Lord Marksman and Michelia

Presented by Tsukasa Kawaguchi
Illust. - Inuka Miyatsuuki
だいたい二年ぶりになるのか。成長したな。

ウルスは息子を抱き寄せ、その背中を叩く。
リーザは早くも浴槽に浸かっている。赤い髪が広がって不規則な模様を描き、薄紅色の花びらが白い肌にくつろがっていた。
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Prologue

Thunder flashed nearby, tearing the dark gray clouds in the sky.

Then there was a thunderous roar, the wind and rain intensified, and Roland's expression became severe.

In the wilderness far from the street, overgrown with weeds. Backed by the ancient ruined and decaying temple, he and ten people are facing each other, each person is a knight armed with a sword, shield, and armor.

It was obviously a spring afternoon, but the sky above my head looked dark and gloomy everywhere.

—-It looks serious!

Without wiping his face wet by the rain, Roland stared at the knights with a big sword in his hand.

If it were the original Roland, even if the number of enemies was doubled, he would not hesitate to directly challenge him and try to force a breakthrough.

However, Roland is very tired now. There are dark circles under the eyes, and the messy beard on the chin is very conspicuous.

Just rely on perseverance to hold the body hard.

Facing Roland in such a state, the knights carefully narrowed their encirclement. The opponent is also known as the Black Knight, Brune's strongest warrior.

—I must rush to Lannion as soon as possible.

Lannion is a fortress at the northwestern tip of Brune. Prince Regnas should be there with the Knights of Navarre and Lannion now.
Roland was supposed to join the prince in Lannion, but suddenly encountered a thunderstorm. During his stay in this area, he ran into these knights and was surrounded by them.

"——Lord Roland"

The man who looked like the captain of the knights made a vague sound under the helmet.

"Even if everyone knows you, I don't think it is possible for one person to defeat us, surrender, and then give us the sword. If you don't do this, then—"

"The boring tricks will be avoided."

Interrupting the man, Roland said coldly. What he held in his hand was a great sword that reflected the light of thunder in the sky—the sword of the Kingdom of Brune, 'Durandal', shining with white light.

"What you want is this sword and my head. If you're a knight anyway, you don't need to talk about it. How about using a sword to grab it?"

Amazed by the sharp eyes, several knights took a step back, Roland asked the captain.

"By the way, I don't know who you are."

"It's Duke Ganelon's person."

"If That's so, then I don't have to be polite."

With an angry tone, the knights took a breath. The captain yelled at them.

"Your Bluffing! Even the black knight can't defeat this number of enemies and give it to me."

The knights began to act at the same time.
Roland observed the enemy. There are a few slow movements. A person who shrinks from his own provocation.

The place where the sword reached, groaned, and the blood rained down on it. The knight standing opposite Roland lost his head and fell to the ground, too late to react.

Thinking of rushing out like this, Roland slipped on the muddy ground. Immediately adjusted his posture, although he avoided falling, but the group of white blades over there was forced to come over. Sweeping with Durandal, bounced the slash, and had to retreat.

——The body is so heavy.

Roland let out a long sigh. If this is the case, even if he escapes, he will be caught up immediately.

"It looks bad, Lord Roland"

"Come over if you have time to talk nonsense."

The indifferent answer made the captain gritted his teeth and ordered an attack again.

At this moment, a knight exclaimed, and the others, with questions, looked at where he was looking, and were stunned by the scene in front of them.

A group of about twenty people equipped with spears and armor came directly here. The leader was a young man with blond hair riding a horse.

"Olivier"

Roland leaked a voice of surprise and joy. The blond knight is Roland's best friend, Olivier, the deputy commander of the Knights of Navarre.
Olivier hurriedly increased his whip. Due to the muddy ground, he couldn't keep up with the speed. Even so, it was enough to make the knights of Ganelon panic.

Impossible to miss this opportunity, Roland cut to the captain. The captain tried to block with a shield, but Durandal smashed the shield and smashed the helmet together with his head unabated.

The tragic scene caused half of the knights to scream and start to escape, and the rest tossed their swords and surrendered. Roland didn't look at the escaping person, and said to the surrendered person.

"Take your companions away and roll away"

Roland beheaded the two. The knights lifted the two bodies together, and ran away without looking back.

Olivier, who finally came to Roland, said in surprise immediately.

"Still thinking about where you wandered, it turns out that you got lost in this kind of place."

Contrary to what was said, there was peace of mind and joy on his face.

When attacked by the army of Prince Bachelard, Roland abandoned the Fortress of Navarre, which happened about a month ago. Olivier acted as a ranger in these days, and finally met again after more than forty days.

When Olivier got off the horse, Roland stepped forward and held his hand.

"It's so bad for you to be okay, Olivier"

"It's too exaggerated."

Roland shook his head to Olivier who was smiling wryly.
"Of course I trust you, but even so, it will inevitably fight hard, the enemy is trickier than imagined"

Saying this, Roland noticed that his best friend's left arm was wrapped in white cloth. He was wondering if he was injured, but as a dressing, the cloth was a bit small, and it was very rough.

"Look at This"

Olivier untied the cloth on his arm, and after spreading it out, the head of the red horse was depicted on it.

"Bayard!"

Roland stared at the red horse. Olivier's mouth showed a wry smile.

"His Royal Highness Regnas' proposal. Because this is a battle between the Brunes, it is used to distinguish the enemy from ourselves."

Bayard is a pattern on the Brune's flag, with a black and red body. It is the love horse of the ancestor Charles, there is a legend of a flying horse in the sky without wings, and this is a well-known existence for the people of Brune.

"It's concise and effective. And it's easy to do this."

"With Bayard as a sign, your Highness is to advocate your own legitimacy, and this also has the purpose of strengthening your unity, at least I think so. By your Highness, we are all the same Knights of Brune."

Roland sincerely admired Olivier's speech. He didn't expect to speculate like a close friend.

"Speaking of which, it is the proposal of His Highness, that is to say, you have merged with His Highness?"

After Roland asked energetically, Olivier looked back and looked at the decaying temple.
"Let’s take a break and talk about it by the way. If you catch a cold in this place, the guy who carries you will be very pitiful."

The roof of the temple has been slanted, the decorations on the walls and pillars have fallen off, and there are many cracks in various places. But it can be used as shelter from the rain.

Leading the horse, the two entered the temple. Although the air is very turbid, it is wider than expected, and there is no appearance of rain leaking in.

"What god would be worshiped in a wilderness like this?"

While muttering to himself, Olivier took out torches and flints from the duffel bag hung on the saddle, set fire to the torches, and gave them to Roland.

The two walked inside.

"There is nobody here."

"It feels like no one has been here for decades."

Olivier answered Roland's words and looked to the ground.

The ground was covered with dust, and there were a few insects wriggling on it, hit by the light of the torch, and fled in the dark. There was nothing worth noting.

It didn't take long to walk to the wall, and there were many large and small fragments scattered around. Judging from the appearance of the fragments, it seemed that there were a few pieces of remains like gods.

"There seems to be something painted on the wall..."

Roland raised the torch, trying to see more clearly.

There are three women painted on it. The reason why they are judged to be women is because of the long hair and the bulge on the chest. As a painting, it is very simple, the eyes and nose are drawn,
the clothes on the body are not decorated, and one of them is holding a bow in his hand.

"If this is a portrait of a goddess, then it would be Messia, Yalilo, and Eris."

The mother god Messia, Yalilo, the goddess of harvest and Eris, the goddess of storms.

They are all one of the ten gods of the Brune Kingdom and the Kingdom of Zhcted, and it is only natural that Olivier would think this way.

"No, you are mistaken, Olivier."

With a surprised and nervous expression, Roland denied his best friend's speculation.

"This is Tir Na Fal"

"What did you say?"

Olivier, who was far more eloquent than Roland, could only say this sentence because he was too surprised.

Tir Na Fal is also a pillar of god worshipped by Brune and Gestalt like Messiah. However, compared with other goddesses, Tir Na Faldo is disgusted by the world.

Also, Tir Na Fal is not only the wife, elder sister, and younger sister of Perkunas, the king of the gods, but also his lifelong enemy.

The priests and witches have discussed hundreds of times whether to exclude this goddess from the ten gods. However, due to the fact that she is the wife, elder sister, and younger sister of Perkunas, the king of the gods, she is very eye-catching, and her performance in mythology is very active. Now Tir Na Fal is still a pillar of the ten gods.

However, in the eyes of many people, she is still an unloved goddess.
"As expected, I grew up in the temple, I don't see it at all."

Olivier replied, smiling and joking, Roland shrugged his shoulders.

"The Temple of Luberon is special."
According to legend, on Mount Luberon in the center of King Dunes, the ancestor Charles met with the spirit sent by the gods and was awarded the swords Durandal and Bayard. Later, Charles, who founded the Kingdom of Brune, built a shrine on the top of the Luberon mountain and a royal palace on the hillside in order to express gratitude to the gods.

Twenty-nine years ago, Roland, who was still a baby, was picked up at the foot of the mountain corner.

It was a maiden working in the temple who picked him up. This maiden had no other relatives and no children. She persuaded the head of the temple to raise the child in the temple.

"In the case of the Luberon Temple, do you treat Tir Na Fal the same as other gods?"

"It looks like this on the surface, but there are also some priests and witches who hate and avoid Tir Na Fal. I also think she is a little bit unspeakable."

"Don't think so now."

"Ah, my mind has changed a bit after becoming a knight."

"Night will definitely come, darkness will surely arise, and people will inevitably die. In this case, the goddesses who are in charge of these are also necessary for human beings."

After becoming a knight, it is not uncommon to watch out all night and march in the dark. Night and darkness are both terrible enemies and reliable companions, and even death is always by their side. Roland himself ruined many enemies and saw the deaths of many companions.

"That's it" Olivier said in agreement, and at the same time footsteps came from the entrance, it was the knights who followed Olivier.

"Deputy Commander, it's really too much to leave us behind."
The knights who came over jokingly noticed that Roland's eyes widened.

"Head!"

"Is it really the head!"

"It's great to be okay."

The knights burst into joy and screamed and ran to Roland. There were people who were too excited to laugh, and there were people who cried. There are people who pretend to be calm and people who thank gods.

"Everyone, I'm causing you trouble."

Roland's expression eased and apologized to everyone. The knights shook their heads and said, "What's the matter?"

He took the thick cloth from the knights and wiped the wet head and face. The mood calmed down. Roland and Olivier sat down by the wall where the goddess was painted, and put their swords on the ground.

The knights rest alternately and are responsible for guarding the entrance to the temple.

"Are you eating? Looking at it from a quiet distance like this, my face is really bad..."

Olivier took out the fried beans and jerky from the bag, Roland smiled and nodded.

"I'm grateful, I haven't eaten a decent meal these days."

Rejecting the urge to feast on immediately, Roland put the fried beans into his mouth. Chew slowly and swallow it into your stomach. With Just one the body feels very comfortable.

"Let me talk about it first, but before that tell me where it is roughly? Is Lannion Castle near?"
"Come from the southeast of Lannion for about three days' walk, right?"

"Is there any more?"

Roland smiled bitterly, but immediately changed back to a serious expression.

"A month ago, I gave up the Navarre Castle, do you know?"

One day when the winter was about to end, the Navarre Castle stationed by Roland and the Navarre Knights was surrounded by a coalition of vassals led by Prince Bachelard.

At that time, Prince Regnas was in Navarre Castle, and Bachelard claimed that "Regnas and Roland planned to assassinate me" and demanded that the Knights surrender and surrender Prince Regnas.

Of course, Roland or Regnas had never heard of these things. The testimony of the conspiracy was only admitted by the people under Bachelard, and it was obvious that he was trying to frame the two of them.

Roland categorically rejected Bachelard's request, and Bachelard launched a fierce offensive against the castle.

In the early stage of the war, Roland gave up the continued battle under Regnas's decision and gave up the castle, allowing Regnas and the knights to flee to Lannion Castle in the northwestern part of the kingdom. As the bait queen, swear to Regnas that he will turn.

"——Prince Regnas told me."

In response to Roland's question, Olivier looked at him with a somewhat reproachful gaze.

"I didn't figure out my position, so I rode alone as the decoy. How many years have you been the leader of the team?"
"Wait, even if you say that, it turns out that it is correct to do so," Roland hurriedly defended.

"That man... Bachelard is very strong, stronger than me"

"You actually say he is stronger than you?"

Olivier was surprised. Roland was very strong; he knew this very well.

"It's hard to believe all at once. He heard that when he was a mercenary, he had great abilities."

"To be honest, I might be killed if the battle continues. Even if the knights work together, I can't win the battle."

At this point, Roland's heart surged with anger.

——With such a powerful force, why create chaos in the country.

Although Bachelard was a bastard, he was also a prince officially recognized by King Faron. Although he cannot be given the right to inherit the throne, if he only wields the sword for the kingdom, he will soon become famous in the neighboring countries and be recognized by many people. King Faron will also think that his son is very reliable.

"It seems very uncomfortable."

Olivier didn't look deeply at Roland's face when he bit the fried beans. Suddenly, Roland showed a complicated expression.

There is no idea of forgiving Bachelard at all. He is an anti-thief holding a sword at Regnas.

However, in his strong anger, as a soldier, it is also a pity for this extraordinary ability. I think so unconsciously.

Shaking his head to cut off the sentimentality, Roland looked at Olivier.
"Returning to the topic just now, I broke through the enemy line and went to Lannion. But because of the reconnaissance team released by the lords and the rising river, I had to detour several times and it was difficult to move forward."

And, Roland Also encountered weird things.

"Plus, although it may be unbelievable for a while when he was disoriented and resting in the forest, Ganelon appeared in front of me. He didn't have a weapon, he didn't even have an entourage, and he was alone."

Olivier’s’ brow wrinkled. It is indeed unbelievable.

The Duke of Ganelon is one of the representatives of the great nobles of Brune. In the north, it has a vast territory called Lutedia, which has a strong influence among many princes.

Moreover, Ganelon is also the backing of Bachelard. When Bachelard attacked the Navarre Castle, the lords he led were all under Ganelon.

"...In front of you who was lost, Ganelon appeared alone?"

In order to confirm, Olivier asked cautiously. Roland nodded.

"This guy, he said this kind of strange thing to show me the way, and he insulted your majesty. Just when he was about to be cut off, an old man named Drekavok appeared. Then, Ganelon said something to Drekaekvok. Then, I was surrounded by dragons."

Olivier sighed after looking up at it a few times and pondering.

"If the person who said this weren't you, I would doubt if he saw hallucinations or nightmares."

"That's the way it really is. I think so too."

This is Roland's truth. The dangerous and inexplicable breath that came out of Ganelon's body, even if it can still be clearly recalled now. It doesn't feel like facing a human being at all.
Olivier folded his hands in thought, and after a silent count of about twenty, he shook his head and gave up.

"I don't understand, I'm afraid I still lack the necessary information."

Opening his hands on his knees, Olivier asked a question.

"It's a dragon group, how many heads are there?"

"Do you believe it?"

In the face of the surprised Roland, Olivier replied a little dissatisfied.

"I know the name Drekavok. It is a fortuneteller under Thenardier. However, it does not seem to be an ordinary fortuneteller. Last spring, when our country attacked the Kingdom of Muozinel, four heads were prepared for Thenardier. The dragon seems to be this from old man."

"You know that."

"Because I was very concerned, I went to investigate. It seems that an old man in his 50s and 60s actually drives a very rare dragon with four heads. Who is it? Ah. ——Depending on the situation, it may become our enemy"

He said this in an alert manner, and Olivier narrowed his eyes sharply.

Thenardier and Ganelon are both representatives of the great nobles of Brune. Nemetaku under his governance is not inferior to Ganelon's Lutidia in terms of breadth and fertility. The influence on the lords is also great. In this way, the relationship between the two is also very sinister.

"Thenardier and Ganelon are fighting with each other under the table. Drekavok appeared in order to attack Ganelon and led the dragon group. If you think about it like this, it makes sense. Even
so, I can't rush to the conclusion now. Then, I was caught. What happened after the dragons surrounded it?"

"Everything, including the horse, was abandoned and escaped."

Roland looked at Durandal who was holding him.

"I heard that the steel blade has nothing to do with the dragon scales. It seems to be correct. Without this Durandal, I might have been eaten by them."

"Even the black knight is too tricky for dragons to deal with."

"Because only two difficult ends were chasing me, I finally beheaded them"

Olivier made a dumb answer to such a serious answer. At this moment Roland remembered what it was like, and took something out of the leather bag hung on his belt and put it on the ground.

It's about the size of a small kid's knife. White turbid, curved, with sharp points.

Olivier frowned and picked up his teeth gently with his fingers.

"The thing on this dragon is really small..."

"Of course there are teeth the size of a sword. Just because this is so small, it can be carried in armor, right. But it's so hard that it can be surprisingly hard. "Open a hole"

"If it is processed, it can be used as a weapon."

With a wry smile, Olivier returned the dragon's teeth to Roland.

"It seems to be listening to ancient martial arts poems...By the way, didn't Ganelon come to chase you?"

Roland shook his head.

"Ah, I don't know what happened to this guy. After that, I went to Lannion Castle again. It was very difficult without horses and
luggage. If I encountered the soldiers of the princes, I would grab their horses and weapons, but by the way, I never met at this time."

"What about the food? Should we Go to the village or the village and ask them if you want it?"

"I tried to do this first, but not only was it rejected, but Durandal was also almost robbed. I cut them down so I can only escape."

Olivier showed an expression that he didn't know what to say. Staring at the sword with beautiful gold decorations on the guard and hilt. For villagers who don't know anything, they can only see that they can sell high-priced and very valuable swords. This is an act of death.

"In a dilemma, I desperately think about what I can do, and I can eat through hunting."

Hearing Roland's words, Olivier frowned. For Brune who discriminates against bows and arrows, knights generally hunt with spears. For small beasts such as rabbits, use a thin spear that can be thrown, and for large beasts such as bears, use a thicker spear that can penetrate the fur.

How did Roland without a spear go hunting?

"Using a stone"

Roland replied immediately after seeing his question from Olivier's expression.

"When I was in Alsace talking to Lord Tigrevurmud, I asked him about the tricks of throwing. Although I haven't actually used it, I don't know if it will work. But about the rabbit in the fifteenth Alshin, it can also be hit."

"This should solve the food problem."

"No, although in spring, rabbits are not so easy to see, and you can't spend too much time hunting. I haven't had a good sleep
these days. I didn't eat anything since yesterday. When I met you, I can only think of a Miracle."

Roland ate the last fried beans.

"That's all I said, let's listen to you next"

Why are Olivier they are here. Although it was said that it was a three-day walking distance from the castle of Lannion, it was too far away from the castle for investigators. For Olivier, who controls the position of the Knights, it is a bit strange to lead only one team.

"I'll start with what happened a month ago, just like you."

Olivier grinned sarcastically while gnawing on the jerky.

"I was entrusted to arbitrate the dispute between the northern princes. I led a thousand knights from the castle. From the conclusion, it was a trap. We were led to the narrow mountain and were attacked by the Lord's soldiers."

"Sure enough,"

Roland said. Whispered. When the city fortress was attacked by Bachelard, he wondered if it would be like this. When he actually knew it, his chest was filled with indescribable anger again.

"It's nothing. I killed them all the other way. After that, I hurried back to Navarre Fortress. I met Prince Regnas and the knights on the way. After listening to what had happened, I went to Lara as the commander of the whole army. At that time, I thought you would catch up immediately."

"I'm really sorry about that."

Roland put his hand on his knee and lowered his head deeply, and Olivier smiled mischievously.

"I don't care anymore. I apologize to His Royal Highness Regnas and explain it well. It seems that he is very heartbroken."
He was a bit harsh when he said that, and Olivier patted Roland's huge body that was shrinking because of his discomfort. Shoulders.

"No way, when His Royal Highness to the report, I'll show you it - having said that, we went to Perpignan, the knight, and cooperation over there, do not know when it will deal with over Bachelard made engaged to prepare"

The fortress is equipped with weapons and food. In the name of Prince Regnas, he asked the surrounding lords for reinforcements. Send envoys to the capital to tell about the current dilemma. A reconnaissance force was sent to detect the movement of the Bachelard army.

The city of Lannion is at the northwestern tip, close to neighboring countries such as Asvarre and Sachenstein. The vigilance over there must not be slackened. There are still many things to do. Olivier even has to give instructions while eating, so he is very busy.

"Bachelard didn't do much in the City. Waiting for reinforcements, but after the reinforcements arrived, the guy did not come here, but went east. This was 15 or 16 days ago."

"Huh...?"

Oliver replied blankly in the face of Roland who was dumbfounded.

"We were also very surprised. We investigated and found out that the confidant of Ganelon's confidant Marquis Greast was assassinated. This is a noteworthy rumor. If this is true, it may be because before the lords cause chaos. Call Bachelard back to calm the situation..."

After listening to Olivier's explanation, Roland searched for his memory. Several things came to mind.

"It might be true"
"What do you know?"

Olivier couldn't help but lean over, Roland answered cautiously.

"When Ganelon and Drekavok met. Drekavok threw a head to Ganelon. It seems to be Greast's..."

Recalling the situation at that time. Roland's back was cold.

What Ganelon and Drekavok did was not only cruel and indescribable, but also a sense of fear of not knowing the truth.

"Is that the head of Greast?"

"I'm not sure, I have never seen Greast once, and it's all blood and mud on it, it's very dirty, but because of Drekavok and his master, Thenardier, and it is understandable to kill Greast and show his first-level intentions."

"That's true. Just remember this thing for the time being. Then, I heard a peculiar one. "Something"

Olivier showed a look of surprise and anger, and a look of annoyance.

"Ludiene of Bergerac's family organized the guerrillas. It's a pity that I don't know that it should be said improperly, but this is basically the truth."

Roland took a breath to understand the meaning of these words.

Ludiene is a female knight who guards Prince Regnas.

Her father, Rashval, was the former head of the Knights of Navarre. He had a good relationship with Roland, because he talked to her a lot of times. When giving up the Fortress of Navarre, she asked her to protect Regnas together with her points.

So why, she organized a guerrilla in a place where she didn't even know.

"What's going on?"
"Forgetting what I said, the day after we arrived in Lannion, Ludie left a message and disappeared. The paper said, "In order to request reinforcements and gather intelligence, I want to leave His Highness for the time being' His Highness just smiled bitterly, and the Temple of Joan is very angry"

Olivier explained in a business tone. Joan is the same as Ludie, a female knight who guards Regnas.

Roland wanted to hold his head in distress, but at the same time, she also thought it was very her style.

What on earth was she doing for leaving behind such an important duty as the guarding prince, although she wanted to blame her, she undoubtedly acted for Regnas. In addition, if the name of Bergerac's family can be used, it would be nice to let her move freely.

After thinking about it, Roland thought of a possibility.

"What is the size of the guerrilla group organized by Ludiene?"

"As far as the results of my investigation are, there are between four thousand and six thousand. It is more appropriate to weigh five thousand."

In terms of numbers, she really deserves to be her. Thinking about it, Roland asked.

"Will Bachelard go east for the purpose of attacking the guerrillas organized by Ludiene?"

Olivier didn't answer immediately. After counting to two, he considered Roland's words.

"I can't say no... If five thousand soldiers are behind, I will feel threatened."

"Do you know more details about the guerrillas?"

"His Royal Highness also asked the same question and answered him that there was no way. Several of the people who went out to
investigate have not come back. Ganelon and his horses just seemed to have strengthened the patrol of the soldiers."

Roland sighed. Although worried about Ludie's situation, it seems that now he can only pray to the gods for her. Nothing happened.

"If there is anything in the Temple of Rashval, I will have no face there."

"For me, I also want to spit bitterness at the Temple of Rashval. What kind of education did Ludie receive?"

For this pungent remark, Olivier comforted his best friend.

"Now, Rashval Temple should be in the royal capital. If Ludie is in the east, maybe you can get in touch."

"If so, it would be fine."

Roland nodded, and Olivier continued.

"After confirming that Bachelard was marching east, we stayed in Lannion before deciding what to do next. However, four days ago, His Highness said that we should go to the capital,"

Roland said with emotion. With a gentle smile, the face of the prince with strong will in his blue eyes flashed in his mind, and he couldn't help but smile.

"It is indeed your Highness. If Bachelard stays away from Lannion, there is no reason to let go of this opportunity."

"Don't rush to admire. Your Highness is bolder than we thought. He said he would go directly south from Lannion and pass by from the southern part of Brune to the royal capital"

Olivier cocked his mouth and said happily, Roland couldn't help but exclaim.
To the south of Brune, the influence of the Duke of Thenardier is very strong. If the lords and soldiers who supported Ganelon wanted to enter, it was impossible to sit back and watch.

Regnas used himself as bait to get Thenardier involved in the fight with Ganelon.

——*If your Highness and we go south, how will Thenardier react?*

If we avoid a direct confrontation with Ganelon, we will be expelled from the south. But Roland thinks this possibility is very small. If you fight against the Knights of Navarre, you must have the consciousness to suffer a lot of losses. This will only benefit Ganelon.

——*It should be contacted for the use of His Royal Highness.*

Thenardier will separate us who are in the way from Prince Regnas. To avoid such a situation, we must do our best to deal with it.

A knight approached here and reported that the rain had decreased.

"Almost gone,"

Olivier said, and the two stood up.

Suddenly, Roland stared at Durandal in his hand. He remembered the memory of the first encounter with Faron. At that time, Roland was a seven-year-old child, and Faron was still a prince.

After being questioned by the prince, Roland told him his name, and Faron smiled.

"Among the knights serving the ancestor Charles, there is also a person named Roland like you."

It is said that Roland has the highest honor of wielding a sword to protect the people and is a knight among knights.
"You too, one day you will become a brave knight who is famous among the nations"

The invisible impact shook fiercely in Roland's heart.

Originally, Roland looked forward to Charles who would revitalize the country with the power of the sword. Inside the temple of Luberon, there are various items around the ancestor, including the coffin of Charles's remains. Roland grew up watching these, and Roland was big and powerful.

Instead of living as a priest like this, his temperament is more suitable for swinging a sword. For Roland who thinks this way, Faron has illuminated a path for him.

—–Your Majesty, I will definitely bring Prince Regnas to the capital safely. Until then, please be safe.

Carrying Durandal on his back, Roland said this to King Faron in his heart.

When he walked out of the temple, the black knight's steps became stronger, and his eyes had the brilliance of a strong will to complete the mission.
Chapter 1 - Revival

Under the clear blue sky, a group of people marched on the grassland under the soft sunlight in the afternoon.

The number is about one thousand, and everyone is stained from head to toe. There are large and small injuries everywhere on his body. Fatigue is shown on the face, and some people directly show dissatisfaction.

From the fact that there are swords or spears in the team, and people in armor, it can be seen that this is a certain army, but the armed forces are not unified and the queue is chaotic.

The name of this team is called the Bergerac's guerrillas. It was a joint force composed of three knights and seven vassals. It was defeated a few days ago and became the current defeated general.

Taking the lead in front of the troops, riding a horse, a young girl with silver hair, named Ludiene Bergerac, is the commander of the troops. At eighteen years old, she seems to have a small, soft physique. But as a fighter, she has commendable skills.

Like other soldiers, she was covered in mud and blood stains from the enemy. She stood straight on the horse. She has a pair of dark blue right pupil and bright red left pupil that would impress anyone she saw. Eye pupils with different left and right colors like this are called heterochromatic pupils in Brune and Gestalt.

Behind Ludie, a man and a woman rode side by side.

Neither of them looked more than twenty years old. The man is of a standard figure, with dark red hair and reddish brown eyes. There was a black bow in the saddle, but the quiver was empty. Women wore military uniforms with purple as the base tone and a small amount of gold. Holding a finely crafted spear in his hand. The blue hair tied up at the back of the head reaches up to the waist.
They are the eldest son of Count Vorn's family, Tigrevurmud Vorn, and the war maiden Ludmila Lourie, who has the alias of "Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave".

Tigre looked to the side at will, and saw red peony, blue viola, yellow dandelion and other flowers blooming, as well as white and yellow butterflies flying among the flowers. This scene is like a gorgeous pattern drawn on a green cloth sheet.

"If I take a nap over there, I seem to be able to sleep soundly into the night."

"Let's take a nap first. I just lost the battle."

After speaking blankly, Mila's mouth showed a gentle smile.

"No more relaxing, you've been sleeping since yesterday morning."

"I have this image near the house where Mashas razes the city as well as the way a little further"

before In a few days, the guerrillas were defeated by Prince Bachelard's army in the battle at Tieruse.

After finally getting rid of the enemy's pursuit, Tigre and others, in order to reorganize their situation, sought help from Lord Mashas Rodant who governed Otto.

Mashas is fifty-seven years old. He has been with Tigre's father Urs for more than 30 years, and they are close friends. Mashas also taught Tigre a little bit when he was a child.

In addition, he also sent soldiers to join the guerrillas. It can be said that there is no more trustworthy person than him. From Tieruse, it is also very important that Otto can be reached on foot in two or three days.

In this way, yesterday morning, the guerrillas finally arrived in Otto. Immediately send an emissary to convey to Mashas that he and others will visit the town of Lazas.
When he first left the battlefield, there were only less than fifty soldiers beside Tigre. After meeting little by little with the soldiers who had also escaped, it became a team of about one thousand people.

Before the battle, the number of the army was as high as five thousand. It is very difficult to start all over again now. But it has to be done.

Turning his gaze back to the front, Tigre looked at Ludie's back. Even if she is usually open-minded and open-minded, she hasn't acted like she used to be in the past few days, always keeping silent and serious.

As a defeated general, he must maintain a resolute attitude. In order to perceive her heart. Tigre tried to talk to her several times, but to no avail.

——I simply have to ask if she wants to take a nap.

She would be surprised or angry, as long as it could arouse her reaction when Tigre was thinking about it, the sound of horse hooves from behind approached, and the two women rode up to Tigre's side.

"Now, there is nothing unusual in the back. But the queue is a bit longer," said one of the two riding horses, a tall woman with long blond hair and emerald pupils. She was wearing a green and white dress, holding a golden staff in her right hand. Despite her appearance, she sat very calmly on the horse.

"Thank you, Sofy!"

"You're welcome, but I want a more specific thanks."

The woman called Sofy kept her eyes closed like seduction. Tigre, who couldn't help but blushed at this glamorous behavior, felt a layer of white cold air drifting across his neck. This is Mila’s spear-Lavias’s fired from the front end. This spear is a dragon tool that only a Vanadis can use, and it can control the cold.
"Sofy, be careful, don't do anything that would make the kid learn bad habits, OK?"

Mila looked at the red-haired girl sitting in front of Sofy.

She leaned against Sofy and smiled and waved her left hand to Tigre and Mila. She has the same rainbow pupils as Ludie, with a golden right pupil and a dark blue left pupil. Hidden in her coat, her right hand didn't have the part below the elbow, and she heard that she lost her memory.

These two people are also Vanadis like Mila. The blonde woman is Sofya Obertas, who has the alias of "Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower". The red-haired woman has the alias of "Flash Princess of Thunder Swirl", is called Elizavetta Fomina. Sofy is four years older than Mila, that is twenty-two years old. Elizavetta and Mila, who are nicknamed Liza, are also eighteen years old.
Because of various things, the two were traveling together in Brune, and chanced upon Tigre and others who had escaped from the battlefield.

Originally, Sofy was going to the royal capital, and wanted someone she trusted to take care of Liza first. However, due to the current unstable situation in Brune and the movements of the Bachelard army, after reconsidering, she thinks that instead of continuing to travel, it is better to act with Tigre and the others, which will be more beneficial to Liza's safety.

Wanting to escape from Mila's icy gaze, Tigre rubbed his calf, his gaze wandering.

At this moment, in front of 300 Alshins (about 300 meters), a figure of a rider appeared. After Tigre looked at the man carefully, joy appeared on his face. Holding the reins tightly, they ran over on horseback.

The other party also noticed this side and rode over. He is a young man with a squat physique and a gray beard under his nose and chin. He was dressed in sackcloth, with a sword hanging from his waist. With a smile on his face, the man talked to Tigre.

"It's great that you're okay! Finally, it's finally here, Tigre."

"It's been a long time! Mashas is also very energetic!"

The two got off their horses, approached each other, and smiled. They pat the other person on the shoulder.

"Unexpectedly, Lord Mashas came out to greet him personally. Thank you very much. Lord Lilianu (T/N-this is the heroine of the Mashas Gaiden. The cover illustration of the Gaiden is her. The next two sons are also in the Gaiden.), brother Urbain and brother Gaspar, are all okay?"

Tigre asked with a look of excitement and joy. Lilianu is the wife of Mashas, and Urbain and Gaspar are their sons. Tigre also received a lot of care from them.
"The sons are out, Lilianu is waiting at home. Hmm, you were beaten badly. Are you the commander?"

Mashas looked at the soldiers asking Tigre questions, and Tigre shook his head. Ludie and Mila, who were chasing, got off the horse, and Mashas was surprised after greeted them.

"The daughter of the Bergerac family, plus the Vanadis of Zhcted. Oh, the greatest honor since welcoming Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Asvarre. As a low-ranking lord noble, I will do my best to entertain, please forgive me if there is a lack of hospitality."

"This is the case. I'm sorry to be uninvited suddenly. For the sake of future, I will show my identity, but I don't want to publicize the name of Vanadis. Please just treat me as Tigrevurmud's friend"

Ludie replied to Mashas with a serious expression that he had never had before.

"Thank you Lord Rodant for your concern. But, please give me the same treatment as the soldiers."

After obviously losing the battle, it is not only the commander himself who received meticulous hospitality. Mashas sensed her feelings and shook his head with a soft smile.

"I know Ludie. After this first come about in town talk about it, but I tentatively go a word of advice, just and soldiers together, not assume responsibility for the way"

"But I ..."

Ludie wanted to say something, but after swallowing what she wanted to say, she saluted Mashas.

After the two had finished speaking, Luke, who led the Otto soldiers, appeared.

Luke and the others accepted Mashas's order to join the guerrillas. If they hadn't fought in Tieruse, Tigre, Mila, Ludie and the others might not be able to break through the enemy's line.
After entering Otto, Luke was in the center of the guerrillas. It was supposed to lead the troops ahead, but it was necessary to monitor whether the low morale friendly troops would make any unnecessary moves.

Luke, who appeared, knelt down in front of Mashas, curled up and apologized.

"I'm sorry, Mashas-sama, let the leader sacrifice."

Looking at the master's face, the tight line suddenly broke, Luke's serious face was distorted, and tears overflowed from his eyes. Mashas patted Luke on the shoulder with a gentle expression.

"The responsibility of letting the neighbors die should be on my shoulders. You have brought many of your leaders back from the battlefield. Be proud of it."

"Mashas, they all fought bravely."

With a sad expression, he said. Tigre intervened in the conversation. Originally, he wanted to say that it was his fault that made them sacrifice. But Luke should be responsible for the Otto soldiers. Can't say anything that would damage his reputation. But you can't say nothing.

"Of course. Because they are soldiers in my territory."

Hearing Mashas' words, Luke shook his shoulders and cried.

Tigre bit his lip hard, clenched his fist, and looked at the scene in silence.

Knowing what Mashas came out to meet, the atmosphere between the soldiers became more at ease. Because he was convinced that he would be taken in. It's also a reason why he can only reach the city in one breath.

After this, Mashas and Otto soldiers led the guerrillas to the city of Lazes. Tigre wanted to stay with the old count, but before resuming the march, Ludie said to Tigre.
"I'm sorry, Tigre. Can you accompany me?"

Her expression looked full of thoughts, and she didn't seem to feel at ease after a short rest. Tigre nodded and rode out of the queue with Ludie.

After leaving the guerrillas with a sufficient distance, he asked her in a natural tone without hesitation.

"What's the matter?"

"From now on, can you command the guerrillas?"

Looking at Tigre head-on, Ludie said clearly without hesitation.

The wind blew over the flowers and grass, making noises. The clouds in the sky cast shadows around the two of them.

Tigre was speechless and blinked several times.

"What are you talking about?"

He wanted to say something like this, but gave up before saying it, observing Ludie's expression.

In the eyes of different colors, calm determination oozes. There was no pause in the words just now. It should be considered for a long time.

——*However, I still can't be a commander.*

Although Vorn's family was granted the title of earl, it was only a little lord who governed the border, and almost no one knew this name.

If Tigre had obvious personal merits, the soldiers might admire him. But that doesn't seem to work, he doesn't have any majesty, the most important problem is that the weapons used are bows and arrows. Even in Tieruse, he failed to cooperate with friendly forces for this reason.
And now Tigre is still suspected of colluding with Zhcted, and there must be communication between the Zhcteds who are incompatible with the little lord’s son. This must be the reason. Unfortunately, mentioning Tigre hasn't cleared the suspicion yet.

After taking a breath and calming down, Tigre asked.

"Can I hear the reason?"

"You know the reason."

The dark blue and bright red eyes were shining with passion, and Ludie's voice and body trembled slightly. Since the defeat, she has been blaming herself.

"When we set off from Roazzo, there were as many as five thousand guerrillas. It is as you can see now. As a commander, I have to take this responsibility."

There were anger, sadness, and anger on Ludie's face. Strong sense of powerlessness. No matter what the words of persuasion, encouragement or comfort, they must not be able to convey her heart.

—I might be the same.

While thinking this way, Tigre said naturally.

"Ludie, let's come together"

He tucked the reins and turned the horse's head, Ludie frowned but followed silently.

Tigre's road turned back and forth, and stopped about a hundred Alshins away from the guerrillas. When she was side by side, she asked.

"Look at the faces of the soldiers, what do you think?"

"You ask me what I think..."
Ludie showed a bitter face. What's ahead of her sight is the current situation that she has turned into as a commander. But she still didn't look away, carefully observing the soldiers' appearance.

"Everyone is very tired, and there are people who look angry and dissatisfied,"

Ludie asked with a disappointed expression.

"It was me who turned them into this, so should I take this responsibility?"

Tigre shook his head. Looking at the soldiers, he said calmly.

"My first battle was also lost."

Ludie widened her eyes, then tilted her head.

"You mean last spring, the war with Muozinel? I heard that it was a tie..."

"Brune and Zhcted looked at the situation of Muozinel, maybe so. But the soldiers I got from my father tragically crushed. Several people died."

The Brunes who camped at the place of Erechium at night were attacked by the Muozinel Army.

In the chaos, Tigre led his soldiers to break through the enemy line. However, far away from the battlefield, they encountered a group of Muozinel soldiers and were forced to the hills by them.

"If Mila and Zhcted's army did not show up, I would either be killed or become a slave. After that, I was able to participate in battles near the border, thanks to Mila, no A decent result can be achieved. For me, it really means defeat."

After the war, Tigre led the people back to Alsace.

"At that time, a leader said. At the end, it was great to be able to fight decently. After hearing this, I thought about it. After the war, what can I do for the soldiers who survived."
Although he can give Pensions are in return, but the fact of defeat cannot be changed.

Tigre clenched his hand tightly, and said his thoughts word by word.

"I want to honor them. They have tried their best to fight, and I want them to lift their chests in honor."

Ludie held her breath. The hair tied at the back of her head was blown by the wind and moved with the wind.

"Honor..."

"Of course, there will be situations that cannot be achieved. It is also helpless to end the battle without a chance. However, the battle is not over yet, and we have to fight against Bachelard and Ganelon. The battle must be won."

"But..."

While being moved by Tigre's words, Ludie still hesitated.

"If you have to win, then I should give up being a commander even more. If you win the battle as a commander, wouldn't they be proud of it?"

Before he finished speaking, Tigre looked at her.

"Then what do you do?"

This question made Ludie's heart knot. Tigre asked after she fell silent.

"If, as a commander, I had won. Wouldn't that be honorable?"

Ludie failed to answer, and Tigre suddenly eased his expression.

"It's really not like you to give up this kind of thing once you lose. In general, how many things you can master once you do? Whether you start a fire or climb a tree, didn't all of them fail at first. The second time I was swimming in the river, it was very
messy, even I was almost dragged into the water by you, didn't you know?"

"Yes, isn't it all the same thing!"

Her face became very red, and Ludie yelled.

"Moreover, there are a lot of things that you can master at one time! Isn't it etiquette to learn the language of other countries? My swordsmanship is also very good at first."

As if to say something, Ludie straightened her chest. Tigre couldn't help but squeak out in response.

"I know, I know. So, what should I do next?"

"You don't have enough respect for your older sister, really."

After making a straight face, Ludie immediately recovered her calmness. Watching the soldiers walking on the grassland, the severe haze disappeared from her side.

"——Tigre, can you lend me your power?"

Her eyes and tone had unshakable determination.

"I will definitely win next time. I swear on my sword and the name of Bergerac."

Ludie pulled out the sword from her waist and turned towards Tigre. Tigre showed a troubled expression.

"I don't have a sword."

"The bow will do. Isn't it an heirloom that you cherish?"

She fluttered, and she smiled. Although no matter how you look at it, it is out of style. The important thing is the current mood, so he can just ignore the details. Tigre held the bow in the saddle in his hand and stacked it with Ludie's long sword.

"Next time I will win. By this bow, Vorn's name, and my will"
He swears to this black bow, which is equivalent to being his partner, vowing that he will never again be a useless master.

Ludie nodded contentedly, and inserted the sword back into the scabbard.

"That's that, let's go back to everyone."

The two rode side by side, walking towards the forefront of the guerrillas.

After not taking a few steps, they saw Mila, Sofy, and Liza riding towards this side. Liza is still riding the same horse as Sofy.

When they came to Tigre, the three asked Mila something as a representative.

"What were you talking about? Just now, I heard Ludie talking very loudly."

Ludie couldn't help but have her face dyed red, but she answered frankly.

"Actually, I talked to Tigre about whether I can be replaced as the guerrilla commander."

Mila raised her eyebrows slightly, and Ludie continued calmly.

"But, I was encouraged by Tigre that I shouldn't give up after only one failure...Thanks to this, I am already awakened."

"Then, that means you will be the commander of the guerrillas."

"Yes. Also, please Mila also help me as usual."

The different-colored eyes were shining brightly, and Ludie asked with a hearty smile. Mila glanced at Tigre, sighed slightly and turned the horse's head.

"I also think you are very suitable to be a commander."

Sensing the judgment was over, Sofy rode to Ludie's side.
"Liza, she has something she wants to give you."

Liza, who was riding in front of Sofy, handed over what she was holding in her left hand. It was a bracelet made of flowers. Ludie was a little surprised, looking at the bracelet and Liza.

"This is for me?"

"I made it because you don't seem to have much energy, and we are the companions of Rainbow Eyes"

"If you can accept it, she will be very happy. It took a lot of effort to do it."

Sofy added. Ludie reached out and took the bracelet.

She has heard before that Liza lost her right hand. In order to cheer her up, Liza made this bracelet with only one hand and gave it to her.

"Thank you very much..."

Inadvertently, Ludie felt a little ashamed.

So far, she hasn't had a good conversation with Liza. As the defeated general was very busy, there are some good reasons why she doesn't know how to say this with her as a warrior. The most important thing is that she patronizes and considers her own affairs.

Ludie shook her head vigorously, cheered up, put the bracelet made of flowers on her left hand, and spoke to Liza with a smile on her face.

"Thanks to you, I am a little bit more energetic now, please call me Ludie. May I also call you Liza?"

Liza, who was a little shy, nodded with a smile, and pointed her right finger to her eyes.

"My eyes, what do you think of them?"
Ludie correctly understood Liza's intention to raise this question. In her hometown, different rainbow pupils are said to bring auspicious signs. But even so, there are eyes that are different from others, she really cares about this.

"The right eye is like a shining sun, and the left eye is like a lake under a sunny day."

"The sun and the lake..."

Although it is a common metaphor, Liza still feels deeply about it.

"It's very beautiful. It will definitely bring you good luck. My eyes, what do you think?"

Picking up her hair, Ludie asked Liza this. Liza considered it a little, and replied vigorously.

"it's like the sky in one eye and a strawberry in the other."

She didn't think much about it, and gave a simple and clear answer, and Ludie grinned.

In the short time before the five returned to the guerrillas, Mila couldn't help thinking about things.

It is not a lie to say that Ludie is suitable to be a commander. But what would happen if Tigre accepted the commander's position.

——Brune despises archers more than I imagined.

However, some people in the Knights of Loazo admired Tigre's bow skills. Is there is the possibility that many people can change their views?

Moreover, judging from the battle between Asvarre and Sachenstein, Tigre has the qualifications to be a commander. If the cooperation of several influential lords can be obtained, the guerrillas led by Tigre may become a powerful force against the great nobles. If this happens, they will surely panic.
—this gambling is a bit too dangerous...it's a reckless behavior like walking on thin ice in heavy armor.

However, if Tigre strongly wishes to obtain the status of commander, Mila would approve it. There can be no mistake, Mila will do her best to support her sweetheart. It's easy to think of what she would be like, and Mila shook her head as if abandoning distractions. Sure enough, Ludie should still be the commander.

