凍漬の雪姫

Lord Marksman and Michelia

Presented by Tsukasa Kawaguchi / Illust. = Itsuka Miyatsuki
黒いローブを脱ぎ捨てると、優美な曲線を描いた肢体が露わになった。

-- Michelia

Lord Marksman and Michelia  Presented by Trukasa Kawaguchi / Illust. - Itsuka Miyauchi
私は祖母に槍を向けたことだってあるわ。

美しい瞳をしているな。亡き妻を思いだす。おまえ名は？
もっと私を感じてください、ティグル。

上気した顔で、リュディが笑いかけてくる。形のよい乳房は湯に濡れて、吸い寄せられそうな艶めかしさを放っている。
リュドミラ＝ルリエ
ジスタート王国のオルミュッツを治める戦姫で「凍漬の雪姫」の異名を持つ。18歳。愛称はミラ。ティグルとは相思相愛の仲。

ティグル＝ルムド＝ヴォルン
ブリューヌ王国のアルサスを治めるヴォルン家の嫡男。18歳。ベルジュラック遊撃隊の副官を務め、リュディとブリューヌのために奮戦する。

ミリッツァ＝グリンカ
ジスタート王国のオステローデを治める戦姫で「虚影の幻姫」の異名を持つ。16歳。愛称はエレン。エレンとともにブリューヌに向かう。

エレオノーラ＝ヴィルターリア
ライトメリッツ公国を治める戦姫で、愛称はエレン。18歳。「銀閃の風姫」の異名を持ち、長剣の竜騎、銀閃アリファールを振るう。ミラとは険悪な間柄で有名。
リュディエーヌ＝ベルジュラック
ブリューヌ王国の名家ベルジュラック公爵家の娘で、レグナス王子の護衛を務める騎士。18歳。ベルジュラック遊撃隊の指揮官を務める。

ロラン
ブリューヌ王国西方国境を守るナヴァール騎士団の団長で「黒騎士」の異名を持つ。29歳。国王から宝剣デュランダルを貸与されている。

ガヌロン
ブリューヌを代表する大貴族。約三百年前に魔物を喰らい、死とも老いとも無縁となった。よみがえったシャルルの腹心として活動する。

シャルル（ファーロン）
ブリューヌ王国を興した始祖。約三百年前の人物だが、ガヌロンのほどこした術法によって現代によみがえる。国奪りを宣言し、戦を起こす。
**Prologue**

**Chapter 1 – Return**

**Chapter 2 - Three-Sided Goddess (Treslinha)**

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**Epilogue**

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Prologue

The first thing he woke up to was, "Isn't he awake yet?"

He feels heavy. He seems to have sunk into his bed. He was staring at the ceiling vaguely,

He heard a voice saying, "Did you get up?" A man appears and looks down at himself. The man in a white silk robe was terribly petite. His face is in his late forties, and his eyes are different.

He has a small hat on his slender, bald head. It can be called a strange phase.

This man was the oldest subordinate and the dearest friend. He should be in his late sixties, the same as himself, but he has been unrelated to old age since he gained immortal power in an event.

This man, Ganelon, is the only one who makes awkward words such as "Did you get up?" to him, the king of this country. Some blame him, but the king laughs and forgives it. He's in a position to not care and was grateful for his attitude.

"How many days have passed since I said I was about to die?"

When he asked while lying down, I got a short answer, "It's ten days."

"It's hard to die."

When he laughed, he heard a stunned sigh.

When did he realize that death was imminent? When he couldn't ride a horse? Extremely unstable sleep?

When did it happen? When he didn't understand the taste of soup? When he feels that his body was gradually weakening? When the hand holding his sword trembled because he couldn't bear the weight?
Feeling close to death anyway, he gathered the main ones and said, "I'm about to die."

He didn't know what happened after he died. He thought so, but as he was surprised and hurriedly giving instructions to his subordinates, he apparently had an attachment to this country and those who live in this country.

He laughed unintentionally.

His son grew up reasonably well. There are also many excellent subordinates of him. This country that he started wouldn't be destroyed easily

After giving instructions in about four days, the king collapsed, either because of fatigue or because of a sense of security.

He was taken to his bed and continues to stay there. He feels like he woke up several times to eat and excrete.

However, he doesn't remember it well because it feels like a dream.

"Will you die?" Ganelon asked.

"I will die," the king replied happily.

"Do you have anything you want?"

"A map"

Speaking while raising his body, Ganelon immediately brought a map.

Even before he foresaw his death, the king had a map in his bedroom. It is the duty of the king to think about while looking at the map. It was also fun.

He spread the map on his lap. It depicts the entire kingdom. The shape has changed many times since the country was established.

So, he made a new one each time.

-It's a big one.
The king was born in the Vosges Mountains. He was from one of a few tribes who lived in the mountains. They are called ‘the people of the mountains’. He was good at hunting and fighting, and was good at bows and swords.

But like his family and friends, he was dissatisfied with living and dying only in the mountains.

"If you look up, the sky is endless. If you look down, the earth is endless. Why do you care Not for them? Why don't you go?"

He insisted, and one of the old men had to remind him that many have gone down the mountain, but every one of them has been hurt and exhausted. The earth is painful.

"I can do it"

"Everyone said that when going down the mountain."

The king went down the mountain, confused by the old man's reply.

There were many great tribes in the land that the king later named Brune, and he was fighting with the champions on a daily basis. There were five powerful tribes in particular.

The king who went down the mountain lived as a mercenary, but was hired by one of them.

After several events, he took over. It was due to his sense of crisis, ambition, and circumstances that he would die if he was hired as it was.

The king, who had obtained soldiers in this way, slaughtered other powerful tribes one after another and finally established a country.

The country at that time was still small. The royal city of Nice and its surroundings, Lutetia, Nemataku, and other small territories...

It was said that there were some places.
The king continued to fight and expanded his territory, winning and losing. He ran through the plains, ran through the woods, over the mountains, through the valleys, and saw the oceans and deserts with his own eyes. The sky and the earth were wider than I had imagined.

—*I did well.*

The result is a map of his life on his lap.

Far from his territory, he built a nation out of his own hands, using even a pinch of soil.

It must have been a real life.

"What else do you want?"

Ganelon asked.

"A Sword and a horse"

He was unknowingly muttering while staring at the map with a courageous voice.

There are several small countries and city-states around Brune. The current state of the kingdom is fighting in the east, west, and south.

If you ask them, you will be in contact with the Kingdom of Zhcted in the east and the Kingdom of Muozinel in the southeast.

Also, if you try to control the North Sea, you will be fighting not only Zhcted but also the Asvarre Kingdom in the northwest. Zhcted and Asvarre are emerging nations like Brune.

If his body moved, the king would have traveled to various battlefields and commanded his own soldiers to seize the victory.

The short statement was unskilled, contrary to his previous thoughts. He's not satisfied to receive death yet

He just tried to put together his life.
He has no choice but to do so. He can no longer hold his sword.

He smiles bitterly. He looked up from the map and lay down again.

Ganelon is silently looking at him. Suddenly, he remembered the promise he made with him a long time ago.

"If that's what I was worried about ... destroy it with your own hands."

He was asked to do so and agreed. From now on, it was a useless promise.

When he tried to talk to Ganelon, sleep attacked him.

He closed his eyes. The king's consciousness was immediately swallowed by the darkness.

Two days later, Charles, the first King of Brune, died. He was 67 years old.
Chapter 1 - Return

The Brune army, led by Princess Regin, made a triumphant return to the royal capital of Nice one morning, halfway through the summer. Ten days have passed since the battle with Prince Bachelard at Aujour, which decided the victor.

The number of soldiers is actually over 31,000. A little less than 24,000 prisoners of war are added to this. The soldiers watching from the walls of the royal city later said, "It was as if a human horse was filling up to the end of the earth."

At the command of the princess, the soldiers line up in the grasslands northwest of the royal capital. The intense sunlight is blocked by the walls, so it was pretty cool. A pleasant breeze blows through the soldiers.

Regin spoke to her soldiers, keeping her main ones behind her.

"I-Regin-Ester-Loire-Bastian-de-Charles thank you again for everyone's brave battle. You fought well for the honor of the royal family and your martial arts. Some will continue to be on the battlefield, while others will return to their hometowns. I will do my best to make you proud of the battle the other day."

Brune's army disbands other troops, leaving 23,000 troops in Nice. Some lords and soldiers were supposed to return to their territory after receiving the award.

It's important to have a lot of troops, but you also have to provide enough food and weapons to keep them going. Now that the only remaining enemy is the Duke of Ganelon, it was necessary to adjust the troops.

