belongs to the rule of the lord, not only in Sachenstein, but also in neighboring countries. Their claim is not wrong. Even if they just wanted to ask the travelers for money in the name of tolls, Tigre and the others could do nothing.

"Others quickly take off the headscarf for me! It's not a day or two for a bandit to pretend to be a traveler."

After being cast with sharp eyes, Mila and others took off the headscarf. They don't want to have a rift with the local tyrants because of this little matter. Anyway, after that, you only need to pay the toll to pass it.

The soldiers' eyes were focused on Mila, and a few people even made a "wow" in admiration. It seems that even the captain was impressed by Mila's beauty, and then brazenly demanded:

"That's it; it seems that you are really not bandits... Well, just lend me this girl for a long time. This time, I'll just open one eye and close one eye."

"Forgive us for rejecting."

Tigre directly refused without saying a word, and stared at the captain who had not yet reacted with sharp eyes.

"We have no intention of betraying our companions to protect themselves."
The captain's horse face turned blushing immediately. He took out the axe, and frightened:

"Do you know what you are talking about? We can treat you as bandits, and then take this girl back directly. Treasure your life a lot. Isn't it okay?"

"Leave me in the dream to talk about it. Don't think about those of us who cooperate with you."

Mila's extremely cold voice deeply pierced the captain's ears. Mila put down her luggage, lifted the cloth tied to Lavias, and turned to inspect the group of soldiers under Goldberg. A sigh of light radiated from the cyan eyes.

"Obviously there are a lot of people, but they are full of rubbish that can't even figure out the strength of the opponent. If you don't want to be the fodder for the wild wolves in the mountains, just get out of me knowingly!"

Mila's provocative words made the soldiers face grimace a change. After hearing this, the captain took the lead and yelled:

"Come on! Give that little head of the sky a little bit of color!"

Long before the captain's words, Tigre had already pulled out of the quiver. Two arrows came out and hit the black bow.

Accompanied by the sound of arrows piercing the sky, screams resounded all around. The captain stumbled and fell on his back. Because his feet were deeply pierced by two arrows.

This incredible and terrifying archery ability caused nearly half of the Goldberg soldiers to stop. On the other hand, Tigre showed no signs of stagnation. He immediately threw his luggage to the ground and drew three more arrows out.

One held it with its mouth while the other two were placed on a black bow and shot at the soldiers who were aiming at them with their bows and
arrows. Blood foam flew horizontally in response, and the archers knelt to the ground holding their arms and wrists.

Raffinac rushed forward quickly. Wielding the stick in his hand, he restrained the soldiers under Goldberg's command and protected Tigre's safety.

"Really, as long as it involves Lord Vanadis, you always can't stand your temper, Young Master."

"I'm very calm now."

"Yes, yes. Just treat it like that. But you can stay calm and angry. Talent is more terrifying, right?"

If Tigre had that idea, he could shoot the arrow directly into the opponent's eyebrows and take their lives directly instead of aiming at the hands and feet. Raffinac knows this quite well.

Mila and Goruin were facing the soldiers who rushed forward.

Because he was fighting in the overgrown woods, Mila specially shortened Lavias' body. This dragon gear can freely change the length of its body through the user's will.

At this moment, two Goldberg soldiers rushed straight to Mila.

Two white flashes galloped out. Mila flew out the axe and hatchet in the enemy's hand, and then hurriedly chased after him, piercing the chain mail on the shoulders and thighs of the two with the tip of the spear.

After moving her gaze away from them who were crouching on the ground, Mila immediately rushed out to find the next enemy. As she was walking through the woods, she was immediately flanked back and forth by Goldberg soldiers.

Facing the enemy soldiers blocking the front, Mila slammed a heavy blow at his helmeted side head. The soldier was beaten out in an instant, rolled his eyes and collapsed to the ground. And this was already a blow after her
mercy. If Mila wields Lavias with all his strength, the soldier's head will probably be chopped in half along with the helmet.

Behind Mila, an enemy soldier raised an axe and slowly approached. Mila didn't even look back, and slid directly on Lavias’ spear handle. The handle of the spear hit the enemy soldier's stomach severely, causing him to faint on the spot.

Although Goruin's sword skills are not as gorgeous as his master, it is as precise and fast as threading a needle. The Goldberg soldier who was facing him was either knocked off his weapon or kneeled to the ground with his ankle wound. In contrast, the old knight didn't breathe a bit, and even had room to protect Mila.

Among the lightning and flint, half of the soldiers under Goldberg had fallen to the ground. Although no one lost their lives, most of them had already lost their fighting spirit.

"You, you guys... Don't think the Goldberg’s will let you go!"

Although the pain distorted his face, the captain yelled in a trembling voice.

However, Tigre turned a deaf ear to this group of soldiers, and said,

"Take the wounded away. We have no intention of being an enemy of Goldberg."

The soldiers regretted it. Gritting their teeth, now they are the weaker side. Moreover, they can't just be so desperate for their partners. "I understand," a soldier squeezed out his voice and replied.

—It seems that I have to speed up and descend the mountain.

Goldberg, who received the report from the soldiers, would definitely send someone to investigate Tigre's details. Must hurry up and stay away from the sphere of influence of the local tyrants.

Just as Tigre thought so, footsteps came from the other side of the river.
"Reinforcements...?"

A corps of about thirty people came over after a closer look. However, their armament was different from that of the soldiers under Goldberg. They also wore leather armor on the chain mail and white coats. The semicircular helmet reveals the bridge of the nose and cheeks, holding a pistol and a circular shield in each hand, and a sword hanging from the waist.

"Soldiers of the royal family..."

One of the Goldberg soldiers muttered angrily.

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Tigre frowned and looked at the soldiers of the royal family.

──What happened to these people?

The atmosphere around them is, in a word, very weird. Not only did they still not say a word after seeing the current situation, there was no emotional change in their expressions. And he didn't mean to guard against Tigre and the others. It was like a group of dolls standing in front of them, without the slightest feeling of confronting a living person.

The expressionless soldiers dispersed. Groups of three or four surrounded the fallen Goldberg soldiers. The soldiers who were unable to move after being shot down by Tigre.

The soldiers of the royal family stabbed them with short spears without thinking. Make them splatter with blood and wailing everywhere.

"What are you damn bastards doing!"

The Captain roared like a thunder.

Even Tigre and the others were stunned by what was happening before them. Although it is not uncommon for them to directly solve the injury without saying a word, they did it without saying a word and expressionlessly, and a sense of horror suddenly came to their minds.
“What can I do now, young master…?”

Raffinac's words were full of confusion. Although Tigre was troubled by this, when he saw that the royal soldiers were planning to kill other wounds, he had already unconsciously put the bow and arrow on the black bow.

After the arrow hit the helmet of the royal soldier, it bounced off with a loud noise. Upon seeing this, the soldiers of the royal family turned around and cast an inorganic look at Tigre.

"Tigre!"

Mila and Goruin immediately ran to Tigre's side. While pointing Lavias to the soldiers of the royal family, Mila's mouth raised a smile.

"I didn't expect to have to help the people who had just attacked us. There is nothing surprising in the world."

"However, we can't just treat them like this."

This is not because of Tigre's sense of justice. He is just innocent and can't see it. What's more, the ominous atmosphere that these royal soldiers exude, they have not yet fully figured out what is going on.

"Do you remember the battle we fought with demons in the forest on the border of Leitmeritz in the summer?"

Although Mila asked a little abruptly, Tigre nodded in agreement.

Those demons lurking in the forest, their true colors are human beings killed by demons and controlled by them.

The royal soldiers approaching in front of them have an action pattern similar to the demons.

"You mean these people might have been manipulated by demons?"

"There can be nothing wrong. Lavias also warned me."
After looking at the dragon gear that Mila was holding, only then did they discover that its spear tip, which was carved like a block of ice, was emitting a little white light with the chill.

—They want to manipulate humans like this, what are they trying to do this time!

Bury the raging anger deep in your heart. Tigre took a deep breath, then let it out slowly. The most important thing now is to find a way to deal with the soldiers of these royal families.

Tigre put his arrow on the black bow and aimed at the royal soldier at the front. The enemy neither planned to take the first step, nor showed signs of sorting out the queue. No one even showed hostility and fighting spirit. Feelings of disgust and unhappiness rushed to his heart, making Tigre look embarrassed.

Tigre let go of the bow, and the arrow went straight through the soldier's right foot, causing the soldier to stagger.

However, the soldiers remained expressionless, as if they could not feel any pain, and continued to approach them. Seeing this, Raffinac groaned, and Goruin frowned.

"It seems that they can't stop their footsteps without the attack."

"Yes."

As if speaking to himself, Tigre whispered. The one who provoked them was himself. Even if it's for the partners, I have to kill them ruthlessly and surely next.

At this moment, she looked at Mila of Lavias with a thoughtful expression, and after making up her mind, she said to Tigre and them:

"Do me a favor. I will search to see if there are any the breath of a demon."

Although Tigre looked at Mila with a look of surprise, he didn't ask silly questions like "Can you really do it?" Mila had already said that she wanted
to try it. That being the case, he just needs to be there to support her.

"No problem. How do you want us to help you?"

"Don't let those guys get close to me while I'm focused."

"It's a small matter!"

During the period of their conversation, the royal soldiers is crossing the bridge without rush. They had no plan to turn around and attack the soldiers of Goldberg, it was already a blessing in misfortune.

Tigre aimed at the soldiers of the royal family, put two or three arrows on the bow, and shot the bows continuously. Although the people walking in the front were shot through the eyes and throat one after another, losing their balance and falling into the water, the people following did not intend to help, and continued to move forward blindly.

Raffinac and Goruin stepped forward, intending to confront them at the edge of the bridge to stop them from advancing. When the soldiers of Goldberg saw this, they gestured to each other, and held up their weapons. It seems that he intends to help them both.

"It looks like it's time to start."

After Mila sighed in relief, she inserted her dragon gear's handle vertically into the ground.

——Lavias, please.

Mila closed her eyes and said silently in her heart. Immediately afterwards, the tip of the spear carved like a block of ice exudes a white chill. The cold air spreads on the ground, and while dissolving into the atmosphere, it spreads to the surroundings bit by bit. When the cold air touches something abnormal, Lavias will inform Mila of the situation.

The most fortunate thing for Mila is that at this time, a cold air mass is floating in the woods. Probably because of the snow that just fell
yesterday. In this way, the other party should not immediately notice the chill from Lavias.

However, even if the cold air spread to a place of thirty arcs (about thirty meters) and fifty arcs away, Lavias still did not issue any warning. But Mila didn't get discouraged because of this, and continued to manipulate the chill wholeheartedly. She left behind the intertwined sound of swords and halberds, and focused all of her consciousness on the dragon gear.

The cold air spread beyond 80 Alshins.

—I caught you!

After opening his eyes, Mila swept away the cold air and rushed out. Without hesitation, he ran straight to the slope on the right. With her long hair flowing in the wind, like a wild beast finding its prey, Mila galloped among the trees. Then, a dark shadow appeared in front of her.

Accompanied by a crackling voice, Mila stab Lavias directly at the shadow. The sound like the collision of steel makes the atmosphere vibrate.

"Nice job."

A flat voice came to Mila's ears.

Standing in front of her was a woman wearing a black mask. Women have dark, shiny hair that reaches the waist, and they wear black clothes that can outline a full body curve, and wear a coat. The mask only leaves a slight gap at the mouth of the eye, and the left half is engraved with a dragon-shaped pattern.

Mila stared at the masked woman's right hand in amazement.

Because her frozen wave exhausted all her efforts, she was caught empty-handed by the opponent. The dragon tool that can cut iron like paper did not leave a wound on her white palm.

Mila immediately withdrew Lavias and launched an offensive one after another. Use the dragon gear to stab the opponent's face, shoulders, and
chest. Each strike leaves a pure white trail in the atmosphere. Mila's fierce assault even caused a blizzard around the two.

However, the masked girl avoided one by one, or blocked the spear stabbing like a raging wave with both hands. In this situation, even Mila couldn't help but stand upright and horrified.

Suddenly, Mila remembered that Tigre had said. The demon who claimed to be Zmei was a woman dressed in black and wearing a black dragon-shaped mask.

"You are Zmei?"

Mila swept across the woman's feet with Lavias, while casting her sharp gaze.

Zmei took the body of Mila's grandmother, Van Valtoria, as her own, and wounded Mila's mother, Spetlana. It is an enemy that must be defeated first.

Unsurprisingly, after being questioned, the masked girl quickly avoided the spear and replied,

"You guessed it ——This is your grandmother's body."

Mila's eyes sparkled with passion and anger. She yelled and stepped forward, stabbing a strong shot. Zmei still stretched out her right hand as before, intending to resist the blow.

However, just as the tip of the spear was about to touch Zmei's right hand, Mila unexpectedly retracted the handle of the spear. This stab is just a foreign attack. Even if a raging fire ignited in her heart, she still did not lose her calm and composure as a soldier.

The extremely sharp blitz penetrated the palm of the demon and continued to extend forward. Accompanied by the sound of metal collision, the black mask split into two and flew in the air. The messy black hair fluttered freely like a bird spreading its wings, and the face under Zmei's mask appeared.
Mila stopped her hand movement, staring at Zmei's face, and even forgot to breathe.

Mila was still young when Van Valtoria passed away. The grandmother in her eyes is a fifty-year-old woman with white hair and wrinkles on her face.

However, she had seen her grandmother's face when she was young in portraits. The grandmother is very similar to the mother, and indeed has the feeling of a mother and daughter. Mila had imagined that when she grew up, she would look very similar to the two of them.

In the portrait, the face of her grandmother in her twenties appeared in front of her at this time.

Zmei reached out to Mila's chest and stretched out her own right hand, which could easily take off the dragon gear. If it was touched by that hand, Mila would probably be hurt badly.

-Even if I can avoid it in my mind, my body is uncharacteristically immobile.

Zmei's hand was approaching her bit by bit.

At this moment, a dazzling flash of light galloped past the corner of Mila's field of vision.

An arrow with "power" pierced through the sky and went straight. It was an arrow shot by Tigre. At the moment when he discovered that the enemy's real body was Zmei, Tigre was covering Raffinac and the others, while slowly moving to this side, watching her battle.

Zmei stopped her attack on Mila and took the arrow shot by Tigre with her bare hands. White flashes danced wildly, and a cold storm swept in. Although Zmei was still expressionless on her face, her body trembled slightly and took a step back, as if she was expressing surprise in her heart.

The next moment, Zmei squeezed her right hand tightly, and she immediately crushed the arrow in her hand. The residue of "power" turned
into particles of light, like dust, floating away from the gap between the fingers.

"'Your strength' is much stronger than before."

Zmei praised Tigre. During the time she was speaking, she didn't even glance at Mila.

"Spear war maiden's movements are a lot tougher than before when I fought with your family members. It was you who ruined Torbalan in Asvarre, right?"

"So what?"

Hearing Mila After the tit-for-tat yelling, Zmei just replied faintly:

"I don't want to delay it for too long. Let me use the weapon."

Zmei raised her right hand high. The space around it was immediately distorted and even cracked. Mila looked at this scene with a look of disbelief.

Zmei stretched her right hand into the crack, and then a dazzling golden light shone deep in the crack.

The wind rustles and the atmosphere is disturbed. The sound like a lightning strike made the ground shake. After grasping something deep in the crack, Zmei's hand slowly pulled it out with the dazzling golden light.

What the demon took out from the crack was a spear. The handle of the spear is studded with seven gems, and the dark spear body is entangled with loops of silver thread. The tip of the spear is shining with golden brilliance, and it has a luxurious decoration that is not inferior to that of a dragon gear.

Mila's sense of oppression released by this spear was too much to speak.

—-I have an impression of this feeling.......
The oppressive feeling on the spear that the demon took out was very similar to Durandal held by Roland the Black Knight and the Sword of the King held by Guinevere.

In other words, a weapon that can rival dragon gears.

"I'll call it Gungnir."

Zmei said while raising the spear. Mila frowned upon hearing this.

"It sounds like you are the maker."

"You are right; this is the weapon I waited to make. Although it is a failed product, it is just right for this body that is good at making spears."

Although the first half of the line surprised Mila a little, the second half aroused the anger in her heart again. The Ice Vanadis kicked the ground and dashed towards Zmei.

The tip of Lavias’ spear collided violently with the tip of Gungnir. The golden fire burst out, and the clear and loud metal collision sound immediately resounded throughout the space.

Mila was shocked. If you don't fully understand your body's movements, this stunt is absolutely impossible. Moreover, even though Mila tried hard to suckle, the spear in Zmei's hand still remained motionless.

In order to avoid a wrestling battle, Mila took a big step back.

—Return that body... to me!

While staring at Zmei with murderous eyes, Mila attacked again. Zmei didn't move when she saw this, standing still to meet Mila.

Stabbed to the face, cut to the torso, and swung a sharp blade towards the hands and feet. Sometimes slashed towards the opponent's head, and sometimes swept towards the opponent's calf. Mila tried his best to attack from all angles.
However, her attack still failed to touch Zmei's body. Zmei used Gungnir to block every shot, and even the foreign attack that Mila had just used was completely helpless.

—*It's almost like seeing through my attack*...-

Beads of sweat ooze on his forehead. There was such a certain premonition in Mila's heart. Mila’s skill in using the spear was inherited from her mother. And the mother's skills should have been inherited from her grandmother. Although both Mila and her mother have added different changes in spear skills, the basic part will not change after going back to the source.

—*But logically speaking, I can also predict Grandma's movements*...

Zmei's repeated attacks, like lightning, left wounds on Mila's arms and cheeks one after another. Although it is still only a few small scratches, it will be a fatal blow soon.

—*In this case, you can only rely on Dragon Skill to determine the outcome.*

Mila jumped and pulled away from the demon. After understanding the user's intention, Lavias gave a dazzling light.

However, Zmei's movements have to be faster. She raised Gungnir with her backhand and shot. Upon seeing this, Mila immediately switched to defense mode. Around her, several blocks of ice like huge rocks were frozen, and a thick protective cover was immediately unfolded.

The next moment, Gungnir hit the ice wall, and with a roar, the protective cover turned into dust and disappeared. In the blizzard mixed with crushed ice, Mila stared at each other intently.

However, the scene before her made Mila dumbfounded. Because in Zmei's hand, there appeared Gungnir who she had just thrown out. The position where the demon stood was no different from just now.
It was the spear that returned to the user's hand.

Later, Zmei entered the ready position for throwing Gungnir again.

Judging in an instant, Mila took a big step forward.

"──Prick the sky through the freezing cracks!"

At the same time, Tigre shot an arrow that entangled "Power". He didn't think this arrow would have any effect. The main reason for shooting this arrow was just to spread Zmei's concentration a little bit.

Dragon Skill and Arrow clashed fiercely with Gungnir. With Mila and Zmei as the center, the three forces entangled each other to fight each other, and dazzling white light burst out immediately. In this turbulent torrent of power, a very cold storm gave birth.

While the surrounding trees were frozen, they were torn apart by the storm, and their roots were chopped down to the ground. The soil was also scooped up by the storm, and mounds of human head height piled up all around.

After swallowing everything up, the storm that engulfed everything became more inflated. Then, it exploded.

The collection of ice cubes and snowflakes exploded instantly.

The violent wind blew away, and Tigre rolled around on the ground. If it is in normal times, he will be able to get up soon, but the release of two arrows entwined with "power" in succession has brought him intense physical exertion. He was blown to the slope of the hillside, hitting his head and back several times and sliding down the mountain.

Although he was saved from the fate of sliding down after hitting the root of the tree, he still couldn't stand up immediately. The body was full of pain, and even the breath was so uncomfortable.

"Young Master...!"
A voice came from a distance. Although Tigre wanted to respond, he could only murmur for a while. He was enduring pain in his hazy consciousness, and he was hugged forcefully.

"Are you okay, young master?"

What appeared before him was Raffinac's anxious face. Tigre forced a smile and said,

"It's okay, just as you see..."

Although his voice was hoarse, Tigre did make a noise. "This is really miserable," Raffinac said with a smile. Raffinac stepped forward to put his shoulders on his shoulders and helped Tigre to stand up. The dust on his hair and face immediately fell down.

Although the hands and feet were painful, there was no fracture. The fingers are not serious, and the field of vision gradually expands. Tigre did not let go of the hand holding the black bow, and there were many arrows remaining in the quiver around his waist.

Looking up, he seemed to have fallen from a slope above ten Alshins.

"Mila...Is Mila okay?"

Tigre finally remembered the incident. Raffinac was only comforting when he heard the words:

"I only saw the scene of her falling into the river. Lord Goruin has gone to find her."

"Where is the demon?"

After a series of questions, Raffinac said with a sorrowful face:

"Already. Gone..."

Tigre stared intently at the confidant who had been with him for many years. What does it mean to be gone? Wouldn't she, she died in that
explosion, right?

—No, that's impossible.

Even among the demons that have fought so far, Zmei's strength is exceptionally strong. He shouldn't have that naive idea.

"Go back anyway. I'm worried about Mila's safety."

Tigre stood up and walked up to the slope. Raffinac first observed Tigre's condition next to him, and after confirming that there was nothing serious, he followed him up the slope.

After climbing up the slope, Tigre found that there were several people's bags in front of him, which seemed to have been arranged by Raffinac beforehand. The two of them divided the work together, taking and carrying those bags.

Although they saw Goldberg soldiers sitting beside the bridge, they had no time to take care of others. The two ran on a gentle slope, rushing to the place where Mila and Zmei fought.

After arriving, Tigre was pale. Even Raffinac beside him took a deep breath.

The place where Mila just fought was pierced by a huge hole in the shape of a mortar, and the surrounding ground was a mess, with signs of freezing everywhere. In addition, the chopped woods are lying scattered on the ground.

"Mila..."

Tigre's voice trembled, his feet weak. If Raffinac didn't hold him, Tigre would probably sit down on the ground.

After seeing the two of them, Goruin hurriedly ran up to them. At this time, he was in disarray. Anxiety and self-blame make them languid and haggard. The old knight pointed his finger to a corner of the river and said,
"Master Ludmila fell into the river nearby."

As soon as Goruin's voice fell, Tigre immediately slid down the slope.

He leaned against the embankment to observe the lower reaches of the river. Within the range of his eyes, Mila was not there. Judging by the flow and velocity of the river, she is afraid that she has been washed away by the river.

Of course Tigre had considered going into the water to find it, but when he bent down to touch the surface of the water, the biting cold hit his heart, causing him to withdraw his hand. This method does not work. Within a hundred seconds, he will be frozen by the river.

——Mila...No, it's okay. After all, Lavias is guarding her.

Her dragon gear Lavias has the ability to manipulate cold air, and will surely be able to protect her master from the icy river. It is absolutely impossible for Mila to be frozen to death.

Even though he had forgotten such trivial matters, Tigre quickly reminded himself to calm down.

Looking back at the two who followed,

Tigre said calmly and calmly: "Let's find it along the river. With Lavias by her side, Mila will be fine."

"That's right...."

Goruin made a deep sigh. With his head in a mess, it seems that even he has forgotten the existence of the dragon gear. After thinking about it, his face finally recovered a little bit of anger.

The trio of Tigre called Mila's name while walking along the riverbank.

However, the search task was unexpectedly difficult. The dense woods blocked the road ahead, forcing them to detour the long way back to the
riverbank several times. Whenever they were forced to leave the riverbank, they would feel inexplicably restless in their hearts.

Whenever they stepped forward to check what was stuck on the bank of the river and found that it was just an ordinary piece of wood, they would unconsciously sigh together. A heavy atmosphere has been permeating between the three.

"Let's take a break,"

Raffinac suggested, who was extremely exhausted.

"Now is not the time to rest!"

Even though Tigre cast a reproachful look at himself, Raffinac still retorted calmly:

"Young Master, as a hunter, if you are not resting, can you actually catch prey in the wild forest?"

Tigre did not respond. After a period of silence, Raffinac then asked Goruin:

"Goruin, didn't you just teach me how silly a non-stop march is?"

The old knight said nothing. Raffinac continued in a gentle tone:

"Didn't you two notice that you're so hoarse that you can't make a sound? If it's a crisis, your legs have no strength and you can't make a sound. What are you going to do? Even if you accidentally fall into the river at that time, I will not help!"

Tigre and Goruin looked at each other. The expression gradually eased.

"Your hair and beard are all messed up, Lord Goruin."

"You look even more miserable with your shameless face, Tigrevurmud."
The two put their bags on the ground and took out the water. After drinking it in one sip, the distracting thoughts in my heart gradually disappeared. Immediately afterwards, the two wiped their faces with a thick towel to calm themselves down. At this moment, they finally realized how tired they were.

The two straightened their backs vigorously. Twist your shoulders and do several stretching exercises.

After drinking another sip of water, they discovered that ordinary water was so sweet and delicious.

"Sorry for worrying you, Raffinac. And that's, thank you."

Tigre turned back to the confidant who was older than him, lowered his head to apologize to him and expressed his gratitude. Raffinac immediately revealed his teeth, smiled and shook his head and said:

"The whereabouts of the beloved woman is unknown, and a man will be in trouble. Although this is heard from the old man of Bertrand, I heard that before a similar situation happened in Lusiqing and Lingtang."

"My father...?"

Seeing Tigre's wide-eyed eyes, Raffinac nodded, and then said,

"Master Urs stayed in the capital. At the time, I had the experience of traveling with Ms. Tiana. I heard that the two were separated in the crowd. Ms. Urs found out and searched for them desperately. Although I found Ms. Tiana afterwards, I heard that Urs-sama's disheveled and ragged appearance at the time made Master Tiana couldn't help but laugh."

Tiana is Tigre's biological mother. Urs met her in the capital of Nice, and the two fell in love together and eventually became a couple.

—It turned out that this happened.

Tigre raised his head to look up at the gray sky hidden by the woods, and couldn't help sighing.
In Tigre's impression, his mother was a weak person who often lay in a hospital bed. However, even if she is not in good health, she will often come to her son's room and tell herself various stories about the myths and legends and the origin of flower names. Although his mother died when she was young, her kind smile is still vivid today.

Like a chain reaction, Tigre also thought of his father and brother. Is his father far away in Alsace working hard as a lord? Are they doing well? Tian can almost walk by himself.

—Speaking of which, my father also warned me. When looking for something important, you must never act in a hurry.

Tigre smiled bitterly, and repeated his father's admonitions, then took a deep breath.

After exchanging sights with the other two companions, he packed his bag again, pushed aside the bushes and continued to explore.

"However, where did Master Ludmila got washed away by the river to..."

Goruin grumbled uncharacteristically while staring at the river.

"If only Lavias could shine a little light, or freeze the nearby river water to give us a hint."

As soon as the voice fell, Tigre stopped and turned his head to look at the black in his hand.

-When I heard that Mila was missing, why didn't I immediately think of this way!

"Young Master, what's the matter with you?"

Raffinac asked in surprise. Tigre's eyes were clear and he replied,

"I have a way to find out where Mila is!"

"What did you say!?"
Seeing Goruin yelling in surprise, Tigre nodded and said,

"This summer, I used the power of this bow to find Elle’s position when fighting against the demon in the forest."

Elen was imprisoned by the forest demon named Leshy. At that time, Tigre relied on the power of the black bow to successfully find the location of Elen's dragon gear, Arifar.

"I'll try it now. The guards around you are on your hands."

Tigre closed his eyes and sought the help of Black Bow in his heart. He eased his breathing while melting his consciousness into the black bow. He left behind the cold of the atmosphere, the flow of wind, and the feeling of stepping on the soles of his shoes, turning himself into a light spot in the endless darkness.

Immediately afterwards, the light spots were turned into ripples and gradually spread out in the dark.

Soon after, Ripple successfully captured a faint light source.

—*This feeling is...Lavias. As before, there can be nothing wrong.*

Tigre, who was convinced of this, immediately fell into contemplation.

Besides Lavias, there was a warm light that was different from dragon gears. That is the vibrant light of life.

—*Is this Mila...?*

It could only be that the fetters between Dragon Gear and Vanadis led Tigre to find Mila's existence.

Open your eyes. The surrounding scenery sounds, and the smell of wind swarmed all at once. As if hit by a blunt object, Tigre felt dizzy. For the next ten seconds, Tigre could hardly make any sound.
After drinking the water that Raffinac offered him, Tigre finally calmed down a bit. Seeing Goruin staring at him nervously, Tigre then pointed in a certain direction and smiled and said,

"I'm approaching... about three hundred Alshins, and you can see Mila."

"You said Master Ludmila? Didn’t you look for Lavias?"

"Well. In addition to Lavias’ breath, I also sensed Mila’s breath. Strangely, when I was looking for Elen, I just couldn't find her breath..."

-Is it because I am better at using black bows than before?

Thinking about it carefully, Zmei said something similar to herself in the battle just now. "Power" is much stronger than before.

"Anyway, we have to go to Master Mila to help her."

After hearing Goruin's urging, Tigre nodded in agreement. If you have something, you can wait until later. Now, the top priority is Mila’s matter.

It's great that you are fine.

Tears burst into tears in his eyes, and his tired body was showing strength again.

The feeling of longing for her in his heart made Tigre quicken his pace and move forward.

The three of them walked forward at a brisk pace, but once again encountered the obstacles of the dense trees, they had no choice but to make a roundabout circle. The ground under his feet gradually tilted. They walked down and came to a steep slope where they had to look up to see the top.

"Do we really have to climb this steep slope?"

Raffinac said impatiently.
At this moment, the sound of intertwined swords and halberds came from above.

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As Tigre and the others reflexively picked up their weapons, three figures had already slid down the slope. Each of them wore semi-circular helmets, thick military uniforms wrapped in fur around their necks, and swords in their hands. The three of them all look quite young, probably less than twenty years old.

When they saw the three of them as they slid down the slope, they stared at them with unconcealed surprise. An expression of "I didn't expect to see alive people in such a place." Among them, a young man quickly recovered from the state of loss, pale face and loudly shouted:

"Quick! Run away!"

He spoke in Sachenstein. When Tigre was about to ask what happened, the dangerous atmosphere from the beginning made him look up at the slope. Seven soldiers stood above the slope, wearing the same armor as the three in front of them, and holding axes and hatchets in their hands.

The youth also looked back, and after noticing their presence, he cursed in a low voice. Then he turned back and said to Tigre and the others,

"Are you some travelers? Those guys will attack others indiscriminately. We are responsible for staying and blocking them. You hurry and run away. Go in that direction and you’ll find the mountain road."

After indicating the direction where Tigre and the others should go, the young man turned his head and looked back.

At the same time, the seven soldiers on the slope slid down the slope while jumping left and right.

After seeing them, Tigre immediately took a breath. These seven people were the same as the royal soldiers they had just encountered, with
expressionless appearances. It was a puppet-like expression without any way to detect the changes in his thoughts and feelings.

—That's why he told us to run fast, right?

The three people who slipped down at the beginning had already raised their swords, ready to meet the seven soldiers who came from behind. However, it can be judged from the number of people that they are at a disadvantage.

The seven soldiers approaching step by step suddenly roared like beasts. The three were caught off guard, frightened and unable to move. The seven soldiers seized the opportunity to rush up.

One of the soldiers knocked down the sword in the hands of the young man and fought with him.

And the next action that the soldier took made Tigre hold his breath and dumbfounded. He thought he would slash at the young man with the hatchet in his hand, but he was going to bite the young man with his mouth open instead.

Tigre made a decisive decision and shot an arrow at the soldier's mouth. The arrow head flew out from the back of the head, and the soldier immediately fell to the ground.

Almost at the same time, a sword light flashed by, and accompanied by splashes of blood, an expressionless soldier was chopped to the ground. Then, another soldier who was in pursuit of the youth was thrown to the ground by a club swinging from the side.

It was Tigre and the three who saved the youth's life.

"I'm hungry to lose my mind, these guys."

"It seems that I can't communicate with words anymore." Seeing Raffinac made a little joke to ease the atmosphere, Tigre responded with the same joking. The actions of these seven soldiers can only be summed up with the
word abnormal. The roar they made just now was like the sound of a real beast.

Even so, this group of young people still chose to stay and fight to protect strangers from this group of demons. He even turned his head and told him to run away and face the demons bravely. Tigre couldn't help such a person in any case.

"From the point that there is no pain, it is the same type as the one I just met."

Goruin calmly analyzed as he swung his blade. Even if he slashed the opponent's hands and feet, the hollow soldiers still made no sound, and did not even change their expressions, and continued to wield their weapons and approached.

The soldiers' fighting style is rather strange. While they wielded the axe and hatchet in their hands, they attacked each other with teeth and claws as they approached the target. It's almost as if the hands and mouth are also used as weapons.

All the arrows that Tigre shot penetrated their throats and eyes with precision. In this way, even if they can't be killed with a single blow, they can somewhat deprive them of sight. Seeing this scene, the young people finally recovered their fighting spirit and wielded their weapons vigorously at the enemy. On the other hand, Raffinac chose to swing a stick to support them.

Even if they were knocked down one by one, the expressionless soldiers showed no sign of escaping until the end, and the battle went to the last moment. After the young men pierced the throat and abdomen of the last man with their swords in their hands, Goruin cut off his neck, and with a grunt, the soldier finally fell.

After confirming that the battle was over, one of the young men walked up to Tigre. And he was the one who told him to run away. The young man has straight facial features and shoulder-length blond hair.
The young man stuck the sword on the ground, took off the helmet on his head, and bowed his head with one hand to thank him: "Thank you very much for your help. Thanks to you, the three of us were spared. My name is Adris."
“I’m very sorry, but we are in a hurry.”

Although it is impolite to interrupt the other party’s greeting, Tigre chose to end the conversation. However, the young man named Adris did not back down.

"Although I don't know where you plan to go, this mountain is very dangerous now. I advise you to hurry down the mountain road."

"It's okay, our destination is not far ahead."

He points a finger at the top of the ramp. Immediately afterwards, Adris frowned and said,

"Up there ..." "Is there anything dangerous up there?"

Seeing his bitter expression, Tigre couldn't help worrying about Mila's safety, immediately asked.

"There's no danger there, it's just--"

Before Adris’ words fell, there was a sound of footsteps on the other side of the river.

Looking intently, a group of armed soldiers came over here. The number is about thirty. Although most of the soldiers wore semi-circular helmets and chain mail, the front of the team was a girl.

This girl, about eighteen or nineteen, was wearing a metal armor and a fur coat in addition to her thick military uniform. There was a sword tied around his waist, and the handle and guards were full of ornate decorations.

She is a beautiful girl. The girl put her bright red hair bundles down vertically on the back of her head, forming a sharp contrast with her white skin. The big eyes under the delicate eyebrows exude a unique charm that only belongs to her.

However, compared to that beautiful face, the pressure exuding from her body made Tigre nervous to stop breathing.
She is undoubtedly a Vanadis with superb martial arts, and her strength is probably not lower than Mila and Elen.

"Really forgive me..."

Raffinac carried the stick impatiently. In this regard, Tigre also feels the same. Plus, he only had two arrows left. If you really fight them, you can only shoot arrows at the girl who looks like a commander.

"Vais..."

Adris muttered to himself, and then stepped forward. Although his other two companions were panicked by this, they did not intend to stop him, but instead prayed for his safe return.

Thirty soldiers stopped their march. The red-haired girl came here alone.

"Just leave this to him to deal with, how about we hurriedly climb that steep slope?"

Raffinac whispered his opinion. However, Goruin shook his head and expressed objection, saying:

"Although I personally want to leave as soon as possible, I should observe the situation before acting. After all, suspicious actions may stimulate the other party."

During the conversation between the two of them, the distance between Adris and the girl had shortened to only ten steps away.

"Vais, I didn’t expect to be able to meet you in a place like this."

After Adris finished speaking, the girl--Vais--only responded indifferently:

“Adris, why did you appear here?"

"I heard that the soldiers of our army trespassed on this mountain without my permission, so I came to confirm it."
Adris replied openly while accepting Vais' sharp gaze. Although the conversation between the two of them was warm and harmonious like greetings between relatives and friends, there was a heavy sense of oppression over them.

After hearing this, Vais tilted his head slightly and wondered, then raised a new question.

"So, what's the matter with the corpses under your feet? They are the soldiers under our local tyrants?"

"These seven people have been transformed into adult wolves. By the way, our soldiers are entering this mountain. Later, several people have been transformed into human wolves."

When the word "human wolf" came into his ears, Tigre suddenly had an ominous premonition. Obviously, after entering this country, he often heard others talk about it, but this was the first time he had a bad feeling about the word "man wolf".

He moved his gaze to the fallen corpse. According to them, these people are soldiers who have been transformed into wolves.

Could it be said that their empty expressions, strange behavior patterns and aggressiveness are all caused by this?

Wouldn't it be the same with the royal soldiers he encountered earlier?

—But according to Mila, these people were manipulated by demons.

But even if I explain the situation to them here, I'm afraid no one will believe it. Although a little restless, he is just an outsider after all. It is better not to talk too much at this time.
"Adris, even if you are telling the truth—" Vais pulled out the sword on her waist. The crystal clear silver sword body, for some reason, gave people a sense of oppression with retreat. Although Adris was frightened, he still clenched his fists and stepped on his heels to face each other.

"Eighty percent of this mountain belongs to the Lawrence family. The remaining 20% belongs to the Goldberg family, not the land of your royal family. Before you enter the mountain, you should have come to ask my lord Lawrence’s permission. In that moment you did not ask for my permission to play, I have a right to treat you as an intruder and remove you. — Adris, pull out your sword! "

At the urging sound, Adris had no choice but to return to the place where he inserted the sword and takes it out.

When he turned to face Vais again, she rushed straight into Adris’ arms as if the time had already been calculated. Vais' speed was even so fast that even Tigre and Goruin were amazed.

The sound of swords is endless and uninterrupted. Vais's wind-breaking slash was like a rough beast, approaching. In a blink of an eye, Adris fell into a dilemma where he could only defend himself. After Vais blew away the sword in his hand, he fell to the ground.

"It seems that your swordsmanship has not improved much."

Vais opened her eyes wide, and looked down at Adris with a smile.

"Look at the terrible situation of being beaten up under the dignified prince, I will let you go. Your subordinates are only five people present? Hurry up and go down the mountain."

"Wait, please wait a moment!"

Tigre hurriedly inserted into the conversation. Although he was very concerned about Adris being called "His Royal Highness", he had to clear
Vais's misunderstanding before that. Seeing Vais’s surprised look, Tigre quickly pointed to Raffinac and explained to Goruin:

"I and the two over there are travelers, not this person’s subordinates. Moreover, we are looking for companions. The companion just accidentally fell into the river, and seemed to have been rushed to the front by the river..."

The reason why the second half of the line is not followed by a preface is because he thinks that he can’t keep the secret. And tell it all. After all, when the companion fell into the river in winter, it was natural to think of ways to save people.

—And, in the conversation with Adris, she did mention Lawrence.

According to Sofy, Lawrence is a local tyrant that goes hand in hand with Goldberg, and these two local tyrants are even the best among local tyrants.

In front of such a character, it is absolutely impossible to tell the news that Zhcted's war maiden is here.

"If you all fall into the river, I’d advise you to give up."

As expected, Vais replied in an official tone. But Tigre must not just leave it alone.

"She is a very important person to me. I want to find her no matter what. She should be nearby."

Tigre lowered his head deeply, and desperately asked him. Although the opponent was obviously embarrassed, Tigre still reluctantly asked him. Having reached this point, how could he just go downhill like this?

About ten seconds later, Vais asked,

"Can you tell me the characteristics of the person who fell into the water? I will help you confirm with those who are passing by the river bank."
A cold uneasiness went up to his spine, and Tigre could feel it. His face was stiffening from tension.

However, the other party asked himself out of kindness. It is impossible not to answer her.

"She is a seventeen-year-old woman. She wears the same clothes as me. She is taller, a bit lower than me."

"By the way, tell me the color of her hair. It will be easier for me to find it. There is a carry in the luggage is there anything conspicuous?"

"She has blue hair. As for the baggage... there shouldn't be anything particularly eye-catching, that's right..."

At the moment when he finished answering, Tigre immediately felt the strength of Vais’ Gaze. He was shaking his shoulders with fright, and knew that he had been exposed.

Although it is not clear which of his own words caused the other party's suspicion, the other party discovered it.

"May I ask you a question?" Vais asked indifferently,

"Is that woman holding a spear... or is it a weapon similar to a spear?"

Vais just finished speaking. Not only was Tigre shocked, even Raffinac and Goruin were shocked.

After a while, Tigre replied "No" in a tired voice. However, from the moment Tigre didn't answer immediately, he basically acquiesced that the other party’s speculation was correct.

"I see... I have a suggestion about this."

After listening, Tigre looked up. He saw Vais smiling happily, turned his attention to Adris, and then said:
"I hope you can serve as the guardian of His Royal Highness... No, I hope you can protect His Royal Highness all the way to Hanor. In contrast, we will find your companions and protect them. After the job is done, I will send someone to send a letter with the details to Hanor."

"Why do we want us to do this kind of thing?"

Tigre frowned and asked. Vais' answer is quite simple and clear.

"Because I don't want a group of suspicious people and His Royal Highness to stay in my territory for a long time. Moreover, it is actually the three of you who defeated those people and wolves? If the numbers are evenly matched, your Highness and the two over there are not strong. So, you can defeat your opponents with a weak number of people."

This is not easy. Tigre racked his brains to think hard.

Judging from Vais's tone, she might have found Mila and protected it. Then, she also saw that Tigre and the others didn't want to say Mila's true identity.

Why didn't he just stop doing two things, just knock it down here and go back to Mila?

Tigre glanced at the matching sword on Vais' waist.

When he saw the dazzling blade for the first time, Tigre involuntarily clenched the black bow in his hand. That sword contains power that can make people who are confronting it fear and tremble.

──The oppressive feeling on that sword is very similar to Durandal, the King's Sword, and Zmei's spear.

Just to deal with Vais alone is already devastated, not to mention there are nearly thirty soldiers behind her. In addition, this mountain is her territory, and the other party even has a convenient location. We have no chance of winning.

"I swear to Wotan, the god of wisdom, I will definitely treat your companions."
(Wotan, the German pronunciation of "Odin", is also the origin of Wednesday.)

Seeing Tigre's entangled appearance, Vais decided to push him from behind, so he swore an oath. Wotan, the god of war Tyr, and Thor, the god of thunder, are the most trusted gods in the Sachenstein region.

The remarks just now have fully demonstrated her sincerity. Upon seeing this, Tigre could only sigh and ask,

"Really can't you take us with us?"

Although it was very likely to be rejected, Tigre asked for the time being. Sure enough, Vais shook his head and denied him.

"There is one more thing I want to ask. Do you think that my companion will be seriously injured?"

Although it is a rather strange question, the meaning of Tigre's words seems to be conveyed to Vais.

"I guess she will only have a few minor scratches on her body. In fact, one of my guests is a woman who travels a lot, and she is currently in this mountain. It shouldn't be long before she can find it."

After listening, Tigre scratched his dark red hair roughly.

"Then all things please."

After saying that he missed Mila, Tigre bowed his head to thank him. After seeing this, Vais nodded and said;

"By the way, can you tell me your name?"

Although he hesitated for a while, Tigre honestly said that he was "Tigrevurmud Vorn".

"I'll remember your name. I'm Valtrotti von Lawrence."
(Valtrotti is one of Odin's daughters in "The Ring of Nibelungen", the Valkyrie. It means the brave ones on the battlefield.)

Afterwards, Vais — Valtrotti — said to Adris:

"I have to confirm one thing. How many royal soldiers trespassed on this mountain without your permission? If they have transformed into adult wolves, I will be executed on the spot, right?"

Adris first replied, "There are thirty people," and then hesitated for a while, then continued, "It's up to you."

"If you can, I hope you can send the deceased's legacy to Hanor."

After that, he said to Tigre in a humble tone:

"You seem to have many situations on your side, but still let's go with us first?"