"--Mila"

Ludie suddenly called her, and Mila couldn't help but shake her shoulders.

"Wh...?"

Pretending to be as calm as possible, Mila looked at Ludie who was riding a horse from the side. Ludie used a chattering tone, but asked an unexpected question.

"If you win this war, what kind of treatment do you think should be given to Tigre? It's affirmative to grant him the Star of Honor, but I think it's best to be able to enter the palace and work directly for his Highness Regnas. As for the necessary etiquette, he should be fine as long as he receives the education of the Bergerac family,"

Mila looked at Ludie with a dumb expression.

——Speaking of which, in the Loazo City Fortress, she also said such things about Tigre.

Although Ludie's idea may seem ridiculous, it is not. She is the guard knight of Regnas and trusted by the prince. And the prince himself seemed to have a good impression of Tigre.

According to the degree of martial arts that Tigre can achieve in the war against Bachelard, what Ludie said may become a reality.

But then Mila was troubled. If Tigre really entered the palace to work, it would be difficult to communicate with Mila, let alone have the opportunity to meet her.
The education of the Bergerac family is also a problem. In Mila's view, Ludie was kind to Tigre as a woman. Although she didn't think that Tigre would accept her intentions, it would be unbearable for Mila to imagine the two people living together under the same roof for several days.

"Is it a little bit farther away? I think I will attack Bachelard first."

With a smirk and soothing tone, Mila wanted to end the topic. It would be dangerous to continue this topic. Ludie may have a more specific performance.

"Yes, the martial arts that Tigre can obtain may exceed my imagination."

Ludie smiled, and Mila affirmed these words.

—— Of course, I also hope that Tigre can get a martial arts honor.

In addition to the upcoming war, new problems emerged. Mila sighed softly.

Lazes, where Mashas is located, is the center of Otto.

The city was built in the form of sandwiching a large river flowing from north to south, and the city walls are very strong. Even in this era, there will be a level of peace and prosperity with merchants coming and going in the city.

However, the city still did not have enough room to accommodate a thousand soldiers. So Mashas set up more than three hundred camps around the city. The soldiers of the guerrillas rested in this way.

"Mashas, thank you very much. But how did you get so many camps?"

While expressing his gratitude, Tigre also raised some surprising questions.
Mashas can mobilize up to five hundred soldiers. There is no need to prepare so many camps.

Mashas moved his gray beard and replied casually.

"Ask the lords and merchants of your neighbors in advance to collect them. I think it will be useful whether you win or lose."

"I also want to thank you, Lord Rodant. After the war, please let Bergerac's family buy all these camps."

Mashas smiled heartily in the face of Ludie, who was deeply luggage.

"That's really a big help. Actually, I borrowed a lot of money to prepare food, wine, and camp. I was still thinking about how to pay it off."

Then, Ludie asked Thomas and Haas to let them use the city hotel or tavern.

"For the people of Otto, we are outsiders, and it is reasonable to warn us. However, we don't leave here in two or three days. From now on, I want to be a little bit more harmonious. No, it's not. It's about time now, and we have to prepare for the necessary expenses."

"What Ludie said makes sense. The people in the city will be a little unpleasant. If you don't care about small troubles, it might lead to a big dispute one day."

Mashas agreed with Ludie, and the two talked at the gate of the city. The conditions for the guerrilla soldiers to enter the Lazeg Gate were quickly determined, and where they could be entered.

"Also, do you still need manpower? There are soldiers who have been slightly injured, and there are also people who can do the hard work. You can serve Count Rodant."
Ludie was considering what she could give Mashas in return. Let the guerrillas have a good relationship with the people of Otto.

So far, Ludie, although it is only a rough idea, has basically grasped the specific situation of the soldiers and the relationship between the colleagues in the army. Even the allocation of camps around the city is based on this information to make decisions.

"It's amazing."

While Ludie kept giving instructions to the soldiers, Tigre looked at her with admiration. He thought that if she had something difficult to deal with, he would go and help. But it seemed that there was no need for this. In addition, Mila, who was standing next to Tigre, took it for granted.

"You went hunting outside to help the Knights, so maybe you don't know. When she was in the city of Loazo, Ludie also felt like this. In this respect, she deserves to be the daughter of the Duke's family. Lord Bressol, do you now know the reason for letting Ludie be the commander?"

Bressol is the commander of the Loazo Knights. After the Battle of Tieruse, his whereabouts were unknown, and it was thought that he may have died in the battle.

Among the 1,000 soldiers now, there are less than two hundred members of the Loazo Knights. They vowed to crusade against the enemies of the captain and their companions, and faithfully follow Tigre, whom Bressol trusted. One day they will become the core of the guerrillas.

When it was about to get dark, the work of allocating camp tents was over. Some soldiers had already entered the camp, and some soldiers were even asleep.

Tigre, Mila, and Ludie patrolled the city with Mashas to confirm the status of the soldiers. There may be people who lose their temper, or people who sneak into the city to relieve their sorrow. Fortunately, most of the soldiers are very honest.
Go through the gate and enter the city. It was evening, and there was hardly anyone in sight. Tigre looked at the town that was getting darker with nostalgia.

"I came here last about four or five years ago, and it hasn't changed a bit compared to that time."

"It's not completely the same. Several shops on the roadside have changed, and the population has increased. If you pass from here during the daytime, you should be able to feel the difference."

Mashas smiled triumphantly. At this moment, Tigre looked up at the sky inadvertently and said.

"The clouds seem to be drifting from the west. It might rain tonight."

"Just follow the Lucieère Temple. Don't make a detour and it goes directly to my love nest."

Under the guidance of Mashas, mention Tigre followed them to his house.

"By the way, Raffinac and Garuin were surprised when they came to my house."

Mashas smiled happily as they walked.

Raffinac is Tigre's close attendant, and Garuin is a young knight who serves as Mila's adjutant.

The two of them and Tigre acted separately, and sought Mashas's assistance a step earlier. Mashas was able to immediately decide to assist the guerrillas because he thought he had listened to the reasons stated by the two of them.

"The two of you went to Asvarre immediately. I didn't expect you to be acquaintances with Her Royal Highness Guinevere. Urs must be surprised too."

"Yes,"
After answering with an awkward smile, Tigre and Mila looked at each other in trouble.

When everyone decides how to act separately, they think it is an effective way to seek help from Asvarre. However, after listening to Sofy's words, the situation was a bit embarrassing.

"If you can get the help of Her Royal Highness Guinevere, it would be very exciting."

Beside the joyful Ludie, Tigre and Mila talked in a low voice to a degree that no one else could hear.

"Judging from Asvarre's situation, Her Royal Highness Guinevere shouldn't come to Brune personally. This should be reassuring."

Tigre optimistically stated his views, but Mila didn't think so.

"Is that so? Your Royal Highness is an active person. -And, there is also the reason for Lord Roland."

Guinevere was enamored with Roland, and Tigre knew it. However, Roland didn't mention this matter. He doesn't know what he thinks.

"Anyway, talk to Sofy later. Don't just think about it for us,"

Mila said in a low voice, and the house could be seen.

In front of the house, Sofy and Liza were waiting. These two have no direct relationship with the guerrillas, so Tigre told them the address of the house.

When introducing Mila and Ludie to Mashas, Tigre wanted Sofy and the others to meet together, but the blonde war maiden said she had to "prioritize guerrilla matters" and declined to mention it.

When Sofy and the others were reintroduced, the old earl stood there in shock.

"Tigre, do you just want to make the old man's stomach ache..."
"This is a misunderstanding! Sofy and Liza are both very generous people, not to make Mashas worried."

Just as Lord Tigrevurmud said. And we still hide our identities, please treat us as ordinary travelers. It's better to say that if we are treated as war maidens, we will be troubled instead."

Smiling kindly by the side of Sofy, Liza looked around frequently. Seems to be taken away by the flower bed in the courtyard.

In short, Mashas, who was greeted in this way, could only smile bitterly.

"My name is Mashas Rodant. Although it is not large, please let me try my best to entertain you."

Shaking off the mud from the coat or clothes, entering the house, Mashas's wife Lilianu appeared.

Fifty-three years old this year, with a straight back, the image of a calm and serene old woman.

However, Tigre knew very well that she had a straight-tempered temper. Once angry, she was very violent.

Seeing Tigre, Lilianu smiled softly.

"It's been a long time, Tigre. I've probably heard about it. It's not easy."

"I'm really sorry for not having a souvenir, Lord Lilianu. I'm going to disturb you for a while."

"Ah, the gift is already I accept it."

With a light smile, Lilianu looked at her husband.

"Our sir, when we know that we are going to help you fight, we have enough energy. This is enough."

"Lilianu, can you say that the old man is like
a bloody old man."

To Mashas, who deliberately frowned and protested, Lilianu laughed and said,

"Even if you hide it now, everyone already knows it.", Haven't you yelled that it is much better than bowing to Duke Ganelon?"

To the two of them talking to Mila who smiled bitterly, quietly said to Tigre.

"What a good couple."

"Ah. The same as before, I respect them both."

After knowing Mila and their identities, Lilianu was surprised, but not as scared as her husband.

"If you are a guest of Zhcted, let's use the prayer space like this. Please don't restrain the best."

The prayer space is a spacious room where prayers are enshrined to the ten-pillar gods. Since Brune and Zhcted basically believe in the same deity, there is no need to change between prayers.

Mashas left to give instructions to the servants in the house. Lilianu took Tigre and the others to visit the prayer room, the cafeteria, the kitchen and other places.

"About three years ago, when the Queen of Asvarre and her entourage came to this house, it was really hard at that time. The Knights of the Round Table had never heard of anything.... across the sea from the south, I heard the words of the gods of Ifrikia, I heard my friends say, I know a little bit."

Speaking happily, Lilianu finally took Tigre and the others to the guest room.

"Already preparing for dinner, please come to the cafeteria immediately after you put your luggage. It's hot and delicious."
Tigre and the others thanked them and watched Lilianu leave. By the way, Tigre uses one room by himself, and Mila and Ludie, Sofy and Liza, are assigned to one room for two.

From their standpoint, a single room should be prepared for each of them, but because of the sudden incident, there is no room for doing so after all. Ludie and Mila also understood their position, so they did not raise their dissatisfaction.

"Tigre uses a room alone, I’m a little bit envious,"

Liza frankly expressed her envy, and Sofy looked at Tigre with a coquettish smile.

"In order not to make Tigre feel lonely, I'll go over in the middle of the night and disturb you."

"Hey!" Ludie let out a short cry, looking at Tigre and Sofy alternately.

"Is the relationship between the two of you like this?"

"Wait, don't misunderstanding Ludie."

Tigre hurriedly expressed his denial, and Sofy teased Ludie happily.

"It's like this. I've shown him a place that I haven't shown to other people. It's such a relationship"

"Gu, what's the matter...!?"

Her face turned red, and Ludie leaned forward and asked. "This" Sofy deliberately made an anxious tone and slowly weaved words. At this time, Mila tapped Sofy on the head with the tip of Lavias' spear.

"You seem to have a fever. How about let me calm you down, Sofy."

Sofy was not so much a scolding as it was a scolding voice. Sofy shrugged her shoulders as if she couldn't help it.
"Sure enough, the dragon gear should be handed over for others to keep."

When entering someone else’s mansion, it is customary to hand over the weapon to be kept by the owner. Mila and Sofy’s dragon gear are special weapons unique to Vanadis, Because of this reason, it is allowed to carry.

"Don't be stupid, go to the cafeteria earlier"

"By the way, if you go late, you will be reprimanded by Master Lilianu, and you may be kicked out of the cafeteria."

To the stunned Mila, Tigre seriously said that he was not joking, and Liza also began to panic.

"That's terrible, if you don't hurry up,"

The five people put away their luggage and hurried to the cafeteria. When Tigre and the others arrived in the cafeteria, Mashas and Lilianu were already waiting.

On the big table, there were already soup bowls, bread, wine and mead bottles on the big plates, and other dishes were served one by one. The smell was tangy, and Tigre's stomach screamed with joy.

"The stomach bag is fully equipped"

to the grinning Mashas back with a wry smile. Tigre took his seat. Mila and the others also greeted Mashas and sat next to Tigre. Lilianu asked Tigre their preferences, and Mashas poured wine or mead into the same number of silver glasses.

"The Zhcteds seem to like fire wine very much."

"No, it's rare to come to Brune, just use Brune's wine."

Mila replied Lilianu with a smile. At this time, the whole table was covered with herbs, a stew of roast chicken, lamb and potatoes, cheese cubes, and salt-grilled Sichuan fish, etc....
In Brune and Zhctedian, seven people They said "cheers" to each other.

Although each dish has a simple taste, it is all hot. A small amount of honey is incorporated into the wine, and the right sweetness calms the mood.

Tigre and Mashas talked about what happened in Zhcted, Asvarre, and Sachenstein. Mila and Ludie listened very seriously to Lilianu talking about Tigre's childhood.

Sofy was feeding Liza, who was stuffed with meat in her mouth and blocking her throat, and wiped her mouth while listening to Lilianu's words.

When the plates were almost empty, baked snacks, apples and dried figs were put on top.

"Well, it's almost time to listen to more detailed content"

Accepting Mashas's proposal, Tigre explained the history of the battle of Tieruse. Mila and Ludie also helped to fill in the missing points.

"The enemy made perfect use of confluence and muddy. However, the biggest cause of failure is still because of our inconsistent actions"

This was pointed out ruthlessly. Not only Tigre, but Ludie and Mila also had gloomy faces.

"It's really embarrassing, it's all because of my lack of ability..."

"Ludie has done a good job, but the lack is that I don't have time to rectify the soldiers."

Mila sheltered Ludie, and Mashas shook his head.

"I don't want to blame her. Even if I were to command an army like this, the result would probably be the same. However, is Prince Bachelard so powerful?"
Mashas didn't know the strength of Mila and Ludie. However, the rumor that Vanadis was praised for being a powerful man with a thousand enemies, and he also understood that it is impossible for a half-hearted warrior to be appointed as the escort of Prince Regnas.

"It can only be described as terrible. If you want to defeat that man, Lord Roland's degree,"

Tigrere replied with a serious expression. Mashas whispered with his chin in his hand.

"Lord Roland's whereabouts are unknown at this time, but if they are captured or killed by the Bachelard, they will announce it loudly, so I guess it should be fine."

Mashas slowly tilted the silver cup and to Ludie.

"Ludiene, how do you proceed next, can you listen to your thoughts?"

After understanding this question was asked to the guerrilla commander, Ludie sat up straight. For a moment, she glanced at Tigre, and probably recalled the conversation in the morning. She answered with a serious expression.

"Although I haven't made a decision yet, I have three plans now. The first one is to go to Lannion City to fight with His Royal Highness Regnas. The second one is to go to the King's Capital to meet His Majesty Faron. The third is, With Otto here as a stronghold, reserve power to contain Ganelon and Bachelard."

"Either plan has its own problems. What does Tigre think?"

Mila tentatively bit the baked snack. She asked Tigre with a smile. Tigre put the silver cup he had just finished drinking on the table and spoke.

"The first one is very likely to encounter the Bachelard army again. Even so, it takes a lot of time to avoid the opponent's detour. The second one, Duke Ganelon will definitely get in the way. The
third It's the same. They will surely come to defeat us if we know that we are ready to rise again."

"That's it. Our current combat power can't compete with the Bachelard army, and if we advance in the northern Brune area under the dominion of Ganelon, It's too dangerous. The other two are completely lacking in intelligence. As long as I don't know how powerful Ganelon's power is, I can't agree with "

After hearing Mila's words, it can be said that it's a pungent rhetoric. Ludie looked at the bottom of the silver cup on the table...

At this time, Sofy, who had been feeding Liza with dried apples or baked snacks before, asked Mashas in a generous tone in order to ease the atmosphere.

"Earl Rodant, how about the flooding in this area in spring. During our trip, it was not just the soldiers of the princes, but this was also very annoying."

The snow in winter and the froze the bodies of water. Because of the climate change as the ice melted, it caused avalanches and floods, as the Brunes said. Sofy, who is a Zhcted, was involved in this matter because he had visited this country several times as a messenger.

"The water in this area has basically retreated. Although there are still bridges or roads that cannot be walked, if you encounter a merchant from the capital, you can choose a road that can pass."

The answer was to sit next to Mashas and Lilianu. After smiling at Sofy, she looked at Ludie with a pleasant gaze.

After counting to one, Ludie looked up. After saying "Thank you very much" to Sofy and Lilianu, she looked at everyone present.

"We will stay here for the time being to gather the necessary information for the purpose of meeting the capital. After knowing
the size and trend of the enemy, the condition of the capital, and the route to the capital, we will find a way to go to the capital.

"I agree with this."

Tigre was the first to speak out. Compared to Ludie's decision as a guerrilla commander, she was able to regain the cheerfulness of the past, which made him even more happy.

"If you know the situation in the capital city in detail, maybe you can play with Olga."

"Who is Olga?"

The appearance of an unheard name made Mashas tilted his head and wondered. Tigre hesitated, but didn't intend to hide it. It explained that she was the war maiden who met in Sachenstein, and now she and herself and others are acting separately, and now she should be passing through the royal capital. Is this really the case, the old earl sighed deeply.

"Master Vanadis has one more..."

"This is the last one. The other three are in Zhcted"

Mila said persuasively, and Mashas replied in a polite voice, "I hope so."

"Speaking of which, Mashas, where are Brother Urbain and Brother Gaspar? I heard you said before that they were out..."

Tigre hurriedly changed the subject. Originally, this was also a question to be asked later. Mashas smiled happily.

"They, sent flowers to the neighboring princes"

Mila and Ludie tilted their heads and wondered. The lord's son visited the lords of his neighbors. Not just for sending flowers. However, the two did not understand what Mashas meant.

"Sending flowers, is there any meaning in it?"
Sofy asked.

"Oh, do you understand?"

Mashas got up, took out three flowers from the vase decorated by the bed, and put them on the table. There is one red flower, one green flower, and one yellow flower.

"This season is a rare flower that grows so colorful. Tigre, I told you before."

Tigre remembered immediately, and looked at Mashas with surprise and respect.

"It's a game that uses the types of flowers, the color and number of petals to be converted into language."

"That's it. The other party will give flowers back as a gift. Even if I am not interested in viewing flowers, some of his family members and servants have Just like it."

Mashas communicated secretly with neighboring lords by sending flowers. In this case, only those who know the meaning contained in the flower can understand the content of these connections.

Holding a flower in his hand, Mashas tilted his mouth sarcastically.

"The northern lords who obeyed Ganelon closely monitored our movements. Although it was to hide the tricks of these people’s eyeliner, everyone was able to skillfully use that very convenient. Therefore, we were able to collect all kinds of tricks."

Mashas said to Ludie with a smile after giving the flowers to his wife.

"No matter if you stay here for a few days, let the old man get the necessary information. However, using the name of Ludiene can improve efficiency, and I hope to be able to help by that time"
"I understand, if my name is It works, please feel free to use it."

Ludie got up and nodded vigorously. Sofy said from the side.

"Please let me contribute a little bit. It is possible to do such things by writing to the Brune nobles I know to ask for assistance."

This proposal surprised both Mashas and Ludie, looking at the blonde in confusion.

"It's a thankful suggestion, but is this okay...?"

"Didn't I say that I would assist you and Tigre. Moreover, if Brune's chaos continues for a long time, it will be very detrimental to our country,"

Sofy replied with a smile. In fact, from the point of view that a good relationship has been established with King Faron at the moment, Zhcted is unhappy about the situation that may lead to a change in Brune's ruling policy.

In addition, when two forces are in opposition, reaching out to the disadvantaged party is also a common method of diplomacy.

"It doesn't matter, right?"

Mila asked in a low voice worried, and putting Sofy in the name of the Vanadis was equivalent to publicly stating that Zhcted was on Regnas' side. Doing so without the king's consent will surely arouse the anger of the important officials in the Zhcted palace.

"There is no way. There is no time to return to Zhcted. If you explain the matter to your Majesty, you should be forgiven. If there is a case, just use the power of quantity to solve it."

To Sofy who answered simply, Mila's face wrinkled with a frown.

"The power of quantity"

"Now, there are already four war maidens in Bouillon. Later, I will get the help of Elen and Sasha, and you will find a way to make
Militsa our companion. In this case, mention it. The accusation of fornication can also be washed away, right?"

After hearing this, Mila was speechless and looked at the ceiling. If it really becomes a situation of relying on quantity, then Militsa will have to owe a lot of favor.

—*You have to win anyway.*

In this way, the guerrillas stood up again.

After the cafeteria was disbanded, Tigre did not return to the room, but walked towards the vestibule. To practice archery.

Because it started to rain, he put on my coat and held a black bow.

There are no arrows.

The same is true for Otto, the only people who use bows are hunters. It's the season when the wild beasts in the mountains and forests are active. There is no room left for the arrows to prepare for them.

Although Tigre asked Luke to help him get some arrows, when he asked for at least a hundred arrows before the next battle, the opponent showed a very embarrassed look.

Under such circumstances, it is impossible to spend precious arrows on training.

However, since Tigre understood this situation, he didn't care so much.

Tigre was soaked in the rain, looked into the dark, set a black bow, and closed his eyes.

Pull the bowstring and let go. Mixed with the sound of rain, the sound of the air vibrating slightly came into my ears.

--*Are you ok.*
When the bowstring was released, the trajectory of an arrow appeared in the eyelid. This body that has shot thousands of arrows can feel it.

In order to confirm the state of the body, he pulled the bowstring several times, and then took a small deep breath.

He remembered the appearance of Tallard who defeated himself in the Battle of Tieruse.

A man of terrifying strength. However, you must definitely beat him in the next battle. Even if there is a battle tomorrow.

he thought about it. Imagine being targeted by a distant enemy. From an unexpected angle, an arrow that flew at an astonishing speed. While shooting arrows, he wants to go to the enemy side and behind them.

Go forward, move to the right, jump to the left, turn back, and fight desperately.

Thunder and lightning roared, and a sudden storm blew past. Tigre did not flinch, and continued to pull the bowstring.

Then, he recalled his actions one after another in Tieruse.

Whether it is the best, if not the best. What should he do. While thinking, continue to release the imaginary arrow. Breathing becomes rapid. His fingers almost slipped in the rain.

——*That guy must be defeated by me.*

When Tallard shoots arrows from a distance, only he can fight him. Even Mila and Sofy, even if they can rely on dragon gear to protect themselves, can't fight back. Can only bear the attack blindly.

——*To beat him, I must be shooting accurately, shooting fast is not enough.*
Tallard will not stop until the arrow is finished. It takes such an idea to fight him.

After about a quarter and a half, Tigre began to have difficulty breathing. His face was wet with sweat and rain, and the fingers of his right hand became numb due to the continuous bowing.

——I’ll take a rest.

He exhaled a lot, and if he couldn't use his fingers too much, he would put the cart before the horse.

"Have you won...?"

He murmured inadvertently, frowning. The scene of defeating him failed to emerge.

Suddenly, Tigre stared at the black bow. As the heirloom of Vorn's family, this bow hides incredible power. A terrifying power to fight powerful demons.

Tigre shook his head. Relying on the power of the black bow, although it could easily overwhelm Tallard. However, the use of power in this way is wrong. You must use your own strength to defeat Tallard.

——There is no problem with body movements, but if this goes on, it will be evenly matched. What are the shortcomings.

When Tigre watched his Black Bow and fell into deep thought, he heard footsteps coming from behind.

Tigre looked back and it was Mila who came here. She also put on a rain-proof coat, carrying a small leather bag in her hand.

"It's really hard work. It's better to take a rest today."

"If you don't start training today, your body will be sluggish. After all, I didn't have time to train until yesterday."

"I don't have time to hunt."
Tigre shrugged to Mila who was joking. This is exactly the case. In this season, you can live in the mountains or forests for a few days. Not only can you hunt wild animals, but you can also protect the people who gather fruits or herbs, and disperse the bandits who target merchants.

Mila walked to Tigre and handed him the leather belt.

"Don't worry, there is only water in it. It's better to say that wine is better."

"No, I just want to drink water. Thank you."

This is Tigre's truth; he sweats a lot.

"What's wrong with the arrow? I didn't see the quiver,"

Mila's question was taken for granted. After Tigre explained the reason, Mila smiled wryly.

"If you say there is no problem, so be it, but is it a waste of energy?"

"As long as you get used to it, that's it. Compared to this, what bothers me is..."

Although he knows something must be missing, he doesn't think about it. What can be filled out.

Tigre expressed this idea. Because it is difficult to find a suitable language to describe it, he expresses it intermittently. After listening silently, Mila fell into deep thought.

"I have also had the same experience. I have used spears, as well as in government affairs. After I change my mood and catch my breath, it can be solved."

"In other words, I should go to the nearby mountain or forest."

"Don't be like this, if you go now, you don't feel like you won't be able to come back in five or six days."
Regarding Tigre who seriously proposed, Mila also seriously stopped him. The two looked at each other and laughed.

"In other situations, just remember what the teacher said."

"Teacher..."

Tigre stared at Mila intently. Can't think of it at all.

"For me, whether it's a spear or government affairs, my mother is my teacher. You will never use a bow when you are born without learning from others?"

"Ah. When he was five years old, my father was found some skilled hunters to come to Alsace."

Alsace has a small territory with many mountains and forests. For this reason, Urs protects the hunters.

Although hunters do not enjoy more favorable treatment than others. However, in order to prevent the hunters from being discriminated against, Urs officially communicated to the leaders that they should be treated fairly.

The hunters thanked Urs. For this reason, even for Tigre, he did not deal with it at will because he was a child, and they all carefully taught him how to use the bow. It is very rare for the lord's son to express an interest in bows and arrows. Of course, there are also reasons for this.

It can be said that the current Tigrevurmud Vorn is here thanks to them.

"The important thing is not to think about the words that have always been valued, but to think about the things that don't seem to be important, and try to recall words that are not particularly important. Do you understand?"

"...Can you please tell me?"

Although Tigre already had a rough answer, he still wanted to hear Mila's opinion and asked.
"Because the current self is different from the self when she listened to those words,"

The Ice Vanadis said with a clear expression and fluently.

"In a casual sentence, there may also be experience worthy of use. Moreover, you may be able to detect it now. With the experience you have accumulated, there will be new discoveries."

The blue pupils of the eyes flashed with sincere brilliance, watching Tigre.

Tigre approached Mila and bent down. Mila closed her eyes gently.

The lips of the two overlapped. Regardless of the rain-drenched coat, hug together.

After the lips of the two separated. With mixed feelings, Tigre smiled at Mila.

"Thank you, I want to try it as soon as possible."

"Be careful not to catch a cold."

Taking the empty leather belt, Mila turned around. Watching her walk into the house, Tigre faced the darkness again. The sky in the distance was shining with thunder.

---teacher.

Thinking back to the faces of the hunters in Alsace. They not only taught Tigre about the bow, but also about mountains, forests, beasts, and humans. They really learned a lot.

Considering Tigre's age at the time, there were people who tried their best to speak in plain language, people who just said a few words, and people who didn't care at all and used terms that only hunters could understand. There was someone who asked Tigre to watch and remember nothing. In retrospect, everyone is their own commendable teacher.
—When I think about it, I must.

Tigre explored the corner of memory. Go up the mountain with them, through the forest. Lie in the grass and climb trees with the help of others. Go down the cliff and swim in the river. The number of reprimands and praises is countless.

—Listen well, master.

Inadvertently, the face and voice of one of the hunters revived vividly.

—Master, sooner or later he will shoot arrows at humans, so remember.

Bandit in the cage in the mountains. Robber who robbed travelers. The villains who snatch wild animals or herbs in the collar without permission. The hunter enumerated these types of people. At that time, he must have never imagined that the lord's son would have a future on the battlefield with a bow.

The hunter asked Tigre to look at the arrow while gently folding his finger on the arrow.

—Arrow and a finger, as long as they are shot in this way, people will die.

It was unbelievable that he hadn't thought of it before, the creepy cold eyes and whispers, Tigre had a deep reflection.

Mila went back to the house, thinking about things, while going back to her and Ludie's room.

—I also do something.

The job of being a fighter in Zhcted was handed over to Sofy at this time, and Mila wanted to contribute in other ways. However, in order to revitalize the guerrillas, where should we start? It is also a question of where to speak to who is not the Brune.
At this time, Mila noticed that Ludie was coming from the other side. She was holding several large rolls of parchment in both hands.

"What's the matter?"

"It's just right, please help me, Mila"

With an enthusiastic smile, and Ludie explained that he would reorganize the guerrillas.

"There are people who are slightly injured, and there are also people who cannot act alone. Weapons and armor are not sufficient. However, we have not waited to become zero wounded and have enough supplies."

There is also no way for the soldiers to rest all the time. Such a real problem exists.

To maintain a force of 1,000 soldiers, it is necessary to prepare a considerable amount of food and dispose of the excrement produced.

If there is no food, the soldiers will attack nearby villages or cities in order to feed themselves. In addition, if the excrement is handled hastily, not only will the morale of the troops be low, but there may also be epidemics.

In order to ensure the soldiers' food, it's impossible to keep the surrounding environment clean and not let them do some work.

In addition to the current situation of the guerrillas, the need to take into account the friction with the residents of Lazes. If it turns into a situation that is hostile to them, don't think about it again.

"So I asked Count Rodant to borrow all the maps of Otto that I can borrow. I want people who can move around in the territory or go out to investigate."

After Ludie finished speaking, she picked up a bundle of parchment paper.
"I see; I will help"

Mila nodded with a wry smile. Ludie thanked him with a dazzling smile.

"Thank you very much. I'll give you some cheese from Lilianusama later."

"You really like cheese."

"Mira likes black tea too. It's a shame that this mansion is not there."

"But, but there are several kinds of wine. I don't hate wine. It's also fun to find wine pairing with black tea."

To Mila who answered with a generous smile, Ludie looked at her with admiration.

"It seems that Mila is more like a sister. It's obvious you're the same age as me."

"It has nothing to do with my age."

Mila replied briefly and started walking, and Ludie was next to her.

"Speaking of which, I have something to ask Mila."

There was obviously no one else around, but Ludie whispered in a particularly soft voice. Mila frowned, and briefly urged "What?"

"Sofy's Temple showed Tigre a part of the body. Could it be that. Is that a very critical place or something...?"

"...Probably, just talking nonsense,"

Mila replied with a helpless expression.

When Mila and Ludie were discussing the topic of guerrilla reorganization in their room, Sofy and Liza were taking a bath in the bath.
Probably it is a river with plenty of water. The large bath can accommodate several adults and the hot water in it is also full. Fragrant petals float on the water. This was prepared by Lilianu.

"Take a bath"

Liza quickly immersed in the bath. The red hair spread out, depicting an irregular appearance, and the pale red petals stuck to the fair skin.

Smiling watching her stretching her limbs and enjoying the bath, Sofy rubbed her body with soap made from animal fat, carefully washing away the stains of the journey. The long-lost bath was washed away with the hot water.

"I'm sorry, Liza"

Hearing Sofy apologize, Liza straightened up, grabbed the edge of the bath and tilted her head.

"It seems that there is still a long way to go to get back your memory."

At this moment, Liza shook her head violently, and the drops of water flew out.

"Don't worry about it. Sofy likes Tigre, doesn't she?"

Sofy couldn't help but turn red when she was said directly.

"Hey, hey, I like Mila too. Of course you are also there."

"Well, I also like Sofy very much. I must help the person I like."

She concealed this in past, as Sofy was second and surrendered. However, it is necessary to remind her afterwards since she didn't want to cause a rift in the relationship between Tigre and Mila.

"Also, there is one more thing that I have to apologize to you"
Sofy continued, her expression becoming serious.

"From tomorrow, I will be busy for the time being. The time with you will be reduced."

Although she said this to Mashas, she would write to the well-connected Brune nobles to call on them to become partners, but Sofy thinks this is the case. It seems to be not enough.

Sofy wanted to clear Tigre's suspicion. He also wanted to maintain the position of Mila and Olga, who should now be in the capital. Needless to say Liza's personal safety.

The tricky enemies are not only Prince Bachelard and Duke Ganelon. Hearing from Tigre that when the enemy was still with there, Sofy was stunned in surprise.

Tallard is an excellent general in the Kingdom of Asvarre. During the civil strife, he was loyal to Prince Jermaine and used surprising tactics in the battle of Maria, which caused the Zhcted's army to suffer.

How much influence Ganelon had among the northern lords is well known.

She also heard from Mila and Ludie about the strength of Bachelard as a warrior.

In this way, if Tallard is there, a hard fight is inevitable. She must rack my brains even more to help Tigre and them.

In this case, there would be no room left to accompany Liza all the time.

"It doesn't matter if this is the case."

Liza stood up with great momentum. She lifted her chest confidently and looked down at Sofy. It was almost time to teach her about shame, Sofy was seriously annoyed.

"I saw the whip just now, so I asked Master Lilianu and borrowed it."
Sofy was taken aback. After the meal, she and Mashas had been talking. For nearly four and a half minutes, her eyes had left Liza. When did she do such a thing?

"Didn't you listen to Sofy before? My weapon is a whip. I want to use a good whip to protect Sofy from the bad guys."

The dragon tool of the Vanadis named Elizavetta Fomina is the darkness whip that controls thunder and lightning, Valitsaif, who has the alias of "Lightning Flash of Chaos". Liza, whom Sofy knew, always hung the whip in a circle around her waist.

"Thank you, it's really reliable."

While thanking Sofy, Sofy thought that Liza, who lost her dominant hand, really suffered a lot. Liza seemed to see through Sofy's heart sharply, puffing out her face in dissatisfaction.

"Don't you believe it? I waved the bandage in my dream not long ago—"

At this time, thunder light shone in from the small gap in the rain shield.

Liza was taken aback and stared at the rain shield. Extend the empty right arm under the elbow to the rain shield.

The golden and dark blue pupils seem to be looking at something invisible.

"I'm there..."

Liza shook her head tremblingly.

"In front of me, I'm there. It's more intense, more dazzling, amidst a lot of thunder and lightning."

Liza's expression was stiff, not knowing what she was thinking, and she stood up.

"I mean. I have my right hand. I can feel it. What was holding in my hand three days ago..."
Liza groaned and pressed her head with her left hand. Sofy couldn't help but want to hug her. However, before that, Liza shook and fell into the bath.

Liza splashed exaggerated water. With her face buried in the hot water, Sofy stood still.

"Li, Liza...?"

Sofy stared down, Liza exposed her face from the hot water, with petals on her face.

"Water in my ears"

frowned exaggeratedly, tilting his head to the side. Such childish behavior is Liza that Sofy is completely used to. Sofy stroked her chest and curled herself down.

"It doesn't matter?"

Liza looked at Sofy with an expression of not knowing what was being asked about. Nodded gently. It seems that I can't remember what I said just now.

"—Liza, let me wash your body."

Sofy smiled and took the petals from Liza's face. Liza nodded honestly, came out of the bath, and sat down with her back to Sofy.

Sofy foamed the soap. Wipe her body carefully with a wrung towel.

Looking up close, Liza has many small scars on her body.

This is not uncommon for the war maiden who is leading the charge in front of the soldiers. As far as Sofy knew, Mila and Elen also had such scars. However, Liza's words had a few scars that were very old, as if they had existed before becoming a Vanadis.

Looking at Liza's back, Sofy considered what had just happened.

—Seeing thunder and lightning, will the original Liza awaken?
But what does the phrase "I have my right hand" mean. Liza's arm was cut off by someone in the winter. Even if that person kept her arm, it would have rotted long ago.

The words "three days ago" are also very interesting. That was the day when the two of them and Tigre met again.

—is it a mistake? if it is some other memory mixed in, it would be fine.

Then Sofy stopped thinking. Liza turned around, stretched out her left hand and began to rub Sofy's plump breasts.

"Sofy is really amazing, neither Mila nor Ludie are so big" (in the old version of Mila)

"Yes," Sofy replied with a troubled smile. It is difficult to blame her just because she knows that she is not malicious.

"How can I become this big"

"I think you are big enough"

This is not a lie or flattery. Liza's chest has a beautiful curve and a well-proportioned shape. However, she was still dissatisfied. Sofy said with a wry smile.

"Then, I'll tell you, eat more, get enough sleep, and smile more. But why do you want to make your breasts bigger?"

While asking questions, Sofy used a skillful technique to help Liza turn so she started washing Liza's hair carefully. Liza answered happily.

"Sofy's breast is very comfortable to touch. If my breast is as big as Sofy, I will be the first to let you touch it."

As expected, she must be taught as soon as possible about what shame is before this girl did strange things to Mila or Ludie.

While making up her mind, Sofy said "Thank you" to express her gratitude to Liza.
When she noticed, Liza was standing on the prairie filled with extremely lonely atmosphere.

Liza looked around, trying to figure out where it was. But the front, back, left and right look like vast green fields. Looking back, there is a very decayed temple standing there.

"Eh!"

She landed on the floor with fright. With a Pale face, Liza looked at the temple.

It is a small temple made of stone. There is no roof, and the walls have been thoroughly worn out over the years. The entrance was also showing signs of collapse, and the distorted square darkness suddenly opened its mouth.

Recovering from the previous surprise, Liza stood up.

At this time, she noticed that the lost right hand still existed.

"Is it a dream..."

She muttered, trying to squeeze the right hand and spread it out, thinking that it must be true.

Looking at the temple again. So, the feet took their own initiative and walked towards the temple.

"Wait, wait, stop!"

Liza yelled in panic. Her feet did not stop and Rushed straight into the darkness.

The light appeared silently. Before she knew it, Liza was holding a whip in her right hand and a kerosene lamp in her left hand. In the darkness, only the darkness around Liza would recede.

Ignoring the confused Liza, her feet gradually went deep.

"Because it was a dream, I was left behind."
When Sofy was by her side, she was obviously not afraid of anything.

When thinking about this kind of thing, Liza's body seemed to reach the deepest part of the temple. There was a stone statue about the height of his abdomen, standing alone.

The moment Liza saw this thing, Liza was attacked by indescribable horror and discomfort.

"Master Yaga..."

She knows who is on this stone statue.

Baba Yaga. she is a little old woman with a broom and long clothes, who will give incredible power to those who continue to pray on a moonless night. Often appear in legends, very capricious, weird existence that will give each other happiness or misfortune.

No, this is not a legend. She did encounter that.

The one who said, 'I will appear in front of people seeking power' and then, the one who asked Liza 'Do you want the power' burst out with strong emotions, Liza was thirsty for power.

Some scenes that she didn't know drifted past her consciousness one after another.

While trying to crush the rapidly expanding anxiety in her chest, Liza, who couldn't remember the key things, was very anxious.

Why would she seek power?

"Well...it should be, it should be, it should be..."

as if she was talking in a dream, she said "it should be" repeatedly, thinking back desperately.

However, all that came to mind was her posture after obtaining the strength she sought. With only her right hand, she easily lifted
the armor, simply crushed the iron block, and dug a hole in the trunk.

It still looks so white and slim. Nothing has changed. There are no bulging muscles, and no strange words engraved on it.

However, as long as Liza wanted to, her right hand could exert an unusual force.

"Do you want more power?"

Baba Yaga's stone statue whispered. Liza threw away the whip and the oil lamp and hugged her head.

"No! Stop calling me!"

The moment of yelling, the horizon switched.

The dimness that was different from that in the temple spread in Liza's eyes. The cold air in the night blows on my skin, and she can feel cold sweat on her body.

——It is really a dream....

Breathe in peace of mind. Although she knew it was a dream, the sense of presence after entering the temple was only in reality. Especially that crippled stone statue... it was Unforgettable for a while.

"Liza?"

Liza couldn't help but shrink her shoulders when she was called casually. Looking at Sofy tremblingly, Sofy sat up on the bed.

"Are you awake?"

"Yes," Liza replied. Although she wanted to say what was in her dream, she gave up. If she says it, she'll feel that the stone statue will appear near her.

——But, sleeping is terrible...
If she had the same dream again, would she be taken away by the stone statue?

Patience's body became stiff, and her left hand was firmly clenched on her chest.

"Liza, can I come to your side?" Sofy asked.

Liza tilted her head in confusion, and answered "Yes" at the same time.

Just like that, Sofy got into the blanket covered by Liza. Hugging Liza tenderly from behind. Along with the sweet smell, the warmth is conveyed.

Sofy's hand was gently folded on her own.

"Goodnight" said softly, and "Goodnight" the other party responded with gentle words.

Liza closed her eyes with peace of mind, no more nightmares.

When she turned around, the sun shining through the window shone on her face, and Mila woke up.

Sit up and yawn. The chest was wide open, and the heels were exposed, which really couldn't be seen by Tigre.

Looking to the floor, a few maps and a few chess pieces were scattered on the ground in a mess.

——*Last night I talked to Ludie about that late...*

Mila has the experience of arranging and commanding tens of thousands of soldiers, but of course she is not familiar with the births of the soldiers and the relationship between the various regions. Ludie is the opposite. Although she lacks the experience of being a commander, she is very good at how to arrange troops according to the area where the soldiers are located in order to reduce friction.
Finally, they sat on their respective beds, put out the candlestick fire after the talk, and fell asleep face to face. The reward for this hard work is that the reorganization plan of the guerrillas is unified. Let the soldiers start to act today.

Mila heard the sound of sleeplessness and looked over there, just as Ludie was also up. She looked like Mila, she didn't hide her exposed underwear at all.

Wash your face with the water you prepared last night. The two who finally woke up dressed again and adjusted their hair.

Looking out the window, the sky is clear, blue sky and white clouds. The dark clouds seemed to have gone.

"Let’s have breakfast first, and call Tigre too."

When the two arrived in the corridor, they went to Tigre’s room first. Knocked on the door, but there was no response.

"Did you get up and go out?"

Ludie guessed. Mila shook her head; it wouldn't be so.

"Except for the days when he goes hunting, Tigre will basically sleep late" (swearing sovereignty) and gently pushed the door down. It was unlocked and the door opened.

Stepping into the dimly lit room, Tigre breathed peacefully on the bed. Mila and Ludie stood on either side of the bed, and he didn't mean to wake up.

——When did I train last night...

Seeing Tigre's sleeping face, Mila naturally eased her expression.

It looks like he is already tired, maybe it would be better to let him go for a while. While Mila was hesitating what to do, Ludie bent down beside Tigre.

"What do you want to do...?"
The faces of the two were so close, Mila frowned and asked in a low voice. Ludie smiled with the kid's prank.

"While he is asleep now, I will use a little spell. 'You will like my sister very much when you wake up.' Just listen to it..."

Mila looked dumbfounded. It's too simple, even the strength to get angry is gone.

"Well, Tigre, if you don't wake up, sister will do whatever you want. Write "love" on your forehead like this."

Ludie whispered, gently lifting with her fingers stroked his forehead.

The two faces almost touched each other. Mila groaned in her heart. She also had the urge to touch Tigre's face.
—Thinking about it for a moment, this level is not enough to wake Tigre.

While in Asvarre, Mila kissed the sleeping Tigre's forehead and face, and even straddled him, even though the young man was still sleeping. Even rubbing him boldly with his face might not make him wake up.

However, she and Tigre are in love with each other, and this cannot be known to Ludie, who is a Brune. Then, she must forcibly pull Ludie away from Tigre. But this will be considered jealous. Mila did nothing stupidly.

Ludie's expression became serious, and she stared at Tigre's face. Sticking out the body, it looked like she was about to kiss. Mila held her breath, wanting to stop her from reaching out.

Before making a sound, she noticed other sights, and Mila looked at the door like a door. In the crack of the door that was not completely closed, the golden pupils stared at herself and others. It's Liza.

"Tie, Tigre, get up! It's morning already,"
The bright red Mila, shaking Tigre's shoulder in a panic, shouted. In this case, even Tigre woke up. Ludie sighed regretfully and stood up.

"It's so cunning, Mila. Obviously it's a little too close."

"That scene can't be seen by Liza now, right?"

Mila frowned and responded coldly to Ludie who protested.

Tigre's words, sitting up and scratching his dark red hair, looked at Mila and the others with sleepy eyes. He said in a sleepy voice, "Did you come and call me?"

"Yes, if you still want to sleep, let's go to bed after breakfast."

After nodding several times, Tigre stood up.
The three of them walked out of the room, smiling Sofy and flushed Liza waiting.

"Good morning. What a pity"

Sofy said to whom in the second half of the line? The doubtful Ludie wanted to ask Sofy, but before that, Sofy raised her skirt and left.

"That's it, everyone, go to the cafeteria."

"That's right. During the meal, I have something to say to Sofy and Tigre."

Mila quickly switched her mind and said to Sofy.

She took bread and cheese from the kitchen, berries on a plate, and wine mixed with honey, and brought them to the cafeteria.

"We are also guests of Count Rodant for the time being, and we can eat in the room if we wish..."