Besides, most of the soldiers led by the lords are people. Without the war, they would have been struggling against the fields this season. Even now, if they do not return to towns and villages, the fields will be rough and the harvest will decrease.
"It will be a lifetime honor for us to wield a sword for Her Highness. May we have the grace of the gods to Her Highness, and the blessing of the founder Charles. Victory and peace are promised."

On behalf of those returning home, one of the lords kneeled in front of Regin. The soldiers pierce the spear vigorously, and he raises him, waving the flag and cheering.

Next, Regin called on the prisoners.

"You have only done your part according to the commander. Therefore, I forgive you. You are not prisoners of war, not losers, but the same people of Brune as us. You have a duty as a soldier. Go back to your territory and do what you need to do."

The representatives of the prisoners are moving forward and kneeling in front of Regin.

"I am deeply grateful to Her Royal Highness for her mercy and forgiveness. She is devoted to protecting our land as ordered. And when Her Royal Highness raises the Red Horse flag and faces the battlefield someday, on the name of Perkunas we will come and visit earlier than anyone else. I swear to Radigast."
Perkunas is the main deity of the ten gods worshiped in the Kingdom of Brune, and Radigast is the deity of honor. Promises made in the name of Radigast are treated as very heavy.

By the way, there are about 4,000 former slaves among the POWs. The Enemy general Bachelard bought them from a Muozinel merchant. It is made up of people from Brune, Zhcted, Asvarre, and Sachenstein, but the Brunes are taken over by Regin, and the people of other nations return to their homeland according to the representatives of their respective nations.

She then left some lords and soldiers, and the rest set out to set up a camp. Confusion is inevitable if as many as 23,000 soldiers enter the royal capital.

Regin looks back on those who were behind her. There stood Tigre, Ludie, Roland (nicknamed the "Black Knight"), the war princesses of Zhcted, and Princess Guinevere of the Asvarre Kingdom and Zaku, the mercenary captain of his Stan Kingdom, who rushed to the rescue. No matter which of them was missing, Regin wouldn't have been able to win.

Then, a four-headed carriage advances to the front of Regin. There were golden decorations everywhere and sculptures of goddesses.

The horse was colorfully painted with black mane and crimson skin on both sides. Bayard is a magical horse that Charles is said to have been driving.

Sitting on the coachman is Jeanne, the escort of Regin. She goes down to the ground and bows to Regin.

Regin and Guinevere got on the carriage with her help. Tigre and company are also on horseback.

Putting Guinevere in the same carriage is due to political considerations. She is the only royalty besides Regin.

Given that she is the de facto ruler of Asvarre, Guinevere may be above Regin; she couldn't handle it roughly.
"Let's go"

In response to Regin's words, the carriage begins to move.

Regin, who passed through the castle gate of the royal capital, was surrounded by great applause and cheers.

At both ends of the main street, more than 10,000 people are lined up to push each other. They greeted the princesses, waving their hands, throwing flowers, and shouting the names of Regin and Brune.

Until a few days ago, the Lord of Nice was the Duke of Ganelon. He imprisoned King Faron and the Duke of Bergerac in a room in the royal palace and tried to execute those who were close to Faron and Chancellor Badoin.

Regin was a liberator to the people of the royal capital, who were scared that Ganelon's eyes would one day turn to him.

On the streets, barrels filled with wine and fruit water are placed at regular intervals and are served by people. This was directed by Regin, and the people of the royal capital were soothing, cheerful and screaming for gratitude to the royal family and the gods.

The voice of praise is not only for Regin, but also Ludie, who leads the horse as an escort, and Tigre, who is behind the carriage.

They are also pouring out praise for Roland. However, Tigre, who has a black bow on his saddle, looks suspicious.

Many people are also gathering in the square at the foot of Mount Luberon. There were also representatives of temple chiefs, craftsmen, and merchants. Regin's group get out of the carriage and look around at them.

"Everyone has endured well from the time my father Faron was captured by Ganelon until today. However, the days of suffering and anxiety are over. We have defeated Bachelard. The root of all evil, Duke Ganelon fled to his territory, Lutetia, but he no longer
supported by Bachelard, and his followers were his own. We will defeat that man in the not too distant future."

Regin said something even more brave. Since the safety of her father is desperate, she will continue to be the ruler of this country after defeating Ganelon. She has to win their trust from now on

Regin needed to show a confident attitude.

Waiting for the cheers to subside, Regin opens her mouth again.

"It's important after that we restore peace and prosperity to this royal city as soon as possible, and give peace to the whole kingdom. Please help everyone for that."

Temple chiefs and representatives pledge allegiance and cooperation one after another. Confirming that, Regin further encouraged them.

"I'll Remember everyone of the comrades who rushed to help me."

First, Guinevere, the princess of Asvarre, then the war princesses of Zhcted, and finally Simon, the mercenary captain from Sachenstein, are introduced by Regin.

The chiefs of the Moyo Temple looked at Regin with wonder. Once upon a time, King Faron hosted a hunting festival and invited the royal aristocrats of the nations. His diplomatic skills were brilliant, although skirmishes near the border were constant.

But even King Faron would not have been able to get reinforcements from the three countries. That feat has been achieved by Regin.

Ludie, Tigre and Roland descend from their horses. Guinevere also exited from the carriage to the ground with the help of Roland. Horses and carriages are not allowed on the mountain road leading to the royal palace.

The temple chiefs saw off with deep respect the princess walking away with her comrades.
While climbing the mountain path, Tigre was with Roland, Ludie, and Jeanne by Regin. On the mountain road and in the royal palace beyond, Roland has released his subordinates in advance to check if there is a suspicious person lurking. He also had a lookout at key points. But given that Ganelon ruled the royal palace a few days ago, he is not too cautious.

When the royal palace was visible, Regin softly sighed. Sweat is pooling on her forehead.

Tigre presented her with his leather bag hanging on his waist.

"Your Highness, it's water. Please drink."

"Thank you"

Regin takes it obediently and puts her mouth in her leather bag. She snorted and she drank all at once. After emptying her leather bag, she notices it and she shyly turns her face red.

"I'm sorry. I'm all alone ..."

What is there is not the figure of a princess who showed a dignified behavior in front of the people of the royal capital, but a simple expression of a woman suitable for the age of eighteen.

"Don't worry, it means you were thirsty."

Tigre shakes his head. Regin gave a speech in the morning, and while she was riding on the main street, she was waving at people with a smile in the strong sunlight. She has to be tired. With just one leather bag of water, he was willing to prepare it if she felt uncomfortable.

-Even so...

Tigre turned his gaze and stared at Ludie's back as she was in front of them.

--Your Highness and Ludie are both strong.
The shock and sadness they received when they heard that Ganelon had taken King Faron and the Duke of Bergerac away.

However, Regin decided to head to the royal capital that day, and Ludie also decided to go to the royal capital the next day as usual.

Tigre wants to support them.

Regin asked, loosely, with a slight expression.

"Sir Tigrevurmud has visited Nice for the first time in eight years. How is it?"

Uncertain about how he answered, Tigre stirs his hair.

"To be honest, I don't really remember the royal capital of those days. At the hunting grounds of Vincennes... I do remember what happened..."

The Vincennes hunting ground is where Tigre first met Regin eight years ago. That is, while they hunted birds.

It's a place to judge, bake, and feed her. He can't forget it.

"Then, can you tell us about your impression of Nice today?"

He is challenged by a somewhat fun mood in Regin, and Tigre growls a little. He couldn't make her wait so long, he entered the royal capital and answered her first thoughts.

"Well, it was so big, and so crowded that I could get lost."

Even a child will give a slightly better response. Regin smiled.

"Remember the road. It's important."

Tigre is afraid to bow his head, but inwardly bends his neck. Regin is very straightforward, but she seemed to have some implications.

Tigre might be thinking too much. He shakes his head and erases his doubts. He is not just a young aristocrat, he is nervous about visiting the royal palace as one of the generals, so he takes it seriously.
Shortly after, the party arrived at the royal palace.

Brune has been in turmoil since last fall. It all started when a young man named Bachelard claimed to be the son of King Faron.

Through the mediation of the Duke of Ganelon, Bachelard met the King and was recognized as his son. Bachelard, who became a prince, earned his martial arts with the help of his guardian, Ganelon, and his heroism.

He roared his way into the country. Until this time, it can be said that the confusion was modest.

Towards the end of winter, Bachelard, accompanied by several lords and numerous soldiers, attacked Fort Navarre, which defends the western border of the kingdom. At that time, there was Princess Regin at Fort Navarre. At this time, she was still pretending to be a male and was named as the heir.