At this time, Tigre was not sure whether he was angry or annoyed. The expression on his face was quite complicated.

Even if Tigre is mentally clear that he should not vent his anger on the prince, he still needs some time to sort out his emotions.

"Then thanks to your kindness. I, no, the next one is Tigrevurmud Vorn."

"Please advise us, Lord Tigrevurmud. I am Adris von Rode Shuttle."

He is really a straightforward prince.

Although he was a little confused, Tigre shook his hand.

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Hundreds of Alshins away where Tigre talked with Adris and Valtrotti, Zmei was soaking in the small spring water gushing out of a crack in the rock.
Even though her coat and clothes were shattered by the impact and became fragmented and tattered, there were still no wounds left on her body.

Zmei looked at her right hand blankly. Holding and opening his palms repeatedly, he tilted his head in a daze and wondered,

"Obviously now it's active."

At the moment when Tigre's arrows and Mila's dragon skills struck at the same time, Zmei took action first. She had planned to use Gungnir to knock Mila out before launching the dragon skills, and then deal with the things on Tigre's side - as long as the right hand had acted according to her will.

At that moment, for some reason, the right hand suddenly refused to obey.

Reluctantly forced, Zmei threw Gungnir at dragon skills and arrows, which caused the fighting between the three forces. The collision of forces caused a big explosion, and even Zmei was blown away by the storm wind.

"If it weren't for this body, I'm afraid it's not just the clothes being torn to pieces."

In the worst case, Zmei might even be wiped out by that power like Rusalka.

In fact, Zmei had once before, when her right hand was suddenly unwilling. That's what happened when she fought the previous generation of Spear war maiden Spetlana. During the fierce battle, her right hand also suddenly disobeyed, and eventually received a counterattack from the opponent. If that hadn't happened at that time, Zmei would have killed Spetlana, not just to the extent of hurting her left arm.

"Sure enough, is there any unfathomable power hidden in the holders of the dragon gear selection?"

So far, Zmei has occupied all kinds of corpses. They even include knights who are famous in neighboring countries, mercenaries who have gone through countless battlefields with invincible names, masters with vigor and
lightness, assassins who are good at assassinations, and horse riding tribes with excellent skills in bow and arrow and equestrianism.

However, when she took possession of the bodies of those people, it never happened that her body suddenly refused to do so.

Only this body has defied Zmei's will.

However, Zmei did not intend to change her body. After all, among the corpses manipulated so far, this body can be said to be the highest level. She might never get such a perfect body again. It would be a shame to throw away this body casually.

"If you don't understand our affairs at all, it is only inevitable that you will lose to us."

This is what the owner of this body once said to her. However, until now, Zmei still cannot understand the meaning of her words.

Suddenly, Zmei, who felt movement in front of her, turned her eyes.

A fifteen or six-year-old girl wearing a brown robe and holding an old broomstick was in sight. Although there was a sweet smile on her face, there was an ominous light in her pupils.

The girl was exuding a sense of oppression from her inhumanity at a glance.

"You have changed your image as an old woman again, Baba Yaga."

(Baba Yaga, Russian and other Slavic fairy tales and legendary witches. She specializes in eating children. In people's minds, she is an evil and mysterious character. His son-in-law is a dragon.)

Previously appearing) after hearing Zmei's words, the girl called Baba Yaga shrugged exaggeratedly and uttered a hoarse voice like an old woman.

"The image of a human being, for me, is just a change of mood at best. And haven't you used that body for more than ten years? I have other things to
ask you than this trivial matter."

Although Zmei murmured in her heart, "I didn't change my body just to change my mood," she gestured to her to continue.

"Not long ago I had cleverly decided not to curse a Vanadis? After the Vanadis went to Asvarre, I didn’t know what happened but suddenly the curse was unleashed."

Baba Yaga is a demon that is good at using magic and curses. The little curse she just said was referring to an unknown curse against Vanadis.

"Because of this, I even ran to Asvarre myself."

"Have you found out the cause?"

Baba Yaga shook his head in denial under Zmei’s question. Afterwards, she raised the broom in her hand horizontally and let go. The magic is that the broom did not fall to the ground, but instead seemed to be supported by something, floating in the air.

"I didn't find the trace of the war maiden. Moreover, even the breath of the dragon gear had disappeared with her herself."

Zmei's body trembled slightly, showing some surprise. The demon with a girly posture couldn’t help sighing,

“It’s not the first time that the spell itself has been unlocked. I don’t care. After all, I only need to find someone to solve the spell, or connect the spell’s right hand. Just cut off the roots. Do you have any clues about this? After all, I've been running around all this time."

"The most direct idea is that the war maiden is dead. if the person dies, the dragon gear will temporarily disappear for a while. Don’t you remember this incident?"

"So, who actually killed her? Although she is not mature enough, the little girl is not weak enough to be killed by miscellaneous soldiers and thieves."
"Not long ago, the Spear war maiden and the staff war maiden went to Asvarre. Besides, even the users of the Black bow, Durandal, and the Sword of Kings were there. Torbalan seemed to have been wiped out by them."

After hearing Zmei's words, Baba Yaga let out a "suck" in surprise.

"Because I can't feel the breath of that guy at all, I thought that the ill-advised guy was wandering around again. I didn't expect... If this matter was known by Drekavok, he would probably say it. Why don’t you get wiped out together? After all, you secretly changed the order and woke up Rusalka before waking Vodyanoy."

With the crunch of laughter, Baba Yaga gave an ominous sneer.

Drekavok and Vodyanoy are equally expensive as demons. However, Vodyanoy was still asleep at this time.

"By the way, what should I do next? Even if Koch's intent is included, I have only four pillars left. The means that can summon Tir Na Fal are very few."

"Bleeding conflicts have gradually increased."

"Speaking of this, I have something to ask you."

Baba Yaga clapped her hands, and then asked,

"Why are you doing things? If you really want to let the world’s corpses run across the wild and blood flowed into rivers, it’s better to keep attacking small towns and villages without interruption, right?"

Zmei did not answer immediately, but straightforward Staring straight at Baba Yaga, wanting to see the true thoughts in her mind. After a while, she shook her head and denied,

"Never let mankind be united. This is one of the precious lessons I learned from my defeat in the past. That's why I chose to instigate from the side. The mistrust and suspicion among human beings set them on the path of cannibalism."
"Is it one of the preparations for the birth of my admired king to weaken Vanadis's power?"

After the girl demon confirmed and repeatedly asked, Zmei nodded and said that she was right.

"I see. Sorry, it took up a lot of your time."

The girl demon gently knocked on the broom. Soon after, her body gradually lost its color and melted into the surrounding scenery. Within three seconds, she was gone. It was almost as if she didn't exist from the beginning.

After her, even Zmei's figure disappeared from there. Without making any sound, without disturbing any atmospheric flow.

Only the sound of the water flowing from the stream remained in this place.
Chapter 2 - Moon Princess of the Roaring Demon (Bardiche)

Guinevere waited until Ludmila Lourie noticed that she was already in the reception room of a noble house.

For some reason, Guinevere, the princess of Asvarre, was sitting on the opposite sofa across the table.

But because of this, Mila immediately realized that she was dreaming.

"I'm sorry, if I didn't insist on finding that arrowhead at the time, you obviously wouldn't have to go to places like Sachenstein."

When Mila recovered, there were already two silver cups on the table, and Guinevere was talking to herself while making black tea. Guinevere's expression had both a look of surprise and feelings of guilt towards Mila.

"Although broad-minded people will call Sachenstein the "kingdom of mountains and forests", those who have the courage to tell the truth actually call that country "the kingdom of sausages and potatoes." Some secretly criticizing Sachenstein as "the vegetable scraps stuck between the two teeth of Asvarre and Brune"."

-You and the vegetable scraps country… how unpleasant to each other's eyes.

Mila didn't make a sound, but silently complained in her heart. But this also reminded her. This memory is of what happened when Guinevere was in the port city of Dunis and told them to introduce a sailor to them, and when she enjoyed black tea with her.
Although when discussing the subject of the sea and ships, Guinevere's tone was quite stable and harmonious, but when she mentioned the matter of Sachenstein, her words were incredibly pungent.

"All in all, since you have decided to go to that country, it is better to be mentally prepared in terms of diet. Because apart from ale, sausage, and potatoes, you may not be able to eat other foods. From that country everyone who came back said this to me."

With her exaggerated remarks, is she going to make fun of me or scare me?

Mila thought in her heart while listening to her. Don’t the Zhcteds also eat food cooked with salmon and potatoes? Although it is not clear what the eating habits of the Muozinel people are, it shouldn't be much different, right?

"By the way, you can't forget the rumors of human wolves when you mention Sachenstein. I heard that they will appear silently from the depths of the dark forest after sunset. After attacking the village and town, they will lurk back to the forest again. Among them, it looks like a barbarian wearing animal skins, and some people even rumored that its true face is a human being transformed into a beast..."

It is a famous fairy tale.

After replying with a bitter smile, Guinevere had a smile on her face.

"So you already know it. But rumors of human wolves attacking humans are still emerging. In that country full of mountains and forests, even if there are human wolves, it's not surprising, isn't it? -Please use tea."

At this moment, in front of Mila is white black tea with a lot of goat milk.

Although Mila planned to turn her head and escape from here, she couldn't move her body at all for some reason.

The black tea slowly approached her eyes.
At this moment, Mila woke up. Against the dim background, the ceiling and beams made of wood come into view.

— *It's really close...*

What a nightmare. In fact, in reality, both Mila and Guinevere only brewed their own black tea, and did not make the act of asking the other party to drink their own tea.

After regaining consciousness, a tingling sensation suddenly hit all over his body. The body is heavy. The flame swayed in the corner of the field of vision, and the smell of wood, soil, and smoke came out.

— *That's right. I was still fighting Zmei just now....*

She was blown away by the violent wind blown up by the explosion, and fell all the way down the slope into the river. Although she struggled hard in the fierce turbulence, her hands and feet failed to act as expected, and eventually lost consciousness.

— *Tigre is coming to save me, right?*

Mila raised her body on her elbow, not feeling like she lowered her head and checked her body. However, the scene before her made her stunned.

Not to mention clothes, she didn't even wear underwear. The bare skin was covered with only a coat.

Mila hugged her jacket tightly with one hand while patrolling the surrounding environment in a panic. At the moment when she saw Lavias not far away, she finally breathed a sigh of relief.

This seems to be a hunter's cabin. Stones in the center of the house surround a simple stove, and a bonfire is burning in it. Although I didn't see Tigre and them, there was a small figure sitting beside the stove.

"Are you awake...?"
A girl's voice came from her ear, because the other party was speaking in Zhctedian language, Mila could be said to be shocked.

The figure stood up and walked towards her.

The other party was a petite girl with pink hair and blue eyes like a clear blue sky. The girl was wearing a coat made of a lot of wool over her thick clothes, and a small axe hung from her belt. Visually estimated the age is about 13 or 4 years old. Although he has a cute face, he showed a cold look.

Mila couldn't help frowning. Obviously he had never known this girl, but he had an inexplicable sense of familiarity with her.

After turning her gaze to the axe hung around the girl's waist, Mila knew at a glance that it was not an ordinary axe.

The axe blades extending from the short grip are composed of three colors: pink, gold, and jet black, and the gorgeous decorations on them can even be mistaken for works of art. The joint between the axe blade and the handle is studded with dazzling emeralds, which gives people a sense of stability while adding a sense of brilliance, exuding a mysterious color that fascinates everyone.

There was a memory in Mila's mind. When she was young, Vanadis's mother had taken herself to visit the palace of Siregia, the capital of Zhcted. And she had seen this axe before.

——*Dragon Gear!*

The nickname of Lavias is called "the piercing horn of evil". The dragon tool in the opponent's hand however is called "the string of the broken curse". The Vanadis who wielded this axe was called the nickname "Moon Princess of the Roaring Demon", a device belonging to the ruler of the Principality of Brest in the eastern region of Zhcted.

Mila stared at the girl with surprise.
"Are you the one called Olga Tamm...?"

Soon after becoming the Vanadis, the girl left a message saying "I'm going to travel temporarily."

Although she knew her name, Mila met her for the first time.

Olga nodded slightly and handed the pottery cup she was holding to Mila. A white heat is rising from the pottery cup.

"It's hot."

"Thanks, thank you."

Mila took the pottery cup in confusion. After smelling the goat's milk, he couldn't help but smile.

After taking a sip, Mila let out a sigh of relief. She could clearly feel that a warm current was gradually flowing throughout her body.

Mila slowly drank the hot goat's milk while taking care not to burn her tongue, and Olga, who had returned to the stove, walked over again. She was holding Mila's underwear in her hand.

"This is already done."

Mila blushed and took off her underwear, and put it on quietly while covering her body with her coat.

Olga sat down in front of Mila and looked at her with an incredible expression.

"Can every Vanadis recognize Muma at a glance?"

"I don't know this, I recognized it because I saw it before."

While answering, Mila couldn't help but wonder. How did this kid recognize himself? Did she guess the identity of her Vanadis after seeing Lavias?
"I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Ludmila Lourie. You saved my life, right?"

Seeing Olga nodded and said yes, Mila again expressed her gratitude to her.

Because Olga didn't seem to have any plans to speak actively, Mila took the initiative to ask a few questions.

According to Olga, she found Mila half an hour ago. It is said that Mila, who was unconscious, was holding an icicle protruding from the river surface. After some difficulty, Olga's companions pulled Mila back to the shore and moved her back to the hunter's cabin for a simple dressing.

——*Half a quarter of an hour ago....... In other words, it is only around noon now.*

As for the icicle, Lavias probably made it without knowing it.

"Which companion did you just talk about?"

Mila looked around, and there were no outsiders in this hunter's cabin except herself and Olga. Does it mean someone is holding hands outside?

"It's the soldiers of Lawrence and Goldberg,"

Olga replied casually, and Mila was shocked by this. Why would a Vanadis act together with the local tyrants of Sachenstein?

Although Mila wanted to dig through the roots to find out, after inquiring one after another, she found that Olga seemed to hate this topic, so she didn't continue to ask.

——*Think about it, letting others be honest with the people they meet for the first time is a tough requirement.*

And she already knew that Olga arrived in this country two months ago, and after defeating the gang of thieves that attacked a village in Lawrence’s home territory, he was welcomed as a guest as a thank you.
After calming down, Mila thought while looking at the white smoke rising from the stove.

—Although she personally wants to find Tigre and them as soon as possible, but...

The battle with Zmei, coupled with the influence of being rushed by the river for a long time, even though it was still not immobile, Mila's physical condition could not be said to be very good.

And the real problem is that he has no clue about where Tigre and the others are.

It is not difficult to return to the place where the demon is fighting. Just go to the river and use the power of Lavias to make an ice raft. However, Mila didn't think the three of them would stay there. At this time, they are probably running all over the mountains to find themselves.

—Furthermore, I am also very concerned about Zmei.

That demon will never be wiped out so easily. Maybe, she still hides somewhere in this mountain.

Just then, a woman opened the door and walked in. And this person is Valtrotti.

"Oh, you're already awake."

From the other person's clothing, it is not difficult to infer his prominent status. Olga had no defense against it, which meant that the opponent should be a member of the Lawrence family.

"Nice to meet you."

Mila greeted each other with a kind smile. Valtrotti took off her sword from his waist and sat beside Olga. He squinted his eyes with a happy look.

"It's been a long time, Ludmila Lourie."
Although Mila's eyes widened after hearing the words, she didn't make any other reaction. Instead, he smiled unhurriedly.

The other party did not restrict her freedom, and placed Lavias in a position within her eyes, which meant that she had no intentions against herself for the time being. Although you cannot be negligent, it is also unnecessary to be over-vigilant.

"I'm sorry. I can't remember it. May I see you where I saw you?"

"On the battlefield a month ago. ——Do you have an impression when I said this?"

Valtrotti put her sword together with the sword. Remove the sheath together. It was a sword with ornate decorations from the guard to the hilt. Moreover, the strange atmosphere on the sword proved that it was not an ordinary sword.

Mila covered her mouth. Several scenes came to mind at the same time.

In the battle of Astoruga where Guinevere and Prince Jermaine fought against each other, Mila's troops fought against the Cavalry of Sachenstein. At that time, Mila had met with the enemy's commander.

Because the opponent was wearing armor all over his body at the time, Mila didn't know the gender of the opponent, but Mila still remembers the strength of the commander and the sword in his hand. The main reason is that the sword did not leave any cracks in the confrontation with Lavias, and it exudes an aura that is very similar to the swords of Brune and Asvarre.

"No wonder I can't remember. After all, this is the first time I saw what you look like."

After Mila shrugged exaggeratedly and smiled bitterly, Valtrotti reported her wealth. She also added that she called herself Vais on the battlefield.
"Although it is a nickname, the more important thing is that the name can hide the gender. After all, nearly 90% of Asvarre's men are pirates and other gangsters. As long as they hear the name of a woman, no matter what their length is, they will come and harass people."

Forgetting to hear this passage as a joke, Mila felt a little confused. Considering the sinister relationship between the Sachenstein and the Asvarres, Valtrotti may be serious.

"By the way, Your Royal Highness Ludmila. Why do you, who are the best fighters of Zhcted, appear here?"

Valtrotti asked straightforwardly.

Upon hearing the words, Mila immediately adjusted her posture and said, "All I can say at the moment is that my destination is Hanor and I was on my way down the mountain. Actually, I have something to ask. Did you see three travelers on the way here? They are my traveling companions, and one of them has dark red hair—"

"You mean the Bruneman named Tigrevurmud Vorn?"

Mila closed her mouth as soon as Valtrotti's voice fell. It seemed that Valtrotti had already seen Tigre.

"The other two people I only know looks. They are a young man and an elderly man, right? The three of them have already gone down the mountain. After all, I asked them to do this."

"May I ask you about the current situation of the three of them?"

Mila's voice trembled a little. In just an instant, Valtrotti's big eyes lit up with a kind and gentle light.

"Although it looks miserable, it is quite energetic from the point that they can still walk on their feet."

"You just said asking them to go down the mountain, what's the matter?"
There was a slight stern color in Mila's expression and voice. Tigre and the three of them will never abandon themselves and go down the mountain alone. How did the woman in front of me convince them?

"That's a long story. But this matter is equally important to you. — — Olga, can I ask you to warm up the three-person goat's milk?"

Olga stood up silently and walked to the stove.

After she waited until she brought back the three pottery cups, Valtrotti began to explain the situation.

❄

In recent days, Valtrotti has compiled thirty people up and down several support team soldiers to patrol the mountain as the center area. According to the situation on the day, she herself sometimes led one of the teams.

"You probably already know that the opposition between our local tyrants and the royal family is increasing rapidly. The nearest towns of Hanor and Solmani are the front lines of both strongholds. In addition to the royal family's soldiers will While we inadvertently sneaked into and out of this mountain, recently even the defeated soldiers and pirates from Asvarre, as well as the men and wolves, all sneaked in."

"Wolf?"

Seeing Mila tilted her head and puzzled. Valtrotti went on to explain:

"You and a group of people have encountered it halfway, right? Soldiers of the Goldberg family have reported to me. The wolf refers to a guy who looks empty, expressionless, and will attack others without saying a word."

It turned out to be the soldiers of the royal family. Even now, whenever I think of their faces at the time, Mila can't help but feel a cold back and straight hair. Although it is not clear why they are called "human wolves", they are undoubtedly a group of creepy guys.
"Because of the above reasons, we also patrolled the entire mountain today. And as we approached the top of the mountain, we suddenly heard a huge roar like thunder. When we arrived at the origin of the sound, Olga found you stuck in the river. She is your savior."

"So that's the case. Thank you again for saving me."

Mila again expressed her gratitude to Olga, and Olga heard, lowered her head in embarrassment to prevent others from seeing her expression.

"You are not life-threatening, we judged that we could entrust you to Olga alone to take care of you, and then continue the work of patrol. After that, we met Prince Adris, who led a few of his men. Your companion was by the prince's side at the time. According to your companion, they were running around in the mountains to find you, and saw your Highness being attacked by a wolf, and then they saw that they were rescued bravely."

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, but why would a prince of a country appear in such a deep mountain...?"

Seeing Mila's incomprehensible look, Valtrotti seemed to find it interesting and said with a smile:

"His Royal Highness, he was appointed by His Majesty the King as the ruler of Hanor. So it’s not a particularly strange thing to appear in this mountain. However, His Royal Highness’s visit this time seems to be just to confirm those transformations into that are the case with the soldiers of the wolf."

Mila looked at Valtrotti with a slightly surprised expression.

When Valtrotti talked about Adris, her big eyes were filled with intimacy and affection. It's not like the expression you should have when talking about someone who is in the enemy camp with you.

"So, I asked His Excellency Tigrevurmud and them to escort His Highness back to Hanor. On the contrary, I promised them to protect your safety."
After watching them leave, I Back here. Your Excellency Tigrevurmud, it seems to take you seriously."

After feeling that he had said everything, Valtrotti put the pottery cup to her mouth. After Mila heard this, she stared at Valtrotti in a daze. Even though Tigre and the others were safe, it really made her happy, but now things have become difficult to handle.

"You’re going to let me do what?"

"Of course for us is to turn on your door to welcome guests. Lowe Clarence House may not intend to be an enemy of the Zhcted. You need not so alert us."

"This kind I can’t afford the hospitality. And, even if I don’t know it beforehand, I really shouldn’t break into your territory without permission. It’s more etiquette to leave early, isn’t it?"

"Etiquette...is it? It’s kind of a gesture of kindness though. Means, but we saved your life after all. In return, can you please act with us next?"

Her reply was as early as Mila expected. Now that it is clear that the person saved is an important person in another country, it is even more impossible for the other party to let him go easily. Valtrotti went on to say:

"You just said that your destination is Hanor. And there are also Brunies among the traveling companions. It doesn't look like it is to outsiders. The royal family is fighting our local tyrants and specifically sought foreign aid from Zhcted and Brune. It's the same thing that the princess of Asvarre did."

Mila couldn't help showing a bitter expression after listening. Although it can be denied, she has no substantive evidence. However, being silent is equivalent to affirming the other party’s guess, so Mila still opened up and explained:

"If, I just said if... I said that we are investigating a person who visited this country 300 years ago, would you believe it?"
"Sachenstein has not yet established a nation. Did that character leave any merits to the later generations?"

"If I say, we just want to investigate that...?"

After all, Regarding the Lord of Marksman, Mila only knows the legend of being awarded bows and arrows by the goddess. And neither the demons nor Tigre's black bows could explain to others.

After careful questioning, Valtrotti began to retrieve Mila's question in her head and tilted her head several times to wonder. Soon after, she said with a complimenting smile:

"Because it's too ridiculous, it doesn't sound like a lie. But--"

She shook her head and continued:

"If I were the library manager of the palace, I would definitely feel that you are mentally ill, and I will chase you out of the palace immediately. Even if you have the status of a Vanadis, you have to be self-willed. It's a very pleasant time."

"That's right," Mila agreed. For example, if someone visits Olmutz for the same reason, even if the opponent is a famous nobleman, Mila will find any reason to blast him back.

"Back to the topic. To be honest, I don’t think you are an envoy sent by Zhcted. If Zhcted really wants to join the royal family, it’s impossible to go to Hanor through my territory. However, I'm worried that you might be used by the royal family, so I don't want you to go to Hanor. At least until the end of winter, I hope you can stay as our guest."

"Okay. Then let me stay in the house. I'll be bothering for a while."

Mila happily accepted the invitation just now as if she was pretending to be distressed. Because she has understood that Valtrotti is not the kind of person who cannot communicate with words.
It is also a good way to provide assistance to repay the other party's life-saving grace. If the other party intends to make good use of her, then she only needs to show her strength as a Vanadis. Thinking about it this way, she was the only one who became her guest, and it was rather lucky.

In addition, the matter of Olga, who sits honestly next to Valtrotti, is also quite concerning. Why did she leave Brest for two years? She wants to ask her clearly.

"That's all for sure. By the way, we almost have to go. You can still walk? If you can’t, I can also order the energetic soldiers to carry you back."

"I take your kindness."

There are no fractures, and the body is almost recovered. It is not a problem to take a small path.

Olga took the uniform that had been dried by the stove. Mila thanked her and changed into a military uniform. When Valtrotti tied the sword back to his waist, he asked unintentionally:

"By the way, I forgot to ask you something. This is what the soldiers of the Goldberg family told me. Who is the sacred black-haired woman who fought with you at that time? I went to confirm that it's a battlefield, but it’s like being swept by a tornado. It looks terrible."

"If I said, I was fighting a demon, would you believe it?"

Mila originally planned to tell the opponent just kidding as Valtrotti took the matter seriously unexpectedly.

"Demons.... After all, there is a precedent for a man-wolf. It's not impossible to have that kind of creature."

Mila didn't expect that Valtrotti would have thought about this level and took the opportunity to ask another thing that she cared about.

"Speaking of, why did the soldiers of the Goldberg family appear here? Isn't this mountain your territory?"
If you didn't meet them, you wouldn't end up in this field.

Because Mila didn't mention any demons and demons this time, but instead raised a realistic question, which made Valtrotti show a somewhat relieved expression.

"To be precise, a small part of it is divided into Goldberg's territory, not all of my territory. That man often uses this as an excuse to send soldiers to this mountain. Of course, not out of Well-intentioned. That insatiable guy will try to expand his territory whenever he gets the chance."

"It's tiring to have a troublesome neighbor."

Mila sympathized with Valtrotti from the bottom of her heart. At the same time, he had some understanding of the attitude of the soldiers of the Goldberg family. Because the master who serves is just like that, they become such scumbags.

After coming out of the hunter's hut, there was a forest all around. The mountain trail spreads along the road from right to left, and the slope becomes gentle as you go to the left. In the woods, dozens of soldiers were already standing in it.

After seeing that it was Mila, a man walked out of the soldiers. It was the Goldberg soldier who was dubbed "horse face" by Raffinac. She saw him with an embarrassed expression, bowed his head and apologized:

"Well, how can I say, thank you for your life-saving grace at that time.

"I didn't do anything worthy of your thanks. But next time you don't want to ask travelers for tolls, or don't care about robbing women directly."

The man smiled in shame. After bowing his head again to express his apologies, he returned to the queue.

"Sorry. Although they are not my direct subordinates, it is indeed my fault to let them go."
After hearing the conversation just now, Valtrotti also apologized to Mila. Mila shrugged after hearing the words, saying that she didn't care much anymore.

Valtrotti turned to face the soldiers, conveying that he was going to return to the town of Solmany next. The soldiers of Goldberg were expected to bid farewell to them after descending.

"Can I ask Her Royal Highness Ludmila to be in charge of the Queen? I feel like you will fascinate the soldiers. Olga will go with him."

Is she serious or joking? In short, Mila and Olga came to the end of the team, and Valtrotti took the lead.

After finishing the queue for the soldiers, they went straight down the mountain road.

❄

As night falls, stars gradually come into view.

The sun was shining with dazzling brilliance, sinking into the ridgeline of the westernmost mountains, and darkness completely covered the whole world.

In this corner of the world where the night falls, six big men are sitting around the bonfire.

And they are just Tigre and his party.

When Tigre and his party bid farewell to Valtrotti and went down the mountain to the street, the sky outside was already dark. When all the staff was exhausted, they arranged several breaks on the way down the mountain, which caused them to take so long to walk down the mountain.

The street is surrounded by grassland, scattered with scattered trees, and it is already some distance from the forest. After deciding to camp, the six
people picked up the surrounding branches and made a fire, so that their tired bodies could be well cultivated.

"Sorry. It seems to bother you everywhere."

After a simple meal of jerky and low-strength fire wine, Adris bowed his heads to thank the three of them with a sad look.

In fact, the three Adris didn't realize that they had forgotten their bags somewhere in the mountains until they bid farewell to Valtrotti. Fighting life and death with the soldiers who transformed into adult wolves, coupled with encountering Tigre and them, various factors caused them to completely forget about this matter.

"It's okay. I have forgotten my luggage in the mountains myself. After Hanor, you can just buy us a drink."

Tigre shook his head and told him not to care.

The two young men who followed Adris couldn't help but jealous when they saw the prince waiting to see the three of Tigre in an equal manner. The two of them are the prince's attendants. During the walking in the mountains, it is not difficult to see that the two are quite loyal to the young master, and Adris himself trusts the two.

Although the two of them were using their eyes to indicate that the prince was more majestic, Adris didn't seem to care about these small things.

"By the way, I have something to ask."

Seeing Adris staring straight at him, Tigre nodded and motioned for him to continue.

Since during the descent period, the relationship between the two parties exhausted all their energy just by introducing themselves, they did not delve too deeply into each other's origins.

"Vais said that she would take good care of your companions, who is it sacred?"
After hearing these words, Raffinac and Goruin looked at him with an expression of what he should not do.

However, during the time he went down the mountain, Tigre had already figured out how to answer this question.

"She is one of the seven Vanadis of the Kingdom of Zhcted, Ludmila Lourie."

The surrounding area of the bonfire suddenly became silent. The cold night breeze blows the weeds and fuels the flames.

"So... No wonder Vais uses that tough attitude."

Seeing Adris sighed for a long time, Tigre smiled and said,

"I thought you wouldn't believe it."

"I just figured it out. If you are really just travelers who need help, Vais will definitely let you meet again without saying a word. Don't worry, she will keep her promise to treat your companions. By the way, what is your purpose in coming to our country?"

"Although I say that, you may not believe it..."

Tigre said with this opening remark, and began to explain:

"The Lord of Marksman... We are now investigating the deeds of this character. The only information we have now is that he traveled to this country from Asvarre three hundred years ago."

Adris listened, tilting his head and wondering.

"While some are so rude to ask, however, why do you want to investigate him?"

"It’s possible that the king magic bullet may be an ancestor of the Vorn family."
After thinking twice, Tigre feels that he can speak clearly and understandably.

"The Vorn family where I belong has a long history of contact with Olmutz under Her Highness Ludmila. During the previous civil strife in Asvarre, I served as the guest general of the Zhcted army. With these factors, His Royal Highness Ludmila proposed to travel with me. Her Royal Highness Sofya Obertas also said that her name can be reported on this trip."

"Oh, words from Your Highness Sofya I've seen it a few times. However, it is impossible for you to enter the library of the palace for that reason. Three hundred years ago, it was an era before the founding of our country. After all, the visitor is a Vanadis, although the palace is there. I won't deal with you casually, but I'm afraid I won't let you enter the library to visit it."

Sure enough, it is too brave. The prince's remarks are quite persuasive.

Seeing Tigre's sigh, Raffinac next to him asked,

"Forgive me, but can we visit the library as a reward for saving the prince?"

The prince's entourage listened and stared angrily. Raffinac and Adris shot to stop them from the side.

"It's not impossible to ask me to help with a few good words, but the answer I get will not change. Brune and Zhcted is the same, the information left by the library is classified in detail. Some the materials are only allowed to be viewed by the royal family. Some materials will be allowed to be viewed by the princes, and of course there are some materials that can be viewed by the general public."

"In other words, the materials three hundred years ago cannot be viewed by outsiders from other countries. Is it?"

Some Raffinac who couldn't understand raised his own question. Adris nodded in agreement.
"After all, the information at that time was mainly about the deeds of the father of the founding monarch Grimovaruto and his grandfather. Although I also went to the library to read it, I hope you can wait until my country is a little more stable."

"We are the one. I hope you can forgive me for the offense just now."

Tigre saluted Raffinac and apologized to the other party.

This is the result of course. On the way, Tigre and the others already knew that Hanor was now the area ruled by Adris. The battle with the local tyrants coupled with the problem of the wolf and the man, Adris could not get out of the way to the capital. Just letting him explain the current situation in detail is already very commendable.

──But then again, the king of Sachenstein is really ruthless and terrifying than the rumors.

He would actually send his own son to rule the forefront stronghold for fighting against the local tyrants.

Or is it that the king himself sent Adris with expectation of his talents?

No matter what, what to do has been decided. Tigre stood forward, staring at Adris and said,

"His Royal Highness, it may be a little inaccurate to say that, but I have a request. Can some of us stay with Your Highness for a while? Of course, during this period, we will do our best to help Your Highness."

Whether it is to retake Mila or investigate the matter of the Lord of Marksman, this is the best way.

The position and strength of his party have been shown to the other party just now. The only question is what the prince himself thinks.

Adris was shocked when he heard the words, and the entourages on both sides of him began to talk and persuade:
"His Royal Highness, you must not agree!"

"The companions of these people were captured by the Lawrence family. Hostage! As long as the woman gives an order, they will definitely be ordered to harm His Royal Highness."

"If Vais really has that idea, I will either have become a predator for the beasts, or I have been swarmed by the soldiers of Lawrence and was escorted back to Solmany."

Adris first calmed the two attendants in a gentle tone, then turned to face Tigre and asked,

"Do you think she would let you guys be my guards? It is a serious look that "can show his style as a politician.""

After seeing this, Tigre expressed anxiously his opinion: "She intends to use the Royal Highness of Ludmila to restrict our actions. I am afraid it is a correct guess. However, we don't know who she is. The only one at the moment what I know is that Lawrence is a very powerful local tyrant."

"Then, let me explain it."

Adris began to explain while looking at the bonfire.

"Lawrence has the same long history as the royal family. The power is quite large. The only local tyrants that can contend with are the Goldberg family. Although Lawrence has a vast territory that is far from the prosperity of small towns and villages. He defeated Goldberg, but the local tyrants lost to Goldberg."

"Why is this?"

Tigre felt a little weird. Although he has no good feelings for Vais, he can clearly feel the sincerity of the other party from that brief conversation. The soldiers didn't look like they were forced to obey her.

After hearing the words, Adris laughed while being a little troubled.
"Lawrence not only communicated with the local tyrants, but even the royal family and the princes under the royal family. From the past, Lawrence relied on communication with others to expand his power. In the eyes of others, she’s just an exquisite guy. But despite being disgusted by others, she treats others with a smile during work. There is also---"

The prince paused for a while, and then with an unspeakable expression. Looking into the distance, he said,

"During the civil strife in Asvarre, our country chose to be the companion of Prince Jermaine. Although she led three thousand soldiers to the war, she retreated without achieving any decent results and returned to our country. This is the real reason why the local tyrants are disappointed in her."

Tigre showed a subtle expression. Speaking of it, Mila did mention it. In the battle with the Sachenstein army, he encountered a powerful commander.

"And there is one more thing," Adris looked at Tigre's expression, obviously full of bitterness and sadness.

"Do you have any special feeling when you see her sword?"

Tigre nodded in agreement. The prince seemed a little depressed and scratched his blond hair carelessly.

"That is actually a sword in our country called Balmung."

(Balmung, the sword used by the dragon-slaying hero Siegfried in the story of Nibelungen.)

It turns out that this country also has swords. To be honest, Tigre was surprised and vaguely guessed in his heart.

If the sword is the same as the dragon gear and is made to fight demons, it is possible for each country to have one such weapon. After all, every country has traces of demons.

"However, since it is called a sword, shouldn't it be held by someone from the royal family?"
Why would the local tyrant who is facing the royal family hold that sword?

"Balmung was regarded as a non-existent sword until half a year ago. Although there are related documents in history books, the general public believes that it has been lost. However, we discovered that sword half a year ago... After a series of twists and turns, the sword finally fell into her hands. Then, my father... Your Majesty, he also admitted its ownership."

When mentioning his father, the tired look on Adris’ face suddenly appeared. Sure enough, the relationship between their father and son is not very good. And Goruin, who had been silent until just now, asked in a cautious and respectful tone after hearing the words:

"For what reason did the king of Sachenstein admit his ownership? It is based on the current opposition between the royal family and the local tyrants. Look, the King of Sachenstein should take back the sword even if he sends his soldiers, right?"

"People like me can't figure out what your Majesty's plan was at the time."

Adris shook his head and said. Then he sighed and continued:

"However, after his majesty admitted his ownership, two rumors spread all at once. One of them was that Lawrence conspired to betray the local tyrant and swear allegiance to the royal family. The ownership of the sword, and the other is that Goldberg was staring at the sword in the hands of Lawrence out of jealousy."

They actually used the sword as a tool of political struggle, and Tigre and the others immediately He was speechless by the daring and carefulness of the king of Sachenstein.

──So you found the sword half a year ago.

According to Sofy, Augustus, King of Sachenstein, is forty-one this year. It seems that the other party clearly has the confidence and performance that "it doesn't matter even if you use the sword to fight politically."
"The soldiers who have been chopped off by this kind of sword are also choking."

Raffinac thought casually, but was given a harsh look at the prince's attendants. Adris smiled bitterly as if being stuck in a sore spot, but did not reply.

"His Royal Highness thinks that Lowe Lance will declare loyalty to the royal family?"

After Tigre's questioning, Adris regained his mood with a puzzling expression.

"I have also asked Vais several times, but her attitude is the same as today. According to Vais, the reason why she didn't arrest me or execute it on the spot was because Hanor was under my rule. It’s better to attack. If nothing major happens, she would not easily declare allegiance."

"So what about Goldberg?"

Tigre asked about another one again. He saw the blond prince shaking his head in denial,

"Goldberg is the main warrior who often clamors that he will never submit to the royal family. In one sentence, he is quite combative. However, he It has also gained considerable popularity because of this local tyrant's style."

It seems that he has said everything, Adris sighed softly.

"Well, you haven't answered me yet. Why did Vais push you to me?"

Tigre embraced his arms and pondered the question he raised.

——Speaking of which, her attitude at that time felt like she wanted us to help her.

If you want to use us as pawns, it's the most straightforward way to take us away. She only needs to place Tigre and the others in different places from
Mila, and she can create the effect of threatening Mila with Mila as a hostage, and threatening Mila with them as a hostage.

"She once said that she would send a letter. Maybe she wanted to use our correspondence with His Royal Highness Ludmila to collect intelligence around His Royal Highness, or to send out intelligence to cause chaos here. It's--"

Tigre just wanted to speak, but he didn't think it was possible, so he didn't continue. However, Adris didn't seem to care, and instead used his eyes to urge him to continue. In desperation, Tigre replied with a smirk:

"Perhaps she is just simple, and she may be worried about the safety of your Highness's trip..."

Before Tigre's words fell, the two attendants looked at each other.

Even Adris stared at herself dumbfounded after hearing it, and when she finally recovered, she laughed out loud. The voice of the prince's laughter shocked the two attendants, and finally disappeared into the night sky.

After finally holding back his laughter, Adris smiled heartily and looked at Tigre and said,

"I'm here to officially welcome you to be our guests. If anything happens, please do everything. Oh."

In this way, the trio has officially assisted Adris to join them.

❄

In the third watch at night, the color of the night is further deepened.

By the bonfire, only Tigre and Adris were awake, and they were in charge of the night watch according to their schedule. The remaining four people were sniffing steadily.

"—You asked me about the wolf."
Adris replied while throwing the weeds on the ground into the fire. Although the two had been chatting about trivial matters until just now, Tigre suddenly remembered the man-wolf thing, so he asked the prince by the way.

What exactly is a human wolf?

Although Tigre knew that the wolf was a human being manipulated by Zmei. However, Adris and the others did not know this. He couldn't help but care a little about how the other party obtained relevant information.

"That's what happened at the end of spring. Some of the soldiers started to behave abnormally. As if they lost their souls, they looked like six gods and they lost their minds and started to attack their companions. No matter how they beat them, the soldiers we did not intend to stop the action, even if the injuries are to the point of fracture, soldiers still look without blinking an eye without saying a word. At that time, we may have scared trembling of it."

As the topic deepened, the expression on Adris’ face became more serious.

"In the beginning, only one or two people had symptoms. We tried to tie up those who had symptoms, and brought them to the priests to pray. We also asked them to take all kinds of herbs, but none of them were useful… Moreover, they either disappeared suddenly or lost their lives directly, so we still haven’t found out the cause."

Adris raised his head and looked at Tigre and said,

"There are all kinds of anecdotes about human wolves in our country, and one of them is the story of the wolf spirit lurking deep in the forest relying on humans. The human being relied on by the wolf spirit loses reason, emotion, and speech, and attacks those human compatriots who are not relied upon. As more and more humans are killed, the reliant people will get closer to the wolf itself. The action becomes Like a wild beast, it roars unique to wild beasts, grows thick hair, and finally turns into the appearance of a wolf..."
Under Adris’ explanation, Tigre couldn’t help but think of the seven who chased Adris. Is it because of these few of them that their words and deeds are more like wolves than the men and wolves they first met?

"Is it only the soldiers of the royal family that transform adult wolves?"

"A lot of people thought that at first, and began to insult the local tyrants on how they could use such vile items as poison. However, after careful investigation, later, we discovered that some of the local tyrant soldiers had been transformed into wolves, and the noise finally subsided. However, there are still people who question this, and the two sides have suspicions and resentment."

Adris clasped his fingers hard, as if he was speaking to himself, and said to himself:

"Until now we have not figured out the cause of the matter and the method of treatment. However, we must solve this before the end of winter. It's a matter of course. Otherwise... our motherland will be completely over."

This speech filled with tragic emotions made Tigre look straight at Adris. The situation is indeed urgent, but what about it that has to be resolved before the end of winter?

After realizing that Tigre was staring at him, Adris scratched his head embarrassedly. The last paragraph seems to be the way he left his mouth unconsciously.

However, Adris did not mean to pass the test and remain silent. Instead, he nodded and said the reason: "Asvarre will definitely establish a new system during the winter. Vais once told me. As I said, Princess Guinevere owns the sword of Asvarre. The rumors of the reincarnation of "Bretwalda" (Bretwalda) have already caused trouble in the city."

(Bretwalda refers to the "Overlord" Sephyria, the ruler of Britain—the queen who destroyed the kingdom of Cadiz, expanded the territory of Asvarre and rejuvenated the motherland.)
Tigre felt it was difficult to talk about it, so he didn't reply.

In fact, Tigre did not know whether Guinevere embraced pure ideals or ambitions. However, she did make up her mind to fight bloody battles with her brothers and even defeated the eldest boy on the battlefield.

—*However, that is not a problem for me to deal with.*

Tigre shook his head and waved his mind about Asvarre, thinking about it from his own perspective.

—*I really have to think of a way to solve this problem before the end of winter.*

The only certainty is that so far, many soldiers have become wolves.

Even if this matter is resolved, the dead will not be resurrected. In addition, the reconstruction will take a lot of time. Adris’ words must also contain that level of meaning.

More information must be investigated.

Tigre muttered in his heart while immersed in his thoughts. Let's not say that all of this was done by Zmei, after all, that would cause panic.

If this thing has really been going on for half a year, then there must be some clues about it. Finding clues is what should be done now.

"About the man-wolf, after we can communicate with His Royal Highness Mi... Ludmila, we may be able to exchange the information that both parties have."

Tigre tried to comfort Adris. After hearing this, the prince smiled and thanked him: "Then discuss everything please. However, I don't think Vais will let the situation continue to deteriorate."

In this way, the two talked back to daily trivia. Because Adris was clamoring to hear about the battle of Asvarre, Tigre had no choice but to start describing the situation as fairly as possible.
When Mila stepped through the gates of Solmany, it was the third day since the encounter with Olga and Valtrotti. Those who arrived at Solmany before noon had already had lunch earlier.

Solmany is a medium-sized town, with both towering and thick walls and a moat leading into the river, giving people an impression of invulnerability and grandeur. From the actions and expressions of the soldiers guarding the city wall, it is not difficult to see that they are in high morale and are standing by.

After dismissing the soldiers who followed him, Valtrotti took Mila and Olga onto the street. By the way, Lavias had already tied up with several pieces of cloth before going down the mountain.

On the street, vendors are full of vigor and vitality. Alcohol called fruit wine in Zhcted, biscuits, bundled herbs, fur and sheepskin, and musical instruments made from horns and horns are all sold here. From time to time in the street, clowns and bards would come out to perform and chant. Pedestrians just ate biscuits, drank fruit wine, sang and danced, having fun.