Ludie said with a smile while walking with a wine bottle in both hands. The one who can think of this first, she is the only nobleman among this group of people.

"But it's better for everyone to sit around a table together."

After entering the canteen, there is no one else inside. Tigre and others put bread and cheese on the table and took their seats. Just when they were about to have breakfast, a rush of footsteps approached.

The door was opened, Mashas appeared, and when he saw Tigre and the others, he was relieved.

"Here, everyone is really helping."

The old earl's face was very tense, and sweat oozes from his forehead. It seems that something extraordinary has happened.
"Things are getting a little troublesome. Tigre, do you know the man Viscount Shabanon?"

Mashas asked while sitting on the chair. Tigre shook his head.

"The first time I heard this name, did Ludie know?"

"It's the one who governs Vladze, which borders Otto. It is rich in good quality wood, and I have heard that Vladze's spear is particularly easy to use. It is said that the lord of the previous generation killed the bear with just one shot."

Ludie answered fluently and looked at Tigre. She is worthy of being the daughter of the Duke's family.

"Tigre has also come to Otto several times. Obviously, this is the first time I heard how the name is made. Regarding the connection between the various areas, it seems that my sister needs to teach you carefully."

"Then, What's the matter with this Viscount Shabanon?"

Tigre asked Mashas, pretending not to hear it.

"He seems to be leading three thousand soldiers coming here. The envoy came just now and asked us to surrender and hand over all the guerrilla soldiers."

The tense atmosphere filled the canteen, and Tigre and others stared at each other.

The guerrillas seem to have to face a new battle.
Chapter 2 - Red Wolf's Red Arrow

Mila poured the wine into the bronze cup and handed it to Mashas. After drinking it in one breath and exhaling greatly, Mashas began to explain.

Cordier Ross Shabanon was one of the lords who obeyed the Duke of Ganelon.

"In order to please Ganelon, Shabanon handed over all his daughters. Although it is not uncommon to send his son and daughter to the home of a close nobleman as an apprentice..."

Tigre recalled the cruelty of Ganelon. It is said that he would arrest young girls from the families of those who could not pay the taxes, and then tortured them to death after insulting them.

In order to obtain the asylum of Ganelon, did Shabanon sacrifice his daughter as a living offering?

"It is not a simple matter to gather three thousand soldiers... Is the territory governed by Viscount Shabanon so rich?"

Sofy asked. Even Mashas can only prepare about three hundred soldiers. The gathering of five hundred soldiers is already at the limit. So of course people will have this question.

"That guy originally only had soldiers less than one hundred and fifty,"

Mashas shook his head and replied.

"Other than this, it should be the soldiers loyal to the lords of Ganelon. I heard that he borrowed soldiers from the confidant of Ganelon, Marquis Greast, and patrolled the areas to the north and east."

Tigre couldn't help but with a stern expression. Greast is the man who inquired to King Faron about Tigre and Zhcted's affair. He is someone he will never forgive. At this time, Tigre didn't know that Greast was dead.
"Shabanon borders Otto's northeast. For this reason, I have been monitoring this guy's movements... It's really been put together,"

Mashas said unhappily.

"I'm very sorry, count, because we escaped here..."

There was deep regret and self-blame in the different-colored eyes, and Ludie stood up and lowered her head. Mashas deliberately made an angry expression and folded his hands.

"Ludie, don't you think that the old man accepted you before expecting something like this to happen, and now I feel regretful. If this is the case, I would be very surprised. I had already sent Luke to join them. When I was in the guerrillas, I was already prepared for this kind of heart."

Surprised, Ludie straightened up. Lowered her head again.

"I am here to officially thank you for accepting us."

After she sat down in the chair again, Mila said.

"In other words, why didn't Shabanon give priority to the round with Bachelard? It's okay to leave our business alone."

"That guy didn't participate in the Battle of Tieruse. So if he wants to attack us to get the result, he must be too. Have thought of playing with Bachelard, that guy wants to show his loyalty to Ganelon more than pursuing martial arts and reputation..."

Mashas's tone contained a little compassion, but his eyes had a strong expression and fighting spirit. Noting this, Tigre made up his mind and nodded gently, heading towards Ludie.

"Fight, Ludie"

Not only Ludie, but Mila and Sofy were also surprised.

"The opponent has three thousand people. Even if the number is exaggerated, two thousand will be there. In this case, plus the wounded, only one thousand. Is there a chance of winning?"
"Even if there is no chance of winning, there is a reason to fight"
Tigre continued while looking directly at her blue and red eyes.

"We are going to have the capital. In that case, they should put the defeat behind enemy threats that can be seen, not through just dialogue."

Put in Tigre's words, there was nature and enthusiasm.

"Then, we must completely abandon the idea of losing. Otherwise, there is no hope of going to the capital."

"First put the consideration of victory behind, and decide to start the fight first?"

Mila was half surprised and half admired as she asked with an expression.

"It's not that there is no chance of winning, is it?"

Tigre looked around Mila and the others, showing a fearless smile.

"Mira, Ludie, Sofy. Adding Mashas. At last it is me. As long as there are people like us, we can contend with three thousand enemies."

"There is also me" Liza raised her hands aggressively... Tigre smiled bitterly, "Sorry, there are you" he added.

"If Mila and I are equivalent to two thousand soldiers, there are actually three thousand soldiers here."

"Can you stop saying that, are you sincere?"

Mila pressed her elbow to the cable with a slight smile.

Ludie was confused and silent with an obscure expression. She suddenly thought of something and asked Mashas.

"In that case, has Viscount Shabanon's messenger gone back?"
Mashas replied, blatantly looking away, touching the beard of his chin.

"We Let him rest in the guest room. -in a state of being naked, hands and feet tied up"

"Aren't you ready to fight long ago!" (Mashas was still a young temper)

Ludie couldn't help crying out loudly. Treating the messenger in this way is equivalent to sending a war declaration to the opponent.

"If someone else comes to find the fault. He must be regretted whether he wins or loses. This is the temper of the lord aristocrat."

Faced with Mashas, who was suddenly stern and dignified, making a statement. Ludie pressed her forehead with his hand.

"I worry myself like a fool. I've seen this kind of temper before..."

Having said that, she accidentally laughed.

"Ah, my father said something similar. Compared with the underestimated victory, it makes the opponent no longer want to fight a second time. Even the losing side is valuable."

She sighed softly, shook her head and re-energized. Ludie looked around at Tigre and others. The awe-inspiring expression was filled with the commander's fighting spirit.

"We're going to fight Viscount Shabanon. Everyone, please lend me your strength."

Tigre and the others nodded now.

"I will get busy. First of all, we must grasp the correct position and scale of the enemy."

To Mila's words, Mashas replied embarrassingly.
"Before I came here, I sent about thirty cavalry soldiers to the northeast border. However, it would take at least three days for them to come back. In addition, the cities and villages on the border of the territory have sent envoys. I can only look forward to them. Reported to the old man..."

"Then, it is necessary to improve the morale of the guerrilla soldiers"

Sofy pointed this out. The soldiers relaxed the tight line. There are many unhealed people. It's easy to imagine how embarrassing they would be when they heard that they were about to fight.

They must be allowed to regain their consciousness as fighters.

"I'll come"

"Please leave it to me"

Tigre and Ludie said at the same time, and the two looked at each other.

"Then, let's be together."

Ludie smiled and stretched out her hand. Tigre nodded and shook her hand back.

According to Ludie's orders, the morale of about a thousand soldiers gathered outside the city was obviously low.

Although there is no way for the armed forces to be scattered all over the place, the queue is not neat at all. There are people who talk and laugh loudly, and people who have been sitting on the ground with minor injuries.

In this way, many people looked at Ludie with accusing eyes. They show the attitude of 'the defeated general still has something to say to us'. He directly ignored Tigre and Mashas.

However, standing on the prepared wooden pedestal, it was not Ludie who was gazing at them, but a young man with dark red hair, looking down at them with an arrogant attitude.
"My name is Tigrevurmud Vorn. In this guerrilla, I serve as an assistant to Lord Ludie. The best weapon is the bow. I can't use swords or spears."

The soldiers were surprised when they heard this. They smiled from ear to ear. Then they laughed.

A coward who can only use a bow, what does he want to say to them?

"We were defeated in Tieruse. ——Because you rushed to flee the battlefield."

The cold words caused the soldiers to yell out in anger. Their sight is like countless invisible spears stab Tigre. But Tigre's face did not change.

"Do you know why I am standing here. Because Lord Ludiene said that she didn't want to talk to any cowards. Our commander was fighting with Bachelard alone until the moment of victory or defeat. The order was suppressed."

The lines in the second half of "Fearing Warrior" are different from the facts. It is true that Ludie had been fighting with Bachelard before deciding victory or defeat, but she was not alone. It was against Bachelard with Mila, but even so, she still couldn't beat him.

"The fifty soldiers of Otto and I stayed on the battlefield until the army was defeated. Where are you? How many people did their best to stay on the battlefield and continue to fight? There are those who have the courage to challenge Bachelard, among you. Can you find it?"

Tigre's sharp words made almost all the soldiers bow their heads in shame. Many soldiers saw the duel between Ludie and Bachelard. And it is an indisputable fact that the Otto soldiers stick to the battle. If the facts are distorted to deny it, it will definitely anger Mashas.
"Although I have exhausted all my strength, it is possible to lose this kind of thing in the end. It is also possible to have to swallow the bitter fruit of defeat by being manipulated by a helpless situation. However, the battle of Tieruse isn't it the same?"

Several people stared at Tigre, and Tigre continued,

"Even if you lose the battle, as long as you try your best, you can be proud of your posture. I'm just like that. My arrow continued to fight before. I tried my best to help my companions. What are you guys like?"

He was careful not to speak too intensely. Tigre clenched his fists in order to restrain his feelings in order to not blame the soldiers by venting his feelings.

Tigre himself believes that, as Mashas said, the failure of the commanders to unite is the cause of the battle. However, if you say this, you can't cheer up the soldiers.

Retrieving their fighting spirit is the most important task at present.

"Now, Viscount Shabanon's army is approaching here. The number is three thousand. The Viscount asks Count Rodant to hand you over."

There was a panic from below. As if to blow the atmosphere away, Tigre continued.

"Ludie-sama and Count Rodant will work together to fight the Viscount. Although soldiers are needed, there is no need to expose their backs to the enemy's coward. You guys, before the Viscount's army finds you, run away early."

"Please wait!"

Almost at the same time that Tigre finished speaking, a man at the forefront walked forward. His right arm seemed to be broken, and a cloth was hanging from his shoulder.
"Let's fight too. This time we must fight a proud battle to show you."

However, Tigre refused his request.

"You are already injured, you shouldn't go to the battlefield"

"I can go forward with a shield. I can protect myself and a comrade in arms."

Before the man finished speaking, the soldiers uttered one after another. Saying that he wants to fight, this time he must let Bachelard's men a little bit of color. The soldiers' fighting spirit and enthusiasm boiled, and the atmosphere that turned into a sun was shaking.

Expect the above reaction. Tigre kept calm desperately, raised his hand, waited until the soldiers were quiet, and asked.

"That's it, you didn't seem to throw the souls of the soldiers on that battlefield. But, are you willing to follow Lord Ludie? Can you swear that you will never violate her orders?"

The soldiers shouted "swear!" Came out.

——My task is here.

Thanks to the soldiers exploded in his heart, and Tigre stepped down.

Ludie jumped onto the stage vigorously. Looking down at the soldiers below.

"One point, I'll make it clear first."

The soldiers showed serious expressions and listened to what Ludie said.

"Don't think about dying on the battlefield for honor,"

Ludie said earnestly to the soldiers who were confused because they didn't understand the meaning.
"The purpose of our battle is not to die. It is to live. Moreover, we have to fight until the real peace is regained. Of course it is distressing to fight without honor, but one or two battles are It will also make people distressed if you die."

Several soldiers smiled bitterly. Ludie's lines are merciless, that is, until everything is over, the battle must be accompanied.

"I will think about the strategy to win. I will also choose the battlefield. I will also prepare weapons and food for you. Please go to fight, win, and continue to live. Finally—"

Ludie's voice was a little nervous. She mustered her courage and announced loudly.

"This morning, it has been confirmed that His Royal Highness Regnas is safe and sound."

It caused a commotion. With a strained expression, Ludie continued.

"His Royal Highness is a tolerant person and hates cruel and innocent people. Although it is a war, he will never forgive anyone who attacks cities or villages at will. Attacks on villages or cities are strictly prohibited. Moreover, when reporting this battle up, I will apply and ask you to be awarded the Glory Star Medal."

The Star Medal is a medal that can only be awarded to knights or warriors who have achieved great martial arts. The soldiers made a surprised voice. Speaking of this, they believed that the prince's safe things must be true, and the fighting spirit was high.

In fact, it has not been determined that Regnas is safe.

However, based on various information obtained during Sofy and Liza's travels, everyone has discussed the results and concluded that Regnas is located in the city of Lannion and has not been attacked from any place.
Regarding this matter, it was Ludie's arbitrariness. Ludie thought that since he had moved out of the name of Regnas, it would be unconvincing if he didn't do it here.

Ludie drew the sword from his waist and raised it high, reflecting the sunlight, the blade shining brightly.

"Leading you, I will win. Honor the name of Bergerac."

The soldiers raised their fists vigorously and burst into cheers.

As a soldier's face, they have retrieved it.

Cordier Ross Shabanon is thirty-five years old this year. The standard figure is a man with a dull look in a rustic appearance. Ordinary things can be as proficient as ordinary people, but there is no stunt that can be called a stunt.

Because he was loyal to Ganelon, in the past, a certain prince said that "In the eyes of that man, Ganelon looked like he was wearing a crown." This kind of extraordinary slander. After hearing this, Shabanon just smiled slightly and said nothing.

This Shabanon led about two thousand soldiers to attack Otto from Fraze. Ludie's guess is correct, the figure of three thousand is exaggerated.

The Shabanon Army consists of two hundred cavalries and one thousand eight hundred infantries. Among them, he can be called directly under his men, there are only less than one hundred and fifty infantries. All but this are the soldiers of other princes.

So why would the soldiers of other lords obey Shabanon, because the confidant of Ganelon, Marquis Greast, gave such an order. According to Greast, Shabanon, who was the first to obey orders, was far easier to control than other princes.

However, Greast was dead.

Although not as good as the Duke, Shabanon, who was close to Greast, was fortunate to know this fact.
While shaking, he also made his own calculations.

"This is a good opportunity not to be missed."

If you can get a result here, you should be able to seek a higher position. Even the position occupied by Greast in the past may be able to enter his field of vision.

However, it's not okay to hurry up. Once the other lords knew that Greast was dead, they could imagine that they would no longer obey themselves. The reason why Shabanon compares to the rendezvous with the Bachelard army, is to give priority to the guerrillas. It is for this reason.

"The daughter of Bergerac, who is opposed to Ganelon, plus Count Rodant, who has opposed Ganelon before and is completely disobedient. Moreover, the daughter of Bergerac has just been in Tieruse not long ago. He was defeated by Prince Bachelard. He is really an ideal enemy"

Shabanon showed a dim smile full of warfare and desire.

"As long as these two are attacked, Lord Ganelon will value me even more"

Shabanon's eyes flashed with fear when he said Ganelon.

Fula, of his origin, has a close relationship with Lutidia and Lutidia, and he has often heard about the atrocities of Ganelon since he was a child. For the young Shabanon, Ganelon is no different from the cruel evil spirits that appear in the legend.

However, due to the perfect negotiation of the lord's father, Ganelon's devil's grasp did not reach Vladze. Shabanon practiced spear skills, studied politics, and grew up as the next generation of lord.

When Shabanon was twenty years old, there was a little friction between Fraze and Lutedia. His father was summoned by Ganelon who said "let's talk about it", and he went to Ganelon's mansion.
Ten days passed after this. This time it was Shabanon's turn to be summoned by Ganelon. During this time, he did not receive a contact from his father, so Shabanon, who was worried, hurried to visit Ganelon's mansion.

Ganelon smiled and greeted Shabanon.

Although Shabanon felt suspicious because he didn't see his father's appearance, Ganelon said that the friction had been resolved, and he was invited to the dining table before he had time to ask.

In the middle of the meal, when the conversation stopped, Shabanon pretended to ask his father's whereabouts nonchalantly.

"Incubator. I wanted to wait until the meal was over and let you see it. It's okay now."

Ganelon finished, and ordered the waiter next to him to bring in a box that could hold the size and put it next to Shabanon. The box is decorated with fine gold and looks very luxurious.

"Let's open it." Shabanon was urged to open the lid.

The scene of entering the field of vision made Shabanon stunned and speechless.

Inside the box is his father. The bones under the head were all shattered, and the body was forcibly stuffed into the box in an unreasonable curved shape.

"A long time ago, I was interested in the question of how small humans can be reduced,"

Ganelon said in a chatty tone, with a smile all the time.

"It's really hard. You can't damage your head. You can't hurt your heart's internal organs. Broken arms and legs. Shattered shoulders. Waist and ribs... Ordinary people will die in the process, yours. My father actually lived in the box for a long time."
Even after listening to the explanation, Shabanon couldn't immediately understand it.

Compared with the heart, the body reacts first. The food that has just been eaten flows back to the throat from below. However, Shabanon endured desperately and swallowed those things again. The father looked up at his son with empty eyes.

Even if he regained his breath, Shabanon could only breathe heavily. His body was trembling, sweat could not stop, listening to the sound of his teeth shaking, he looked at his unrecognizable father.

After that, Shabanon became a prince who returned to Ganelon.

For him, Ganelon's meaning is more important than the Wang family's order. He has always believed in his own way of survival that he could only have under Ganelon.

Because he is such a man, Shabanon is very ruthless to Otto's civilians.

Fraze's army entering Otto's territory rushed along the road, and attacked the small villages and cities that were only fenced. They grab food and property, and set fire to houses. To liberate the brutality of soldiers, kill men, violate women, and kill all the elderly and children.

Shabanon didn't blame them. Attacking the enemy's villages and cities, he had heard of Ganelon's usual methods from the lords, so this is a matter of course for Shabanon.

Those who fled into a city with walls are considered rescued. Because Shabanon hates to waste time. While spreading the disaster, Frazer's army marched towards the city of Lazes, the center of Otto.

When the messenger sent to Mashas returned, it was noon on the third day after the Vladze Army attacked Otto. In two days, they are expected to arrive in Lazes.
At this time, Vladze Army was setting up a camp to rest. The messenger ran directly to the camp of Commander Shabanon.

Seeing the messenger who appeared in front of him, Shabanon frowned. There was a dark spot around the messenger's right eye, and his left face was red and swollen. However, he was smiling.

"There is nothing happier to bring back good news to your Excellency."

"I really want to know what good news can there be like that. Just listen to it."

While drinking a silver cup filled with wine, Shabanon urged the messenger.

"Earl Rodant said that he will fully assist you."

"Oh. Then he will hand over all the guerrilla soldiers?"

"About this, the earl said he wants to ask you..."

His soldiers can't suppress the guerrillas. This is what Mashas said to the messenger, hoping that Shabanon can help himself against the guerrillas.

"As you expected, the count can use only about three hundred soldiers. The guerrillas on the other side have about one thousand. Although many people are injured, there is no way to take this difference in numbers."

"So let me crusade against the guerrillas?"

Shabanon thought while playing with the love spear next to him. This is indeed good news for his pursuit. However, there are still some lumps.

"But, that Rodant abandoned the guerrillas so readily."

"The count said he was disappointed with the guerrillas. The soldiers had no intention of fighting, and the commanders were incompetent. Although the aggressive Yang Yan wanted to fight
back, only Sadly useless, I didn’t realize that the soldiers had been treated as fools."

"Have you seen the appearance of guerrilla soldiers?"

"With the count, hiding in the dark. They are resting in the count's camp outside the city, yes. He was rushing to speak badly about the commander, and some asked the soldiers on the guard to hand over the wine and the woman many times, some were arguing, and some even talked in public about the idea of theft or escape. The residents were also afraid."

He thought they were a somewhat decent army. ‘Am I wrong’. Shabanon originally thought so. Under this situation, if two thousand soldiers fought in the past, his mind would change.

"By the way, what's the matter with your injury"

"Earl did this"

The messenger answered with a wry smile, and Shabanon frowned.

"My clothes were stripped off, my hands and feet were tied up, and I was locked up. But then the earl personally came to me and bowed his head and apologized. He said that in order to deceive the guerrillas, he had to do this. As evidence of apology, he gave it back. The messenger took the belt dangling from his waist and handed it to Shabanon. I opened it and it was filled with gold coins. There are about thirty."

Throwing the belt back to the messenger, Shabanon asked.

"How about crusade against the guerrillas, did Rodant say?"

"About a day's walk south from here, there is a grassland called Gorry, where the earl collected weapons and let the guerrillas go there. He said because The guerrilla soldiers lacked weapons and armor, and they will undoubtedly pass by."
The messenger handed over the map around the Gorry Grassland to Shabanon. Said it was also taken from Mashas. Shabanon looked at the map for a while, then turned it over. There is a seal of Rodant's family pattern on the back. It means that this is the property of Rodant's house.

—No, if Lord Rodant prepares, he can put on a fake stamp of approval.

Looking at the seal, Shabanon asked the messenger.

"Are there any hostages?"

"Although I have requested...", the messenger shook his head.

"He said that if the person who can be taken as a hostage disappears, the guerrillas will be suspicious."

The messenger continued knocking on Shabanon, who had a distorted expression because of his dissatisfaction.

"After that, he asked if the hostages he surrendered would be killed, and he cared a lot..."

After about two counts, the expression on Shabanon's face disappeared.

In this short period of time, what he remembered was the daughter sent to Ganelon as a trainee. After working at Ganelon's house for less than a month, his daughter died. She was Twelve years old at the time of death.

To Shabanon, who asked why his daughter died, "Do you want to know?" Ganelon asked with a smile. Shabanon could only lower his head silently.

The messenger also knew that "the daughter was dying at Ganelon's house". That's why he couldn't forcefully demand a hostage. In addition, if insistent to ask, it may cause Mashas to change his mind. The messenger must also want to avoid such a thing from happening.
After saying some comforting words, Shabanon told the messenger to retreat, looking up at the ceiling tiredly.

——Now, we must annihilate the guerrillas as soon as possible. Regarding the hostages, let's talk about it later.

There is another reason for this decision.

This morning, the messenger of Ganelon came to Shabanon's camp. Shabanon's surprised body was about to sweat. About the attack on Otto, he hadn't reported like Ganelon, how on earth was he known. Moreover, the messenger said the following.

"My master is very happy with your high will to fight. He said he will send reinforcements. It should be a round with your army in the near future."

It is impossible for Ganelon to send reinforcements in good faith, Shabanon is convinced.

——Come to observe my fighting situation, if he thinks it is too much trouble, he will take away my martial arts from the side.

Then, Shabanon will be branded with incompetence. No matter what you do, you must win Otto with your own strength.

The strength here is two thousand. The guerrillas are one thousand, and Mashas has three hundred men. Even if Mashas had any bad intentions, he could easily defeat him.

——Also, if you think about it from other angles.

Ganelon’s messenger, did you say anything about the details of the reinforcements? The scale, the name of the commander, where it is now, none of these. However, there must be a scale enough to make Mashas yield.

Shabanon summoned the main person in charge to the camp, only briefly explaining what he thought was necessary.
"Advance toward Nauli. However, first send a reconnaissance team to confirm whether the map is correct. If the map is wrong, it is evidence of Rodant's other attempts. Crusade against the guerrillas and attack Lazes"  

He finally added.  

"The Duke of Ganelon sent reinforcements. I heard that they came from a very close place. Our victory will be foolproof. But I want to use our own strength to defeat the enemy as much as possible."  

If the reinforcements come, they will take advantage of the battle. Shabanon incited his men.  

After resting, the army of about two thousand Fraze soldiers changed direction and headed south.  

Vladze's army arrived in Gorry the next morning. A quarter of this time passed after dawn, the sky was clear and the sun was a little bit strong, but there was no need to care.  

Shabanon reorganized the lineup. It is composed of a central force, a right wing, and a left wing. The center is equipped with 650 infantrymen, and each of the two wings is equipped with 500 infantrymen. Shabanon himself deployed one hundred and fifty infantries and two hundred cavalries nearby, commanding the entire army from the rear of the center, this formation.  

The Shabanon Army advanced southward leisurely.  

Several investigative teams have been sent to investigate the location of the Bergerac guerrillas. It shouldn't take long to see them. The map of Mashas is correct.  

"Unexpectedly, the Earl Rodant actually betrayed his companion."  

In fact, before hearing the report of the reconnaissance team, Shabanon was suspicious of Mashas. However, now I finally believe in Mashas's unusual behavior.
The morale of the soldiers was high. Because Shabanon told them that the number of enemy troops was only half of that of his own army, in addition to that, he would give one thousand gold coins to those who caught Ludie.

"The enemy is ahead!" a soldier panting reported.

The Bergerac guerrillas marched in front of a Berstad (about one kilometer) from the west to the east as if they were going to cross the Gorry grassland. The troop was elongated and not decent at all.

Shabanon nodded and ordered to the left and right.

"look!"

The flag of the Shabanon family with a black shepherd on the white background was waving, as if to blow the cool air around, and the sound of the horn echoed on the grassland. The soldiers screamed and charged with spears, speeding up their pace. Because it is on a grassland without ups and downs, the speed does not decrease.

After all, the guerrillas also noticed the existence of Vladze Army. The soldiers want to set up a lineup. However, because the queue was pulled too long, instructions were basically not communicated, which was very confusing.

Armed is also very cold. Almost all soldiers are wearing leather armor, holding a spear, and the extent of a sword hanging from their waist. Can't see heavily armed people. The wounded in bandages were even more conspicuous.

On the other side, more than half of Vladze's soldiers wore iron helmets, chain mail, weapons and shields. Weapons are swords, spears, and hand axes. The remaining soldiers wore leather armor reinforced with iron plates and held hatchets or clubs in their hands.
If the number is superior and the armed forces are better than the opponents, there will be no offensive. Frazer soldiers shortened the distance with the guerrillas in one breath.

When the distance between the enemy and us was less than fifty Alshins (about fifty meters), the guerrillas in the queue were finally prepared and began to sling stones at the Vladze Army. In Brune, where only sinners can use bows and arrows, this was a common method before the conflict.

However, Fraze raised his shield to prevent the sling. The sound of the stone being blocked by the shield was mixed with the derision of the soldiers. Some soldiers even picked up rocks on the ground and threw them back.

The Vladze army pressed closer, the guerrillas rioted and began to retreat. The sling is also more scattered than before. The Frazer soldiers gradually became agitated and shouted. The guerrillas appear to have collapsed. Take the next step, take two steps, the queue is greatly disrupted.

Fraze soldiers raised the tip of their spears and attacked fiercely. The leading soldier of the guerrilla screamed "Wow". It was like a signal. They threw away their weapons and shields, turned their backs to the enemy, and scrambled to flee.

The enemy's ugliness made the Vladze soldiers laugh.

The winner has already been decided. After that, the chase began.

"Find the female knight!"

"If you catch the little girl from Bergerac's house, you will have a thousand gold coins!"

The captains of the various units shouted, inciting the desires of the soldiers. Fraze soldiers cheered up and slashed and stabbed the guerrilla soldiers.

There were roars and screams everywhere, and the flowers of blood foam bloomed everywhere. The dyed red flowers and plants
were unfortunately crushed by the fallen corpse. Those corpses were also trampled on by many people, covered with dust, and became pieces of meat that could not be looked at.

A guerrilla soldier was tripped and three Vladze soldiers surrounded him. Swords all together wanted to stab him. However, before the sharp slash came, a Fraser soldier fell.

The Vladze soldiers looked in surprise. In front of them, stood a young girl holding a blood-stained single-edged sword. He has white hair tied to the back of his head, dressed in white and black, and military uniforms with golden decorations everywhere. The most beautiful thing is the dark blue and bright red pupils shining on his face. Anyone who has seen it will leave a strong impression.

She is the commander-in-chief of the guerrillas, Ludiene Bergerac.

Fraze soldiers were in a daze, only about one breath. But it was more than enough for Ludie. Stepping forward from the ground, one after another beheaded nearby enemies. Blood spurted from the head or throat respectively, and the two soldiers fell.

"Hurry up"

He shouted to the soldier on his side who finally stood up, and Ludie stared at the Vladze soldier approaching her. She has already killed more than twenty enemy soldiers.

Gently swiping the blood from the sword, Ludie frowned in dissatisfaction.

"I don't know how much Shabanon will mark me...A thousand gold coins are too cheap anyway."

When the guerrillas started to escape, Ludie was in the middle of them. In this way, running back and forth around the battlefield, continuing to help the escaped companion. Several soldiers asked to go with her, and Ludie persuaded them to concentrate on fleeing.
The Vladze soldiers who had been killed with swords or spears were cut down one by one by Ludie. The blade changed its position every time it flashed, not staying in one place, waving the sword like it was sliding in the void.

—*Hurry up.*

Keep your vision as broad as possible, and continue to think and act two or three steps in advance. Stop the enemy from advancing and rescue as many companions as possible.

- *Sharper!>*

Instead of waving the sword indiscriminately, aiming at the target for a definite blow, and then repeatedly shifting.

—*Tigre told me to face forward. Mila also helped me till late.*

Sofy, Liza and Mashas lent her their power.

Then her soldiers, willing to fight side by side with her again.

Just use the victory of this battle to respond to everyone.

—*Not Bergerac, but mine...in the name of Ludie!*  

Facing the spear pierced by the enemy soldier who attacked from the front, she opened it with the back of the sword, turned her hand, and slashed the opponent's throat. The sound of blood splashing on the grass can be heard. Ludie's nerves were sober and sober, and she gently exhaled a breath of heat.

"I will almost run away, or I will really be surrounded"

She adjusted her breath and turned her back to the enemy group. Mixing into her companions, Ludie began to retreat.

Following the guerrillas who fled to the south of the grassland, the Vladze Army continued to advance.
After a short period of time after the start of the battle, their lineup stretched vertically. The queue was also messed up, and it took a long time for Shabanon's order to be delivered to the first.

The Vladze army in this way was watched by a legion of hundreds of Alshins in the west.

It was with Tigre as the commander, the guerrilla ranger. The number is two hundred. All cavalry, composed of Mila and Sofy, Otto soldiers riding horses, and guerrilla cavalry.

"Ludie seems to be doing a good job"

Next to Mila and Sofy leading the horse, Tigre said with a smile.

Up to this point, they are all proceeding according to the plan of oneself and others.

Although there are two war maidens, no one would think that a head-on confrontation with an enemy of 2,000 to 3,000 would win. Therefore, Ludie put forward a plan, and after everyone discussed, formulated a strategy.

Mashas pretended to betray the guerrillas and led the Vladze army to the place of Gorry.

The guerrilla squad led by Ludie fled in auspicious outfit, lengthening the enemy's formation.

Seizing this opportunity, Tigre led the Rangers to attack the enemy's side, breaking through and cutting their formation.

"The commander's orders cannot be conveyed, and there are no soldiers with the surrounding friendly forces. No matter how many there are, they are mobs. It can be easily broken."

Mila with Lavias on her shoulders revealed a warlike smile. As a war maiden, she often needs to command more than 10,000 soldiers, and her words that have been in countless battlefields have a real weight.
"If possible, I would like to divide them into three or four sections. Then the soldiers can relax."

Sofy also hugged her dragon gear, Zaht, known as "Brilliant Light", on her chest, calmly. Observing the enemy army. Although she has never fought at the forefront of the soldiers like Mila, she would not hesitate to brandish the dragon gear as long as she thinks it is necessary to protect many friendly forces and hit more enemies than this.

"It's really good. If Mila and Sofy assault side by side, let me run away with all my strength."

Mila chilled the back of Tigre's head with Lavias, who was joking with the two war maidens.

At this moment, Tigre received the report of the return of the dispatched investigative force. Taking into account that the enemy may also have a ranger, in order to ensure that it is in case, a reconnaissance team is sent.

Seeing the captain of the investigation team in front of him and the others, Tigre's eyes widened. Although he tried to pretend to be calm, his face paled with fright.

"Southwest, in the direction of the hill, I saw something terrible...!"

Hearing the captain's breathless words. Tigre and Mila, Sofy's face was a little distorted. It's not that the enemy's army is coming, but what is that terrible thing.

Tigre gave him the belt with water, and he took it and drank it in one breath. After regaining a bit of calmness, apologizing for his rudeness, he gave endless explanations.

"Huge, ridiculously huge group of demons. From a distance, it looks like a lizard with spots. When you come closer, it's not just a bear, it's the size of a hunter's hut. There are forty or fifty such things... anyway. That's a lot. It's coming here."
Tigre, Mila and Sofy couldn't help but exchange eyes. Tigre asked the captain.

"Have you come closer to see it? I think there is something like a lizard?"

Although he didn't think he was wrong, but in this kind of place, the dragon group appeared without any warning, after all, it was unbelievable. From the time since the departure of Lazes City to the present, Tigre has sent reconnaissance teams to collect intelligence many times, but he has not heard the news that he has seen a group of dragons.

The captain said that the face shape and the scales covering the whole body are very similar to those of a lizard. Tigre asked if he had seen a dragon before, and the captain said he had never seen it before. In fact, he only said the word demon.

"That, is it a dragon...?"

"It doesn't have to be. However, I have seen dragons before, and they are very similar to what you said. It's hard work. Let's go to the back to rest for the time being."

Said words of consolation to the captain. After telling him to step back, Tigre looked back at Mila and the others. On the face of the two Vanadis, there was a deep tension that was not there just now.

"It seems there is no time to gossip. I'll go and see,"

Mila said simply, picking Lavias on her shoulders before Tigre wanted to say anything. To the surprised Tigre, she closed one eye and smiled.

"Even if it is really the dragon group, it is not Vanadis's opponent. I will get it back soon. Don't care about starting an attack. You can't let this opportunity pass."

Mila's words were correct. Now, he cannot leave the Rangers. Despite knowing this truth, there was confusion on Tigre's face. He didn't want Mila to go alone.
"I'll go together too"

Sofy stepped up as if reading Tigre's feelings.

"No matter what the other party is, they can come back sooner if they go, and Tigre can rest assured, right?"

Sofy showed Tigre a generous and steady smile that fits her style, and Tigre tried to smile back...

"Thank you. Please be careful, both of you."

Mila and Sofy nodded with a smile, and ran away on horseback swiftly. Blue and golden hair fluttered in the wind respectively, and the dragon gear reflected the sunlight.

"I have no choice but to cheer."

Holding the black bow stuck in the saddle in his hand, Tigre clenched energetically.

In order for Mila and Sofy to concentrate on dealing with the demons, they must also complete the missions of the Rangers. If the attack failed because of their absence, then it would be really shameful to see them.

Even so, without these two, the Rangers' attack intensity will undeniably decrease. Some other methods have to be used to fill in the gaps.

When Tigre returned to the enemy's action, there was the sound of horseshoes approaching, and he saw the figure of Luke, who commanded the soldier in Otto. He wears leather armor reinforced with iron plates and carries a long-handled axe on his shoulders.

"I heard what happened from Master Ludmila just now. Please let me protect Master Tigre from the enemy's attack."

With a bow and arrow, both hands were taken, and there was no defense. The original plan was for Mila and Sofy to protect Tigre. It seems that this task has fallen to Luke. By the way, Mila told Luke that he was Vanadis, and told him not to talk to others.
"Let’s continue the battle after Tieruse. I’m very happy to be able to fight with Lord Tigre."

"Please let me rely on your support, Luke. By the way, don’t be in front of me at the beginning. How about the side. — I have something I want to try."

Tigre looked at the two quivers carried in the saddle. Relying on Luke's efforts, as many as seventy-two arrows were collected. Put half of the two quiver. All the arrow shafts are painted red.

"If Master Tigre said so, so be it... By the way, does it mean that the arrow is painted red?" Luke asked a simple question.

"It's just a mystery, it's right now"

shrugged, Tigre stared at the enemy in the distance with a tight expression. Luke didn't ask any more, staring at Vladze. An angry color flashed in his eyes. News of the attack on villages and cities in the territory spread to the guerrillas very early.

He took a long breath and exhaled. Raising the black bow high, Tigre shouted.

"Assault!"

The cavalry screamed. Hundreds of horseshoes shook the earth and rolled up a large amount of dust. Go forward bravely, like a bird of prey darting straight forward.

When the distance between the enemy and the enemy was nearly three hundred Alshins, Luke looked at Tigre incredulously. Tigre held the black bow in his left hand, and had not reached the quiver yet.

"Luke, what I'm going to do next, let's look at it for the time being"

Tigre said only this.
At this time, Fraze also noticed the Rangers, and only two hundred less than 200 made an attack. Even so, it's the same number as the Rangers, and a half-hearted attack will be repelled.

When the distance from the enemy was reduced to fifty Alshins, Tigre finally took out three arrows from the quiver. However, it was only placed on the bow without pulling the bowstring.

Luke looked at Tigre anxiously. What was going on, when he almost asked it out, he noticed the expression of the young commander. It was full of tension like never before, and sweat oozes from his forehead.

The distance between the Rangers and the Vladze Army was less than ten Alshins.

The next moment, the tip of the spear pointed at the three Vladze soldiers of the Rangers, and they swayed and fell. There are arrows dyed red in their throats.

Everyone who saw this situation, except for one, certainly didn't know what happened. However, no one has the leeway to question.

The Rangers clashed with Frazer Army. Fighting intent and murderous spirit, roars and horses, violently mixed together.

Luke swung the poleaxe, and the head of the Vladze soldier flew out. On the other side, three Vladze soldiers had arrows stuck in their foreheads or under their noses, and they fell before they could mourn.

Ignoring the fallen opponent, Tigre re-arranged three arrows to the black bow. Let it out. The Frazer soldiers who were close to Tigre fell one after another.

Luke stopped swinging his hand axe and looked at Tigre.
"Ask a weird question, when did you release the arrow?"
"I'll talk about it after breaking through here."
While answering, Tigre released the arrow. The lives of two Vladze soldiers were once again ruined.

-Arrow, and a finger. As long as one is stabbed, one will die.

As long as this is the case.

The action of pulling the bowstring is controlled to a minimum. Only in this way, the shooting distance is very short, and if it hits the target correctly, it can defeat the enemy.

-Why have I forgotten this so far? No, I know it now. I want to shoot arrows to Blue Star and practice archery with such a goal.

Faster, farther, stronger. He has always only considered such things, of course he didn't realize that it was so wrong. The bow skills trained in that way have indeed continued Tigre's life to this day.

However, his bow is not just that, it can't be just that.

Hit three arrows. It was shot out in an instant and stuck on the heads of the Vladze soldiers.

The Vladze soldiers were noisy. It seemed to them that Tigre had only put the arrow on the bow, and the head of the friendly army had been pierced with the arrow unknowingly. Moreover, it clearly didn't seem to be pierced deeply, and none of the people who fell were able to get up.

"Wh, what! Who the hell are you!"

A Vladze soldier screamed and stared at Tigre on the horse.

"The archer you regard as the coward and the idiot."

While taking out the new arrow, Tigre replied nonchalantly.

"I didn't let anyone protect me, nor did I hide it in the dark. If you go a little further, swords and spears will be able to reach me. Obviously, you didn't come up to challenge me. Who is the coward?"
There is no more ruthless provocation than this. However, for Tigre, the level of mental exhaustion after entering the enemy's line is really extraordinary. The constant exposure to the blade made him quite nervous. If only words can disrupt the enemy's movements, there is no reason not to.

"Did you see it, you guys! This is our captain!"

Beside Tigre, Luke shouted at the soldiers of the Rangers with a long axe.

"Our captain uses a bow! But not a coward! If you don't respond to this courage, how can you do it!"

The soldiers of the Ranger yelled and raised their weapons. Beheading the Fraze soldiers who came in groups, knocking their spears forward. Unable to withstand their onslaught, the Vladze soldiers began to retreat.

As easy as cutting a soft silk, the Rangers broke through the right flank of Vladze. Even the central army quickly smashed in half.

"What are you doing, you guys!"

A tall Vladze knight pushed away the friendly army and appeared in front of Tigre and the others. He wears a helmet that covers the entire head with only a small gap between the eyes and mouth, and he wears chain mail. He holds a spear in his right hand and a large shield that almost blocks his body in his left hand.

Frazer knight looked up at Tigre and sneered.

"I thought it was something, bow or something that made you back down. This is full of cowards."

"Then, come and try it,"

Tigre put down rebelliously. The knight didn't reply. Use a shield to protect the body and rush forward.
However, at the moment when he wanted to shoot the spear, the Vladze knight groaned and knelt down. His right thigh, which was not covered by the chain mail, had an arrow stuck in it.

Tigre did not aim at the knight, but dropped an arrow toward the ground. Rebound and hurt him.

With the spear on the ground, the knight finally got up. However, it seems that he can no longer leave. Losing his momentum, he asked tremulously from inside the helmet.

"Who are you?"

"Tigrevurmud Vorn"

replied, Tigre remembered something and added.

"Some people call me the Red Wolf."

That's the nickname given to him by the knights who admired Tigre in the city of Loazo.

The Vladze knight was destroyed by a single arrow, and the Vladze soldiers were shaken even more. Stabbed by spears stabbed by the soldiers of the Rangers, kicked and trampled by horseshoes, they were engulfed in screams and shouts.

Tigre and the others passed through the enemy's central force and broke through to the left flank.

For the next attack, Tigre left the two armies and wanted to order the soldiers to sort out the queue.

At this time, Luke looked to the north and smiled.

"It seems that the rest should be released later."

He saw a cavalry regiment approaching here. The quantity is similar to here. She should have been sent by Shabanon in order to defeat herself and others.
Tigre confirmed the two quiver. One is empty, and the other has more than a dozen remaining. He looked at Luke.

"Luke uses this unit to attract the enemy's attention. I went to hide it a little further away. The grass grows very high in this area. If you lie on it, people can't see it."

Luke correctly understood Tigre's intention.

"Just in case. Send a few people with you."

"There are flowers to accompany me. Also, come and pick me up before my arrows run out."

Tigre raised his mouth and laughed, and Luke shrugged. Shrugged.

Mila and Sofy, who had left the Rangers, ran side by side on horseback. You should be able to reach the location reported by the reconnaissance team immediately.

"Relax, Mila"

Sofy spoke to Mila who had been silent.

"Although you understand your regret for not being able to fight with Tigre, your expression is a bit scary"

"I don't feel regretful,"

Mila answered without concealing her anxiousness, and Mila was a little unhappy. It is a little joy to receive Sofy's concern, but I hope she can choose the content a little bit. To avoid being teased by her again, Mila asked a question.

"Do you think the demon group has something to do with Viscount Shabanon's army?"

"It's hard to say. From the point of view of this situation, you should think so..."
However, the actions of the two do not. What kind of continuity. It's hard to think that Shabanon was a countermeasure that saw through the intentions of her and others.

The hills can be seen. According to the reconnaissance team, there was a group of demons on the other side. Ascending to the hill in one breath, the dragons of the two each showed a faint brilliance and issued a warning.

Mila and Sofy tightened their expressions nervously, and looked around.

Seeing the scene in front of them, the two held their breath.

A huge herd, completely covering the foot of the mountain.

Probably there are forty or fifty heads. The body is bigger than an elephant, and it does resemble a lizard. The whole body was covered with ochre scales, spreading black patterns.

"Really, a Dragon...?"

"It seems to be, and— " Sofy's expression became stern beside the astonished Mila.

"No matter which head, it doesn't look like alive."

Although it is dark and dirty, it is not very obvious. If you look closely, a piece of the dragon's head has been dug out. There are even half faces. No matter how strong the dragon is, it shouldn't be possible to survive anymore.

"But, the dead body is moving..."

When she wanted to refute, Mila remembered something that happened twenty days ago.

What happened when Tigre and Mila passed through the dim canyon called Charles Shortcut. There was a group of dead corpses that was manipulated by someone standing by, trying to hinder Mila and the others, and attacked them.
—Also, the demon that manipulates the corpse, I know her.

Zmei is the demon occupying the body of Mila's grandmother Victoria.

Of course, this is not necessarily a masterpiece of all demons. However, there must be something capable of manipulating dead bodies in Brune.

The low roar of dead dragons—the corpse dragons can be heard vaguely as the wind blows. Patting the scared horses' necks to comfort them, Mila picked Lavias on the shoulder and got off the horse. When the battle is in full swing, the horses should not be allowed to run away due to exhaustion.

After the initial shock faded, strong anger and unhappiness surged. Although I don't know what happened, it is unforgivable to treat the remains in this way.

"I'm going to clean up. Sofy will go back and get the news—"

"No. If you have anything in case, how can I explain to Tigre"

Sofy also got off the horse holding the dragon gear. Quickly replied to the way it was before. Mila sighed, but judging from the number of enemies, it was indeed better for them to fight together. Sofy is also a fighter with sufficient strength.