Bachelard shouted that Regin and Roland, the leader of the Knights of Navarre, had planned to assassinate him, demanding the delivery of Regin and the surrender of the Knights. Of course, neither Regin nor her Knights could have swallowed such a request, and they clashed.

Tigrevurmud-Vorn returned to the Kingdom of Brune a dozen days later. He was in the Kingdom of Sachenstein, but he came running when he was informed that something had happened at Fort Navarre.

There are four companions in the meet area. Mila, Ludmila-Lourie, nicknamed "Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave," Tigre’s servant; Raffinac, Mila’s aide; the Elderly Knight Garuin, and Olga-Tamm; a Vanadis with the nickname "Moon Princess of the Roaring Demon."

Tigre was captured by Bachelard, but his childhood friend Ludiene-Bergerac, regained his freedom and made him a member of the Bergerac troupe under her command.
It was in mid-spring that the Duke of Ganelon led a raid on the royal palace and captured King Faron and the Duke of Begerac, who was the escort of the king. By having the royal capital Nice and the king in their hands, Bachelard and Ganelon seemed to have gained the upper hand at once.

However, Tigre's group did not pull any punches, and Regin did not break the stance of confrontation at Tigre and Mila's suggestion.

She announced that she was really a princess and faced the battle with Bachelard.

Ten days ago, the two clashed on the plains of Aujour.

The winner was Regin. Regin army was far inferior, but the Asvarre and Sachenstein reinforcements arrived and revived them. Bachelard loses a single combat with Roland and turns into a demon on the battlefield and disappeared. The soldiers of the Bachelard army surrendered.

Ganelon was the only remaining enemy, but he took King Faron and the Duke of Bergerac as hostages and escaped too his territory.

There are two reasons why Regin prioritized her return to the royal capital without chasing Ganelon.

One is to reassure the people as the ruler of Brune and restore the security of the royal capital.

The other is to reorganize her army and ensure that Ganelon is defeated.

For Tigre, Ganelon is not just an enemy to defeat. Not only did he try to bury his father Urs, but he also sent his soldiers to his hometown of Alsace.

Without the help of Eleonora-Viltaria, the war princess Elen, nicknamed “Wind Princess of the Silver Flash”, Alsace would have been mercilessly burned down. He can’t forgive this.

In addition, Ganelon has something to do with demons.
He was the one who had to be destroyed at all costs.

Each of Tigre’s group who entered the royal palace was prepared a room. It is a natural response to guests from other countries.

However, Tigre and Roland occupy an important position in the Brune army. Tigre and Raffinac rounded eyes on the gorgeousness of the furnishings that decorate the room.

When the sun was sloping and it was getting a little cooler, Tigre was relieved.

He was called by Regin and went to the conference room.

Besides Regin, there were five men and women; Mila and Ludie, Jeanne, Guinevere, and Simon. We're about to talk about the rewards Brune gives to his friends.

——Even so, it seems out of place for me to attend.

After all, there are two princesses who rule one country, and one war princess who is equivalent to a great aristocrat. Simon is also in a position to represent Sachenstein. Tigre is only the son of a local lord.

But it was none other than Tigre who sought help from Asvarre and Sachenstein. To be precise, Raffinac and Garuin relied on Sachenstein, but they all said it was Tigre's credit.

Zhcted is also intervening with the excuse of friendship with Alsace. Tigre had no option not to attend, as he was most desird by Regin.

He quickly bows to everyone and sits down in his chair and quietly listens to Mila.

Originally, among the war princesses, the one who stands at the table of such negotiations is Sofy, the war princess Sofya Obertas, who has the nickname of "Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower ". But Sofy said, "You've been involved in this for a long time", leaving it to Mila.
When Tigre met her, Mila returned only her tribute without a smile. In response, Tigre tightens his mind. Just as she behaves as a representative of Zhcted, he also serves as a general of Brune.

A maid comes in and puts silver cups for the number of people on the table. The contents are well-chilled wine.

Regin looked around.

"I would like to thank the people of Zhcted, Asvarre, and Sachenstein again. Without your cooperation, it would not have been possible to reach today."

"Your highness Regin, I'm glad to for your thanks, but the last one to win was definitely yours."

Guinevere smiled. She is dressed in a pure white dress, so she looks much more like a princess than Regin.

"The soldiers who fought hard, the good subordinates, and the good luck that we were in time are yours. Please keep it."

"Thank you, Your Highness Guinevere"

"You don't have to worry about it. It's something you'll have a long relationship with. By the way--"

Guinevere continued, sparkling her eyes happily.

"As for the reward to our country, I wonder if you can leave Sir Roland in our country for about a year after this war is over. I think it will be a good experience for Sir Roland."

"I'll consider it."

With a calculated smile, Regin treated it gracefully. This is not the first time Guinevere has said she wants to keep Roland. By the time she arrived at the royal capital, she had talked to her many times.

Regin responded like this every time.
"His Highness Guinevere, you had the help of Brune in last year's civil war. Isn't it a little overkill?"

Mila restrains her soothingly.

"Then, can you tell me what kind of reward Zhcted intends to ask?"

Guinevere's eyes turned to Mila. Tigre feels nervous about the interaction between the two. Depending on the situation He must help Mila while pretending to be neutral.

Mila takes Guinevere's gaze in a calm manner. She turned her gaze to Regin.

"First, I ask your Highness for the cost of this battle. Next, give a prize to each of the six war princesses, including myself. Olga, Sofya, and Elizaveta have been on the battlefield many times as members of the Bergerac Squadron. Eleonora and Militsa lead troops to protect the land of Alsace from the forces of Ganelon. I fought hard in the town of Ville."

Regin regained her temperament in a legitimate offer.

"I've heard the story. I have 30,000 gold coins for the war expenses, and for the war princesses, I have prepared gold coins and a jeweled dagger. A letter of appreciation to the King of Zhcted is also prepared. Anything aside from that?"

"Your country will have some trouble from now on. I was letting people in our country take over those who were enslaved for free. For now, I don't want any more. Greed breaks friendship, I want to avoid such limitations."

After a pause with wine in her mouth, Mila returns her words with a smile.

In fact, it was a thankful story for each country to be able to take over the former slaves.
The slaves were taken prisoner in the war against Muozinel, kidnapped by Muozinel soldiers and sold to slave traders. The only way to help them was to fight Muozinel and win, or pay money to buy them. Even if they could be brought back to their country, it would be a great achievement.

Tigre was impressed while keeping face. Mila doesn't demand excessive rewards because of the friendship between the two countries.

It's Not because she doesn't want to be selfish or be selfless. It's for her to keep a "rental" and uses it when something happens. Her behavior was exactly what was expected of the war princess of Zhcted.

But Regin didn't end the story with Mila.

"..... can she give Sir Tigrevurmud enough rewards?"

The eyes of those in the room are focused on Tigre. Regin asked Mila with a smile.

"Of course I'm going to do that, but why do you do that?"

"As you know, Alsace, the hometown of Sir Tigrevurmud, and my Olmutz have had an exchange with them four years ago. It is also grateful for us to be in an important position."

"That's right. Sir Tigrevurmud has a really good relationship."

A disturbing air began to drift between the two, keeping their smiles on each other.

Tigre is silently looking at them. He understood Mila's intention. She sees Regin's reaction as she graces herself.

Regin's mood is wary of Zhcted's interference through Tigre.

—I might have to say something about it ...

But he shouldn't feel like he's going to be foolish enough to say anything. He wonders what happened.
Ludie opened her mouth.

"Why don't you confer the Bright Star Emblem to Sir Tigrevurmud, Your Highness? If you need the recommendation of a powerful aristocrat, I'm from the Bergerac family, and I'll take on that role."

"That's good. Sir Tigrevurmud's achievements go beyond battlefields, so his qualifications are sufficient.

Unexpectedly, Tigre realized that his cheeks were getting hot. The Bright Star Award is awarded to excellent knights and warriors.

It can be said to be the highest medal that can be hoped for by lower aristocrats and knights.

He remembers when Brune attacked Muozinel last spring. The Duke of Thenardier, the general commander, made a martial art

He said he would give out the bright star. But no one was given the honor in that battle.

*I'm the bright star ...*

He will be the first Count of Vorn to receive this honor, if he were given.

Guinevere spoke to Mila as she was deeply moved.

"I don't know. Why don't you take care of Sir Tigrevurmud? I heard that you had taken care of her for about a year before."

"I did not do that..."

Before Mila could finish, Regin shook her head with an even more dismayed face.