The townspeople who noticed Valtrotti greeted her return with enthusiastic cheers. Valtrotti side to respond to their smiling faces while walking to her side Mila asked:

"How do people here like to say that mouth, only to sell ale, sausages and potato country?"

"Indeed it’s not like there’s something like that."

Valtrotti’s eloquent attitude made Mila couldn’t help but feel a little relieved, but when Mila saw a certain item in the roadside stall, she was indifferent. He rushed straight up without even saying hello to his fellow travelers.
Her destination is a street vendor selling bottled jam. Although the number is small, the variety is abundant, including jams made from apples, grapes, pomegranates, strawberries, apricots, and more. In addition, there are even honey bottles.

Mila's eyes were piercing, and her throbbing heart jumped for joy. Fruits such as apples or grapes not only have different flavors and deliciousness from country to country, but also vary from region to region. This difference will of course also be reflected in the jam made. If you don't buy it now, you will definitely regret it in the future.

The problem is that now he doesn't even have a copper coin in his hand.

"—So you like jam."

Valtrotti, who was standing beside him, said with an unexpected expression. Seeing Mila trembling with her shoulders and falling into silence, she seemed a little pleased, and asked,

"Do you want me to buy it for you?"

Do you mean to buy me...?"

"If you can use jam as a bargain if you buy favors from this Vanadis, then I really can’t ask for it. Don’t worry, since I’ve greeted you as my guest, you don’t have to be polite with me for this small amount of money."

"Thank you. But I will pay you back later. That..."

Mila responded like this under the influence of her self-esteem.

While Valtrotti was buying with the shopkeeper, Mila suddenly looked back and found Olga was standing aside watching them.

Before arriving in the town, Mila tried to talk to Olga several times, but they didn't talk about any results. Although it didn't look like she was disgusted by her, she could clearly feel the sense of isolation between each other from the dialogue.
On the way, Mila remembered that Sofy had said that she had met Olga once, and tried to use this as a guide to chat with Olga, but Olga still just kept her head down. She couldn't help but regret it, why didn't she ask Sofy for more detailed information.

—However, she seemed to really not want to talk about Zhcted and the Vanadis.

Because they still have to live together for a while, Mila wants to know more about her. It's not that you have to be a close friend, but Mila wants to be the kind of relationship with her, at least the next time she meets, she can chat with her.

—And I haven't paid her back yet, so it's kindness to help me warm goat's milk.

Recalling the warmth that gradually penetrated into the tired body at the time, Mila suddenly remembered another thing.

"Do you have anything else you want to buy? —Little Princess Jam?"

At this moment, Valtrotti, who had just returned from shopping, greeted Mila with a joke.

Mila, who turned her gaze, said with a smile, "I still have something to buy, yes," and nodded.

After shopping, Mila and the others passed the Great Temple in the center of the town.

"Here is the shrine that the exquisite Lawrence House is a symbol of the family."

Valtrotti looked up at the three-story shrine with a wry smile.

The appearance of the Great Temple is quite strange.

The structure of the shrine, from the first floor to the third floor, is the first floor with a sense of stability and stability, the second floor with plainly
decorated walls and pillars, and the hall with only one pillar supporting the semi-circular eaves on the third floor. On the eaves, there is also a white statue of a big eagle symbolizing Hrasvalg.

"The first floor is worship Wotan and Tire, Saul's place, on the second floor is the deity of worship before the founding Sachenstein belief venue, the third floor is used to host weddings and funerals in different forms."

"From The scenery overlooking the third floor must be beautiful, right?"

Mila avoided topics related to gods or beliefs, and expressed her thoughts as far as possible.

"Yeah, you can even overlook the whole town from there. Only this point has to be approved."

Valtrotti seemed to be very happy, and nodded happily in agreement.

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In the depths of the town Lawrence mansion, is one with broad courtyard, the use of simple and elegant design of the building, but left it but gives an elegant image.

Valtrotti ordered his servants and maids to take Mila to the guest room first. The rooms are equipped with furniture for daily use such as tables, sofas, etc. It is a very suitable house for living. Mila tried to search to see if anyone was around, but found that no soldiers were monitoring herself outside the house. It seems that the other party really intends to treat himself as a guest.

After taking off her clothes and asking the maid for a piece of parchment, Mila sat on the sofa.

Mila thought about the general content of the letter to be sent to Tigre and the others, and naturally began to sort out the overall situation.
—The matter of the royal family and the local tyrant's soldiers transforming into adult wolves seems to be a major issue related to the entire kingdom.

The antagonistic relationship between the royal family and the local tyrants obviously delayed the time to deal with the situation. Obviously, both camps understand that the problem of allowing people and wolves will cause them heavy losses, but why did they not choose to temporarily abandon their hatred and work together?

—Valtrotti does not seem to hate the royal family.

Mila recalled the conversation with her. Among them, especially when talking about the topic of Prince Adris, she would even remove half of her face, showing her kind and amiable face as the head of the Lawrence family.

If the local tyrants can cooperate with the royal family, Mila can also rendezvous with Tigre. Even if Zmei reappeared, Tigre would be by his side to fight alongside him. The demon hasn't appeared since then. Although the explosion at the time might have injured her a little bit, she must not let her guard down because of it.

After four and a half quarters of an hour, Mila had roughly sorted out the contents of the letter. At the same time, there was a knock on the door.

—Is there anything you want to do right away?

Mila thought so as she opened the door, only to realize that it was Olga. Since she had never thought that she would come to visit her, Mila couldn't help being a little surprised.

"What's the matter?"

"I want to do two tricks with you."

Mila couldn't help but feel a little at a loss. It didn't take long before she had just returned to the town to rest. Why did this girl make such a request?
And Olga was staring at herself intently. It didn't look like he was joking at all.

"It doesn't matter if you want to hit me, but what's the reason...?"

"Because I don't know who you are."

Olga looked up at Mila with her extremely clear blue eyes and began to explain:

"My grandfather once told me. If you want to know who the other person is, you can compete with him on horseback riding, archery, piano, and sheep."

Because she still didn't understand the meaning of the words, Mila asked her to explain more clearly. According to Olga, what her grandfather meant was to let her compete with others on horseback to see who rides faster, to see who can shoot farther or more accurately in the archery competition, to see who is better at singing or playing an instrument, or who eats the most lamb.

"I can't sing, and now I don't have money to buy lamb to compete. If you want to compete horseback riding or archery, I can accept it."

Mila couldn't help laughing. To be honest, she was very happy. Although the method is a little special, Olga is also trying to use his own methods to find ways to integrate with himself.

"I'm actually not very good at archery. Moreover, I don't think I can win the horse race in horseback riding competitions."

If there is a chance for her to see Tigre's archery skills, this girl will say how do you feel?

As Mila thought about this, she continued: "However, I am still a little confident with spears. I will fight with sticks instead of spears, and you can also use weapons that you are good at. Let’s do a few tricks like this."

Olga nodded slightly, and agreed to Mila's proposal.
Having been a guest here for two months, she has roughly figured out the structure of the entire mansion. After preparing the weapons for both sides, she took Mila to the atrium.

"When I have time, I will come here to exercise."

This place next to the wood cutting area not only has a certain degree of spaciousness, but also has furniture such as benches and flower beds. It is indeed a good place for exercise. And now there is no one else in the atrium.

With a long-handled club, Mila looked at Olga's weapon in astonishment.
"I remember it was a farm tool called a pestle from Jaffa?"

Although at first glance it looks like a mallet that can be held with both hands, but the handle is obviously biased toward the head of the pestle. Militsa had told herself before that the pestle was a tool used to thresh wheat.

"This is the first time I have seen someone who can recognize the pestle at a glance."

Olga looked up at Mila with admiration.

"Because the use of a real axe is dangerous, Valtrotti specially gave it to me. It is said that this was a person from Jaffa who visited this town before and stayed with a huge container made of wood."

"If you accidentally get hit, you will feel very badly injured."

Mila said with a wry smile. And Olga, who thought he was underestimated, frowned and said,

"I'm used to it, so I won't get hit!"

Seeing her reaction, Mila chuckled. She seems to be angry when she should be angry.

The two moved a distance of about ten steps, and then faced each other.

"You can start anytime."

After hearing Mila's words, Olga nodded, then lowered his body and kicked out.

Although this sharp action surprised Mila, Mila still stabbed a stick. However, Olga took the blow with a pestle and narrowed the distance between the two sides in one breath.
Mila pulled the club back into her hand, aiming at the opponent's face and stabbing it again. And Olga, just like just now, intends to block the blow with a pestle.

However, at this moment, Mila suddenly twisted her wrist and changed the trajectory of the club. The stick that was precisely pierced through the atmosphere hit the pestle head directly. And it was this unexpected blow that caused Olga's movements to stop instantly.

Mila stabbed the second stick immediately before she could let her hair out.

Immediately afterwards, there was a squeaking sound, and Mila's arm felt a little numb. The reason was that Olga's pestle brushed slightly past the tip of the club. If it were hit directly, the club would undoubtedly be blown out.

—This age, this body, has such an ability.

Mila stretched her distance to adjust her breathing, while admiring herself in her heart.

Weapons such as axes and mallets, although centrifugal force can cause huge destructive power, they tend to lose balance. However, Olga was able to do it, maintaining a fighting stance without being thrown out.

—If you can do this with farm tools, it must be more terrifying when fighting with dragon tools.

Olga used his small body to attack from a lower position. Although Mila stabbed a stick to restrain her movement, she still did not have the slightest timidity to initiate a close combat.

The wind sounded grimly. It seemed that Mila's ability had been tested in the short offensive and defensive battle, and Olga spared no effort to wave down the pestle in his hand. After Mila escaped the blow from the side, Olga immediately slammed a hammer blow from the bottom up. Just after Mila twisted her body to avoid her, the club head pressed directly in front of her again.
—*It is too reluctant to take this attack with a stick.*

Either the stick was broken into two pieces, or it was blown out as a whole.

Mila rolled away to the left, while swinging a swipe with the club. If Olga had launched a blind pursuit, this sweep would have hit her leg, but the other party was not easily fooled.

—*It seems that we have to change weapons like axes.*

After standing up again, Mila let out a sigh of relief while raising the club.

The axe wielded by the Vanadis has no other choice but to dodge.

If you recklessly use a shield or weapon to take an axe attack, you will only be crushed by the axe.

After evading several attacks, Mila quickly jumped back and pulled away. Mila lowered her waist and squatted down, a gesture of confrontation with Olga. She launched a charge without saying anything, as if she wanted to use this to decide the outcome.

Mila stabs a stick, but the target is not Olga, but the ground two steps before her.

Mila jumped into the air with a stick as a fulcrum, and grabbed the stick in her hand, flew directly over Olga's head, and finally landed behind her. Then Mila grabbed Olga's club and quickly pressed her against her before turning around.

"I lost..."

Olga put down the pestle and sighed deeply. Although his breathing was not disturbed, a lot of sweat was dripping from his face. Mila walked to her side, stretched out her hand and said,

"You are very strong. I am afraid I was able to win because of a difference in experience."
Olga wrinkled inexplicably while shaking Mila's hand back. Frown.

"Are you comforting me?"

"I'm encouraging you. By the way, be wary of yourself."

What will happen if there is another battle? The same move will no longer work. But the previous question is did Olga become unresponsive because of the move just now?

"What then, how? Have you understood me a little bit?"

"You are very strong. Moreover, you are a straight and gentle person."

Mila couldn't help but wonder. Can you really understand these things from the test just now?

"You didn't release the water, and you accompany me to the end of the battle."

"I haven't gotten to the level of you."

Mila couldn't help but smile. The girl named Olga was a little bit too straight. But because of this, she can get along with her in the same way she treats the elderly.

Suddenly, a burst of applause came into their ears, and Mila and Olga couldn't help turning around and looking at the source of the applause.

Valtrotti, who was smirking, stood by. She hasn't taken off her military uniform until now, and the sword is still tied around her waist.

"I just came back and tried it out. The war maidens are really energetic."

"You are, are you so busy when you come back? I thought you had changed clothes and went to rest long ago."

See after Mila joked to herself, Valtrotti just smiled bitterly. However, it didn't take long before she quickly retracted her smile and looked in the
direction of the corridor.

A sturdy man was walking from the corridor.

The age of the man is estimated to be about 40 years old. The white hair on his head is as fluffy as a lion's mane, he has a pair of sharp eyes, and the beards under the bridge of his nose are erected in a row with angles and corners. The broad shoulders, thick chest plates, and the legs supporting the huge body are as thick as pillars. Although he is now wearing silk clothes, the armor is obviously more in line with his image.

"So you are here, Lawrence."

Even his voice was as loud as his huge body. Valtrotti glared at the man reproachfully and said,

"If you want to be a guest, please observe the etiquette as a guest, and stay where you are and wait for me to pass, Goldberg!"

"I have no leisure. I can stay where I am waiting for you! I heard that after seeing the prince in the mountains in the north, you guy seems to have let him go again? How many times has this been? Obviously since you it’s been half a year since you inherited the mantle of the Lawrence House, but why don't you seem to have the slightest sense of being the owner of the house?"

The man named Goldberg directly attacked without mercy. Several jewels studded in the fur coat covered with silk were shining brightly with his swing.

However, even after being threatened by Goldberg’s words, Valtrotti calmly replied,

"I said that before? If we kill Prince Adris casually, it will only force them to send more a powerful general is in charge of Helor. Either Krüger, who is known for his defense, or Schmidt, who has the best cavalry command ability in the country, is sent here."
Both of them pledged allegiance to King Augustus and are excellent generals. Goldberg just sneered at this, and said:

"In my opinion, you guy just wanted to find a chance to submit to the royal family. Speaking of, the thin donkey prince told you a few years ago. The proposal came?"

"Four years ago. If you really want to tell the old story, I hope you can remember that my father was killed by the royal family half a year ago."

After Valtrotti responded with awe-inspiring expression, Goldberg just sneered and mocked:

"Your father... if Vajkok saw you now, I really don’t know how he would feel. Although that man would also flatter the royal family, he at least had the same courtesy to treat me."

As soon as Goldberg's voice fell, he showed an expression that he had just noticed, and looked at Mila and Olga. Then he let out a sigh of "Oh".

"Is it the young lady from the prince's house, but they are all fresh faces that I have never seen before."

"May I ask you not to stare at my guests? You will frighten them. Anyway, Dange, the head of the Deberg family came to visit in person. Even if it is uninvited, I have to entertain the ale to show respect."

Valtrotti waved to the two of Mila and walked towards it. Goldberg first looked at the two war maidens with presumptuous eyes, and then left with the owner of the mansion.

It wasn't until the local tyrants disappeared from the field of vision that Mila sighed for a long time and said,

"It seems that it is not easy for her."

With such a bad relationship among the local tyrants, the local tyrants It is simply impossible to work together to fight the royal family. What does Valtrotti think about this?
—Although I have no plans to run into this muddy water, I should investigate first just in case.

Because if you don’t know anything, you will be immobile when you get involved.

However, these are not things to deal with now.

After regaining her mood, Mila smiled at Olga and said,

"Would you like to come to my room after wiping off the sweat? I will ask you to eat the biscuits I bought on the street. I will also make black tea for you. When you want to have a good relationship with others, everyone does this."

"Black tea", Olga’s eyes gleamed like a blue sky.

"I have drunk a drink with horse milk wine added to Muozinel black tea. It's super delicious."

"I haven't tried that pairing. Have you ever had black tea with jam?"

Seeing Olga shook her head, Mila said with a kind smile:

"It's delicious. I'm sure you will love it."

The two left the atrium while talking and laughing.

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There are three servings of biscuits bought by Mila.

Although there is only one type, and the taste is ordinary, but instead, Mila bought several kinds of jam. After placing biscuits, jam, black tea and silver cups on the table, the two sat facing each other across the sofa.

"Let’s try different kinds of jams and find out which one is the most favorite flavor." With Mila’s suggestion, Olga was not polite, filling his mouth with biscuits one after another and ate about 70% of the biscuits alone. She even
refilled four cups of black tea. Whenever she tried different jams, she would be amazed by the taste of jam and savor the taste of black tea with jam.

"It's good if you can drink happily, so that I will make it for you to drink in vain."

Although Olga's mouth and knees are full of the residue of falling biscuits, it is awkward to say that there is no knowledge of table manners. But Mila couldn't say anything when seeing Olga eating deliciously.

Just when the biscuits on the plate were almost wiped out by Olga, Mila pretended to ask nonchalantly: "Olga, what is the purpose of your trip?"

After hearing the words, the thin red-haired Vanadis said this. The expression on her face completely froze. Mila then asked in a gentle tone:

"If there is a reason you can't say or don't want to say, I will never force you. But, just like you want to know about me, I want more. I know you this person."

There was no sound in the house. Mila was drinking black tea while waiting for her response. It doesn't matter if you can't ask about it today. Because she just wanted to tell each other her thoughts.

"—Before answering your question, can I ask a few questions?"

When Olga said this, two hundred seconds had passed.

"As long as I can answer the questions, you can ask."

After hearing Mila's reply, Olga whispered back "thank you" and asked:

"I remember. you became a war maiden three years ago, right?"

Even though he didn't quite understand why Olga asked about it, Mila nodded and agreed.

"At the moment when you became a Vanadis, did you feel that you were not suitable for that identity?"
Mila couldn't help blinking after listening. Because this question is quite rude no matter how you hear it.

"What do you mean by this?"

Although Mila tried to calm her emotions as much as possible before replying, it seemed that Olga had noticed it. This question was quite rude, Olga then bowed her head and said “Sorry" to apologize.

"Actually, I don't think I am worthy of the identity of Vanadis."

Olga's blue eyes, looking at the empty wine glass, gradually became bleak and colorless as the topic deepened.

On the vast grassland east of Zhcted, there lived a group of horse people who lived on nomadic animals.

The eastern half of the Principality of Brest ruled by the earth Vanadis also included this grassland, and the nation immediately returned to Zhcted to lead their own lives. And Olga's identity is the granddaughter of the patriarch of this horse nation.

Surely Olga will become the patriarch of the tribe one day. Olga was aware of this. She is improving her archery skills and horse riding skills every day, and has learned a lot of essential experience as a tribal chief.

In the summer two years ago, Muma suddenly appeared in front of Olga, and the nation immediately regarded it as their honor and celebrated it loudly. Seeing that everyone was so happy, Olga readily accepted the matter of becoming a Vanadis.

However, after being recognized by the royal capital as a Vanadis and going to the palace in Brest, Olga was taken aback by the overall map of Brest presented before him. Because it was only then that she discovered that the hometown where she had been born and bred before turned out to be only the eastern half of Brest, with less than half of the land.

"The world I grew up in was too small."
Olga couldn't help muttering to himself.

The fact of becoming a Vanadis made her feel terrified. No matter how she told herself: "The one chosen by the dragon tool must be able to do it," she still couldn't calm the anxiety in her heart.

In this way, Olga took over the work of government affairs ignorantly, and at this moment, a civil official suggested to her: "Should I appoint several ethnic groups as officials? You should also have a familiar town in your tribe with people who live, right?"

Olga dismissed that opinion. Because it sounded like it in her ears, instigating herself to use Vanadis's position for selfish purposes. The other civil servants who heard of this praised Olga as a noble ruler.

Thinking about it now, that was where she failed the most.

Although Olga tried hard to study and deal with government affairs, he still delayed many important things.

One of the reasons for this is the difference in the feelings between the residents of Brest and the immediate ethnic group. For example, if someone sends in a case of repairing a street and repairing a severely damaged bridge, Olga has to learn the urgency of handling things before he can act.

Not only that, Olga had to improve his money concept. At that time, Olga, when he saw the mountain of treasures piled up in the treasury of the palace, he didn't even know where to use those treasures.

If the people who were familiar with small town life were appointed as officials at that time, they might not have been reduced to this fate. If they were there, they might be able to smoothly adapt the feeling differences between the nation and the residents of Brest, and make correct adjustments.

However, Olga hates that others think that he is a private and public person.
The civil servants' tolerance and patience towards Olga also had a bad influence on her. In the eyes of the civil servants, Olga was only twelve years old, and she had lived a national life before, and she did indeed look like she was dealing with government affairs seriously, so they felt that there was no need to force her too much.

Just one month after becoming a Vanadis, the report of a fire in the Principality reached Olga. At that time, there were several acres of vast wheat fields north and west of Brest, and more than 10% of them were destroyed by the fire.

The fire is a serious matter for the immediate people. Olga was also anxious to deal with it, but she gave the wrong instructions in a hurry, resulting in two conflicting orders being issued.

Just when she was distressed by the distress report that came every day, a war maiden came to the palace where she was. The woman called herself Eleonora Viltaria.

"Are you the new war maiden in Brest? You are younger and shorter than you think."

It was the first time the two met, but Elen laughed unscrupulously. Although being said that she was short did hurt Olga, it was a sense of inferiority that was not as good as Elen's.

Elen put on a dignified attitude towards herself, and also left a kind of approachable impression.

"You saw a war maiden named Sofya Obertas in the palace, right? I heard about you from her. I have something to do here, so I just stopped by to see what your situation is."

Olga explained the situation to the unexpected visitor and said that he had no time to meet her now. Immediately afterwards, Elen seemed to have some idea, and quietly asked her to tell everything.

"The destiny is really amazing, let me help."
At that time, Elen was in the area, and had just been a Vanadis for a year.

However, she was able to stand beside Olga and deal with the reports that were sent one after another with amazing speed. Moreover, it was obvious from the response of the civilian officials that every instruction she gave was correct.

"Did you have any work before becoming a war maiden?"

"Mercenary," the silver-haired war maiden replied. According to Elen, the mercenary group raised her ignorantly, and led her to live a busy life of conquering everywhere.

Olga looked at Ile with admiration. She didn't feel that she could grow into a shrewd and capable war maiden like her in a year.

"You have to prepare food too."

Soon after starting to process the report again, Elen looked at Olga as if thinking of something,

"Can you prepare food for the people who have suffered the fire? They need to have clothes. Although the taxation matter must be re-drawn as soon as possible, the most important thing now is to give them the motivation and physical strength to continue."

"...If you prepare sheep, how many heads are enough?"

Well... about five hundred is enough. And depending on the market, you can also sell a few sheep in exchange for other food."

"I know. I will prepare immediately."

Just then, Olga made another mistake. Because of the negative feelings of self-blame and restlessness, she unexpectedly did not expect to open the treasury to buy the sheep, but chose to raise the food on her own.

Because she felt that it was all her fault.
Even for the horse people who herd sheep on the vast grasslands, five hundred sheep are a considerable number. As soon as Olga imagined their disappointed and discouraged appearance, somewhere in his heart began to ache. However, even with red eyes, she still sent a letter asking for five hundred sheep to the tribe.

Ten days later, Olga's aunt appeared in the palace with 500 sheep.

Although Elen had left Brest a few days ago, all the procedures have been arranged. The civilian officials happily received the sheep and thanked Olga's aunt, and then began to distribute the sheep to the fire-stricken area.

Olga actually felt sorry for her aunt.

Because when Muma appeared next to Olga, it happened a few days after her husband passed away due to illness.

The atmosphere of mourning and sorrow for his uncle's death was immediately overwhelmed by Olga's joy of becoming a Vanadis, and became uninterested. Olga respected and loved her uncle and aunt, but could not say anything at the time. In her memory, she had never spoken to her aunt since then.

Even so, Olga still plucked up the courage and took the initiative to apologize to his aunt for what happened at the time.

However, the aunt said nothing, turned and left Olga's side.

The next day, Olga left Brest without notifying anyone.

Her destination is the royal capital Siregia. Although she felt very uncomfortable in her heart, she couldn't say "I don't want to be a war maiden anymore" to those who sincerely congratulated herself on becoming a war maiden.

After arriving in the royal capital and seeing the king in the palace, Olga explained what happened. However, the king just shook his head and said, "I can't do anything about it."
The dragon gear chooses a Vanadis, and the king is responsible for admitting it. It was not the king who pushed Olga to the position of Vanadis, but the dragon gear. However, the king continued after that:

"You are still very young; why don't you take this opportunity to meet the kings of the world? I don't want you to have to talk to them, as long as you collect enough information. If you do, you will be able to understand a lot of things. In this way, even if you are really abandoned by the dragon gear and return to the life of the nation, I believe that you will definitely gain something in this trip."

In this way, the king personally prepared a letter sent to the King of Brune. After this, when everyone noticed the problem of Olga’s disappearance, he could claim to the public that Olga was secretly helping him deliver his autographed letters.

In addition, the king also agreed to send a civilian to Brest. When there is an order to Brest from the palace, it will be handled smoothly by that person.

Olga gratefully accepted the king's care, and after receiving the autograph letter, he left.

"Give the handwritten letter to Queen Brune. I walked hidden between Brune and Zhcted. After that, I went to Asvarre by boat, but fled to this country due to civil strife... At that time, I met Valtrotti..."

Olga clenched her fists tightly on his knees. The voice tremulously said,

"Obviously, I haven't returned to Brest for two years. However, Muma still did not leave me."

It turned out to be such a thing.

Mila looked at Olga silently, but didn't know how to comfort her.

He has also felt the burden and anxiety that have been pressing on Olga. Presumably, other war maidens have had the same experience.
Obtaining an unattainable status and power without warning, and being forced to change the living environment up to now, it is difficult for people to accept all of this calmly.

―This kid is really too straightforward.

In order to respond to the trust that everyone around her placed in her, she was thinking about it all by herself. But because of this, she couldn't forgive that and betrayed herself that everyone trusted.

Suddenly, there was a certain speculation in Mila's mind, so she verified it to her:

"Are you staying in this mansion specially to help Valtrotti?"

Mila slowly recalling the conversation between Goldberg and Valtrotti just now.

Goldberg did say that it was six months ago that she became the head of the Lawrence family. In other words, when Olga met Valtrotti, she had only been the head of the family for about four months.

"Valtrotti is very gentle to me, so I want to do my part to help her..."

After hearing this, Mila couldn't help but stretch out her hand and gently touched Olga's head.

"I think Muma must like this place like you, so that's why I want to stay with you."

"No!"

Olga raised his face and shook his head vigorously.

"Why would the dragon gear stay with people who don’t have the Vanadis style?"

"In my eyes, you have enough of the Vanadis style."
"But I left everyone."

Olga looked incomprehensible, tilted her head and felt puzzled.

"How should I put it... come and listen to my story."

Seeing Olga nodded, Mila turned her gaze to Lavias standing by the wall.

"My situation is just the opposite of yours. Not only are my mother, but even my grandmother and great-grandmother were also Vanadis."

Mila, who was born as the daughter of Spetlana, was ignorant. Since she was a child, she has been yearning for the ideal figure. Mila looked at her mother's back while exercising her strength, because she believed that she would become Vanadis one day.

"At the moment when I officially became a Vanadis—I am really happy."

However, this matter was not as simple as it said. The main reason why she became a Vanadis was because of the injury of his mother's left arm, and she became a Vanadis only a year after her mother lost the qualifications.

Of course, Mila herself didn't have any feelings or thoughts about this matter. However, these are not the things she wants to tell this girl now.

"You just asked me whether you feel worthy of the title of Vanadis, right? The answer is yes. At that time, I thought there was no one in the world who was more suitable for the title of Vanadis. After all, I watched you grow up at the closest distance."

It's obviously been three years ago, and she still makes Mila shy enough to cover her face in retrospect.

"I thought that I could easily cope with various situations. However, that is not the qualification to become a Vanadis. After all, I just kept looking at the ideal figure in the distance and imitating it. Whenever I encounter a situation that cannot be imitated, when I had to rely on my own strength to solve the problem, the end was terrible."
"Even so, you did not abandon your obligation as a Vanadis."

After hearing Olga's words, Mila Can't help but smile wryly.

"Because I have companions supporting me. Just like I have been watching my mother grow up since I was a child, everyone has been watching me since I was a child. I know even better than myself, what I am not good at."

"Then——" Mila continued with a gentle expression:

"I met a noble person who didn't just see me from Vanadis. No, it might not be right to say that. In fact, many people have already agreed with me who are not Vanadis. That person just helped me notice, that’s all."

Before meeting Tigre, someone had long agreed that Mila was not Vanadis. This is true of father, mother, and Goruin.

But if she hadn't met Tigre, Mila would have never noticed it in her life.

"After that, I was finally able to look away from the ideal figure. I became able to think on my own what it means to meet the Vanadis style, and started to move forward."

After listening to Olga, there was no Instead, she looked at the table with a pensive expression. She seemed to be absorbing the words Mila just said in her own way. Mila patted her shoulder lightly and said,

"You still have time, so you don’t need to draw any conclusions or answers right away. However, I personally like you quite a bit. By the way, would you like a refill of the black tea?"

"I want some" Olga replied immediately.

When he noticed, the light in the room had become quite dim. It seems that they spend more time chatting than expected. Mila called the attendant loudly, and asked the other party to light the stove and bring a pot of hot water.

❄
Almost at the same time they arrived at Hanor. The time difference between the two arrivals was less than four and a half quarters of an hour.

The size of Hanor is the same as that of Solmani. The city walls that give people a strong impression, coupled with the moat built by introducing river water, even these two points are extremely similar.

"Although I was vaguely aware when I looked at the top of the mountain...there are many rivers in this place."

Before arriving in this town, Tigre and the others crossed three large rivers and seven small streams. After hearing Tigre’s thoughtful words, Adris replied with a smile:

"Although our country is called the kingdom of mountains and forests, there can be no forests without river water."

This is indeed the truth. Tigre blushed with shame.

After entering the city gate, the enthusiasm of the noise suddenly came to his ears.

Shops selling ale, steamed potatoes, and salted pork are listed on both sides of the street, and there are endless lines of customers in each shop. In addition, shops selling herbs, furs, processed gems, and wooden artificial flowers are also quite eye-catching.

The bard chants the martial arts poems of the brave generals, and the puppet master plays with the puppet shows of the knights fighting for children. No matter where you go, you can hear the vibrant noise.

Moreover, Adris seems to be very popular among the townspeople, and many of the townspeople greet him with kindness. Some people even said half-jokingly after seeing Tigre and them, "His Royal Highness, why have you brought back a bunch of strange people?"

At the same time, in front of Tigre and Adris, Raffinac was chatting with Adris' attendants.
"I thought that the people of Sachenstein only eat potatoes, sausages, bean soup and the like, and drink only drink ale."

"As you can see, our diet is not that monotonous. We don't just drink. The wine produced by Brune or the cider produced by Asvarre also buys lamb, beef and bird meat. However, potatoes and pork are very cheap, and it is true that we like to drink lentil soup. Beef is too expensive, so I don’t eat it very often."

“No way, who told us that the territory of our country is full of forests, mountains, and forests. Most of the time I only eat those because only potatoes can be grown on barren land. There is also the relationship that pigs can be fed with fruit. The vast wheat fields and vineyards only exist in dreams."

These three people have already established a relationship on the way. According to Raffinac, "Because we all have a messy master, we can sympathize with each other's hardship in many things."

"In short, every place has its own unique way of living."

Adris smiled bitterly after hearing the attendant's conversation, and Tigre nodded in agreement. Tigre, who has visited many places after leaving his hometown, fully agrees with this. One day, he will use this experience to govern Alsace, as well as Mila's place-Olmutz.

At this moment, a girl about seven or eight years old ran straight to Adris.

Upon seeing this, the two attendants immediately ended the conversation and stood in front of the girl. The girl looked up at the two with a confused expression, as if she was about to cry.

"What's the matter?" Adris bypassed the two attendants, squatting on the ground and asking the girl. The girl stopped crying and handed the white flower in her hand to Adris. That is a wooden fake flower.

"People think this one is doing well, so I want to give it to His Royal Highness as a gift."
Seeing the girl stuttering to explain, Adris smiled and picked her up, thanked her while holding her high. After the girl heard it, she immediately showed a smile.

After turning her back on the ground, the girl ran back happily while waving her arms. The two attendants showed bitter expressions and said "His Royal Highness..." in an unspoken manner, Adris could only reply with a wry smile and said,

"You are going to say that I am not careful enough, right? But even if it is me, I have observed the child carefully before talking to her. This is all thanks to the two of you, thank you."

The prince to finish the sentence preempted both, and the two attendants were not good to say more what.

"So that's it. In many things, being able to empathize with each other's hard work means that."

Goruin, who stood behind the two Tigre, nodded in agreement. Because he had to stand behind to protect Tigre and the prince, he did not join the conversation and silently observed the surroundings.

Raffinac chuckled vigorously after hearing Goruin's words. And Tigre put on a bitter face, his heart seemed very hurt.

❄

Adris’ mansion is located deep in the town. Next to the mansion, there are several military flags fluttering in the wind, and the eaves and walls covered with thick ornaments give people a grand and solemn impression.

"After that, I will arrange separate rooms for you--"

Adris, who walked into the hall while talking to Tigre and others, stood there in shock due to the two men waiting for him in the hall.
One of them was wearing a luxurious silk robe, with hard blonde hair, purple eyes and a serious face.

The other was wearing a military uniform based on black, and he was a bald man with a round face. The ages of the two are estimated to be around forty years old from the outside.

"My father...!"

Adris, who recovered instantly, knelt down in front of the serious-looking man. The two attendants who followed him also knelt on the ground. The trio of Tigre hurriedly followed suit.

—His Royal Highness said Father...In other words, is this man Augustus, King of Sachenstein?

Augustus looked at his son with a cold look, and said,

"I heard that you trespassed into the land of the local tyrant with a small number of attendants without telling Kaunitz, didn't you?"

Adris said "yes" with a dull tone, acknowledging it. The atmosphere of joy and stability just disappeared suddenly, and the cold and depressed atmosphere enveloped the people of Tigre.

"Let's talk, what happened?"

At the urging of the father, Adris began to explain the reason for going to the mountains, and explained in detail a series of things that happened after that. After hearing everything, King Augustus sighed and said with a displeased face:

"Adris, I heard Kaunitz say that you have managed this small town well before I came here to take a look, I never thought I heard this kind of thing when I first came here."

On the rock-sculpted face, Augustus only moved his lips and said,
"I thought you suggested that I talk to the local tyrants. Talking about it, even the sword was blown away by the opponent, and only relying on the kindness of others to get a chance to survive, it was too hopeless."

"On the matter of insulting the royal family's prestige, my son has nothing to say."

"Shame is only his reputation, it has nothing to do with the royal family."

Every word of King Augustus was as sharp and cold as an ice blade. Even Tigre, who was on the sidelines, was too nervous to breathe. Tigre couldn't imagine just how tired Adris was mentally, who had directly endured all this.

"You did a good job governing this small town. However, if you meet with the local tyrants next time, they might as well kill you directly. I think the townspeople will be angry because of your death. Endlessly, bravely, you have to take the weapon in your hand and ask to be the vanguard to wipe out the local tyrants."

After hearing this, Tigre couldn't help but raised his head. A sensation of frostbite on his back followed. Although Adris' actions were indeed brave and intrepid, the father shouldn't say this to his son.

"In order not to incur that kind of future, the children will definitely go all out and go all out..."

Adris just responded with all his energy.

After having said everything, King Augustus, accompanied by the man in black, prepared to leave here. Seeing this, Adris raised his head and said to the emperor:

"My father, I have something to ask! Regarding the man-wolf thing, please be sure—"

"Compared to the trivial thing like the man-wolf, you might as well take the focus is on consolidating the city."
King Augustus interrupted his son and said coldly:

"Now that the cause and the treatment are not clear, it is simply as difficult to deal with that matter. On the contrary, the consolidation of the city-state can make a difference at once. No matter how you want to avoid fighting with the local tyrants, don’t put all your focus on that kind of thing."

Adris was slammed speechlessly. His shoulders were still shaking.

After King Augustus left the hall, the two attendants got up and comforted Adris from left to right. Although the prince smiled and said that he was okay, he seemed to be forcing himself to laugh, which was really distressing.

Tigre also stood up, and said to the prince tremulously:

"Your Majesty, we haven't eaten in the rush to come back. Why don't we eat something to fill my stomach? My stomach is also hungry."

Adris stared at Tigre in a daze, then immediately adjusted his mood and nodded in agreement.

"Speaking of which, I really promised to buy you a drink. —— Let's go."

At this time, the smile on the corner of the prince's mouth, although only a little bit, did make people feel the usual heartiness.

❄

Adris, who led Tigre and his group out of the mansion, went straight to the alley two blocks away from the main road. Seeing that he was so familiar with the geographical structure of the town, Tigre was quite surprised.

—— It's no wonder that King Augustus, who has always been serious, would say that he has done a good job in governing the town.

By the way, his two attendants did not follow. They probably thought it was time for the prince to relax, and there would be no safety concerns with Tigre and the others.
Soon after, Adris stopped in front of a store. It was a wine shop with magnificent decoration that made people feel that it shouldn't be opened in an alley. The blond prince entered the shop leisurely. The three of them, who hadn't changed their outfits, followed him in while wondering if it would cause trouble to the clerk.

Fortunately, the clerk only entertained them coldly and helped them arrange a compartment deep in the store.

After taking off their coats, the four people sat in front of a four-corner table. Adris had already ordered the meal when he entered the store, and immediately there were bottles of ale and cups calculated by the number of people.

"This glass is really big."

Tigre looked at the glass with interest. The glass has the shape of a cylinder and a handle. This is completely different from the round container with short handles he usually uses.

"This is the cup that the brewing craftsmen came up with. We all call it a Seidel."

(Seidel refers to a big beer mug.)

Adris took the bottle in her hand and poured wine into the light glass. His movements are quite natural. At this time, Tigre and the others determined once again that the attendants didn't follow it because they wanted the prince to do what they liked.

"Is this really, ale...?"

Raffinac was confused. Because the ale he saw through the glass gave out a golden glow like the setting sun. Adris smiled and nodded, and urged them to try it quickly.

After thanking the prince with his gaze, Tigre took the light wine glass to his mouth and drank it. The faint scent that came out of his nose was really
shocking, and the sweetness and a bit of bitterness spreading in his mouth also made him want to stop.

—*It is indeed not wine, but the taste of ale. Yes, but...*

Not only Tigre, but even Raffinac and Goruin looked at their glasses without a word.

Although Tigre has drunk ale produced in Sachenstein, each ale has the color of burnt meat, and all can only taste bitter. This made him think at one point whether Sachenstein people like to drink very bitter wine.

However, the wine he’s drinking now is different. A reassuring fragrance hits the nose, and the sweet taste gradually spreads in the mouth. Only a little bit remained, and the bitterness of ale was on the tip of the tongue. There is a feeling that you can accept no matter how much you drink.

"It seems to suit your appetite."

Adris smiled and drank the ale in his glass.

"The owner of this shop will let customers drink his own homemade wine. The ones that are well done will be sold as they are now. I admire his spirit very much, so I especially like to come here to drink. And even if I come, the other party He wouldn't treat me as a prince alone."

Even though he felt that the second half was the real reason for his coming, Tigre closed his mouth and didn't say anything. Although it is hard to imagine, being born as a prince will undoubtedly run into many troubles. Plus, his father was still that kind of person.

—*Moreover, this wine is really good.*

Raffinac and the others had already drunk the wine in the glass. Tigre was not polite either, he drank the wine in one sip, poured the remaining wine in the first bottle into his glass, and ordered the second bottle of wine to the clerk.
While they were talking about trivial topics about ale, the food was on the table.

From common home-cooked dishes such as pork sausages, salted boiled potatoes, coleslaw, to floral soup boiled with a lot of herbs, mutton boiled with fish sauce, sliced pork and mushrooms The whole table was filled with stuffed toast and other dishes.

It is indeed the prince's favorite meal, everything is quite delicious. Tigre took this opportunity to feast on them.

"Speaking of which...Your Highness, you seem to like the way you pour someone a lot?"

Tigre asked jokingly while drinking the third glass of ale. He only poured the wine on his own during the second drink. After that, Adris would take the initiative to help him pour wine. Although he did not intend to trouble the prince, the prince had already picked up the bottle whenever he noticed it.

"Yeah. I have developed this habit when I noticed it. My friends said that I have seen people being called from my childhood until most of my time, and I got this old problem after imitating them. Although my mother and attendants reprimanded me often, but whenever I noticed it..."

Maybe the attendants didn’t come here not to take care of the prince’s mood, but to be taken care of by the prince, maybe, Tigre couldn’t help but secretly miss it. Not to mention Raffinac, who was already drunk and drunk, and Goruin, who had lived as a knight for many years, had already been so scared that he was motionless, like a human statue.

"By the way, can we talk about something serious?"

Adris asked calmly, tilting his glass.

"Serious topics mean...?"
Tigre looked confused. Tigre and Adris had already drunk three glasses of ale. If you use a wine glass, which is larger than a normal wine glass, to calculate, they have actually drunk a lot.

Seeing Tigre's reaction, Adris, in order to reassure Tigre, went on to say:

"In short, I just want to ask you something. Other important things will be left to ask you later. Yes. I didn’t drink wine to force you to make a strange agreement."

In this case, it is understandable. Having said that, you have to concentrate when listening to others. It is better to slow down your drinking. So Tigre ordered baked beans and mushrooms to the clerk.

Even though he knew that he had to speak up, Adris looked unspoken. Adris, with his mouth open, has been looking at the ale in the glass with a thoughtful expression.

"If you have something to worry about, let's talk about it first? This will make it easier for us to put forward a variety of different opinions. Besides, we are all outsiders, so you don't have to worry."

With Tigre's care, Adris raised his head and whispered "Thank you."

"I mentioned this matter to you a few days ago. If we don't quickly find a way to deal with the man-wolf case, our country might... be in disaster."

Tigre nodded in agreement. After taking a sip of ale, Adris said,

"Besides, I have to deal with the relationship with the local tyrants by the way. On this issue, my majesty and I hold opposite opinions. Although my majesty advocates they are wiped out, but I want to persuade them to join the ranks of the princes to solve the problem."

"I, an outsider, may not be appropriate to make this kind of opinion, but you really can't accept them for self-government?"

"Impossible "The blond prince replied immediately.
"The autonomy they pursue is to have real power equal to the king. It is fundamentally different from the royal family's recognition of the existence of the princes. Moreover, many lords come from the families of local tyrants. I think they will be dissatisfied. At that time, I still have to worry about whether they will form an alliance with countries such as Asvarre. Looking back at the history between the royal family and the local tyrants, this kind of thing really happens often..."

Adris shook his head and spit out alcohol, staring straight at Tigre and said:

"In the most ideal situation, I hope to get the help of the local tyrants to solve the wolf problem. And through this feat, I can get your majesty's promise and the local tyrants we negotiated to join the ranks of the lords... No, let's not talk about such scenes. I hope they can submit to the royal family."

"I understand your thoughts, but I would like to ask, what is the current gap in combat power between the royal family and the local tyrants?"

Goruin asked with a serious face.

"According to Kaunitz's investigation.... Speaking of which I haven't introduced yet, Kaunitz is the man in black who stood next to his Majesty before. He is in charge of commanding the soldiers in this small town and is a trustworthy guy. According to what he said, the royal family and the local tyrants are currently on a seven-to-three basis."

"The situation is very serious."

Even if the royal family has twice the fighting power of the local tyrants, they can't all be used for such things as civil war. Because that would allow foreign forces such as Brune or Asvarre to seize the opportunity to attack them with troops.

"If it develops into a war of annihilation, even if we win, we won't be able to retreat. We will even be taken advantage of by other countries... Of course, Your Majesty also knows this matter very well in his heart."
Adris did not continue. Fiddling with the wine glass, he sighed deeply and said,

"That's why your Majesty, he will not hesitate to move troops in the winter and have a victory. I want to let the local tyrants return as soon as possible and start rebuilding immediately."

"His Royal Highness just said that he wanted to persuade the local tyrants to submit. Right now..." As soon as Tigre's voice fell, he guessed what the prince wanted to discuss. And Adris’ face is now with a bitter smile.