"I'll leave it to you behind."

Lavias' spear tip overflowed with white cool air and froze the slope of the hill. Soon a slender ice road leading down the foot of the mountain was formed.

"Let's go to each other"

The two slid down with great momentum on the road made of ice. At this time, Mila noticed that the black pattern spreading on the corpse dragon was dried blood.
Mila, who jumped into the group of corpse dragons, let out an imposing roar and stabbed a spear at the demon. The flying corpse dragon staggered under its jaw and smashed its right front foot down with such a posture. The movement was slow, but there was no stagnation.

By jumping into the arms of her opponent, Mila avoided her right front foot. Lavias released a sweep and slashed the left front foot of the corpse dragon. Although the demon fell down and cried, he slowly got up. If the dragon is alive, it will roll all over the floor in pain.

"Trouble...!"

Mila said her thoughts. These demons don't feel pain. Furthermore, as long as their limbs are not crushed, they will not stop. Because it's not a living thing anyway.

Behind Mila, Sofy brandished Zaht to face the corpse dragon. She did not take an active offensive and continued to repel the attacking corpse dragon.

The corpse dragons gathered one after another, stretched out their jaws to crush them with their teeth, and tore the target with their claws. However, Sofy did not let all this come close to herself and Mila. The golden staff held in both hands made a crisp sound, and the chin or front feet of the corpse dragon was ruthlessly beaten into the air.

"It's great not to let these demons go to the battlefield."

Sweat oozes from her forehead, and Sofy breathes hot. Just one head can make the soldiers panic. And the hardness of the scales is no different from that of a living dragon. Mila and Sofy were able to fight with them because they had dragons in their hands.

"——The world is silent!"

Mila released her dragon skills. The ruby on the tip of Lavias' spear glowed, releasing a huge amount of cool air. On the
surrounding ground, the feet of the corpse dragons were frozen. The movements of the demon group seemed to be sealed.

However, the corpse dragons shredded their skin and scales indifferently. Lift your foot easily and normally. The rotten pieces of meat fell down, and the corpse dragon attacked Mila and the others.

Although Mila tightened her face, she was not surprised. This is what she expected. Then, there is another purpose of this dragon technique.

"Sofy, it'll be fine in a moment, please hold it down first."

Lowering her posture, Mila jumped forward. Gliding briskly on the icy ground, the tip of the spear flashed as he passed under the armpit of the corpse dragon. There was a muffled noise, and the carrion-covered front feet of the corpse dragon were gone.

Without looking at the fallen corpse dragon, Mila seemed to slide on the ice in an arc to approach the other corpse dragons.

Mila crossed the demon's jaw with the movements of a first-class acrobat, and smashed the nose of the demon with a spear.

Mila kept walking, moving freely on the frozen ground, teasing the demons. The afterimages left by the cool air around her are like white wings. It's like an ice fairy. Tigre might say so when he saw it.

The corpse dragons reflexively chased Mila, causing conflicts everywhere. Although there is no pain, the huge body is entangled and it is difficult for the body to move.

Then at the moment when their movements almost stopped, Mila stretched Lavias's spear handle and jumped high. She saw the corpse dragons with cold eyes like those of cold ice.

"——The void is frozen and cracked!"
The cold air emitted by Lavias turned into white light, drawing hexagonal crystals on the front of Mila.

Several huge ice spears appeared from the ground. Those ice spears penetrated the corpse dragons, and in the next instant, the corpse dragon began to freeze from the inside and shattered to the end. Countless pieces of ice drifted away, reflecting the sunlight to give off a white brilliance.

After landing next to Sofy, Mila exhaled. With an expression of boredom.

"It looks like they won't run away."

There were about ten corpse dragons destroyed by the dragon skills just now. There are currently nearly 30 corpse dragons. They are exactly the same as before, attacking the two war maidens.

Sofy used Zaht's blow to blow away the corpse dragon with its open mouth approaching from the front. The demon's head fell to the ground. The Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower set up the golden staff again, and looked at the next opponent.

At that time, something unexpected happened. The head of the corpse dragon used the tendency of falling to rush towards Sofy. Sofy avoided it, and the jaws of the corpse dragon swallowed her upper body. Mila's eyes widened, and she stood still there.

However, the shock that Mila received immediately disappeared. Because the head of the corpse who swallowed Sofy was dissipated from the inside, her almost harmless figure appeared.

"There is a hole in the clothes..."

Sofy shook off her hair and the boring carrion fragments on her clothes, and Sofy murmured inconsistent with the occasion. Mila ran towards her in a panic.

"Sofy, are you okay?"
"Good luck. The corpse dragon just now had a big cracked mouth and almost lost his teeth. It happened to be the part that bit me."

Mila breathed in relief. After a breath, a wicked smile appeared.

"Be careful. If you have anything to do, I can't explain to Tigre."

"Since you say that, after we get back safely, I will ask Tigre for rewards, okay?"

Just as Mila was at a loss because of this unexpected counterattack, a corpse dragon came over. At the same time, the two took the dragon gear and wanted to fight.

However, the corpse dragon could not reach Mila and the others. Something flying from a distance shattered the demon's head. The thing that looked like an axe whirled in the air and flew somewhere, and the giant corpse dragon that had lost its head fell sideways.

"Is that...?"

Mila frowned in surprise, but immediately got a new surprise. Lavias gleamed. Sofy's Zaht also carried the same light. It is telling that a companion is visiting.

——Dragon gear has a reaction, that is, Vanadis? But, who is this kind of place...?

Mila's question was immediately resolved. On the back of a corpse dragon, a petite figure appeared.

It was a girl with pink hair about 14 or 15 years old. On the outside of the clothes, a coat made of a large amount of wool was put on, and she held a double-edged axe with beautiful decoration in her hand.

Although her expression was cold, there was a proud radiance in those eyes that looked like a cloudless blue sky.

"Olga!"
Mila was taken aback. The person over there is indeed Vanadis Olga Tam who has the alias of ‘Moon Princess of the Roaring Demon’. Whether it’s the clothing unique to the horse clan, or the dragon's size, you can’t go wrong. She was the one who just beat the flying corpse dragon on the head.

Olga and Mila separated, and the time to go to the king of Nice was to help Tigre, who was detained by Bachelard in the city of Navarre, on the second day. That was more than twenty days ago.

Why did she, who should have been in the capital of Nice, appeared here?

However, before talking about those experiences, Olga has priority.

In order to eat Olga, the two-headed corpse dragon rushed from the left and right with open mouths. Olga did not waver and waved his dragon gear. The emerald at the junction of the blade and the handle emits a strong brilliance, the handle of the axe stretched nearly twice, and the blade of the axe was more than two turns larger.

Waving the enlarged dragon gear at will, Olga knocked the corpse dragons' heads flying.

The corpse dragon that lost its head was used as a stepping platform, and other corpse dragons attacked. Olga did not challenge, and jumped to the ground decisively. The corpse dragons collided with each other and fell, shaking the ground.

Olga did not run to Mila and the others, but to the other corpse dragons, approaching the eyes and nose of a corpse dragon.

The corpse dragon raised his front foot and smashed it down again. Olga escaped the blow and jumped onto the demon's forefoot. Just like that, ran up along the demon's feet, swinging the axe and hitting the flying corpse dragon on the head.
After running to the demon's back, Olga adjusted her breathing while looking left and right. Waiting for the other corpse dragons to pass to her, leaping high. While swinging the dragon gear back to the claws of the corpse dragon, she jumped onto the back of the corpse dragon.
Although not as graceful as Mila sliding on the ice, Olga's actions are bold and open-minded. She instigated the corpse dragons and lured them over. From one to the next, she jumped repeatedly on their backs to induce them to kill each other. She doesn’t forget to look at the gap and attack the monster’s head or forefoot.

Mila and Sofy were dumb at the unfolding scene in front of them. But he reacted immediately and began to help Olga. Swinging a spear and a staff to beat the corpse dragons, inducing them to gather in a specific direction, forcing them to repeatedly conflict and become unable to move.

The white air-conditioner surrounds Mila who is holding Lavias, and the golden light is shining around Sofy who holds Zaht.

Olga also noticed the actions of the two war maidens. Her dragon gear became bigger than her own. The sharp blade composed of light red, gold and lacquer black showed a brilliance similar to topaz.

The dragon gears of the three people released their power with the dazzling flash.

"——The storm of ice appeared from the silence!"

"——The shining droplets scurried away in front of me!"

"——The Array of Destruction!"

The overwhelming cold air released from Lavias turned into a devastating blizzard, freezing the corpse dragons. After being hit by the huge block of light emitted from the front end of Zaht, all the corpse dragons that he encountered disappeared silently. Then, Muma released an unreasonable impact, and the huge body of the corpse dragon was shattered as literally, and a huge crack was carved in the earth.

The three dragon skills merged into a torrent of light, and a powerful storm stirred into a ball. The earth shook and was
stripped away, and the corpse dragons were only ruthlessly crushed.

After a few counts, the luminous flow of clouds disappeared, and the humming subsided. Mila and Sofy swallowed and stared at the place where the corpse dragons were. The ground became the shape of a mortar, and no piece of rotten flesh remained. The monsters were wiped out without leaving a trace.

"The three war maidens can do such a thing together,"

Sofy's voice shuddered deeply. If the three of them used dragon skills separately, it shouldn't be able to cause such destructive power.

"However, how many chances are there for the three of them to work together?"

After shrugging her shoulders, Mila changed her eyes. She noticed Olga, who was walking towards her at a leisurely pace, and waved gently. Olga's hair was messed up, and there was a look of fatigue on her face, but there seemed to be no serious injuries.

After a face-to-face meeting, Mila smiled and stretched out her hand.

"You are so energetic. Thanks, you have helped a lot."

Olga returned to hold Mila's hand, and this time Sofy walked forward with a smile.

"Remember me. I'm Sofya Obertas. I also thank you."

However, Olga shook her head.

"It should be me who thanked me. Next time, I will give a sheep to the two-person mansion"

Just as Mila felt puzzled, he heard the sound of horse hooves coming.
Looking over, a man dressed as a traveler came over on horseback. The age is probably around fifty. The dark red hair is very messy, the beard around his mouth is messy, and the clothes are messy.

Obviously it was the first time we met, but Mila had an incredible sense of sight of the man's face. Vaguely thinking where he had seen it before, Olga told Mila in a very natural tone.

"This is Lord Urs, Tigre's father"

Mila made a dazed voice, "Huh," while Sofy made "Well" and put her hand to her mouth.

Urs came to the three of them and got off the horse. Salutes Mila and Sofy.

"I am very grateful for rescue in times of crisis. My name is Urs Vorn. Tigrevurmud Vorn is my son. I heard of you from Olga."

Mila couldn't help but stared at Urs. Looking at it up close, Urs is indeed very similar to Tigre. Even the aura emitted is very similar.

"Um, uh...I'm Ludmila Lourie"

Mila, whose cheeks were dyed red, reported her name, Urs was taken aback, and then smiled.

"You are.... It's an honor to have met you, Lord Vanadis. My son is taken care of by you."

"Ah, yes, here it is, from Tigre...Lord Tigrevurmud. Through you, I have always hoped to have the opportunity to meet with you. I didn't expect that in this form."

Tigre's nickname was spoken inadvertently, and Mila hurriedly changed her words. The usual Mila would not make such a mistake. Urs smiled and nodded as if he hadn't heard Mila's frustration.
Then Sofy introduced herself to Urs. She asked a question out of doubt.

"Speaking of Lord Urs. What you said just now, what do you mean in times of crisis"

"It's the demon you defeated just now..."

Urs looked back at the sunken ground with a serious expression.

"It's me, who brought these demons here."

"It's us" angrily corrected Olga.

"I'm sorry" Urs apologized to Olga.

Seeing Urs, who frankly apologized to a girl who had missed her as much as 30 years old, Mila felt admiration. This is not to flatter Olga as a war maiden. But it is very natural and establishes a reciprocal relationship.

Facing Mila again, Urs explained.

"I and Olga Palace escaped from the capital of Nice. I encountered these demons in the morning two days ago. Although I wanted to fight for a while..."

However, Urs's sword could not hurt the corpse dragon. Half of the scales are shattered.

"No matter how we can't just let Olga fight alone, we rode away on horseback. However, no matter where we go, the demons are chasing us."

Urs and the others ran away desperately. The two riding horses dominate in speed, but the corpse dragons have no need to rest. Almost caught up several times.

They would rather go around a long distance than near a village or city. It is because these areas may be implicated by the two of them and attacked by the corpse dragon.
Then after a little less than four and a half, Urs and the others were caught up.

Olga told Urs to hide and fight the corpse dragons alone.

At this moment, Mila and Sofy appeared.

Urs’ words were concise and orderly, and Mila and Sofy were satisfied after listening to them. Of course, they would like to know some more detailed things, but it will not be too late to say after that.

"If Ludmila is here, is my son also nearby?"

"Huh", nodded, Mila looked back at the hill standing behind. If you stand on the hill and look northeast, you should be able to see the battlefield.

"Lord Urs, do you know that this is Otto's Gorry?"

Mila asked, and Urs' eyes showed an expression of comprehension.

"Is it Gorry Grassland? I already know that I have entered Otto's territory..."

Only Urs, who has been in friendship with Mashas for many years, can know where it is based on the name of the place.

This time it was Mila's turn to explain the situation of the guerrillas. She briefly explained that she and others were defeated by Bachelard and fled to Otto to seek help from Mashas. Because Viscount Shabanon led the army to attack, it became the current situation in Gorry.

"Lord Tigrevurmud, he is on the battlefield now."

"Then, Ludiene of the Bergerac House is also there?"

This question was beyond the expectation of the Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave. At Mila who nodded in confusion, Urs smiled at ease and explained the reason.
"I got a letter from the Duke of Bergerac."

"So that's what happened. Hey, as the commander of the guerrillas, she is also on the battlefield."

Mila quietly stroked her chest and replied.

"If you go there, please come together."

Urs did not immediately answer Mila's proposal, looking up at the hill.

"Then let's take a look at the battlefield first.... Because I don't have a sword, I can't be the power of a son."

Urs' words are sincere, and there are concerns about Mila and the others who are consumed by fighting the corpse dragons. "I see," Mila replied, and the four of them moved towards the top of the hill.

——How long have we been fighting?

During that time, what did the battlefield look like?

Mila, who was concerned about this, couldn't help but let out a voice.

"It doesn't matter what Tigre says. He won't lose."

Urs looked at Mila in surprise. Once again using her nickname to call Tigre, Mila felt her face as earthy. Don't let Urs think that he doesn't understand etiquette.

However, Urs thanked Mila with a calm smile.

"Thank you very much. ——My son, he is really lucky."

In short, he seemed to be accepted with good intentions. Behind the relieved Mila, Sofy and Olga looked at each other and smiled bitterly at each other.
When Mila and the others were fighting against the corpse dragons, the guerrilla team led by Ludie arrived at the predetermined location. There are a lot of swords, spears, and shields. Mashas buried them in the grass, waiting for Ludie.

"You’re Finally here, Ludiene. The old man also had to go all out."

The old count who met with Ludie let out a leisurely laugh that was not commensurate with the battlefield. However, those eyes were full of anger. This was originally her battle.

"Earl Rodant, the rear command is handed over to you."

There was a gleam in the different-colored eyes, and Ludie rudely wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Around the two, the guerrilla soldiers stopped one by one, picked up their weapons, and straightened the queue.

At this point, if the Vladze Army can also attack in an orderly manner, the guerrillas will have no idea of counterattack, and will fall into a disadvantage.

However, before and after being separated by Tigre's Rangers, their actions became drastically slow. Shabanon's orders could not be conveyed to the vanguard group, and the chaos was expanding blindly.

"Start counterattack!"

Ludie raised the sword high, stood in front of the soldiers and stepped out of the ground, shouting to the sky.

Although they knew it was acting, the humiliating behavior of running away from the enemy significantly improved their fighting spirit. Then, although she was still running away not long ago, because he was lightly loaded, she was not as tired as the enemy. Even the wounded still have the energy and physical strength to challenge the enemy.

"The Rangers' mission has been completed! It's our turn next!"
In addition, the commander-in-chief shouted, and everyone rushed to the enemy. The situation of the Otto soldiers is the same as that of Luke, plus the anger generated by the attacks on the villages and cities in the territory.

The guerrillas twisted into a rope and attacked the Vladze army.

Ludie, who bravely entered the enemy line, wielded a long sword horizontally and horizontally. With Quick and deep slashes, the Frazer soldiers are not allowed to evade or defend. Soldiers with their throats, arms or legs cut off are endless. The splashed blood stained the green grass and the earth black.

Ludie lunged fearlessly into her opponent's arms, aiming at areas not covered by her opponent's helmet or armor.

—I Can't fight too hard with these opponents.

If you fight hard with your opponent, you must stop. It's okay if you win this way, if you lose, the action will collapse.

Your physical strength should be used for continuous action. In order not to let the opponent have a chance to breathe.

At the very moment, the spear pierced by the Vladze soldier flashed past, and Ludie passed through the opponent's side. Cut down the opponent's head.

Under the battle of the commander-in-chief, the guerrilla soldiers continued to attack without admitting defeat. They Hit the enemy soldiers with the momentum of throwing out the whole body, hit the opponent's armor with the hand axe, and several people slashed at an enemy soldier. Engulfed by this momentum, Fraze forces tried to escape.

But they cannot retreat as they wish. Shabanon gave orders to the troops in the rear to block the friendly troops who were holding back in the front.

This is a natural judgment for Shabanon. Although the enemy's rangers broke through to the side, there has not yet been a great
loss. In that case, there is no need to change the policy of using brute force to defeat the opponent. Just stop the enemy's offensive and let the chaotic friendly forces regroup and fight back.

This is not a wrong consideration. However, if the enemy's offensive is stronger than imagined, it is necessary to boost the morale of the troops ahead. Shabanon did not consider this.

Ludie cut down the enemy in front of her in one round and drove straight ahead. It would be great if the soldiers of the guerrillas could expand the road she had opened.

It was only a little bit before they could break through the front forces of the Vladze Army.

Just when Ludie thought so, pushing away the Frazer soldiers, a knight appeared. It was all covered in light gray armor, holding an iron sledgehammer and a shield with thorns on its surface.

Feeling the fierce pressure released by the knight, the guerrilla soldiers couldn't help but stop.

"Are you a little girl worth a thousand gold coins?"

Ludie, who was asked by the knight, raised her eyebrows with a little anger.

"You made a mistake."

"What did you say. But, your face—"

"It's ten thousand."

Ludie let out the words proudly when interrupting the other party. She took a big breath and declared with a voice that other enemy soldiers could hear.

"How about Bergerac's family preparing 10,000 gold coins for those who catch me! Spread out those who think they can do it!"
Most of the enemies were dumbfounded, and most of the allies were dumbfounded. As for the knight, shaking his shoulders and laughing while holding the sledgehammer and shield.

"Well then. Ten thousand gold coins, I will accept it!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he rushed towards Ludie. Judging from that posture, Ludie speculated that he wanted to hit the opponent with a shield to stop the action, and then use a sledgehammer to give the opponent a final blow. If you take the trick awkwardly, you will be knocked off, and even if you avoid the shield, you will be attacked by a sledgehammer.

Ludie glared at the knight, making a gesture as if he wanted to circumvent the knight from the side. The knight didn't want Ludie to succeed, and struck him with a shield. Ludie's purpose is to trick the other party into making this action.

Jumping up on the ground with her legs, Ludie grabbed the edge of the shield. When passing over the knight's head with a surprising movement, the sword light flashed, and blood splashed out from the gap between the knight's helmet and armor.

Ludie landed, and the knight fell to the ground almost at the same time.

This short ride brought a dramatic effect. The soldiers of the guerrillas were more vigorous, while the soldiers of Fraze became scared.

The army of Frazer is composed of the army of plural princes. They are not loyal to Shabanon, but because they are afraid of Ganelon and Greast, they are ordered to be with him. Once turned on the defensive, their morale dropped sharply.

When judged that they could no longer withstand the offensive of the guerrillas, the first Frazer soldiers fled left and right. One escaped, and two escaped, just like a castle made of sand was hit by a sudden storm, and the troops in front collapsed.
The Fraze Army was cut in half

Shabanon, who was commanding at the rear of the Vladze Army, couldn't hide his anxiety.

"What the hell are the first lords’ soldiers doing?"

"Um, they were attacked by the enemy rangers, and the units seemed to be still in chaos..."

Shabanon used pitch-black eyes to push toward the side that had lost his confidence in the report. near.

"The enemy is a defeated army group armed with cold arms. Even the number is half of our army. Although these guys cut off before and after, but what is the reason for the hard fight?"

He shrank his neck and shrank.

In fact, in terms of total strength, the Vladze army still prevails. However, the reality is that 200 to 300 troops are scattered everywhere. In addition, the troops that could not receive the orders of Shabanon took actions without authorization, and they had little ties with neighboring troops.

Whether Shabanon or his proximity, they don't know the situation yet.

The front troops were breached by the enemy when this report was brought back, not long after it happened. Letting the reporting soldier retreat, Shabanon sighed deeply.

—— *It shouldn't be like this.*

It was supposed to ravage the overwhelmed enemy army and sing the triumphant triumph of victory. Ludie Bergerac should be being dragged in front of him.

—— *No, due to the enemy's desperate resistance, it just makes one's own side a little bit tricky.*
When he was saying this to himself, new news came.

The cavalry unit sent to the enemy ranger was repulsed. They had two hundred riders, but the number was reduced to less than sixty riders.

What appeared in front of Shabanon was the deputy captain of the cavalry unit. He heard that the captain was killed in battle.

"Your Excellency, please retreat," the deputy captain said first

"The enemy's rangers are coming here."

"Let's talk about what happened first."

Being overly angry, grabbing the favorite spear in the saddle, Shabanon urged the deputy captain to explain. The angry person might even stab the deputy captain.

According to the deputy captain, the enemy rangers seemed to be fleeing from the battlefield. Of course, the cavalry troops chased them. The captain wanted to prevent the queue from collapsing and chasing too deeply, and he played a solid commander in command.

However, just because that is too conspicuous.

The head was hit by a sudden flying arrow, and the captain fell. Only he knows which of the falling horses and the death happened first.

Just after losing the captain and the troops were in chaos, the enemy ranger turned around and returned. Several commanders were shot down by flying arrows, and the embarrassed cavalry unit was completely destroyed.

After listening to the report, Shabanon looked pale. He finally felt a sense of crisis.

Realizing that he wanted to turn to reinforcements that hadn't been seen until now, Shabanon shook his head. You shouldn't count on that, and you can't count on that.
Perhaps the deputy captain should listen to the retreat here. --but

Thinking of abandoning the one hundred and fifty infantry brought from his territory made him hesitate.

——*Besides, Ganelon shouldn't forgive me for failing.*

He will be held accountable for his defeat, and there may even be the possibility of Fraze territory being attacked by Ganelon's men. No matter what, he has to win.

As a prayer, Shabanon pressed the handle of the spear to his forehead. This is the spear used by the late father. Saying happily that I killed the bear with just one shot, the expression appeared.

"——I will stand at the forefront and meet the enemy"

Abandoning confusion, Shabanon resolutely declared. Although his eyes were shining from the side, the deputy captain had sympathetic eyes, as if the doctor answered the patient who was diagnosed with dying.

"It's too late, sir."

Now the advantage lies with the Bergerac guerrillas. Even if the commander-in-chief acted, he couldn't subvert this situation. Although he said so, Shabanon couldn't listen to it.

"It's the ranger coming here. It's the enemy's key point. If you defeat them, the wind will change."

The dark eyes reflected the fighting spirit like candlelight. Although it is intuitive. But Shabanon also guessed this fact. The deputy captain thinks Shabanon has given up on himself. However, he can only obey the decision of the commander-in-chief.

"The enemy!" shouted extremely concise words. To the southeast, you can see a cavalry regiment that has rolled up dust coming
towards here. It is the enemy’s rangers. At the forefront is a young man with a black bow.

—I Can’t lose.

Raising his spear, Shabanon charged on horseback. The horse hooves roared, and the cavalry troops followed closely behind.

However, his spear failed to reach the enemy.

When the distance between the two shrank to less than fifty Alshins, the young man with a bow shot an arrow. The arrow pierced the head of the horse that Shabanon was riding.

With a cry of mourning, the horse fell sideways, and Shabanon was thrown to the ground.

Together with the guerrilla soldiers, Ludie fought against the rear troops of the Vladze Army.

Although the fighting spirit was unabated, her breathing still became short. Whether it be her silver hair or her military uniform composed of black and white, it was stained with dust and blood from the enemy, and there were several traces of sweat on his face. The arm was also a little numb, and the long sword that was handy became heavy.

Nevertheless, Ludie had no idea of retreating.

She will fight with the soldiers. To prove this, she will be here.

This determination has paid off.

From Fraze’s main formation, a flaming arrow was shot upwards. Ludie knew right away that Tigre shot it. It is to convey the news that Shabanon was captured.

—Although it was said that it must be done, it really came true....

The joy in Ludie’s chest emerged, and her body became lighter.

Taking a big breath, she raised her long sword high and shouted.
"Shabanon has been captured by us! The guerrillas have won!"

After the first moment of silence passed, the two kinds of noise began to spread. The words of Ludie were transmitted at an astonishing speed, the soldiers of the guerrillas made fanatical screams, and the soldiers of Fraze leaked lamenting moans.

"Now it's a chase!"

Ludie announced loudly, staring at the enemy soldiers in the front.

"Let the enemy be punished for his atrocities. There is no need to show mercy!"

The victor's intent to fight turned into an invisible wave, which overwhelmed the loser's courage.

Fraze soldiers were driven by fear and began to flee. There are also people who throw away their weapons and surrender. Although there were people who wanted to resist, they were surrounded and killed by guerrilla soldiers.

Mashas was in charge of the chase. He completely defeated the defeated Vladze army.

A person who sits idly by the improper harm suffered by his own territory and his people is not qualified to be a lord. In order to prevent them from invading this land again, they must be taught a lesson.

Counting to a thousand or so after the general collapse of the Vladze Army, Ludie appeared in front of Mashas. Now that the winner had been decided, she should give the soldiers the opportunity to perform meritorious service. She had no reason to wield the sword anymore.

"It's really a beautiful battle, Ludiene."

In response to the words of appreciation given by Mashas, Ludie shook his head.
"It is the soldiers who should be praised, and it was Tigre who captured Shabanon."

"No, it's because you stood at the forefront until the end, which inspired the courage of the soldiers. It's okay to be humble. But you can’t feel inferior, Tigre should think so too. ——Oh, when it comes to the wolves, you can see the tail"

As he turned his eyes, Mashas chuckled softly. Tigre, followed by ten cavalrymen, came over here on horseback.

Behind the saddle of one of the cavalry lay Shabanon tied up with a big five flowers.

"It's not hurt, Tigre, you did a good job."

After coming down from the horse, he saluted Mashas, and Tigre smiled.

"Thanks to Luke and them. Without them, fighting stubbornly... and with my strength alone, this man cannot be caught."

After Shabanon fell, the ranger led by Tigre and the cavalry unit of the Vladze Army began to fight head-on. The fierce battle of swords and spears, the roar of people and the neigh of horses intertwined, but it was over in a short time. The Cavalry of the Vladze Army surrendered early.

At the time of the battle, the number of the Rangers was reduced to about 180 horses, but the number was still three times that of the Vladze Army cavalry units. In addition, to the cavalry unit, Shabanon is not directly under the master. I have never thought of spelling names in order to protect the commander-in-chief.

One hundred and fifty infantrymen who were directly under Shabanon began to flee after learning that their master was captured and the cavalry surrendered. It's easy to think of how you would treat yourself and others who have attacked Otto's village and city.
Luke was handed over the handling of the cavalry unit and the pursuit of the infantry. Tigre took ten cavalries and escorted Shabanon to Mashas.

Tigre motioned with his sight, and the cavalry threw Shabanon off his horse roughly.

Shabanon, with his hands tied, bears Mashas's cold eyes.

"Shabanon, the old man can't forgive you. As a lord, or as a person"

"Will you kill me...?"

Shabanon oozes sweat and bluffs on his face.

"What would happen if you did that, you know. It's not just that."

Mashas sighed deeply. He showed an expression as if fatigue was pressing up all at once.

"If you are released intact, you will run to Ganelon. Ganelon will attack here under the pretext that you have suffered an improper injury, right?"

Shabanon could not answer. Mashas continued.

"Old man, I, for your territory...I haven't wanted to attack Vladze yet. But if you ask your relatives to do what they should do, I won't help them no matter what happens. For example, Ganelon sent an army to attack Fula and this is the case."

Shabanon fully understood the meaning of this statement. Shabanon, who had actively attacked and defeated with twice as many troops as the enemy, was a useless pawn for Ganelon. There will be no hesitation, he will distribute Fraze to other princes.

"However, even if you are to be executed, you have to choose a method. Shabanon, tell us everything you know about Ganelon."

Mashas' words turned into a cold wind, hitting Shabanon's face.
"I can't do it. I can't possibly say..."

Shabanon shook his head with a trembling body. This is not because of loyalty, but because of fear. Mashas seemed to have anticipated his reaction and asked the waiter on call to bring in something.

Facing what was in front of him, Shabanon uttered such a short mournful cry.

It was a box decorated with exquisite gold that could be picked up by one person.

"When you began to succumb to Ganelon, it seems to be after your father died."

After eliminating all emotional expressions and voices, Mashas weaved words.

"There are others who were killed by the same method like your father. I heard about it from their relatives and made it. As I said earlier, I won't forgive you for hurting the leader. But, the way to die I can give you a choice. Give you and your soldiers to the civilians for disposal, or — "

Mashas's voice is very weak, but the content of the words is terrible.

Shabanon stared at the box, nodded, letting out a whimper.

Soon after, the Otto soldiers took Shabanon away. Watching this, Mashas sighed and turned to Tigre and Ludie.

"Sorry for showing you ugly things"

"No, I would do the same if I were in the position of Secretary Mashas."

As a lord, the most important thing is to protect his people. Mere action is not enough. Sometimes you have to try to show it to the people and let them know.
"Speaking of which, where are Tigre, Mila and Sofy?"

Ludie asked. This question also means wanting to change the atmosphere of the scene.

When Tigre was about to answer, he heard the voice calling himself, and Tigre looked over there.

From the grassland on the opposite side, they saw a figure of Sofy running towards this side. Seeing the figures of Mila and Sofy, Tigre smiled, and after seeing the other two clearly, his eyes widened.

One of them is Olga.

The other is his father.

If the black bow is not inserted in the saddle, but held in the hand, it must have fallen to the ground.

"My father...?"

Tigre could only say this to this unexpected development.

"It's really Earl Vorn..."

Ludie couldn't hide her surprise. She had met Urs once before.

The four of them got off their horses in front of Tigre. Mila approached Tigre and pushed his back gently. Tigre walked forward slowly Met with his father.

"I haven't seen him in about a year"

Tigre finally nodded. Urs hugged his son and patted him on the back.

"You grew up."

With a shy smile, Tigre lowered his head.

After listening to Bachelard's father in the palace, every time he thinks of his father, he is very worried about him.
Seeing his father's peaceful posture, Tigre burst into tears in his eyes. Although he felt that being a man shouldn't be like this in the public, but he couldn't control the joy that gushed out.

There is one more thing that has to be done. Say it to yourself, and Tigre turned to Mila.

at Sofy's urging, Mila walked quickly to Tigre's side.

"Father, you seem to have already said hello, but please let me introduce it again. This is When I was in Olmutz, I took care of my Vanadis Ludmila Lourie. I have been thinking about one day I have the opportunity to introduce my father to my acquaintance..."

After receiving her care, this sentence is full of Memories. he originally wanted to explain it in more detail, but he didn't know where to start, and he had to worry about other people present.

After the reunion with his son was over, Urs thanked Mashas.

"Mashas, I have heard about the general things from Ludmila and Sofy. The son has been taken care of by you, and I thank you."

"Well, it is the old man who has been taken care of. The old man is thinking. Do you want to try sending your son abroad to practice?"

The two shook hands and touched each other's shoulders. This is enough for these two people.

Next, Tigre introduced Ludie to his father. Ludie, who was calm, showed a smile that was in line with the noble daughter, and greeted Urs with perfect etiquette.

"——Ludiene. It has been four years away, and you are more beautiful."

Urs wiped his smile and responded to Luci's greeting with a rigorous expression. This attitude made the others feel incredible, and Ludie paid more attention to what the other person said than those.
"Four, four years huh...?"

A little embarrassed. Although Ludie had seen Urs before, the two had not seen each other. Urs probably didn't know about the fact that she visited Alsace many times.

Tigre couldn't hide his surprise, interjecting from the side.

"My father knows Ludie has been to Alsace?"

Urs scratched his dark red hair embarrassingly.

"I didn't want to say it, but I can't pretend to be stupid.... I knew about the fact that Ludiene had been to Alsace at the time."

From Ludie's throat, there was a hiccup. Urs continued.

"Your parents-the Duke and the Duchess also know. Seven years ago, after your second visit to Alsace, I received a letter from the Duke. If you have any questions, I will deal with it here. I hope you can Let her go, this kind of content"

She has been overwhelmed, and Ludie's mouth fell open. Urs added calmly.

"My cherished daughter, go to a place where you don't communicate very much every year. It's impossible for the duke and his wife to notice it. Even so, your parents decided to pretend to be ignorant for you."

"My father, why are you doing these things? You didn't tell me about this."

Urs replied as a matter of course to Tigre, who was a little angry and protesting.

"Didn't you say nothing to me?"

Tigre was speechless. Indeed, he only told his father that he would go to meet a passing traveler and report. Because Ludie concealed her identity, she wanted to assist her as her friend.
"I know it myself, children want to have their own secrets. Moreover, I think this will also become a rare experience. As long as it doesn't become a tricky situation, just let you go."

The three war maidens looked at Urs with an expression of approval. Because he is such a man, he will make the decision to send his fourteen-year-old son to another country.

"Compared to those--"

Urs looked at Ludie with a serious expression. Take out a letter from the inside of the jacket. It is folded from high-quality parchment paper and sealed with wax. On top of the wax, a horse pattern with wings was pressed out. That is the seal of Bergerac.

"You, from your father"

She showed surprise, and Ludie took the letter. She couldn't hide her uneasy voice and asked.

"Where is my father...?"

"In the palace of Capital Nice", after answering, Urs continued with a stern expression.

"Seven days ago, Your Excellency the Duke said this to me. Sooner or later, Ganelon will attack the palace. Before that, he wanted me to leave the capital. He also asked everyone who could escape to escape, but he himself wanted to stay with Your Majesty."

A particularly strong wind blew through, violently raising the hair of everyone present.

The cold wind shouldn't appear in the middle of spring.

The eyes with different colors on the left and right stared blankly at the little flowers that were blown apart and flying in the air.
Chapter 3 – Initiators

At the end of the battle of the Bergerac guerrillas against the Vladze army in the Kuli Wilderness, the capital of Nice was undergoing an abnormal change.

First of all, all the roads from the foot of Mount Luberon to the palace on the mountainside were blocked by soldiers armed with swords and armors from dawn. All the lords or bureaucrats, priests, merchants, etc. who went to the palace for something to leave were bombed away.

"There has been an emergency that cannot be made public" is the captain of the soldiers blocking the road. He was wearing a coat with a golden unicorn pattern. For people with a little knowledge among the princes, they should all recognize that it is the coat of arms of the Ganelon family.

The captain didn't lie, and something terrible was indeed happening in the palace.

A group of demons are attacking humans.

Armed bones, rotting corpses, black fog in human form, massacre of soldiers and knights responsible for guarding, killing bureaucrats or maids without leaving a living, rushing into the blood-stained corridors on the walls and floors. Nightmarish scenes were everywhere, and the palace was shrouded in miserable and painful wailing.

Although the soldiers and knights fought desperately with suppressed fear, the skeletons or corpses were chopped and stabbed by swords, and their actions did not stop. As for the black mist, the weapon passed directly through it.

The carrion corpse grabbed the standing knight. The demon's finger pokes the person's face and arm to remove the flesh. The power is also very strong. Don't even want to run away as long as you get caught once.
The black fog covered the soldiers. The encased person struggled violently for a period of about three or four. The vision is covered by darkness, the body becomes paralyzed, the heat in the body is quickly taken away, and the breathing becomes painful. When letting go of the weapon and falling to the ground, the soldier died with an expression of pain.

The people hiding in the room were also found out one by one by the demons. There were also people who escaped from the palace and wanted to escape to the foot of the mountain, but they were all attacked by demons lying in ambush on the slope covered by trees. No one escaped to the foot of the mountain.

"It's boring"

There was a man who let the demons clear the way, strolling in the hallway paved with blood and corpses.

Bald head, big eyelids, slender eyes. It is not an exaggeration to say that it is a strange look. The figure is unusually short, and the hands and feet sticking out of the silk clothes are as thin as bones and skin.

He is the Duke of Maximilian Benusa Ganelon. He looked at the stacked dead bodies as if looking at the stones on the side of the road. He walked between the greetings.

Around him, there are bones and dead bodies, strange things different from fog. The shape is neither like a human nor a beast, and the gas gathers together to draw a vague outline.

In the face of unusual invaders, the knights fought hard. The tables and chairs in the corridor are piled up to form a wall, and oil is sprinkled on the floor to set fire. They tried my best to stop the demons from moving forward.

However, this also failed to stop Ganelon and the demons. The demons did not change their pace to destroy the defense wall, and walked forward across the burning carpet.
Surprisingly, Ganelon and the demons walked normally in the flames. Not only did he not get burned, he didn't even have a scorch mark on the clothes he was wearing.

"Really few..."

Looking up at the large number of exquisite sculptures decorated on the corridor, Ganelon moved his eyebrows slightly.

It's not about carving. Even though Mount Luberon was sealed off before dawn, there should have been more bureaucrats, craftsmen, maids, and guests in the palace. Ganelon grasped the situation of the palace through demons, but those people were obviously very few.

"I read my actions and let them escape quietly? It's better than imagined."

It didn't take long for Ganelon and the demons to stop after seeing them.

There are two men inside.

One is Faron Soleil Rauy Blainville de Charles. Currently Forty-three years old, the king of this country sat on the throne and stared at the invaders resolutely. Although the expression is very stern, the blond hair and clothes are not messy.

There is also a man with a standard figure holding a sword and wearing light black armor. He is over fifty.

He is the Patriarch of Bergerac's family, and Rashval Nasser Bergerac, who also served as the commander of the Knights of Navarre. Around him, there were bones that were broken into powder and scattered on the ground, as well as carrion pieces that were chopped up and dropped to the ground.

Ganelon let out a short admiration like "or oh". Although he knew that Rashval was an excellent warrior, he did not expect that he could suppress the demons only with sword skills.
But Ganelon immediately looked away from him and looked at the king on the throne.

"It's really incredible to have no time to escape. Or is there no time to escape?"

"No time to escape"

He was not moved by Ganelon's teasing, Faron admitted frankly.

"Demons appeared on all escape routes. ——even in the secret tunnels that I didn't know."

The blue eyes were full of sharp sarcasm, and the king continued.

"It has been three hundred years since the founding king of Charles. There are channels that were secretly made by someone, and there are channels that were forgotten to the next generation. Since I became the king, although I have investigated these channels as much as possible... But you It seems that the structure of the palace is far clearer than me."

"Yes. I have that confidence."

Let the bones and dead bodies wait in place, only let the transparent demons accompany him, and Ganelon walked away.

"By the way, many bureaucrats and maids have really escaped. That is to say, only a minimum number of people are managing the palace these days?"

Faron trembling fists stared at Ganelon who was talking like a chatter. The anger of the "minimum number" being all killed, the self-blame that caused them to die, and the fear of confronting the existence of these terrifying demons that can lead these terrible demons, these swirled in the king's heart.
Just like what Rashval said to Urs Vorn. Faron anticipated that Ganelon might attack the palace. Because Faron noticed that Ganelon's soldiers were sneaking into the palace little by little.

The king's first consideration was of course to suppress them. Although I want to avoid fighting in the neighborhood, just sitting on the sidelines will certainly worsen the situation.

Faron summoned Rashval and ordered him to strengthen the palace's defenses and organize suppression troops. On the other hand, the Prime Minister Badoin and other important personnel were sent to the outside of the palace little by little.

Faron worried that the other party might use hidden passages to invade the palace.

It cannot be asserted that there is no such possibility. Faron received a detailed report on how Bachelard captured the Navarre Fortress guarded by Roland. He sent the soldiers in through an underground passage known to only a limited number of people. This is probably the existence of the passage that Ganelon told him.

Ganelon's details of what happened in ancient times are surprisingly detailed. Faron had seen scenes where he talked about those things several times today, as if he had actually seen them.

He might even know the hidden passage of the palace that he didn't know.

It would be fine if it was just groundless worries. Faron came to this conclusion.

Ganelon's thoughts really exceeded the king's expectations. It's no wonder that Ganelon intends to personally lead a group of demons to attack the palace, if there is anything that can see through the soldiers who sneaked into the palace is actually just to block the Luberon Mountain. That is a certain existence beyond human beings.
For Ganelon, Faron's response was also beyond his expectations. Although what I just said was unpleasant, it also contained appreciation.

With a small smile bearing the sight of the king's spear that turned into a murderous intent, Ganelon asked.

"Among the people you arranged to escape, there is Zhcted's war maiden, right? What's that war maiden's name?"

"So, what 's the name ... Evana? Ivanovich? Ivanova?"

Pushed into desperation, Faron pretended to be stupid in a state of urgency with nowhere to escape. Doing so can restrain one's feelings and regain composure.

"Duke Ganelon, what is your purpose? Do you want to push Bachelard to the throne, and then let him give way to you?"

Although he thought that might not be the case, Faron asked. If this is the case, it shouldn't be a move to lead the demons.

"That kind of confounding (this is the second foreshadowing, Bachelard may have some demons), even if it's only for a while, I won't let him sit on the throne, right?"

Though He gave an unpleasant laugh Ganelon, Faron once again tried to control his feelings. Although that was what Bachelard strongly expected, it was a mistake to let this man be his backing.

However, that indignation was blown away by Ganelon's next words.

"Of course I don't want your daughter to sit there."

Faron's forehead oozes cold sweat. Ganelon was not mistaken. He knew it.

"It is also a pleasure for me to observe when you want to raise that weak daughter as a son... It's Regin, if they know that Prince Regnas is actually a princess, how would the people feel. At least,
They should think that she is not suitable for sitting on the throne. They hope that the king will inherit the orthodox lineage."

Unlike countries such as Brune and Asvarre, the prince and daughter do not have the right to inherit the throne. The prince has never become a queen.

"Also, I'm not going to be a king."

Faron and Rashval were both surprised and puzzled by Ganelon's words. So, why did he do such a behavior? Or is there someone else who will be placed on the throne?

Seeing the reaction of the two, Ganelon smiled faintly.

"For the knowledge you don't have, no matter how hard you think about it, you won't understand it. Anyway, can you please come with me. Nothing, I will treat you with courtesy. I won't do anything to put you in It's such a thing as a big prison bolted on a chain."

Ganelon took a step. Rashval moved quickly, and filed in front of him.

He hadn't moved until now, because he was on guard against Ganelon and the demons. Especially, the transparent demons standing by Ganelon made Rashval feel a dangerous atmosphere. As long as they relax, they will attack with snow leopard agility.

"In the palace of son-in-law. I advise you not to mistake inconsideration and courage."

Ganelon showed a sneer. Rashval was not born in Bergerac's family. He was married after being fell in love at first sight by the daughter of the Bergerac family and became the head of the family.

Rashval did not neglect, set up the sword, and responded with a stern expression.
"Duke Oka Taka, why did you, who had been born in a famous family since the reign of the ancestors, commit such atrocities? Not only did you betray the king's family, but you also involved in terrifying magic, etc. There must be a limit to shamelessness."

"Famous door?"

Feeling incredible from the bottom of his heart, Ganelon tilted his head and wondered.

"The Ganelon family is famous, I haven't thought about it once. The Bergerac family is also the same."

Rashval's expression was mixed with a little confusion. Ganelon smiled sarcastically.

"The first generation of the Ganelon family was a filthy hermit who had no connection with the word noble. He was a boring man who would be satisfied if he played with the invisible things in the mountains or in the forest. The title of duke, or something, was nothing but a slap in the face. The nosy supporters forcibly wooed them, and the result of helping to rejuvenate the country was nothing more than something unexpected."

Rashval looked at the scary thing and faced Ganelon.

If you say that your ancestors were sinners and once did things that bothered others, you should be hated too. However, what happened to Ganelon's indifferent attitude toward his ancestors three hundred years ago.

"The first Duke of Ganelon managed the territory bestowed by the ancestor Charles. Although he did not get rich through the sale of fruits or timber, I have heard that there were such things as the "House of the Forest" at that time.