"His Highness Guinevere, don't try to increase her companions. If you do that, It's even harder to think about lending Sir Roland."

"It's a lot of stubbornness, but I wonder how long it will last. I won't give up."
Guinevere puts her mouth on her silver cup with her plentiful chest. She looks at her sideways and she's pretty tough

Mila had the impression that she had become serious.

——— She behaves freely, but she is aiming for an initiative. You're becoming more like a ruler.

On the other hand, Tigre helps Ludie and Jeanne with their eyes to change the swordsman atmosphere that fills the room.

But while Ludie is smiling, Jeanne is expressionless, and she is silent without moving her eyebrows. She wouldn't say a word unless there was a situation where Regin would be at a disadvantage.

Tigre turned his gaze to Simon. This man has been silent since the meeting began, but his expression is that of a rubbernecker who watches the fight on his quarrel. Tigre doesn't think he can be relied on, but he is the representative of the Prince of Sachenstein Adris; Simon needs to talk on his behalf.

"How about Simon? What kind of request does Prince Adris have?"

When Tigre heard, Simon smiled with a sarcastic smile that looked through his inner heart. The man, who will be thirty-one this year, has a baby-face, but usually doesn't give that impression because of the large scar on his left cheek.

However, with such a face, he looks like a child who plots mischief.

"If you say you're coming to Sachenstein, I think Adris will welcome you."

Tigre glanced at Simon lightly. He Doesn't want things to be more complicated.

"I'll always ask your Highness to say hello, but that's the story before. I'd rather ask about the reward."

Simon nodded and replied in a serious tone.
"Sachenstein-Prince Adris, who sent us mercenaries, has three requests. The first is he would like to conclude a three-year non-aggression treaty with Brune. At the end of the day, skirmishes near the border will be completely gone, but he probably wants to reduce it as much as possible."

In response to this remark, not only Tigre but also Regin corrects her posture and stare at Simon. Mila and Guinevere also turned to him with an interesting look. Simon continues without worrying about them.

"The second is the same war expenses as in other countries. I'm told that I'm not going to sprinkle it, so I'll ask accordingly."

It's a more decent request than what was expected.

Tigre said, "what is the third request?"

Simon lifts one end of his mouth.

"I think there are still enemies left. Hire us until you get rid of them."

Tigre was surprised at this. He asks without hesitation.

"I thought you'd be back in Sachenstein once this story was settled, right?"

"The former slaves will leave tomorrow morning, but the prince has told us to lend us as much as we can. In other words, let me eat outside as much as possible."

It's a mercenary-like word. Tigre stopped trying to brush it off.

"Thank you for the offer, you've seen many lords and soldiers return this morning. The soldiers are no longer in the situation they want. What can we do other than combat?"

He asked the question about the expectations. As soon as he was waiting, Simon smiled like he was a villain.
"I've heard about the situation to date. I can further demoralize the enemy and reduce the number of troops."

Regin dodged the surprised gaze. Simon's smile made Tigre ominous, but here he didn't feel like ending the story. He nods to encourage the continuation.

All in all, Simon said.

"Is the enemy a nobleman with a territory? In other words, the soldiers under his control were people in villages and towns in the territory. If you attack a village or town from one end and burn it down, and let them know it out loud, if you attack their house, they will be upset. The morale of the soldiers is declining, and escapes are occurring one after another."

The air in the room changed completely. Regin glares at Simon without hiding her discomfort, and Guinevere makes a disgusted face.

Mila also frowns at him. Ludie and Jeanne each lifted their hips from their chairs. If Regin orders, they will soon take Simon out.

Speaking of Simon, he leans calmly on his back and has a sneaky smile on his face.

Tigre also frowned, but did not imitate him yelling at him. He calmly accepts Simon's proposal and ponders his thoughts.

"I want to ask Simon something."

With that said, everyone turned their astonishing gaze at Tigre. Because there was no negative sound in his voice

Some wondered if he was enthusiastic about Simon's proposal.

But it soon turned out that wasn't the case.

"If that hand is used by an enemy, how can I prevent it?"

Regins' eyes are turned to Simon again. Certainly it was an anxious atmosphere. Simon replies as easily as he did when he proposed it.
"We have no choice but to attack before the enemy attacks. We will pick up food, let the inhabitants escape, poison all the wells, and burn all the houses."

Tigre grabbed his knee tightly. Continuing this story requires patience.

"If you can't do that ...?"

"Do you want to drop the head of the enemy general and end the battle ... Otherwise, at the expense of some villages and towns, the enemy grabs the movement and crush it with a surprise attack or an ambush."

"His Highness Adris sent me a reliable mercenary."

Tigre finally smiled and shrugged in exaggeration.

--I have to thank His Royal Highness. I probably couldn't think of it with Mila.

The enemy is Ganelon, who is known for his cruelty. Rather than aggressively do things like Simon's suggestion, even if you can't prevent it, you can be prepared if you anticipate it in advance.

Tigre tightened his expression and turned to Regin.

"Your Highness, could you entrust me with his mercenary corps?"

She did not dismiss Tigre's wishes, although Regin made a frown.

“... ...... Okay. I'll Believe in you. We will prepare food here.”

Tigre bows deeply and thanks.

After that, the meeting moved on to the content of the reward to Asvarre.

Guinevere was still obsessed with taking care of Roland, but Regin didn't break and Mila persuaded her.
She finally gave up on her pursuit and settled for burden of war costs, rewards for the soldiers brought in, and some concessions in trade in the North Sea

"I would like the people of the royal palace to enjoy proper black tea."

With a bright smile, Guinevere said. Tigre doesn't miss her glancing at Mila for a moment

he wanted to, but for that alone he cannot interrupt the story. He silently watched over.

"What do you mean by tasting black tea?"

Regin asks with a mysterious face. Guinevere leaned slightly.

"In our country, we drink goat's milk in black tea. I want to treat Your Royal Highness. I'm sure you will like it. There seems to be a strange person who puts jam in some countries, but after all the royal family have to drink black tea"

Tigre and Ludie stiffen their faces, alternating between Mila and Guinevere. Mila was staring at Guinevere with her face disappearing from her emotions, but Tigre made it easy for her to hold back her anger.

he could imagine her anguish.

-I'm sorry, Mila.

It's okay for Guinevere to invite Regin. Besides, her sarcasm is towards Mila, the Zhtcedian. If the Brune people blame themselves, things will get messy. If she does poorly, she may rehash Roland's case. She had no choice but to keep silent here.

--Let's ask your Highness later. May you drink Mila's tea.

It was hard to say that it was all right, but this was the end of the meeting.

Tigre visited Mila's room about half an hour after having dinner.
"I was just thinking of going to call you."

Mila, who greeted with her smile, is still dressed in her military uniform as at the meeting. However, some of her ornaments were removed and her collar was loosened, and she was found to be at home.

When she closes her door, they hug each other gently. She gently kissed him. Her Soft lips met his as they held each other’s bodies

After kissing each other, their hug was released.

"I'm brewing tea, so wait a minute."

Looking at the table in Mila’s words, in addition to the candlestick that lit the fire, there was a set of tools for brewing tea and some tea leaves. She probably prepared it for herself.

She skillfully brewed tea in two cups of white porcelain, and Mila took her spear against the wall in her hand. This spear is decorated with blue and gold throughout, and has a tip that looks as if a lump of ice was scraped and a red ball was embedded in it.

It is a dragon tool that only she, who is "The Snow Princess of Frozen Wave", can wield. Its name is Lavias, and it has the power to control Ice.

Mila brings Lavias closer to the table. A very small amount of cold air was sprinkled from her tip.

She chilled it so that she could drink it deliciously even in the evening.

"Because it's a big deal, let's drink there."

Mila showed her bed as a place to sit. Each of them picks up a white porcelain cup and sits side by side on the bed.

Saying "I'll have it," Tigre immediately put his mouth on the white porcelain cup. A cold liquid with a unique scent and a faint sweetness passes through the throat. With satisfaction, Tigre
exhaled. The excess heat that has accumulated in his body is removed, and the feeling of fatigue disappears. The true identity of the sweetness is grape jam. It melted just a little.

Tea is cold, but his heart is warming up. Even though he was thinking of tasting it slowly, Tigre drank with haste. Mila smiles and receives an empty cup, and she pours tea and returns immediately.

"Thank you for your hard work at the evening meeting. It was wonderful."

Mila looked up at him from her shoulders. Tigre scratches his head as if shy.

"That's right. I couldn't say anything very nifty."