"I can't find any clues to sit down and talk with them at all. I want to avoid fighting with the local tyrants, and I want to deal with the problem of men and wolves. I will end up in this way. Make your own feeling."

Tigre slowly spit out the alcohol in his body, and said with a smile:

"Even so, I still agree with His Highness."

This is Tigre's most real thoughts, because this idea is obviously better than Augustus. King's approach is more acceptable. Moreover, if it were to fight against the local tyrants, Mila might still be in danger of life.

"First of all, we will provide assistance with the human wolf. Is this okay?"

"Then I can't ask for it, but..."

Adris put the light wine glass back on the table, staring at Tigre and asked,

"Although you came to help me because of your Royal Highness Vanadis and searching for your ancestors, you really need to help me. How far...?"

He confronted the wolf twice, so he wanted to help.

Tigre had intended to say that, but unexpectedly, the drunkenness of the ale caused him to accidentally miss it.

"I just want to let my beloved woman get free as soon as possible."
As soon as Tigre's voice fell, the smile on Goruin's face suddenly disappeared. Of course, Tigre knew that he had made a mistake. But Raffinac had been drunk by the wall at some point.

Adris heard his words, exposing very serious expression positively responded:

".. I can understand how you feel about these things; I will repay your kindness as much as possible I promise."

Under the influence of bashfulness, Tigre became flushed. He lowered his head and asked vaguely,

"Well, your Highness said that he can also understand it. Does it mean that you already have a sweetheart?"

After a breath, Adris whispered, "You found it." ".

Could the lord be as drunk as me? While Tigre was thinking this way, Adris poured the ale into the light wine glass and went on. Now that it’s the matter, I can only bite the bullet and listen, Tigre and Goruin hurriedly set up their sitting positions.

"That happened when I was fifteen years old, which is four years ago. One day in early winter, His Majesty and the local tyrants signed a treaty of truce before the spring, and held a banquet in the capital. The reason is that the poor harvest of grain that year caused neither side to send troops. The banquet also hosted the local tyrants. And I met her at that time."

Adris drank the golden ale and continued:

“I do not deny that I was attracted by her appearance. However, her upright attitude to anyone is even more amazing. Even your Majesty, Vais can talk with her calmly."

After listening to them, Tigre and Goruin couldn't help looking at each other. ‘Did I just ask a question that shouldn't be asked’, Tigre thought.
"After trying to chat for a while, the congenial we became friends immediately. A few days later, I proposed to her, but I was immediately rejected."

This is a matter of course, Tigre thought. How could a powerful local lady accept the lord's proposal?

—No, maybe there is a show...?

Recalling Valtrotti's actions in the mountains at that time, Tigre fell into contemplation. Perhaps she herself has a good impression of the prince.

While Tigre confessed Adris' enthusiasm to the ears, he decided not to pursue the matter further. Because he just had to deal with his relationship with Mila, he was already very busy and exhausted.

In the end, after the sun went down, the four came out of the wine shop.

"Sorry.... I seem to be a little tired."

Even though Adris has woken up from alcohol, she still has to walk on Tigre's shoulder. And Raffinac was barely able to go on the road with the support of Goruin. Fortunately, the sky nearby has dimmed. After all, you can't show the townsfolk the drunken prince.

"By the way, Lord Tigrevurmud. I actually have something else I want to ask you."

Goruin, who was walking beside him, whispered to Tigre. What do you want to ask? Although Tigre was a little surprised, he nodded and urged him to continue. The elderly knight further lowered his voice and asked,

"The demon who fought with His Royal Highness Ludmila in the mountains. I always feel a bit like Master Spetlana."

After Goruin finished his words, his enthusiasm suddenly moved from Tigre's face. Only a very small number of people know about Zmei’s possession of the body of Mila's grandmother Van Valtoria. Others must not discover this matter.
Goruin looked at the young man's tense face, and then asked:

"However, if it is really Master Spetlana, Master Ludmila's reaction may be more than that. —It is actually Master Van Valtoria, right?"

Three seconds later, Tigre nodded in agreement.

Although only for a short period of time, Goruin served Van Valtoria as a knight. Tigre, who knew this well, didn't want to deceive him about this matter.

"Thank you, for being willing to tell me the truth..."

At this moment, in Goruin's eyes, a silent anger was completely ignited.
Chapter 3 - Don't Burn the Village

Ten days have passed since Tigre and the others came to Adris’ mansion as guests.

Compared with the increasingly severe winter, the investigation has not achieved the slightest gain.

Even though Tigre and the others had asked Adris' attendants to teach them Sachenstein, and watched the lord's so far collated and investigated documents about human wolves, they still found nothing.

And today, Tigre, Raffinac, and Goruin came to Tigre's room after breakfast. They have been reporting and discussing the information they have investigated here.

"In some units, almost the entire team of 20 people has been transformed into human wolves, and some units have only one or five or six people transformed into human wolves, so I don’t know why... No matter how you look at it, the information is uneven.

Head over." Raffinac said with a sigh, leaning his entire body on the sofa.

"The only thing that is certain is that only the soldiers have been transformed into human wolves. And it is also the soldiers who have left the town or village for more than a day because of factors such as crusades against bandits, disputes, or patrolling the streets of the territory. Because it is not just small the residents of the town, even the soldiers who defended the town, have no record of being transformed into adult wolves."

Tigre answered Raffinac's words with a complicated expression. If there are people in even the city who are transformed into adult wolves, it will
definitely cause the local residents to panic, and the situation will be out of control.

Although this can be roughly confirmed, leaving the town to go out is a dangerous thing. But what is strange is that there has been no report of the traveling merchants or bards who were traveling between towns and villages being transformed into adult wolves. Moreover, there have been no rumors that villagers have been transformed into adult wolves. Obviously, every village has more or less that kind, and it takes a whole day to go back and forth between towns and villages to buy goods.

"The soldiers have nothing in common regardless of their age or the units they belong to. In other words, the demon randomly selected a soldier to transform into an adult wolf..."

Goruin sitting on another sofa. He fell into deep thought with a bitter expression.

"First, whether she in the end why should it transformed human adult wolf, focusing on why she had taken this approach to work. However, to the idea of what speculated Demon, has always been a fantasy thing ......"

Zmei had never appeared in front of Tigre and them since the battle in the mountains. Because the report of the soldiers being transformed into adult wolves continued until a few days ago, it is not difficult to infer the fact that she is still lurking somewhere. The problem is, they haven't been able to find out where that place is.

"I thought we had the clue of Zmei, and we could find some clues when looking at these records, but I didn't expect..."

Tigre sighed and looked towards the bed.

"Except for knowing that Mila is safe, nothing has been gained."

There was a letter from Mila six days ago. Solmany was three days away from Hanor. This means that Valtrotti has to abide by the agreement
between them.

Mila wrote in the letter that she was safe and sound, she temporarily stayed at Valtrotti’s house in order to solve the man-wolf problem, and she felt guilty about postponing the reunion: Tigre and Goruin were seeing after this letter, I was finally relieved.

After all, it was impossible for Tigre and Goruin to let others imitate Mila's handwriting to write a letter.

"If this letter was really written by someone from the Lawrence family, it would be impossible to mention the man-wolf issue in the letter. I will only write something. I have a position as a Vanadis, so I want to wait quietly. Things like the end of the matter."

"Moreover, the letter also mentions that we want to investigate the man-wolf. It's like coming to rescue me, or looking forward to the day when we meet again, and so on. The word is not mentioned. For Master Ludmila, it must be a matter of course to be able to meet again without help. It is indeed like that adult’s style."

After reading the letter, Tigre and the others wrote immediately. Okay, reply. Upon hearing this, Adris happily picked one of his subordinates and sent him to deliver the letter to Solmany. They will probably receive a reply from Mila tomorrow or the day after tomorrow.

——Mila must be investigating the man-wolf matter now. What can I do without working hard!

Tigre encouraged himself to cheer in his heart, and then picked up the pile of parchment on the table again. Although he didn't know how many times he had read these survey materials, he might be able to gain something by looking at it again.

"If there is still no progress today, let's just borrow troops from His Highness to fight against bandits and the like?"

This joke from Tigre made both Raffinac and Goruin laugh.
After that, when the time came to noon, Tigre was called out by Adrienne.

After entering the office, the blond prince and the bald man in black were waiting for him. Is Kaunitz here? Tigre was a little nervous, and quickly adjusted his posture.

In fact, Tigre is not very good at dealing with this bald man.

Although he didn't have any impression of him when he first met, Tigre didn't realize until later that it was actually because of the strong relationship between the majesty and coldness of King Augustus at that time. A few days later, when Tigre passed by in the mansion, the cold vision from him really frightened Tigre.

According to Adris, he was actually warning Tigre and his group. After all, Tigre and the others had no idea, so it was only natural that they would have this kind of reaction. Instead, Adris was a little too familiar.

However, even if he understood the reasons behind it, Tigre still couldn't get used to the feeling of being watched. And Kaunitz is still very busy, so the two have rarely seen each other a few times.

Because of this, when Tigre stayed in the same place with him, he felt a little embarrassed.

Tigre took his attention away from Kaunitz as much as possible and saluted Adris. At this time, the smile on Adris’ face was obviously much harder than usual.

After Adris nodded, he told Tigre the reason for calling him.

"I have to stay in this town for the time being. That's why I summoned you to come."

"What's the matter?"

After Tigre's concern, Kaunitz frowned and replied,

"We are going to launch an attack on Goldberg's territory."
His words made Tigre blink involuntarily. Didn't Adris advocate persuading the local tyrants by negotiation? Why did you just turn your face and say you want to attack them?

"Late night yesterday, we received a report. It was said that several villages in the northwest were attacked by the Goldberg Army."

After walking for nearly two days from Hador to the northwest, he entered Goldberg's territory. However, the territories of the local tyrants changed day and night, and often changed, Adris added.

In short, the local tyrants walked out of their sphere of influence and attacked three villages within the sphere of influence of the royal family. It is said that the soldiers of Goldberg set fire to houses, plundered livestock and food, and mercilessly beheaded the resisting villagers, and then left leisurely.

—How different is this from bandits!

Tigre was furious after hearing this. No wonder Adris smiled so hard just now.

However, the youth is also clear about the other's intentions.

"Goldberg is obviously provoking us. Even so, is it necessary to fight?"

The other party is staying in his own territory and waiting for the rabbit. If you are driven by anger and march rashly, you will undoubtedly suffer a fully prepared counterattack.

It was not Adris who answered Tigre's question, but Kaunitz.

"If we do nothing about this, Your Highness will definitely be discredited as a ruler who always abandons the people. Not only that, Goldberg will surely spread rumors that slander His Highness’s reputation. Push your nose and face to continue attacking other villages. We were also forced to start the action. However, this does not mean that we will be at the mercy."

The next passage of Kaunitz really made Tigre surprised.
"We plan to burn down more villages in Goldberg's territory to give a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye."

"Please wait a moment...!"

Tigre yelled involuntarily. Doing so will only add to the pain of the leaders on both sides, and Tigre could not bear such retaliation. However, Kaunitz squinted his eyes in astonishment, stared at him and said,

"I remember you are Lord Tigrevurmud, right? What are your reasons for objection? Could it be that you intend to suggest us Face off against Goldberg's army?"

"No, I didn't mean that..."

Tigre was speechless when asked, and turned his attention to Adris.

"At present, only three thousand soldiers and one hundred mercenaries are stationed in Hanor. Considering the food and fuel reserves, only one thousand infantry and mercenaries can act immediately. Although it is not clear Gold Bay How many troops does Grid have prepared, but if you say less, you have to have two thousand, and if you have more, you may even have five thousand troops."

Adris grimaced bitterly as if swallowing a very bitter pill. Although resenting Goldberg's actions, he actually opposed the proposal to attack the village. However, when no alternative can be found, he is not good at opposing Kaunitz's proposal.

"If you burn down the village, you only need to send two or three hundred soldiers. Moreover, the number of Goldberg troops who came to attack the village is said to be on the same level."

Kaunitz's repeated urging voice was like forcing Adris to make a decision.

—Does this person have received any orders from King Augustus?

Kaunitz's clear and calm attitude made Tigre unable to help making such a bold conjecture.
Either launch a brave and unscrupulous battle to kill your own soldiers, or attack the villagers in the enemy territory. If you really have to choose one of these two options, the answer is obvious.

—But if you really did that, your Highness might not be able to go back.

If the village is really set on fire, will Adris’ idea of persuading the local tyrants to submit to the royal family will be affected by this? The answer is yes, Tigre thought. Even if Adris really persisted, he will undoubtedly have to live in this haze from now on.

—I will never allow this to happen.

Although he understood that he was so naive, Tigre didn't want to abandon his naivety.

After racking his brains, Tigre finally had an idea.

"His Royal Highness, I have a suggestion. Although the practice is a bit vicious, I hope you can listen to it."

As if attracted by the vicious word, Adris looked at Tigre. And Kaunitz looked at him with interest. After adjusting his breathing, Tigre talked about his idea.

"This strategy requires a lot of food and fuel. Also, I need to ask you about the local tyrants that are next to the Goldberg Territory..."

After listening to the explanation, Adris eyes sparkled. The corner of his mouth raised a smile and said,

"It is indeed a vicious strategy. But, I like it. Just prepare two hundred soldiers for you by tomorrow, right?"

"That's right. It's from me, Goruin, and Raffinac is in charge of the command."

After answering Adris, Tigre cast a quiet glance at Kaunitz.
Tigre thought he would oppose this idea, but he didn't expect that he would just listen in silently.

In this way, Tigre officially joined the struggle between the royal family and the local tyrants in this form.

❄

The next morning, Kaunitz introduced the hundred mercenaries mentioned before to the three of Tigre.

"It has been ten days since you came to Hnor. Although most of the soldiers know that you are the saviors of your Highness. However, some soldiers are jealous of you because you are too close to your Highness, and some soldiers do not want to listen to foreigners' orders."

Because the number of the latter is unexpectedly large, Kaunitz specifically screened the number of soldiers to about 100. Mercenaries replace the remaining shortcomings.

"Thank you very much. But why are you willing to help us do this?"

After listening to Kaunitz's explanation, Tigre was surprised and thankful, and asked the question he had always wanted to ask. Because Tigre always felt that he was hated by him, he thought that the other party might keep some distance from him.

After hearing this, the bald knight didn't even look at Tigre, and replied with the same attitude as yesterday:

"I just want this strategy approved by His Highness to succeed."

Under the leadership of Tigre, Raffinac, and Goruin walked outside the town.

Tigre holds a black bow and a quiver around his waist. "You'd better bring weapons that you can handle." With Kaunitz's advice and Goruin's consent, Tigre wore a black bow.
"However, I didn't expect to command the mercenaries... They are not all inconsistent guys, right?"

Seeing Raffinac's frowning face, Goruin quickly comforted:

"Compared to the soldiers who are ordered by us, the mercenaries are better to command."

"Do mercenaries really obey our orders?"

"They look at money and do things."

After Kaunitz interrupted, Raffinac closed his mouth.

"Speaking of which, although there are only a hundred people, what is the reason for hiring mercenaries? Do you think that the soldiers under your Royal Highness are not enough to defend the town?"

Goruin asked in a puzzled manner. Later, Kaunitz shook his head and denied:

"The reason is very simple, because if we don’t hire them, Lawrence or Goldberg will hire them. In fact, there are many mercenaries between the local tyrants and us. However, after the rumors of human wolves spread, most of the mercenaries have gone to Brune or Asvarre, even if there is no rumor that the mercenaries have been transformed into adult wolves."

"In other words, they still stayed there. Are the mercenaries here all courageous guys?"

When asked by Tigre, Kaunitz glared at him sharply, and then replied,

"It's also possible that they are just a bunch of fools. That's fine. You have to make your own judgment."

The mercenary camp was set up some distance from the city gate. And a hundred mercenaries lived there as they pleased. Some people start drinking early in the morning, some are arguing with each other, some are hosting a casino, some are taking a nap, in short, there is everyone.
That's how it feels....

Not only are they just a bunch of vulgar and nasty guys, they also carry an unruly and wild aura. Tigre has a deep understanding of this.

Kaunitz spoke to one of the mercenaries and ordered him to call the commander.

Soon after, a man walked up to Tigre and them. His name is Simon, 35 years old this year, he has a medium body that is neither fat nor thin, and his hardened muscles are covered by heavily worn leather armor.

"I've heard the details. Are you the commander? You look so young."

Simon first glanced at Tigre, and then turned his attention to the black bow in his hand.

"You make a bow? I heard that you are from a Brune."

Of course he would have this unexpected reaction. After all, there are few Brune who are good at making bows. After Tigre replied "Yes," Simon looked lost in thought.

"Your boy seems to be trusted by that good old man Prince Brother? Are you in charge of us?"

"Yes, that's it."

Tigre read the meaning of his words, showing a bold and fearless smile.

——He wanted to say, if you want to command us, let's show our hands.

Unlike the soldiers under the prince’s command, they paid more attention to contractual relationships and financial benefits.

However, money alone cannot ignite their fighting spirit. It is necessary for them to see their own abilities and follow the instructions on their own initiative.
"Simon, why don't we have a game? You select ten archers who are good at archery from your subordinates. You can only use bows and arrows, not crossbows. If anyone shoots better than me, give it more. Your two silver coins are paid. Of course, each person will give two."

"Hey...you are a big deal."

Simon whistled some deliberately.

"Is there no one among the soldiers who shoots better than you?"

"They will worry about the prince's mood, and they will not use their true ability to compete with me."

Tigre shook his head somewhat helplessly. Of course, he has not actually competed with the soldiers of the royal family in archery, but if he says that no one shoots better than him, it may cause the opponent's excessive alert. He had to make Simon think it was a winning game. You can't fool the other party if you don't say so.

"What if we lose here...?"

After Simon showed a thoughtful expression, he asked Tigre helplessly.

"If you lose, you will deduct 10% of your commission. I suggest that you choose people to play again."

"Don't forget what you are saying now. After all, you big men are always unbelievable."

Four and a half minutes later, Simon took ten mercenaries to the grassland some distance from the camp, and Tigre and the others were waiting for them. Looking around, there are both sturdy men with strong statures and dwarf villains with childlike statures. And each of them was testing Tigre with provocative eyes.

"By the way, how do you plan to compare?"
At the sound of Simon's question, Tigre diverted his attention. In front of Tigre and the one hundred, two hundred, and three hundred arcs, three circular targets were set up.

The target was borrowed from Simone in advance by Tigre. He had set up all the targets while waiting.

"Shoot an arrow from here to the three targets ahead. Whoever can shoot the farthest and closest to the center will win. It's very simple."

There is actually another reason for the match between Tigre and Simon. He wants to form a team of archers who are good at archery. He thinks that this unit is an indispensable existence if he wants to fight in this kingdom of mountains and forests.

"I understand the rules. Let's start first, right?"

Simon confirmed to Tigre. Tigre nodded affirmatively.

Ten mercenaries stood side by side, raised bows and arrows, and started shooting arrows in order. After visually inspecting the approximate distance, four of them hit the target of one hundred Alshins, and the remaining five shot the target of two hundred Alshins. Although the last man shot missed, he shot the arrow two hundred Alshins away.

Simon was convinced of his victory and smiled and said,

"After you hit the target of two hundred Alshins away, shall we have another final?"

"There is no need."

After a short answer, Tigre asked Raffinac and Goruin watched the mercenaries and focused on the farthest target. He put the arrow on the black bow, waited for the gust to blow, and shot the arrow.

The bowstring disturbed the atmosphere, and the arrow directly hit the center of the target at 300 Alshins.
For a while, everyone was silent.

Simon and the mercenaries stared blankly at the distant target, silent for a long time. After ten seconds passed, one of the mercenaries finally said "It’s not true, right?” This was the expected reaction for Tigre. He stretched out his hands to the mercenary.

"Lend me your bow and arrow."

Before it seemed to be relieved from the impact, the mercenary honestly handed over the bow and arrow. After testing the bowstring with his fingertips a few times, Tigre turned his head to look at the target again.

If it were to declare victory in this way, the opponent might say that he had done some small tricks on the black bow or arrow. Their suspicion must be swept away.

The second arrow fired by Tigre pierced the tail of the arrow he had just hit the target with the same flight path. The mercenaries can only sigh at this.

In the matter of archery, they had to admire Tigre. Simon who manages them also feels the same. Although it was simple for Simon to make things difficult for Tigre in this matter, that would only cause his mercenaries to be disappointed in him.

After Tigre returned the bow to the mercenary, Simon sighed deeply and said,

"We lost because we didn't see that you have the real ability. Although the agreement is the agreement, I feel a little bit unsure when I think of the reduction in commission."

"Based on your performance in this battle, I will pay you the original reward as appropriate. If you perform well enough, I will prepare another bounty."

As soon as Tigre's voice fell, Simon was thick. He grinned and laughed.

"Hey, is this your wishful thinking?"
Simon first made a stunned expression, then raised the corners of his mouth and asked:

"It seems that you have to move your muscles and bones well. Then what are we going to do? I heard that local tyrants have set some villages on fire. Are you going to carry out revenge?"

Simon’s eyes had a ferocious and ferocious host. In the dark light, he showed the appearance of "setting the village on fire is so easy."

It seemed that they had to be told beforehand, and Tigre came to such a conclusion.

"Although there is nothing wrong with retaliatory action, we have our own set of methods. I am not a citizen of this country, so I don’t want to say rigid things like observing discipline. However, please follow my orders."

After finishing the opening remarks, Tigre began to explain his strategy. After Simon listened, he admired and admired:

"What an interesting battle. Well, I will strictly control those guys. If any stupid violates the rules, we will clean up the door. We must give it afterwards. It's okay to look at the first level of the offender."

After the meeting, Tigre and the others left the camp of the mercenaries.

"Sure enough, I still don't like those guys."

Raffinac said with a shrug. Tigre understood that he was actually helping himself, so he patted his back and comforted him:

"This is no way. On the battlefield, it is impossible for you to fight with only the soldiers you like."

After that, Tigre and the others also met with the one hundred Sachenstein soldiers.

In this relationship as Adris’ savior, most of them have a good impression of Tigre. After several discussions, they decided to let Goruin take the
command, and Raffinac in charge of the assistant.

"It's composed of Sachenstein, commanded by the Zhcteds, and assisted by the Brunes. I don't know which language should be used to communicate better."

Seeing Raffinac's look of poverty, Goruin replied naturally: "Of course it is to communicate in Sachenstein." Compared to Raffinac, this old knight who is keen on learning can already carry out some simple daily conversations in Sachenstein.

The next day, the two hundred Adris troops under the command of Tigre officially left Hanor.

❄

While leaving Hanor, Mila also rode away.

Olga, with Muma tied around her waist, rode alongside her. The soldiers of Lawrence were wearing knives, bows and arrows, and lock armor as they followed behind them. There are 150 men in the army and all are infantry.

As if it had melted into thin ink, the sky was faintly gray, and only the sun heading towards the middle sky and the sky around it were slightly bright. In the past few days, the weather around here has been like this.

Mila looked at the sky worriedly.

"Are you okay?" Olga spoke to her.

After recovering, Mila smiled at her and said,

"Well, I'm fine. I'm just thinking about something a little bit."

"Are you thinking about your companions who stayed in Hanor?"

"I'm here There are so many things to think about."
Why would Mila and the others lead the infantry toward the street? In fact, this is Olga’s commission. Yesterday, when she visited Mila in Mila’s room, she said:

"I have something to ask."

Mila urged Olga to go on with some joy, but before thinking about it, Olga said next the words made her a little embarrassed.

"I'm going to fight against the bandits; I hope you can come with me."

Because Olga didn't tell the cause and effect, Mila asked her to elaborate more. Mila asked when he knew that Olga would regularly borrow troops from Valtrotti and lead troops to patrol the territory of Lawrence's house, and raid the bandits and thieves.

"Someone taught me that if you give someone a sheep when they are in trouble, the other party will return you two sheep as a gift one day."

In short, Olga wanted to use physical labor to repay Valtrotti for taking care of her.

Regardless of the whole story, Mila really feels happy to be asked by Olga. In addition, the investigation of the man-wolf incident is currently in a bottleneck, so Mila readily agreed to her.

The only thing to worry about is whether Valtrotti will allow himself to go out. Unlike Olga, Mila is not just a guest. Will the other party give her freedom of action so easily?

However, to Mila's surprise, Valtrotti agreed without saying a word.

"Okay, I'll borrow the horses from you. Okay, let Olga choose the horses? Somehow, the kid actually remembers the characteristics of each horse in this mansion, which scared me at first. After four days of walking north from here, you will see a small fortress. I hope you can use it as a stronghold for action."

If only these were her requirements at the beginning.
Because what Valtrotti wants to say next is what makes Mila feel the most distressed.

❄

After discussing the crusade against the bandits, Mila stayed in Valtrotti’s room and enjoyed black tea with her. Because she wanted to help Mila choose the horses, Olga had already gone to find a suitable partner, and she was not here. This is just right for Mila, because she wants to take the opportunity to ask Valtrotti about something.

Valtrotti wore only a silk dress and sat on the sofa. However, the sword with a strength comparable to that of the dragon's gear was now beside her.

"You can trust me so readily, I'm naturally very happy, but... Are you not afraid that I will run away?"

After Mila asked in a daze, Valtrotti replied happily:

"Aren't you getting along well with Olga? I don't think you are the kind of guy who will leave friends who are younger than yourself. Also, you are willing to help me get rid of the bandits. I can't ask for it. The issue of the mountain thief and the wolf was originally supposed to be patrolled in the territory by myself, but as the head of the family, I cannot act at will."

Mila thought, "That's right." What's more, Valtrotti is currently at the forefront of confrontation with the royal family. How heavy the burden is on her… Mila as an outsider cannot imagine it.

"One thing I have always cared about. In the civil strife in Asvarre, why did you, as a local tyrant, represent the Sachenstein army and join Prince Jermaine’s army?"

Under Mila’s question, Valtrotti replied while smelling the aroma of black tea:

"His Majesty the King sent me. As I said, Lawrence is an exquisite family. For me, that is not only a good opportunity to show off the reputation of
Saxe, but also I personally want to see Asvarre's recent developments. Of course, I personally want to personally learn about the strength of the well-known Vanadis of Zhcted."

"You just said that the king of Sachenstein sent you...?"

Mila was surprised and frowned. In this period when the opposition between the royal family and the local tyrants has intensified, why did the king of Sachenstein issue such an order?

"It's normal for you to find it strange. However, there is a reason for your Majesty to send me to the civil strife."

"Because of Barumuk?"

When Mila asked the sword beside her, Valtrotti Calmly nodded and agreed:

"It seems that you have heard about it."

"How long have you been living in this mansion? And, you have no plan to hide it. Upon my question, the maid and the attendant told me the name of the sword honestly. I heard that you found it in a deep mountain half a year ago. This sword was used by the emperor to fight on the battlefield."

When Mila heard that it was in a certain mountain. When she found it in a deep mountain, she even shook her head helplessly. Because in this kingdom of mountains and forests, this kind of thing is indeed possible.

However, Mila, whether as a Vanadis or an individual, could not turn a blind eye to the existence of this weapon. Although she hadn't thought of doing something like robbing the sword, at least she had to have a better understanding of this weapon.

"I will tell you about that matter when I am in a good mood. In short, when I got Barumuk, His Majesty the King admitted my ownership without saying a word. Of course, I belong to the royal family. The group of people clamored for me to return. The local tyrants told me to just hold it like this."
"After that, two rumors spread, right?"

Mila said the two rumors are that Lawrence owns the ownership of the sword because Valtrotti intends to submit to the rumor of the royal family. And, because of jealousy, Goldberg was eyeing the rumors of the sword in the hands of Lawrence.

When she first heard about these things, Mila thought from the bottom of her heart that the King of Sachenstein was a terrifying figure.

"Yeah, it really broke my mind at the time."

As if she didn't really take it seriously, Valtrotti continued in a relaxed tone:

"Whether I make friends or not, I think I am willing to submit to the Royal family. Moreover, if you hand it over, you may even become an enemy of the local tyrants. I was forced to hold this sword in desperation. —— Having said that, about the incredible power on this sword, you have haven’t heard of anything?"

Valtrotti looked at Mila and asked with a mischievous light in her eyes.

"Except for the unknown material, is there any secret?"

After Mila's repeated inquiries, the Lord of Lawrence nodded slowly. Mila shrugged after drinking the black tea and raised her hands to express surrender.

While stroking Barumuk’s handle, Valtrotti slowly said with Mila’s appetite:

“——The person holding this sword can see through the other's lies."

These words made Mila unable to speak. Valtrotti tapped the hilt of the sword with her finger, and then said,

"Although I can see through the lie, I can only know where the other party lied. The reason why the other party lied and the truth of the fact, the sword
does not I won’t tell me. When I just got the sword, I had a lot of jokes about it.”

Seeing Mila’s cheerful look, Valtrotti said with a wry smile:

“At that time, there was a subordinate coming to work later than usual, he actually had something to report to me that day. His lover was working as a maid in this mansion at the time. He happened to meet her on the way there, and he accidentally chatted. When he came to the office, I asked him why he arrived so late."

Mila felt sympathy for her subordinate. If asked by the master like this, how many people would say that they were late because of meeting their lovers? Most people will find a way to prevaricate.

And when she learned the fact that he was lying, she had to be investigated from Valtrotti's standpoint.

"It's off topic. In short, I was forced to hold this sword. At this moment, your majesty issued an order to me. Let me take the sword to Asvarre. I am afraid your majesty is. I think, even if I have made a battle, I can owe it to the sword head. If I have nothing to do, I will say that I am insufficient. And the result is just as you said."

"I would better apologize to you... …?"

After all, it was Mila herself who blocked her on the battlefield of Asvarre. Valtrotti shook her head and said,

"Although I failed to make a military exploit, it would be a gain if I knew that my current strength was able to compete with Vanadis with two moves. This also helped me protect Lawrence. Actually, I have to thank you very much.”

What are the truths of what she said? While thinking hard in her heart, Mila asked with a serious expression: "I have a question I hope you can answer me honestly, do you really plan to continue to oppose the royal family? You
really want to be like Goldberg. Will you continue to fight until you get a stand on par with the king?"

Valtrotti suddenly stopped while holding the black teacup in her hand.

"Are you intending to help me? I thought you were only interested in human wolves."

"I don't want to wander around here. But after all, I'm under the fence. I still care a little bit about these things. Besides, it is necessary to understand the situation to protect Olga, right?"

Mila answered Valtrotti with a stern face. Not being frank enough with this shortcoming, she has no plans to change.

"I am different from Goldberg.... All I can say at the moment is nothing more."

At the same time that Valtrotti finished answering the question, Olga just walked back from the ruins, so the two of them ended this conversation.

★

Recalling last night’s conversation with Valtrotti, Mila mouth cannot help but sigh.

——*She is actually the person most like a local tyrant*....... 

Lawrence will show a good face to anyone. She who teased this matter seemed to Mila's eyes as if she was bound by this matter.

*I wish my speculation was wrong*… Mila thought.

At this moment, a soldier from Lawrence ran forward and reported to Olga, who was alongside him. It seems that a few of them really place deep trust in this thin red-haired war maiden. Mila knew very well in her heart that the scene before her was the trusting relationship that Olga took two months to gradually build, and she was sincerely pleased with this.
—As a senior, I have to help her as much as possible.

Be careful not to let Olga get involved in the disputes in this country.

Under the dark clouds, the soldiers of Mila, Olga, and Lawrence were heading straight toward the street.

❄

In front of Valtrotti's eyes, Solmani is showing its vibrant street side.

Valtrotti was now alone in the third floor hall of the Great Temple. At her request, the head of the temple promised to help her temporarily cover this hall. Because she really wanted to think about things quietly by herself.

—It's been a long time since you came to breathe like this. Was it because of what happened to His Royal Highness Ludmila yesterday?

What she said yesterday was something that could not be told to her subordinates, local tyrants or royal families. It is unreasonable to tell those to Olga, who has little experience with rulers. Therefore, Mila, who came as a person from another country, became an excellent target for her to vomit.

Barumuk was not a sword she fancied at all, but a weapon that disgusted her extremely.

Towards the end of the spring, Vajkok, who was still the head of the Lawrence family at the time, called his daughter Valtrotti who was about to inherit his mantle. The father, who was optimistic about others and even his wife, spit out his true thoughts in Valtrotti.

"Someday the local tyrants will definitely disappear. No, it's the fate of disappearing."

Why must it disappear? Even though Valtrotti questioned her father at that time, her father didn't mean to answer. It was as if she was asking her to think about the reasons.

"Vais, please protect the Lawrence house."
"Okay, my father. I promise you that I will protect the Lawrence house and make it grow stronger."

Now think about it, that it’s really a shy rhetoric. How did her father feel when he heard her say that?

Her father died half a year ago, when the King of Sachenstein ordered Lawrence’s family to fight against the cultists.

Although the Rammelsberg mine, where the cultists are based, is located in the royal territory, it is also bordered by the Lawrence family's territory. That's why the king ordered the Lawrence family to provide assistance.

(Rammelsberg Mine is a mine close to Goslar, Germany.)

The answer is quite tyrannical. He said: "If this is an order, please forgive us for rejecting it. If you ask, we can provide assistance.". Although the request was not made by the king of Sachenstein, but by the king's brother Kurt and Adris, Vajkok agreed. He took his daughter and led the soldiers to the mine.

When they were around the mine, they heard a lot of rumors, saying that cultists attacked villages and small towns, burned, killed, and looted villagers and townspeople, doing everything they could to cruel and vicious. What's more intriguing is that they even abducted children to sacrifice to the gods and held suspicious and cruel rituals to incite panic and anger among the people.

With the concerted efforts of Vajkok and Kurt, they successfully surrounded the mine where the cultists were located and launched an attack in one go.

Valtrotti of this period was already wearing the helmet that completely covered her head, as well as the airtight armor. In fact, this is an instruction given by her father, and the purpose is to make others not aware that she is a woman.
In the mine as the main battlefield, she followed the soldiers of Lawrence to fight the enemy courageously.

Although in a dimly lit mine, wearing a helmet with a narrow line of sight is actually a disadvantage, but Valtrotti possesses excellent combat abilities, and this incident did not have any adverse effect on her at all.

The royal army also slaughtered the cultists under the leadership of Kurt. Although Adris had kept up with Kurt, he had done his best just to protect himself.

The cultists are not only familiar with the structure of the mine, but even dug a few secret tunnels. Even so, under the command of Vajkok and Kurt, Valtrotti and Adris did not fall into crisis once.

The cult crusade ended smoothly.

The next morning, Valtrotti, who was working on post-war treatment with the soldiers, was called by her father. Father said he wanted to investigate the secret passage dug by the cultists.

"Actually..." Father said in a low voice.

"There may be Grimovato's sword buried here, Barumuk."

What he said coldly, Valtrotti looked straight at his father.

Valtrotti had never seen Vajkok interested in such things. Obviously, father always laughed when he heard about a sword. Does his father have any definite evidence?

Although he was a little puzzled, Valtrotti followed his father to find the sword. Because she thinks it is necessary to make sure that there is no cultist remnant party hiding somewhere in this mine and surviving.

They enter the mine and walk into the pit. Valtrotti found that the intersection of the secret road was cleverly blocked by the shadow caused by the rock disk.
Upon reaching the depths of the secret road, Valtrotti met two unexpected characters. In this dark ridged space, a kerosene lamp is emitting a weak light, illuminating the figures of Adris and Kurt.

At the feet of the two, there was a sword with a scabbard sticking into the ground. This sword, with its hilt and wrist guard studded with a lot of ornate decorations, exudes an extraordinary breath.

At this moment, the roar of a wild beast resounded throughout the mine. Kurt was swinging his sword at Adris. Although Adris blocked the blow with a sword, the sword in his hand was knocked out.

Are the two of them fighting for the ownership of the sword? Valtrotti wanted to help Adris, and rushed forward without saying a word. However, Vajkok stepped in between Kurt and Adris, and pushed the prince out.

For a time, blood foam flew across. Kurt's slash abruptly cut Vajkok's shoulder and reached his chest.

Valtrotti caught up with him and slashed at Kurt directly with his sword. However, she was hit by Kurt, who quickly drew the sword.

Kurt's powerful blow, while knocking the sword in Valtrotti's hand, made her fall to the ground.

"Stop it!" Adris roared loudly, hugged Kurt in his waist and scuffled with him. However, Kurt flung him away easily. When Valtrotti looked around for a weapon, she found Barumuk beside her.

Seeing Kurt leaping forward, Valtrotti immediately grabbed the hilt of the sword and pulled the sword out of the sheath.

Barumuk's sword has a sharpness far beyond Valtrotti's imagination. It not only broke the sword in Kurt's hand, but even cut his body in half.

Valtrotti was panting while looking at the corpse that she had beheaded. When she recovered, she immediately ran to her father's side. Vajkok, in a pool of blood, was dying at this time.
"Vais..."

Vajkok made a small and painful voice, calling out his daughter's nickname. After hearing the words, Valtrotti immediately hugged her father and shouted desperately:

"I'm right here, father!"

"Valtrotti... I beg you..."

His eyes looked out of focus. Vajkok, who had exhausted his last strength to say his last words, swallowed the last breath of his life. Valtrotti buried her head in her father's arms. Although she had already burst into tears, she never cried.

After maintaining this state for about thirty seconds, Valtrotti finally calmed down and stood up, and at this moment, the back of Adris holding Kurt's corpse was printed in her eyes. He seemed to have noticed Valtrotti's gaze, and then turned to look at her.

The two worked together to move the body out of the mine. After all, it is impossible to do it physically or mentally to go out alone with the two of them behind. On the way back, neither of them said a word to each other.

After burying the body, the two led the soldiers from their respective camps and headed straight for the capital of Askania.

Fortunately, Vajkok and Kurt almost gave a paragraph to the post-war treatment at that time, and the soldiers under the two sides did not clashed because of this. Perhaps the soldiers felt sympathy after seeing their masters frustrated.

After arriving in the royal capital, Adris dismissed his soldiers. The soldiers of Lawrence had already been ordered by Valtrotti to return to the territory before they entered the circle of influence of the royal family.

Valtrotti only brought a few attendants into the palace with Adris.
Because of the peculiarities of the matter, they were not between interviews, but reported in the king's office. Adris’ words are quite objective, he neither forgot to boast about the royal family's military exploits, but also meant to belittle Lawrence. And he also remembered that he had been saved by Vajkok.

After hearing the whole story, King Augustus declared to Valtrotti:

“——I will lend you the sword."

The memory of Valtrotti ends here. After the memory is over, the gray sky covering Solmani immediately came into view.

To be honest, she thinks Barumuk is a hot potato. On the way back to the territory, she had repeatedly thought of returning the sword to the royal family or throwing it away.

But whenever she thought about it, her father would smile and say, "Actually, there is a sword here."

Even if his father can't protect himself well, should he still do such a rebellious thing as "throwing away the treasure that his father is looking for"? What's more, Barumuk is equivalent to the reward his father got after he gave his life to the prince to save him.

After some battle between heaven and man, she finally brought Barumuk back to her territory.

——By the way, I actually left it for another reason.

When leaving the royal capital, Valtrotti tried to hand the sword to Adris.

Unexpectedly, Adris declined her. He first said: "Your Majesty has already said that I want to borrow it from you ", and then added: "Now I don't have the strength to support you. I hope you can keep it and protect yourself."

Looking back now, What Adris said was indeed not a lie. Because Barumuk did not react to his words at the time.
Regarding the death of her father, Valtrotti didn't mean to blame Adris. Because she thinks that the person who should be blamed most is herself, who is stronger than her father, but failed to protect her father.

Recalling this, she couldn't help but looked back around.

Here left her a precious memory.

Ten years ago, when Valtrotti was only nine years old, her father gave a banquet in this small town.

Because of the stretched front with the neighboring country Asvarre, the fighting royal family and the local tyrants concluded a temporary truce. Vajkoko and Augustus were actually very good at talking about this matter.

At that time, Valtrotti was just a well-behaved child, and she hadn't even touched a knife except the sword. At that time, she always wore a dress and stayed quietly without disturbing anyone. All the rest of the time, it was Vajkoko who took her to introduce herself to the powerful and powerful princes. And this also brought her considerable mental fatigue.

A quarter of an hour after the banquet began, Valtrotti left his father's side and came to this place alone. Because she wanted to take a break to breathe, she didn't bring any attendants or maids.

However, this is the beginning of the nightmare. Local tyrants and young men her age trapped her in this place. Lawrence has a considerable status among local tyrants, and this also means that they have many enemies. Moreover, the local tyrants seem to be right, even if he did something extraordinary, the honest Valtrotti would not inform this.

In fact, Valtrotti did nothing. She pretended to be assaulted at best, and shrank her shoulders with a wince. She just begged the other party to let her go earlier.

"You are not allowed to bully her!"
At this moment, a child with a little dirty dress broke into them.

The boy has messy blonde hair, a face blackened by coke, and his clothes are covered with mud. He’s a poor kid who works in the temple to make money, the local tyrants thought.

However, the child had the courage to stare at the group of teenagers, and shouted angrily:

"I don’t know what the feast is between you. However, it’s impossible for a group of boys to bully a girl with a valid reason!"

The local tyrants were timid at first, but after remembering their identities, taking advantage of their numbers, they continued to bully them. One of them even directly punched the blond boy in the face with his fist.

However, the young man knocked the opponent to the ground instead. After facing Valtrotti again, he grabbed her hand and ran. Valtrotti desperately followed his footsteps, fearing that she would accidentally fall.

She didn't even remember how long it took. When she recovered, she had already come to the outside of the temple.

Valtrotti was sweating profusely and was breathing heavily. The hair sticking to her forehead made her feel very uncomfortable.

"Are you all right?"

The boy asked with a grin. Valtrotti rolled her eyes and stared at him.

She opened her eyes wide and looked at the scene before her. The boy's messy blonde hair became even more unbearable, and even stood up high. And his face blacked out by coal showed its true face under the wash of sweat, and Valtrotti was sure that he had seen this face. After a closer look, she also found that the other party was wearing a silk garment stained with mud. This is not a clothing that a child who makes money in the temple can afford.

"His Royal Highness...?"
In fact, Valtrotti hadn't seen the identity of the young man. She just thought that the other person looked very similar to the prince, so she accidentally said the name. However, the boy who was so called looked at Valtrotti blankly.

The next moment, the boy left there without looking back.

After that, Valtrotti saw Adris who had been groomed, but the prince's red and swollen cheeks were obviously covered by a thick foundation. Although she wanted to say a few words to him, it seemed that because of the injured relationship, servants and maids surrounded Adris, so Valtrotti gave up the idea of talking with him.

"Adris..."

Valtrotti muttered the prince's name first, then shook his head.

Now is not the time to immerse herself in the past. Moreover, he is a local tyrant, and the other is a prince.

After Valtrotti took a deep breath, she walked quietly and left the temple.

❄

Osnabruck fortress is located in the hillside within the collar Florence Lowe's northeast.

Almost the entire mountain is covered by forest, and the places where there is no forest cover are also cliffs. It is very difficult to cross this mountain without taking a mountain trail. Then, the neatest mountain road that was organized was right next to the fortress.

The two hundred Adris troops led by Tigre are currently at the junction of the foothills and the hinterland. They are resting on a slope some distance from the mountain road.

To reach Tigre's destination, Goldberg territory, one had to pass the foothills of this mountain.
In fact, before they arrived here, they hadn't paid attention to the Osna Fortress.

This fortress was built one hundred years ago due to strategic needs. Because the power relations and territories of the local tyrants changed from time to time, this fortress basically did not exert its value in this respect. And there are even rumors that the garrison force remaining in this fortress is less than one hundred.

If they just pass with a mere two hundred troops, the other party will definitely not do anything to them. If not, you can also bring troops with less than a hundred people, while hiding in the forest while breaking through the enemy's encirclement net.