"If you increase your wealth, you won't be able to make the bloodshed in your body become noble."

After answering in a cold manner, Ganelon made a sadistic expression.
"In the palace of son-in-law, do you know anything about the first Duke Bergerac?"

Although it is a question that does not need to be answered. However, Rashval decided to accompany him. He felt that since the two of them were already in an overwhelmingly unfavorable situation, he should try his best to buy time to find the enemy's flaws.

"I heard that he was good at finding mineral veins, discovering gold and silver veins one after another, which supported the expenses of the ancestor Charles's battle. The reason why we are called the "House of the Mine" is also for this reason."

"Ahh Yes, Bergerac is 'the house without a mine'," Ganelon added maliciously.

Although it is also the family of the duke, Bergerac's influence is not as strong as that of Ganelon and Thenardier.

In the past, Bergerac's family was sitting on many mines. In the past few decades, several of them have been sold out. The veins of the mines they owned have also been exhausted, and that property has been rapidly reduced.

Despite this, the Bergerac family still has the power second only to other duke families, and because it is trusted by the royal family, it is said secretly. It is not uncommon to say such things as Ganelon said before.

"The first generation of Bergerac's family, let alone be born in a famous family, is a poor fisherman who can be seen everywhere."

Hearing Ganelon's words, Rashval frowned. He has never heard of such a thing.

"I don't know. That vain person gilded his birth to the point of dumbfounding. He also cares about his nose and scrotum, which are different from ordinary people. Because Charles's subordinates
are all rude rascals. And desperate people, so there is nothing to be ashamed of."

Rashval has reached the point where he has to fight the horror that flows from the depths of his heart.

Why, about the character three hundred years ago, what this man can say is like talking about old acquaintances.

"That guy is good at scuba diving and likes to catch fish at the bottom of the river. One day, he went out to catch fish in a different river from the usual one. When he went to the bottom of the river to find fish, he picked up gold nuggets. Going up the river, I entered the mountain and discovered gold veins. This is the origin of the 'House of the Mine'. ——Is this the famous door?"

Not only Rashval, but Faron was speechless, and could not speak.

"By the way, the first Duke of Thenardier, he was a little villain who ran a ruined hotel. Almost all the wheat fields and grape fields he owned were robbed from others during the war. That is the 'house of wheat and grapes'. It's so funny to be called that.'

Shaking his little shoulders, Ganelon smiled.

"Even if you value the celebrity or something, it is such a thing if you trace the origin. A poor ghost who has no food on one day, accidentally made a fortune by luck. After knowing this, don't be so shameless to speak out. If you are so upset that you want to chop me, then let go."

Ganelon's eyes let out a fierce light. Rashval's back felt the same bitter cold as it was blown by the cold, and his body trembled, as if to resist these, he spoke.

"As a minister of your majesty, crusade against you!"

Even though his moves were fierce, there was no extra action. While swinging the sword, he stepped out of the floor and
cut the blade out at the perfect timing. Not inferior to Roland's speed and sharp blow.

The high-pitched shrill sound resounded throughout the audience. Half of Rashval's sword was broken into powder and scattered. There were no scars on Ganelon's bald head.

Ganelon gently raised his right hand and patted Rashval's left knee. The action that seemed to be dusting off caused Rashval's posture to collapse and fell to the ground. His left foot twisted unnaturally, his knee shattered, and it was strangely sunken.

"That's it. You have the ability to protect Faron by yourself"

Looking down at Rashval who was groaning in severe pain, Ganelon mumbled admiringly. If it wasn't a demon, but instead took a human soldier to attack the palace, he might have been heavily encircled.

Wanting to destroy the head of Rashval who was struggling to get up desperately, Ganelon put his hand on it.

"--Wait, Ganelon"

A sharp voice came from the throne, and Ganelon stopped the action that was about to crush Rashval's head. Looked up.

Faron put the hidden bodyguard against his neck with a dagger.

"If you kill Bergerac, I will commit suicide."

For Faron, it was a gamble.

Just now, Ganelon said that he would not kill Faron. This seems to be true. If Ganelon had that interest, Faron would have died together with Rashval. He didn't do this, there should be some consideration.

"There is a good master in the house of the son-in-law. The incompetent master-slave companion is really worthy"
Ganelon left Rashval. Faron breathed a sigh of relief, but didn't have a hint of optimism. What is Ganelon thinking about, he didn't know yet.

"What do you want to do with me. As a hostage, take Regnas...no, Regin called here. Or do you want to use my name to master Brune or something?"

At the same time as the question, Faron was also there Thinking desperately.

——What is Ganelon's backing?

Whether the knights in the country or Thenardier, if he knew that Ganelon had captured the capital, he wouldn't sit idly by. Of course, Ganelon must have anticipated their reaction, and what countermeasures should be made.

It is possible that he has the support of other countries. If neighboring nations intervene, the Knights and Thenardier can't act rashly.

——However, Asvarre and Sachenstein are weak due to domestic disputes, and there is no room to attack our country.

The rest are Zhcted and Muozinel, and the relationship with Zhcted can be said to be good.

Although Muozinel could see the intention of attacking Brune, if that country wants to take real action, it must first wipe out the threat from Zhcted. In addition, there should be actions that attract the attention of Muozinel, such as invading the national border with troops.

Regarding Faron's question, Ganelon showed an unpleasant smile that was characteristic of a demon.

"I can think that this is the limit. You are also a bad horse. Compared to Jeremy or Milo, although there is a little better, it is not worthy of my service."
Faron frowned. Just now, what Ganelon mentioned was undoubtedly the third king Jeremy and the eighth king Milo. All of them are kings called tyrants and faint kings.

——The same is true about the Duke's house just now...

It's almost as if they have actually seen their way of speaking in the world.

Faron had a question. It was not just thought of. It has been considered before, and now I am convinced.

"Ganelon..."

Faron's voice was a little hoarse due to tension and fear.

"What is your age?"

"In this case, I really asked a strange question. I am forty-two years old this year"

"It seems that my questioning method is not very good. ——You, how many years have you lived?"

In order to make this sentence come out of his mouth, Faron needed unprecedented courage.

He was born as a prince and became a king at the age of twenty-three. Always treat political affairs with reality.

No matter what incidents are not in line with reality, try to find out the conclusions that are in line with reality as much as possible before processing. Obviously this is the case, so what happened to the question he asked just now.

Ganelon smiled. It's like a teacher who praises immature students who have finally found the answer.

"Why, there is such a question?"

"I thought it was strange before. When you talk about the old things, you will tell the subtleties that only the person concerned
will know. Although the bard will be Adding oil and vinegar to the story makes the story even higher, but the content is obviously different from what you said. However, the real opportunity is that your sister's business"

Ganelon's smile disappeared. He urged the king to continue with his sight.

"It's Dominic. Sister Ru's true identity seems to be a completely unrelated woman who didn't know where to find it... I asked them to investigate, and after understanding it seemed to be the case, I asked them to find out about the Ganelon family. Things, and keep your distance as much as possible."

Faron stood up. Although he remained calm, his face became pale.

"The Ganelon family will regularly have a very thin, bald head, with an incredible atmosphere. The owner of that kind has a wealth of knowledge, and his attitude towards the royal family is extremely inferior."

"How did you know?"

"I know from the Lords. Ancient records, from the documents left in the palace in the past, I asked people to extract and summarize the records about the head of the Ganelon family."

In response to Faron's answer, Ganelon lifted the corners of his mouth.

"It's really like your down-to-earth style. But it's not enough. As long as the people who advocate the Ganelon family are prone to have such characteristics, you can pretend to be ignorant."

Ganelon stepped forward. Coming leisurely, shortening the distance with Faron.

"But, let me tell you. Just like you think, I have been alive in the time of the first ancestors. The exact age has long been forgotten."
Ganelon's eyes gleamed. The transparent demons began to move silently. This even Faron held his breath.

"Don't worry. These guys are different from humans and won't kill you because of impulse."

Ganelon no longer hides it. He is no longer within the scope of humans.

—— *This inhuman power is Ganelon's backing...No, it is his foundation.*

There was no sound, Faron was convinced of this.

—— *Duke Thenardier drives the dragon, and Ganelon manipulates the demon.*

On the opposite side of the frightening thought, Faron felt that it would be good to know this when he was ruling the world. No matter what method you use, you must dispose of these things while you are still on the throne.

"I hope you can help to treat Duke Bergerac"

Without showing any inner determination, Faron demanded. Ganelon agreed.

"Okay. However, all the humans in the palace, except you, have already passed the gate of the Hades. The temple on the top of the mountain has no human breath. It takes a moment to call people from the street."

Faron could only nod his head. Only let Rashval persist until that time.

The skeletons carried Rashval. Faron was clamped to the left and right by the transparent demons.

"Take the most luxurious guest room"
Faron and the demons walked out. When passing by Ganelon, the king said something.

There was a little sympathy in the sentence "You are a little wrong", and Ganelon didn't miss it. However, he did not question, and silently watched the king who left the meeting.

In the midst of seeing no one, Ganelon did not sit on the throne, and stood aside.

There was a period of time three hundred years ago, this is where he stood.

When Ganelon's subordinates appeared between the interviews, it was a quarter and a half after Faron and the others left. There are 30 people there. Half of the people are armed, and the rest are bureaucrats.

They have been used to seeing demons, although there is no more fear than necessary. But the terrible state of the palace and the smell of blood enveloped in it really made it difficult to calm down. When they stood in front of Ganelon, their faces were equally pale.

Ganelon briefly explained the situation and ordered them to be responsible for the cleaning of the palace and the care of the Faron.

"That's okay. Give Faron a normal diet and exercise in moderation. Once a day, wipe his body with a wrung-out towel. You must be careful not to hurt him or make him sick. If there is something wrong with your body, let you work as the dead."

The subordinates trembled, replied that they would follow the order, and then quit.

The current palace has become a lair of demons, plus the demons led by Ganelon, the killed soldiers and knights, officials and maids all stood up and became new demons waiting for the master's orders. Ganelon's words are not a joke or metaphor, and his subordinates are unforgettable.
After all his subordinates had left, Ganelon silently stared at the meeting, revealing a disappointed expression inadvertently.

"The dead corpses of the earth dragons are all destroyed. They are close to fifty. I did not expect that even a war maiden could not be killed. If the raw materials are not good, it will not work as a dead corpse. Just obey what Drekavok says... "

A few days ago, Faron let Roland get lost in a forest somewhere, trying to ruin him. But at that time, it was hindered by Drekavok. Drekavok is a fortuneteller who serves Thenardier, whose true identity is a demon, and has a hostile relationship with Ganelon.

Ganelon killed the earth dragon group released by Drekavok. Then he repelled Drekavok, using the remaining earth dragon remains as his minions.

After that, after learning that there was a war maiden visiting the palace going north, Ganelon asked the dragon group to chase her. Although it is expected that this number will definitely achieve some results, it seems that the expectations are too high.

"No... According to Bachelard's report, Vanadis has two people."

Thinking of that, Ganelon frowned slightly.

"There is also a Vanadis and Tigrevurmd Vorn, and the little girl of Bergerac should act together. The dead who were waiting in Charles's short way were wiped out by those guys. This one escaped from the king's capital. Vanadis, it seems that you have turned against the guerrillas of those guys."

What should I do next...

Closing his eyes, Ganelon began to think.

"For the time being, let's provoke it first."

That evening, a message was issued from the palace, which shocked the capital.
"During the king’s absence, Duke Ganelon will act as the prime minister’s agent to perform government affairs during the king’s absence."

The healthy King Faron suddenly fell ill a few days ago, ignoring the original prime minister Badoin, and the government affairs agent of the government. impossible. The lords and merchants who were familiar with the affairs of the court had to think that it was Ganelon who made the terrible act of usurping the throne.

Prince Regnas and the great noble Duke Thenardier would certainly not stand idly by. He will definitely declare that he is going to defeat Ganelon. The day when the capital becomes the center of war and struggle should not be far away.

Looking up at the royal palace standing on the side of Luberon Mountain, they whispered with sullen faces.

That day, Duke Thenardier received several reports from his henchman Steed in the ruling room of the mansion. Since Stead returned to his realm from the capital, Nemetaku, he has devoted himself to gathering intelligence and sending instructions to the lords who support him every day.

After hearing that Bergerac had lost to Bachelard in the Battle of Tieruse, Thenardier's serious expression was mixed with a few ridicules.

"Sure enough, it's the 'house of the mine'. After that, what happened to the girl?"

"Ludie finally escaped. It is very possible to plan a comeback." Steed was thirty-four years old. The short blond hair, the lanugo-like beard and the face lacking blood color, looked expressionless as if it were fixed by wax. Regardless of his appearance, he is very talented in terms of swordsmanship, command and use of soldiers, and the ability to handle affairs.
"Continue to track their actions. If Bergerac can contain Ganelon, it is not impossible to give some support."

Bergerac guerrillas completed the reconstruction and won a battle victory, Thenardier and Steed Not yet known. It would take more than ten days to get from Otto to Nemetaku even if it is fast.

"How about the investigation of the true identity of Ganelon"

"I'm very sorry. Regarding this, we still can't produce decent results. Ganelon's sister, indeed, is not the daughter of Duke Ganelon's, but there is evidence that there is."

At the panicked Steed, Thenardier waved his hand magnificently.

"It's okay. Even you can't easily find out. Through this incident, you can also see that Ganelon wants to hide his identity no matter what. Then, what about Bachelard?"

"It has been determined that he was born in a place called the town of Pontola. Bachelard traveled as a mercenary and seemed to have returned to this town last spring. Not long after that, his mother died of illness."

"Pontola... the town Near Massilia, right?"

Thenardier opened his eyes slightly. Stead spread out the prepared map on the desk.

The map roughly depicts the southern part of Brune. Looking towards the coast of the South Sea, there is a place written Massilia. This is one of the port cities that supports the strong financial resources of the Thenardier family.

"The king said that Bachelard's mother was Ifrikia's nobleman... so that's it."

Massilia will be visited by people from various countries. Needless to say, there are people from Sachenstein or Muozinzel, and there are also people across the Southern Sea from Ifrikia or Charles who have no diplomacy with Brune.
Thenardier can easily imagine the reason Bachelard's mother moved to Galpantola.

She is a noble person who has failed in the political struggle. In Massilia, which has a large flow of people, she will be discovered by the people of Ifrikia. But, on the other hand, she must be very concerned about things in her hometown.

Galpantola, which is about two or three days away from Massilia, is a quiet town where many mixed-race children live. A little distance away from Massilia, it is an ideal place to gather information.

"After his mother passed away, did Ganelon's subordinates come into contact with Bachelard?"

"That, it seems that other people also contacted Bachelard. Bachelard was a little bit disappointed about his mother's death, and he was not decent for the time being. After going out, I found cheerfulness after meeting with that character, and started to go out. The meeting with Ganelon was after this."

Hearing Steed's words, Thenardier frowned. This is the first time I have heard of it.

A few days ago, when he went to the palace, Thenardier had read the relevant information of Prime Minister Badoin's investigation, but there was no such record.

"It can revive him from his mother's death. Is the other person quite close to him, or... Whoever finds it out first? Is there anything else found?"

"In Galpantola, People close to Bachelard learned that he had moved to the temple in the northern town of Gatomagus. This temple is only accessible by witches. If you can meet this character, you may be able to inquire about it."

Inside the town, the name of Thenardier became the source of many frowns. The northern part is the sphere of influence of
Ganelon, who has a hostile relationship with him. The remoteness coupled with the danger does not necessarily guarantee that useful information can be obtained. Nevertheless, it cannot be left alone.

"You can find a few people to go there depending on the situation. Because ordinary temples will relax their vigilance as long as they receive donations, so take some money appropriately. ——what's the situation?"

"The earliest information was in six days. The previous content..."

Stead's voice did not change or he said lightly, but his eyes shone sharply.

"On the street, I seem to see people who are loyal to Ganelon's family. Also, King Faron seems to have sent out some bureaucrats and knights who work in the palace. I think this is to warn Ganelon about what action he is taking."

Thenardier crossed his arms and murmured in a low voice.

——Are you a step late?

Considering the distance between Nice and Nemetaku, there is no alternative. To know the situation in the capital yesterday and today, Thenardier thought about it. Perhaps Ganelon led his troops to occupy the capital.

——The man's words may be done. However, Bachelard has not even obtained the right to succeed to the throne.

In this situation, if Ganelon took the king's capital as his own, he would become a rebel. Or did he capture King Faron alive and plan to justify his position?

"Stead, if you act tomorrow, how many troops can you prepare?"

The clues of the voice could tell the ambition, Thenardier asked. Stead answered fluently.
"From this Nemetaku, there can be ten thousand to follow you. Call the lords to meet with the king's capital. When they arrive, there will be twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand."

Thenardier was dissatisfied, using his nose to Exhale. This is not enough to fight Ganelon.

——*Can Drekavok prepare the dragon?*

Think of the old fortune-teller who had served him before. Although his origin is unknown, Thenardier cherishes him because of his loyalty. In the battle with Muozinel, he learned the terrible part of relying on dragons, but if there were dragons, it was indeed reassuring.

However, that Drekavok disappeared about a month ago. It is common for the old fortune-teller to disappear unknowingly. Although he didn't pay much attention this time, he always felt a little anxious.

"Prince Regnas, do you still shrink in Lannion City as usual?"

"There is also a reason that the information obtained is not correct, but it seems to be the case."

Thenardier decided to ignore the prince's affairs. People who just run around waiting for help from others are a forsaken existence for Thenardier. But if the other party takes the initiative to contact here, it's not that they can't listen to the other party's thoughts. If it doesn't develop like this, at least it will hurt both sides with Bachelard.

"Tomorrow, set out from here. To protect the capital, or to take the capital back from the rebels."

After the announcement, Thenardier considered his son's affairs. Zion Thenardier, now in the southeast of Brune. Because he let him contain the Muozinel army.

——*For the sake of Zion, I'll let him stay in Nemetaku.*
So far, Thenardier had planned this way.

Let Steide stay at Nemetaku, and if something happens to him, call Zion here and let him inherit the status of Patriarch of Thenardier's house. If Steide assisted him, it would be fine.

However, at this time, Thenardier remembered something.

It was after discussing with King Faron when visiting the capital of Nice. Thenardier ran into Urs Vorn in the corridor of the palace.

Urs responded calmly to Thenardier who asked why he sent his son to Olmutz. Said that it was what his son wanted.

After some time, Thenardier called his confidant's name "Stead".

"Send a letter to Zion"

"Should he return to Nemetaku"

"No," Thenardier shook his head.

"Allow yourself this time. Act according to your own ideas, and then convey it to him."

Steed held his breath after hearing Thenardier's words. This is an almost unbelievable statement.

"Is that okay", he had to confirm.

"As of last spring, I shouldn't have thought about it this way." Thenardier continued, feeling a little disappointed.

"The Thenardier home must have a strong successor. Zion went to Aspen Cristobal, fought, come back. This strength, this time let me see it down in this country."

"I see,"

Steide bowed his head solemnly.
The Bergerac guerrillas finished their post-war treatment and returned to the city of Lazes, in the morning two days after the battle in Nauli.

Although the number of guerrillas killed in action did not exceed 50, the number of wounded exceeded 300. The reason is that there were already many wounded in the guerrillas. Many people had their wounds open during the battle.

On the other side, the Vladze Army killed more than four hundred people, and wounded as many as twice this number.

About one thousand soldiers surrendered. Nearly six hundred soldiers fled. The number of people who returned to their own territory did not add up to three hundred people.

The end of the surrendered soldier can be said to be a miserable situation of self-sustaining.

Headed by Viscount Shabanon, nearly five hundred soldiers were executed by Otto's people. The remaining soldiers were taken to do coolies and saved from death.

In front of the city of Lazes, Ludie once again consoled the soldiers. Mashas issued a statement to revitalize the villages and cities attacked by Vladze's army, and held a victory banquet.

Tigre and others also attended the banquet, and only half a moment later, they immediately gathered in the large room of the mansion. Tigre, Mila, Sofy, Olga, Ludie, Urs, and Mashas are in a large group of people.

The content of the banquet was left to Lilianu. By the way, Liza was not in this place because she wanted to help Lilianu.

The sun is setting outside the house. Pour the wine into the corresponding number of silver cups, and wait for the cheese to be on the table. Mashas looked at Urs.

"Can you tell me in detail Why you came here to the capital city?"
It came from Ganelon's occupation of the palace. These words brought a great shock to Tigre and others. However, the post-war handling cannot be slack, and it is necessary to comfort the soldiers.

After finally gathering these people, we can save the time dedicated to gathering everyone.

"That's it.... It's a long story. Let me start talking about it in the early winter of last year."

After taking a sip of wine, Urs began to say.

Urs, who read the letters sent from Tigre, worried that his son had extensive communication with the Zhtceds. If the under-considered noble or prince knew about it, Earl Vorn's family might be suspected of colluding with Zhtced.

Before such a person appeared, Urs first visited the king and decided to explain the matter.

King Faron already knew about the exchange between Alsace and Olmutz. There shouldn't be any problems.

"I gave Bertrand the matter of Dean and the territory. There is also Tita. I think it doesn't matter if you spend the whole winter in the royal capital..."

The matter will not leave for the royal capital.

Because Alsace on the northeast edge was far away from the king, and he believed that it was the lord's responsibility to protect the people and make the territory prosperous. They must Go there at most once a year.

"When I visited the capital, I was surprised to hear that there was an illegitimate prince. Although I did not doubt His Majesty's opinion, I thought it would only become a spark of dispute. When I heard that he was not granted the right to inherit the throne, I thought It is indeed your Majesty, but after learning that Duke Ganelon will be his guardian, there is an ominous premonition."
In short, Urs waited for three days to see Faron. From the standpoint of Urs, it can be said that it is lucky to have only waited three days. Urs himself was ready to wait for ten days.

"Your Majesty smiled happily and forgiven you. However, he said something disturbing about your future."

The second half of the line was addressed to his son. Tigre cared a little and leaned out.

"What did your majesty say?"

"Although it's a bit out of routine, I have to say it. He said that he would let you marry a certain prince's daughter and then go to the palace to serve, or negotiate with Zhcted, so that you can do something equivalent. You stayed in Zhcted for a few years as a military attaché. In fact—"

Urs smiled bitterly and looked at Olga kindly.

"When writing a letter, you still got close to Olga and Elizavetta. Maybe this shouldn't be said in front of you warriors. Depending on your position, you can also appeal to Zhcted and gain a great favor, he said like this,"

Tigre stared at his father with his mouth open in a daze. Leaving aside the appointment to the palace, he had never considered staying in Zhcted in that way.

"Well, what does it mean to be able to sell King Zhcted to a great favor?"

"Although it can be seen that the King of Zhcted is a wise ruler, but even so, he must be with seven nobles at the same time. It's also difficult to maintain a good relationship."

Because of concerns about Mila and the others, Urs said briefly, and Tigre understood.
Mila is close to Militsa, Sofy, and Sasha, but has a sinister relationship with Elen (the first female is robbed). The relationship with Olga has only become good now, and he has never even seen each other before they met in Sachenstein. Although he has met with Liza, it is only the relationship we have seen.

Also, Sofy said before that as the rulers of their respective principalities, they will have conflicts of interest anyway, and they may also be involved in disputes between princes.

He is not only an excellent fighter, but also has corresponding strength. If someone can cleverly mediate the relationship between them, King Zhcted should be looking for it with a lot of money.

"That's really an interesting topic,"

Sofy said with a different smile.

"Although it is good to be a military attaché, I personally recommend to be a patrol officer who can travel between the seven principalities. I think it would be good to expand the knowledge of Tigre in this way."

Olga admired a little bit on the side. It was Mila and Ludie who felt dumb.

"No, just like before, it's not good to stay in Olmutz... It's also good for Tigre to be close to Alsace, right?"

Mila controlled herself to retort with a seemingly calm attitude. Ludie is more direct.

"I think Tigre should be appointed to the palace. The people who are close to Tigre are not limited to Zhcted's. Reg... Your Royal Highness also has a very good evaluation of Tigre."

Tigre felt confused. Because he knew that if he said something awkwardly, it would only make things more troublesome, so he didn't say anything. Perceiving something, Mashas looked at Tigre with a smirk.
"I am really grateful for you to have such a high evaluation of my son. According to what I said before. After this matter is resolved, Your Majesty may have new instructions."

After Urs greeted carefully, it ended. situation.

"Back to the topic. After explaining the whole story to your Majesty, I planned to return to Alsace immediately. However, I was unable to do so. I heard from Prime Minister Pod Pantheon, as I feared, there are bad rumors spreading."

"It's the ghost of the Marquis of Greast?"

Ludie asked, wanting to confirm. Urs nodded.

"Your Majesty, he advised me before cleared of suspicion lived in the palace. I asked his men to return to Alsace, while at work to help under Pod Wan Temple, while watching developments"

"Hasn't Badoin cleverly used it?"

Mashas frowned. The prime minister's name is called because he and the prime minister are old acquaintances.

"As long as the house is really usable will take advantage of people as the reward, and he agrees, Alsace will give support. Is not a bad deal, right?"

"That's good because you are simply worrying."

Mashas shook his head and urged the topic to continue.

"My job is to collect information about Prince Bachelard and Duke Ganelon. I go shopping in the street every day and collect rumors about the prince little by little."

"Sure enough, you are still being forced into danger by that guy. Do you work?" Mashas said.

"But for their sake I cannot refuse. And if the opponent is Ganelon, then I have to protect this Tigrevurmud as his confidant."
As a result, there are two things Urs cares about Bachelard.

"One is, I heard that the prince's mother was Ifrikia"

"Ifrikia, across the South Sea kingdom ah. I have heard that the people of that country have with brown skin"

Mila said that as if confirming, Ludie said from the side.

"It doesn't have to be this way. There are also white-skinned people in that country. But..."

Her Bi-color and bright red pupils were full of questions, and Ludie was lost in thought.

"Our country and Ifrikia have no exchanges between countries. This has always been the case before I was born. Although your Majesty is an enlightened person, but even so, an Ifrikia is favored by His Majesty."

"If, even if this thing is true, and King Faron has admitted, I don’t think Bachelard’s position will be shaken much. Although some lords may be disappointed,"

Sofy expressed not much interest in this matter.  
——As far as I am concerned, I do not want to resort to such a method as much as possible...

Thinking about this, Tigre quietly observed Ludie's appearance.

For her, Bachelard, who wants to take the life of Regnas, is a man who will never be forgiven, and an enemy that must be defeated.

Moreover, her father, Duke Bergerac, is in a dangerous situation. Ludie's respect for her father has been heard several times during the journey. It is impossible for her not to worry about her father.

Even if you want to give Bachelard a blow by any means, it is not surprising.
Sure enough, she stared at Tigre, as if she could see through his heart, and said.

"As long as there is some effect, now there is no room to choose the means... But even if you go to investigate, because it takes too much time, and it seems that there is not much benefit, so let's give it up for the time being"

Inadvertently, Tigre shrank his neck. Ludie didn't worry about the mood here, but made a calm judgment, but even so, Tigre still felt sorry.

"Earl Vorn, what is the other one?" Sofy asked.

"The prince turned out to be a mercenary. I heard that he was injured on the battlefield to the extent that he was retired from the mercenary before returning to his hometown."

Tigre, Mila, and Ludie looked at each other. All three have seen Bachelard up close. He hadn't seen any major injuries, and his movements didn't look like he had suffered such severe injuries.

"Obviously, Ludie and I combined our strengths to challenge him and failed to win. Under what circumstances can I get hurt like that?"

Like the unacceptable Mila, Ludie nodded vigorously.

"Although anything can happen on the battlefield, this is even more unbelievable than the first rumor."

Tigre also questioned his father.

"The obvious scar seems to be on the right eye... Maybe it's because of it. After a lot of blood, it was a serious injury."

Urs did not completely deny the words of the three.

"The mercenary I said this to was also drunk. However, whether the same mercenaries could also misunderstand this point also made me wonder. When I heard that Prince Bachelard returned to
this country, he directly responded. The hometown I was born in; I might be able to understand what I heard from here."

"Where is the hometown where he was born?"

"I was told that it seems to be called Galpantola. There is Nemetaku in the south."

Tigre and the others were puzzled. Some shook their heads, some looked up at the ceiling. It's too far anyway.

He heard that the Marquis of Greast collected the letters and testimonies as evidence of the collusion between Vorn's house and Zhcted, and sent them to the palace one by one. For this reason, Urs has been difficult to clear up the suspicion, and stayed in the palace in the spring.

"Nearly twenty days have passed since the Light Wheel Festival. I met Olga."

Urs' gaze turned towards Olga. The pink-haired Vanadis nodded blankly.

"When I arrived at the palace, I explained what happened to King Faron, and said I was going to see Urs."

"The expressions of His Royal Highness and Pod's Pantheon at that time are a bit disrespectful to say, but it is worth seeing. Your Majesty who endures a smile and the Prime Minister who chews bitter insects."

"It's no wonder. The suspicion on you is because of your suspicion. The companion who came over was strengthened."

Mashas looked at Tigre with a teasing look.

"Isn't Elizavetta also a war maiden? The war maiden who has not met you yet, is there no more."

"There is another, Alexandra who governs Legnica, I haven’t seen it. She can’t leave the Principality because of her condition."
"But, Sasha—Alexandra, she is not separated from Lord Tigrevurmu. Because she is my friend, as well as Sofy and Eleonora's friend."

To Tigre's answer, Mila added this from the side. Mashas smiled.

"Sure enough, you can only serve in the royal capital, right?"

"I'll think about it first."

Tigre shrugged and looked at his father. Urs continued.

"After hearing what Olga said, she agreed that she would stop Prince Bachelard. She said she had already dispatched an envoy for this. Olga wanted to leave the royal capital immediately and was persuaded by his Majesty to stay. She said Before knowing the exact location of Tigre and the others, let's see what's going on."

"I have to express my gratitude to King Faron..."

Mila breathed a sigh of relief. If Olga were to go towards the house of Count Barton, or the city of Loazo, the meeting would be even later.

"Nine days ago, in the palace of Olga and I, I was summoned by Duke Bergerac. Your Excellency said that Duke Ganelon seemed to be planning something bad in the capital. Let Olga and I Run away quickly."

Ludie leaned out of his body in order not to miss a word.

"I asked the Duke what he would do next. He said he wanted to protect his majesty and command the troops that suppressed Duke Ganelon, so he stayed."

Then, Urs accepted the letter from the Duke to his daughter. In addition to Tigre and Ludie acting together, this is also the reason Urs originally wanted to see her.

Without saying more about Duke Bergerac, Urs continued.
"Your Majesty said, please protect our important guest, Olga. I planned to do the same, but it was me who was actually protected. Including the group of corpse dragons, they were attacked several times from the start of the capital to Otto. Now, if it was only me, it would have died somewhere."

"No need to mind,"

Olga said with a proud chest.

"I'm a Vanadis and Tigre is my friend. It is natural to protect my friend's family."

"Thank you very much." After saying thank you to Olga, Urs turned back to Mashas.

"Raffinac is here for you, I heard from the Olga. If I want to come here, would I be able to find out about Tigre and the others? I didn't expect it to be like this."

"Isn't it the right thing to come to the old? Don't worry about anything."

Shaking his beard, Mashas showed a defiant smile. Urs's mouth also eased, and he sighed when he learned that Raffinac and Garuin had gone to Asvarre.

"That guy has really suffered a lot. Asvarre or the like, even I have not been there."

"I'm sorry. There is no other way..."

In order to get the timid Tigre to start, Urs Put his hand on your son's shoulder.

"Considering the current situation, it is correct to seek allies from abroad. My Royal Highness Guinevere and I have met once. She is not an unreasonable person. Even if she does not use her power, she will not be bad. Treat Raffinac and the others"

"Speaking of which, what do you plan to do in the future?"
Mashas asked Urs casually, and Urs replied without being confused.

"Of course it's back to Alsace. I'll start from here tomorrow morning."

"I'm so impatient." Urs shook his head at Mashas, who was expected to be surprised.

"Although it was forced by the situation, I have lived in the capital for too long. After returning to Alsace, I will send soldiers here. Although I can't prepare too many people, it is always useful."

Considering the status quo, strengthen Alsace's defense should be the top priority. While understanding this, Urs also said that he would send troops. This is because of the sincerity of the lord noble.

"Should I go with you?"

Olga looked up at Urs. The pupils of the clear blue sky showed a glow of friendship. The Patriarch of Count Vorn's house smiled and stretched out his hand.

"Thank you very much. But, can you please use your bravery for my son."

"I see."

As if expecting such an answer, Olga's expression remained unchanged, and Urs shook hands.

"I have one thing I want to ask Earl Vorn,"

Sofy said from the side.

"After you return to Alsace, can you please contact Leitmeritz. If we can communicate our current situation to Eleonora, she will be able to report the situation to our Majesty. In that case, it might be Olmutz. Even Alsace can get help."
"That's it. Although getting help from Lord Vanadis can make people nervous, it's not the time to talk about it now."

Listen to this. The words Tigre showed a relieved expression. Elen's words can be trusted.

"Earl Vorn and Alsace's affairs are like this, what shall we do next?"

Mila asked Ludie in a calm tone.

"It was originally planned to go to the royal capital, but it is a bit difficult at this time."

Urs and Olga were attacked, which means that the royal capital and its surroundings have been controlled by Ganelon. Counting Liza out of combat power, although there are three warriors, it is extremely unscrupulous to take less than a thousand soldiers to the king.

"In that case, I have an idea."

While squeezing his hand on the table, Ludie patrolled everyone.

"Go and attack Parnia, the territory of the Marquis Greast,"

Tigre and the others stared at her with horror. Mashas groaned.

"This may be a good way.... The Marquis of Greast seems to be really dead"

Mashas, before handing over Viscount Shabanon to the lord, it took him a long time to ask him. In order to know the reason for his attack on Otto, and the movements of the Duke of Ganelon, during this, Shabanon told the story of Greast's death. This matter has also been told to the people present here.

There was a flush of red on her cheeks, and Ludie continued.

"The Marquis was once the confidant of Ganelon. Whether it be Ganelon or Bachelard, you may be able to obtain more detailed information. Even if you don't obtain this information, you can
still deal a blow to Ganelon, isn't it? In this case, you can also help your Royal Highness a little bit"

"Moreover, it may also wash away the suspicion that was held on Lord Tigrevurmud, right"

Mila nodded in understanding.

"I heard that Greast is not a popular lord. I think the soldiers are forbidden to pillage. If you don't do arrogant actions, there won't be much resistance from the people. How is it?"

Ludie walked around for a week. On behalf of everyone, Tigre nodded.

"Go and suppress the territory of Greast"

For Ludie, even one person should want to go to the capital. However, considering the affairs of Brune, Regnas and the guerrillas, she chose the way forward.

For this decision, Tigre did not stop.

After dinner, Tigre invited Mila and Urs to his room.

What Tigre wanted to tell his father was about the family black bow. Let Mila come together because it has something to do with Vanadis's Dragon Gear.

After talking about what happened in Asvarre and Sachenstein, Tigre showed his father two arrows.

Urs carefully picked up the arrow and narrowed his eyes.

"It feels similar to the family bow..."

Although Urs doesn't use a bow, he doesn't treat the family bow harshly.

Then Urs took Lavias from Mila. Before, he had seen the dragon gear of Militsa Glinka who visited Alsace, but this was the first time he touched the dragon gear.
"it’s Like iron, but not iron. There is no distortion at all."

Urs returned Lavias back to Mila cautiously.

"Even people like me know that dragons have incredible power. However, I don’t know why my family’s heirloom resonates with dragons. I think you’ve heard my son say it, and only this one has been handed down. The black bow is the possession of our ancestors."

"So, is there any legend surrounding the bow in Alsace?" When asked by Mila, Urs thought about it.

"Although it is not without, but they are all things that can be heard elsewhere. For example, like the ancestor Charles hunting with a bow in the Luberon Mountains."

Charles traveled around in order to rejuvenate his kingdom. Because of that, the legend about him stayed in Brune. What Urs just said was nothing unusual.

"I know it's rude, but I still ask, is it possible that the first Earl Vorn was a Zhcted...?"

"It is possible."

Urs nodded seriously in response to Mila's panic question.

"Brune and Zhcted are only separated by the Luberon mountain range. They also have similarities in language and believe in the same gods. People who cross the mountains and travel between the two places will also have them. Because the first generation of my family is just one Ordinary hunter. But if someone says that this bow belongs to Zhcted, I'm troubled."

"No, I didn't say that I had such an idea,"

Mila hurriedly denied. Urs smiled kindly and motioned to her not to care.
"I understand. After this matter is over, it is necessary to discuss this bow again. Although it will bother you, we have to discuss whether to let our son go to you again."

"Not at all. Tigre and he—"

These words were interrupted, and Mila smiled.

"Because of Tigre, he taught me a lot of precious things."

Because there are no outsiders here, Mila thinks it doesn't matter to use nicknames.

Tigre blushed and looked away. Judging from the attitudes of the two, Urs might have noticed something, but did not say anything, and looked at his son.

"Tigre, what do you want to do?"

Tigre, who recovered his composure, looked at his father earnestly. Urs continued.

"If I think about it, I should abandon this black bow. It's too dangerous. Just now, although I said that this bow is not Zhcted's thing, it may be fine to transfer it to Zhcted according to the situation. No, it's wrong. In this case, it should be sent out forcibly"

"Father...!"

Tigre couldn't help getting up from his chair. Mila was surprised and nervous, looking at the faces of father and son alternately. Urs' expression eased, and he motioned for his son to sit down.

"Listen to me. So, it's up to you to decide what to do. Compared to me who just treats this bow as an heirloom, you are far closer to the secret of this bow."

Tigre sat back in the chair. Enter, sighed, staring at his father and said.

"I, want to know what this bow is. Moreover, there are demons. I don't plan to give up this bow now."
Zmei, who occupied Mila's Grandma's body, has not yet been wiped out.

That demon is the target to be defeated anyway.

"I see. You should also be careful not to force yourself."

The father showed a smile, which also contained a slight loneliness.

However, he immediately turned into a serious expression and saluted Mila.

"Ludmila, my unscrupulous son, I beg you."

For a moment, Mila was speechless. Suppress the excitement and work hard to weave the words.

"Leave it to me. Tigre is like family."

Regarding Mila's words, I don't know how Urs interpreted it. However, he expressed his gratitude with a clear expression.

After that, the three happily talked about trivial matters in a short time. Urs talked about what happened in Alsace since last summer, and Mila talked about Olmutz. Tigre didn't say anything, trying to add what was said on both sides. Because he wants to communicate with the two as much as possible.

When the conversation was almost over, Urs got up from his chair. After saying that he will go to Mashas's room for a drink. Tigre and Mila watched Urs as he walked out of the room.

Before going out, Urs looked back at Tigre. Said as if thinking of something.

"In that case, when His Majesty Faron seemed to have said that the arrow is the soul of the bow"

Tigre was puzzled. He heard this for the first time.

Probably seeing his heart from his son's expression, Urs smiled.
"Don't you know. I wonder if it's like a sword or a spear is the soul of a knight. If I make a mistake, please tell me next time."

"I understand" said his father.

The words, Tigre remembered in his heart. Even if he doesn't understand it now, maybe one day I will understand. Moreover, he always feels that this is not something that can be ignored.

The father's figure disappeared deep in the corridor, and Mila looked at Tigre with her blue ponytail shaking.

"I'm about to go to rest, too. ——Speaking of which, there is one thing that I forgot to say"

The gentle smile disappeared from Mila's face, and a cold look penetrated Tigre.

"Red wolf's red arrow. It seems to say so. You seem to be particularly active."

That is an alias for the soldiers of the Rangers to praise Tigre's fighting posture.

"No, that..."

Tigre said incoherently, explaining that this was what he had to do. Mila put her hand on her waist while being angry, and after a deep sigh, she forgave her sweetheart.

"Although there is no way to do things that have passed, can that kind of behavior be avoided for me in the future. I almost fainted when I first heard about it. It was too messy to stand in front of the enemy with the bow and arrow in my hand."

"I'll pay attention," Tigre only answered this sentence.

This was not an agreed word, and Mila seemed to understand that it was more like acting like a baby, but she still kissed Tigre's left cheek gently, just as she calmed down her anger.
Looking at the back of Mila walking out, Tigre put his hand on his left cheek. If you do the same thing again, maybe you will be bitten next time, thinking blankly. The opposite of her anger was her worry about herself, and Tigre understood it.

Not wanting to just go back to the room like this, Tigre walked to the hallway and walked out of the house.

In the vestibule, someone had already come first. The silver hair appeared white in the dark. Noting the sound of Tigre's footsteps, the silver-haired owner turned her head, and it was Ludie as expected.

"What's the matter, Tigre"

"I want to roam a little bit. How about you?"

"I'm almost the same."

Ludie smiled. At this moment, Tigre noticed what she was holding. It was a letter received from the Duke of Bergerac.

About the content of the letter, he heard from Ludie. Her father recorded the conditions of the royal capital and palace in as much detail as possible. Only the last line was written to his daughter.

"Since you have done it, let's go to the end by yourself."

It seems to say to hold the guerrillas in charge to the end. With both gentleness and sternness, this sentence makes people feel his love for his daughter. On the way back to this city, Tigre had already witnessed the appearance of Ludie reading the letter several times.

—— _Why did she bring the letter to the front court..._

Thinking about this, Tigre immediately noticed.

She wanted to stay alone for a while. If you read the letter in the room, it will make others worry when Mila comes back. That's why she came here.
As soon as he wanted to talk to Ludie, Tigre was silent. Saying Goodbye to his father in peace... What can he say to her, who was talking to his father with a smile just now?

However, hesitating whether to leave the scene immediately, Tigre stood still with nothing to do. Silence shrouded the two of them, and it was about a few to ten.

Ludie threw herself into Tigre's arms. Although surprised by the sudden incident, Tigre still hugged her body tightly.

"I'm sorry. Just now, just a little bit, please let me do this..."

A slightly trembling voice passed into the young man's ears. Tigre silently put his hand around Ludie's back. It was like protecting her from the night breeze in the middle of spring. The soft white silver hair teased his cheeks.

The two kept doing this until the wind subsided.

The next morning, Tigre bid farewell to his father in front of the house.

Urs was not alone, but also brought three Otto soldiers. That was arranged by Mashas.

"Tigre..."

After calling his son's name, Urs could not say the follow-up words.

Urs wants to return to Alsace for things that only he can do. Tigre, too, stayed in the guerrillas in order to fulfill his duties. Urs understands these. However, the regret he felt because he couldn't carry the heavy burden on his son's place prevented him from saying what he wanted to say.

After some time, what came out of that mouth were extremely ordinary words.

"Take care of your body."
"You too Father, Alsace will be pleased."

In order to let his father not worry, Tigre smiled and shook his father's hands. His Father's hands are thick, dry, and warm. In order to act like a son in charge, Tigre immediately added a sentence.

"Farewell"

Urs smiled and nodded.

Tigre didn't leave there until he couldn't see the leaving figure of his father and them.
Chapter 4 - Witch

Liza stood in front of the dressing table with a nervous look.

This is the room between himself and Sofy in the Mashas mansion. With deep purple as the base tone, white on the chest, and lavender and gold mixed dresses, this is what Liza is now wearing. Sofy asked Lilianu for a dress that was no longer needed, and then re-modeled the product.

It is said that before I lost my memory, I seemed to wear such a dress often.

"If this can help you retrieve your memory," Sofy said, but unfortunately this failed to restore the memory. However, Liza felt very fresh.

Turned around in front of the dressing table. The skirt swelled lightly.

Suddenly stopping, Liza exhaled with a sigh of her actions. When she first got the dress, she thought it would be inconvenient to move. she doesn't feel that way anymore after actually putting it on.

Liza raised her right leg so high that she could see her underwear, and then raised her left leg again. Cheered myself up a somersault. With the loud sound from the floor, it landed perfectly. She was surprised that she had succeeded.

"So amazing, so amazing, so amazing"

Waving her left hand, Liza peered at the dressing table. The one in the mirror is himself with a blue right eye and a golden left eye. With a look of excitement, Liza said to herself.

"I will definitely get back the memory. So, I must become better with Sofy, Mila and everyone."
After that, Liza made another somersault, tripped over a chair, and fell down gorgeously.

Two days after the banquet of victory, the city of Lazes was full of vitality inside and outside.

The Bergerac guerrillas are anxious to coordinate their preparations for the territory of Parnia. The soldiers still have fatigue, and there are many people who have not healed. However, because the morale of the victory was very high, Tigre and others agreed that they should act as soon as possible.

Tigre, Mila, Ludie, and Olga are selecting soldiers to take to Parnia and soldiers to stay in Otto, while Mashas is dealing with people who want to contact the guerrillas.