"That's fine"

Shaking her blue hair that reached her waist, Mila shook her head. She said, "What's wrong with such a meeting is that you don't even think about dressing up, or you say radical words. You didn't rant, you said what you should say. It's a passing score."

"This is the best compliment."

After returning her smile, Tigre tells Mila what he remembered.

"By the way... After the meeting, I asked His Royal Highness Regin to drink your brewed tea. It won't tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, but Her Highness told me that she would make time in the near future."

"Wow, you don't have to bother to do that..."

Mila dyed her cheeks red and turned her gaze away. She puts a cup of white porcelain in her mouth and she says "thank you" to her with a fading voice. She changed the topic.

"I had a meal with Sofy and the others, what happened to you?"
"I ate with Raffinac, Sir Garuin, and Sir Hamish. I also invited Simon, but was refused."

Hamish is a giant longbow servant who serves Princess Guinevere. For Tigre’s group, He was a comrade who fought by their side.

After the Battle of Aujour, Tigre met Guinevere and reiterates his help on the battlefield.

At that time, he was pleased to see Hamish who was near the princess again, but if you look closely, he is quite a mess.

To the surprised Tigre, Hamish spoke with a gentle face.

"Sir Tigrevurmud, if you're traveling with a princess, it's a good idea to be very enthusiastic. It's much better to take care of a toddler who's just starting to walk during the trip. At least that’s What I thought............"

From then until today, he was so busy that they couldn't meet each other, but finally he was given the opportunity to talk to him.

After listening to Tigre, Mila talked about herself.

"The food that Her Highness prepared was delicious. It was the first time for the war princesses to eat alone. But it was more fun than I expected. Militsa and Olga didn't know how to eat, so we're teaching and eating."

Militsa-Glinka, nicknamed the "Illusory Princess of the Hollow Shadow" was born in Kanmura, and she has been a war princess for less than two years. She's learning a lot and doesn't know how to eat at the royal palace.

Olga-Tamm, who has the nickname "Ax Princess" in addition to "Moon Princess of the Demon Horn", her origin is in the horsemen tribe who live in the grasslands.

She doesn't know such manners.
If she eats at Zhcted, she may turn a blind eye to some misbehavior, but this is Brune's royal palace. Brune's lords and bureaucrats could say that today's war princesses can't even eat without polluting the table.

On this occasion, Mila and others taught etiquette.

"It must have been hard"

Tigre, who is more on the side of Militsa and Olga, sympathized with them.

"We wanted to eat freely because it was a meal at the royal palace. Both of us will be serving as war princesses for years to come, so we decided that we should remember it now. But what was surprising was Eleonora."

Mila continues her story, as she was a little surprised.

"Eleonora, who could only eat like a child because of her rude empowerment, ate almost perfectly, though she said she was taught by Limalisha."

Limalisha is Elen's adjutant and he heard that she's her old best friend. Tigre was impressed with how much she could teach that free-spirited Elen.

"But it seems to have been pretty painful mentally, because she asked me many times to hide identity as a war princess and sneak into a bar in the city."

"I think it's the correct answer if I didn't go. The city seems to have a festival event, but Mila and the others were quite noticeable in this morning's triumphal return. If anyone noticed, I think a lot of people would come by."

"Popular people are painful," Mila shrugs in a funny way.

While refilling their tea, the two continued to talk innocently, but when the conversation was interrupted, Tigre turned to the
Behind the window is the darkness of the night and the blink of countless stars.

"-Hey, Mila"

After a slight hesitation, Tigre stared at the window and asked in a humorous tone.

"Will my arrow still reach the blue ice star?"

A blue star that shines in the sky only in the very short time of winter, as if it were frozen. Anyone who reaches the star with an arrow is said to be able to fulfill any wish.

It's a fairy tale that has been handed down from ancient times to Zhcted.

Four years ago, on a winter night when he told Mila about his feelings, Tigre was told; "I'm waiting for your arrow to reach that blue ice star."

It was then that Tigre began to seek martial arts.

"Yeah ...........

With the white porcelain cup away from her mouth, Mila looks at the window in the same way. Because of summer, there is no blue ice star. But one could clearly imagine the blue shining star at the end of the abyss.

Mila slowly spins the answer, closing her eyes and confirming her thoughts while suppressing her emotions

Her cheeks were dyed red.

"Maybe ... yeah, definitely..."

"That is ...", Tigre's voice quivered with heat. Power is applied to the hand holding the white porcelain cup.

"Is it possible to make the relationship between me and you public?"
"You should go a little further"

It didn't seem to be time yet as Mila said, and Tigre stared at her with a disappointing expression.

Mila shrugged her shoulders exaggeratedly.

"It can't be helped. Sofy said that there are still lords who believe in rumors that you are defecting from the country. It would be a hassle to announce our relationship now."

The rumor came from Marquis Greast, who was said to be the confidant of Ganelon.

Now that Ganelon has been defeated and has turned the flag over to the royal family, the rumors have completely disappeared. This is what Tigre and his colleagues believe, but it seems that it wasn't the case.

"The reason why the lords believe in such rumors is jealousy. your achievements are too great for them to not be jealous of you."

Indignantly, Mila threw the matter away. Tigre looks up at the ceiling with an indescribable face.

A story that the son of a noble lord who governs a small remote land asking for help from three countries and responded happily to all three countries Is certainly not convincing. What's more, he wasn't famous before, and his weapon was the bow and arrow that Brune hated.

"However, there is a way to ask His Highness Regin to persuade the lords.... I’ll think of the meeting. When I talk about our relationship, I think they will definitely be against me taking you to Zhcted. A "Blessing" won't work either."

The blessing in this case is to have those who have a voice say that they are blessing their relationship and to soften the attitude of those who oppose it. Tigre learned how to do this from Prince Adris of Sachenstein.
Tigre groaned. He imagined the reaction of Regin, but it seems that it will be exactly what Mila says.

A request is made when the other person is in a good mood.

"I know it's a little further, but when do you think it will be Mila?"

"After defeating Ganelon."

It was an immediate answer. Mila keeps looking away at Tigre staring at her seriously.

"Once this battle is over, Your Highness will be more organized than she is now. And, in the truest sense, she should have a grand feast because Her Royal Highness will be the ruler of this country. She is the best to match for good luck. -You can put up with that, too."

The last line was a joke, but Tigre nodded powerfully.

"Of course, but I'm starting to feel like killing Ganelon as soon as possible is a must."

After the meeting was over, Regin took the necessary steps to grasp the situation of the royal capital in three or four days, and then Ganelon.

She said she would hold a military congress for subjugation. He'll be out in the next few days. In Tigre's view, It's about a day too late.

Of course, Tigre doesn't think that the battle with Ganelon will end easily. But what he is aiming for is clear.

As a result, the fighting spirit has risen from within the body.

Mila turns around here. She brings a bitter smile to her mouth.

"I don't need any more martial arts. I value my body more than that."
With that said, she gently closes her eyes. Tigre hugged her shoulders. Illuminated by the fire of the candlestick, the two shadows overlapped.

The sound of a sullen wheel somewhere shakes the atmosphere, and the birds fly away into the sky.

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A wagon pulled by a horse slowly traveled down the road through the woods. Tigre and Ludie sit side by side on the coachman's stand. It is Tigre who holds the reins.

The day after he made a triumphant return to Nice, the two were heading to the blacksmith's house, which the Bergerac family is familiar with. Around the time they had breakfast, Ludie came to Tigre's room and asked him to come with her.

Tigre agreed with two replies and tried to reach out to Mila, but she was absent because she was out with the other war princesses. So, they started moving together.

they entered the forest after leaving the royal capital and advanced the wagon about half an hour. The sun seems to burn brightly today, but the woods were pretty cool.

Tigre gently looks at Ludie sitting next to him, being careful not to let the horse go off the road.

She was in a good mood from around her nice and sang her humming. "Spring cheese is in the flower garden, summer cheese is by the lake, autumn cheese is in the woods, winter cheese is in front of the fireplace. Prepare a small basket, wine in spring, fruit water in summer, nuts in autumn, gloves in winter."

"I heard that song a long time ago."

"Yes, it's a song that has existed before we were born. Even so, When I'm alone, I remember when I was playing with you in Alsace."
These words bring back memories from the ages of ten to fourteen. Everything familiar to Tigre seems to have been fresh to Ludie. She was often surprised, laughed and impressed. He shouldn't be swayed by her. However, Tigre was enjoying it.

"I did a lot in the woods. Climbing trees, picking up nuts, blowing grass whistle ..."

"Shall we change our schedule and play in this forest today? We also have cheese."