Kaunitz made these suggestions to Tigre, and Tigre also planned to act according to his ideas.

However, as soon as he saw the fortress seated in the middle of the mountain, Tigre immediately noticed something wrong. The footprints left on the mountain road indicate that more than a hundred soldiers have just passed here recently.

After ordering the soldiers to go to rest first, Tigre called Raffinac and the others.

Because there might be fighting, he wanted to check the soldiers' condition first.

"There is no problem with the Sachenstein soldiers. Although a few people have symptoms of pre-war tension, they are still within acceptable limits."

Goruin reported with a kind smile. As Mila's adjutant, he had commanded more than a thousand Olmutz soldiers. Although he was not a local, he still had no difficulty in commanding a hundred soldiers in the district. After him, Simon gave a grinning report:

"We have no problem here. There is no one who escapes. But this is only limited to before breaking into the enemy line."
Tigre nodded and explained to the three of them. Those footprints seen on
the mountain road.

"Did the defensive force increase?" Raffinac said his opinion. Simon asked
with a dubious look:

"You said that the troops should be sent to this fortress? Are those guys so
boring?"

"However, all the signs indicate that this is the only possibility."

Tigre responded first, then looked towards the top of the mountain. A
fortress surrounded by forests is in sight.

"If there are soldiers in the fortress with the same number as ours, how do
you think the opponent will move?"

"First of all, they should come to detect the exact number of our troops. If
they think it's only half of the defense force, we can go this way. It would
first put us through the mountain, followed by the army of posterior
blocked. And release several good messenger, while headed to the report,
while rescue apply it to the friendly surrounding."

Goruin Answered calmly.

"I said in advance, don't come up with the stupid idea of taking that
fortress."

Simon said disgustingly. Tigre nodded in agreement. If you want to capture
the fortress on the top of the mountain, you don't know how long it will take
just to prepare. Not to mention, they only brought two hundred troops.

Tigre locked his sight on the mountain road behind the fortress and
immediately came to a conclusion.

"I'll go and investigate first. The soldiers will be managed by Goruin and
Simon. During my absence, if there is any suspicious behavior by the other
party, you will take the soldiers back to the foot of the mountain to avoid
the battle."
Simon was a little dumbfounded when he heard it, and then he smiled and whistled,

"I thought the generals were all commanders hiding behind the army."

"I just want to do what I can. That’s all. And now it’s not the time to stick to the form. By the way, has anyone in your group been to this mountain? If you have, I hope you can call him."

"Wait for me. I will do it right now."

After this, Tigre took Raffinac and a mercenary and left the team.

This mercenary is a young man who is good at archery. He participated in the archery competition held by Tigre when he was in Hanor. He said that when he was a hunter, he had set foot on this mountain.

"Even though I've been here, I actually didn't spend a long time hunting around here. The soldiers guarding the fortress at the time were basically incompetent. They couldn't even do simple things like sweeping bandits. However, I heard that the situation here has improved a lot after the Lawrence family took over..."

The mercenary led Tigre and company forward as they spoke.

Needless to say, Tigre, even Raffinac was used to walking in the mountains. The two of them did not have any delay along the road, and followed him to a place where they could overlook the fortress in the distance.

"From here, you have to be careful."

Tigre and the others lurked in the shade of the trees and approached the fortress.

Osna is a small fortress, and its walls are sixty chets (about sixty meters) high. Although there are no trenches, it is surrounded by dense bushes, and it is quite difficult to open a queue here.
"It's a terrain that is easy to defend and difficult to attack."

The question is, why does the opponent suddenly increase their forces? Although this time they will cause a lot of trouble when our army passes through the mountain road, but in normal times, no one will come here. Moreover, judging from the geographical location of this fortress, increasing the garrison here will only cause Goldberg's dissatisfaction, right?

——Why don't you just turn back and find another way to Goldberg's territory?

But in this way, it means they have to take a long way. When marching in winter, the most important thing to pay attention to is how much food and fuel are left. If one is not careful, he may even freeze to death after the victory.

At this moment, a character that they had never expected appeared on the wall.

The woman had blue hair, was wearing a military uniform based on cyan, and he held a dragon tool carved out of ice, Lavias.

"Mila...?"

Tigre stared up at Mila on the wall. Even Raffinac was speechless. Only the mercenary did not understand the situation at all.

"What can I do now? Young Master."

Raffinac asked with a headache. Tigre muttered to himself first, and felt a little puzzled after noticing something. He didn't feel the tension in the interaction between Mila and the guard soldiers. Mila didn't look like she was forced to come here.

——She said in the letter that she intends to investigate the man-wolf matter.

Is it because Mila came here? Or, what happened to her that they didn't know after she wrote the letter, which caused her to be forced to intervene
in the battle between the royal family and the local tyrants, so she came to this fortress for defensive work?

After a brief thought, Tigre shook his head. To analyze the current situation, there are too few clues in his hand.

"Let's go back to the soldiers first."

"What about when we go back?"

"Patience and wait until night falls."

Tigre's determined answer shocked both of the people present.

❄

Osna fortress has a bath.

The bath is on the first floor, and the kitchen is downstairs. The hot air from the stove in the kitchen will pass through the lead pipe under the bath to increase the water temperature in the bath. In order to keep the bath warm, they will place a stove-burning stone below the bath.

Although the design of the bath is quite special, it has been well received by the soldiers. Before that, they all added half of the hot water in a big bucket, and took turns to rinse off the sweat. After the completion of the bath, they neither need to rush to change as before, but also can slowly enjoy the wonderful taste of hot water seeping into their bodies.

After sunset, the darkness and cold air covered the entire mountainside, and at this moment, Mila and Olga appeared naked in the bath. Because the other soldiers had already soaked in the bath first, the two of them could relax and enjoy it slowly.

"That's it. It's really proud to have such a bath."

Mila said with some admiration after looking around the entire bath. The entire bath has a space that can accommodate 13 or 14 adults at the same
time. Obviously put in so much hot water, but can maintain the temperature without adding firewood, it is indeed a very good design.

"I didn't expect to be able to soak in a place like this. First, wash your body clean."

Mila stretched her hand and picked up the lanolin soap provided in the bath, and smiled at Olga. Olga didn't reply, but looked back and forth at her petite breasts and Mila's plump breasts, and tried to compare them.

"When will I grow like that?"

"Eh, this... About two or three years from now?"

Mila answered Olga's question while wandering around. To be honest, she doesn't really remember her previous bust size. It was after she fell in love with Tigre and found that his gaze was always fixed on this place, and she began to notice the changes in her figure.

"You are still young. Maybe you will grow taller than me in the future, and you will be better than me."

Seeing Olga kept touching her chest, Mila comforted her with those clichés. Olga nodded slightly. She didn't agree with Mila's words, but felt that no matter how distressed she was, she couldn't change the status quo. Olga, who looked up at Mila again, asked with a solemn expression:

"Can I touch it?"

Mila didn't respond for a while. Olga's remarks didn't seem to be a joke to her, but out of sheer curiosity, but even if it was so good, it was still quite a shameful thing.

About three seconds later, Mila wandered and said,

"Okay, I’ll let you touch it."

Olga walked to Mila and touched her left breast and opened her eyes wide. The eyes said,
"It's softer than the breasts of horses and sheep."

"They are...?"

Although Olga's evaluation of Mila was a bit at a loss, it also helped her relieve her unconsciously. After seeing the girl planning to rub both breasts with both hands this time, Mila couldn't help but asked with some confusion:

"Do you really care about this?"

"The bigger the breasts of horses and sheep, the more they can produce breast milk. Humans are the same, right? Although I grew up drinking mother’s breast milk, I heard that some people can only grow up drinking relatives’ breast milk."

Mila understood this matter. The children of princes and nobles have a nursing mother in most cases. Although most of them are responsible for some chores, when it comes to their most important responsibilities, it really is to take the place of the mother to feed the children.

No wonder she just showed such an upset expression. Although Mila thought about this in her heart, the words she said were completely different.

Olga immediately stopped what he was doing. Mila smiled and said,

"The method is very simple. Don't be sullen all the time. Eat more and move your muscles and bones. Also, you can find someone you like."

Olga moved her hands from Mila's breasts. She first showed a thoughtful expression, and then asked:

"Does it matter if I like horses and eagles?"

"If you can, it's better to like humans."

Mila smiled bitterly and pulled the wooden bench to the side.
"As we go on talking, the hot water will get colder. Sit here, and I will help you wash your back."

After Olga sat on the bench, Mila took a sip of hot water in a bucket and poured it on her back.

At this moment, Mila suddenly remembered about Militsa. If Militsa was present, she, who was about the same age as Olga, would definitely try to have a few words with Olga. The two of them might have a good chat.

"What about you, do you have a sweetheart?"

Olga asked Mila, leaning forward. And Mila gently scrubbed her hair and replied,

"Yes. As long as that person is by my side, I feel like I can go all the way... No, I want to go all the way with him. One day I became a grandmother, and he also became a grandfather, and I want to be by his side and look up at the stars together. — — He is so important to me."

"I wish I could also be here earlier and meet that person..."

Olga murmured something, closing his eyes and letting Mila flush her hair.

❄

After sunset, a bonfire was lit on the wall of Osna Fortress at a fixed distance. They spotted the Adris army at noon, and were ready to fight anytime, anywhere.

Tigre was hiding in the shade of the trees at this time while observing the flames shining in the dark. He is wearing a coat soiled with soil. He even covered his mouth with a thick cloth in order to prevent the guards from noticing the white air spit out of his mouth. Of course, the black bow on his left hand was also soiled in advance with soil.

Although he thought about whether or not to just pretend to be a local tyrant, in that case, holding a bow and arrow would be too strange, so he
gave up this idea. For Tigre, who is not good at using swords and spears, holding that kind of weapon in a critical juncture will only deprive him of the ability to protect himself.

Only Tigre was alone, waiting here for the moment when the sunset came. The long-term experience of working as a hunter allows him to stay in the same place for a long time to hide his whereabouts.

After Tigre raised his head, he saw the moon above his head and the starry sky through the gap between the leaves.

Among them, he saw a particularly dazzling star without even looking for it.

And that was the Blue Star.

The blue star who only gleamed for a short period of time in winter, the one he swore upon to Mila.

When he first arrived in Sachenstein, the blue Star had not yet appeared in the night sky. Tigre felt that it was almost that time, so he looked up at the starry sky every night to find it, and today, it finally appeared before Tigre.

──Don't be distracted anymore.

Tigre was so wary of himself. The most important thing now is to find a way to meet Mila.

At this moment, a noisy voice came from the city wall. With the movement of the shadow, Tigre saw that several soldiers ran out hurriedly.

──It seems that Simon is doing what I told him.

Tigre once asked Simon to sneak into the place near the city wall, and deliberately exposed his whereabouts to help him attract the attention of the guards.

After thanking him in his heart, Tigre stood up and ran towards the city wall with low footsteps. After running to the bottom of the city wall, he
immediately took out the rope with hooks from the small suitcase on his back.

With his eyes already accustomed to the darkness, the rope that Tigre threw forcefully hung firmly on the city wall.

Tigre quickly climbed up the city wall, retracted the rope, slid down to the inside of the city wall, and entered the dark fortress.

—*Black Bow, lend me your power.*

Tigre clenched the black bow, sensing the breath of the dragon gear. Compared to the time he tried in the deep mountains, Tigre took a quicker time to find the breath of the dragon gear. However, the response from the dragon gear made him a little puzzled.

—*Two…?*

Tigre felt the breath of two dragon gears. One of them is undoubtedly Lavias, but where did the other come from? Could it be said that besides Mila, there are other war maidens in this fortress?

—*Now is not the time to think about this.*

He’s already inside the fortress. If you stop at such a time, it won't be long before the soldiers in charge of the guard will discover it. Tigre adjusted his breathing, crouched down and trot.

Although there are pine lights hanging on the walls of the corridor, it does not illuminate every corner. Just be careful to avoid the soldiers' sight and move on. Tigre held his breath and crawled forward in the dark, even climbing to the ceiling if circumstances allowed. Soon after, he came to a gate.

—*It's a bit far from other rooms. What is it for?*

A little light came out from the crack in the door. Mila must be right in there.
Without any hesitation, Tigre opened the door and entered the room.

Inside was a small space that couldn't even be called a room, and a door appeared directly in front of Tigre. As Tigre stepped into the depths of the room, he was careful not to kick the basket under his feet.

After the white heat hit his eyes, he saw through the heat the blue hair and cute face of his sweetheart.

"Mila——!"

Halfway through the call, Tigre swallowed his words back. Because he noticed that he had caused a catastrophe.

After the heat dissipated, the surrounding scenery came into view.

Mila blocked a petite girl behind her and stared straight at him. Although Mila was naked at this time, she neither showed a shy appearance nor had any intention of covering her body.

Tigre, whose brain crashed instantly, didn't speak, but just smirked and tried to get through. And the sentence he finally squeezed out turned out to be something like "You should cover up somehow."

The girl raised her feet and stared at Tigre, and asked faintly,

"Is this your sweetheart?"

"No!"

The Vanadis replied ruthlessly.

❄

After Tigre hurriedly turned his back to the two, he was covered with a piece of cloth.

After that, Mila and Olga punched him in the head separately. Tigre, who was beaten to the head by Olga, knelt on the ground, holding his head,
motionless.

"Really! Although I know you didn't mean it, no matter who it is, you will suspect that you are here to spy!"

Mila stared at Tigre dumbfounded and angrily. However, as she spoke, she calmed down again. In fact, she had long thought of confirming with her own eyes whether Tigre and the others were really safe.

After exchanging the information they had obtained, the two sighed in unison.

"So you came here to fight against bandits..."

"And you guys came here to fight Goldberg, right..."

Tigre and Mila couldn't help laughing. After coming out, they didn't expect that this kind of accidental and unpredictable thing would really make them run into it. However, the two of them were sincerely grateful that they did not fight each other because of a misunderstanding.

"By the way, you can almost let me go, right?"

Tigre pleaded bitterly to Mila. After hearing this, Mila couldn't help showing a mischievous smile and said,

"Um...what should I do? I neither know Prince Adris nor have any reason to sell favors to the royal family of Saxe. This person is still a habitual voyeur..."

"Is he a habitual offender?"

Olga immediately hugged her body after hearing this, warning Tigre. By the way, Mila and Olga are currently soaking in the bath, not even showing their shoulders.

Mila, who felt that the lesson was the same, smiled at Tigre and said,

"Well, I'll let you go this time."
"Really, really...?"

He didn't know what she is thinking about. Tigre asked again. After being greeted by Lawrence as a guest, Mila's letting go of Tigre is equivalent to colliding with the enemy. Although it is troublesome to be in prison, Tigre cares more about whether doing so will cause Mila's trouble.

"Just like what I just said. The two of us are here to fight against bandits. And I am a guest of Lawrence, not a guest of Goldberg. Since the local tyrants claim to have the equivalent of the king if you take a stand, you should search for important information yourself instead of asking other local tyrants?"

Is she really the Vanadis who governs a Principality?

"And it's not difficult to fool the soldiers in this fortress. I just say that you are just pretending to attack the troops, and your team is waiting for opportunities elsewhere. Then they will definitely close the city gate and stop fighting."

"But I didn't expect it--" Mila said with a smile.

"The two of us are actually involved in the disputes in this country."

"You are not wrong at all. But after thinking about it, we are like selling them a favor. And, since the matter if that demon is involved, we can't just sit back and watch."

The demon that Tigre said was of course Zmei. After hearing this, Mila changed her mind and showed a serious expression.

At this moment, Olga, who had been silent next to him, asked,

"What do you mean by that demon?"

"...Speaking of which, you are also a war maiden..."

After looking at Olga, Mila briefly said about the demons they encountered along the way, and the encounter with Zmei in this country. After hearing
the cause and effect, Olga tilted her head incomprehensibly and asked,
"If the demon is so dangerous, why haven't I heard of it?"

"Because there are really too few insiders."

After Mila sighed, she curled her hair floating on the hot water with her fingers.

"Even I didn’t really take the demon seriously until after fighting with Rusalka this spring. A demon named Torbalan even disguised himself as a human being and served as the post of knight. Because we do not know each other's looks, as well as the number of purposes, it is impossible to speculate what the other is doing at this moment."

"That is called the Demon of Zmei. What does she want to do in Sachenstein?"

Tigre replied,

"Perhaps, she wants the Sachensteins to fight each other and cause countless casualties. The demons we defeated along the way have this tendency. If so, if she manipulated the royal family’s soldiers to attack the local tyrant’s soldiers, the reason why she manipulated them to attack the local tyrant’s soldiers is well understood."

“Then why did she do this?”

The question Olga asked next was precisely hit the weak underbelly of Tigre and Mila.

"Legend of the nation immediately, there are a lot of demons that attack people. The purpose of those demons, are often collected the human soul. It is said that when they fill the stomach, but also to take this partnership to increase it."

They all felt that Zmei's goal was to take many human lives. But what if taking human lives is just one of the means by which Zmei achieves her goal, and not her real goal?
Thinking of this, Tigre and Mila couldn't help but feel a chill. Zmei's real purpose may be a huge conspiracy that is simply incomparable.

"Let's not jump to conclusions."

In order to erase the anxiety in her heart, Mila said to Tigre with great energy.

"Although we can’t just leave things unclear, but we really don’t know much about it. Let’s focus on the things in front of you now. Tigre, after returning to Hantor, what are you going to do?"

"Well..." Tigre concluded immediately, who agreed casually.

"I will return directly to Prince Adris. Although we still don’t know Zmei’s purpose, the guy really wants to mess up this country. We will solve the man-wolf problem by ourselves and crush the guy’s ambitions. And — I don't hate His Royal Highness."

The biggest reason Tigre stayed to help was actually that he wanted to help the good old prince realize his dream.

"It does look like yours."

Mila couldn't help showing a kind smile, but when she noticed that Olga was looking at her, she immediately pretended to be coughing, reset the expression on her face, and solemnly He opened his mouth and said,

"It seems that I should keep as I am and stay with Valtrotti."

"What about you, are you sure you are fine ...?"

Tigre's voice was filled with concern for Mila. Unlike Tigre, who was the son of a young Brune nobleman, Mila was a Vanadis. Wouldn't it be a lot of trouble afterwards if she continues to stay?

"I'm fine. And if I do well, I can not only sell a favor to Sachenstein on behalf of Zhcted, but I can even better find out about the Lord of
Marksman. Plus, you can also take this opportunity you have built the long-awaited battle exploits, haven't you?"

Seeing Mila said this optimistically, Tigre couldn't help but smile wryly.

"Let's work hard together."

"Well, the two of us will definitely be able to do it."

After speaking, Tigre heard the sound of splashing in his ear. Then, there was a sound of footsteps. He thought it was Mila who came out of the bath, but this speculation was actually wrong.

After the towel blindfold was taken off, the person standing in front of Tigre was actually Olga. Olga wrapped a towel around his body, covering his chest to near his knees.

"Ludmila once told me that you were very close to several war maidens."

Tigre looked at Olga with an incredible expression. Tigre didn't expect the other party to come over specifically to ask this kind of question. She was really a straightforward girl. Tigre bent down, kept his sight level and said to her,

"That's right. My relationship with Sofya, Militsa, and Eleonora is pretty good."

"After this incident is over, I hope you can tell me the situation in detail."

Tigre looked at Olga in a daze. Although their encounter was terrible to the extreme, Olga was still willing to take the initiative to talk to him, which made him feel at ease.

"Okay. If you want to listen, it won't matter how long I can tell you."

Tigre shook Olga's small hand back.

"By the way, do you really plan to go back alone? If you are accidentally discovered by the soldiers, even I will not be able to protect you at that
Mila, who also wrapped her body in a towel, asked Tigre worriedly. The soldiers responsible for guarding the fortress are now on their way back. They will undoubtedly stick to their posts and guard against enemy attacks.

"Would you like me to disguise you as a chef, and find any reason to send you out...?"

Seeing Mila's pouting expression, Tigre moved his face up. Perceiving the young man's intention, Mila silently closed her eyes and waited for the other person's kiss. After the lips and teeth separated, Tigre smiled and said to Mila,

"As long as I have this, it's okay. I feel the power is gradually pouring out of my body."

Mila's face was red and her ears were red and she didn't respond. After Tigre touched her hair with his right hand, he turned and left the bath. He first observed the situation outside at the door, and after confirming that no one was there, he slipped into the darkness. At this time, Tigre's body was hot and dry, even if the cold night wind brushed his cheeks, it had no effect on him.

After Tigre left, Mila quietly closed the open door. When she looked back, she found Olga staring at herself blankly.

"What's wrong?"

"So kissing can stimulate the power in someone else's body?"

"That guy is a special case, don't take it seriously."

The blushing Mila replied immediately. Olga was a little puzzled about this, so he asked,

"Don't you feel anything?"
To this, Mila just kept silent and did not answer.

❄

By the time Tigre leaves the Osna fortress and rendezvous with the Adris army, it is already morning. Because of the fact that he had to keep a sufficient distance from the fortress to start the fire, it took him longer than he thought to find them.

In the camp set up at the foot of the mountain, Tigre explained the situation to Raffinac and Goruin.

Goruin was so emotional that he was speechless. After all, he only confirmed his safety through a letter, which is very different from seeing them seeing him full of energy.

After that, Tigre also explained the situation to Simon who had returned safely.

"I don't know if I should say you were lucky, or you fell the frieze."

The commander of the mercenaries said emotionally. And Tigre felt the same way.

After this, the Adris army quickly put away the camp and left here to continue marching forward.

❄

Current master of the Goldberg family, Matthias von Goldberg is within their own territory called Carclesse. This place is only a day and a half away from the Osna Fortress. It is quite close to the circle of influence of the royal family.

After burning down three villages in the royal territory and retreating, he led two thousand infantrymen to set up a camp here to spy on the movement of the royal army.
The news that two hundred Adris troops came here from Hanor had already reached his ears. And Goldberg speculated that the opponent would enter his territory within these two days.

Judging from the fact that the opponent only brought two hundred soldiers, Goldberg thought of two possibilities.

First, this force is just a feint force sent to hide the main force.

Second, this unit is only a few units sent to burn the village and quickly retreat.

If it is the latter, Goldberg intends to select a thousand fast-moving soldiers from the soldiers in his hands to form a team. He only needs to wait for a report from the scout before he makes an appropriate response.

Goldberg didn't wear a helmet, only a white armor that matched his sturdy figure, and a white bear coat made by Zhcted. He held a huge battle-axe in his hand, and his name was inlaid with gold on his armor and coat. And his face with high morale is now showing a fearless smile.

But what Goldberg never expected was that at the end of today, the local tyrant Hoffman, who bordered his western territory, actually appeared in his camp.

Hoffman and Goldberg are both the main combatants, and they still drink two cups of friendship every time they meet. Such a man would not send an envoy, but come here in person. What happened?

Despite his surprise, Goldberg greeted his arrival. It seemed that it was a rush to come, Hoffman's chestnut hair was very messy, not only was there traces of sweat on his face, but even his coat was quite dirty.

After entering the camp, Hoffman stared at Goldberg without saying a word.

"Is it true that you submitted to the royal family?"
Hoffman asked straightaway without any opening remarks. This left Goldberg suddenly speechless.

"What do you mean? Who is spreading this kind of rumor?"

"The messenger of Prince Adris came to my mansion two days ago. Do you know what he said? He said you have vowed to submit to the royal family, and they are ready to send troops to help you wipe out the bandit gangs in the territory! They even said something stupid that made me submit to the royal family! I was surprised while rushing here. Collecting information on the road, the results of the search all pointed out that the prince's army really helped you get rid of the bandits. What the hell is going on?"

Hoffman sternly questioned Goldberg loudly.

Goldberg stood there dumbfounded. However, he quickly clarified the situation. He obviously fell into the despicable trap of the enemy trying to split the alliance of local tyrants.

"Calm down first, Hoffman. I will ask someone to bring the ale right now. If you have something to ask, it won't be too late to ask."

Seeing his unhurried attitude, Hoffman finally calmed down a bit. Come down.

Goldberg ordered the waiter to bring the ale and silver wine glasses. Although he pretends to be calm on the surface, his heart is already in anger.

"Have you got any new information? If so, just say it here."

Goldberg lowered his voice and emotions, and asked the waiter who brought the ale.

"Actually just now..."

The attendant looked timid and cowardly after hearing the words, and began to report.
According to him, the two hundred Adris troops who invaded the territory of Goldberg gave food and fuel to the villages they visited along the road and helped them defeat the bandits.

They also said to the villagers who thought they were going to be burned, killed, and robbed:

"We have signed an agreement with Goldberg. Goldberg will join the ranks of the princes of Sachenstein from today. There will be no change in his life, please relax and continue living."

Goldberg's hands trembled with anger. He turned back to the shocked Hoffman and said,

"Just as you heard, Hoffman. This is the enemy's deception. They want you to think that the prince and I are in collusion with each other and use this to break our relationship."

"You didn't lie to me...?"

Hoffman did not reach out and picked up the silver wine glass, but continued to stare at Goldberg with suspicious eyes.

"What did I lie to you about? I'm planning to raise my troops to attack the prince's army. How about you come with me?"

"Forget it this time. After all, the prince might send an army to me, reapplying the old skills in his territory."

Hoffman, who thoroughly understood the cause and effect, shook his head and rejected Goldberg's proposal. After he drank the ale in front of him, he bowed his head to apologize to Goldberg for suspicion.

After watching Hoffman leave, Goldberg immediately made a declaration of expedition. After seeing his angry expression, every attendant was so frightened that he did not dare to speak.

"You must immediately recruit a thousand soldiers. If you set out now, even if you take a break in the middle, you can catch those guys in the morning
two days later. The cowardly prince who doesn't know how to be a coward, I want you to know what you can do with being clever the end!"

After speaking, Goldberg rode on the horse and disappeared into the night with a thousand soldiers.

❄

As Goldberg expected, the morning after two days, he successfully captured the Adris Army position.

"They built a camp on the hill to the southeast, and they seem to be resting."

After looking at the hill, they could indeed see a few camps. Around the camp there are rough fences and planks to replace defensive works.

The hill on which the Adris Army was located was quite large, with a forest from the west to the south and a wasteland to the east.

Goldberg immediately began to think about countermeasures. If he takes the entire army to attack, Adris’ army will undoubtedly run towards the forest, and it will be difficult to continue chasing at that time. His idea is to use quantitative advantages to drive opponents to the wasteland to the east.

Goldberg divided the army into two. His subordinates led one team to the forest by the stream, and the other team led by himself to march from the north to the hills.

"After suppressing the enemy troops in the forest, the Rangers will advance toward the hills from the south and west respectively. At that time, I will also lead my team to launch an offensive from the north."

In this way, the enemy will only be left to the east. The wasteland escape is an option, and this is exactly what Goldberg wanted. Because at that time, he only needs to rely on the overwhelming number of advantages to drive down the hill to defeat the enemy.
"The enemy will most likely set up ambushes in the forest. Don't give me carelessness."

After giving the instructions, Goldberg led his team to the hill. The Rangers also circled into the forest from the west as planned. Unexpectedly, the Rangers immediately encountered stubborn resistance from the enemy.

Arrows and rubble flew continuously from among the trees. Although there was a 30-second interval between each wave of attacks, it never stopped. And to stop the soldiers of Goldberg from advancing, this was obviously enough.

Although the soldiers of Goldberg also used bows and arrows to counterattack, the soldiers of the Adris Army not only hid in the shadow of the woods, but even used branches to make shelters to prevent the opponent from swooping.

After a quarter of an hour, Goldberg became anxious.

He was angry at the Rangers who had been able to conquer the forest with five hundred soldiers. The enemy's main force is clearly still on the hill, even if there are really ambushes in the forest, it is impossible to have too many.

"Enough! I personally defeat the enemy team to end all this!"

First, he was pressed by Hoffman, who he didn’t look up to, and then played to this point by the prince who he didn't look up to. These two facts made Goldberg completely lose his composure.

Moreover, he has absolute confidence in the number of troops. Even if you climb up from the hills, you will be at a disadvantageous position on the terrain, but after all, the number of our troops is several times higher than that of the enemy. Only one charge is enough to disrupt the enemy's position.

"Give me a charge!"
Goldberg swung down the giant axe in his hand, and rushed forward. After hearing this huge roar resounding in the cold sky, the soldiers responded with a hundred responses. The sound of the chain mail rubbing immediately burst out, even to the extent of disturbing the atmospheric flow.

Arrows, crushed rocks, and big rocks kept flying from the top of the mountain. Although some people fell to the ground by an arrow, and some people were hit by a big rock directly back, but as a whole, those people accounted for only a small part at best.

Although Goldberg used his armguards to block the flying gravel from time to time, he still did not stop and headed for the top of the mountain. He didn't notice that something was wrong until he reached the middle of the mountain.

—Strange, the resistance is too weak.

If the enemy army wants to put the Rangers into a bitter battle, they have to divide the army into two units on the mountain and the forest, but even so, the enemy's fighting spirit is obviously too low. If they wanted to surrender, they should have come to themselves when they were discovered.

Goldberg didn't stop while thinking. But at this moment, something even more unexpected happened to him, and the enemy army had no resistance at all.

After a certain possibility emerged in his mind, Goldberg couldn't help but stunned his tongue and finally reached the top of the mountain.

Behind the wooden boards and fences, standing on the open space facing the campsite is actually a doll made of only soil, wood, cloth and other materials. From the beginning, fewer than fifty people have stayed in this camp.

After roaring like a beast, Goldberg smashed the fence in front of him with his battle axe. He immediately left the false camp and ran towards the other side of the hill.
After he looked down, he only saw dozens of enemy soldiers running down the slope.

"Don't try to escape!"

Goldberg, with a trembling voice and shoulders, ran down the slope on his horse. He chased after the Adris soldiers who had broken into the forest and entered the forest. The soldiers under his banner also rushed in with the master.

Goldberg ordered the soldiers to disperse. Because squeezing into a ball in the forest will get in the way. They just marched toward the depths of the forest. At this moment, they heard the voice of the Rangers not far away.

While Goldberg was still thinking about whether to join them, he saw thick smoke floating from the depths of the forest.

——Sorry!

"Hurry up and retreat from the forest!"

Goldberg was not afraid of the fire in the forest, which was the same even in winter. However, although Goldberg was not afraid of the fire itself, he noticed the plan of the Adris army.

Ashes came up from all over the forest. The enemy is planning to use this thick smoke to attack.

The Rangers at this time had already been involved in smoke and chaos. Some people were confused by the fire and bumped into their companions. Others ran into a tree trunk due to heavy smoke blocking their vision.

Although the captains ordered the soldiers to continue fighting, the soldiers had already choked their noses and tears from the smoke, and had no intention of fighting. One by one, they dropped their weapons and ran straight to a place where there was no dense smoke. However, their
numerical superiority hindered them in the process of escaping, and the soldiers ran into each other one after another.

The soldiers who ran out of the thick smoke were surrounded by the Adris soldiers lurking in the forest, and they were wiped out one by one. The mercenaries led by Simon relentlessly swung down their swords and slashed at the soldiers under the Goldberg banner, while Adris’ soldiers used two or three groups to attack the enemy.

Although some soldiers tried to rise up to resist the Adris soldiers, their number was far less than the number of enemy troops. The blood of the soldiers stained the winter frozen soil, and the wailing of death was floating in the atmosphere, and the ensuing smoke completely covered it.

Although the number of soldiers in the Rangers was always more than that of the Adris Army, they failed to use this advantage until the end. The soldiers who fled in the direction of the hill ran directly to the hill without looking back, with no intention of returning to the forest.

And Goldberg, who was back on the hill, could only watch his army collapsed.

"It was actually given by the prince who hadn't established any decent military exploits..."

His lips lost elasticity due to the cold trembled and Goldberg was muttering something to himself. Although blood was still bleeding on his forehead, he had no time to care about such trivial matters at this time.

"The unilateral play has reached this point...!"

After venting the anger in his heart, Goldberg immediately ordered the soldiers to rescue the friendly forces who had not yet escaped.

However, the hatred that burst out from his eyes did not disappear with the passage of time.

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At this time, Tigre was watching the enemy troops on the hill in the forest.

"I didn't expect to be discovered so soon..."

If the opponent was within the range of the bow and arrow, Tigre planned to shoot the opponent's commander directly, but now he can only give up. Because if they are too persistent, after the smoke clears, the enemy's rangers may regain their original capabilities.

He took Raffinac and Adris soldiers running in the forest. There is no heavy smoke coming from here. In fact, this is something they deliberately created. They first exchanged food and fuel for wood with the villagers, then fully soaked the wood in water and ignited it to create the dense smoke. And this can prevent fires from happening.

Not long after running, friendly soldiers appeared in front of him. And Goruin is among those people.

After a successful rendezvous, the two men praised each other's actions, and at this moment, the two men walked out. They are Adris and Kaunitz. This morning, the two of them came here with five hundred soldiers and horses.

"Thank you Tigrevurmud. All of this is your credit."

"Nothing, this victory is due to your Royal Highness's willingness to trust in it."

Adris thanked Tigre very gratefully. He stretched out his hand to thank him, and Tigre shook his hand back and replied with a smile.

"Furthermore, the success of this operation is all thanks to Kaunitz's suggestion."

Tigre bowed his head to thank the bald knight. The idea of creating dense fog in the forest is Kaunitz’s proposal. Although Tigre personally didn't like this method of burning woods, and felt sorry for the beasts hibernating in the forest, but thanks to the dense smoke, they were able to suppress the casualties of our army to such a low level.
"I didn't do anything worthy of your thanks."

Kaunitz shook his head and said.

In this battle, Tigre believes that there are three most critical points. First, let the opponent lose his composure as much as possible. Second, let opponents feel that they have an absolute advantage in numbers. Third, they can't fight a big victory.

As he set out to leave Hanor, Tigre asked Adris to send an envoy to the local tyrants bordering the Goldberg territory. Then, he led two hundred soldiers into the territory of Goldberg, donated food and fuel to the villages along the way, and swept the bandit gangs in the opponent's territory as far as possible.

Finally, they moved to the hills and forests of the chosen battlefield and induced the enemy to attack them, and everything was done.

Goldberg came to crusade against the Adris army because of his reputation, and felt that only a thousand soldiers could defeat the opposing two hundred men, and he was immediately hooked. He also divided the army into two, and led the army to climb the hill. When he ran down the hill again, the team had already fallen apart, and he also let the soldiers spread out in the forest, which finally caused this miserable situation.
Even if he calmed down again later and organized a team to pursue it again, Tigre still had about seven hundred soldiers on their side. Although Goldberg is not without chance, the winning percentage is not high. At that time, he can only watch the Adris army leave.

"Although the soldiers fought the enemy bravely on the battlefield, can this really deal a blow to Goldberg?"

"Of course it can."

Confronted with Adris’ question, Kaunitz talked freely. Said:

"Although the number of enemy troops defeated by our army is less than two hundred, your majesty's achievement in repelling Goldberg is genuine. And it is still in the enemy's territory."

It was like a wolf's cub bite. It was like the soles of a bear's feet, and as Kaunitz was talking, they were shocked by Tigre who were watching all this.

"I am afraid that in the future, Goldberg's say will be much smaller. In this way, the local tyrants will act centered on the Lawrence family. Of course, we must also guard against Goldberg's actions some fierce methods to restore reputation..."

Kaunitz stopped when he said this, and shook his head and said,

"When we return to Hanor triumphantly and celebrate the victory of His Highness, let's talk about these things."

For this proposal, everyone present agreed.

❄

The Adriatic Army began to march towards the royal circle of influence. As expected, the Goldberg army did not catch up.
The morale of the army after the victory was very high, but at the same time it was quite exhausted. And there are injuries in the team. On the way back, Kaunitz often gave orders to rest. Soldiers were allowed to drink even wine. He took more care of the wounded group than the commanding soldiers.

Of course, Tigre and company plan to toast each other to enjoy the wine. They happily took the wine glass and were about to drink it up.

At this moment, Tigre's expression suddenly changed. When the pottery cup was about to touch his lips, he stopped his movements.

Unable to drink this glass of wine, the alarm in his mind warned him.

He didn't know the reason. And there is nothing strange about this glass of wine in terms of appearance or aroma.

However, he just thinks this glass of wine is very dangerous and cannot drink it.

"Raffinac, don't drink!" Tigre shouted out the elderly attendant beside him. Raffinac, who was about to drink the pottery cup, looked at Tigre with a surprised look, but he did so. And Goruin also obeyed Tigre's dissuasion and did not drink the glass of wine.

"Young Master, what's the matter? Is this glass of wine too ugly or something?"

"No, I haven't actually drunk it yet, but..."

Tigre mumbled to himself without knowing what to say.

Goruin asked with a calm and calm tone: "In my opinion, Lord Tigrevurmud thinks this glass of wine is dangerous, right?"

Although Tigre didn't want to admit it directly, he was helpless. He still nodded in agreement with Goruin's conjecture. After Goruin glanced at the pottery cup in Tigre's hand, he said to Raffinac,
"Let’s listen to Tigrevurmud’s advice first. Although I don’t think there is anything strange in this glass of wine. I didn’t smell any unusual smell, but my instinct told me that it’s better not to drink. It’s better to be careful in everything.”

"Intuition...It's like a wild beast can avoid poison bait for no reason. Indeed, the young master is really as sharp as a beast sometimes. I have no reason to disbelieve." Raffinac complained first.

After a few sentences, he poured out the wine in the pottery cup with regret.

"I'm sorry. When I return to Hanor, I will invite you to drink again."

After Tigre smiled a little sorry, he also poured out the wine in the pottery cup. At this moment, Adris, who was holding a silver wine glass, came over. He was going to say hello to Tigre, but after seeing the movement in his hand, he asked in a puzzled manner: "Lord Tigrevurmud, what's the matter? Is there mud it’s in the glass?"

Before Tigre could answer, he walked straight to Adris’ side. He grabbed the hand of Adris holding the silver wine glass with one hand, and admonished the surprised prince:

"Your Majesty, you can't drink this glass. It's dangerous."

"What happened to you suddenly...?"

Tigre's sudden performance made Adris couldn't help but look at the silver wine glass in his hand. But Tigre did not know how to answer this natural question. Because of intuition, this kind of unfounded statement can only be said when facing Raffinac and the others.

Just make up a lie that Adris can convince. When Tigre was confused, Adris slowly broke free of his hand and said:

"Some of the wines that were rewarded to everyone are shipped from Hanor; some are prepared by Kaunitz, and some I bought it from a nearby
village. Even I didn’t decide what kind of wine to drink until I had to drink it. Do you have to be so nervous?"

"Although I can’t tell... But I hope you don't want to drink it."

Although this statement is not convincing at all, Tigre, who was bitter, advised Adris not to drink. Adris first showed a confused expression, and then confirmed to Tigre repeatedly:

"I don't think you look like you are drunk. You know, this is equivalent to being ruthless when everyone is happy. It means to pour a bucket of cold water."

"I know very well." After Tigre resolutely answered, Adris nodded and said:

"I understand. I will pour out the wine in places where not everyone saw it. By the way, you just said I can't tell myself, right? Don't you know if you can drink it just by looking at it?"

At Adris’ hint, Tigre looked around for a while. However, most of the soldiers have drunk the wine in the pottery cup. Only a few people are left, in order to taste more of the wine in their hands, they are drinking little by little.

Tigre squinted at the soldiers drinking.

"You look jealous when you don't drink, Young Master."

Although Raffinac was still joking around, he really couldn't let them leave them alone.

"I found it, although there is only one person."

After Tigre pointed at one of the soldiers, Adris immediately walked to his side. After speaking some words, Adris took the pottery cup in his hand and returned to Tigre and the others.
"Come with me. I hope you can check everyone's situation. After this, I hope you can also check the bag for wine."

Although he was a little shocked, Tigre still obeyed Adris' instructions. And after all, there are only a few people who have not finished drinking. While walking side by side with the prince, Tigre asked him with some care:

"His Royal Highness, why are you willing to believe what I say?"

"One of the reasons is that you are not like a person who can lie like that."

Adris walked forward and continued:

"The other reason is that you make me feel incredible. I think if it were you, maybe you could really see something I couldn't see."

You exalt me too much... Although Tigre thought about this in his heart, he didn't refute it. Because the black bow on his body does possess incredible power.

After a short break, the soldiers confirmed by Tigre continued to march towards Hanor. Because in the middle of the inspection, most of the soldiers drank all the wine long ago, and the two of them returned without success.

After confirming the soldiers' condition, they then checked the containers that had been filled with wine. Most of the wine is contained in a kettle made from the stomach of a sheep. The wine that is not in the jug is all in the small wine barrel and no bottle are used.

They turned the wine in the kettle upside down and watched the one or two drops of wine left in it.

—His Royal Highness suspects that someone poisoned him.

If this were the case, the reasons for Adris' continued boring work would make sense.

It is impossible to tell others about the possibility of being poisoned in wine.
Doing so will not only cause confusion among the soldiers, but also make Kaunitz suspect the villages that provide them with wine. Moreover, they don't know exactly how the wine was sent from Hanor.

Tigre found two jugs that he felt dangerous. If calculated by the capacity of the pottery cup, thirty glasses of wine may have been distributed.

Just when they finally finished their boring homework, there was a roar not far away.

Tigre and Adris glanced at each other first, and then rushed to the origin of the sound. The voice came from the soldier behind them.

In front of the two of them were the disintegrating queue and three soldiers who were running away. The three soldiers were waving swords in their hands and slashing at the surrounding friendly forces, and some even rushed up directly with their bodies to fight with each other. Several soldiers have fallen under the feet of three of them.

The other soldiers were also taken aback by this sudden situation, holding weapons and shields to protect their bodies and watching them.

"Couldn't it be a human wolf...?"

Adris was pale when he was. After witnessing the actions of the three soldiers, he could only draw this conclusion.

— If this were the case, the three of them would have been hopeless.

After this, the other soldiers who came to their senses surrounded the three of them, smashed their weapons and finally successfully suppressed them. However, the three of them were very dishonest, and even kept making uncomfortable groans.

When the soldiers saw the situation, they didn't say a word, and looked at the three people in fear. Until just now, the comrades in arms who were walking by their side suddenly became such a blow, leaving them
speechless for a long time. Even though they had noticed that Tigre and they were coming here, they still looked like they were going to be poor.

"What's going on?"

After Adris asked them in a trembling voice, a soldier replied hesitantly:

"I don't know... Until just now we were still chatting normally, thinking the three of them how suddenly no sound, until the notes that three of them had pulled out a knife began yelling, apart from anything else they were in front and beside his comrades ......."

Adris Slightly nodded, and said in a voice that only Tigre could hear,

"I think it's the wine..."

Tigre nodded in agreement to the prince. Besides, the two of them couldn't think of other possibilities. Although Tigre ate the same food as the soldiers, the only thing that made him feel dangerous was the wine he used to reward him.

"However, I didn't expect it to be transformed in the blink of an eye."

"Every individual is different. After all, many soldiers drank the wine at that time."

A bleak and sad mood surged Tigre's mind. Some of the soldiers were transformed into wolves. They knew it clearly, but they were still helpless.

"His Royal Highness..."

A soldier looked at Adris with grief and asked,

"The three of them, what should I do?"

There is currently no effective way to treat men and wolves. And the three of them have killed many of their comrades in arms. It is too dangerous to tie the three of them back to Hanor.
Adris closed her eyes silently. In fact, Adris can hand over the scene to Kaunitz; after all, the actual commander is him. However, the blond prince did not choose to do that.

"They have to take responsibility for killing their friendly forces. However, at least help them to take the relics back."

The soldiers tied the companions of the adult wolves, suppressed their bodies, and chopped off their heads. After Tigre and Adris watched all this, they buried the body in the soil. What a depressing job.

After the burial was over, the Adriatic Army reorganized the team under the command of Kaunitz.