Through patient persuasion, the sons of Mashas finally allowed the lords to agree to help. The soldiers who fled in the Battle of Tieruse once again pleaded to fight as part of the guerrillas. The number of guerrillas reached one. Thousands of three hundred.

In addition, Sofy wrote to the lords she knew. Send it to the lords you know, or recruit companions, or gather information.

The future of the guerrillas began to turn bright.

Liza walked happily in the hallway of the house filled with such a high spirit. Just now, she made an agreement with Sofy to go to Parnia with everyone. Although she was a little dissatisfied not letting her go to the battlefield, it was better than staying in Otto.

"If I go to the battlefield, I can be very active."

On Liza’s waist was the whip obtained from Lilianu. Since Sofy had warned him not to swing the whip in the house, she just let it go.

"I want to practice the whip in the vestibule. The study of words... I’ll save it until next time."
Everyone is busy, and there is no time to accompany Liza. Bored and unbearable, she wants to achieve her goal for the time being, and is walking outside the house while considering what to do.

It just so happened that Tigre came from the opposite side of the corridor. When she wanted to stop him, Liza remembered Tigre's busy situation now.

After saying hello, Liza planned to bid farewell to Tigre.

However, things did not develop into that way. The three soldiers passing by the two cast a scornful look at Tigre. Their behavior made Liza extremely upset.

"What's that, like that"

Liza complained angrily, staring at the back of the soldiers who had left. Tigre shrugged as if he was used to it.

"Because they don't like me who uses bows and arrows"

Every soldier in the guerrilla group knew about Tigre's activity in the previous battle. Despite this, people who hold prejudices against him have not completely disappeared. In addition, there are people who are jealous of him.

Liza tilted her head as if she didn't quite understand the meaning of this. Tigre explained to her the discrimination that he had received in Brune, and Liza immediately looked sad.

"That's too much."

"Yeah, I think so too"

Tigre agreed in a calm tone, and Liza wanted to catch up with the ostentatious soldiers. Tigre, who sensed what she wanted to do, hurriedly grabbed her shoulders.

"Why stop me?"

"Let me confirm what you want to do first"
"Of course it is, go and scold them"

Because she thought it was right, Liza replied upright. Holding her shoulders, Tigre shook his head. Liza frowned.

"Why not? Those people did something wrong."

"As I said earlier, I am also angry with those guys. But even if they beat them, they can't change their attitude. On the contrary, they will be looked down upon by more and more people."

"Then, what should I do?"

Tigre gave a slightly smirk to Liza who was pouting.

"Fight back with other methods"

Liza showed a confused expression. Tigre said.

"I'm more active on the battlefield. It would be better if I could build with a bow, and even if I couldn't, I could shut up the other party. If you still have to say bad things about me, that kind of person would just ignore it."

"Do you think this is all right?"

Tigre nodded. Then smiled and continued.

"Moreover, this approach can also make me stand up in front of everyone. Everyone will be proud of me too."

Liza fell into silence. Although there are reasons why it is difficult to accept these words, it is not only because of this. The lines that Tigre said just now touched a corner of her consciousness.

"Have I met you before?"

Tigre blinked several times when he was suddenly asked a strange question.

"No, I just met you for the first time not long ago."
The beauty reflected by the bright red hair, coupled with having different rainbow pupils. It is impossible for Tigre to forget.

"Just now, I feel like I've heard this somewhere before"

Tigre asked suspiciously after hearing Liza's mumble.

"That, maybe I heard this from someone else. Like Sofy, or someone else who helped you"

"No," Liza shook her head violently.

"It's even earlier. When I was a kid, it seemed like..."

Liza's voice became weaker as she spoke, as if she became uneasy. To make her feel at ease, Tigre patted her shoulder lightly.

"In addition to us, there are people who are very important to you."

Even if you lose your memory, the words still remain in the corner of your consciousness, that's probably it.

Liza beamed with joy after hearing what Tigre said. If that were the case, she would undoubtedly be very happy before she lost her memory.

"I'm going to do whip practice. Work hard to retrieve the memory as soon as possible!"

After saying this, Liza ran out of the corridor without waiting for Tigre to answer.

After Ludie and Mashas had confirmed the contents of the letter to be sent to the familiar princes, it was late at night.

Sofy returned to her room and lay down on the bed with Liza.

When Sofy was on the battlefield, Liza heard that she slept with Lilianu every night. It seems to be terrified of nightmares. As Sofy, she felt that she felt lonely during her time on the battlefield, so she did not reject Liza's proposal to sleep together.
"It's amazing, Tigre."

Fingering Sofy's pale blonde hair, Liza told her what happened today.

"But, I'm so envious. He impressed everyone with his active performance on the battlefield. I also want to go to the battlefield and defeat many enemies so that everyone can praise me for being awesome."

"What a good girl!"

Sofy gently combed Liza's red hair with her fingers. It makes her a little shy.

"Well, let's talk more about the battle."

Although Sofy briefly said about the war that took place in Nauli, she seemed to want to hear more about it.

Sofy nodded and talked about the active record of Ludie and Tigre. Although, Sofy did not witness it personally, but listened to the descriptions of the parties and the soldiers, and then sorted out the words.

After listening to her satisfaction, Liza asked suddenly, remembering something.

"Speaking of it, Ludie said 'I am a woman worth ten thousand gold coins.' What does that mean?"

"What is it... I am not very clear."

Sofy actually asked Ludie about it. What was going on, but she thought it might have a bad influence on Liza, so Sofy was vague and changed the topic.

"By the way, you have a good relationship with Ludie"

Liza nodded, pointing her left finger to her pupil of a different color.
"Because I'm a companion of Rainbow Eyes, she quietly gave me cheese"

"It's so good"

Sofy hugged Liza. Although Liza was a little surprised, she immediately hugged Sofy with her left arm. The two went to sleep holding hands.

Some time passed after that. Sofy woke up suddenly in the darkness.

Looking to the side, Liza sat and looked at this side. When she noticed her movements, her consciousness seemed to be sober.

"Sofya"

Liza made a small but clear voice.

"If you think it's necessary, use my name."

As she was shrouded in darkness, she doesn't know what Liza's expression looks like now.

However, Sofy felt that it was not Liza who had lost her memory. She had to think of the "Princess of Thunder Swirl" she had in her impression, Elizavetta Fomina.

"Thank you..."

She thanked. While hesitating whether to speak to her, Sofy felt a rapid drowsiness.

When Sofy woke up again, it was already dawn. Liza was still in the original state of losing her memory, and she couldn't remember when she asked her about what happened late last night.

A few days later, the guerrillas left 300 soldiers to defend the city of Lazes and headed for Parnia.

The number of soldiers marching was about one thousand. Among them, there are no more than a hundred cavalry.
However, even if Liza is excluded, there are still three war maidens, and this force cannot be measured by a thousand people.

In the capital of Nice, during the absence of the king, the announcement by the Duke of Ganelon to carry out government affairs has been issued for more than ten days.

The city gate has not been closed, and personnel can come and go freely. People live the same lives as before, and there is nothing to blame. Because the number of soldiers patrolling the streets has increased, the crime rate has been greatly reduced.

However, people are not at ease at all.

The tyranny of Ganelon in Lutidia has already spread among the people. Although it is fairly stable now, it’s unclear when the bloody storm will blow.

In addition, rumors that people who accidentally approached the palace were arrested and failed to come back began to spread. It’s really true about this. Although Ganelon will let go of obedient people, he will never tolerate people who are too curious.

However, few people wanted to escape from the capital. Although it has lost its vitality, there is still stability. What’s more, since it has become such a state of affairs, it is impossible for other lords to remain unmoved. If you are attacked by an army or bandit that escaped from the capital, you might as well stay here.

Despite negative judgments, people live their lives as usual.

That morning, Ganelon carried a small box under his arm and walked out of the palace. On that box, there is a unique decoration that does not belong to Brune. Foreign words are printed on the lid. That was the words of a Kingdom across the Southern Sea.

Ganelon did not walk down to the street, but walked towards the temple on the top of the mountain alone.

"I miss it,"
Ganelon said to himself as he walked on the prepared road. When he last walked on this road before, it was three hundred years ago.

Three hundred years ago, there was no Brune Kingdom in the world. Ganelon lived quietly in the mountains and forests far away from the village.

He was born with the ability to see things that do not belong to this world, and to communicate with them. For this reason, there was an unfilled gap between Ganelon and other humans, and Ganelon chose to be alone.

However, he is not a complete hermit. He also occasionally visits the village to diagnose sick people, trade with them with herbs, and obtain things that one person cannot prepare. He was suspected to be a suspicious person, and the assault happened.

If nothing special happened, Ganelon would probably spend his life quietly in the mountains.

What changed his life was a mercenary named Charles.

He dragged Ganelon out of the forest as his subordinate. Then, relax on the battlefield.

Ganelon didn't understand what Charles wanted of herself. However, although he never said that he would let myself pick up the sword, Charles was really looking forward to other effects.

Ganelon, made suggestions for Charles's various actions. From the content of negotiations with other people, and the way of using troops on the battlefield, to the assurance of logistics. However, Ganelon just offered his opinion, and all the implementation was handed over to Charles.

Although it did not win all battles. He has also lost several times and failed several times. However, Charles all showed dumbfounded optimism, and had never been discouraged. Even if
he had teased Ganelon, he had not actually made Ganelon bear the responsibility.

Many people gathered under Charles and left. I don't know from what day, Ganelon became his most qualified subordinate. Even when he acquired Durandal, called the sword by later generations, on Mount Luberon, Ganelon was with him.

He founded the Kingdom of Brune, and even when he sat on the throne, Ganelon was by Charles's side. Ganelon recalled the day of the ascension ceremony, as if it was like yesterday.

At that time, Ganelon abandoned his identity as a human being.

When Brune was founded, Charles and Ganelon blocked many powerful enemies, not only humans, but also demons.

The demon's name was Kochei, and it fought a death battle with Ganelon.

Ganelon swallowed Kochei and won the final victory. For Ganelon who can communicate with spirits and the like, he has that ability.

However, because of this, Ganelon is no longer a pure human.

Realizing this, Ganelon wanted to leave Charles, but the man who had become the king said, "If you act according to your own will, there will be no problem, right" and ignored him.

After that, Ganelon was awarded a reward for his many achievements, and he asked Lutidia.

Ganelon was over forty years old when he swallowed Kochei, but after that he would no longer grow old and would not die. Watching for the king he serves, serving his son, and assisting generations of kings.

Because he knows that a body that does not age will make others feel unnatural, he regularly disguises. Pretend to be married, pretend to let a woman as a wife give birth, and bring adopted
children from other places according to the situation. Because it would seem strange to have no brothers or sisters at all, so sometimes he also prepares for it.

As the years go by, many people forget Ganelon's face. Although he sometimes appears as the head of a certain generation of Ganelon's family, he will not actively communicate with anyone. There are two reasons for this. One of them is to warn that one's body will be seen through.

There is another, because Ganelon has never encountered someone who would want to communicate with him at such a risk. Like Charles who pulled herself from the depths of the forest, a human who exuded a strong brilliance, Ganelon had never encountered it.

Among the kings of the past, there were kind kings and wise kings, but for Ganelon, both the qualifications and the charm were insufficient. In the case of Faron, Ganelon only has dissatisfaction with him that is almost nihilistic.

"--But this day is about to come to an end,"

Ganelon muttered as he walked on the steps leading to the top of the mountain.

He can see the temple. Ganelon liberated the priests and witches who served here to the foot of the mountain, and now there is no one here. He didn't want to avoid seeing blood, but they took good care of things that are very important to Ganelon, so Ganelon gave them a high evaluation.

After Ganelon entered the temple, he moved straight along the corridor without any hesitation. Passed through the door of a certain room.

There was a room where the coffin containing the remains of Charles, the ancestor was placed. Because the windows are
relatively small, it is a bit dim inside. The drifting air makes people feel the coolness of autumn more than spring.

"Charles"

Gently put his hand on the surface of the coffin, Ganelon spoke to the dead. For him, this is not an act of nostalgia for the past. It's an oath to the future.

"Wait a little now. I will let you stand on this land again."

Then, Ganelon pinched Charles's chest and placed it on top of the coffin.

Standing up, Ganelon left the room.

Ganelon, who walked out of the temple, went down the mountain, thinking about what has happened so far.

"Sure enough, the trouble is, Tigrevurmud. With that black bow and the Vanadis, Rusalka, Leshy, and Torbalan were wiped out. The remaining three will be eliminated. Only the demons are also eliminated. If possible, I hope that they will also reduce the number of warriors while fighting each other, but the expectation is still too high."

Strictly speaking, the number of Vanadis will not decrease. Because if a Vanadis dies, the Dragon Gear will choose a new Vanadis. However, there are often blank periods, and it is extremely rare that people who can give full play to that power when they have just become a war maiden.

"Drekavok shouldn't be allowed to escape. That guy is hostile to me, because he is still opposed to Zmei, he thought it would be useful..."

He Mumbled here, and Ganelon closed his mouth. She frowned as if she was warning something. He stared at the side of the mountain road that seemed to be covered with grass.
“Do you think you can sneak attack on me by hiding your posture?”

“How could it be?”

From a space with nothing, a hoarse female voice sounded like it was funny.

“I’ve never thought about you as an opponent.”

The space was distorted in front of Ganelon's sight.

After a blink of an eye, a fifteen or six-year-old girl appeared. He wears a dark brown head covering and holds an old broom in his hand. In those eyes, there was a creepy brilliance that was unique to inhuman things.

“Will you be the one who drives the dragon.”

There was an arrogant laugh from the corners of his mouth, and Ganelon continued to speak.

“It has become a very cute posture. Are you trying to lie to the man? Or are you tired of your ugly appearance, and now you finally notice that you need makeup?”

The girl called the witch smiled.

“It's really troublesome to put Drekavok and I into the same category. Moreover, if you want to deceive a man, you will choose a more decent posture. By the way, the old man is not here to fight with you.”

From the girl's mouth It was the voice of the old woman who did not match her appearance. Floating the broom sideways in the air, then she sat on it, and the girl continued.

“I came to join hands with you, Kochei wanted to"

“I thought you were going to say something..."
Ganelon's expression added a little sinister. While his small body was enveloped by the purple miasma, a transparent demon that looked like a non-human and non-beast appeared immediately from his left and right. It was the demons guarding the surroundings when Faron and the others were driven to a desperate situation. They moaned like a creepy sound.

"Baba Yaga. I use the remaining hands to destroy you, or to swallow you. After all, why should I join forces with a demon like you"

"Your purpose is not to let Tir Na Fal will come to this world."

After Baba Yaga finished saying this, tension between the two parties immediately became full.

"Something like that…"

"It's useless to pretend to be stupid" Baba Yaga laughed like a hiccup.

"Drekavok or Zmei. They want Tir Na Fal to come, hoping to change the world again. However, the old man is not as interested in those guys like those guys. You should know this, right? If it's swallowing what Kochei wanted you."

Ganelon did not answer. Indeed, by devouring Kochei, Ganelon took the power and memory of the demon as his own. Then, those memories didn't deny Baba Yaga's words. The demons are very unrestrained. The character of mutual cooperation can be said to be almost non-existent.

While asking "what do you want", Ganelon was also considering whether to clean up her right here. In fact, if it hadn't been for meeting her in this place, he would have done it without saying a word.

If you fight here, it will undoubtedly endanger the temple on the top of the mountain. The many spirits living in this mountain are
not immune. When he was a human, he heard the voices of spirits, and Ganelon, who had been in contact with them, knew this.

—— *When fighting with Drekavok, about 30% of the forest was destroyed.*

In other words, Baba Yaga will show up here, maybe she knows Ganelon's concerns. This is not impossible. Because three hundred years ago, Ganelon and Charles got Durandal from this mountain. It is a weapon made by the demons to fight against dragons.

The demon in the pose of a girl showed a fascinating and ugly smile.

"I'm interested in how you would treat Tir Na Fal. This is one point."

"There is another point?"

"There is a war maiden that I miss. I hope you don't shoot her."

"That war maiden is in Brune Is it?"

Asked by the puzzled Ganelon, Baba Yaga nodded.

—— *Are you the war maiden who acted with Tigrevurmud?*

If this is the case, then it is exactly what you want.

"I see. If the other party didn't take the initiative to provoke me, I won't care about her. Then, which war maiden is it?"

"It is the ruler of Lebus's Principality, so you know who it is."

As the witch said, Ganelon knew who it was immediately. It is Elizavetta Fomina who holds the alias of "Princess of the Thunder Swirl".

—— *Bachelard's report is about Ludmila Lourie and another Vanadis.*
As a great nobleman, Ganelon, of course, knew about the war maidens. Moreover, he also had business dealings with Lebus, and he knew very much about Liza.

—*From the report, the war maiden with Ludmila is not Elizavetta.*

During the period from last year to this year, no Vanadis officially visited Brune. Like Baba Yaga said, if Liza was in this country, she sneaked in.

—*Although I don't know what she is thinking, it is a good thing for demons and Vanadis to reduce their staff there.*

"By the way, I also have two things I want to inquire about"

Ganelon looked at Baba Yaga.

"How is Drekavok and Zmei?"

"You, didn't you have a fight with Drekavok the other day," the witch said a little surprised.

"Flee for him. At this time, that guy probably whispered in Thenardier's house."

"Then I will tell you that he has not been wiped out. Then, Zmei is now hanging out in Muozinel."

Ganelon knew about the fact that Zmei was acting under the name of Azi Dahaka in Muozinel. Then, even though Muozinel seemed to be about to attack Brune, he didn't really mean to invade. It seems that that country has other things to care about.

—*Although I think it would be better to let Thenardier be the opponent of Muozinel.*

But it is better to continue to warn Zmei.

Although Zmei is now in Muozinel, the distance doesn't make much sense to the demon. As far as Ganelon is concerned, as long
as he wants to, whether he moves from here to Zhcted or Muozinel, it only takes a moment.

"Second question...Are you interested in Charles?"

"Ohh..."

Baba Yaga closed her mouth and laughed. It seemed that she was not going to answer, but that reaction was exactly what Ganelon wanted.

—what happened to Charles, these guys knew about it.

Ganelon wanted to know this. Let him think about the way to deal with the demons and Charles.

"Speaking of which, where is the prince of the concubine now?"

Hearing Baba Yaga's question, Ganelon moved his eyebrows a little.

"Why do you care about this?"

"Because it was not Drekavok who did it alone. The old man also helped."

"Haven't you heard Drekavok talk about it. He is a good pawn."

Listening After Ganelon's answer, Baba Yaga wanted to mock his Misty eyes.

"Does it mean that there were no feelings?"

Ganelon was puzzled by the unexpected words.

"What do you want to say?"

"Oh, I really don't understand.

“——Zmei..."

Ganelon glared at her. At this moment, Baba Yaga disappeared without even making a sound.
"--Then, Lebus's Vanadis will take care of me."

Along with the laughter, the voice of the witch sounded in the void. Ganelon showed the expression of chewing bitter insects, staring at the space where Baba Yaga had just disappeared, adjusted his mood and started again on the mountain road.

——Should we eliminate her regardless of so much uncertainty? Although that guy doesn't seem to be lying...

Is it true that Vanadis is the goal? However, I don't know if it will hinder me in any way.

Ganelon lifted head, switched his thinking.

He who imprisoned Faron as the ruler of the royal capital still had a lot to do. Moreover, he does not intend to give up these.

In a little while, both the capital and throne will become the only thing that Ganelon respects as the man.

During the dialogue between Ganelon and the demons in the capital, the Bachelor army was in the center of the capital of Nice and the city of Navarre. They started camping here ten days ago.

After winning the battle of Tierousse, this time they were going to attack Prince Regnas. Bachelard and the others took Lannion as their target. However, they got a message during the march.

It is said that the Knights of Navarre and the Knights of Lannion have left the city and headed south.

At this time, whether it was Bachelard or Tallard, they believed that the enemy would go directly to the king's capital. Therefore, they chose a suitable battlefield and decided to wait for the arrival of the Regnas army.

However, their expectations fell through. Regnas and the two knights have moved south at an alarming speed and entered the southern part of Brune-within the sphere of influence of the Duke of Thenardier.
"This guy put one. That princess is bolder than expected"

Bachelard, who heard the report, shrugged exaggeratedly immediately, whispering in a voice that the soldiers could not hear. He heard about Regnas being a woman from Ganelon. Also told the adjutant Tallard.

Bachelard summoned Tallard, only the two of them had a conversation.

"Prince, no, it was the prince's idea, do you think so?"

Tallard asked this question at the beginning. Bachelard nodded.

"Thenardier's sphere of influence is not safe for the Princess. The guys in the Knight Order don't say what kind of place they are going to, don't they? Even the Black Knight should be like that."

If Roland had the intention of negotiating with Duke Thenardier, then he would logically go to the south when he abandoned the Fortress of Navarre. However, instead of doing that, he went north.

"You understand then. The most important thing for negotiation is courage. No matter what a good idea, if you dare to put it forward, the other party will not accompany you. So it is because the Princess made up her mind. It's going to go south"

"I actually thought of this, then you don't want to say that you go south to chase the prince."

To Tallard, Bachelard grumbled.

"Is it difficult?"

"Although I don't know how the Thenardier guild treats the prince and daughter, he should be able to confront us immediately. If you want to finally master this country, it will be an enemy you will face sooner or later..."

and Thenardier The army of the public will go to war, although it will not lose. However, for Tallard, there are a few things to worry about.
"Because Greast died, we lacked unity. And I heard that Shabanon who attacked Otto had failed. In this state, go to Thenardier’s gang who are in unity. If we fight, there will be a lot of consumption. Some preparations are needed."

"What about the others?"

"Thenardier and Muozinel confront each other. During this period, we will occupy more than half of Brune, including the capital. It was the original plan. If we clashed with Thenardier, we might be robbed by Muozinel. Zhcted might also intervene

in the reason why Mila and Olga were in Brune. At present, Bachelard and Tara Many have not been able to find out. At first it was to take advantage of the trend, but now it is because of personal reasons that they want to help Tigre, which is beyond their imagination.

"Will Zhcted be involved? Ludmila did not make comments to the public, there should be no reason not publicly explain it. You've also said so ah"

In response to Bachelard’s doubts, Tallard nodded.

"Ahhh. But, if you say it the other way around, you just need to have an unexplainable reason. The relationship between Zhcted and Brune is not bad now. When the guerrillas and Princess converge, Zhcted decided Become Princess’ companions. As long as these two points are fulfilled, I think they will make their identities public."

"Hum. Then, what should we do?"

"Although we are reluctant, please ask Ganelon to show us some soldiers and Food. There is also the necessary information. As I said earlier, the current preparations for fighting Thenardier are slightly insufficient. If you want to bet, you must have capital."

"If you want to win, you must have the corresponding capital, right?"
Bachelard accepted Tallard's words with a smile.

After they camped here, finally this morning, Ganelon's messenger came. The messenger said the following.

"Your Excellency is now in the royal palace of the capital of Nice. Therefore, I invite Bachelard to stay in the capital. Your Excellency also has a request to the adjutant. He summons soldiers to annihilate the Bergerac guerrilla based in Otto."

"How is King Faron?"

"He stays peacefully in a room in the palace"

Bachelard and Tallard exchanged their gazes. They saw that Ganelon wanted to use Faron as a hostage to lure Regnas over. In that case, Bachelard is right to go to the king. Just wait there and Regnas will come.

"Tell Lord Duke that we already know."

After Bachelard said this, he asked the messenger to withdraw. He then looking at Tallard.

"I'll go to your side, too."

"Do you want to defeat Tigrevurmud Vorn and the Vanadis with your own hands?"

Bachelard shrugged after hearing Tallard's words as if joking.

"This is also true. If I go, I can finish it quickly, right"

What Bachelard considered was to concentrate the combat power to quickly destroy the enemy. Ganelon wanted to divide himself and others into two parts, but Bachelard could only think that this was a bad move.

However, Tallard expressed a different opinion.

"This is not necessarily true. Although I don't know to what extent the guerrillas and the lords have cooperated, if the tug-of-
war by the guerrillas slows our pace, the lords will be understaffed. Also, the lords have. Roland is here. The only one who can fight him is you."

"Maybe Ganelon can also fight him."

Bachelard said in a tone that didn't know if it was a joke or sincere. Tallard did not smile. Ganelon has a gloomy horror that he will never show, and the two have feelings.

"How much do you want to take?"

He was referring to the soldiers. The messenger said that soldiers would be called in Parnia, but neither of them could trust the soldiers under the Marquis of Greast.

"A thousand infantry is enough. But, take some. Then you have to go to the scene to investigate."

To Bachelard's question, Tallard answered nonchalantly. Bachelard smiled and made a move to beat him, and agreed to him.

Tallard had his own considerations. Depending on the situation, he will take up the task of preventing the guerrillas from approaching the capital and not allowing them to rendezvous with their Regnas army. He won't be negligent.

That night, Bachelard and Tallard drank wine and chatted with each other.

"Tallard, what kind of person is your mother?"

Bachelard asked with a little drunkenness. Tallard thought for a while.

"She is a good mother; I can only say so. I said before that I grew up in a fishing village. My mother always stays at home and waits for my father to come back. She has a good relationship with the neighbors around her. She will repair clothes and Fishing nets are also good at processing shells into handicrafts"
What came out of his mouth was his cheerful and shining memory. When Tallard was eleven years old, his father was expropriated as a soldier and died in the fight against pirates. After that, the mother died when the pirates attacked the village.

When her mother learned that the pirates were setting fire to the ship docked at the barge, she entrusted Tallard to her neighbor and passed by in the ship her father had used.

Although she was rescued by the villagers who fought against the pirates, she was chopped in many places on her body, plus burns everywhere, she died before dawn.

Why didn't he go for refuge like other women, why didn't he hide?

Even if she understood the reason why she cherished her father so much, the thought of her mother made Tallard feel distressed again.

"About my mother, I told you before."

"You said it was the queen of Ifrikia, didn't you?"

"Yes. Last year, I didn't tell me until my mother died. Although before that, I think it may be from Ifrikia."

Bachelard's house has lamps and vases made by Ifrikia. It's not something particularly expensive. He thought it was probably bought from the port city of Massilia.

Also, his mother often hums in Ifrikia. Missing his hometown, at least he doesn't want to hide it in his own home. But she never said that she wanted to go back. In addition, when asked about his father, she would prevaricate with a smile.

At the end of the day. She is the queen daughter of Ifrikia. His father is the king of Brune. The last thing she said before her death was "Be happy".
Accepting the asylum of his father is happiness for her, so his mother should think so. It is not surprising to think so. At that time, he was in a very bad situation.

However, this is wrong. There is no happiness of one's own there. To get what you want through your own hands is what Bachelard thinks of happiness. Even, hesitate to borrow the power of inhuman things.

"After this country, it is Ifrikia. You haven't forgotten what I said so far?"

"If it refers to the Ifrikia thing you heard from Lintan, I will remember that well. If so You have nothing to forget."
The two looked at each other and shrugged.

"Tallard, when I get to Parnia, I want you to do something,"

Bachelard said suddenly and seriously.

"The only thing you can ask for"

Tallard made a suspicious look and nodded urging him to continue. After he listened, although he was a little unhappy, he still agreed to the concubine prince's commission.

Parnia, governed by the Marquis of Greast, is southeast of Otto.

A few days after starting from the city of Lazes, the Bergerac guerrillas stepped into this land.

Mashas had sent a reconnaissance team to investigate beforehand, and Parnia, who had lost the master of Greast, became chaotic and split into three factions. Since Greast had no children, relatives and important officials fought over Parnia.

No matter which faction has made sporadic resistance. The guerrillas went forward while destroying the enemy, and arrived at Kuryuz during the day on the sixth day of entering Parnia. As the central city of Parnia, there is the mansion of Greast.
Kuryuz has a solid city wall. After all, there may still be a formal battle here, and Tigre and others tightened their bodies.

If the opponent is in the cage city inside the castle, they immediately plan to retreat first.

First of all, there is no preparation for a siege. Furthermore, the purpose of entering here is to give spear Long a blow, and to obtain information about him and Bachelard, if possible, to eliminate the suspicion of being held on Tigre. With a thousand soldiers down Parnia, no one had thought about it.

But having said that, up to this point, there has not been a decent battle.

Previously dominating Kuryuz was a knight named Sakayam. After learning that the guerrillas were approaching, he fled with a few entourages. That was two days before Tigre and others arrived.

"It looks worse than expected..."

Ludie muttered in surprise. Compared to the joy of achieving the goal without having to fight, it seemed to feel sympathy for the remaining enemy soldiers.

Mashas solemnly said to Tigre.

"This is what it looks like to lose the lord without leaving an heir. Remember, Tigre"

tried to send an envoy to Kuryuz, the soldiers surrendered, and the people happily accepted the guerrillas.

Sentiments from these people suggested that Greast is a terrifying lord to them.

Although he usually behaves kindly and listens to the demands of the people, he will plunder and set fire on a whim, abduct and abuse the people's daughters, and impose cruel punishments on those who disobey him. Moreover, Greast is very concerned about the method of execution.
For example, there is a punishment method called "Masked Dance". Put a suitable helmet on the criminal's neck. Make a hole in the helmet, pour water in from there, and close the lid. Criminals will struggle painfully and drown alive on land.

For Greast, the public is like a toy for him to test his ideas. Under the rule of such a lord, he can only control the day with his tail tucked. If you don't be careful to disobey him, not only you, but your family will be tortured and killed as criminals.

By spreading fear, Greast governs the territory.

"I was very angry at the thought of being framed by such a guy."

"Isn't it okay. It's over without doing extra things."

To the angry Tigre, Mila comforted him with a joking tone.

The guerrillas passed through the gates of Kuroyuz.

The number of soldiers remaining in the city is about five hundred. Their disposal was left to Mashas and Sofy, and Tigre and Mila, Ludie, and Olga went to Greast's mansion.

By the way, Liza is by her side as Sofy's helper. Sofy also intends to only serve as an assistant to Mashas this time, so she has enough room to take care of Liza.

Greast's mansion is deep in the city. It has a vast vestibule composed of white walls carefully painted with plaster and a black roof with elegant decoration.

Tigre and the others, who entered from the front of the double-opened door, felt dumb at the sight of flying into their eyes.

There are no more things like statues and furniture that should have been decorated in the hall. They only left traces of their previous existence on the floor.

"Go and confirm how the other rooms are going."
In Tigre's proposal, the four people divided into two groups and patrolled the house once. No matter which room, only old furniture, worn clothes, broken boxes and wooden barrels were left. All the valuable things were shipped out by Sakayam.

"It's a greedy man. But, if we don't search this place thoroughly, we won't go back, right"

Mila sighed while walking along the corridor with Tigre. Tigre whispered too.

"He shouldn't be back. The question is what has been taken away..."

Things like property have been taken away, which, to be honest, makes people feel regretful. Because no matter how much military spending is, it won't be enough. However, that is not an irreparable loss.

The two looked into the office. After finding what they wanted, the two exchanged smiles. Although there are no desks and chairs in the office, there are countless documents and papers scattered on the ground.

"He doesn't seem to know the value of these."

Picking up a document, Mila's blue eyes gleamed.

Those are a summary of the names of those in power in the cities, the approximate population, and the summary of annual taxes and other information. For the guerrillas, they wanted far more than gold coins and gems.

Before long, Ludie and Olga arrived at the office. Two people are holding a lot of parchment wrapped in rolls. Sure enough, Sakayam didn't seem to value these things.

"It is also necessary to track the actions of Sakayam. Let's stay in this city for the time being"
Ludie made a declaration, and Kuroyuz became a stronghold of the guerrillas.

Ten days passed after Kuroyuz became a stronghold.

The rule of the guerrillas did a good job, and the people and soldiers of Kuroyuz did not resist.

After breakfast, Tigre and others gathered in the hall of Greast House. There was Tigre, Mila, Ludie, Sofy, Olga, and Mashas. As there are no tables and chairs, I brought carpets from other places and spread them on the ground, and everyone sat down in a circle on it.

There are silver cups next to everyone. Mila's black tea was steaming. The black tea that was not available in Otto, was bought in Kuroyuz. Thanks to this, Mila was in a very good mood starting three days ago.

However, that was a topic not long ago, and now Mila is stern.

"Some of us have heard about it,"

Mashas, the eldest, spoke first with a serious expression.

"The king is occupied by Ganelon. I heard that King Faron is not there now, so I think he should not die. The exact situation is not clear. The other people are the same."

Tigre and Ludie's faces became pale. Sofy and Olga's faces were also very nervous.

"It looks like this now, it should be exactly what Ganelon expected,"

Mila grumbled angrily while holding the prepared documents.

The things that Sakayam threw in the house were not the only documents related to Lord Parnia. Greast sorted out some of his plans and wrote them on a piece of paper, and many of these were also found. From a certain point in time, the previous content is
gone. It should be that Greast was killed before he could destroy them.

Then, by putting these together, you can see Ganelon's plan.

Let Bachelard attack Regnas and Thenardier, while Greast manages the northern princes, he also attacks the eastern Lords. Then, when these two people attracted the attention of King Faron and the Knights and appeared to take advantage of the opportunity, Ganelon went to occupy the king's capital.

What Tigre and others know is only a rough idea, in fact, there should be more rigorous actions. Also, Greast did not attack the lords in the east, he should have died before then.

However, roughly as Mila said, the situation has developed as she expected.

"May we calm Parnia?"

Ludie asked after taking a sip of black tea. Tigre shook his head.

"To be honest, it's not easy to say now. A little increase in troops, each defeating three factions, it may be able to do in one month."

Parnia is not a small place. Calculating from the information left in the mansion, the three factions each have 1,000 to 2,000 troops.

"We have about a thousand people. Number of soldiers would look at it, and they can be flat, or rather they are. I do not want to do so without seeking a move. – speaking of, how are the city's soldiers structured?"

The second half of Tigre's line was addressed to Mashas. The old earl shrugged.

"Half of them, two hundred and fifty people were incorporated into the guerrillas, and the rest were banished out of the city because they were misbehaving people. Regarding the defense of the city, volunteers were recruited from among the people to organize. There should be no problem for the time being."
In this way, the guerrillas have become 1,000 plus 250 men. But the status quo has not changed much.

At this time, Mashas came to laugh and blow up his beard.

"Actually, there are reinforcements from Otto. The victory at Gorry seems to have been spread. Tomorrow, more than three thousand soldiers are scheduled to arrive here."

Tigre couldn't help but patted his knee with his hand. In this case, the guerrillas would be an army of more than four thousand people. Ludie also showed joy, and after a cough, she turned into a serious expression.

"That's good news, but if possible, I would like to save my troops. Can you negotiate with them?"

Looking at the information in her hand, Sofy answered the question.

"From the investigation, no matter which one of the three factions, it should not listen to the opinions of this side. For the time being, I tried to select messengers from this city to send over... But don't expect it to be better."

"It's so miserable. How is this happening?"

Ludie was dumbfounded. Tigre was also surprised. They thought that there should be a faction that would cooperate with this side. However, as the pale blonde hair swayed, Sofy shook her head.

"But Marquis Greast, he was probably assassinated, right?"

"It’s too fitting of an end for him right..."

Mashas asked suspiciously. Sofy explained with a wry smile.

"His confidants, I heard that they were almost killed together. The rest are people who are not capable. Sakaya who previously ruled the city, and the people who founded the faction, seem to be the same."

"
Ludie made an expression of helplessness. Tigre and Mila, and so did Mashas. I thought that at least one faction could become a companion. It seems better to give up.

"Do you want to retreat?"

Olga asked casually while drinking the tea in the silver cup.

Although there were only a few small conflicts and similar battles, the short-term occupation of Kuroyuz yielded certain results. Also learned about the chaos in Parnia. In this case, it won't prevent the guerrillas from advancing to the king's capital.

"Before this, I will do it alone, there is a place I want to go."

Holding the information in her hand again, Mila looked at Ludie.

"In the town of Gatomagus, which is about two days away west from here, there seems to be a maiden who is very close to Bachelard. I heard that it is called Beatrice. I wonder if I can ask someone about it."

That maiden, she heard that she lived in Galpantola in the southern part of Brune not long ago.

However, for unknown reasons, I heard that she moved to the Temple in Galomagus. This is the hometown where Bachelard was born. She might know something.

Fortunately, no matter which of the three factions acted very slowly. However, I don't know when I will act. In that case, as Olga said, one must consider whether to retreat and not come here anymore.

—*they make hay when the sun is out, right?*

It means not to miss a good opportunity, which is a Brune proverb.

"Understood, I will go too"

"I want to go too"
Tigre and Ludie raised their hands at the same time. Even Mila was dumbfounded.

"You are the captain and deputy captain of the guerrillas."

"I can't let you travel alone in a foreign country. It's better to have me as a Brune."

"This Temple is restricted to maidens, and men cannot enter."

Tigre couldn't refute Mila's words. This time it was Ludie's turn to leaned out.

"My words will be fine. Only the words of Mila of the Zhcted will be suspected, and I should be allowed to go with me of the Brune."

This time it was Mila's turn that her expression became distorted. Indeed, as Ludie said.

"It's okay if the three of you go together?"

While tasting the black tea, Mashas said in a leisurely tone.

"If something happens, wouldn't it be much more convenient if there is someone who echoes it outside. Until you come back, the guerrillas will be managed by the old man."

Mila and Ludie exchanged their gazes silently. What Mashas said also made sense.

After thanking the old count, Ludie asked Sofy and Olga for their opinions.

"What did you say?"

Sofy replied first.

"Liza and I stay here. Because we can also send letters to the lords from here."

"I'll Leave"
Olga's answer was short. But it was after the overall consideration.

Now that the three outstanding fighters, Tigre, Mila, and Ludie, are no longer there, it seems that there is a shortage of manpower here. Sofy and Mashas may have difficult things to deal with, Sofy still needs to protect Liza. It is the result of this judgment.

"Then, be prepared within today and set off early tomorrow."

Tigre nodded in response to Ludie's announcement.

After that, Mila re-made black tea for everyone.

Gatomagus is a city formed from the north to the east of a vast lake.

The Temple was far away from the city and isolated to the southeast of the lake.

There are wheat fields and orchards around the temple, and a self-sufficient system is prepared. Moreover, there have been trades with boats and cities on the other side of the lake.

"It's a gorgeous temple..."

Looking up at the gorgeous temple where even the tower is installed, Ludie sighed. The three people who departed from kuroyuz two days ago arrived at the destination temple on horseback.

Messiah is like the title of her mother goddess, in charge of the grace from the earth, and most of the temples built for her give people a simple image.

However, the shrine that stood up under the sun was solemn and magnificent.

"Legend, this temple used to be an abandoned castle,"

explained Ludie, who was a little nervous, standing behind Tigre.
"The men of Gatomagus have all gone into battle. There are only women and children. When the old people stay in the city, the enemy's army attacked them. The women protected the children and old people from escaping from the castle, and through fighting hard, and finally repelled the enemy."

Since then, the women decided to enshrine the Messiah they believed in within this castle. After some thorough processing, they transformed it from a castle into a temple. The reason why it became a shrine limited to witches is said to be for this reason.
"Then, let's go"

Milan said in a cheerful tone, and handed Lavias on his shoulders to Tigre. In general temples, it is stipulated that weapons must be handed over for safekeeping when entering. If you leave it to Tigre for safekeeping, you can prevent the people in the temple from knowing the existence of the dragon, and you can call it in if necessary.

"It's enviable, if only my sword can call it over,"

Ludie sighed, took off the long sword from his waist and the scabbard, and handed it to Tigre.

"Pray for the courage of the two of you"

"I will work hard"

"Please look forward to the good news"

To encourage Tigre, the two of them answered each other and walked in.

After seeing Mila and Ludie entering the entrance of the temple, Tigre carried the sword and spear on the saddle. Next, he had to find a convenient place to hide. If Mila and the others are in any situation, they can rush in immediately, just close to the temple.

As he walked around the temple with a three-headed horse, Tigre thought.

On both sides of the entrance to the shrine, there are statues of goddesses holding a basket with a lot of fish.

"Zhcted's Messiah is decorated with flowers and emeralds, or holding a bunch of wheat. Isn't it different in Brune?"

"The same is true for Brune's basics. Here, would it be because Next to the lake."
Talking about this conversation, Mila and Ludie entered the gate of the temple.

There is a reception desk next to the door, and the old maiden cast a polite look at them.

"The grace of the Messiah is everywhere in the earth. We want to spend the night here."

Together with a courteous greeting, Ludie handed the two small leather bags to the old witch. Each put ten silver coins and good cheese. As a donation is enough.

The old witch still did not change her indifferent attitude, and pointed her finger to the front of the stone corridor.

"Go to the end and turn right in the dressing room to wash your body and change into the official clothes. Because during this temple it is stipulated to wear official clothes to live. The grace of Messiah is with you."

Even the prayers were very sloppy. But she has been told the necessary things so she doesn't care. The two walked to the end of the corridor that the witch said, where a middle-aged witch led them to the dressing room. The cloth for wiping the body, the priest's clothes, and the bucket filled with water are ready.

The two of them got naked, and wiped their bodies with a cloth soaked in water.
"I said I need to wash my body. How much should I wash?"

"As long as the dirt on the journey is washed off, there is no problem."

Wet their hands and comb each other's hair. Mila and Ludie each other dialogue.

"For the time being, I'm going to stay in the shrine for one night. I don't think this is enough."

"Even the witches are stained by their daily work. Are there wheat fields and orchards around the shrine?"

Only women Being in the temple also means that the management of those things is also in charge of the shrine maidens.

Ludie considered the rebuttal and said something terrible.

"Then wash it to the point where you can show Tigre your skin, how about washing your body with such strength?"

"Wh, what are you talking about?"

Mila couldn't help but scream out and hurriedly control the voice. Ludie tilted his head.

"What of it? In this case, you will want to clean the corners of your body..."

Saying this, Ludie's face quickly turned red. It seems to have thought of that scene. Turning her back to Mila in a panic, she began to wipe her body with a cloth.

Mila also wiped her body silently. Her face was as red as Ludie's.

In this way, after about a hundred times passed, Ludie said.

"By the way, Mila, how are you going to meet the woman named Bella?"
"I'm going to ask the witches to try. Saying that I'm looking for someone from Galpantola, it should be soon I can meet you now."

Ludie was puzzled by Mila who answered as expected, and said, "Is that the way?" She thinks they would tell us so simply; Ludie also has almost no knowledge of the temple. Can't think of other alternatives right away.

After wiping the body and putting on the priest's uniform, the two went out of the locker room.

The clergyman's uniforms are based on white, without decoration, and are paired up and down. They Cover the head and tie the waist with a rope. With wide cuffs, the skirt is long enough to cover the toes.

"Because I don't usually wear such things, it feels weird."

Mila twisted her neck and looked down at herself in the clothes of a witch. Feeling inconvenient to move. When running or swinging your legs sharply, it seems to be broken.

"No way. Be patient."

Ludie said so naturally. Rotating the arm to confirm the situation, it seems that there is no obstruction.

The two were walking around in the temple. Not only to find Beatrice, but also to find out where and what room. These are Vanadis, and the habit of the Duke's daughter.

——*It used to be the rumor of the castle, it doesn't seem to be groundless.*

Looking up at the high ceiling, Mila whispered in her heart. On the ceiling and pillars, there are traces of the castle.

However, apart from this, the temple is full of breath of life.

In the washing place, ten witches lined up in a row horizontally cleaning the priest's clothes. In the kitchen, there are witches
stirring in the pot, or baking bread on the stove. In the sewing room, the witches were silently repairing the priest's clothes. There are also witches who wield a hammer to repair chairs and beds.

Even between the prayers of the witches silently offering their prayers, it is also a part of life here.

"As Mila said, no one cares about the stains."

Mila shrugged deliberately to Ludie who was admired.

"I didn't expect it to be this way."

After looking around in the temple, Mila and the others came to the sewing room. It felt like they could ask the witches here, but they just stopped their homework and were talking and laughing.

Mila smiled when she sneaked into the street before, and spoke to one of the witches.

"Well, I have one thing I want to ask--"

At this moment, the surrounding atmosphere suddenly changed. The eyes of the witches who looked at Mila had a vigilant look.

"What...?"

The voice of the answer did not contain any emotion, and it was very soft.

Although Mila was a little overwhelmed, she finally maintained her smile and said.

"We are looking for a child named Beatrice..."

Halfway through Mila's words, the witches looked at each other. A witch stood up and walked to Mila, showing hostility. The question raised from her was beyond the two's expectations.

"What's the name of the person who entrusted you?"

"Eh, what do you mean...?"
"Don't pretend to be stupid," the powerful maiden glared at Mila and the others.

"If outsiders want to ask about the witches here, it must be the commission of the stinky man who was dumped by the woman."

Mila and Ludie understood them, and their faces became ugly at the same time. Indeed, such a temple will accept women who escaped for some reason. Moreover, they have surprisingly strong sense of companionship and cohesion. Even if it is reported in the name of Bergerac, it only feels that it will be protested.