Ludie tapped her waist with her hand. She has a leather bag with cheese hanging down there.

"It's a fascinating story, but this time around. I can't afford to leave the royal capital for a long time."

"Sorry."

With that said, Ludie leaned her body and put her head on Tigre's shoulders. From her flowing silver hair, the scent of her makeup drifts and tickles his nose.

"Is this good?"

With a sweet voice, Tigre replied with a bitter smile, "I understand."

The wagon goes down the road. After a hundred counts, Ludie suddenly asked something.

"By the way, Tigre has already kissed Mila, right?"

Tigre intensifies his face. The horse snorted dissatisfied as the hand holding his bridle was squeezed.

"What are you saying so suddenly...."

"The reaction is suspicious. How was it?"

After a short pause, he replies with a blunt tone, "I'm doing well."

He shouldn't be shy now, but his voice squeaked.
"Is that the right kiss?"

"Eh," Tigre uttered a stupid voice. Is there a correct kiss and an incorrect kiss? He never thought. As long as he remembers his kiss, he's not dissatisfied with Mila.

Ludie laughed happily, perhaps seeing through his inner turmoil.

"Shall I tell you the correct kiss? you're going to be kissing Mila, this as just practice, so there's nothing wrong with it."

"Don't make fun of me."

Tigre laughs back, but he feels uncomfortable and snoops on Ludie's expression. Her shape, her lips reflected at the edge of her field of vision, hurriedly stripped her gaze.

He is amazed her flowing silver-white hair hangs on his arm. She still wondered if she was going to make fun of her, and Tigre looked at her face. He swallows words.

Ludie closed his eyes and took a gentle sigh. If you look closely, she has her eyes painted white with makeup. As if to hide the traces of her tears.

-She behaves cheerfully ... it's not just to hide her sorrow. She's trying to do as usual to move forward. Then I should do that too.

Being careful not to let Ludie's head fall off his shoulder, Tigre re-grasps his bridle.

——I'm not sure what kind of building it is, but ... what am I going to do?

He moves only his neck and look at the cart behind him. There is Tigre's bow and arrow, Ludie's sword, food and a water bottle there.

In addition to the bag, there was something long wrapped in cloth. It looks like a spear or a great sword, but he doesn't know for sure. Ludie said "it's a secret" and didn't tell him.
The wagon slowly went down the road.

About a quarter of an hour after Ludie fell asleep, the wagon arrived at its destination.

It looks like three huts with a triangular roof connected together, but when you look at the pillars, it looks like a solid structure.

You can see that it has soot. Smoke was finely exhaled from the soot-stained chimney. Knowing that the Lord is inside, Tigre relaxes his expression.

After he gently shook Ludie's shoulders, she opened her eyes with a yawning voice. Her her eyes of different colors stare at Tigre. She is called Rainbow Eyes due to her different colored pupils.

When he called out, "we've arrived," Ludie happily leaned over. She just presses her lips against Tigre's cheeks. Tigre couldn't even react because of the brilliant surprise.

Ludie pecks Tigre's cheeks, and she slowly releases her body. Her bewitchingly brilliant eyes gazed at Tigre.

"My thanks to the coachman. Isn't this all right?"

"......... Isn't that the right kiss right now?"

He manages to squeeze her voice out and ask, and Ludie closes her one eye to make fun of him.

"If you're curious, I'll tell you more about it. Then, I'll carry what's on the loading platform, so please help me. It's a little heavy to carry alone."

After saying that, when she descended from the coachman's stand to the ground, Ludie grew greatly.

After Tigre puts his hand on his cheek, he stirs his dull red hair.

When he's alone with Ludie, the memories of playing around with her in the past come back to life. In the forest she was often
frightened, hiding behind trees and in the grass. She picked up debris on the ground from the branches of the tree.

Then, she climbed the tree on her own initiative and observed a flock of ants carrying their prey to the nest.

At that time, he probably liked Ludie. He didn't even think about what he liked, so he didn't realize.

Carrying his heirloom and his comrade Black Bow on his back, he carries his bag on his shoulder. Meanwhile, Ludie hung her sword on her waist.

They both had something long wrapped in cloth as they head in to the hut.

When Ludie knocked on the door and called out, the door opened after a count of ten.

It was a big man who was probably in his mid-thirties. A cloth is wrapped around his head and the lower half of his round face is covered with a beard. His clothes seemed to stick to his strong body, and he had a mallet in his hand.

"Oh, isn't it the lady of the Bergerac family?"

"It's been a long time, Desir. It looks fine and above all."

Ludie also smiles at the man who loses his temper.

"I have something to ask you today. Oh yeah, this is Sir Tigrevurmud, he is less than my lover and more than my friend."

With a bitter smile at her introduction, Tigre bowed to Desir. Desir turned his bargaining eyes on Tigre, but he bowed silently. He returned her gaze to Ludie.

"Are you here to order? Please come in anyway. Let's put the horses in the stables here. Even so, today is the day when customers come one after another."
Insert his mallet into his waist belt and Desir goes out by Ludie's side. He walked to the wagon. Ludie takes the lead and the two step into the hut.

It was a dim and large space. Three doors are lined up in front. On the right wall are various weapons such as swords, spears, and axes.

The bowls are decorated and it feels like a blacksmith's house.

However, there is an old shelf on the left wall, a silver lump about the size of a fist, a stone with a mysterious shape and pattern, and a medicinal herb.

There were a number of glass bottles etc. which were soaked in liquid.

"Is he a blacksmith ..........?"

Tigre is surprised. The first impression of Desir was certainly like a blacksmith. But he as he lined up in the items on shelves, he didn't think so.

"This is his workshop, Tigre"

Speaking of Ludie, she didn't seem to care about things on the shelves, and he walked to the rightmost door with a familiar step.

Tigre followed her lead, though confused.

Upon entering the workshop, the heat and the smell of iron wrapped Tigre's group.

There is a table in the center where you can put a great sword with plenty of room, and there is a big fire pot on the wall.

There were various tools on the floor, such as files, anvils, boxes with iron rings, and tubs filled with water.

It wasn't scattered around and was organized.
Two figures stand beside the fire pot. Tigre wondered if they were disciples of Desir, but he soon realized they weren't. Both of them are familiar people.

"Sir Roland and His Highness Guinevere ..."

When he calls out, they look back.

Roland was wearing plain linen clothes and was unarmored.

Guinevere wears a cool dress that combines linen and gauze, though not a pure white dress. It's not something a woman would wear, but she seems to like it. If she thinks about it, in Asvarre, she enjoyed walking in the town in disguise.

"Isn't this Lord Tigrevurmud and Lord Ludiene? Why are you here?"

After saying so unexpectedly, Roland remembers something and becomes convinced about something.

"By the way, the Duke of Bergerac has been supporting this house for a long time."

"Yes, since days of Desir’s great-grandfather. What about Sir Roland and his Highness?"

Ludie listened, lying on the central table with what she had brought.

"I'm thinking of getting Durandal taken care of now."

Roland looks at the wall. Durandal, Durandal of the kingdom with the nickname "Undefeated Sword", stands there.

"When I returned from Asvarre, I had Desir take care of it once, but I used it quite roughly in the next battle. I want to be prepared for the battle with Ganelon."

"I heard that story from Sir Roland and asked to accompany him in taking care of the kingdom's treasure sword. It’s something that is rarely seen. "

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Guinevere explained with a radiant smile, and Tigre and his friends all said, "Is that so?" and returned an awkward smile.

_I can't refuse this._

Roland and Regin must have been bothered. They would have concluded that it was better than being poorly confined to the royal palace or letting her act freely.

_It seems that there is no Lord Hamish ..._

Was this purposefully done by Guinevere, who probably wanted to be alone with Roland? Or, since he couldn't be a knight of asvarre, did he avoid staying in the royal palace to care for Guinevere? In any case, Tigre sympathized with him.

"Anyway, why do you leave the care for Durandal to a blacksmith who lives in such a place? Usually Isn't it something to leave to a court blacksmith?"

Guinevere bends her head as she looks around the studio. She answered Ludie.

"Desir's house was a court smith in our country until his great-grandfather's generation. It's the correct way to care for it. As far as I know, he is the only one who has inherited it."

"How does one take proper care?"

Roland explains to Guinevere, who has a new question, while looking at Durandal.

"Even though I've been wielding Durandal, I don't know what this treasure sword is made of. It's true that it isn't made of iron or silver."

In Brune's founding myth, the founder Charles meets the spirits sent by the gods on Mount Luberon, and Durandal Durandal was given to him. He is said to have been given Durandal and the magical horse Bayard.
"There is a way to care for the sword given by the spirits."