It didn't take long for them to walk out of the forest.

In this battle, there were only more than thirty dead in the Adris Army. On the other hand, Goldberg’s army had six times as many dead. It can be said to be a veritable victory.

However, the expressions of the soldiers returning to Hanor were gloomier than the gray sky above them.
Chapter 4 - What it is shown

The inhabitants of the small town of Hantor welcome the return of the Adris army. Because the prince Adris succeeded in establishing a military exploit in this battle with the local tyrants, it is natural that the town will be full of joy and noise.

At noon one day after the end of the war, Tigre, Adris, Raffinac, and Goruin gathered in a room in the mansion. Other people have locked the door of the room from the inside to avoid accidental intrusion. By the way, Tigre was carrying his black bow at this time.

Four people are sitting around a table, and on the table are two bottles of kettles made from sheep’s stomach bags.

"Kaunitz just reported to me. He said that ten soldiers who participated in the battle had disappeared."

Adris said gravely. Those ten soldiers, I am afraid that they have transformed into adult wolves. Unlike the victims so far, they suddenly disappeared from the town.

"Tigrevurmud, I must thank you. If you hadn't stopped me from drinking that glass of wine, I am afraid I would have become a wolf now."

"It was nothing, Your Highness. I should apologize to you..."

Tigre weakly pleaded the prince. Although he had been mentally prepared for a long time, when he thought that his comrades who had fought together were transformed into wolves, feelings of grief and anger suddenly came to mind. It would be nice if he noticed it earlier, and Tigre blamed himself for it.
As if seeing through Tigre's inner thoughts, Adris smiled and comforted:

"I can understand your feelings. However, you did help many people, including me, didn't you? Raise your chest."

"Thank you for your understanding."

Tigre shifted his gaze to the table. Because the two bottles on the table once contained wine that could transform soldiers into wolves.

He picked up one of the bottles and cut it longitudinally with the prepared short knife.

Tigre had doubted whether there would be any clues on the inside of the kettle, and his guess was obviously correct. Somewhere in the kettle is something that looks like text.

"This is the ancient prose of Zhcted. Chel? No, Kiel, Nou, Fa...?"

While Goruin was puzzled, Tigre cut another bottle of water bottle open. Sure enough, the text was also found on the inside of the kettle. However, this time it was the ancient Brune script.

"Tir...Na... Tir Na Fal?" After murmuring a few words, Tigre took a breath of surprise. Adris asked curiously:

"Who is Tir Na Fal? I always feel as if I have heard it..."

"Tir Na Fal is in the area of Brune and Zhcted. A god of faith, and the only goddess who is taboo."

Tigre could feel that anxiety and tension were surging in his chest. He looked at the bottle of kettle on the table with a bit of fear.

Why is the name of Tir Na Fal engraved in a kettle in Sachenstein?

"By the way, I remember that she is one of the ten pillar gods, and a goddess that cannot be easily mentioned. It is called the goddess of night, darkness and death, right?"
Adris looked at the cut water bottle with a serious face, and then said,

"Although it took a lot of time, we can finally be sure that believers who believe in the goddess did these things. Those people can also make wine that can transform humans into adult wolves...It's like demons in fairy tales."

Although Adris said the word "demon" only as a metaphor, but this immediately reminded Tigre and the other demons like Zmei. It seems that they have finally caught the clues of that demon.

"But why do they specially engrave the name of the goddess? If we don't engrave it, we won't be able to find it out."

Adris looked straight at the stomach pouch, asking questions in her heart.

"The other party probably used some kind of spell. Although there is rarely such a thing now, I heard that there were words with "power" a long time ago. Legend, if those words were carved on the sword, it can even make the iron sword stronger."

"There is indeed such a possibility,"

Tigre agreed with the help. It is indeed possible for a demon to possess that kind of power. After all, Zmei herself has the ability to occupy the body of others.

"In other words, as long as the origin of this wine is investigated and destroyed, the man-wolf problem can be solved smoothly."

As if to ease the tension, Raffinac said this in a cheerful tone, and looked forward to it. The people around him took a moment. After hearing this, Adris folded his hands, shook his head, and said,

"Although you are not wrong, in fact this is not a useful clue. We can only work when the kettle is empty, or it is only when the kettle is cut open that there is no text in it, and kettles made from sheep’s stomach bags are sold
everywhere in the market. Not to mention the ale factories, which are all over the country, and there is no way to find out."

“That said; just know that with the bottle of wine in question is already great progress. As long as these two items can be regulated, we will be able to reduce the possibility of soldiers being transformed into wolves." 

After hearing Tigre's optimistic remarks, Adris hung up and nodded.

"By the way, you have to send someone to inform the local tyrants of this discovery. And, as Raffinac said, no matter how long it takes, we must thoroughly investigate the origin of these wines and cut them off the roots."

Tigre nodded vigorously, agreeing with what the prince said.

After that, they officially started a new investigation.

Although this is a rather boring homework, they are more or less motivated to do things when they think that they are moving in the direction of "solving the wolf problem." Of course, the three of Tigre also assisted the prince in his investigation.

❄

Adris Skye spin on the seventh day after the afternoon back to Hanor, Augustus king appeared in the son's house. Four days have passed since they found the cause of the man-wolf incident.

Adris brought two attendants to greet his father, and planned to take him to the reception room just like that.

"Let's talk here."

However, King Augustus stopped after entering the hall behind the gate. After all, his trip was only to listen to the report of the battle.

Adris knelt down as usual, recounting what happened during this battle. His joy was beyond words.
"Did the trick bite Goldberg, but... you weren't the creator of this strategy."

"That's right. This is my guest, Tigrevurmud, who thought the strategy that came out."

Even in front of his father, he would not take credit. This is what Prince Adris is. However, Augustus was not interested in this. He continued to promote the topic and asked:

"How do you feel after a battle? You should know, not all local tyrants are the ones who can use communication to talk."

Adris scowled after hearing it. He was indeed furious at Goldberg's actions. But if he tells this matter, his father might send troops to break into the land of the local tyrants.

"I don't think so. Rather, after this incident, I feel even more that it is necessary to sit down and communicate——"

"Since you want to stick to your own opinions, let's negotiate with the local tyrants as soon as possible."

After interrupting what his son was about to say, Augustus said to him:

"I think "a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye". It's not annoying, but the scars on your body will not disappear because of this. And, this winter will end sooner or later. If you don’t want to negotiate with them, I will put you under house arrest in this small town until the end of the matter."

"I understand. I will quickly choose the person to negotiate."

Adris lowered his head deeply. Winter will come to an end. This is his last chance. His father probably wanted to take advantage of the victory and raise troops to attack the enemy.

After this, Adris also told his father about the wolf. In addition to explaining that wine was the cause, he also told about Tir Na Fal. After hearing this, King Augustus nodded slightly and said,
"I will send someone to proceed with this matter. Investigate, you continue to investigate."

Although the king's voice was as cold as ever, it sounded warm and harmonious to Adris.

After the king left, Adris stood up and murmured in a low voice,

"It looks like I have to ask Lord Tigrevurmud to help me again..."

Failure is absolutely not allowed. Adris stepped up to the location of Tigre.

❄

Under the gray sky, there are two horses running side by side on the slope of the hill.

On two horses were two girls, Mila and Olga. They are racing to see who can run to the top of the hill first.

They were on their way back after they had just conquered the bandits, and the walls of the Osna Fortress were not far away. As the army was preparing for the final rest, Olga suddenly said that she wanted to compete with her.

Although Mila also has considerable confidence in her own equestrian skills, Olga, as a horse race, can be described as superb. Once they were pulled apart, let alone trying to shorten the distance between them, it would take a lot of effort to catch up with her.

As expected, Olga was the first to reach the top of the hill.

"Congratulations."

Mila, who climbed to the top of the hill after that, sincerely congratulated Olga. Olga lowered her head silently, and turned her back to Mila. After this, the two first wiped the sweat off the horses, and then took off their clothes and wiped off the sweat that was dripping over them.
The wind blowing from the top of the hill was quite cold, and if it were an ordinary person, it would not take long. However, Mila carried Lavias who could withstand the wind and cold. Lavias has enough strength to protect her, Olga and the two horses from the wind and cold.

"Ludmila--"

Olga asked Mila while helping the horse comb his mane. She has always called Mila like that. Although Mila once told her that it's okay to call herself by nickname, Olga shook her head and refused. She said at the time:

"I have no position to call you that way."

She seemed to think Vanadis's duty and responsibility left behind him, and the relationship with Mila is not equal. Although Mila was dumbfounded by her stubborn attitude, she decided to wait patiently until the day she was willing to accept it.

"In your eyes, what does an ideal king or ruler look like?"

Including today, Olga has asked himself this question countless times. So far, Mila will discuss this question with her and come up with all kinds of answers, but Olga doesn't seem to find the answer yet in his heart.

"I also said before. The ideal image of a war maiden can only find out the clues by yourself while you fulfill your duties as a war maiden."

Before becoming a war maiden, Mila used Spetlana as an ideal model of the Vanadis.

Although the mother sometimes has some big rules and makes the courtiers brains awkward, she is indeed an excellent Vanadis and ruler. This is Mila's heartfelt thought.

Mila didn't realize until recently that even if she became a war maiden like a mother, it didn't make any sense. However, she was also very clear in her heart that if she hadn't been watching her mother all the time, she would not have come to such a conclusion.
Seeing Olga staring silently at the vast forest at the foot of the mound, Mila went on and said, "The only advice I can give you is to find someone who can see you who are not Vanadis."

"You mean that. But Tigre...Vill, Verru..."

"Just call him Tigre. Although he may not leave you a good impression, I hope you have a chance to talk to him. If His words may help you find the answer to this question."

“But that man is not a king or ruler. He is just a Brune noble who will inherit the title and territory in the future, right?”

"I know what you want to say. However, it was Tigre's blessing that I finally noticed the difference between my mother and myself. I can't be a war maiden like my mother. This is a matter of course. Because the life trajectories of the two of us are completely different. Until the day when I lose my qualifications as a Vanadis, I want to keep exploring my ideal Vanadis form and portray it in my own way."

"I'll think about it is."

Olga placed on the ground and take up a small ax. That is the young girl's dragon gear, Muma. This dragon tool that selected the girl as Vanadis must also have great expectations for the girl's future development.
After Mila and Olga returned, this time was Valtrotti’s summary of the report.

This time, Mila and the others eliminated a total of three bandit gangs formed by more than twenty people.

Although the processing speed and the methods are quite amazing, according to Mila, it is only natural that there will be such a result when two war maidens are in charge. After listening to the report, Valtrotti nodded contentedly and said:

"Although I want to rely on your two a lot in the future, but that will make the soldiers feel less nervous."

At this moment, the maids walked in. They served three portions of black tea, a plate full of snacks and jam, and then left again.

"By the way, I heard that Goldberg seems to have been defeated by Prince Adris ..."

To Valtrotti's question, Mila answered in the affirmative. And Mila discovered that Barumuk was not by her side.

"About that matter, we also heard some wind on the road."

Although Mila said that she heard some wind, she actually understood the details of the matter from Tigre and the others. In addition, after the battle, Mila had sent scouts to Goldberg's territory to investigate. It is not an exaggeration to say that he has mastered the whole picture of that matter.

Mila explained to Valtrotti half of the information she knew. Because she concluded that just telling Valtrotti the news was enough. Valtrotti picked up a red cup. She cannot help but exclaimed:
"I did not expect that Adris actually be able to do such a thing ...... he is not a good position to attract men of it."

"What do these words mean? Doesn’t Your Royal Highness himself have the ability to lead soldiers to fight?"

"I have a good relationship with Adris. It is impossible for him to come up with this kind of combat plan. And this combat plan is not like it. It’s Kaunitz’s style. Shouldn’t this strategy be the one that your important person, Tigrevurmud, came up with?"

“There is indeed such a possibility.” Mila vaguely spoke.

Valtrotti seemed very satisfied with Mila’s reaction, and then smiled and said,

"Thank you for telling me about this. Actually, this morning, your Highness sent an envoy over. He said that he wanted to talk to me. I thought he had just won Goldberg, but he was a bit fluttered, but it doesn’t seem to be the case now."

"You said that your Royal Highness has something to discuss with you...Have you expected him? Do you want to talk about something?"

Seeing Valtrotti put on a comfortable attitude, Mila asked in a puzzled manner.

"There are only two possibilities. Either they came to ask us to be the princes of the royal family, or came to propose to me?"

"Proposal...?"

Not only Mila, but also even Olga glared. In response, Valtrotti just shrugged, and went on to say, "Although I rejected his proposal four years ago, he would find opportunities to confess to me from time to time after that. However, it is also possible to refuse him directly. Not very good. After I have confirmed what your Highness wants to talk about, I hope you
can come with me when that time. I will ask Adris to bring your companions."

"Thank you."

Mila was happy. She smiled and accepted her gratitude.

"I want to go too."

Olga's words made Valtrotti show a somewhat surprised expression.

"I didn't expect you to be interested in this kind of thing. Okay, then you can come together."

After the conversation, the two war maidens left Valtrotti's office.

After separating from Olga, Mila took a shower and changed into new clothes, and returned to her room after a simple meal.

A bunch of parchment was placed on her desk, all with records about men and wolves. Valtrotti prepared these in advance, and the number was two more than when she went out to fight against bandits.

——I probably didn't find anything decent this time......."

That being said, judging from the fact that the parchment has been added, it means that there are new victims in this matter. Mila picked up the whole bunch of parchment and sat on the sofa alone.

After reading several pieces of parchment, Olga walked into her room, holding something like a book in her hand.

"I'm a little bored, can you accompany me?"

Although Mila didn't understand what she meant, she still invited her to sit in and did not refuse.

Olga sat next to Mila, looking at the table with a disappointed expression, maybe she wanted to come here to eat biscuits and drink black tea.
Just as Mila was about to rest for a while, she asked Olga,

"What book is yours?"

Mila thought it was a little weird, because she had never seen Olga interested in reading.

"This is a history book. I borrowed it from Valtrotti."

Olga replied as if he had encountered a big problem. After her hesitating explanation, Mila realized that she wanted to understand the posture of an ideal ruler through these books of the founding king.

"So that's it. This is indeed a good idea."

Although Mila is not familiar with the history of Sachenstein, history books will record the good talk of those famous kings and good kings. This is indeed a good reference for Olga.

The only question is; to what extent she can read Sachenstein?

As expected, in less than four and a half quarters of an hour, she had begun to feel bored. Although she wanted to change her reading and skip some fragments, it was more tiring to do so.

Finally, she put the history book directly on the table and began to be in a daze. When Mila saw this, she asked the maids to prepare black tea and biscuits for the two of them. She didn't think she glanced at the history book on the table.

—is there anything about Barumuk recorded in history books?

After all, it was once the sword held by the founding monarch Grimovaruto. As for the authenticity of the description, you can wait until you have read it before making judgments. So Mila interrupted Olga and brought the history book.

After opening it, Mila discovered that most of the content in the history book is in simple language that she knows, and those more difficult to
understand vocabulary, ancient prose and special words are marked with notes next to them. Judging from the fact that Valtrotti specially selected this book to lend to Olga, it can be understood that she is quite a caregiver. Mila searched for a page that recorded the deeds of the sword.

Soon after, she immediately found one of them. The above is a description of the battle against the cult group that occupied the mountain as the king. At that time, the cultists manipulated the wolf to attack the small town and village, and Grimovaruto brought the sword to crusade them. Because the content describes the relationship in considerable detail, Mila doesn't think this is a story fabricated by others.

However, when reading a certain place, Mila was so nervous that she stopped breathing.

"Gungnir, it seems to be the name of the spear."

When you see this, immediately thought of Mila, Zmei in the battle in the mountains had said those remarks.

— "I'll call it Gungnir."

The fact that demons have existed since ancient times is already an ironclad fact. Because Rusalka, who had fought with them in Muozinel, was sealed there by a war maiden a hundred years ago.

After that, Mila read the content of the history book more carefully.

At that time, Gungnir seemed to have fallen into the hands of the commanders of the cultists, who they called the great priests. Although there are stories about the crusades of great priests in the book, there is no mention of the whereabouts of Gungnir.

— This information is enough.

Mila stood up holding the history book, only to realize that her palm was soaked with sweat.
After putting her coat on Olga who was dozing off, Mila ran out of the room with the history book under her armpit. She ran to the door of Valtrotti's office.

After knocking on the door, Mila, who couldn't wait for a response from the other party, rushed in.

"You are here at the right time."

Valtrotti sighed softly.

"Adris just sent someone to deliver the letter. I have read the letter, but..."

The Lawrence Patriarch who held the parchment immediately became serious.

❄

In the middle of Hanor and Solmany, lies one of shrub steps called Midan. This grassland is located to the east of the Lawrence family territory.

The meeting between Adris and Valtrotti will be held here. Seven days have passed since Adris sent the letter to Valtrotti’s home.

There was a Gray sky and cold wind. Although the sun hung high in the sky would pop up from the gap between the clouds from time to time, the light was still too weak.

Concerned about each other’s positions, the two of them agreed to bring their guards to negotiate, but for some reason, Adris only brought Tigre, Raffinac, and Goruin, and Valtrotti also brought only the place where Mila and Olga came to negotiate.

It was Valtrotti’s proposal to let Tigger and the others meet with Mila. While Adris accepted this condition, it was enough to let the three of them serve as their own guards. And there is no need to say about Valtrotti, there is no
need to ask other guards to accompany if there are two war maidens sitting in town.

Seeing Mila's energetic look, Goruin took the lead to say hello.

"Master Ludmila, it's great to see that you are safe and sound."

"Sorry for worrying you, Goruin. I am also very happy to see you again."

Mila expressed concern and condolences to the elderly knight. Goruin had to wipe his tear-soaked eye sockets.

Mila and Tigre looked at each other and smiled. Raffinac looked at Olga with emotion.

After this, Adris and Valtrotti finally came to each other's side. The one who led the opening was Valtrotti. She said,

"I thought you would bring a hundred elites in this special period."

"You are not qualified to come to talk with just two war maidens. Say me..."

Adris retorted reluctantly. After Tigre learned about the relationship between Mila and Olga through letters in advance, he informed Prince Adris about it.

Adris and Valtrotti looked at each other while dumbfounded, and then laughed out loud. It seems that they want to give priority to negotiations rather than this kind of barren dispute.

"You are welcome, Adris von Rodsout."

"I am very happy to meet you, Valtrotti von Lawrence. Let's get to the point right away. Can you please become a prince of our royal family?"

"I actually talk about this first. It's quite true to your style."

Valtrotti smiled bitterly.
"But I am afraid I refused, Clarence Lowe will also be home to the future Tyrant identity to survive. Of course, we do not intend to suspend exchanges with the royal family, but the shelter is not necessary for us, even very unsightly."

"Do you mean that you do not intend to prevent the storm before it happens? Be careful that the storm will blow you away with your family."

"The local tyrant camp is a group that can unite and fight the enemy together. Moreover, if there is a storm, it will be a crime. We can ask your royal family for help at that time, can’t we?"

"Families that failed to unite and ultimately lead to the end of the line, in my opinion, are too many, right?"

Adris stared impatiently at Valtrotti. In this regard, Valtrotti just showed a refreshing smile while playing with the hilt of the sword tied around her waist with her fingers.

Mila and Tigre, who witnessed the negotiation between the two of them, looked at each other with an expression of "I don't know what to do." Because the current atmosphere is not suitable for interruption, the only thing the two of them can do is to listen to their conversation.

"Your Majesty said that he intends to wipe out the local tyrants before the end of winter. Now is the last chance. I beg you, okay?"

However, Valtrotti declined Adris' request without saying a word.

"If you want to fight, just let them go. And we are in the right time. You don't hate fighting, do you?"

"You are wrong..."

Adris suddenly fell silent. Then he shook his head and said,

"I hate wars."
Valtrotti frowned upon hearing this. There was an awkward atmosphere between the two.

Adris asked Valtrotti with a wry smile:

"You should know since long ago Goldberg went to war with us?"

"Yes Goldberg burned down three villages in your territory"

After Valtrotti put on an expression of "what does this have to do with that?" Adris nodded and then said,

"When I received the report and started thinking about countermeasures, a famous subordinate suggested that I should burn the opponent. The villages will be burned. Because I can't think of any alternatives, I can't refute that subordinate... No, it's not like that."

Adris shook his head and corrected himself.

"It’s not that I didn’t think about the way to burn the other’s village. If the other dared to burn our village and kill our leaders, why not take revenge on the other party? But when I really want to give orders but hesitated again."

Adris turned his head and looked at Tigre behind him. His eyes were full of thanks to him.

After that, the blond prince faced Valtrotti again, and said,

"From the bottom of my heart, I thank Lord Tigrevurmud for his help. Thanks to him, I did not go to the road to burn the village. And I am very It's clear that he was thinking of the idea. But even if it is like that—"

Adris spoke with passion, and continued with awe-inspiring expression:

"It's still far from enough. In the first battle of Grid, there were about 30 dead in our army. Some of my subordinates told me that there were nearly two hundred dead in Goldberg. If all together, there are about two hundred and thirty in total. And this is equivalent to the number of residents in a small village. Just such a battle killed the lives of people in a small village."
"That's why you said you hate fighting?"

Valtrotti asked. Adris nodded in agreement.

"When people live in the world, there are times when they have to fight. Villages are burned and there are many dead people. But even so, I want to avoid fighting as much as possible. I have been to Asvarre, didn't you tell me what you saw and heard?"

Just as Adris was about to explain further, Valtrotti shot him a glare to stop him.

"I already understand your thoughts and feel your sincerity. It's not that I want to say, why do you always cringe, isn't it good to show your side more?"

"It's not that I don't show it, it’s just not the right opportunity to show it."

"From this point of view, you really are a prince."

Valtrotti teased him, then immediately put away her smile and said with a serious expression:

"Answer, please let me do it first. Lawrence is, no matter what, an ancient family with the same history as the royal family. We have all been local tyrants for such a long time. Now that we have to change things now, we can't just talk about it."

"I Understand..."

After all, this matter is not trivial, and Adris did not expect to get an answer from the other party on the spot. After exhaling a hot breath, Adris nodded in approval.

"Although it is a bit rude to say that, it really surprised me. I thought you came to ask me to propose again."

After seeing Valtrotti joking, Adris stood up and said,
"That piece... Of course I didn’t give up about it. You have to be enlightened!"

"Stop talking about that kind of dream talk, okay, do you have other things to talk about?"

Valtrotti ignored what Adris said and began to discuss another matter with him.

After this, Tigre and Mila stepped forward and spread the map, ink pen, and parchment in their arms on the ground. Olga and Raffinac followed closely behind them and came over.

"I sent you a letter the day before yesterday. It records the reason why humans have transformed into adult wolves. And the culprit is the strange wine."

"I was shocked when I saw it. I didn't expect it to be a problem with the wine. —— Adris, I have to thank you."

After Valtrotti bowed her head to thank Adris, Adris immediately picked up the pen and said:

"Nevertheless, if the culprit is not resolved, this matter will not be completely over. Let's call this wine the Man Wolf Bar. With the help of Your Majesty, we have now reduced the number of wineries we manufacture to four locations."

Adris marked four circles on the map spread out on the ground.

"After all, it will take a lot of time to catch them all at once. It would be nice if we can narrow the range further..."

At this moment, Adris found that Valtrotti was staring at the map intently. She raised her head, with an extremely serious light shining in the corner of her eyes.

"In fact, we also found something here. When Her Royal Highness Ludmila was reading our country's history books, she found several places that had
connections with men and wolves."

Valtrotti had the history book brought to the negotiation scene. She let Adris and the others look at the part where the founding monarch Grimovaruto fought with the cultists. As for this anecdote itself, Adris also knows.

"I asked scholars who are familiar with history about this incident. Although I didn't know the exact location, I got information that this incident was not fictitious. They helped me find three possible locations. Because I couldn't afford it. There is little time, so I couldn't send you the letter in time..."

Valtrotti also picked up a pen and drew a circle on the map. And one of the circles happened to overlap with Adris’ previous painting.

"Although I haven't thought about it, I didn't expect it to be in the Rammelsberg mine...!"

Adris cried out in shock. Valtrotti smiled bitterly at this.

"Indeed, even I think the credibility of this location is very high."

"Has anything happened to that mine?"

Tigre asked this question as a representative. After hearing this, the prince and the rich family looked at each other. Just as Valtrotti was about to explain the situation, Adris stopped her and said:

"Let me explain it. That was already half a year ago. The story of the cult group lurking in the Rammelsberg mine was passed on to the palace. I, who was given the task of destroying the cult group by your majesty, asked the Lawrence family. The request for assistance was granted. Although the entire mine was in the royal territory, it happened to be bordered by the Lawrence family. Although we finally succeeded in destroying the cultists, it now appears..."

"According to the rumors, the wolf problem happened just half a year ago, right?”
Adris nodded and agreed with Goruin’s speculation.

"I'm afraid someone survived by chance. In short, since we have found the cause, we can't let the situation continue to deteriorate."

As Adris was about to stand up, Valtrotti said nothing. He pulled the coat down. She looked down at the prince who fell to the ground coldly, and said,

"I'll go. You leave me in Hanor and wait for the report."

"Stop kidding!"

Adris stood up quickly, doubled. Staring at Valtrotti, he roared:

"Wolves are the problem of the whole country. As a prince, I have an obligation to solve this incident!"

"You really don't know how to cherish yourself."

As the deputy talked, Valtrotti couldn't help being a little dumbfounded.

"We don't know what kind of enemy we are going to face. If you can't even use a sword, you will only drag us down. You might as well go to the King's City and ask for your Majesty's help."

"What about you? What if you if something happens, what should the Lawrence House do?"

"I have Barumuk by my side, which is different from you."

She gently tapped the sword beside her.

"Even if a remnant party of cultists runs out by then, I have the confidence to kill them to death. Do you have this ability?"

At this moment, Mila, who had not spoken next to him, intervened in the conversation.
"I have something to ask."

Valtrotti looked interested, and Adris looked at Tigre with a confused look.

"According to what you just said, the mine is in the royal territory, isn't it? Wouldn't it be better for your Highness to follow along? After all, we need to evacuate the people who live in the mine and work."

When Adris heard it, his eyes sparkled while Valtrotti showed a sad expression. As a local tyrant, Valtrotti is indeed not qualified to ask the staff in the mine to follow her instructions.

After thinking for a while, the Patriarch of the Lawrence family stared at the prince with sharp eyes, and coldly threatened:

"I only have one condition; you are not allowed to follow me from the town. If you don't agree, I'll tie your five flowers together before setting off."

"I promise you. Don't worry, I don't want to hold you back."

Valtrotti showed an expression of "You don't understand it at all." Feel a little tired. Then, she glared at Mila with resentful eyes. In response, the Vanadis just responded with a mischievous smile.

"Did you deliberately...?"

Valtrotti didn't notice this until then. In response, Mila just replied: "Isn't this of course?"

"Since I found out about your connection with that mine, I have always felt very strange. Although I have no plan to break the casserole and ask the end, but you are planning to go to the meeting alone, right?"

"I didn't expect you to see through to the point..."

After sighing, Valtrotti stood up. And the red hair tied to the back of her head swayed immediately.
"Let’s just ask, you guys are going to follow along?"

"I’ll just go with Tigre. Goruin and Raffinac will act together with His Royal Highness."

"Uh... Master Vanadis... Please don't decide what we are responsible for without authorization?"

As soon as Mila's voice fell, Raffinac interrupted in a panic. After seeing this, Tigre patted him on the shoulder and said:

"Sorry, Raffinac."

"Young master, you are used to apologize, no one would say that when you go to dangerous places."

After giving some sarcasm, Raffinac shrugged. Then he said:

"It's really okay to take the two of you, I just promise. On the contrary, His Royal Highness, I hope you can reward me as a guard at that time."

"Of course it's okay."

Adris quickly replied grimly.

Mila's gaze turned to Olga, who had been silent from the beginning. Mila hesitated about what to say to her.

As a Vanadis, Olga can undoubtedly become one of the combat powers of this trip.

However, she has nothing to do with this matter. She didn't even learn about the existence of demons until the last few days. Therefore, Mila would somewhat hesitate to take this girl to the lair of the demons.

"I want to go too."

However, Olga was not as confused as Mila, and resolutely agreed to the matter. Olga looked at Mila with her cold expression and blue eyes without
any haze, and stretched out her hands.

"Is it really okay?"

She answered Mila’s question like this:

"Aren’t we good friends?"

Mila smiled after hearing this, and shook Olga’s hand back and said:

"Please give me your advice."

❄

Although it was decided to go to the Rammelsberg mine, the two parties were only here to negotiate matters, and no one had prepared for the trip.

"Let’s go to Solmany to prepare the essentials for the trip. After all, whether it is from Hanor or Solmany, the distance to the mine is not much different."

Valtrotti’s proposal did not have any objections. Ever since, they left the Midan Grassland on horses together and headed west.

Olga rode up shortly after setting off, and Tigre looked at her with a puzzled expression. Tigre thought she would ride next to Mila or Valtrotti.

Olga, with her thin red hair swaying in the winter wind, raised her head and said to Tigre,

"Tell me."

What is this kid talking about? After Tigre was stunned for a moment, he finally remembered.

"Are you talking about the war maidens?"

After Tigre's confirmation, Olga nodded.
"Hmm... Of course it’s okay if you want me to say that, but can you tell me about you first?"

Tigre said so as not to be treated as a child by Olga.

"Is there anything about me that makes you care about me?"

"I care about you. Isn't your relationship with Mila? I wanted to say I want to make friends with you. I really didn't mean it, I'm really sorry..."

These are all Tigre's true words.

Olga tilted her head. It is not so much that Olga feels lost, but rather a little restless. After about ten seconds have passed, she replied: "I understand."

The sun that arrived in the middle of the sky, rarely poked its head out of the clouds. Under the faint sunlight, Olga began to tell the story of what happened after she became a war maiden.

"That kind of thing happened..."

Although Tigre had long known that it would not be a pleasant thing, the seriousness of the topic obviously exceeded his expectations.

After breathing a breath of white air into the sky, Tigre turned his gaze to the distant mountains. At this moment, he was thinking about what to say next.

"Then I will follow the agreement and talk about the Vanadis I know. The first is Sofya Obertas, who rules the Principality of Polesia."

Sofy is the first she has encountered since Mila. She was also the only Vanadis of this generation that Tigre knew who was older than him. Olga nodded, she went on to say:

"The Sofy before becoming Vanadis was just an ordinary citizen living in a small town, but according to her own words, she has always had the big dream of going to see all over the world. After becoming a Vanadis, Sofy has been thinking about what she can do. In the end, she made up her mind
to go to countries she had never been to, and use her travels to rule her principality."

Can his own verbal explanation really convey their ideals to Olga?

Although he feels a little uneasy, since he has spoken, he has to take the responsibility until the end.

"The next one is Militsa Glinka who rules the Osterode Principality. Militsa seemed to be a healer before becoming a Vanadis. She would also carry medicine with her after becoming a Vanadis, and even He even dispenses medicine for me.”

Before continuing, Tigre looked around for a while. He noticed that Mila was talking with Goruin at this time. It should be Goruin who took the initiative to help with Mila. With such a long distance, there is no need to worry about being discovered by Mila when talking about Ellie.

"You’ve seen Eleonora Viltaria, who ruled the Duchy of Leitmeritz. Elle was a mercenary before becoming a Vanadis. According to her, her way of thinking and fighting Most of the skills were learned during the mercenary period. And the woman who served as her adjutant — — Limalisha, I heard that she has been following her since Elen’s mercenary period."

At the end of the day, Mila will finally be mentioned. Tigre decided to introduce Mila as objectively as possible:

"You who lived with Mila may not need me to introduce more, but I still want to say a few words... Mila was the one who was a war maiden before me so I know that I listened to her a lot because I stayed by her side, she pasted on ideas of ruling through her utilization of the people of Olmutz."

The theater built in the castle town in Olmutz is a good example. Although Tigre first heard of this plan three years ago, he actually knew that Mila had planned this plan even earlier.

"It's a little bit too much. In short, what I want to say is...even if you have a new identity, there is no need to abandon your past. You should use them
"You mean; I am right now. Is it the knowledge accumulated during national life?"

Seeing Olga tilted her head, Tigre nodded in agreement.

"Alsace, who raised me, is only a small spot on the map, but it takes a lot of time to actually run a circle with a horse. And each village in it has its own characteristics. Of course, the scenery of grasslands, forests, and mountains is also more beautiful. I remember that people immediately have to migrate across vast grasslands in different seasons, right?"

Olga nodded silently. Seeing her look confused and puzzled, she is still trying to understand the meaning of Tigre's words.

"The first time I heard about this from the Horse Race in Olmutz before, I found it quite incredible. Because on the grassland where they herd the sheep, there was neither fence nor sign to indicate the direction. I actually have been I'm very curious, how they keep going back and forth without finding the wrong direction in places where there is no mark."

"There are marks."

Olga shook her head to Tigre.

"Birds flying in the sky, mountains in the distance, the movement of the sun and the moon, and the color and smell of the grassland can all tell us where we are now. Moreover, we will ride around to hunt prey. Our eyes, nose, and skin naturally I'll write it down."

Tigre couldn't help smiling wryly. He knew exactly what Olga was talking about. As a hunter, Tigre can move freely in the forest without fences and signboards because he keeps the things he can see in his mind and draws the relationship of the map in his mind.

"Although I may be overwhelmed by my ability to say that, you still don't know much about your territory - Brest - don't you? That's why you
suffered Waterloo in the matter of ruling your territory. First, go first. How about the Mae people who are familiar with the Brest area?"

"My father and grandfather once told me that putting acquaintances in high positions is not a good idea."

Olga was raised as the future patriarch of the tribe. Her grandparents instilled her since she was a child with the notion that "you can't do this kind of thing that is neither public nor private."

"If that's the case, you just understand Brest while ruling, how about?"

Olga stared at Tigre with her blue eyes, seemingly unable to understand what he was trying to say.

"Didn't you just say that? By constantly driving back and forth, did you remember many things about the vast grassland without any targets?"

"Our tribe does this. But some people live by the lake. The tribe doesn’t move like we do."

“Just follow your previous practice and use your own eyes to patrol the interior of the Principality. While giving instructions to the palace as a Vanadis, you will receive reports from them, no. Is it okay? The best thing you should do now is to face your Principality again and make it a part of yourself."

Olga didn't reply immediately, but wandered around in confusion.

"Is this really feasible?"

"Of course, this does not mean that there are no problems. If some important reports are communicated to you through the palace, I am afraid it will take a lot of time. And, if you don’t contact the Principality regularly, they may not find your place for a while."

"However, with this method, I can tour the Principality...while making it a part of myself and fulfilled my obligations as a Vanadis, am I right?"
After understanding bit by bit, Olga finally approved this method. After sorting his thoughts in his mind, Olga looked straight ahead.

"In order to grasp every corner of the grassland, the first thing to do is to observe as a whole. You can ride your horse across the main streets and see the important cities and towns with your own eyes. After that, you will revisit them. If you look at the map, I believe the location of the map will naturally appear in your mind."

Tigre is now talking about his personal experience. As a hunter, this young man ran through the mountains of Alsace and made many changes to the map passed down from generation to generation of the lord’s house. And Tigre's father, Urs, was both happy and proud of this.

"As I said just now, every Vanadis who meets me has her own set of methods. So I think you should not be entangled in acting like Vanadis. Instead, you should use yourself to deal with Vanadis's affairs in your style."

"With my own style..."

Olga looked back at the dragon gear on her shoulders. Muma just kept silent.

❄

After buying essential goods in Solmany, they headed toward Walesberg.

But what Tigre didn't know was that someone was quietly following them all the way, observing their every move.

And this man was the scout sent by Goldberg secretly.

"I was still thinking about discussing something with the prince, but I didn't expect to have gone far together. That's why I said that Lawrence was simply———not credible.”
As he swallowed these words back, a dangerous light flashed in the scout's eyes.
On the street, there are nine horses driving along to the north. Each of the seven horses carried seven passengers, and the remaining two horses were packed with bags.

Those who came were Tigre and them. Three days have passed since they set out to leave Solmani. And their destination, the Rammelsberg mine, stood quietly in the distance. "It will probably be there tomorrow," Adris said.

Before sunset, Tigre and the others entered a small town.

Because it is only half a day away from the mine, many people who have to go to the mine will stay overnight here. Adris and Valtrotti seemed to have been to this town half a year ago.

They stayed in the inn together, let the horses rest for several days, and rented two large suites, divided into two rooms for men and women.

After dinner, everyone returned to the room to rest. After a while, Tigre, who was maintaining the black bow, stopped for a while and asked Adris,

"Your Highness, I have something to ask."

Adris seemed to be thinking about something, he stared at the kerosene lamp on the ceiling in a daze. He was awakened by Tigre’s voice, looked at Tigre with a smile and asked,

"Sorry. What's the matter?"

"What happened in the Rammelsberg mine half a year ago, can you please tell us?"
Tigre looked into his eyes and made a sincere request to him.

After all, this mountain is the enemy's camp. It is understandable that Tigre would want to grasp more clues related to it.

After hesitating for a moment, Adris finally spoke.

"Well.... It is really unreasonable not to tell you anything."

Adris, who was talking to himself, began to tell Tigre and the others what happened at that time.

At first, after King Augustus handed over the task of crusade against the cultists to Lawrence and Adris, the king's cousin Kurt offered to ask him to serve as the prince's assistant officer.

The thirty-one-year-old Kurt not only has a moderately tight figure, but also has considerable swordsmanship. Although the age difference between the two is more than ten years old, Adris is quite compatible with him.

"Alright, let Kurt go with you."

King Augustus also promised this at the time.

"You have a good memory. Take a closer look at how I did it."

This is what Kurt said to Adris at the time. For the preparation of food, fuel, and weapons and the selection of soldiers for organization, Kurt handled everything in an orderly manner. It is not difficult to see from the soldiers' attitude towards him, they trust Kurt very much.

"Although I was in charge of the negotiations with Lawrence at the time, it was actually just a job specifically given to me by Uncle Kurt."

After arriving at the Rammelsberg mine, Adris and the others did it. The first thing is to investigate the origin of the cultists.

The cult group is a small group of fifty or sixty people. Not only the Saks, but also the Asvarres, Brunes, Zhcteds, and even Muozinels are involved. If
they don't attack the villages and small towns around the mine and hold those brutal rituals, most people will probably treat them as bandits.

The battle plan is to force the cultists back to the depths of the mine to catch them all.

Although the cultists are very familiar with the terrain of the mine, and they have specially dug a hidden passage, under the command of Kurt and Vajkok and the hard work of fighting Valtrotti, they finally won and beheaded the captured cultists one by one.

"Yes, things have been going well until then..."

Kurt said to Adris the next day after fighting with the cultists.

Let's go into the mine again. Go to thedeepest part of the hidden tunnel dug by the cultists.

"Actually, there are rumors that there is a sword called Barumuk hidden in the mine."

Adris vaguely remembered that Kurt had a strange light in his eyes when he said this. Before the battle with the cultists, although he exuded a kind of domineering all over his body, he had never been driven by desire like he is now.

"The sword? Doesn't that kind of thing only exist in the legend?"

Although Adris tried to dissuade Kurt, he did not intend to retreat.

Because Kurt said that even if he was the only one, he would look for the relationship, Adris had no choice but to accompany him. It's not that Adris doesn't like the feeling of being left behind, he is simply worried about his uncle.

Kurt entered the mine with only a sword. And Adris followed him with a sword and a kerosene lamp. The amazing thing is that Kurt can go deep even without the light.
When they reached the deepest point, Adris and the others found half of the sword buried in the soil. But compared to things like the sword, Adris cared more about his uncle who was staring at the sword and making a strange laugh.

When Adris put the kerosene lamp on the ground and was about to dig Barumuk out, something unexpected happened to him. Kurt suddenly pulled out the sword in his hand and yelled,

"The sword is mine, don't touch it!"

The madness lodged in his uncle's pupils made Adris feel dangerous, so he raised the sword in his hand. At this moment, Valtrotti and Vajkok just walked over.

Kurt cut to Adris, who hadn't figured out the situation without saying a word. After the sword in his hand was knocked into the air, Adris’ wrist was numb and unable to move. He watched Kurt swing down his sword again, and he knew in his heart that he couldn't escape the blow.

However, at this moment, a black shadow rushed into his field of vision. Before he could confirm what it was, he was knocked out first.

The first thing that Adris saw after falling to the ground was the back of Vajkok who was beheaded by Kurt. After a breath, Adris realized that Vajkok sacrificed himself to protect him.

However, Kurt did not stop because of this. He then slashed towards Valtrotti, and knocked the sword in her hand flying, causing Valtrotti to fall to the ground. Although Adris rushed forward to fight with his uncle, the opponent easily threw him away.

Immediately afterwards, Valtrotti drew the sword from its scabbard and killed his uncle without a word.

"Looking back now, uncle... Kurt was probably transformed into a man-wolf. Although the symptoms were a little different, he seemed to be a
different person. I even thought at one point whether he was affected by something dirty."

Just thinking of the events at the time, Adris’ face was pale and her voice trembled.

It's really not impossible, Tigre thought. Inferring from the period, the chances of completion of the production of Man Wolf Wine were high. Maybe where he drank that kind of wine.

However, now is not the time to discuss this matter. After all, Kurt has passed away.

"Thank you for telling me about this, Your Highness."

"If these memories help you, I'm also very happy."

Adris answered with a smile. It seems that recalling these past events seems to make him quite painful.

"By the way, your Majesty, why don't you go to see His Royal Highness Valtrotti now?"

Raffinac spoke in order to break the heavy atmosphere on the scene. Adris, who was caught off guard, panicked. He blushed and said,

"I, I have nothing to do with her..."

"Excuse me, some things will be better if you can say them while they can still be said."

Goruin expressed his opinion. Although Adris’ eyes wandered for a while, he soon made up his mind, got up and said to Tigre and the others: "I’ll go and blow the air a little bit."

After watching Adris leave, Tigre turned his head to look at Goruin, and apologized to him:

"Goruin, I'm really sorry this time."
This old knight, definitely wants to stay by Mila's side to protect her. However, when Mila assigned the work they were responsible for, Goruin just silently obeyed. If Tigre had offered an opinion at that time, Mila would probably have listened. However, Tigre said nothing at the time. Because he thinks that is indeed the most appropriate division of labor.

"Nothing, it is my personal hope that Master Ludmila can fight in a perfect state."

Goruin shook his head with a kind smile.

"However, if you really feel sorry for me Lord Tigrevurmud, so we returned to Olmutz, I want you to go to my blind date was arranged yielded several you."

Goruin not only made Tigre's eyes widened in surprise, but also made Raffinac laugh.

"Eh, what do you mean by this..."

"Actually, it's nothing. I just suddenly felt that you and Master Ludmila have to be a little nervous."

Goruin replied with some pretense.

❄

In the dark corridor in the inn, Adris is walking towards the suite for women.

But it didn't take long before he turned back and returned from another corridor to the men's suite. He has repeated this action up to three times. There was only one reason, he hadn't actually figured out what to say to Valtrotti.

And just when he was about to set off for the fourth time-

"What are you doing here, Adris?"
Some silly voice came into Adris’ ears. Adris, who was shocked by the fright, turned around and found that Valtrotti, who was wearing a pajama jacket and holding Barumuk in her left hand, was impressively in front of him.

"Oh, what am I, there are some things I want to tell you alone."

When he came to me, Adris quickly recovered his calm.

The two of them walked together, and only stopped after walking to the corner of the corridor.

Valtrotti showed a kind expression and asked,

"Then, what's the matter with you? We will arrive in the mine tomorrow. We have to rest early today."

"Okay, then I will make a long story short. I couldn’t say it in Midan, but I really told you—"

"Isn’t this something that I should talk about before breaking into the lair?"

After interrupting Adris, Valtrotti shook her head.