The other witches also stood up and gradually approached with tailoring props. Mila and Ludie hurriedly turned their backs to them and slid away quickly.

They finally stopped until they slipped to a certain step in the corner of the temple.

"What should I do now...?"

When asked by the helpless Ludie, Mila replied feebly after hesitating a few times.

"Ask the other witches. Let's join them in their chat and laugh at the beginning, if they are harmonious..."

Her own thoughts are so innocent, and now Mila can understand it, but since she is here, she can't give up. At least meet Beatrice.

Talk to the witches who are sweeping the floor in the corridor far from the sewing room.

However, this time also messed up. If Mila talked about love stories or love poems between men and women, they would say, "So you like this kind of stuff," and deal with it. If Ludie talks about cheese, they think it's too extravagant. But frowning, on daily topics, the two sides are in two different worlds, and they can't talk together at all.
As a result, only to strengthen the other side's vigilance, the two left the corridor again.

"What to do...?" asked by Ludie with a very tired expression, Mila held her head with her hand and looked at the ceiling.

At this time, a young maiden passed by the two of them. Many faded and withered flowers were placed in the small basket she was holding.

Seeing this, Mila flashed in her mind. This is the end, after telling it to myself. Stopped the witch. Mila asked, facing the shrine maiden who turned her head in surprise.

"What are those flowers used for? They are all already withered."

"They've been Pounded to make fertilizer"," the maiden replied as a matter of course. Mila approached her, smiling.

"Can you give me a few?"

"Yes. But what do you want to use it for?"

Mila drew out a few flowers, squatted down on the spot, and tore them apart.

"Is that okay? These petals, stems, and leaves give them various meanings and form sentences."

After trying to demonstrate it several times, the witch seemed to be interested. Also squatted down and placed flowers on the ground. Ludie also secretly observed the appearance of the witch, and merged into the two.

——I must Thank to Lord Rodant for that.

Unexpectedly, it came in handy in this situation. The young maiden became completely enthusiastic about this, one after
another she tore the flowers apart and placed them on the ground, thinking about the composition of the sentences.

At this time, the passing witches watched in from the left and right and behind, as if they were doing something interesting. The witch called other witches, and the two were surrounded by more than ten witches.

When the surrounding atmosphere became very friendly and harmonious, Mila asked cautiously.

"Speaking of which, do you know a child named Beatrice"

Beatrice, who was brought by the witches, was probably under twenty years old, and she looked like a well-behaved girl. The broad, wavy black hair reaches near the shoulders, the eyebrows are a little drooping, and the skin is light black. The white priest's uniform made Mila feel that it seemed to emphasize the color of her skin more.

——Is it a Muozinel, or Ifrikia?

The fact that Bachelard's mother was an Ifrikia, Mila remembered.

"When we first met, do you have something to tell me?" Beatrice greeted.

"Yeah. Bachelard--"

Mila immediately cut to the subject, but can only stop here. Beatrice' face turned red, and she kicked over sharply.

"Please go back! I have nothing to say."

With this angry attitude, not only Mila, but even the maidens were surprised. Beatrice turned around and walked away quickly. Show a totally inaccessible attitude.

For the dumbfounded Mila and Ludie, the witches asked them angrily.
"What do you want to ask? That kid is so angry; I saw it for the first time."

"I saw it yesterday," said another witch.

"Speaking of which, at that time, Beatrice also seemed to have been entangled by travelers."

Mila and Ludie exchanged glances in surprise. Doesn't that mean that besides herself and the others, there are other people who want to know about Bachelard and come in contact with Beatrice.

Although Mila wanted to ask them in detail about the travelers, she didn't think that the witches who looked at them with suspicion would tell the truth. It seems that she can only retreat from here.

"Although I don't want to ask who you are, don't bully Beatrice," said the eldest maiden who seemed to be. Mila and Ludie bowed their heads deeply.

"I'm very sorry. We haven't thought about that. It's just that there are things I want to ask..."

"Anyone has things that they don't want to be asked--" 

The second half of the maiden's words were overwhelmed by the high-pitched screams coming from a distance. The witches closed their mouths, looked at each other, and ran in the direction of groaning. Mila and Ludie also followed them.

After running to the corridor, it didn't take long to see a large group of people in priests' uniforms. They looked like a flock of sheep, very close to each other. They gathered by the window and stared outside. Mila and the others also joined in.

In the vestibule of the temple, more than ten priests' uniforms were scattered on the ground. Almost everything is covered with mud. This seems to be what surprised the witches.
Mila felt a slack, and her knees softened on the spot. Just when he was about to complain, "Don't cause trouble," Ludie slapped Mila's shoulder seriously.

"Here, it's the opposite of the direction in which Beatrice ran out."

Mila took a breath. Immediately described the structure of the temple in my mind. As Ludie said.

——*It was put together.*

After realizing this, Mila pushed aside the witches and ran out. Ludie blocked it from the side.

"Don't be deceived by such a simple trap."

"I've just been here this morning, so take it seriously."

Even though she knew she was arguing, Mila replied like this.

——Perhaps the prisoner, it was yesterday, the travelers who entangled Beatrice.

Those travelers must be hiding somewhere to watch Beatrice today. Later, when Mila spoke to her, she must have sensed Mila's purpose from her reaction.

Then, he used childish pranks to attract the attention of the witches.

There was no human breath in the corridor.

When they were about to turn around the corner, the two witches stopped in front of Mila and the others. Without saying anything, they beat Mila and the others. Judging from the arms exposed from the cuffs of the priest's uniform, although they are slender, they have been well-trained.

However, the targets they attacked were the war maidens of Zhcted and the knights strong enough to be appointed to guard the prince. Not an easy opponent.
Using her left hand to open the fist that was approaching her, Mila hit the opponent's throat with the palm of her right hand. Ludie simply avoided the opponent's fist, grabbed the sleeve of the opponent's official uniform and pulled her down, causing her to fall and kicking her in the face as a final blow.

Looking down at the two who fell unconscious on the ground, Mila's expression became distorted with anxiety.

"Who are these two people?"

"They belong to the Duke of Thenardier. I have seen them before."

Observing one of the witches, Ludie replied calmly.

"It's really hard to come from afar,"

Mila suddenly frowned when she said this.

It seems that the situation has been resolved, but the two of them have not yet confirmed whether Beatrice is safe. Those who followed her were not necessarily the only ones.

Mila rushed to the window, almost intuitively. If there is any reason, it is that she subconsciously wants to receive information from the outside.

What caught Mila's eyes was the back of a blond man who was holding a witch in a priest's costume and was running towards the lake. It can't be wrong that the witch is Beatrice.

"Don't try to run away!"

Mila stomped her foot on the edge of the window. Jump out and call the name of the dragon at the same time.

"—-Lavias!"

Mila's right hand palm generated heat, reflecting light. Then it shone into a slender silhouette of light instantly, releasing a fierce white chill. A weight was added to the right hand.
When landing on the ground, Mila held a spear with blue and gold decorations, and the sharp blade was like a carefully carved ice. The blond man looked over his shoulders.

"Vanadis!"

He knew her identity. Sure enough, he couldn't let him escape.

Mila froze the ground and slid on it, shortening the distance between her and the man in one breath.

It may be that he had judged that he could not escape, the man turned his head to this side and hugged the witch with his left arm. The dagger was pulled out neatly, and the sharp blade was pressed against the maiden's throat. The witch is indeed Beatrice.

The bitter cold penetrated Mila's back. Seeing her stopped, the man smiled shamelessly. The man's true identity is Tallard, Bachelard's adjutant, but Mila does not know Tallard.

"Okay, just don't move it like that."

Tallard stepped back cautiously with a dagger against Beatrice. The voice had an accent of Asvarre and did not escape Mila's ears. She put down the spear.

"Is it you who made a lot of priest's uniforms muddy all over?"

Facing an angry question. Tallard nodded in contrived affirmation.

"It's a naive prank. I only did it in childhood."

Mila stood still, keeping the posture of watching Tallard. However, she did not succumb to the threat. She Just pretend to remain like this and wait.

After waiting for about two, Ludie jumped out of the window. She held a bucket full of water in her hands.
Tallard's reaction was a little slower because of being too alert to Mila. Ludie slid on the ice made by Mila and approached Tallard, dumping the bucket of water on his head.

Comprehending Ludie's intentions, Tallard's face changed drastically. She was going to let Tallard get wet, and then use Mila’s dragon to freeze it, and he immediately smashed Beatrice away and fell to the ground. Mila ran to Beatrice and picked her up.

When Mila raised her head, Tallard was running towards the lake. Mila dissuaded Ludie who wanted to catch up.

"Our purpose is not that guy."

Maybe Tallard still has accomplices. And besides Thenardier's subordinates and Tallard, there may be other people who are targeting Beatrice. Considering the possibility of these circumstances, it doesn't matter if he is let go.

With a groaning sound, Beatrice opened her eyes. Looking up at Mila, her body became stiff.

"I..."

"It's okay. You're not hurt."

In order to reassure her, Mila told her. She asked briefly.

"Who was the person just now?"

"they Already ran away."

After hearing this answer, Beatrice covered her face with her hands and started to cry quietly.

After a quarter and a half, Beatrice recovered her calm.

Mila and Ludie, although they were thanked by the head of the temple for resolving the riots. But then he was going to be kicked out. They were the ones who angered Beatrice, because the witches reported this way.
However, at this time, it was Beatrice who kept Mila and the others.

She told the head of the temple the whole story, borrowed a reception room, and brought Mila and Ludie inside. The reception room is a small room with a table and chairs for the corresponding number of people, plus only a candlestick.

After lighting up the candlestick and sitting on the chair, Beatrice let out a sigh of relief.

"You two, do you want to inquire about Master Bachelard?"

Her eyes fixed on the small flames on the candlestick, instead of looking at Mila and the others.

However, there was a strong will shining in those eyes. She definitely didn't give up, but made up her mind to prepare herself for confrontation with Mila and the others.

"First of all, can you tell us about the relationship between you and Bachelard?"

After Mila asked, Beatrice answered without hesitation.

"In the city of Galpantola, Master Bachelard and I are neighbors. My father is from Brunes and my mother is from here. Because of my skin color, I am often teased. Master Bachelard and Master Aunt... Master Bachelard’s mother has been kind to me."

Her skin color and parentage shouldn’t be touched on at will, Mila judged this way.

"How long ago did you leave Galpantola to live?"

Beatrice was puzzled by Mila's question. It seemed to be an unexpected problem.

"It started last winter. While working in the Temple in Galpantola, I moved here after listening to the persuasion of the head of the temple."
Mila and Ludie exchanged their sights. This time it was Ludie who came to ask the question.

"Bachelard moved around as a mercenary and returned to Galpantola last spring, right?"

Beatrice's shoulders shivered as if she was afraid of something. Nodded gently.

"Can you tell us about his condition at that time?"

After about a few to ten, Beatrice began to answer. Rolling her eyes to look at Mila and Ludie, she spoke.

"Master Bachelard came back late at night. The city gate was obviously closed, and I don't know how he got in. Master Bachelard was walking alone in the darkness..."

At that time, Beatrice was walking up. Near Bachelard's house, Bachelard's mother has been ill in bed since last spring, and Beatrice has been taking care of her.

Beatrice, who found Bachelor, couldn't help running towards him, half of his face wrapped in a bandage. The right hand is also wrapped with a bandage, and there is no part below the elbow, and there is a bandage or padding inside the clothes.

She helped Bachelard walk to his house and escorted him in.

Mila and Ludie looked at each other. This coincided with what Urs had heard in the capital.

"Dawn, I want to go have a good look at the situation Bachelard adults, but in the morning, I was sick Seven days inside, even take up cannot do."

It seemed like the epidemic came from the Temple after they heard this.

Finally, when she recovered and was able to stand up alone, Beatrice had already learned that Bachelard's mother had died.
"Speaking of a digression, Master Auntie said that she was too lazy to move because she was too lazy, but she didn't even have a good meal and enough sleep..."

Anyway, Beatrice hurriedly went to Bachelard's house...

No matter how many times I called or knocked on the door, I didn't see Bachelard.

Did the loss of his mother hit him too much? Thinking about this, Beatrice decided to come back another day.

"For several days after that, I went to check Master Bachelard's condition. Then Master Bachelard..." Beatrice said that she was too shocked to speak at the time.

Bachelard standing in front of her, there was nothing on her body that could be said to be hurt. He is wearing brand new clothes, with his right hand still, and a worn sword hanging from his waist.

"Ask him how his injuries are, and he asks me what I am talking about, and I have nothing to say. At most, he has some old wounds. He is completely healthy, and his right hand is indeed well connected to it. Say, maybe I read it wrong."

Bachelard visited the temple, thanked him for burying his mother, and said that he was leaving the city.

Then in mid-autumn, the news that he became a prince reached Galpantola.

"There is another strange rumor about Master Bachelard"

Beatrice continued in a serious tone.

"On the night of the death of Master Bachelard's mother, someone saw Master Bachelard jumping into the lake and committing suicide... Although this was regarded as a mistake by others, it became a joke, but I don't think so."

"Then you think, Did Bachelard really jump into the river?"
Beatrice nodded in response to Ludie's question.

"Although the person said that he saw Master Bachelard from a long distance, the person said that Master Bachelard's right arm was only half of the right arm. Therefore, the opinion that the person was wrong became stronger."

"but, but you think they are wrong, "

Mila whispered hands folded. Generally speaking, it is more natural to think that it is her and that person is wrong. Because Bachelard's right hand is still there, there is no sign of serious injury.

——*However, it is not natural.*

What is the Bachelard seen by Beatrice and the mercenary who told Urs?

He lost his right arm, could that be a mistake?

——*Although I still want to inquire about Bachelard's mother.*

Shaking her head in her heart, Mila dismissed the idea.

Finally, I asked about Tallard.

"Yesterday, it was the first time I met with him. He said that because

Master Bachelard wanted to see me, he hoped that I could go with him... But, is this..." Covering her face, Beatrice sobbed stand up. Mila was annoyed for a while, and said.

"I don't think that man meant to kill you,"

Mila continued to say to the surprised Beatrice. Although she doesn't want to speak for that odious man, she feels uncomfortable if she doesn't speak out. There is no alternative, Mila told herself.
"Although it's a bit scary to say that, if the man really wanted to kill, then he would have done so. However, he wanted to take you away. That would be more troublesome."

Beatrice lowered her head in distress. Mila and Ludie nodded after looking at each other.

She has finished asking what she wants to ask. Sure enough, there is something mysterious about Bachelard.

After thanking her, Mila and the others left the reception room.

Several witches were waiting outside in the corridor. Under their stabbing sight, Mila and Ludie walked out of the corridor openly. Both of them are undoubtedly the parties who caused the riots.

After saying hello to the old witches who were in charge of the reception next to the entrance, they left the temple.

The sky was stained with dim water, and the sun tilted a lot to the west.

They looked into the distance side by side and saw Tigre coming from the orchard. He held a black bow in his left hand and Lavias in his right. Mila smiled and greeted her sweetheart.

"Thanks. If I want it to be you, I can definitely find Lavias"

"Although it is not difficult to sneak in. But when I saw this guy being thrown in the orchard, I was really anxious."

At the same time, he handed Lavias to Mila, Tigre smiled bitterly.

After Tallard escaped, Mila took advantage of the fact that there was no one in the orchard and temporarily hid Lavias. Even if you let someone take it away, just call it in your hand. Then, she also expected Tigre to be able to find it. Tigre's black bow has the ability to track the position of dragon gears.
"By the way, I came out on the day I entered. Did something happen? There was a riot in the temple before and after you summoned Lavias."

"I'm about to say that now. Ludie really helped. "

Mila and Ludie looked at each other and smiled.

While walking to the Tibetan horse, Mila and Ludie alternately talked about what happened. When he heard that there was a blond man with an Asvarre accent, Tigre's face was distorted. The hand holding the black bow increased its strength.

"That guy is Tallard"

"That guy... That's how it so?"

Mila nodded, thinking that maybe she had miscalculated. No matter what, you should catch up and knock him down.

"It doesn't matter," Tigre said, as if reading Mila's heart.

"I will defeat that guy."

Then, after speaking all the content he had heard from Beatrice, Ludie asked.

"What do you think?"

"Even though I came here specially, I know I couldn't help me in any way."

Hearing what Tigre said in a slightly awkward tone, Mila and Ludie laughed at the same time.

"That's no way. We didn't expect it to be over in one day."

It seems that both the Thenardier's subordinates and Tallard are ready to spend several days. Moreover, it is the emergence of these unexpected competitors that may have accelerated the achievement of the goal.

Ludie put away his smile and asked the same question again.
This time Tigre answered seriously.

"I think Bachelard is indeed injured."

"So, what exactly did he do to heal the injury in just a few days? That's even the loss of his right hand."

Ludie put his hand on his waist. Frowning. Although she understands that she seems to be unable to accept this statement. But Tigre is also difficult to refute. It's just that I can't figure it out.

——*It is the hand.*

Suddenly, Tigre remembered. In the castle of Navarre, when he touched his head, he felt very contrary to the size of the right hand. It feels a little smaller than his left hand.

Of course, it is also possible that you think too much. It is not sufficient as a basis. However, he is beyond the surface, there should be some secret.

——*Probably, the material for thinking is not enough.*

Tigre shook his head. If you continue to think about it and make assumptions on top of assumptions, you will only get farther and farther away from the correct answer.

——*By the way, Tallard retreated really simply.*

This is incomprehensible. Even if he didn't think he could just pass Mila from the front, it was too decisive.

Perhaps, he chose to escape because of the confidence that he could make a comeback immediately.

As Tigre was thinking about these things, the sound of horseshoes approached from a distance. Tigre and Mila reflexively took up their weapons in order to protect Ludie.
However, when they saw the man riding on the horse, the three were stunned. That is Luke.

With the dust rolled up, Luke stopped his horse in front of Tigre and them. However, he didn't mean to dismount. There was a lot of dust on his face and it looked very dirty.

"I came here after hearing what the people in the temple said. It seems to be correct. It's great to find you."

"What happened?"

When he noticed that something was wrong, Tigre's expression was tense.

"The enemy has gathered in the north. So are our companions."

Luke's explanation was very simple, it was too abrupt, and Tigre and the others needed some time to understand.

"Here, what the hell is going on?"


"Master Tigre, where is your horse?"

Hurry up to the place where the horse is tied, Luke explained right away.

"Master Tigre, we received the report on the day you set off from Kuroyuz. Sakayam gathered three factions and came to Gatomagus."

After hearing the news, Mashas and Sofy, hurriedly let the army go. Then, I asked Luke to go to the Temple first.

"So it's like this..."

Tallard's wry smile appeared in Tigre's mind, who was biting his lip.
Chapter 5 - Showdown

Traveling northward from the city of Gatomagus for about half a day, there is a grassland called Trubiliai.

Over there, there is the villa of the Marquis de Greast.

Although it was about two circles smaller than the house of Kuroyuz, it was built with more than enough space for 30 or 40 people. There is a forest nearby. If you are playing in the water, it will take a long time to swim south to Gatomagus.

The guerrillas led by Mashas Rodant and Sofya Obertas arrived at this villa on the same day as Tigre and others arrived at the Temple. However, unlike Tigre and others who arrived in the morning, it was already evening when the guerrillas arrived at the villa.

"Oh, oh. Should I say that I caught up, or I was tempted to come over."

Commanding more than four thousand troops in the rear, Mashas wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"It seems that the old man underestimated Sakayam."

Mashas thought that Sakayam had fled to other countries with the treasure he took out from the Greast House. The evaluation of Sakayam heard from the people and soldiers in Kuroyuz also showed that he was a very greedy and cruel man.

However, Sakayam did something unexpected. He generously distributed the treasures he got to the representatives of the three factions. After that, they convinced them that the guerrillas were the enemy that should be defeated first, and united them.

Moreover, Sakayam tended to march west. If he considers the guerrillas as the enemy, he should be marching towards Kureyuz, but he is targeting Gatomagus.
Mashas was a little panicked. If Gatomagus were attacked, Tigre and the others would be implicated in it. Although it is possible for them to use their powerful strength to get out of the predicament, anything can happen, and that is war.

In order to prevent Sakayam's army from marching towards Gatomagus, Mashas immediately let the army advance.

Then in the evening of this day, the enemy was finally found.

"Maybe he got the think tank from the Duke of Ganelon."

Sofy, who was riding aside, said such words to comfort Mashas.

She also believes that it is an accident to see Sakayam make such an outstanding performance. Why, he has not done this so far. If this was the case before, Parnia would have united the front a long time ago, so the guerrillas won't just enter in such a silly way.

This question is reflected in what she said just now. Maybe there is someone behind Sakayam.

Besides Sofy, Olga remained silent as if indifferent to the affairs of Sakayam.

Liza is in the villa. Sofy refused to let her stay in Kuroyuz.

At this time, the reconnaissance team released half a moment ago came back. The captain reported to Mashas.

"The enemy has already camped about five Belstad from here to the west."

Mashas looked up at the sky. The entire sky was stained with gray water, and it appeared dark at the end. Judging from the position of the sun, the color of the water will turn vermilion in less than four and a half.

"Judging from the number of military flags, the number of enemies is probably between 4,000 and 5,000"
Mashas said to the captain of consoling words and told him to retreat. Sure enough, even the enemy didn't seem to want to go to war in the evening.

After giving orders to the soldiers to camp, Mashas whispered, shaking his beard.

——Tigre and the others don't know what's going on... Did Luke find Tigre and them?

The restlessness and anxiety even made him feel a stomachache, and Mashas watched the soldiers set up camp.

That night, in a room in Villa Greast. Mashas talks with Olga and Sofy.

"The old man wants to act before dawn and launch a surprise attack at dawn"

There was a small table between the three of them, and the map of Trebilia was spread on it. This is what they got at Kureyuz.

"As you can see, Trebilia is an unsteady grassland, which is beneficial to a large number of enemies. We have to avoid frontal combat and preemptively. If this is the case..."

"I will participate as a soldier"

in Mas Before Haas wanted to say anything else, Olga spoke of his determination. Her gaze turned to Sofy.

"Sofya, and Elizavetta are here."

"The old man actually wanted to say the same. It would be even more inspiring if Sofy's Palace also went to..."

Treating important figures in other countries makes Mashas hesitated. Regardless of the success or failure of the surprise attack, if there is a case, the loss is immeasurable. Taking only one person is already a concession to the limit of this situation.
Seeing this thought in Mashas's heart, Sofy said "I understand" and agreed.

"I will keep a hundred infantry. I will leave it to you later."

"I wish you a prosperous victory."

Seeing Sofy smile, Mashas nodded slowly.

Riding on a horse hidden near the Temple, Tallard, who succeeded in meeting with the army of Sakayam in Trebilia, looked very upset in the camp.

——This guy can't do it.

After meeting with Sakayam, and talking to him about the future for about a moment, Tallard was already disappointed in him.

After splitting up with Bachelard, Tallard immediately dispatched his soldiers to collect information on Parnia. In addition, he sent the slips to Sakayam, and gave various instructions in the name of Bachelard and Ganelon.

Sakayam divided the treasure among three distributions and wooed them, officially Tallard's proposal. Having said that, the total number of troops sent by the three factions of Sakayam is only more than two thousand. That is also the evaluation of Tallard's popularity and ability of Sakayam.

Although Tallard was disappointed, in short he gave instructions to let Sakayam come and add Thomas. This is to complete Bachelard's entrustment and is intended to be used as insurance.

The prince of concubine said, let him go and meet Beatrice. Ask her who she has met recently, and if possible, hoping to bring her out.

"It's my benefactor. She has been taking care of my mother when I'm not at home."
For Beatrice, Bachelard only said this, but he can understand how deeply he misses. But when she heard that she was in a temple that only witches could enter, Tallard really wanted to crush him.

First made a plan to sneak into the temple. When he failed, Tallard used the army to put pressure on Gatomagus. Therefore, he called Sakayam here.

Also, he heard that Ganelon will also send two thousand soldiers from Lutidia. There are five thousand people here.

If there is still a problem, it is Sakayam. He is above greed and cruel.

"When I return to Kuryuz, I will decapitate all the people who welcomed the guerrillas into the city, and put them on the wall. If I see this, other cities and villages will obey me, right?"

When he was asked by Tallard how to unite Parnia, the answer he gave was this. Although Tallard persuaded him to be more tolerant to the leaders, Sakayam turned a deaf ear to this.

"The order I got from the Duke of Ganelon is that it doesn't matter to cut off all the heads of the hostile leader without leaving it Tallard, do you want me to disobey the Duke's order?"

Sakayam's eyes flashed with contempt. In his eyes, Tallard was nothing but a foreign little furry boy with Bachelard. This little furry boy, through the prestigious fox of Bachelard, gave orders to himself arrogantly, that's how it feels.

His refutation was within Tallard's expectation. Reply immediately.

"Your Excellency meant that to annihilate those called guerrillas, and to take the necessary measures to completely put down the Parnia Territory, he did not say that the reputation of the guerrillas should be improved."
Although Tallard proposed several more This is a plan, but the only thing that Sakayam accepts is that in the battle with the guerrillas, Tallard's troops will be added to the side of the army.

Let the anger and the extremely stupid mood linger in the bottom of my heart, Tallard and Sakayam bid farewell.

Although angry to the extreme, if Sakayam loses to the guerrillas, it will really trouble him. If the guerrillas formed a large force in the northern part of Brune, it would be a big obstacle to Bachelard's ambitions. In the worst case, Bachelard's army may be attacked from north to south by the guerrilla and Regnas army.

—-Ah, forget it. It was a fluke that the guerrillas came slowly.

Of course, Tallard knew the reason for the guerrillas marching here. It was to stop the Sakayam Army from going to Gatomagus where Tigre and others were.

—-Can't let this opportunity escape from your hands.

After annihilating the guerrillas, as long as the factions are cleaned up in order, Parnia can be put down. If Sakayam is dealt with at that time, the problem will be solved.

The people don't think that Sakayam is a ruler worthy of Parnia. After the war is over, just make an excuse, find a better person, and appoint it to Parnia.

Tallard sees this war far away. After the guerrillas were defeated, they returned to Bachelard to fight against Regnas. Also pay attention to Thenardier's actions.

You must not be frustrated in such a place.

When the darkness gradually receded from the eastern sky, the guerrillas commanded by Mashas removed the camp and began to move. Mashas released the reconnaissance team in advance, and I heard that the Sakayam's Army has not made any obvious moves.
The guerrillas marched from the north to the west of the Trubiliai Wilderness, and then to the south, drawing a slow parabola.

Starting from the guerrillas, four and a half minutes later, at dawn, staying next to Sofy in the villa, a soldier out of breath appeared to report.

"From the east, there is a group that looks like an enemy is approaching. The number is close to one hundred. Please prepare to take refuge, Lord Vanadis."

"Thank you very much. But, I will fight too."

They were probably ordered by Mashas to protect themselves, etc. Human, but Sofy is not a weak woman who should be protected. Sofy answered with a smile.

—-If there are only a hundred people, the soldiers and I can deal with it. However, it should be more than that simple.

Sofy told the soldiers to withdraw to confirm the enemy's appearance, and took her dragon gear leaning against the wall in her hand. At this time, there was a slight vibration from the golden staff.

"This is...?"

The Glorious Princess of the Brilliant Light was issuing a warning. Eliminating the uneasy factor of beauty, Sofy immediately fell into thinking.

She remembered how she waited for others to fight against the corpse dragon group when she was fighting in Gorry.

—-We should give up optimistic ideas.

Ganelon, or Bachelard, should judge that they have something to do with demons.
The one hundred enemies approaching this villa are probably not normal humans.

When she walked into the corridor, she probably noticed the abnormal change from the soldiers' panic behavior and saw Liza running towards here. There was tension on her face, and a slight excitement.

"Sofy, are you going to start fighting?"

"Hmm..."

Sofy couldn't help putting her hand on Liza's shoulder, hugging her tenderly. According to the enemy's true face, there may be no room to protect her.

"Liza, if it's dangerous, please run away according to your own judgment. Then—"

Sofy said with a serious expression after a brief hesitation.

"Call Valitsaif"

"Valitsaif? my dragon gear?"

Liza's expression became dazed. Sofy nodded.

"Dragon gear is a Vanadis's most trusted friend and comrade-in-arms. As long as it is your wish, she will definitely come to protect you."

"So is Sofy the same?"

Sofy smiled at Liza's candid mood.

"I don't care. Although I should have protected you"

"Okay", Liza shook her head as she said.

"Sofy is going to teach the enemy. I'll visit the house. No matter who comes, don't let him in."
"I'll Rely on you. But please don't force it. In case something happens, just run away as I just said"

The soldier called Sofy. Sofy nodded in reply, then smiled and said to Liza.

"I'll come as soon as I go."

Sofy then left ten soldiers in the villa and took the other soldiers out of the villa.

With the white sky on the east as the background, the black shadow group came over here.

They are not soldiers, and it is immediately understood. First, there is no queue. Disperse disorderly. He didn't look armed, and he staggered like a drunkard.

The scouts sent in advance are back. His face became pale with fear.

"Report, report"

The tongue was knotted, and the soldiers worked hard to compose words.

"Then, those guys are not humans! How can I say, they are like walking stone statues or human-shaped clay, I don't understand..."

The soldiers around Sofy were speechless. This is not a normal report at all. However, Sofy was the only one who was not surprised or stunned. She listened to the report carefully and began to think.

——Sure enough, it's not an ordinary enemy.

Then, what you want to do has been decided. Sofy told the scout with a serious expression.

"You have worked hard. Please step back and adjust your breath."
Then, she looked at the soldiers around her in a circle. Although I was a little sorry for them, it was difficult to deal with those 100 enemies on my own. Other people must help.

"Please calm down. Although we have not communicated to you before, we have already obtained the information. Ganelon has hired a witchcraft envoy."

After confirming that the soldiers understood the word witchcraft envoy, he calmed down and continued.

"The reason I didn't tell you is because I didn't believe this information. This is our miscalculation. I am very sorry for that. After knowing this, please lend me strength."

One of the soldiers who understood the meaning of Sofy's words, asked cautiously.

"No, it won't be true. You have to fight against those things...?"

"Please combine the power of two and three to stop them. Although those are terrible things, they are by no means invincible. I will destroy them. But there are too many."

So far, it's all made up. However, it was not improvised. If we were to fight against demons like Torbalan again, how to explain and how to make people accept it, Sofy had considered this issue before.

—I didn't expect it to be used so quickly.

After Sofy's words were conveyed, the soldiers gradually recovered their fighting spirit. Although still scared, there is no way. But Sofy thinks that as long as they don't run away, it should be enough.

—Me too, I can actually stand in front of the soldiers like Mila and Elen.
When Mila and Olga fought side by side on the Gorry Wilderness, the different tension enveloped her.

Sofy has had experience in leading soldiers on the battlefield or fighting demons.

However, this is the first time that the two have been carried out at the same time.

——Can it be done? No, it must be done.

Rolling up the skirt of her dress, Sofy stepped firmly towards the demon group.

When the distance between the enemy and ourselves was less than one hundred Alshins (about one hundred meters), he could clearly see the enemy's posture. Just like the report of the scouts, demons resembling human-shaped stones being cut off. The surface is rough and uneven, with three holes in the face. The two round holes considered to be eyes and the crescent moon-like depressions across.

——Zaht, please lend me strength!

Holding the staff in both hands, Sofy shortened the distance. At the corresponding time, wave the staff mercilessly. The demon's head was smashed, and its body collapsed to the ground. Although the demon's body convulsed a few times, it did not appear to stand up anymore.

-It works.

If you act by yourself, you can increase the courage of the soldiers. Sofy set up her dragon gear again and rushed into the demon group. Sweep the staff to the left and right to smash the demons.

The way Sofy was fighting caused cheers among the soldiers who were standing still.

"Don't just let Master Vanadis fight! Let's go together too!"
The captains of the various units shouted, and the soldiers moved forward with their swords and spears again. They did not forget Sofy's words. Two or three people work together to challenge the demon, which is correct. Even if you use force to cut it up, you can only carve shallow scars on the surface of the demon's body.

Then, the demon reached out to the dazed soldier and grabbed him. Sorrows rang everywhere. The grip of the demon was extraordinary. The arm of the person whose arm was grasped, and the head of the person whose head was grasped were crushed.

The morale of the soldiers just improved, but suddenly dropped. They panicked and flinched, waving their weapons back. When Sofy noticed their appearance, ten soldiers had already squatted on the ground, or had died and fell.

—*How could it be...!*

Sofy sensed that her judgment had been miscalculated, with regret. Because the opponent's movements were slow, I was careless.

—*the staff must be moved back.*

She Defeated the demon approaching from the front. Sofy looked back. She wants to give an order to go back.

However, she was dumbfounded in surprise and swallowed what she wanted to say.

The soldiers who had retired once regrouped and confronted the demons again.

The captains shouted and gave instructions to target the demon's feet. Because the demons are slow and staggered, if they sweep their feet with a spear, it is not difficult to make them fall. The sword-holders provoke the demons, and then aim their arms to destroy their body.
It is impossible to knock them down. However, time can be bought for Sofy's position.

"Just because the opponent is an inhuman demon, it seems that I am too self-righteous."

Although she was still fighting, Sofy's expression eased. Only oneself can fight against the demon, she had no doubt about it. But this is not the case. Although they do it differently, they can also fight.

Ran up to the demon who had brought the soldiers down and waved down the staff. Once it was confirmed that it would not get up again, it ran to the next demon. She'll Destroy this demon.

"Thank you for helping me a lot."

When he left, he thanked the soldiers. The soldiers answered with a smile.

"No, it should be our side who received help"

"It's worthy of being a Vanadis who is hailed as a thousand horses."

Because Sofy was a Vanadis, they seemed to think so. In fact, even Sofy can't fight against demons without a dragon gear. But now there is no room for solving this misunderstanding.

Sofy ran around, knocking down the demons. Fortunately, the demons did not look like reinforcements. If the number of enemies is reduced, there will be room for companions. It is possible to induce demons close to Sofy, and it is possible to contain them with four or five people.

——That being said, what is the enemy thinking about.

It is indeed a terrifying enemy. If Sofy were not there, the soldiers would be killed and the villa would fall into the hands of the demons. But, if you think about it, can it be said that there is no trap here.
—We have Vanadis's intelligence, and Ganelon should have communicated to them.

When thinking like this, Sofy thought of a possibility.

Are these demons trying to divert themselves from the villa?

Now, there are only Liza and ten soldiers in the villa.

—If you don't rush back.

However, there are still sixty or seventy demons remaining. If you use dragon skills, you should be able to knock down a certain number of enemies, but it is impossible to annihilate them all in an instant. Moreover, it also consumes energy.

While praying to the gods for Liza's safety, Sofy continued to wave her brilliance.

Liza sat on the bed in a room in the villa.

Although being alone in the dim room makes people feel guilty, because there are only ten soldiers, there is no room to take care of Liza. Liza also understood this reason, so she could only wait quietly for Sofy to return.

About half a moment after sending Sofy away, there was a sound in the corridor. It was like the sound of something falling down. After seeing the door for a while, Liza made up her mind and stood up.

She looked around and hugged the elongated vase under his arm as a weapon.

Opened the door and walked to the corridor. Look around, there is a black figure standing within ten steps. After seeing who it was, Liza calmed down her expression peacefully.

"Sofy, you are back."
The one standing there is indeed Sofya Obertas. Liza wanted to run to her, but stopped after five steps. He placed the vase held in his left hand on his chest, and looked at Sofy with a surprised look. Call with a disturbed voice.

"Sofy...?"

Sofy in front of Liza was surrounded by an indescribable weird atmosphere. The smile on that face seemed to be made deliberately, making it impossible to look directly at it.

"You are here, Liza"

She spoke in a completely emotional voice, and Sofy waved with her left hand. Liza trembling and shaking her head left and right, her anger overwhelmed her fear, and she threw the vase at Sofy. The vase hit Sofy's chest and fell to the ground and broke. During this period, Sofy remained motionless.

"You're a counterfeit! Don't become Sofy!"

Sofy screamed at her nervously and excitedly. Liza felt scared and couldn't help backing away.

"Isn't this the person you like? It seems that you don't like this gesture very much. Then—"

From Sofy's mouth, the old woman's voice came out. Sofy's posture loses color and becomes thinner, and her outline becomes blurred. In the next moment, a completely different person stood there.

It was a 17- or 8-year-old girl with waist-long white silver hair and bright red eyes, a sword hung around her waist, and a fierce smile. She is the Vanadis who governs the Principality of Leitmeritz, and Eleonora Viltaria, who has the alias of the nickname "Wind Princess of the Silver Flash".

"This girl should be the one you like."
Understanding that she couldn't keep up with what was happening before her eyes, Liza took two steps, three steps back. Although there are images that have seen the girl in front of me, she can't remember where I saw it.

Something in Elen's posture Pulled out the sword and Jump over and chop at Liza. Liza groaned and turned around and ran away in the corridor.

"Someone, somebody, come and save me...!"

As he turned the corner, he smelled blood in his nose. At first glance, two soldiers fell to the ground. The red and black blood under their bodies flowed outward. Liza lost her blood on her face. The sound she heard just now was probably the sound made by these two people being killed by that thing.

Feeling a breath behind him, he couldn't help turning his head back. Elen stood. Was caught up while standing still in a daze. Liza groaned again. When she tried to escape, she was knocked aside and fell to the ground. Her eyes shone sadistically, and Elen looked down at Liza.

"It's in such a place. Unexpectedly, your right hand was cut off. In other words, who cut it off?"

In the voice of the old woman, Elen weaved words. Liza didn't understand what the other party was talking about. But what is certain is that this demon intends to torture himself.

"Just a while ago, I observed your appearance. It seems to be amnesia. If you use this posture, will it remind you of the old man's things?"

It is probably confirmed that Liza has no intention of fighting. Elen's posture The child disappeared. Over there, the little old woman holding a broom stood there.

In the corner of Liza's memory, the scene of the past suddenly appeared.
The completely decayed temple, the black stone statues in it, and the sounds that sounded directly in the consciousness.

My head hurts. Who is this old woman sacred?

"Who are you? Why do this kind of thing...?"

"Baba Yaga. Please call this old woman like that."

After signing up, the old woman-like demon turned the broom in his hand. Liza was beaten on the back.

"We have a long-term relationship with you war maidens. The wishes of the old people are often hindered by you. So I want to kill you, that's it..."

The old woman showed a chilling smile and peered into Liza's face.

"I imitated what Drekavok did. It might be interesting to try to mix something in it. Because battles between the same Vanadis are not uncommon, so I try to give you strength, and nothing has happened yet. The former curse has been solved. If you can't do anything alive, even for a short time, let's reduce one Vanadis."

"Ahh"

Liza let out a short cry. Thinking of getting up and running away, but before that he was hit by a broom and fell to the ground. Baba Yaga tore Liza's clothes with the front end of the broom. The exposed white back was stained red by the marks of several broom scratches.

"First of all, let's try to make this bat-like wings grow on this back. Just like the old one."

From the back of the small old woman, jet black wings sprang out. Liza's teeth trembled in despair and fear, staring at the scene. I wanted to escape but couldn't move his hands or feet, and couldn't leave the demon's eyesight.

"--Stay away from Liza"
The resolute voice made Liza's eardrum vibrate. Baba Yaga stopped moving.

Liza looked over, Sofy stood there. Blond hair stuck to his face, and his shoulders trembled with breathing. The green and white dress was stained with dirt.

"Have you come back? Good skills,"

The old woman smiled. In an instant, the miasma covering her body suddenly expanded. Sofy's face tightened from tension, and she set her up.

"Just die for me"

After speaking, several fireballs the size of adult human heads were released from the broomstick held by the demon. Although Sofy used her dragon skills to defend herself, immediately, Baba Yaga made a blizzard in the corridor, and released lightning strikes while flying freely on it. Sofy can only defend blindly.

However, Sofy moved forward a little bit and moved closer to Liza.

"Can you move...?"

Liza nodded with tears, grabbed Sofy's hand and got up.

Immediately afterwards, the demon released a light bomb. Sofy uses dragon skills to challenge.

"——Shining waves, gather my front!"

A transparent light defensive wall appeared in the front of Sofy and Liza. Blocked the light bullet.

In the next moment, flashes, roars and explosions overflowed. Sofy and Liza were shot off and fell to the ground. Liza was only slightly injured because of Sofy's protection, but Sofy's consciousness was blurred at a glance.

"That's it, take you two away together"
Baba Yaga laughed while floating in the air looking down at Liza and the others.

The witch waved the broom, a faint light gleamed on the floor, and ten human-shaped stone dolls appeared. The demons swayed from side to side and approached Liza and the others.

Liza wants to protect Sofy and shines on her. However, this cannot change the situation. The demons approached at the same pace, and the demons looked down at Liza and the others with sadistic smiles.

"I want to... I must protect Sofy...."

Liza stretched out her left hand to the Brilliant Light in Sofy's hand. However, the golden staff was unusually heavy and motionless.

At this moment, Liza, who was still patrolling the demons with a face that was about to cry, remembered Sofy's words.

Call your dragon gear, she said.

"——Valitsaif"

stretched out her hand into the void, and Liza shouted.

"Valitsaif come here! If you still agree that I am Vanadis please come!"

Wrong, wrong. Shaking her head violently, Liza said again.

"I'm Vanadis! So come back here, Vali quit Eve! Back to Vanadis's hands!"

Baba Yaga's expression changed. At this moment, the demon judged Liza as a threat. She distanced herself from the war maidens and ordered the demons to suppress Liza.

The demons pounced on Liza and the others. At the same time, from the ceiling of the corridor to the ground, a roaring golden
thunder light penetrated. The black shadow tore the atmosphere and blasted the demons with the rocks.

The light disappeared, and when the white smoke dissipated, Liza stood proudly upright. He held a black whip with golden thunder in his left hand. That is Valitsaif's speech to Eve.

—*This is a dragon gear. As a proof of Vanadis...*

Liza cast her gaze on the black whip. She probably had seen Sofy, Mila and Olga's dragon gear, she was not surprised. Instead, there is a wonderful sense of peace of mind. The feeling on the hand is incredibly familiar. It's like tailor-made for her hands.

Then, power emerged from the depths of the body. Dragon gear is talking to her.

What it said is that she is a brave Vanadis worthy of wielding it.

Liza turned her gaze to look at Sofy who was lying on the ground, her expression calming down. Although he was injured, it didn't seem to be a major problem.

The eyes of different colors gleamed with fighting spirit, and Liza stared at the demon in the sky.

"...Is the memory restored? It doesn't seem to be the case."

"Well, I don't know what you are. But it doesn't matter what those things are."

Liza tapped the front of the black whip on the ground, and Liza continued.

"Although Valitsaif wants me to knock you down and say that you are the enemy, I can never forgive you for hurting me and Sofy compared to those. Realize this, you foolish old woman."

"Oh,"

Baba Yaga seemed to shrink her mouth in surprise.
"Loss of memory is really sympathetic. To say such naive words"

"You are so annoying. The appearance of spots and wrinkles is really disgusting. Ah, so I said to become like Sofy. Because Sofy is a beauty. Although the silver-haired girl just now is also the opposite of the ugly you"

"The little girl who was still crying just now needs to be disciplined a little bit"

Baba Yaga acted. The sharp drop approached Liza. Although Liza swung the whip, the demon escaped and burst into her arms. Shortly hold the tip of the broomstick and stab it. She thinks the whip is too late to deal with it.

Electric light shines. The next moment, the petite body of the demon was bounced off and hit the ground. Bounced and rolled on the floor several times.

"Because you didn't want to rush over there"

Liza looked down at the demon coldly. There is no whip in her left hand. Valitsaif attached to Liza's right arm, depicted countless spirals, forming from the elbow to the top, turning into a black prosthetic hand with lightning. It was this blow that greeted the demon in his arms.

Wanting to give the demon a final blow, Liza stepped out of the ground. However, Baba Yaga pinned Liza with a fireball and flew out of the window to escape. Liza also went out from the window to chase her.

Baba Yaga flew into the forest next to the villa. Is she going to hide her eyes? Liza rushed into the forest without slowing down.

"Come here."

Baba Yaga waved the broom with its split front end. There was a big seam in the ground. However, Liza's footsteps did not stop there. Before the ground cracks, take off. However, that is not the
width that can be jumped over after all. In this way, Liza will be swallowed by the rift and disappear into the darkness.

"——Valitsaif!"

The black whip, which can stretch freely, untied from the wrist in response to Liza's call. With this whip entangled on the branch. With the branches as the axis, Liza uses centrifugal force to move forward in the air. Floating over the ground crack.

The fireball released by Baba Yaga was knocked out in the air, and before landing on the ground, he released the whip again, entangled another branch. The length of the whip shrank close to the branch, and Liza kicked it towards that branch.