At that time, Desir entered the workshop. He has some fist-sized hemp bags in his hand. He sees Tigre's group turned towards him.

"It seems that other people knew each other. I'm sorry, young lady, but I'll see Sir Roland's sword first. Please wait."

Desir walks past Tigre's group, puts his linen bag on the table, and leans against the wall to walk up to Durandal, where he is. He brings his face close to his blade so that he can see it up close, and watch from the brim to the tip.

Eventually, he sighs away from his blade.

"Every time I make small scratches, there are distortions and blade spills. Last year, you said that you slashed creatures such as elephants and then demons, but what happened this time?"

"Several dragons, and I fought a warrior stronger than me. The weapon of the other party was as good as Durandal."

"If you didn't say it, it sounds like drunken shit or old jokes"

Tigre nodded loudly to Desir's words. Roland won in a single combat against Bachelard, who couldn't lose even though Mila and Ludie challenged him together. He must be someone who knows him well. It is difficult to receive it properly otherwise.

Roland turns to Tigre, saying that he is out of his mind.

"You are fighting more demons than I am."

Ludie and Guinevere grinned at Tigre's utterance.

Desir picks up one of the bags on the table and walks up to Durandal again. He empties the contents of the bag.

He picked up one and sprinkled it evenly on the blade. It's like ashes.

"what is that?"
When Tigre asks this out of curiosity, Desir answers with his back turned.

"It's an ash made by burning a tree branch that has the power of a certain amulet. I can't tell you what kind of tree it is."

They didn't understand why he does this. Tigre and Guinevere both shook their heads. Desir continues to say whether the sign was transmitted.

"It's rude to the kingdom's treasure sword, but it's an unbelievable thing. Even if it gets scratched or distorted, it will return to its original state if left alone. It may take dozens of days depending on the situation. One of the things that speeds it up is these ashes."

Tigre rounds his eyes. But he was convinced somewhere in his heart. Durandal has properties like the dragon tools of the war princesses. It was because he felt a mysterious power that led to.

-Is the items lined up on that shelf necessary for the maintenance of Durandal? I wish she had brought Mila. I'm sure she had a strong interest.

"I don't even know why this works, because I've just inherited the method from generation to generation. It's in the myth. Gods or spirits made this sword that way."

"So why not try this with other swords?"

Of course, it was Guinevere who proposed that. Desir looks back and gives her a look of embarrassment. Guinevere distracted him as she was good at that.

"I was named Corticum, the daughter of the trip, but I'm the Princess of Asvarre."

Desir is stunned and asks Roland and Ludie to confirm this with a look. The two nodded silently.

"Please understand that my words are true. There is a treasure sword named Caliburn in our country, and I have to take care of it."
Give me a favor. It's been thought that it doesn't exist in my homeland, so I don't know how to care for it. I'll bring it next time ...

"Please forgive me, no, please."

Immediately regaining attention, Desir bows deeply to Guinevere. Tigre's group also took it in a hurry.

Durandal and Caliburn have similar atmospheres, but they are not the same. Even small ones with scratches would be terrifying if you put it on. (TN-wasn't sure about this sentence)

Guinevere adorably inflated her cheeks, but when Roland bowed his head again and asked, she withdrew her fluff.

However, she tells Roland an unreasonable demand, "I'll lend you one."

After that, Desir continued to sprinkle Durandal with something like powder, soak it in water, and then put the blade in the furnace.

"It will take about half a day to clean. Now then, let's here this lady's request."

Desir walks up to the central table. Ludie also stood in front of the table Unwrapped what she brought. Tigre and Roland look at them.

What emerged from the package was a white blade showing a distorted cross section.

"This is Bachelard’s ...."  

Tigre leaks a moan. It's a Dreadful sword with the strength to compete with Durandal and Mila’s Lavias

He had heard that it had broken at the Battle of Aujour after a fierce battle with Roland, but he did not know that Ludie had recovered it.

"This is the work that is comparable to Sir Roland's Durandal."
Ludie looks straight at Desir, filling her eyes with different colors with determination.

"I want you to craft a swinging sword using this blade as a material. That is my request. I can only ask you who has inherited the skill of Durandal's care for generations and has a certain skill as a blacksmith."

Tigre stared at Ludie's profile with an admiration. She says she will defeat Ganelon with her own hands at all costs. Even if she could make something with the same strength as the Bachelard sword, it's unclear if it would work. Still, it's far more likely than trying with a normal weapon.

Desir didn't answer immediately, but looked at the blade on the table with a serious expression. He held the mallet in his waist belt and hit the blade casually. A clear metallic sound echoed in the studio.

"I thought it wasn't iron because I had dealt with Durandal, but .......... Lady, by when do you want it ready?"

"please have it done in seven days."

In response to Ludie, Desir screamed in a stunned manner.

"Even with an iron sword, it takes ten days to train a good one, let alone what this is made of. When it comes to materials, I would like to have five days just to find out what works."

"I know you're saying crazy things. It doesn't matter if this blade is shattered."

Desir sighs deeply at Ludie who doesn't take a step back. But he didn't refuse.

"It's the request of none other than the young lady, let's do it, but I don't know what will happen."

"Thank you. I will definitely reward this grace."
Ludie bowed deeply.

Desir says he's sorry for the time and wants to get started right away, so Tigre's guys left his house with a decent greeting.

"Sir Roland, I'm sorry for the inconvenience caused by my selfishness ..."

Ludie bows deeply to Roland. It took him more than a day, as Durandal's care was to be done in parallel with the work of crafting Ludie's sword.

Roland smiled and shook his head.

"I don't care. It's encouraging for me if I can make a swing that is as good as Bachelard's sword. And Durandal will be delivered to the royal palace as soon as it's done according to what Desir said. I'm sorry for Her Royal Highness who wanted to see the work ....."

"Believe me, Lord Roland. I'm happy. I've been shown more than I expected. But if you think that way, I wonder if I'd like to ask you something."

Guinevere laughed in a mischievous tone, and Tigre's group were all about to return a tense smile. Roland and his friends are said to have been riding a horse together.

"Let's go together because we're going home the same way," Guinevere suggested, and Tigre and Ludie gladly agreed. Roland agrees with a look of relief. Seeing black knight in such a state, Ludie acknowledge her and softly muttered; "Your Highness Guinevere is good."

Tigre and Ludie sit on the coachman, and Roland and Guinevere sit on the cart. Tigre had Roland's horse reins.

Looking back at the cart, Ludie asks Roland something in a casual tone.

"By the way, Lord Roland. Did you tell Desir what happened recently?"
"It's easy, but I'll talk more about it later."

"Is that so? Thank you."

Ludie smiles and thank him. With the sound of the hoofs and wheels, the four set off.

"It's not bad to relax in a cart."

Immediately after departure, Guinevere throws her legs leaning against the wall of the cart. Ludie who saw it and leaned over Tigre, listening quietly.

"Is Her Highness Guinevere like this in Asvarre? Her behavior at yesterday's meeting was such that one thought she was born into the royal family... at least in Provocation and sarcasm anyway"

This is the first time that Ludie has met Guinevere in an informal setting. There seems to be some confusion.

"Well, that's right. Do you know about the Knights of the Round Table in Asvarre?"

"If it's about the knights who followed Artorius, the founding king of Asvarre..."

"She liked the Knights of the Round Table, and it was reason for Guinevere to traveled around the borders of the country with only a few companions. Besides, she jumped in while we were fighting demons and walked around the town in disguise."

At Tigre's explanation, Ludie looked impressed and stunned.

"It's very different from Her Highness Regin."

"You should thank Her Royal Highness Regin."

Recalling Hamish, Tigre returns. He changed the topic.

"Even so, when I saw you being called a 'lady', I thought you were the woman of the Duke's family."

Ludie shakes her head to the joking Tigre's words.
"I'll tell you for Desir, he's the only one who calls me that. If you're an unfamiliar person, even if it is a great aristocrat, he will respond in a straightforward manner. His Royal Highness Guinevere was polite, but that was me and Roland. You must have raised the face of the Lord."

"By the way, he said his family been supporting him since the days of great-grandfather."

"Yes. Desir's house was made of court blacksmiths for generations, but during the time of his great-grandfather, he lost the political dispute and started to live there after leaving the royal capital. They were Helped and supported by the Bergerac family. Since then, my home and Desir's home have been friendly."

Ludie's expression becomes bitter.

"The reason Desir heard my unreasonable request was because he knew about my father. He trusted Desir's personality and arms and often ordered armor. My dad asked me to craft my sword with him too. I thought it would be easier for me to use, considering the thickness of the handle."