"I've said it several times, think about the position of both of us? I really don't understand why you stalked me to such a degree."

"Since you want to talk about the position, let's talk about it. Something in the matter."

Adris did not shrink from it, but took a step forward.

"We have to think of a way to change the situation. If you are there, I believe we can do it. You don't understand this kind of thing, do you?"

"It is my father's will not to kneel down to the royal family..."

"I of course it is clear that you cherish the agreement with your grandfather. But you are Valtrotti, are you not?"
After hearing this sharp remark by Adris, Valtrotti just shrugged and said Declared:

"If you have the ability, use your strength to persuade me?"

In Valtrotti's eyes, a provocative brilliance was flashing at this time. Although this made Adris stunned for a moment, he immediately took a step forward with a serious expression. He stretched out his hands and hugged Valtrotti around her waist. This time it was Valtrotti’s turn to be frightened.

"You are really defenseless. Are you not afraid that you’ll be hacked to death by me, just like your good friend Kurt?"

"I know you as a person. If you really have that interesting, how can you talk nonsense with me here."

After being retorted unceremoniously by Adris, Valtrotti closed her mouth. Although in addition to Barumuk, she still carried a short knife with her, but she did not intend to draw the knife to fight.

Adris continued:

"Six months ago, before fighting the cultists, Kurt had asked me. Even if something happened to him accidentally, I shouldn't distort my beliefs. He was not the kind of ability to predict the future. I think he just simply perceive the danger of the purpose of his errand, and well in advance of the consciousness nothing."

“Are you going to follow the suggestions of friends who do?"

“Haven’t you also always followed the teachings that Lord Vajkok said during his lifetime?"

The slightly reluctant provocation was easily replied by the other party, which made Valtrotti shut her mouth again. Adris’ arms around her body were slender but strong. The parts of the body that were close to him were getting heat from him little by little.
"Just as you can't forget the death of your father, Kurt's death will always be engraved in my heart. But even so, I still hope to move forward with you and work hard for the future of this country."

After Adris finished speaking, Valtrotti sighed softly, and softly pulled away her arm.

"I can't be too busy with the affairs of the Lawrence family now, and I'm not in that mood."

After saying this, Valtrotti turned her back to Adris and went back to the female-only suite.

❄

When Valtrotti returned to the suite, she found that Mila and Olga were discussing the subject of the posture that the ruler should have. Since leaving Midan, whenever Olga had any thoughts on this matter, he seemed to come to Mila to discuss it.

—It's time to let her go back to Zhcted.

Although this was a matter of course, it still made Valtrotti feel a little lonely. However, Valtrotti did not express this sentimental emotion, but joined the conversation between the two with a smile.

Now, Olga and Mila are discussing the topic "I am not what to do after the war maiden." After all, she has left her Principality for more than two years, so there is nothing wrong with this thought.

In this regard, Mila's answer is very concise and powerful.

"How about you just go back and be with the ethnic group? You can use the position of the ethnic group to assist the next Vanadis and help her make suggestions?"

"What about you, what are your plans?"
"This Well... I can only say that even if I lose the position of the Vanadis, Olmutz is still a very important existence to me. But really, consider the whole of Brest from the standpoint of the nation. It’s really not a simple thing."

After listening to Mila’s opinion, Olga seemed to have thought of something, and fell into contemplation.

Listening to their discussion, although Valtrotti didn't change her face, her heart was actually quite shaken. She herself didn't know where the conversation they had just caught her attention. However, there is nothing wrong with her being stimulated.

Mila looked at her in a puzzled way.

Valtrotti immediately smiled upon seeing this, and changed to a new topic in a blink of an eye.

❄

In the Lamezia Fallsberg foothill mines, there is a small town with the same name.

In this medium-sized town, facilities such as taverns, prostitutes and saunas have been built. It is a town built around miners. The town was full of dirty and nasty atmosphere, and even the priests who worked in the temple spoke foul language.

The biggest voices in the town are the miners, and the craftsmen who repair mining tools or refine copper and silver extracted from the mines. For those rivers that flow down from the mines, the town is particularly rigorously managed. If the river is found to be polluted, the townspeople will even directly dismiss the current mayor.

"I hate this small town."

Mila thought this way on the way to the mayor's residence.
Tigre beside her was looking around like a lost child, observing the surroundings. Because he had to find a way to find out how this small town produced wolf wine. Although he once felt that this kind of boring homework would take a lot of time, he never thought that he found a clue all at once.

"—That's it."

In the eyes of Tigre, who was holding a black bow, the river flowing down from the upper reaches of the mine clearly revealed a dangerous atmosphere.

"The more upstream it should be, the more dangerous it will be."

"I didn't expect that something happened there, but it was a bit disappointing."

After Valtrotti finished speaking, Tigre shook his head.

"No, as far as I feel, it is the mine itself that exudes a strong malice. It may be the mine itself that transforms humans into wolves."

Tigre's heart was full of thanks to the black bow. Although he did not find out what made this mine so dangerous, thanks to this black bow, he was able to avoid drinking the glass of wolf wine and found here all the way.

—Where is this sacred bow?

This series of events even made Tigre think about this kind of problem that he would not normally think about.

—Although there is no clue about it, I want to use this power freely. If I can't do it, I won't be able to fight Zmei, and I won't be able to help Mila.

Because the lord personally travelled, the mayor did not take long to let Tigre and the others into the mansion.

But only Adris and Valtrotti went into the meeting room to meet with the mayor. After entering, Adris informed the mayor right away that they were
going to enter the mine, hoping that the miners could temporarily seek refuge.

"His Royal Highness, may I ask what happened? You guys are not, are you here to find the sword again?"

At first, the mayor did not want to cooperate with Adris’ actions.

To be honest, in addition to the necessary rest time, he wants the miners to mine as much minerals as possible. Because the silver and copper collected every month actually had to be handed over to the capital, he was not actually trying to make things difficult for them.

"Do you remember the cult group lurking in the mine six months ago? We found that there were still more parties that had not been cleaned up. In fact, among the wine sent from this small town to Hanor, we found several bottles of poisonous wine. And the same toxin used by the cultist group was used."

In order to avoid confusion, Adris avoided the topic of human wolf and explained.

The mayor's back was green. In his memory, the royal family spent a lot of time on the crusade against the cult. That's why he always felt that the matter had already come to an end.

"This, this really needs to be dealt with as soon as possible... Do you need my help to send troops?"

"No, I hope the soldiers in the town can stay to protect the safety of the civilians. We can handle the battle with the Remnant Party. After all, that’s why I made this trip."

Adris’ remarks made the mayor cast a suspicious look. Because he vaguely remembered that the prince did not have the strength as a fighter. Moreover, this time he didn't even bring a soldier.

Adris did not bluff, but turned to look at Valtrotti, and said to the mayor:
"I believe you must remember the strength of this lady. Apart from her, those waiting in the reception room People are also powerful people who are powerful. It is because there are reports that there are not many cultists, so I only brought them here."

If Tigre and the others heard these words waiting in the hospitality room, they would surely be overwhelmed, but, after all, Mila and Olga are among them, so Adris is not lying. All in all, even if only for a while, they want to keep the pit as empty as possible.

"I see. I will give instructions to the miners immediately."

"Then please. Also, I hope you can give the gatekeeper an order to confiscate all the wine to be shipped from this town. Although it is a bit it’s hard for a strong man, but we can’t tell from the appearance which bottles of wine have been poisoned. By the way, by the way, have the townspeople and soldiers living here have anything unusual?"

"Your Highness It’s really prudent. However, I haven’t received any reports in this regard."

“They may be worried about being found by us, so they didn’t do anything in the base area. After all, their purpose is to bring the country into chaos and cause the two factions to fight each other together."

The mayor helped them prepare a map of the mine. After the two took the map, they thanked the mayor and left. Then the two went to the hospitality room and discussed with Tigre and them. Mila frowned when she saw the map.

"The mining is quite deep. It's not easy to get lost."

"No way, after all, the mining work has been going on for two hundred years." Valtrotti replied.

"If the guy who makes wolf wine is really lurking in it, I think the opponent must be a hidden tunnel hidden in the mine."
Adris pointed at a point on the map with his index finger.

"Although we blocked the entrance half a year ago, we did not carefully bury the inside. We knew that things would develop into this way, and we should have done a good job of post-war handling."

"If we didn't investigate there so if so, we have to rummaged through the entire mine, right?"

Mila showed some helplessness, and Adris nodded in agreement.

"I think there is no other way."

After that, Adris, Raffinac, and Goruin decided to stay in the mansion for staying work.

"Master Ludmila, please take care of your body. If something happens to you, you will break the sword on your body as a sign of responsibility."

Breaking the sword on your body means that Goruin will return him as a member. Unless he committed the heinous crime of being exiled to another country, no knight would do such an act. This means that Goruin has really made a great awareness.

"I'll pay attention. Don't worry, I don't mean to retire you."

After witnessing the conversation between the master and the slave, Raffinac sighed and said,

"Since Goruin agrees, I will say more willful words are meaningless. If the situation is urgent, please come back even if the whole mountain is blown away. When you come back, the young master, I may know how important it is to preserve the blood. Carefully-carefully-carefully. Drinking ale with you and talking in detail all night."

Raffinac's stubborn remarks deeply penetrated the hearts of the young people present.
The people present were either the nobles of Brune, the princes of Sachenstein, or the local tyrants of Sachenstein. Although Zhcted's war maiden has nothing to do with blood lineage, but her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother are all war maidens' Mila, and it is inevitable that they would have scruples about this matter. Only Olga among them did not waver.

And it was Adris who broke this awkward atmosphere. He looked straight at Valtrotti and said:

"When I think of being the first to welcome you back, I think it's interesting to stay behind. Please come back safely."

Valtrotti closed her mouth. At this moment, Olga interrupted from the side,

"Aren't you going to show anything?"

Valtrotti couldn't even ignore the girl's words. With an expression of helplessness, she said to Adris while playing with Barumuk,

"You are kind of a good person."

"If something is wrong, how can I be a lord?"

In this way, Tigre, Mila, Olga, and Valtrotti left the mayor's house and set off toward the mine.

❄

Because the miners just went to evacuate for a while, the surrounding area of the mine was full of equipment that they had just thrown away. While avoiding these obstacles, Tigre and the others climbed up the slope and ladder to the door of the mine. The pit is wide enough to allow two adults to walk side by side.

"It seems that it should be okay to maintain this length."

Mila happily tapped Lavias on the handle of the spear. The dragon gear in her hand can change the length of the spear body at will according to the
user's will. Valtrotti prepared two kerosene lamps. One of them was held by herself, and the other was given to Mila.

After it was decided that Mila and Olga would take the lead, the four entered the mine together. After only a dozen steps, the sun outside was no longer visible, and the surroundings were completely dark. The cold air also made the atmosphere of the scene even heavier. Only the footsteps and snorts of the four of them were left in the mine, and there were only two light sources to help them illuminate the darkness.

The four of them followed Tigre's instructions holding the map and marched toward the depths of the mine. However, at this moment, Olga suddenly looked up and asked,

"Does the so-called mine pit use beams and columns to support the ceiling?"

"Yes. If there is no beam and column support, the ceiling will be covered. The weight of the ground was overwhelmed, and it eventually collapsed."

After Valtrotti answered, she looked around for a while and muttered a little dissatisfied:

“So far, there is no smell of enemies at all.”

In response, Tigre replied:

"If there is something lurking around here, the miners would have found it long ago? You have to look deeper."

Valtrotti's questioning voice was obviously anxious. This was probably because of the meaningful relationship to her.

When approaching the hidden passage, Mila and Olga stopped at the same time. They saw several figures appearing in front of them at the same time.

The Human Shadow Group did not say hello to them, made a clanging armor rubbing sound, and walked straight over. Under the light of the kerosene lamp, what caught your eye was an armed group wearing armor
and holding an axe and shield. Everyone in the armed group looked dull and expressionless.

"Sure enough, it's right here!"

Mila and Olga kicked out. They use a spear and axe to slash at the wolf soldier in front of them.

Olga's ability as a fighter is very good. She quickly rushed into the enemy's arms and shot the enemy with a fatal blow. Although this way of fighting was thought of when she fully understood that the range of the weapon was not enough, it was very reassuring.

In order to make Olga better fight, Mila mainly attacked the enemy's weapons and shields. Although the wolf soldiers are not afraid of weapon attacks, they also will not throw away their weapons. As long as you attack the weapon, you can easily upset the opponent's balance.

Although nearly ten soldiers swarmed together, the two of them immediately knocked them down to the ground.

"It seems that we don't need our help anymore."

Valtrotti, who was observing the situation behind the battle, removed her hand from the hilt of Barumuk. Depending on the situation, she planned to help them both. However, after a while, she felt the change and clenched the sword on her waist again.

"It's not over yet!"

Mila and Olga also noticed the change. Instinctively took a few steps back.

The soldiers who had just fallen to the ground stood up again as if they were okay.

Then, an astonishing scene happened. The soldiers' faces began to twist and skewed, their noses and mouths bulging forward. The ears stretched upward as they swelled, and bristles covered not only the face but also the arms. Sharp white claws grew from the fingertips.
Not even five seconds passed, two wolves standing on two feet appeared in front of the four of them.

The men and wolves charged Mila and Olga again, obviously faster than they had just come.

Mila quickly assumed a challenge posture, sending out a few high-speed thrusts. In a blink of an eye, the human wolf's eyes, throat, and chest were pierced by the spear in her hand, and turned over and collapsed to the ground.

At the same time, Olga also cut off the right arm of another wolf. She slashed at the opponent with the thick blade of the axe mercilessly until the opponent stopped completely. After his chest was split and fell to the ground, the man-wolf finally did not stand up again.

After ruining the lives of the three wolves, the remaining demons turned their heads and ran back. After looking back at the fallen corpse, Olga and Valtrotti couldn't help sighing.

"Although I will be skeptical after listening to His Royal Highness Ludmila... But I didn't expect that what the demons do refers to this kind of thing... In other words, if humans continue to drink wolf wine, it will look like that, right?"

After arriving at the door of the hidden passage, they found that there was rubble in front of the cave that looked like a cave.

"I'm afraid they are right here. Even if no trace of them is found by then, we can still find other clues in it."

The four entered the cave in order. Unlike the tunnel, there has been no repairing work. The low ceiling and uneven ground, even the width is sometimes wide and sometimes narrow. The four of them stood in line with each other, with Mila taking the lead, followed by Tigre holding a kerosene lamp.
"Do they have cat eyes? They clearly don't have any lighting facilities, but they can run in such a blinding tunnel."

After Tigre sighed helplessly, Olga asked,

"Are we? Are you slowly going down?"

"The neighborhood is almost the same as what I had in mind."

Valtrotti said.

Soon after, the four of them came to an open place. It is the size of a small town square and has high ceilings. There was a gust of warm air that had never been seen before, which made Tigre and the others more alert.

"There is no way, is it the end..."

Mila tilted her head and wondered. After hearing this, Valtrotti moved on and said:

"Let me come here."

She walked straight to the center, squatted down on the spot, and touched the floor.

"When I came half a year ago, Barumuk was buried near here. Looking back now, it may be any mechanism."

Valtrotti stood up and said nothing about Barumuk. She inserted it under her feet. With a vague sound, the ground collapsed unnaturally, revealing a cave for children to pass through.

"It seems that this is the key. Then, as long as the digging does not cause the soil to collapse..."

At this moment, Olga volunteered to walk in front of her.

"Let me come."
There was a little surprise on Valtrotti's face. She took a step back and handed the scene to Olga.

Olga clenched the dragon gear with both hands, lifted it high, and stopped.

Rather than concentrating, she is looking for a place to attack with an axe.

Olga's pupils were condensed at one point. With a shout, she swung down the axe in her hand. Immediately afterwards, there was a roar, the rock fragments fell apart, and a huge cave appeared on the ground.

After carefully looking down, they found that the cave was not vertical, but inclined a little. The cave is quite large, allowing adults to walk unobstructed.

After being lined up again, the four entered the cave. Tigre took a deep breath, a little disturbed. He recalled the story of the underworld that his mother had told him when he was a child. In the story, the traveling bard who entered the cave to shelter from the rain found a cave that could go all the way down. He continued to go down out of curiosity and finally arrived in the kingdom of the dead.

"Everyone keeps up, right?"

After he couldn't help but ask, the other three reported peace.

"It's impossible for anyone to get lost in this one-way way."

After Olga answered with a wry smile, Mila warned her in a serious tone:

"Nevertheless, it is better to be careful in everything. After all, it is not uncommon to get away with your companions unknowingly."

After going on for a while, a few of them came to an open place.

The four of them took a breath at the same time. Because in this huge cave, an ancient building actually appeared. After cautiously approaching and observing carefully with a kerosene lamp, they discovered that this was actually a temple.
"It's really amazing to be able to build this kind of thing in this kind of place..."

Tigre sighed.

After looking up at the pillars of the temple, Valtrotti calmly analyzed:

"Maybe there are other entrances and exits. After all, the road we came in cannot carry such stones."

"But they did not hesitate to dig the mountain. What is the reason why you want to build this temple-like building? It takes a lot of manpower, right?"

Olga tilted his little head in surprise. And at this moment, Mila said, "It seems that there are words engraved on the wall. This is, Zhctedian...?"

"Even Brune language..."

Tigre looked at the engraved in surprise at the writing on the wall. Although the color of the text is very light and the lack of it makes them very difficult to understand, but it does say: "Everything is for the goddess".

"It's also written in Sachenstein. ‘The world does not belong to humans,’ it says..."

Valtrotti calmly read the text. However, a touch of anxiety appeared on her face.

"'The world does not belong to human beings.' Do they want to say that the world belongs to the demons and them?"

Valtrotti said contemptuously,

"I have been talking such dreams for so long, and the result is now It didn't happen, did it? It's a laugh."

Tigre and Mila looked at each other silently.
Is this the cause of Vanadis, the demon and the Lord of Marksman? Could it be that the Lord of Marksman and the war maidens joined hands to repel the demons who claimed that the world belongs to them?

"But then again, what are they going to rely on to obtain the world? I don't think they are a group of guys who would think it is realistic to behead humans."

"I don't have any ideas about this. But judging from their battles with us so far, the means they have may be far beyond our imagination..."

Tigre turned his attention to the entrance of the temple.

The four took up their weapons and entered at a cautious pace inside the temple. The light of the kerosene lamp illuminates the broken bowls and broken plates that were thrown on the ground. Every plate and bowl looked old and weathered.

"--You are here."

The four people watched at the same time at the direction of the voice. Zmei, standing on a high place, was waiting for them. And around the demons stood soldiers who had been transformed into wolves and still maintained the appearance of humans.

Tigre frowned. He found a thin red-black line at the feet of the soldiers. And the thin line also drew a large picture on the floor. At the moment he saw it, an ominous hunch emerged in his heart.

Valtrotti stared at Zmei with an angry gaze, and then stepped forward and scolded:

"What is your purpose? Why do you want to do such a thing?"

"Die."

Zmei's answer is the same as the past it was exactly the same when he was questioned by Tigre.
"It's just that what I hope is the death of you guys."

Tigre clenched the black bow in his hand. In addition to anger, he has always had a strange sense of suffocation since the beginning. Is it because he has been staying in such a blinding space?

"What do the words engraved on the wall mean?"

Tigre asked aloud after finishing his breath.

"Do you want to say that this world belongs to you?"

"Yes."

Zmei replied in a natural tone.

"This world belongs to me and other things, but it was taken away so I'll wait until you want it to recapture..."

Valtrotti frowned and asked:

"Recapture what?"

"It means there are as many as you want, and this is one of them."

Zmei raised her right hand high. Immediately afterwards, the patterns under the feet of the soldiers glowed with a purple light symbolizing unknown.

Along with this purple light, abnormal changes occurred in the soldiers. Some people’s heads were transformed into the appearance of wolves, while others began to grow horns. Some even have wings directly on their backs.

After witnessing the terrible scene, Tigre and the others were dumbfounded and speechless.

"What have you done?"

Mila stared at Zmei. And Zmei only faintly replied:
"I just let demons that don't belong to this world eat humans."

"So that's what happened."

After hearing this, Valtrotti muttered a few words.

"Fairies brought humans into the mountains, deceiving them that there are gold and silver jewelry, but they actually want them to be swallowed by demons." This reminds me of this ancient fairy tale. You guys have been doing it since before. Let's do this kind of activity!"

"Inheritance, legends and fairy tales, don't they...?"

Zmei muttered to herself with some admiration.

"That's it. Although I have always been not interested in that kind of thing, it seems that this kind of thinking is wrong now."

Zmei's words are equivalent to affirming Valtrotti's speculation.

Along with the violent shaking of the earth, a huge arm stretched out from the purple light pattern. And there was a blue thunder light on his arm.

Along with the disturbing atmosphere, a giant appeared in front of them. The height of the giant is as tall as forty Chets (about four meters). It was half naked, with only a piece of cloth wrapped around its waist. The entire face is covered by upside-down white hair and beard, with a thick chest plate and thick arms and thighs. And wearing a gray glove on his right hand.

After a glance at Mila, Zmei signaled to the giant.

Immediately afterwards, the giant roared. Together with the soldiers who were transformed into adult wolves, they attacked Tigre and the four of them.

"Go!"
Mila raised Lavias to prepare for the challenge. Olga and Valtrotti followed suit and raised their weapons.

Tigre raised his black bow with arrows, and shot at the demons. He knew in his heart that now was the time to open the way for Mila.

Valtrotti did not hesitate at all, beheading all the soldiers who came. Tigre was shocked by her high technique and her unhesitating attitude. However, this also means that he didn't need to help her. In this way, he could concentrate on supporting Mila and Olga's battle.

The giant's fist was accompanied by lightning, and it was beaten straight down. Mila, who had planned to use Lavias to take the blow, jumped to her side with instant judgment. A huge fist pierced the ground, and thunder light scattered everywhere.

"It's like Thor, the god of thunder!"

Valtrotti whispered in fear. Even if they wanted to kill the giant, its body was surrounded by lightning. It is not easily accessible at all.

"—A static world!"

Mila used the dragon technique to freeze the ground, and the purple-lighted pattern was also frozen, so that the pattern never radiated any more light.

Although the ground under the giant's feet was also wafting cold, the demon could still move forward without incident. At the same time, Olga leaped high and swung down the dragon gear.

However, the giant took Olga's blow empty-handed. It just grabbed the axe and threw Olga to the ground. Immediately afterwards, the giant's fist slammed to Olga again.

"—One of the tooth collapse."

Even with his fist pressed in front of him, Olga remained quite calm. She waved the dragon gear from right to left. The blades on the upper and lower sides of the axe extend forward and become jagged. It's like dragon teeth.
The sound of metal impact disturbed the atmosphere. The dragon gear bounced the giant’s fist back.

The scene before him stunned Olga. Because the gloves that the giant wore on his hands were not damaged in the slightest.

Mila launched an assault on the giant. However, this is only to help Olga's containment. As if understanding Mila's intention, the giant swept away the tip of the spear with his fist a little impatiently. Olga took advantage of this time to roll away and got up and distanced himself from the demon.

"It's surprising."

Olga opened her eyes wide.

"Obviously that blow can smash even a huge rock."

"Don't speculate about that kind of demon on a human scale. No matter who we are, it's impossible to fight that kind of demon alone."

Olga seemed to understand Mila’s instructions. The two attacked the giant from left to right. However, the giant blocked the two of them with both hands. This space shrouded in darkness kept Mila and the others in a disadvantaged situation. And this giant, like a night vision function, can accurately grasp the positions of the two of them.

Suddenly, Mila started moving her eyes to find Zmei's location. Zmei did not move, but stayed in the depths of the cave, watching the battle silently.

—What's the matter?

If you want to defeat them, this is obviously a good opportunity. Why is she motionless?

The giant glowed from the palm of his hand. Mila, who was caught off guard, stood there without responding.

It was Olga, who made an earthen wall with dragon gear to help her withstand the blow.
Although the earth wall was smashed and Olga had multiple scratches on her body, she immediately stood up and stared at the giant.

"—Muma."

After adjusting his breath, Olga called her dragon gear.

"So far, I haven't been able to figure out how I should treat your affairs."

She once felt that this is too powerful for herself who is not worthy of being a war maiden.

She once came up with the annoying thought, "Why Muma just doesn't want to leave herself?"

"Although I understand that I am so headstrong, I hope you can lend me your strength!"

Because, at this time, she already has things she wants to protect and others she wants to help.

Immediately afterwards, a thin red light burst out and wrapped around the dragon gear, and flowed through Olga's body through the hilt.

"—The fourth of broken claws." Olga kicked off the ground. Moreover, her movements are faster and stronger than ever.

The giant chose to fight with his fist, while Olga threw down her axe.

Thunder and light scattered, and the impact first made the two back up a few steps. However, both sides did not make any pauses, and started offensively again.

Olga bounced the giant's fist with her axe. This caused the giant's body to tilt and eventually lose his balance. Soon after, Olga rushed under the giant's feet, cut off the giant's ankle and let it fall completely to the ground. Although thunder light struck her, the thin red light covering Olga's body protected her.
However, Olga is offensive ends here. The giant immediately kicked Olga aside.

After the giant stood up, he stomped hard on the patterned ground. Immediately afterwards, the wounds on the demon's body recovered at an astonishing speed.

Accompanied by the roar of joy, the giant's body gave out thunder again.

Although Mila and Olga both used dragon gear to block the blow, and Tigre also used an arrow that instantly gathered "power" to offset the blow, but Valtrotti was unable to block it. This lightning strike was finally penetrated by lightning and collapsed to the ground.

In desperation, Mila released the dragon skills.

"──Prick the sky through the freeze crack!"

The cold air released by Lavias generated a huge ice spear, which shot directly at the giant. However, the giant flew the ice spear with his gloved right hand.

Tigre raised the black bow, pulling the bowstring to its limit. The white brilliance and thin red brilliance from Lavias of Mila and Muma of Olga flowed in a spiral to the arrow. Although this is a great burden on the body, Tigre felt a sense of trust from it.

However, although this mortal blow caused damage to the giant, its body immediately recovered.

"What kind of demon is this...?"

Tigre groaned. The strength of this giant is not inferior to that of Rusalka, Leshy and Torbalan. What should they do to defeat it?

At this moment, Tigre suddenly looked at the leather bag that he tied around his waist, the black arrowhead.
Regarding this arrowhead, they didn't have any clues apart from knowing that it was related to the Lord of Marksman.

But since this is a souvenir left by the Lord of Marksman to his comrades, there must be some unknown power hidden.

—It doesn't matter if three, seven or twenty-one!

He took out the black arrowhead and squeezed it firmly.

The arrowhead is not an arrow, it has an arrow shaft that can stabilize the string, and an arrow feather that stabilizes the orbit.

However, he did not have time to pull out the arrowhead of the arrow in his hand and plug the black arrowhead in again, and even if he hurriedly plugged it in, he might not be able to stabilize the arrow.

Tigre raised the black arrow high and shouted to Mila:

"Please! Help me make an arrow!"

Although others may not understand, the meaning of the words was accurately conveyed to Mila. All the cold air released by Lavias was inhaled into Tigre's hands.

Immediately afterwards, a black arrow with an ice cube axis was formed on the palm of Tigre's palm, and an arrow feather made of ice cube attached to it. Mila seemed to want to encourage him in this way.

Tigre put the arrow on the black bow, and after aiming, released the bowstring.

The shot arrow was directly inhaled into the giant's forehead, and it blew its entire head with a roar.

A burst of something like black mist sprayed out of its head instead of blood.
Then, the giant's body quickly fell apart like sand.

Mila looked around for a while, looking for Zmei's figure. However, the breath of demons has long since disappeared.

"Have you escaped...?" Zmei's series of actions made Mila really puzzled. Could it be that she just came to humiliate them when she came here?

At this moment, the ground cracked. The fragile foundation of the battle with the giant was destroyed by Tigre's blow.

The crack spread in one breath. Then, the ground collapsed.

After a scream and cry for help, the four fell into the dark ground.

❄

After hearing a gentle call, Tigre woke up. He just seemed to have lost consciousness.

The vision was shrouded in darkness. And what appeared in front of him was Mila's face.

"Are you okay? Is there any place that hurts?"

Although Tigre tried to stand up, all parts of his body groaned. But even so, he managed to squeeze out a smile. Because he really didn't want Mila to worry.

"I'm okay. It's you, are there any injuries?"

Tigre recalled little by little. His arrow collapsed the ground, and he finally lost consciousness when he fell to the ground. However, his left hand grasped the black bow tightly and did not let go. Tigre stood up, feeling relieved, and looked around. The light from the two dragon gears replaced the kerosene lamp to help them illuminate the darkness.

"I'm okay. But Valtrotti seems to be injured."
After looking at Valtrotti, Tigre realized that her left arm was hanging on a temporary bandage made of torn clothes.

"Are you okay?"

"It's a blessing that I didn't hurt my dominant hand."

Although she answered plainly, she could tell from her iron complexion and trembling voice that she was suffering from severe pain at this time.

——It's great not to bring Raffinac and the others.

Although Tigre didn't say it, he felt so from the bottom of his heart.

"By the way, where exactly is this place?"

Tigre felt a little puzzled. Since the foundation of the ground has fallen, this is right below the place where they fought. Is this kind of big void from the beginning? Or is it just a place where the cave continues to extend downward?

At this moment, Tigre suddenly glanced at the black bow on his left hand. Because of this black bow, it was emitting a slight heat at this time.

——This is not the heat generated by my body. What is the problem?

Since this black bow possessed incredible power, he wouldn't be surprised no matter what happened. However, it clearly didn't change anything until just now. Could it be that the black arrowhead was used to cause this result?

"There seems to be something here."

Suddenly, Olga made a voice. Tigre and the others immediately turned their sights. Mila raised the dragon gear high. After seeing the faintly looming thing, all the members took a breath.

It was a huge statue of a woman with a height of twenty Alshins (about twenty meters). The woman was covered with only a piece of cloth, almost
naked, and straddled on the back of a wild animal. And that beast is the 
black dragon.

—*This is the statue I saw in my dream*.......

At this moment, Tigre finally remembered the content of his forgotten 
dream. Looking back now, this space is very similar to the place he 
dreamed of at the time. Standing not far away and seeing this statue, 
Valtrotti shouted in surprise:

"Isn't this Tir Na Fal ...?"

Tigre and Mila were surprised by this. He looked at her.

"So you know?"

Although Valtrotti was puzzled by the reaction of the two of them, she 
nodded and explained.

"She is the god of Brune and Zhcted, right? My father had investigated her 
before. But my father didn't tell me the reason for doing this."

"In other words, it's here. It's the believers of Tir Na Fal ...the base of the 
cult group. I didn’t expect that they would actually build a stronghold 
here in Sachenstein ..."

After that, Valtrotti asked calmly.: 

"By the way, how can we go out?"

The four of them looked at each other not knowing what to do when Olga 
was the first to propose and said:

"Perhaps somewhere in the back of the cave is a ladder."

“That won’t work," Valtrotti shook her head in denial.

"Even if there is the kind of ladder you said, I am afraid it will be destroyed 
by the collapsed earth and rock."
"That is to say, we are trapped in it?"

Olga said hoarsely. And Mila, who was standing next to her, finally figured out something until then, nodding her head while saying:

"Zmei may have spotted that we will be trapped here, so she left halfway through the fight."

Tigre complained indignantly:

"I found out the cause of the man-wolf incident and defeated the terrible giant. But in the end, was it still set by Zmei..."

"It's not easy to do this now."

Valtrotti said with a sullen expression.

"Although we did not go back, Adris and the others should come to us... But it is possible to be trapped and die here without being found..."

"I will never allow that kind of thing to happen."

The one who made such a strong statement was Tigre.

"Let me use the power of this black bow to shoot through a hole in the rock plate. There are two war maidens here, so I should be able to do it."

"But if you fail, the ceiling and walls will collapse instantly and bury us all in the soil, right? Compared to this method, using my and Ludmila's dragon skills to dig through the tunnel little by little is not Is it more reasonable?"

"It doesn't work,"

Mila replied.

"Of course I have thought about the method you told me, but now, the power of the dragon gear is being suppressed by something. I don't know if it's Zmei's ghost or..."
Mila looked up at the Statue of Tir Na Fal. If someone said that there was something beyond common sense in this space, Mila would not find it strange but would accept it. Because Mila, as a Zhcted, originally had a very bad impression of the existence of Tir Na Fal.

Although Tigre glanced at the statue of the goddess, doubt and anxiety flashed in the youth's pupils.

—is this black bow of mine related to this goddess?

After recalling the things in his dream, Tigre could only think so. Moreover, when Tigre used the "power" of this black bow for the first time, it was indeed a female voice that called him in Tigre's consciousness.

—is that actually the voice of Tir Na Fal?

The bow and arrow from the left hand suddenly became terrifying. Because of the relationship between being able to fight the demons side by side with Mila, Tigre originally thought that the power of this black bow was something positive, but now it seems that this is not the case at all, is it?

—But... Even so, I still have to use the power of this bow.

Because of Tigre, he didn't want to die for everyone present.

The only problem is that Mila once said that the power of the dragon gear is suppressed. In this situation, can the black bow exert its strength normally?

Tigre cut the back of his left hand. Although Olga and Valtrotti were so surprised that they almost wanted to say something, they were both stopped by Mila's hand. After raising the bow and shooting the arrow, Tigre took a deep breath.

Lavias and Muma each emitted their own "powers", converging into a beam of light and converging on the arrow. Incredibly, Tigre did not feel the oppressive feeling of the past.

—Use my blood!
Although he didn't say it, Tigre still told this to the Black Bow in his heart. If this can lead to more "power", he would be happy to do so.

In an instant, Tigre suddenly felt that the black bow sent out pulse-like fluctuations. Something like black mist emerged from the stem of the bow and entangled Tigre's left hand.

Immediately afterwards, a cold air filled the whole body. Not only the blood, but the feeling that even the heat and vitality in the body have been taken away, hit Tigre's whole body. A breath mixed with pain and fear leaked from his mouth.

But even so, Tigre still held the black bow tightly. As he expected, the black bow did carry waves of "power". Very good, that's it, he thought, his mouth raised.

At this moment, he suddenly felt a certain sight. And it didn't come from Mila and the others.

This is a rather strange sight. It seems to be seen from a close distance, but also to feel from a distance. It is like looking down from above, but also like looking up from below. He can feel the warmth of spring and the cold of winter breeze. Is it because the black bow has absorbed the blood that caused the tired self to have hallucinations?

---What do you ask for?

A voice came from the deepest part of consciousness. It was the voice that taught him to use the power hidden in the black bow.

---Are you going to save your life for your sweetheart?

Certainly not! Tigre gritted his teeth while meditating in his heart.

---I want to control our future!

After pulling the bowstring to the limit, Tigre aimed at the target. His target is the wall to the right of the goddess statue. Although he didn't know how
he knew it, he could feel that it was the most vulnerable part of the rock
pan. Did the goddess tell him specifically?

It wasn't until this time that Tigre noticed that the arrow hitch on the black
bow had been transformed into the black arrow hitch from some time
on. But the strange thing is that after he shot at the giant, he obviously
didn't recover the arrowhead, right?

—But in this case, it may succeed!

After letting go of the arrow from the fingertips, it shot across the sky and
hit the wall directly.

Accompanied by an extraordinary roar, the space covered by darkness
violently shakes. The scale of the shock even allowed Olga and Mila to help
each other to stand firm. A puff of gray smoke floated from the rock pan. It
wasn't until ten seconds passed that the vibration finally stopped.

Tigre was exhausted and collapsed to the ground. While calling out Tigre's
name, Mila ran to his side, and knelt directly to the ground and picked up
the young man's body.

"I, I'm okay..."

Tigre panted heavily and took Mila's hand.

"But, let me just..."

"I know. You just have a good rest."

Mila barely forced a smile and said, Tigre closed his eyes after listening,
and immediately let out a snort. Mila kept staring at Tigre with a serious
expression, and after confirming that he was really asleep, she finally let out
a sigh of relief. She raised her head and looked at the spot where the arrow
shot by Tigre hit.

The scene before her made Mila a little dumbfounded. Because of Tigre's
fierce arrow, he only opened a small hole in this wall. After putting Tigre's
body down gently, Mila quickly ran to the side of the cave. A fist can only
pass the size of the cave at best. Although the light outside can be seen from it, it also means that the rock plate itself is thick enough to make people unimaginable.

-Can I break the rock plate with dragon skills?

Just as Mila was thinking about this, something suddenly fell on her shoulder. She wiped her shoulder with her fingertips, only to realize that it was dust from the rock pan. The blow that Tigre had just fired seemed to have caused a huge crack in this huge space.

──Hurry up.

Mila's feeling from her hand clearly felt that the power of the dragon gear had returned. The arrow that Tigre had just shot seemed to have shattered something that had been suppressing the power of the dragon gear.

So this time, it was his turn to become Tigre's power.

After making up his mind in this way, Mila raised Lavias.

"Let me come."

Olga stepped forward with the dragon gear on her shoulder. She looked up at Mila and said,

"I hope you can help me freeze the ceiling and walls except here. This way, even if I get through the cave, it won't collapse immediately."

After this Olga looked back at Tigre and said,

"What a great person. I finally understand why you like him. Don't worry, I will never let him die in such a place."

“Thank you. But~”

After thanking Olga, Mila continued.

"Tigre's strength is more than this."
Olga stared at the small cave.

Valtrotti stared at her back silently.

—Is the Vanadis finally conscious of it?

After wolves and giants continued to fight such terrible demons, Valtrotti finally began to get it, and Olga felt the same resolve as her. However, she was different from her unpromising self, and she fought very well in every battle.

Although it is really happy to see her petite and unconfused back, it also makes a feeling of loneliness come to my heart.

The girl is no longer the one she met at the time, the lost sheep.

—It seems that I can no longer escape.

This made Valtrotti make up her mind to move forward with her after he left here.

if she didn't do this, she wouldn't have the right to claim yourself as a "friend equivalent to her."

After Mila froze the ceiling and walls, Olga first took a deep breath and then exhaled. After extending Muma's grip, Olga used her petite hands to hold the handle tightly.

With a shout, she swung the axe from right to left. An astonishing impact sounded throughout the space, and a huge crack extended from the center of the cave. In this moment of inadmissibility, Olga immediately swiped another sweep from left to right. The touch conveyed through the axe convinced the thin pink-haired Vanadis that she was half done.

"—Destruction Team."

At the moment she shouted, the axe blade became extremely huge. Olga raised Muma high, and hit the rock table with a slam. Immediately
afterwards, the rock plate was completely destroyed and a big hole was opened.

Olga let out a light sigh of relief before returning the axe in his hand to its original shape.

And what appeared in front of her at this time was a cave that ordinary people could easily pass through.

"It's amazing..."

After she couldn't help but praise her, Mila asked Olga about something she had always cared about.

"Although I, as a war maiden, perhaps shouldn't ask about this kind of thing, but... What kind of power can your dragon gear use? Is it the power of the earth?"

Mila would think so because the impact on the ceiling and walls was even more exaggerated than she had imagined. Olga nodded and agreed with her.

"Although you are right, I, who have never used this kind of power so far, are actually not quite sure."

"Really? However, after you have a good relationship with Dragon Gears, you should gradually know what to do. How do you use this power?"

Mila showed a smile. Olga tilted her little head in a puzzled way, and asked, "Don't you care?"

"If you want to say that you don't care, of course you care, it's just -"

Mila frowned. With a frowning expression, he continued:

"If you can continue to be a Vanadis, you are both a friend and a competitor to me. You see, this kind of thing will happen between ethnic groups soon, right? The two families that are in a good relationship will not each other because of their interests. There are few cases of compromise, right?"
Olga also seemed to feel reasonable and fell into contemplation.

"This is really a college question..."

However, Olga shook his head not long afterwards, clearing away the distractions.

"However, when I am no longer a Vanadis, I think that the precious and massive experience I gained when I was a Vanadis will definitely enable me to help the people when I return."

Olga said. She looked ahead and walk side by side with Mila.

What appeared before the four of them behind the huge cave was the winter sky. It was a gray sky much brighter than here.

At this moment, they heard a group of men shouting.

Although this made them reflexively startled, the four of them couldn't help but laugh after hearing who the repeated shouts came from.

Soon after, three figures appeared at the intersection of the cave. They are Adris, Raffinac and Goruin.

"It's great that you are safe."

Mila and the others greeted the three who entered the cave with a smile.

"Didn’t you promise me to stay in the mansion?"

After hearing Valtrotti’s words, Adris replied with a dumbfounded:

"I have heard the kind of giant that can shake the entire mine. Who would like to stay in place so that you would come back?"

"We did not directly break into the pit which has been very good. Although we take into consideration the rock in danger of collapse not only wants to go in."

At the same time as Tigre, Raffinac couldn't help but joked.

At the same time, Mila was helping Olga's body. With the assistance of Goruin, they both supported Olga one by one. In fact, Olga was already exhausted.

The cold wind blowing oncoming after leaving the cave was so comfortable and pleasant for them at this moment.

❄

In the winter wilderness, there is an army headed by Lawrence. They are the Goldberg Army of 6,000 infantrymen. Needless to say, the commander-in-chief of the army is Goldberg himself.

Although there was no snow, their faces under the semicircular helmets were ruddy in the strong winter wind. Some people even wore two coats directly. Although Goldberg rode a horse in the forefront, he was the only one who faced the cold wind indifferently. And his white hair, which resembled a lion's mane, was flowing with the wind.

Three days ago, he summoned all the cadres back, and announced to them that he was about to attack Lawrence.

"The Patriarch of the Lawrence family has plans to conspire with the royal family. Presumably, they will come under the command of the royal family and attack this land together. In that case, we must act first. Now, as the leader, Valtrotti is acting together with Prince Adris and has left the territory. We must not miss this great opportunity."

At the same time, Goldberg also sent an envoy to Hanor.

And what the messenger wants to convey is his next move.

"Valtrotti of Lawrence killed Prince Adris at Rammelsberg. You should hurry up and go to the mine to find someone. Although I have no loyalty to the royal family, I am looking forward to it. It was an encounter with the
prince on the battlefield. On top of this, I will send troops to defeat Lawrence to show the reservedness of our local tyrants."

His words were not baseless. Although Goldberg has been constantly searching for Valtrotti's movements from the beginning, this time he even confirmed it through the report sent by the scout. After talking with Adris, she went directly to Lammer...

"The day the prince and Lawrence entered the foothills of the mine; there was a rather shocking roar from the mine. It was a sound that people thought was about to smash the mine, and it was definitely not the sound of thunder. This incident was even still there at the time. There was a lot of commotion in the town."

He used this report to fabricate the news that Valtrotti killed the prince. Then, showing a look of righteous indignation, he made a gesture to crusade against Lawrence.

Should he say he is shameless? As long as it can prevent the royal family from intervening, Goldberg can even tell such a lie indifferently.

In addition, he also went to lobby other local tyrants to participate in this matter. He said this at the time: "Should we cut Lawrence into several pieces, and then share the credits equally?" He had already received a positive answer from Hoffman. Hoffman must be leading the soldiers now, heading towards Lawrence.

In the final analysis, these local tyrants have constantly warned the Lawrence family, which has always communicated with the royal family. However, if you want to fight single-handedly, this opponent is too big. They might think so, as long as Goldberg is dispatched, this battle will have a chance of victory.

──As long as I can get half of Lawrence's territory......

Goldberg's status as a local tyrant can be said to be a certainty. Then, as long as the other local tyrants submit to his command, then the royal family will have to recognize his rule.
In fact, Goldberg had been calculating this matter since before, and his goal has always been Lawrence. However, the unprovoked struggle between the local tyrants and their companions will only benefit the royal fisherman in the end. Because it is impossible to obtain these territories without damage, he wants to wait until he can spend the least amount of sacrifice before acting.