If there is a mistake, it is a dangerous technique that will be thrown into the air. However, Liza didn't seem afraid, moving from branch to branch to chase the demon. (Spider-Man)

Baba Yaga, shuddering at Liza who was chasing stubbornly. Even with fireballs and lightning strikes, Liza can cleverly avoid and approach the old woman's demons.

"——This is Sofy's part!"

Finally, Liza chased the demon.

"——The world is shattered and the claws are shattered!"

Valitsaif's front end is divided into nine pieces, each of which is entwined with white thunder. However, when she was about to hit her, the demon's appearance disappeared.

"Is she escaping...!"

"At least, I want to beat her hard for Sofy's part"

Liza, who landed safely with the power of Valitsaif, looked at her right arm again.
"Although this is not bad, it is still different from the real right hand"

after muttering, she was puzzled.

-Where is the real right hand? However, I do feel a sense of violation. In short, it was like that I didn't lose my right hand, but felt like it was there.

Liza walked out of the forest. Just noticing that there was a figure standing there, she set her posture, but when she realized that it was Sofy, she dismissed her posture.

Probably her body is still aching, Sofy staggered towards this side.

"Where's that demon?"

"She ran away, so it could be said to be coaxed away."

"That's it."

Sofy exhaled a relieved breath and said to Liza with a smile.

"It's great, you're fine"

"Me too, Sofy is fine,"

Liza hugged Sofy tightly. Sofy also put her hand around Liza's back.

Then Sofy noticed Valitsaif on Liza's left hand.

"Isn't this Valitsaif. What happened...?"

Liza let go of her hug and answered with her chest puffed up.

"I called it."

"That's great. Wasn't Valitsaif happy?"

After hearing Sofy's words, Liza looked at the black whip. The black whip responded with a blue thunder light.
"It says very happy."

Liza approached Sofy, supporting her shoulders.

The two walked towards the villa.

As the sky gradually brightened, Mashas looked at the back of the guerrillas with an expression of astonishment.

Indeed, they approached the Sakayam Army from the north.

However, now, the Sakayam Army is facing the guerrillas from the front. They predicted the surprise attack and made a lineup that seemed to be able to repel their own army.

Mashas looked to the sky in despair. You can't retreat at this distance. There is no choice other than head-on conflict.

Mashas said to the quiet little Vanadis beside him.

"Olga, it has become a form of relying on you, but please don't force it"

The gap in quantity has to be made up by other factors. Mashas planned to put Olga in charge of an army and give the enemy a blow. Olga nodded.

"It's okay. It's not a big deal."

"It's really reliable. Although you haven't disclosed your status as the war maiden, let's give you the nickname of the daughter of the god of war Triglav instead."

After hearing Mashas's half-joking lines, Olga was puzzled.

"I am a horseman, so I don't have a deep faith in Triglav."

"That's it. That's my rudeness. Then, what do you call you?"

Olga stared at her dragon gear.

"Axe"
Mashas was silent. What would happen like that. He didn't think the morale of the soldiers would rise as a result, and the enemy who heard this alias would not be frightened. However, Olga seemed very satisfied.

"Then, try that one,"

Mashas said, expecting her to reconsider after the war.

The sound of the horns resounded, and the two armies began to move. The battle of Trebilliai began.

At the beginning of the battle, an extremely conventional situation unfolded. Because Mashas turned to the defensive very early.

However, as the distance gets closer, the soldiers will start throwing stones at each other. It is only natural that the sharp edge will be displayed when it is close to the weapon's attack range.

Under the sun's rays halfway through the spring, the soldiers clashed with dust.

The guerrillas consist of a central force with 1,000 infantrymen, and 1,300 infantrymen on each side. There are four hundred cavalries on standby in the rear as a reserve force.

The Sakayam Army has two thousand infantrymen in the center, and reinforcements from Lutidia are allocated one thousand to the rear and the left flank. A thousand soldiers under the command of Tallard are in charge of the right wing.

The reason for dividing half of Lutidia's reinforcements into reserve forces is because of the consideration of allowing his own people to obtain as many martial arts as possible. Tallard's right wing also did not want them to act too much.

Because of this, Sakayam made the instructions of holding the left and right wings to face the enemy, and highlighted the fierce battle between the central forces and the guerrillas.
This method of tactics can be said to be correct. Comparing the center, the right wing, and the left wing, Sakayam's army only has the central force.

If you use twice the number of troops than the enemy to smash the enemy's formation and make it collapse. After that, the reserve forces can be used, and it is possible to encircle the enemy regardless of whether the left or right wing launches an attack.

This is trained from Greast, Sakayam's command ability is definitely not low, he actively mobilizes his troops, and keeps the strong troops pressed forward. Because of this, the soldiers of Sakayam continued the fierce onslaught, causing the guerrilla soldiers to gradually retreat.

"Is it going to work like this. -I'm sorry, Olga"

Mashas bowed his head to Olga without hesitation. Olga nodded, and rode away from the rear of the central unit. Pushing aside the soldiers, they moved forward at the same time, and it didn't take long to get to the front line. At the same time, the dragon gear, which was originally in the shape of a hand axe, has become a long-handled axe.

Crack the head of the Sakayam soldier on the front, together with the helmet.

Without stopping, Olga waved her yards to the left and right, knocking down the enemy one after another, swaying a rain of blood and foam. The cheers of the friendly forces and the roars of the enemy rang.

"You can't do anything with such a little devil?"

Seeing the soldiers shake, a strong knight moved forward. Set up the spear, showing an assault posture. Olga didn't even give him time to report his name, and charged on horseback. When shortened to a suitable distance, she smashed his breastplate with one blow and let him fall. The knight who spouted blood and fell to the ground couldn't get up again.
"I'm not a little devil",

staring at the Sakayam soldiers who stopped because of her bravery, Olga made a faint declaration.

"Axe."

There is no one who knows that this word is a nickname, neither in the enemy nor in the friendly army. However, this undoubtedly contributed to the momentum of the friendly forces. Olga sat ahead, and the guerrilla soldiers began to counterattack. Wielding a spear and sword, the Sakayam soldiers were pushed back. Olga once again swept the Sakayam soldiers and opened the way.

After the pressure returned to a certain level, the guerrilla central force retreated and had to adjust the queue. Although Olga is a war maiden, her physical strength is not unlimited.

Mashas decided to defend thoroughly first. Since the number is already at a disadvantage, the Rangers cannot be formed. Wherever a flaw is found, only Olga's fight is the only way to go.

Then, the Tallard forces, which formed the right wing of the Sakayam Army, began to move.

After the battle began, Tallard sent orders to investigate the actions of the central forces most of the time.

He hadn't planned to obey Sakayam's orders. There is no such obligation. From a standpoint, they are at the same level. So far, I haven't moved here, I only fought a minimum battle, to find the best time.

"Sakayam did a good job unexpectedly. It was the limit of this guy who failed to crush the enemy. Moreover, I think there is only one Vanadis in the center of the enemy."

If there are two Vanadis, the central unit of the Sakayam Army will suffer far greater losses than it is now. If only double the number can be prevented, that means there is only one person.
the opponent is reluctant to use it, then Lord Rodant as the commander is just a mediocre general who is not to be feared.

After this judgment, Tallard acted on the front line with his bow.

The captains of the troops led by Tallard have correctly understood what the commander intends to do. Then, I am convinced that I have won. The decisive factor for victory in Tieruse was that it was not the assault of the Rangers' cavalry, but that Tallard had messed up the enemy's formation. They believed so firmly.

"Next, let us win this battle with our own hands."

If the enemy's left wing is defeated, then the speaking power of oneself and others will increase. After excluding Sakayam, everything will become easier to do. Tallard appeared in front of the enemy soldiers under the protection of the soldiers. People who seemed to be the captain of the enemy were selected and shot down one after another. Gradually, the enemy's movements began to become sluggish.

When he turns his eyes to find the next target. The figure of a man came into view, and Tallard swallowed.

"Are you here..."

Tallard's mouth leaked tension and fighting spirit, and murmured mixed with a trace of joy.

In his line of sight, Tigrevurmuud Vorn. Next to him, there is also the figure of Ludmila Lourie.

It was actually a quarter and a half ago when Tigre, Mila, Ludie, and Luke arrived in the wilderness of Trebilliai. Because of the strong wind, even if you want to borrow Mila's power, you can't cross the lake anymore. Although you can ride all night, but because you don't want to get in the wrong direction, you have to move forward cautiously.
It may be lucky to not pass by the villa. Because if he learns of Sofy and the others' battle, he would have passed over there.

A smile appeared on Mashas's tired face and greeted the four of them.

"Are you okay? It's great. Although I really want to tell you that please take a rest slowly..."

"We didn't come here to rest. And, now we don't have the time, right"

Tigre replied, Mila also nodded. Mashas briefly explained the current situation.

"Bachelard doesn't seem to be here"

Mila smiled. Depending on whether the concubine prince is present or not, the tactics will be completely different.

"It seems that the opponent doesn't have a strong fighter. Because if there is, I should go to fight Olga."

Ludie said, and she thought about it for a while.

"I'll wait for Olga to get back, and the two will go to the front together. Tigre and Mila choose the left and right wing randomly... No, they should simply lead the cavalry to prepare troops and assault the enemy's side."

Most of the core of the cavalry force has participated in the pot. Those who fought in Leigh had good intentions towards Tigre.

Just as Tigre was hesitating what to do, the report of the order came. It is said that the left-wing troops were suppressed by the enemy.

"The enemy has a terrifying archer, and the captain of our troops has been brought down one after another. It seems that it is not a Brune ..."
Tigre, Mila and Ludie were full of tension and looked at each other. That is Tallard.

"I'll go"

Tigre declared quietly. Mila spoke immediately.

"I'll go too."

Although Tigre was surprised, he immediately understood and nodded. Before the chaotic left-wing forces could regroup, they had to buy time. Only Mila can do this.

"Please be careful"

Ludie cast a caring gaze. Tigre answered with a smile.

"Between each other. Because you still have to go to His Royal Highness."

Then, only Tigre and Mila went to the left-wing army together, pushed the soldiers away and went to the front line. However, at this time, nearly 30% of the left-wing forces were extremely chaotic and could no longer act properly.

"--Mila"

staring at Tallard in the distance, Tigre said to his sweetheart.

"Cover me"

Mila nodded. For the time being until Tallard is away, the chaos will not go away. Also, if Tigre had anything, she planned to rush to it immediately.

Tigre held the black bow and glanced at the quiver hanging from the saddle. There is ample amount in it. It was different from Tieruse.

With tension and unwavering determination, Tigre clenched his arrow and rode forward. When there was a distance of 300 Alshins
between Tallard and Tallard, he put the arrow on the black bow and released it.

Tallard leaned forward, avoiding the arrow fired by Tigre.

It felt as if he was looking at him with Tigre. The sense of excitement since Tieruse was welled up in Tallard's chest. He was very nervous and grind his nerves thoroughly.

"I will give you the command for the time being."

After he drew sideways and said, Tallard put the arrow on his bow. At this time, Tallard abandoned his responsibility as a commander. Tieruse was the same at that time, and he couldn't defeat Tigre if he took command of the command.

While releasing the arrow, he rode forward. The distance between the two shrank to two hundred and fifty Alshins.

Shoot down the arrow shot by Tigre, and the arrow shot by himself was shot down.

"This time, he should have prepared enough arrows. However, can he win me with these?"

It is a fact that he has won once, which makes Tallard confident. While letting the horse continue forward, shoot an arrow. Tigre also rode over.

——Is it under 200 Alshins?

While judging by visual inspection, shoot an arrow. Attempt to shoot two arrows in a row, but each one was shot down by Tigre. Little tricks don't work, it's really pleasant.

The distance between the two has shrunk to less than one hundred and fifty Alshins. It was already here. Judging that it would be dangerous if you continue to shorten the distance, Tallard stopped the horse and Catch a new arrow.

Then Tallard was surprised. Tigre, he was still riding forward.
"Isn't this very positive?"

Tallard's mouth raised. Where the dangerous bridge will lead to, Tigre is challenging himself.

"Well then. I'll accompany you"

It is impossible to retreat. Enthusiasm was exuding his whole body, and his fighting spirit gradually became high. Tallard kicked his horse. It feels like the subordinates are yelling to themselves, ignoring it. When the arrow was shot and the next arrow was hit, the distance between the two sides was reduced to a hundred Alshins.

However, Tigre was still riding forward.

In this case, it becomes an expression of how fast the arrow is shot. There is no room to fully pull the bowstring. With just a light pull, you can shoot the opponent. Also, if the speed of taking out the arrow from the quiver is a little slow, it is very disadvantageous. In the case of not being able to shoot down the opponent's arrows, there is no room for dodge.

——This guy wants to reduce the distance to how much.

The distance between the two sides was reduced to ninety Alshins. The smile disappeared from Tallard's face.

Tigre got closer. Did not reduce that terrifying speed and correctness.

Tallard faced the challenge desperately, gritted his teeth with no room left, sweating.

Less than eighty Alshins, less than seventy Alshins, less than sixty Alshins. The two of them now can clearly see each other's face. Tigre's face was also full of sweat, his expression stiff. However, those eyes were full of determination, shining with a strong will that never flinched.
It's less than fifty Alshins. The sound of the arrows on both sides colliding with each other and shattering vibrated the earlobes, increasing the tension. Despite this, the two still let the horse continue forward.

Already, there is no room left to watch the moment when the opponent shoots an arrow. When the opponent hits the arrow, if you don't predict the trajectory of the arrow based on the opponent's posture and the angle of the arrow, you can't deal with it.

Of course, it is possible to hide behind the horse or lean hard to avoid it.

However, in that case, it is impossible to deal with the next move. Moreover, if the action is interpreted by the opponent, it will be finished.

——If the opponent is a general archer, you don't need to think about it. However, this guy can do it.

Staring at Tigre who was approaching, Tallard complained in his heart. Tigre should think so too.

Less than forty Alshins, less than thirty Alshins. We have reached the range where we can hear the loud call from the other party.

The back is tight. Although Tallard wanted to talk to Tigre very much, he couldn't waste time adjusting his breathing. Use arrows to talk, and use arrows to answer. The two of them now can only do this.

Alshins was less than twenty. For the two who are pushing their bows to the limit, it is not so much as pulling the bow, that they can reach the distance of the arrow as long as they move it slightly.

The distance between the two was finally less than ten Alshins.

Unexpectedly, both sides stopped their archery hands. Keeping the bow, shortened the distance.
"--It's been a long time since"

Tallard was the first to speak out. Tigre replied briefly, "Ahhhhh".

When shooting arrows, Tallard threw out the high and inflated feelings along with the questions he had to ask.

"really...?"

"What do you mean?"

Tigre asked quietly. Tallard did not answer. If you answer, you’re surrendering.

——It is impossible for me to lose to you!

Tallard roared. Tigre shot an arrow. While Tallard tilted his neck slightly, his fingers moved away from the bowstring. Almost at the same time, Tigre's arrow hit his temple.

--I Won!

Feeling the scorching heat and pain in his temples, Tallard claimed to be happy in his heart.

At this distance, Tigre had no room to avoid the arrow. It is very difficult to see the trajectory of his arrow. After this gamble, he will win by himself.

However, the next moment, Tallard was dumbfounded. Tigre grabbed the arrow shot by Tallard in his hand. Then, he hit his black bow in one go, and shot it out.

The scene of the first meeting with Tigre flashed through Tallard's mind. It was on the sea of Asvarre. He grabbed the arrow that was aimed at Sofy and shot it back.

Tallard was too late to react. The arrow Tigre shot broke the string of the bow he was holding and plunged into his shoulder. Obstructed by the leather armor, it is not too deep.

After exhaling a big breath, Tigre stared at Tallard.
Fingers, hands, and body can't move. Due to extreme tension and fatigue.

Although Tallard was driven into a desperate situation, Tigre himself couldn't restrain his consternation. His own arrow hit him beautifully. This fact is also quite sufficient for Tigre's consumption.

In this short interval, Tallard's men rushed up. They suddenly cut between the two, protecting Tallard at the same time, and attacked Tigre. Tigre hurriedly turned his horse's head, and fell off when he dodges and slashes.

At this moment Mila rushed over. Tallard's subordinates did not want to fight Mila. Just protecting Tallard is enough for them.

Suddenly there was a space on the battlefield, with only Tigre and Mila in it. When Tigre stood up, Mila got off the horse. Then, before Tigre could speak, he pressed tightly to his sweetheart's chest.

"I'm so worried... Worried to die."

Tigre's reckless battle made it impossible for her to calmly watch these. However, Mila squeezed her hand with the strength of letting her nails sink, and witnessed the last moment without looking away. Tigre hugged her, said "sorry", and apologized briefly.

The reason for Tigre to fight is only the pride and stubbornness of being an archer. Just for these blocked lives. Until she forgave herself, she could only apologize continuously.

During the fierce battle between Tigre and Tallard, the battle situation of the central forces changed a lot.

Ludie and Olga went hand in hand to launch an assault. The Sakayam soldiers in front of Ludie's long sword and Olga's dragon gear fell one after another, as if to make a road with corpses and blood.
"I'm Ludiene Bergerac! I'm a 'woman worth ten thousand gold coins.' Anyone who thinks they can do it can do it. Let the horse come here!"

Ludie raised her sword and bravely reported his name and participated in the pot. The guerrilla soldiers at the Battle of Leigh laughed together and their morale improved. This also spread to the soldiers who had participated in the battle since the beginning of this campaign, which invigorated the guerrillas themselves.

Mashas carried out the defensive battle to the end, and Tigre sealed Tallard, these things played a role here.

The onslaught of the guerrillas shook the Sakayam army, retreated and retreated, and the queue was also chaotic. Sakayam transferred a thousand people from the reserve force to the rear of the central army, wanting to go back, but not to mention the change of the wind direction, and even the momentum on the opposite side could not be restrained.

Then, Ludie and Olga finally arrived at Sakayam's main line. Sakayam had to take up the sword. After Olga saw that he was the commander-in-chief, he gave it to Ludie.

The battle between Ludie and Sakayam was very short. After about ten rounds of sword-blade confrontation, Ludie's sword cut off Sakayam's head.

"Sakayam has died by my hands!"

Although the guerrillas immediately turned to the pursuit battle, they failed to fully achieve their wishes.

The right-wing forces of the Sakayam Army blocked the guerrillas and even caused the guerrillas to suffer a counterattack. After hearing this report, Mashas interrupted the pursuit and told the soldiers to retreat.

In this way, at dusk, the Battle of Trebuilliai came to an end.
The guerrillas had fewer than 300 dead and about 500 injured. On the other side, the Sakayam Army had more than one thousand dead and less than two thousand injured. Without the fighting of the right-arm troops led by Tallard, the casualties would have been even heavier.

"Finally, there are some troops left"

As he led the defeated army away from the battlefield, Tallard whispered in an extremely tired voice.

Fighting hard after the victory has been divided is just a matter of self-will, since as an archer, you have already lost your body, you must at least show your reserve as a commander.

"I'm still alive. Don't say next time. But, in the end I will win."

Tallard still has something to do, that is, how to treat the soldiers of Sakayam.

"Lutidia's soldiers go back, and all the other guys will take with them"

Tallard declared flatly.

"Even if you stay here anyway, you will only be killed by the hateful leaders. In this case, go to the capital with me. It's for my use."

On the other side, behind the guerrillas, they returned from the first group. Ludie, Tigre, and Mila of the elders met each other.

"After this, the next step is the king's capital,"

Ludie said with a smile. The results of this battle should be spread throughout Parnia within a few days.

A few days later, the guerrillas began to march towards the royal capital.
Epilogue

A ship was heading straight towards a small port in the north of Brune.

It was a merchant ship going back and forth between Brune and Asvarre. This ship carried an unexpected character.

"I can finally see it"

The black-haired girl standing on the deck and looking south is the prince of Asvarre, who is the ruler. Guinevere. It's just that, now concealing her identity, she uses the pseudonym Kolchekam.

"Ke, kolchekam, my lord, blowing too much wind will hurt your body."

The one who stammered at her from behind was a strong man. The left arm is thicker than the right arm, and the shoulders are also bulging. Although it looks strange, as long as it is an Asvarre, you should be able to tell at a glance that it is a longbow hand. As if to prove these, he was still carrying a longbow.

Guinevere looked back at the man, and smiled happily with her hand covering the corner of her mouth.

"You are finally getting used to this name. Progress, Hamish"

The man named Hamish scratched his hair with a melancholy expression. In fact, he almost called Guinevere several times, and was reprimanded every time.

——Although it is the trip I hoped for.... But can you do what you want.

Looking at the shining blue sea reflecting the sun, Hamish reviewed what had happened so far.

That was a month ago. The Brunes named Raffinac and the Zhcted named Garuin visited the place where the Queen Guinevere
was. For these two people, Hamish also knows. They are Tigre’s attendants and The Ice Vanadis's adjutants.

They explained to Guinevere about the mutation that was taking place in Brune and asked her for help.

Although Guinevere wanted to agree happily, she was rejected by Will, who was on the sidelines. He faintly explained that now the Asvarre Kingdom has done its best to deal with its own internal affairs, and there is no reason to worry about the surplus of other countries, and solemnly invited them out of the palace.

But having said that, it was Queen Guinevere who could not agree with this reason. She secretly prepared the items necessary for the trip, took the kingdom's sword, the Carli Stick, and slipped out of the palace.

Before becoming the ruler of Guinevere, she is happy to visit the place of knights of the round table with only a few entourages. Also, last year, when there was a dispute in the kingdom, he still fled with a few entourages and got the sword, the Kali Rod. She is used to traveling.

Although Guinevere slipped out of the palace, she didn't even want to slip out of the palace alone. She visited Hamish, who had settled in the royal capital, and ordered him to walk with her.

Of course Hamish was surprised at the sudden visit of the prince's daughter, and then refused the order.

After the civil strife ended, Hamish was worrying about what to do next.

However, he finally found the answer. He visited the palace and told Will about letting Guinevere send him again, and was told that he would prepare some tasks for him in the next few days.

Although I don't know why it was the order of the prince's daughter, do I have to travel to Brune together?
Besides, he still has a girl who has to protect. She was Charlotte, the daughter of the general Luo who was hostile to Guinevere during the civil strife. Hamish hopes to be with her who has finally recovered from the pain of losing her father.

Regarding Hamish who explained these circumstances, Guinevere said.

"If you follow my orders, I can also arrange to restore Luo's reputation."

Although Hamish was surprised, he thought it was reasonable after thinking about it.

Restoring the reputation of enemy generals is by no means simple. Especially in the current situation, it is a dispute that divides a country's construction into two pieces, and the enemy general is more than Luo. There are also people who cannot restore their reputation for some reason.

The restoration of Luo's reputation is also very difficult.

However, what would happen if it hadn't gone through the due process. In other words, what will it look like as a reward to cater to the prince and daughter who is the ruler. Even if something is difficult, it can be solved.

Guinevere is loved and respected by the people. In order to find the knights of the Round Table, she traveled around the country grandiosely from before. She did not show arrogance and was gentle to the people. In addition, she was the ultimate winner of the civil war and found and inherited the sword Kari. Baton.

Also, Asvarre owes Brune favor.

Guinevere's assistance to Brune can pay back a little bit of favor, if they can return safely, those people in the palace can only shut up.

For Hamish who followed the prince, it would be better to say that he would still receive sympathy.
Of course, if the prince was injured in any way, Hamish would bear all the responsibility. Considering this is a dangerous gambling, but Hamish still believes that this gambling has absolute value.

In this way, the two went to the port city of Duris, sneaked into the merchant ship, and after leaving the port, they gave the captain the money and asked them to be treated as regular guests.

——*I thought there would be other entourages besides me.*

When Hamish learned that the entourage was only himself, it was after boarding the boat. When he asked Guinevere about the reason, he got a reasonable answer like "If there are too many people accompanying me, Will can find it."

"The feeling of blowing is really comfortable. Sure enough, I can't breathe after traveling a few times regularly."

With the wind blowing from the sea, Guinevere was smiling in a happy mood. Hamish became uneasy. When he heard these words, he was surprised, nervous, and his heart was shaken. Could it be that he was just teased by the queen?

Guinevere looked up here. A happy smile appeared.

"Hamish, let me tell you my purpose now, and listen carefully."

Hearing what she said, Hamish could only listen respectfully.

"Return the favor of Brune. Regarding this, I will meet with His Royal Highness Regnas or His Majesty Faron and tell them that I will provide assistance and it will be over. The other party will vigorously announce that they have my support. In that case, it will be shaken There are lords who have communicated with our country. Only this has been effective."

Hamish quietly relieved. It seems that she didn't just rush out of the palace on a whim, but had considered it carefully. Guinevere continued.
"It's just that I don't intend to just do this. This time I also want to sell Brune in turn. For this reason, I will wield this scary blade at all costs."

Hamish frowned. When he saw the sword, he had an inexplicable hunch, and sure enough, she wanted to go to the battlefield. If there is anything wrong, then I must become the shield of the prince's daughter.

"But, will Brune be disgusted by letting His Royal Highness personally fight with a sword?"

If you let a foreign general go to the battlefield, let's leave it alone. If you let a foreign royal family go to the battlefield, what would your country's royal family think? Besides, Guinevere is still the queen. If Prince Regnas had a sense of competition and went to the battlefield, and eventually suffered some injuries, wouldn't they be very hated on his side.

"If you don't do this, you won't be able to give them favor. If you make the other person think that we are nothing great, that's the worst."

A clear smile appeared on Guinevere's face. Knowing what she said, to Hamish's stomach, it seemed that there would be a very hard future waiting.

"If the favor is good, I will go back immediately. I want Lord Roland to live in our country for a while."

"Lord Roland, isn't it?"

Hamish was surprised, he had never thought about it. Guinevere looked towards the sea.

"I heard from Will that our army has changed a lot. It should have to be changed."

Last year's civil strife caused Asvarre to lose many soldiers. Can no longer prepare the same number of troops as before. In addition, there are still lords who do not obey Guinevere in some places.
If the original number is not enough, it can only be dealt with by changing the combat method.

Let's first say that a certain period of time will be used as a condition to solicit Roland, and let him offer Brune's combat methods as a deal. In addition, he will be asked to assist in the crusade against the lords who defy Guinevere.

As long as Roland is here, there is no need to worry about what Brune will do. Just be wary of Sachenstein and Zhcted. This alone can make Asvarre a lot easier.

At this point, Guinevere's eyes beamed.

"After that, I used my charm to capture Lord Roland and let him say what he wanted to die in Asvarre."

He really wanted to take this as a joke, but it didn't seem to be the case, and Hamish had nothing to say. He hoped that such a thing would not happen if possible.

"In that case, do you know where my whip is going?"

Guinevere asked, as if suddenly remembered.

"Do you mean the one for Master Vanadis as a souvenir? I haven't seen it..."

After becoming a regular guest on this ship, Guinevere showed herself the contents of her duffel bag in a happy mood. There was a black whip in it. The front end of the handle is engraved with exquisite decorations, exuding the brilliance of gold, just like a work of art, and naturally accepts the saying that it is a gift.

"Could it be that I lost it? Look for it."

Guinevere shook her black hair and smiled at Hamish who was anxious because of something being stolen.
"No, don't worry about it. That should be, it's back to where it should be."

Leaving Hamish's muttering because he couldn't understand it, the prince changed the subject.

"By the way, I was a little concerned before, what do you think of Luo's daughter. For example, one day you want to marry her, etc."

Guinevere's eyes seemed to look forward to something shining. She heard about Hamish leaving the battlefield to protect Charlotte, the daughter of Luo, and then staying in the royal capital to take care of her.

Charlotte, whom they saw in Hamish's house, was not kind to herself, but she was a beautiful young girl who seemed to trust Hamish.

However, Hamish shook his head.

"No, although I hope she can be happy, I haven't thought of anything like that."

What Hamish likes is women who are about her own age and well-proportioned. For Charlotte, who had a slender figure over ten years old, was not what he asked for.

"Ahhhhhhhh ..."

Guinevere regretfully looked at the sea again.

The boat did not sail very quickly, but it did move forward at sea.

You should be able to reach Brune tomorrow.

Composed of the Knights of Navarre and the Knights of Lannion, with Prince Regnas as the commander-in-chief of an army. It is advancing from the northeast to Nemetaku.

Regnas planned to meet with Thenardier, and sent an emissary in advance. After the emissary returned, he relayed the following.
"The Duke of Thenardier is not in the villa now. He led the troops on hand to march towards the capital. He also plans to add additional soldiers on the road."

Regnas summoned Roland and told him about it. Roland asked.

"His Royal Highness, may I ask what we are going to do."

Thenardier made it clear that he was going to confront Ganelon, which was surprising.

Thenardier might intervene when he and others confronted Ganelon fiercely. Regnas and Roland originally thought so.

"Let's go to the capital too"

Regnas said there was no confusion.

"If we can converge with Thenardier on the road, we will send an envoy to contact him. If we have any difficulties, we don't have to ask for it, and we will go to the capital by ourselves."

If we can converge with Thenardier and go to the capital, fighting strength The number has increased far. However, tricky things will increase. First of all, there are bound to be differences in deciding who will be the commander-in-chief. If it becomes like that, maybe it will give Ganelon a chance.

"I have arrived here. There is no need to be anxious,"

Regnas said, as if he was speaking to himself.

The Bergerac guerrillas from the north, the Thenardier army from the south, and the Regnas army are marching towards the capital. Ganelon, who was sitting in the palace, watched everything, and the king was guarded by Bachelard.

All the people except him are heading to the royal capital with their own reasons.
It will not be long before Brune will usher in summer. However, the enthusiasm of people who exceed the heat of the sun has begun to permeate this land.

The Principality of Leitmeritz, the southeast of the Kingdom of Zhcted, is truly peaceful.

However, Eleonora Viltaria, the master of the Principality, "Wind Princess of the Silver Flash", felt that this was boring. In her office, she was bored with the days of dealing with documents day after day.

As a relaxation, she would slip into the street or ride a horse outside the palace, but even so, she still felt dissatisfied.

Militsa Glinka, who is also the war maiden, visited her in this state. It was a morning with strong sunlight in the late spring and early summer.

"It's really a shame that you came, did you fly here?"

She took Militsa to her reception room and prepared a silver cup of wine diluted with juice. Elen asked her with a happy mood. Militsa nodded slightly.

Militsa, who has the alias of "phantom girl", has dragon skills that can move to distant places in an instant. She had been here in this way before, and Elen still remembered that time.

"Although it is convenient, can you consider the method of prior notice? Vanadis's visit without warning made the soldiers very surprised. Moreover, it is still a Vanadis who manages remote places like you."

"I will consider it next time. But. By the way, you seem to be very happy."

"It's not because you are here."

After answering this way, Elen's smile turned hideous.
"The civil strife in Asvarre seems to have ended between autumn and winter last year. The news has reached Leitmeritz. But even so, Sofy hasn't returned yet. Whatever the case of Ludmila It doesn't matter if you stay in Asvarre forever."

Elen continued while drinking wine. The eyes are elongated.

"Also, I heard that Elizavetta has disappeared since last year."

"Who did you listen to?"

Militsa asked with surprise. Only a few people should know that Elizavetta Fomina left the Principality of Lebus.

"It's Sasha. I ran into various troubles here last summer, and it was still safe after that. I took the time to visit that guy a few times. I heard about it at that time."

Elen refers to Alexandra Alshavin who governs the Duchy of Legnica. She and Elen are close friends, this is what Militsa has heard of. If it was the war maiden of Legnica who was next to Lebus, indeed, it would not be surprising even if he knew the news of Liza.

"There are four people in Vanadis who are not in the country. Then of course it is believed that what happened where? In addition, it is said that after an illegitimate prince emerged next door, disputes are being staged. -That is always the meeting. Someone, has he intervened in Brune 's business?"

Leaning out, Elen stared at Militsa. The bloody pupils shone dangerously. When translated into language, it should mean "bring me with you".

"I don't know about this," Militsa said, making Elen puzzled.

"First of all, let Sofya-sama handle Asvarre. Sister Ludmila is the same. I don't know anything about Elizavetta."
This is half a lie. Because it was Militsa who was entrusted by Liza to send her to Asvarre. However, because Liza would not let her speak out, there was such an answer.

"Regarding Olga, I didn't know where she went earlier. Let's leave it alone, let's talk about Brune."

After Militsa moisturized her lower lip with wine, she cut to the point.

"I hope you will go to Brune with me. If possible, take the soldiers, Sister Tina said."

"Valentina..."

Elen scowled and leaned against the back of the chair.

"I thought you were doing something for the insidious black-bellied woman when you haven't been here for a long time. That woman, because her nature is rotten to the point where she doesn't treat her favors as favors, so she hopes that you have never heard of her words."

"Then, can you please listen to it?"

"Let's talk about it for now."

Hearing Ellen's urging, Militsa began to explain. From the fact that Prince Bachelard set up a name to declare war on Prince Regnas and attacked the Nava Fort, to the fact that the daughters of Bergerac formed a guerrilla group, but they lost to Bachelard, Valentina already knew.

"Prince Bachelard's backing is Ganelon. He has snatched the throne from King Faron. He may want to make Bachelard the new king and take over power. This is the opinion of Sister Tina. Therefore, she said that she hoped. Lord Eleonora, Alsace, who can protect the friendly relationship from Ganelon"

After listening to Militsa's words, Elen hung his mouth badly.
"Hope me to guard, do you? If you understand the original meaning of these words more correctly, it should be that the next time you see that woman pass a message. Anyway, let her run to Brune, and hope she will intervene there. Disputes, like this"

"Please forgive my dullness"

Militsa lowered her head straightforwardly, and Elen sighed.

Although in order to fight Mila, Leitmeritz has formally established a friendly friendship with Alsace. Although Elen herself had not been to Alsace, she had already sent Limalisha, her best friend as his adjutant, to greet the knight Rurrick.

But even so, Leitmeritz did not insist on guarding Alsace's justice.

Elen thought of Tigre's face. She met him last summer, and it is easy to see that he should be a person who cherishes his territory very much. If Alsace was attacked, he would be angry and sad.

Given the personal affection to the black bow user Tigre with incredible power, this is not a bad move. It would be even better if it could cause Mila's discomfort by the way.

Furthermore, if Alsace is to be guarded, it is not Zhcted, but Leitmeritz, who can do personal favors to Brune. Originally, if someone other than King Faron came to dominate Brune, all these plans would be ruined.

"Valentina, to what extent can I be allowed to act independently?"

After thinking about it a little, Elen asked.

"Is it extreme, even if Alsace is taken from Brune? Although from her words, it seems that it has nothing to do with the war with Ganelon, but the great nobleman Thenardier other than him How should we deal with it over there?"

"She said that as long as the situation does not develop into a full-scale war between Zhcted and Brune, she can do whatever she wants. Also, she hopes you can protect Regnas."
"That crazy woman, Already...?"

Elen gave a dumbfounded expression. If the Leitmeritz army detained the prince, wouldn't it be like saying that there was going to be a war against Brune?

Scratched his white and silver hair. She Cursed at Valentina in her heart.

——That female fox, did you see through my thoughts?

The reason for the friendship between Elen and Alsace is not only to admire Tigre's personality and the sense of confrontation with Mila. She also wanted to rectify the mountain road between Leitmeritz and Alsace, and increase the caravans from there, in order to benefit the development of her Principality.

Regarding this point, if Alsace could make him owe him, it would have a great impact. Everything can become easier after that.

It is not contradictory to consider the current situation in order to avoid a full-scale conflict with Brune and Zhcted, and also to hold Prince Regnas.

——In other words, just like Sofy and the others did in Asvarre, right?

The election of Regnas was, in the final analysis, caused by the Brune civil strife. Zhcted was just standing in the position of a co-operator of Regnas.

"Then, you will go together too"

Elen asked for confirmation, remembering what Militsa had said initially. Militsa nodded.

"It's really hard for you. I want to manage my own territory for the time being."

"I thought you would mix in Osterode too"
Militsa shrugged.

"Because my principality is not very rich, so don't let go of the opportunity to make money from the palace. Sister Tina also said the same."

"Don't be squeezed too hard."

With a wry smile, she motivated the younger Vanadis, Elen stood up and rang the bell. It didn't take long for Limalisha as the adjutant to appear.

Elen gave a rough explanation of the conversation with Militsa.

"If Brune's own people fight, let them go, although I wanted to say so... But as the war continues to spread, it would be bad for us to let the fire burn on our side. If we give up, we have just entered into a friendly relationship. The Alsace in the past is also unpleasant. This is a good opportunity to show favor to them."

The words of the master made Limalisha appear a little contemplative.

"So, it would be better to let me or Rurrick go to Alsace first. Earl Vorn is a calm person, but if he misunderstands that Zhcted is here to invade, it would not be good. Then again, how deep does Eleonora intend to intervene?"

"It depends on the situation. It may even be in Alsace."

"We must not slack off Brune's intelligence collection. If there is a civil unrest, within one or two days, the situation will be the same. It is possible to change. Even if a plan is made here, it may be useless right away. Elen understands these truths."

"Do you want to inform Olmutz?"

"Yes, just tell me I'm going to act. Spetlana, honestly I don't want to use her as an opponent, but at this time, she is more than Ludmila. I'll Stay far away"
Spetlana is Mila's mother, The Vanadis of the previous generation of Frozen Lotus. At the moment when Mila is not in Olmutz, she will govern the principality instead of her daughter.

Lim looked at Elen with a hesitant expression, but still didn't say anything, just nodded. Elen gave a wry smile, but immediately switched to a serious expression and announced the phrase "Raise the black dragon flag", which meant that Elen would personally lead her troops on the expedition.

Elen looked out the window with bright red eyes full of war. Watching the Luberon Mountains that stand far away. The land of Brune extending to that direction.

In the future battle, The Silver Flash seemed to have imagined it.
Special Chapter - Close to the Ears and Far Away (Zhcted Proverb)

One day, Siregia, the capital of the kingdom of Zhcted, seemed a lot livelier than usual.

Plural large caravans arrived at the capital at the same time. The streets are crowded with vendors, the wool and wool fabrics of the Asvarre Kingdom, high-quality woods, distilled wine, blankets and spices from the Muozinel Kingdom, gem handicrafts, coconut oil, etc. are crowded.

Caravans bring more than just goods. The bards, dancers, and clowns who accompanied them on their long journeys are also busy making a fortune, performing singing, dancing, and acrobatics to the pedestrians on the street. There are also prostitutes who lure men to the hotel.

In such a lively and energetic environment, Ludmila Lourie walked alone, and it was time when she had finished the palace affairs and was walking down the street. Dressed as a traveler from Vanadis, Lavias was also wrapped in old cloth.

"Can there be any accidental discovery, let's take a look."

Speaking of Mila's favorite thing, that is black tea. Asvarre and Muozinel are both producers of black tea. No matter which taste is very strong, as her personal opinion, she believes that the advantage of Asvarre products is that they can enjoy the aroma, while the advantage of Muozinel products is that they can taste the bitter taste.

Mila just walked towards the vendor, and suddenly her eyes stopped on a traveler. That side face is Eleonora Viltaria.

"Eleonora has come to the capital too."

It wasn't the kind of relationship that could easily greet her with her. However, she really cared about what Elen wanted to buy, and
Mila followed her quietly. Because of the large number of people, Elen didn't notice what it looked like here.

Elen ate stuffed potatoes covered with butter, chicken skewers, wine, juice, and honey snacks... so he had a full taste of various vendors.

Just when Mila began to feel that there would be nothing particularly interesting, Elen stopped in front of a vendor. That's a shop selling puppets.

"Muppet...? That Eleonora?"

Mila's eyes widened. She imagined Elen decorating puppets in her room, loving them, and showing a funny smile. There seems to be no violation.

After a brief period of confusion, Elen bought a bear puppet that could hold the size with one hand. With a happy expression, he put it in a sack.

Mila wanted to come forward and laugh at her right away, but took a step to dispel the idea.

You will not be in a good mood to be laughed at for your hidden interests.
Carrying the bag, Elen left. Watching the figure from behind, Mila muttered.

"Just let you go this time."

Then, she walked in the opposite direction of Elen.

After buying the bear puppets, Elen didn't leave the street and went to the street vendors.

"Although I have unexpectedly received the goods, I still want to buy other things that can be used as gifts."

It's a rare visit to the Royal Capital, which is not enough. Elen, who was walking and thinking about this, saw a crowd gathered in a corner of the street. This aroused her interest and moved closer to the past.

It is the bard chanting poetry while playing the shamisen. It is about the love story of aristocratic sons and daughters that are opposed between the fathers and generations. Even Elen knows it. It is a very famous and unshakable poem.

"It's okay to change your position or situation on your own."

He had no interest in love poems at first, and Elen had no other thoughts about it. When she was about to leave, the characters reflected in the corner of her vision made her stop.

"That blue hair... Is it Ludmila?"

Hiding in the crowd to observe, she changed the angle and she can see the face.

"That guy, I heard that I was not interested in this kind of poetry before..."

Of course Elen didn't hear it from Mila, but from a mutual friend like Sofy.

Wanting to scare her a bit, Elen approached quietly from behind her. Mila seemed to be listening intently to poetry. Did not notice
the signs here. Just as Elen stood behind her, he heard Mila's mutter.

"Ah, Tigre, how could it be you, Tigre..."

It was a female line in a love poem, but the name was changed. Elen couldn't help but smiled, and Mila looked back in surprise, and the two eyes met.

"El, Eleonora.... It's you, why are you here...?"

Mila's face was full of excitement and shaking. I realized that she had heard the whisper just now.

"Kuku. You can't forget your boyfriend at any time. As expected of Ludmila. What a top travel experience. I must talk to Sofy and Sasha..."

Unable to restrain the laughter and shaking his shoulders, Elen said to Mila. Mila's face turned red, reflexively trying to set up Lavias wrapped in cloth, but she remembered that she was on the street now, so she restrained. Struck at Elen with sharp eyes full of anger.

"If you want to say it, just say it. But your cute hobby will be spread right away."

"Lovely hobby?"

Not knowing what she was referring to, Elen frowned. Mila lifted the corner of her mouth.

"It's the thing in the bag you're carrying. Is it for you to hold when you sleep?"

This time it was Elen's turn to be surprised. I didn't expect to be seen when I bought it.

In fact, this puppet was a souvenir for Limalisha, the adjutant. If she said that, her interest would be widely known. Obviously, the client himself had put several puppets in his room, but he wanted to conceal this hobby, and sympathized with her a little bit.
"I see. Then discuss it and don't say anything to each other."

"Smart judgment"

The two separated. Because they were too alert to each other, neither of them paid attention to the surrounding situation.

After a few days, Valentina Estes heard the gossip of the capital in detail, and let the other war maidens know the secrets of the two. That's something to say.
Afterword

This year when all aspects are unexpected, there are only less than two weeks left. I’m Kawaguchi. Pray that next year will be a good year, and at the same time, I will also present the seventh volume of "The King of Magic Bullets and the Snow Girl of Frozen Lotus".

Briefly explain the content of this volume, it is the story of a comeback. That is to say, Tigre and others, who lost to Bachelard, cheered up again. However, this is a big question concerning the whole country of Bouillon. Many people started to act with their own goals. I hope you like it.

Here is a publicity. The "King of Magic Bullets and the Snow Girl of the Frozen Lotus" produced by Liang Mizu, will be serialized in the NICONICO still picture "Shui Yaori はまったりダッシュエックスコミック"! As Mila’s unshakeable enemy, Elen appeared on the scene, causing a riot in Olmutz. If you are interested in the Tigre, Mila, and Elen painted by Teacher Liang, please be sure to read them.

The second propaganda. On the same day as this work, the fourth volume of "The King of Magic Bullets and the Sacred Spring’s Double-Stripe Sword", which was written by Setoつかさ and Yasaka Minato was responsible for the illustration, was released on the same day as this work. Please watch this too.

Next comes a thank you note. In the busiest time I have ever been, I am very grateful to the teacher Miyazukiいつか who drew the different rainbow pupils, Liza, and Tigre's father Urs! Only at this opportunity can I see Liza, who is innocently happy in her dress, is really beautiful.

Dear readers. Thank you very much for reading this volume. I would also like to express my deep gratitude to the various staff who put the book in the bookstore.
The next scroll is finally about to come to the big conflict between Tigre and others and Bachelard and others. What kind of result will be ushered in, please look forward to it.

Finally, I apologize to everyone. There was a mistake in the scene where Liza was bathing in the beginning, but the right hand that should have been missing... Because Liza in the painting gave people a very happy impression when she took a bath, she was careless and negligent. If there is a chance to reprint it, it will be revised, please forgive me. ——Hello,

readers, Shi Kawaguchi. I am Mei Miyueいつか.

Sorry. As mentioned earlier, there was an error in the opening picture, which I am very ashamed of. Although I paid attention to the cover and illustrations, I made a mistake by accident... Next time I will notice that this will not happen again. Although I am very ashamed, please continue to support me in the future. ——美米月いつか.