And the opportunity he had said has finally come before his eyes. Even if Valtrotti was really safe, she would not be able to rush back to her territory immediately. You only need to end the battle as soon as possible.

"Goldberg is a local tyrant who wants to drive side by side with the king. It is definitely not a prince who bows to the king."

With this belief, Goldberg intruded into the territory of Lawrence.

"Don't worry about the village and the town. The soldiers standing guard in the fortress also don't care. Our only goal is Solmany!"

Goldberg's army did not go around any long way, and pointed directly at Lawrence The capital of the collar. Then three days later, they led the army to the gate of Solmani.

The gate of Solmani was closed tightly, planning to fight the war completely. Even though Valtrotti was absent, the soldiers still had high morale.

"It's just a bluff. Defeat them in one fell swoop!"

After setting up the camp, Goldberg vigorously issued an order. Goldberg had to attack here in a short time. Although he sent envoys to the royal family, he still didn't know when the royal family's army would start to move.

The soldiers prepared dozens of long boards to cross the moat and set up ladders on the walls.
Of course, Solmany’s garrison did not sit back and watch. They shot down arrows, dropped rocks, and poured hot water. In addition, they even put a bag full of oil on the board and threw it down, sporadically throwing down the flaming Songming cocktail, and then lit one board after another. This made Goldberg’s soldiers only fall into the moat one by one.

"Unexpectedly tricky..."

Even though this idea emerged, Goldberg still firmly believed that our army was in an advantage. Because he inferred from the enemy's movements, their number is obviously less than our army's information. There are not even two thousand people. As long as the current morale is maintained, this small town without Valtrotti will only be captured sooner or later.

Goldberg ordered the soldiers to verbally attack them. The soldiers lined up to shout at Lawrence and declared that reinforcements were coming from other places.

It was not until sunset that Goldberg had the soldiers retreat.

He encouraged the soldiers to continue to fight the enemy bravely, and be careful to guard against night attacks by the enemy, and let them take a good rest tonight. Although there were many casualties, this did not exceed his expectations. The gap in the number of people is slowly showing up.

──We must attack tomorrow.

In this way, Goldberg, who welcomed the arrival of the morning, received a report from the attendant that he had never expected.

"Valtrotti is standing on the wall now."

Goldberg put on his coat and left the camp with only a huge battle-axe. Although Goldberg didn't need to run as much as possible to prevent the soldiers from seeing the scene of his shaking, his feet still trot without knowing it.
When he came to the city wall and looked up, he was stunned by the scene in front of him.

Valtrotti was indeed standing on the wall. Wearing armor, she was letting the winter wind blow her red hair.

"Goldberg, I have something to tell you."

Goldberg, who was named by her, had to agree to her request.

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Out to meet him from the gates was not just Valtrotti but Adris Sri Lanka as well.

Perhaps until this moment, Goldberg was convinced of the fact that he had lost this time. But even so, he still held up his chest and assumed an arrogant attitude.

Outside the small town surrounded by the moat, Goldberg and Valtrotti started a conversation face to face.

"When did you come back...?"

"Last night. I have a kid who knows horses very well. I left part of the horses and ran back here. Of course, I already had them before I came back. I sent an order to the soldiers first."

Although this made Goldberg curse a few words quietly, he still couldn't make him show a shaken expression.

"Don't you have something to tell me? You shouldn't. You have thought about asking me the reason for attacking here, right?"

"That matter will be discussed later. — — What I want to say is that I have decided to follow suit. The royal family has joined the ranks of the lords."

Goldberg shook his body after hearing it. From this it can be seen that the impact of these words on him is extremely huge.
"Why, why...?"

The local warrior asked Valtrotti in a trembling voice with a stunned expression:

“Didn't your father be murdered by the royal family? You haven't gotten your revenge yet. Is it? Where did your pride as a local tyrant go! Or, did this prince give you some magic soup!!!"

Goldberg's last question was addressed to Adris.

"The local tyrants who claim to be side by side with the monarch of a country are free to ally with whom? The local tyrants have to join forces with the royal guard... There is no reason for this kind of thing."

After saying this honestly, Valtrotti shook her head and said,

"I don't want to say anything. I just followed my father's last words, thinking that this is the most beneficial choice for Lawrence, and made this decision."

Her answer gave Goldberg’s thick eyebrows moved slightly. Valtrotti went on to say:

Her father didn't mean to let her live as a tyrant. It was only now that Valtrotti finally discovered this.

And the person who made her notice this was what the warrior said.

"His Royal Highness has already admitted that Lawrence has joined the ranks of princes. And what does this mean, presumably as smart as you should not understand?"

Goldberg took a breath after hearing this. This means that Lawrence will be the sphere of influence of the royal family from now on.

"In the next few days, the royal army will be here. Stop it, Goldberg!" After saying everything there is to say, Valtrotti and Adris turned their backs to Goldberg.
Goldberg said nothing but watched the two leave.

It was only then that he realized firsthand the fact that the era of local tyrants had completely ended. At this moment, the local tyrants no longer have any means to fight against the royal family. Next, they are afraid that the royal family will swallow them back one by one.

Then one day, the term local tyrant will be passed down as a thing of the past.

For a period of time after this, Goldberg remained standing still.

However, he finally turned his back to Solmani and asked the attendants to convey the order to retreat.

Goldberg's red face is not just because the winter wind keeps blowing.

❄

Zmei stood before the statue located Tir Na Fal of the deepest mines.

In this space where the cold air settled, the demon stared motionlessly at the goddess statue in front of him. Although being covered by the mask makes it impossible for others to read her expression at this time, even if the mask is removed, others can't guess her heart activity. Because Zmei's emotions are not reflected in this body.

—It should be like this.

While watching Tigre and the others fighting against giants in other worlds, Zmei tried to use her power to give them a fatal blow several times. She planned to summon Gungnir out to give a head-on blow when she saw a flaw in Mila and Olga's actions.

But strangely, her body didn't have any rejection reaction.

This incident made Zmei suspicious. She knows very little about this body.
What kind of behavior can cause rejection in the body? Before finding out this matter, she should try to avoid fighting with others as much as possible.

—Baba Yaga has also begun to act. Although she is not trustworthy, she should be able to buy me a lot of time.

Suddenly, the atmosphere behind Zmei disturbed silently.

Even if she didn't look back, she could tell from her breath that it was the little old man standing behind her. Of course, the old man didn't come in from a cave leading to the outside world, but twisted the space and suddenly appeared here.

"After going to Muozinel, Zhcted, and Asvarre, did you come directly to Sachenstein? You are really hardworking."

The old man's voice was surprisingly indifferent, and he didn't mean to criticize Zmei.

However, Zmei felt a little unhappy from it.

"Drekavok, is there anything?"

Drekavok is the old man's name. Himself, Zmei and Baba Yaga are all demons.

"I'm just here to exhort you."

Drekavoc’s eyes flashed red, and even the surrounding atmosphere became cloudy.

"I will destroy Brune. I hope you, a guy who runs around like a termite, don't get in the way then."

"Is it really fun to do things under that human named Thenardier?"

Zmei herself was surprised that she would say such provocative words about Drekavok. After hearing this, Drekavok answered the question raised by Zmei with a calm expression without even frowning.
"That man has both strength and ambition. To destroy Brune, he is enough. Like you, I agree with the idea of letting humans kill each other and eventually the corpses will be everywhere. But there is something I can't help but care a little bit about it."

After the first shot, "what the hell is going on?" Zmei asked briefly. Drekavoc’s eyes flashed fierce red, and he asked,

"As long as I can stay alone with the goddess at the end. Do you have this idea in your heart?"

"Why do you think this?"

"Because I see you always let them go at critical moments."

"You think too much."

Zmei looked back at Drekavok, and took off her mask to make her grow. Long black hair drifted apart.

"Without a corpse, you can't exert any power. I am such a being. Moreover, I have a really bad affinity with this body. She stops her movements from time to time and does not listen to my commands at all."

Drekavok stared at Zmei silently, seeming to discern whether what she said was true or false.

Suddenly, the figure of the old man disappeared. He seems to be gone.

After Zmei put on the mask again, there was no sound, and she muttered a few words in her heart.

---Baba Yaga the other day, Drekavok today... It seems that the death of the three pillars made them a little anxious. Let’s wait and see for a while, after all, I still have to stabilize this body. Moreover, no matter how Drekavok wanted to act, Brune had Kochei’s intent. If he is there, Drekavok can't do whatever he wants.

Soon after, Zmei's figure also disappeared.
The statue of the goddess was left silently overlooking the darkness.

❄

In the beginning of autumn season, Zion Thenardier returned to the library.

Considering the distance between Alsace and here, his return is not too slow. However, if flying back straight on a flying dragon, this voyage actually only takes ten days to arrive.

To say why it took him so long to come back, it was because the flying dragon had been flying as he pleased, and Zion had detoured several times on the way. He didn't come back until this time, and now his father is probably in a rage.

"I did leave Nemetaku with my father on my back. However, I have made a grand battle in Asvarre, and I have also been praised and praised by Princess Guinevere. I have done my best to be a famous person. It is the duty of the father of Thenardier. I didn’t have a bruise on my face, nor a broken hand or foot before I came back. Well, no problem. With these achievements, I can convince my father. There is absolutely no problem!"

Although he did this for himself, He encouraged himself several times, but every time he thought of his father's angry expression, the courage instantly fell apart. For him, this is even more terrifying than facing a dragon.

Zion's Father-Duke Thenardier-is an extremely cruel man, especially for those who have committed faults or violated orders. Zion had witnessed the scene when his father waved the whip in his hand and slapped those people when he was a teenager. That kind of skinny and bloody situation on the back can really only be described by the word miserable.

"Calm down, I am the son of my father. No, no matter how you say it, I won’t do that to me. At most, I’ll just preach a few words. And Stade will cover for me..."

Stead is the confidant of Duke Thenardier, a trusted knight.
It was because he was afraid of being scolded by his father that Zion allowed the dragon to fly around. The reason why staying in the same place can't last long is that the leaders are quite afraid of the existence of flying dragons.

Once, a man who claimed to be the village chief brought a sheep, and he frightenedly begged Zion if he could leave the village. After seeing this scene, even Zion couldn't say anything to refuse. Although Zion had thought about it, should he say "Do you want me to let the flying dragon eat you directly?"

All in all, after experiencing these, Zion finally returned to Nemetaku.

The huge body of the flying dragon is quite eye-catching. When Zion landed next to the mansion, the leaders swarmed up to him and said to him,

"Master Zion, it's great that you are safe!"

"Welcome you back safely!"

"We have been waiting for you. Yeah!"

An unexpected welcome, Zion couldn't help but smile.

"Oh, oh oh. You all came to meet me specially, thank you for your hard work."

After getting off the back of the flying dragon, Zion comforted the leader with two words, but after guessing the original situation from the leader’s words, he can’t help but become angry.

——Is it my father......

Since Zion disappeared, Duke Thenardier's mood was so bad that he could be seen with the naked eye, and it got worse with time. Even to the point where he would get angry with some minor incidents, the leaders have been looking forward to Zion’s return.
Should we just ride the flying dragon and leave here? He even came up with this idea.

The thought that this would allow these guys to bear his father's anger on his behalf, Zion suddenly felt in a good mood. To be honest, Zion is not uncommon at all. In his cognition, even if the leader is executed, he will continue to replace it from other places like weeds.

—But if the trouble is so big, it will inevitably be heard by father.

At the moment when the flying dragon was still hovering in the sky, anyone who saw this might have already gone to inform his father. If he chooses to escape here, his father's anger may be directly transferred to him.

—Are you kidding me? I don’t want to be like these guys!

If he ran away from his father, he might suffer the same experience as these leaders. This is the only thing he will never allow.

After Zion left the flying dragon on the scene, he threw off these people and went straight to the mansion. Although he wanted to go directly to his father's room, he stopped when he left the hallway and walked into the hall.

Because Alouette, the only maid who can take care of the flying dragon, was standing there at this time.

"You're back. Welcome back."

"Oh..."

After seeing Alouette bowing her head respectfully to welcome, Zion replied somewhat stiffly.

If Alouette hadn't pretended to not see him, Zion might not have been able to leave Nemetaku smoothly. So, in fact, Zion was very grateful to her. But the words of thanks made him a little bit shy.

After looking at Alouette who raised her head, Zion frowned. There is only one reason, her left cheek is red and bruised.
An anger surged into his heart. Maybe it was the girl who caused some trouble and caused her father to fight.

At this moment, this emotion of fear completely disappeared from Zion's consciousness. He stepped up to his father's room. His fierce expression even scared the guards who were in charge of keeping the door straight away.

He knocked on the door, and after hearing the echo, he opened the door angrily. Looking at the father sitting on the chair, he shouted:

"Father, I have something to ask you!"

Although Thenardier frowned slightly, he still did not speak, urging his son to continue. Although Zion has not even dragged down his clothes at this time, his hair is messy, and his face is covered with travel-stained dust, Thenardier can still keep calm and talk to him. It can be seen that his title of Duke Patriarch is in not in name only.

"Although I don't know what my maid did to upset you father, but that's too..."

"What are you talking about?"

Thenardier said calmly. After asking, Zion swallowed the words again. This made him a little confused.

Although his father would often question the king and other princes in such a tentative way, he had never done anything like this to him. As long as he is not raising issues related to politics.

Moreover, it is impossible for the father to ask him such a question because of a maid.

"Does he mean the girl named Alouette, sir?"

The knight Steed who was staying next to Thenardier whispered to Thenardier. Immediately afterwards, he faced Zion and saluted solemnly.
"Master Zion, although your Excellency has many things to tell you, let me answer your question first. If you just asked about Alouette, the kid is pulling the donkey back, I was accidentally kicked by a donkey when I was sleeping."

"Why, why, do you know about this...?"

Zion's voice trembled, and he looked a little panicked. Although Stade is a very capable guy, it is impossible to grasp the movements of every maid. In the end, Stade took a natural look, and then said, "I am paying special attention to Alouette's movements. Because I suspect that she is also involved in the trip of Lord Zion."

Fortunately, he didn't ask her for help, Zion whispered.

Then, Stade continued:

"Moreover, the child did not slack in the slightest during the four and a half months. She cleaned the stable of the flying dragon every day. She said that she wanted to clean the place to be able to welcome Master Zion at any time. I personally give a very high evaluation on this point."

After hearing this, Zion felt silly and stood there.

She has been waiting for the return of Zion and the flying dragon.

Maybe she only acted out of a sense of obligation. However, she really did not succumb to his father's intimidation.

Zion, who felt his chest was hot, couldn't find any vocabulary to describe this feeling.

But just when Zion felt a little airy, a low voice reached his eardrum.

"Okay, Zion. Now that you have finished asking everything you want to ask...Come and talk to me."

This fluttering feeling was instantly blown away. Father is looking at himself with a smile. Even the beast that found its prey had a ferocious face
far less ferocious than his father.

"Father! I haven't changed my dirty clothes yet, please forgive me for telling first—"

"Okay, sit down. You just ran to me without changing your clothes, you see you are enough energetic?"

Thenardier pointed at the empty chair. Zion, who realized that he had nowhere to escape, sent a distress signal to Stade with his eyes? However, the knight who was loyal to the duke's family responded with a cold eye.

"Master Zion, I just said that you have a lot of things to tell me."

"You started to travel in early autumn. It seems to be a very long story. I will first order the subordinates to get a bottle of wine. Come here. Don't worry about the flying dragon, just let the maid take care of it. Besides, Drekavok is also there."

Zion could not refute. After all, he really couldn't do things like this.

Drekavok is an old fortune teller who works under Thenardier. He was the one who brought the Flying Dragon and Earth Dragon to Thenardier. When it comes to taming dragons, he can be said to have quite a set.

His father's eyes, like dragons, made him look extraordinarily huge and serious.

It didn't take long for Zion to completely give up the struggle.
Ten days passed since the war with Goldberg.

In the meeting room of a mansion in Hanor, Adris was confronting King Augustus. Although there are chairs and sofas in this room, neither the father nor the son sat down, but chose to stand and talk.

"I really didn't expect you to be able to do this. Originally, I didn't want to put this important task on you."

King Augustus said with some irritation. However, Adris was not discouraged because of this. He plucked up the courage to continue and said,

"Your Majesty, I really didn't intend to kill the local tyrants at all."

Augustus didn't say a word, and the silence was equivalent to acknowledging the matter... So Adris then asked:

"You plan to take all the resentment and hostility of the local tyrants on yourself."

"It doesn't matter what resentment is. This is my judgment as a king."

"I understand."

Adris dropped his head deeply. When he raised his head again, his eyes were already enlightened.

"Your Majesty, I have something to ask for."

"You want to marry the Patriarch of the Lawrence House again, right?"
After being preempted, Adris couldn’t help but swallow the words back. However, he did not give up. Instead, he plucked up the courage to continue and said,

"The matter of the wolfing of human beings is just as I reported earlier. The believers who believe in the exotic goddess Tir Na Fal lurked in Lamer inside the mine of Elsberg, and secretly poured a strange wine into the soldiers' group."

"I know. I heard that you also used the power of the Brunes and Zhcteds, right?"

"The Lawrence family also helped me in this matter. Without her help, I am afraid that we are still worrying about the wolfing of people.”

King Augustus did not respond, and urged Adris with silence. He went on.

"Your Majesty, I think it is necessary to publicize the following news with great fanfare. There are forces trying to distract us and other things that unite, and things that we and others work together to overcome difficulties."

Enthusiasm made Adris’ face flushed, and he continued:

"On top of this, if we can welcome the Lawrence family into the royal family, we will surely give them peace of mind. In this way, we can put the local tyrants into the ranks of the princes without moving a single soldier..."

“Have you ever wondered how those noble princes would treat the Lawrence House if you did this? I have gifted Barumuk to that girl. If you continue to treat her family with respect, no matter what It's her or you, both will be drawn into the whirlpool of malice. Do you have the consciousness to endure all this?"

"Someone has to stand up and lead by example."

Adris is not afraid of King Augustus. He looked at him, and then said: "Presumably my father's worries about me are not just the ones I just mentioned. Today, many relatives and elder brothers have died in the battle
with the local tyrants. And the local tyrants must be too. It’s the same. If we do this, the two of us will have to endure their dissatisfaction and anger. But, as I said before, Valtrotti and I have weathered this difficult time together. It’s up to us. Let them show what it means to tolerate each other's tolerance."

Augustus stared at his son blankly.

"If something happens, are you confident that you can solve it on your own?"

He glared at Adris with a stern look. The king’s question is, if anyone commits an armed rebellion and tarnishes Adris’ tolerance, can he suppress those people himself.

"I have confidence,"

Adris answered with his father's sight.

This father-son conversation closed the curtain.

❄

While the king was talking to the prince, Tigre, Mila, Olga, Raffinac, and Goruin came to Tigre’s room to gather. On the table is placed black tea brewed by Mila according to the head count.

"Olga really helped a lot."

Mila stroked Olga's hair tenderly. After escaping from the Rammelsberg mine, Tigre and the others received an order to leave Solmany and come here.

Fearing that he would leave Valtrotti in Solmany for a long time, he set up a messenger station on each main road in order to obtain reports as quickly as possible. The person responsible for helping the messenger choose the horse is Olga.
"In this way, we can invite the palace to investigate the library in the palace."

Mila sighed with peace of mind while drinking black tea. They were finally able to start investigating clues to the Lord of Marksman.

"And we also got permission to investigate the records left by the Lawrence family. If only we could find any useful clues."

"I have something to say about this."

Tigre looked at everyone. He also told everyone that Black Bow might have something to do with Tir Na Fal.

"Speaking of which, the statue of Tir Na Fal is really unpleasant."

Mila's words made Tigre and Olga a little puzzled.

"What are you referring to?"

"Isn't she sitting on the back of the black dragon? It's like saying that she tamed the black dragon..."

After hearing Mila's explanation, Tigre reacted. Zhcted's ancestors once claimed to be the incarnation of the black dragon. For Mila, a native of Zhcted, of course she would be dissatisfied with this. On the other hand, Olga, who is a horse racer, is not very concerned about this matter.

"By the way, this is what I received from Valtrotti yesterday."

Tigre bent down and took something out of his leather bag.

It is a black arrowhead. But that is not the same as the one he got in Asvarre. Although this arrowhead is relatively round, there are spikes like thorns on the tip.

"It seems to have fallen near the statue of Tir Na Fal. She thought it was something I left, so she picked it up and returned it to me."
As if seeing something ominous, Tigre and Mila keep staring at this arrowhead. Although the shapes are different, the two arrowheads exude a similar breath. Even the touch and gloss are extremely similar.

By the way, the black arrow piercing through the rock plate also returned to his hands unknowingly.

"That place has been buried by earth and rocks, right?"

Mila confirmed again. Tigre nodded.

"Valtrotti said she had a confirmed because mine mining operations due to the collapse of debris and stagnant relationship, she personally went to the scene I have ever seen. To re-dig the place seems unlikely now."

"Man The wolf thing has finally come to an end."

Olga said. According to Mila, Olga, and Valtrotti, it is not Zmei's power that transforms humans into wolves, but the power of the place itself. It is precisely because the space itself is abnormal that the dragons can't normally exert their original power.

"That's right, there's one more thing."

After a blink of an eye, Tigre said as if suddenly thinking of it.

"I hope they can keep this matter secret to Valtrotti."

After the opening remarks, he cut directly to the subject.

"After shooting through the rock disk, didn't I fall asleep? In fact, I had a dream at the time."

It was a rather strange dream. A black shadow with a black bow in his left hand stood in front of the goddess statue. And in the dream, the dark shadow still held Barumuk in his right hand.

"That guy seems to be muttering something. Although I didn't hear everything he said in his dream, but... He did say "to seal Balmung"."
"Seal?"

Mila and Olga couldn't help but stare. These words are really not good for Valtrotti.

"For what?"

"I don't know that."

Tigre shook his head. Like Durandal of the Brune Kingdom and Caliburn of the Asvarre Kingdom, Barumuk is undoubtedly a valuable weapon that can be used when fighting demons. That being the case, why did he seal this weapon? Isn't the Lord of Marksman the enemy of demons?

"Of course, the matter of the Lord of Marksman must continue to be investigated, but I want to investigate the matter of Tir Na Fal at the same time."

"You mean, are you going back to Brune?"

Cyan pupils Filled with anxiety, Mila asked, leaning forward. In this regard, Tigre's answer can be said to be quite ambiguous.

"I think it would be more efficient for me to investigate in Brune and Mila to investigate in Zhcted."

However, Tigre has no credibility in Brune. Although the leaders of his hometown, Roland, and King Fallon trusted Tigre, everyone else treated him as a nobleman who could only use bows and arrows.

As for such a man, he has to investigate the matter about Tir Na Fal, and he can basically guess what other people will react by then.

"Anyway, let me think about it for a few days. Anyway, we are not in a hurry to draw conclusions immediately."

Although Tigre said so, his appearance seemed a little anxious. And that night, Valtrotti, who came to the mansion, told them another piece of heavy news.
"You know the Fortress of Navarre."

Tigre nodded. It was a fortress guarded by the Knights of Navarre, headed by the black knight Roland, guarding the border on the west of Brunes. It has repelled the Sachenstein Army and the Asvarre Army several times, and it can be called a border fortress with copper and iron walls.

"There is a report that a fire broke out in that fortress three days ago. Although it is useless to say it, I think I still know that you will be a Brune."

Tigre couldn't help taking a breath. Who on earth attacked the fortress of Navarre?

"It's not that we did it," Valtrotti shook her head.

"I'm afraid it's not that Asvarre did a good job. After all, they have just ended the civil strife, and they have no spare energy to fight other countries. Moreover, if they attack our country, it is better to say that they will go against the Brune who is kind to them. There is no benefit at all."

Speaking of it, this is indeed the truth. But if this is the case, which country has attacked the fortress of Navarre?

Zhcted and Muozinel were also unlikely. Attacking the Navarre fortress that is so far away from their country has no benefit at all.

Or is it just a simple fire?

In any case, he was a little worried about Roland's safety. As a result, Tigre made up his mind to go to the Fortress of Navarre for a while.

After talking to Valtrotti about the situation, she nodded and said,

"If this is the case, then you can take a day to clean up. The horses will be prepared for you on our side. I promise you that if there is a continuation if the newspaper comes, we will send someone to notify you as soon as possible. After all, the fortress is quite eye-catching for us in all aspects."

"Thank you,"
"Then, this is what the prince asked me to convey to you. He said that you are welcome to come to him at any time when you have difficulties. Although I am the same, he seems to owe you a considerable favor."

"I just did what I wanted to do."

After Tigre replied, Valtrotti showed a prank expression that was quite rare for her.

"Right. There is one thing you have to remember. Even if someone from another country can help you with a few words, it will not have any effect."

Valtrotti's gaze shifted to the meter behind Tigre. After understanding the meaning of her words, the two immediately blushed.

"What about Olga, what are your plans next?"

After adjusting his emotions, Tigre asked the thin pink-haired Vanadis.

"I'll go with you," Olga replied immediately.

"I've come here anyway; it shouldn't matter if I take a little further detour."

"Okay, then you can come with us."

Tigre shook hands with her. Although petite, she can feel extremely tough will and strength from her little hands.

"I also have a reason to go with you." After remembering one thing, she added:

"Because I also want to be good friends with you."

After speaking, the young man and Vanadis laughed at each other.
Sofya Obertas, spent the winter at Colchester in the Kingdom of Asvarre.

She has been quite busy this winter. Because the nobles and powerful people on Asvarre Island came to visit her one after another. Even to the point where she filled her schedule for the next ten days.

Although this is an unavoidable situation for Sofy and Zhcted, it also means that she has to face every conversation carefully. After all, she must be treated differently for those who fight with Guinevere, those who make a declaration of neutrality, those who fight under Prince Jermaine, and those who finally surrender.

Even so, she can't treat those losers casually. One of the reasons is because that is not in line with Sofy's style, and the other is because such people may work hard for it, and eventually they may gain more important positions in the future.

After talking with them, Sofy will give them a letter of recommendation sent to Guinevere or her close friend Will according to the situation, and promises to provide them with necessary assistance.

Of course, she didn't forget to gather intelligence because of this. The birth and character of the newcomers appointed by Guinevere, the changes in the relationship between the nobles and the princes, the health of the king Zacharias, the local trends and other information, she has to grasp the information as high as a mountain.

"It is correct to hand over the matters of the soldiers, crew, and ships to the captains of the various units and the Royal Bonnier. After all, from the point of view of time and physical strength, one person must handle everything. It's simply impossible."

Although she was complaining, Sofy still gave instructions to others after reviewing the reports that had been sent over the past few days. From time to time, she would think of Mila and the others, and pray for their safe
return. Where will they go to investigate in Sachenstein? Have they arrived in the royal capital yet? Have you been involved in any trouble? She kept thinking about this.

"Although I always think they will be involved in some trouble, Mila must be fine. After all, Tigre is also there."

Just when Sofy was planning to spend the winter like this, one day, a man came to visit her.

And this man, it is the longbow ambassador Hamish. He was once a subordinate of Eliot, the second prince of Asvarre, but after Eliot's death, he came to fight under Guinevere's command, and he also made outstanding achievements. Hamish has a very good relationship with Tigre, and Sofy has also met him under the introduction of Tigre. He is a man who gives an impression of honesty.

"This is the first time he visits, right? Is there something important?"

Although she felt a little weird, Sofy changed her itinerary and decided to meet him first.

Hamish, who was brought to the conference room, curled up nervously and sat on the sofa. He can use the longbow skillfully since his left arm is much thicker than his right arm. After the maid arranged the black tea for the two, he lowered his head to Sofy on the other side of the sofa and said,

"Thank you, I took the time to meet my uninvited guest."

"Lord Hamish, you are too polite. I have heard about your active performance from Lord Tigrevurmud. Isn’t it a matter of course to take the initiative to welcome the arrival of your comrades?"

"I don’t have him. That said...no, thank you for your compliment."

It seemed that it was better to accept the compliment than to deny it, and Hamish thanked Sofy with a wry smile. After taking a sip of black tea as a sign of courtesy, he immediately cut to the point.
"Actually, I found... saved a Zhcted girl."

"You said to save... Did something happen to that girl? Or was it attacked by someone?"

You can't just sit back and watch... Sofy put on a serious expression and listened.

"It seems to have been attacked by someone. A month ago, my companion found her fainted by the river west of Colchester. She is a young girl with red hair, after her right elbow the place was chopped down, and the clothes were dirty and looked quite miserable..."

Hamish took the girl to his mansion in the royal capital. Because there was almost no blood on the girl's face, and the breathing was also intermittent, he felt that he could not sit back and watch. Moreover, under the care of Hamish's companions day and night, she barely survived.

"Lord Hamish, the "companion" you just spoke of, can I ask who it is?"

After being asked by Sofy, Hamish frowned.

"Do you have to say it?"

"If you don't want to say it, it doesn't matter if you don't say it. But, I personally want to say thank you. After all, he is the savior of our compatriots."

Although he doesn't know what is the reason the Zhcteds came here, but it might even become a diplomatic issue if it is not made clear. However, Sofy really wanted to thank that humane.

Hamish looked hesitantly, and stared at Sofy with a stiff face.

"His Royal Highness, if you can, I hope you don’t talk about it everywhere. The one who saved the Zhcted is a child named Charlotte. It was Lord Luo who guarded Valverde in the previous battle."

"That's it..."
Sofy nodded with a sad expression. Speaking of it, Tigre did tell himself that Hamish took away the enemy's daughter. Hamish went on to say:

"Ever since learning of her father's death, Charlotte has been depressed and lost spirit. Although she would listen to me, she would not speak for herself, and kept herself in the room... .... However, after she saved the girl, she tried every means to save her life.”

At this point, Hamish said in a very sorry tone,

“"That child is not holding I went to save her with a feeling of seeking. Moreover, the existence of Her Royal Highness Vanadis and I will surely remind her of the previous wars. Although Her Highness Vanadis’s kindness I am very grateful for, but can you please? …""

""I see. I won't go to see her. By the way, can I send the gift to you first? Wait until one day, you think her condition is getting better, and I hope you can help me give it to her."

""Thank you for your thoughtfulness.""

""It’s nothing. By the way, what's the name of that Zhcted?"

Although this is a rather ordinary question, it makes Hamish tilt his head, which is a bit difficult. He replied:

""Actually, the girl seems to have lost her memory and can't remember anything. And she didn't carry anything to prove her identity. However, she has a pair of very rare eyes with different colors on both sides. So we all call her (Farris)."

""Farris..."

""It's a very rare word. I also learned it from Charlotte."

""I am also the first time. Hear it. Our country calls this kind of person a different rainbow pupil. It is said that in some areas, this is even considered a symbol of auspiciousness."
While answering with a smile, Sofy thought of the war maiden with a different rainbow pupil... If Sofy didn't know her, she would be even more surprised. After all, people with different rainbow pupils are really rare.

"Lord Hamish, thank you for your willingness to tell me these things, but if you have any trouble, I hope you can also tell me by the way."

Sofy said with a kind smile. He just said that they saved the girl a month ago. If this is the case, shouldn't he have come to inform himself sooner? Although Sofy didn't mean to blame him, she couldn't help but care a little.

Hamish put on a bitter face and put his hands on his knees.

"Her Royal Highness Vanadis, everything is my fault. To be honest, I don't plan to tell you about this at all. After meeting Farris, Charlotte finally took a step forward. Although the child didn't know a little Zhcted at all, but he tried desperately to understand what the other person was saying, and even laughed."

This is salvation for Hamish. The Zhcted, who lost their memory, helped him accomplish what he dreamed of.

"Although Farris sometimes hesitates to speak, but sometimes she speaks in a very clear tone. I think she will definitely be able to recover the memory one day, so I convinced myself to wait until she recovers the memory and then report back. However, she told me something yesterday."

"──I want this kid to go back to Zhcted, did she say that?"

After Sofy uttered her speculation, Hamish shook. His body nodded.

"I'm really worthless. I've been thinking about myself, but I haven't thought about it for Farris at all."

After talking about the reason, Hamish closed his mouth.

With a smile, Sofy blows away the silence that permeated the two people.
"I have to thank you again, Lord Hamish. Actually, you don't have to criticize yourself all the time. You want that kid to be friends with her, Farris, and you haven't brought her yet, have you?"

“Even so, I still ...... "

“In fact, I've been very busy, no time yet. Even if Farris took it, I may have no chance to see her a few faces. Could you have to take care of her in spring? I can't sail in winter anyway."

Sofy pretended to be nonchalant and said these words, which made Hamish's eyes widen. After he blinked and adjusted his mood, he nodded in confusion.

"Really, indeed... As you said, the North Sea is indeed rough at the moment."

"Then please. By the way, can you bring her to see me in the next few days? I also want to talk to her."

"Okay. I'll bring her over tomorrow."

After agreeing to the incident with a smile, Hamish put his entire back on the sofa and exhaled deeply.

"Her Royal Highness Vanadis, you really did me a great favor. It's troublesome for you."

"By the way, I'll just ask about it now. Lord Hamish has something to do in the future. Didn't make any arrangements?"

In Sofy's memory, Hamish has been keeping a distance from Guinevere. Although Guinevere invited him to be the commander of the Longbow Army, it is said that he has not given a reply until now.

In the final analysis, the reason why Hamish joined Guinevere's command is because Prince Eliot was assassinated by Prince Jermaine. Although his warfare ability was recognized and the princess's praise really made him
happy, he was not the kind of character who was open-minded enough to be able to change his mind.

"Actually, Her Royal Highness Guinevere has already invited me and asked if I should bring a longbow to help her."

Hamish knocked on the big head, and a smile appeared on the corner of his mouth.

"Of course I respect Her Royal Highness the princess, but how should I put it? Your Royal Highness is not a person who can be a rough person like me. That's why I hesitated, but... After discussing with Her Royal Highness Vanadis, I can finally make up my mind. I should step forward like Charlotte."

"Yeah. Surely Lord Tigrevurmud will be happy too."

Although Sofy smiled. Answered him, but quietly let out a sigh of relief.

If Hamish had an ambiguous attitude, Sofy was going to persuade him to join Guinevere's side.

Although Charlotte has not committed any crimes, she is after all the daughter of the defeated general. If the person who protects such a young girl assumes a posture that he is unwilling to join the next generation of Queen Guinevere, things will be quite difficult. Although Guinevere herself might not care about such trivial matters, the people behind her would definitely put a bad face on him.

"Lord Tigrevurmud, is it..."

"I don't know if he will forgive me for being so boring?"

"What do you mean by boring me?"

Although Sofy has heard it. The rumor was heard, but I asked him again. For things like this, it doesn't make sense not to let Hamish say it.

Urged by the eyes of the emerald pupils, Hamish said:
"When attacking Valverde, I avoided the duel with Lord Luo. I should have run to the forefront and took the responsibility to kill him. Moreover, after learning of Lord Luo's death, heat ran directly to Charlotte's side. Obviously the battle was not over at all."

Hamish clenched his fists and said regretful words.

After a breath, Sofy exposed kindly smile and said:

"After that you will see Charlotte protected Tigrevurmud, but very happy oh."

"He is such a man,"

Hamish whipped the corner of his eyes until his tears were wiped dry, and he nodded.

After the conversation, he stood up from the sofa.

"Sorry for taking up your time for so long, thank you for your willingness to help me, Her Royal Highness Vanadis."

"I don’t care. I also had a very meaningful time."

As Sofy answered, Hamish kept staring. Look at her face. After seeing Sofy tilting his little head in a puzzle, he turned away his gaze in a panic when he flushed. He seemed to be too fascinated by it.

——Speaking of which, when he first met before, he also said that I was beautiful.

Because this kind of social rhetoric praise was already commonplace, Sofy didn't pay much attention to it at the time.

After arriving in the corridor with

Hamish, Hamish seemed to have thought of it suddenly, and asked directly: "His Royal Highness, do you know a man named Tallard? He was under Prince Jermaine as one of his generals."
Although it was a rather abrupt question, Sofy immediately looked for the person in his memory with the name.

"Well, I remember. ——It's quite a terrible person."

Sofy even said this with a slight tension in her voice.

Tallard appeared in front of Sofy twice. The first time was when the Zhcted's army went to Dunis Port, he appeared upright in front of them as the general of the Jermaine army and shot arrows.

The second time was during the Maritime Battle; he prepared several ships carrying a large number of archers and attacked the Zhcted army. Either time, they were saved because of Tigre's presence. What would it be like without him?

"There are rumors that the man disappeared. Although he will still be here in the capital soon after the battle is over. Although I don't think he will do anything to the Zhcted."

"Thank you, which are quite valuable intelligence."

After expressing his gratitude to play from the heart, he watched Sofy as she left. After this, she did not return to the meeting room, but walked towards the balcony.

Sofy stood on the balcony, watching the winter sky covered by gray clouds and the black sea.

In her heart, she was disturbed by a burst of dark clouds.

Guinevere and Will gave Tallard a high rating for his military talents and hinted that he could provide him with a good position. If Hamish’s information is correct, it means that Tallard has rejected their invitation.

After leaving this country, where does he want to go and what does he want?

Maybe, he will appear in front of us again as an enemy.
"I think too much."

Sofy shook her head, sweeping away her thoughts.

However, the anxiety that was once produced did not disappear, but cast a shadow on her face.
Afterword

Everyone should be careful about your health. Make an appointment with your elder brother.

Some sloppy opening. Everyone, after five months, I have kept you waiting. Hello, readers who have met for the first time, I am Shi Kawaguchi. "The Lord of Marksman and the Snow Girl of Frozen" is officially on sale.

First of all, let me apologize for the one-month delay. In fact, during the health check in the late autumn, the numbers shown above were a bit bad, so I was a little panicked... I'm really sorry.

After a close inspection, it was found that there was no problem with the values, and the book was successfully released to you.

Well, Tigre and the others, who have turned the world counterclockwise for a week with Muozinel as a starting point, came to Sachenstein, the kingdom of forests and mountains this time.

They met the youngest Vanadis Olga and clashed fiercely with the demons, and finally fought within the kingdom. It would be great if Tigre and their activity made you happy to watch.

Also, released at the same time as the fifth volume, the adventure story of Tigre and Limalisha written by Mrs. Seo, and illustrated by Mr. Yasakazu "The Lord of Marksman and the Double Pattern of the Holy Spring the second volume of "Sword" is finally on sale. Readers who bought the first volume, I would like to thank you again as the original author. Thank you very much for your support.
Both books are both interesting and very exciting to follow. I hope anyone who is interested can buy one and have a look.

Then, everyone has been waiting here.

The manga version of "The Lord of Marksman and the Snow Girl of Frozen", which Mr. Kakao is responsible for, will be serialized on Niconico's static comics "Watch Dash X Library on Wednesday" from February 1st this year. Up. In the comics, Tigre and Mila, who fight, laugh, and rejoice at the reunion, want everyone to take a look.

Next comes the words of thanks.

Thank you very much, Mr. Miyue いつか, who drew Olga and their new characters who joined Tigre! The precious picture that gave Tigre a knee pillow really feasted my eyes.

The editor H Sang and Mr. Tze who helped with the confirmation work, thank you very much for your help this time! Oh, this time, including health issues, I was really too busy....

In addition, I also sincerely thank the various practitioners who are responsible for helping books to be put on the shelves.

Finally, readers. Although I say it every time, let me say thank you again. The next stage of the book is expected to take place in Brune. Tell Tigre what stories will happen next, please look forward to it!

On that night when Kawaguchi was suffering from the cold due to snow
"Um...what kind of women do I like?"

Roland stared at the wine glass, thinking deeply.

One night in the increasingly chilly winter, Tigre and Roland had a drink in a tavern in Kirchester, the capital of the Kingdom of Asvarre.

Yesterday, Tigre told Roland that he was about to go to the Kingdom of Sachenstein. Roland was surprised at first, and then invited him out for a drink.

The two were not familiar with Sachenstein and could not discuss it. As for Asvarre’s civil war, it was difficult to be a topic of conversation because it ended in an uncomfortable way.

Therefore, the two just drank silently. I only talk a little bit when I think of a topic occasionally.

When they were chatting one after another, Roland said in a nonchalant tone: "Your Excellency Tigrevurmud and Your Excellency Ludmila are very close."

"Yes." Roland said this. The attitude is very friendly, so Tigre also admitted with a smile, and asked by the way: "Your Excellency Roland, what kind of women do you like?"

So far, Roland has never been close to any woman. It is precisely because Tigre knows this that he asks such questions jokingly. Unexpectedly, Roland thought about it seriously.

"Well, even if I die..."
This premise surprised Tigre. However, Roland continued in the usual conversational tone:

"Even if I die, I can still like other people positively and optimistically and pursue my own happiness... a woman like this."

While drinking, Roland sighed slightly:

"From Since I became a knight at the age of thirteen, I have been living a life of fighting on the battlefield. Although I live to this day with my sword and companions and luck, there is no guarantee that I will still live in this world next year or the next year. Even if I want to change the present. I can't change my lifestyle. So I hope that the other person is such a person."

Silence fell between the two. As a knight, maybe you should think so. Tigre could do nothing, nor could he say much. Because it was like denying Roland's life.

"Before, I always thought that I would live in Alsace, where I was born and raised, until I die."

Tigre poured wine for Roland, whose glass was empty, and broke the silence.

"But, I don't think so anymore. Although I can't say that all encounters can drastically change my mind, but there must be encounters that can change my life."

Should he say that it is a subjective determination? Or his own expectations? No matter what, Tigre still wanted to tell Roland that there was such a thing.

Roland smiled and nodded slightly.

"Thank you. I hope Your Excellency Tigrewilmud's journey goes smoothly."

"I also hope that Your Excellency Roland can have an encounter that can make you happy."
The two tapped each other's wine glasses.
Outside the Gong Palace, the winter sun gradually sinks to the west. Mila was lying on the bed in her dormitory, staring boredly at the ceiling directly above.

She caught a cold. Although she had a fever in the morning and became unconscious, the fever has now subsided. Except for being a little weak, there are no other problems with the body. But the attendant said that she had to rest all day today, so she could only lie in a daze like this. And she’s hungry too.

"What is Tigre doing now...?"

The face of a fourteen-year-old boy who was the same year as her appeared in Mila's mind. She haven't seen him all day today. Eighty percent is because she is afraid of passing a cold to the teenager, so she tells Tigre not to come to her.

At this moment, someone outside knocked on the door lightly, and Tigre's voice came.

"Mila, can I go in?"

"No...! Wait, wait a minute!"

The shocked and ashamed Mira almost reflexively said "No", but hurriedly corrected her statement. She hurriedly got up, combed her hair casually with a comb, put a coat on her pajamas, and adjusted her breathing.

"Yes, you can come in."
Tigre opened the door and walked in. In his hand was a ceramic soup plate with white steam.

"I cooked some oatmeal, can you eat it?"

"Thank you. I want to eat it,"

Mila said happily. Tigre handed over a chair and sat down by the bed. The oatmeal in the soup plate is mixed with some chopped green plants.

"This is?"

"It's a herb that can make a cold get better. I heard that you have a cold, so I picked these outside the palace."

"Really. No need to do this specially."

Mila smiled. She took the wooden spoon and put the oatmeal into her mouth.

"...!"

Mira's face lost expression. It is very bitter. It is suffering that cannot be imagined from the appearance of the food.

"Wh, what? Is it awful?"

Seeing Mila's reaction, Tiegl looked at the cereal nervously. Mila silently took a mouthful of porridge and stuffed it into Tigre's mouth. Tigre chewed and swallowed silently.

"I'm sorry. I seem to have added too many herbs...I will be responsible for eating these——"

"Let's eat together."

Mila couldn't help but said authentically, and smiled brightly at Tigre who looked at her in surprise.
"You cooked it specially for me. So I want to eat more."

The two of you took turns feeding each other one bite at a time.

Although their faces were wrinkled like buns, they were incredibly satisfied.
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