Ludie clasps his hand on his lap.

"Tomorrow ... No, it's sword training from today. I don't have time to wait until it's done. I have to get used to just how to do the physical movement."

Tigre laid his left hand with his bridle on top of her hand

"Don't be too crazy. Then, when you challenge him, be with someone. Don't Fight alone."

Ludie opened her eyes astonishingly and relaxed her expression.

"In that case, I say, 'I'm always with you.' Considering that I'm your older sister. And be careful about how you say it."

"I wish I could show you an elder attitude."
In a sneak peek at her joking words, Ludie puts his head on her shoulders on, just as she would go.

Carts and horses slowly moved through the woods where the breeze blew.

---

Eleonora-Viltaria, also known as Elen, and Elizaveta, also known as Liza, are war princesses of Zhcted.

It was that evening that Fomina was secretly brought into a room in the royal palace.

Both of them are full of scratches and are covered with soil from their heads to their toes. Her beautiful hair is messed up, as well as her military uniform and dressing.

The sword was completely black and torn in several places. Elen sullenly frowns at her, and Liza snarls.

Mila looked down at the two lying on the carpet on the floor with her stunned face.

She said, "I can't show it to people from other countries ..."

It was this morning that Liza visited Elen's room and offered a duel. There were Mila, Sofy, Olga and Militsa on the spot, but the three except Olga were very surprised, and Olga was curious.

at first, Elen denied her. "Why do I have to duel with you?" She glared at Liza, revealing her anger. Liza was proud of herself and she replied to provoke Elen.

"To see if you're good enough to fight side by side."

The two enthusiastic gazes smashed into the air and popped silently.
"That's right. I don't want to fight with one who has cold feet either."

Elen was challenged by Liza with a terrible smile.

It should not be possible for war princesses to fight each other without the permission of the King of Zhcted. If the king knew this, not only Elen and Liza, but also Mila who did not stop them must be prepared for severe punishment. They knew it, but Mila and his friends didn't stop.

There is a deep connection between Elen and Liza.

In the fall of three years ago, a plague broke out in a village in the Principality of Lebus. The village itself was under the direct control of the royal family.

However, because Elen was in contact with Lisa's ruled Ruvush, she decided to respond to prevent the spread of the plague. Liza burned down the villages to those who died from the plague and quarantined those who was not affected by the plague.

At this time, Elen said she wanted to take care of the quarantined. She used to live in the village for a while before she became a war princess. She was indebted to the villagers. But Liza is involved in her territory. She refused because of this.

However, most of the isolated villagers could not survive the winter. Not only their family and friends, but also the village where they were born and raised were lost, and they were devastated both physically and mentally.

It is said that some troubles occurred in. By the time spring came, their numbers were less than half, giving up on rebuilding the village and breaking up.

Knowing this result, Elen blamed Liza violently.

There is another connection between the two. Sometime after the plague, Liza's father, The aristocrat Logion-Abto caused a problem.
He disguised some of the taxes he had to pay to the kingdom, made false reports, gathered the devourers in his territory, pretended to be thieves, and attacked the territories of neighboring lords. He even planned to rebel against the king.

revealed of all of Abto's crimes, the King of Zhcted ordered Elen to subdue him.

This is because Leitmeritz, ruled by Elen, was close to Abuto's territory.

However, at this time, Liza asked to leave this matter to herself. She wants to persuade his father to receive the appropriate punishment.

When Liza became a war princess, her father-daughter relationship was cold, and she had never met him except for the official occasion.

However, Elen rejected the offer and defeated Abto

Knowing that, Liza offered a duel to Elen. She didn't know that all the bad things about her father and couldn't control her feelings.

And she was defeated by Elen. Since then, the confrontation between the two has become decisive.

Mila and others are aware of these events. Valentina says Olga is with Sofy and Militsa is with her teacher, therefore, they did not stop the duel. However, it cannot be done in a dignified manner in the royal capital.

After leaving the royal capital, the war princesses headed for the grasslands about one velsta (about one kilometer) away. It was a perfect place because it was far from any road and there were no villages nearby.

There, Elen and Liza collided head-on. Mila's group watched the duel as witnesses.

In the last duel, neither used dragon skills.
But this time it's different. The reason for the duel is for her "to see if it's enough to fight side by side." It was a tremendous battle in which the dragon skills were mercilessly deployed from the beginning. Mila’s group who were watching had to protect themselves with their own dragon tools.

The battle was not limited to the exchange of dragon skills. They make full use of sword skills and martial arts, and if one of them head-butts, the other slams, grabs, and hits each other, so it doesn't seem like a duel between war princesses.

It became a muddy battle.

In the end, they squeezed out the remaining power of each other and released a dragon technique, and at the same time they blew away and collapsed.

After looking at each other, Mila and the others wait for the sky to darken to avoid the public eye, and bring them to the royal palace.

"You don't have to decide whether who wins or loses. It's okay to draw, right?"

"No, I won Because it was Elizaveta who challenged me."

Elen responds indignantly to Mila’s words. Liza said in a quiet tone, looking at her ceiling. "This time, Eleonora should win. Next time, I will show an overwhelming difference and win."

Mila and Elen stared at Liza in a daze.

"You are motivated again ...?"

"I will need it to completely destroy that demon."

The demon is the dog headed being that Mila and her friends encountered in the Battle of Ajour. The dog head is completely different from that of a stray dog. It had sharp contours and jet-black skin, white eyes, a red tongue,
and a terrifying appearance. Moreover, even though the war princess challenged it with six people, the demon was not hurt.

When Elen opens her mouth to say something, the door opens and Sofy, Militsa, and Olga enter.

While Mila was looking at them, they had medicine and water to treat their wounds, a cloth to wipe their bodies, and clothes.

She was going to get a replacement cloth.

"Looking at the situation, both of them seem to be fine."

Sofy smiles when she sees the two lying down. Elen's treatment was left to Olga and Militsa, and Mila started to treat Liza with Sofy. She quickly undresses her body with a damp cloth to wipe it. She then applied medicine to her wounds.

"How are you?"

To Sofy, who asks gently, Liza replies, "It's not bad." Sofy was happy with that.

Soon, the four finished their treatment. They can't even squeeze two people side by side into a bed that has only one so while they were lying on the carpet, the others put a blanket on each of them. It's mid-summer, so this is fine.

"We're in the next room, so call me if anything happens. Don't quarrel."

Mila and the others turned off the lights and left the room.

In the dark, Liza is frowning and worried.

She has a lot to say to Elen, but she's tired and she's confused about how she should be cut. But she's sorry for Mila and the others who let her lie in the same room if she stayed silent.

She knows they've taken care of her. When she lost her memory, she was obediently saying whatever she thought. Liza felt ridiculous and sighs.
Perhaps because she heard it, Elen opened her mouth.

"I'll ask you, was there any other reason?"

Liza was surprised. She encouraged herself, thinking of Sofy's smile in her mind.

After some pause, Liza replies, "Yes."

"It's a lie to say I wanted to determine my strength. The truth is, I've tried to fight you... I wanted to step forward from the state I was in when I lost the duel."

"Do you mean you wanted to beat me?"

Lisa shook her head. She's embarrassed to express her thoughts obediently, but for her loved ones

But she decided to step forward. She clasps her hand under the blanket.

"It will be longer, but I wonder if it's okay."

"I'll listen until I get tired of it."

It's a slamming tone, but it's not cold or piercing. Liza also hesitates as she talks

"My father abandoned me as a newborn in a small village. He ordered the head of the village to hide my identity and raise me. In the territory that my father ruled, ‘Rainbow Eyes is ominous’ was believed to be a thing."

The illusion she had when she fought Baba Yaga in the town of Neuville comes to her mind in Liza.

Of course she doesn't remember herself as a baby, but that was what happened.

She said, "You probably thought I was the daughter of an aristocrat, but I was bullied by people in the village. There was no one to
protect me. I lived crying every day until I was taught how to fight by travelers from outside the village."

She wasn't bullied after learning how to fight, but less often. That gave her Liza hope and consciousness to look in front of her.

"When I was twelve, my dad called me back to the mansion because he had no other heirs. Then Vatilaif chose me as a Vanadis. I lived as an aristocratic daughter until I was revealed to be a war maiden. My father has never seen me as a daughter, and in the mansions, Everyone was cold to me, looking at my father's complexion."

She has a slight pain in her chest. She's not as good as she used to be. Not as much as before she lost her memory.

"I couldn't like my dad either. I couldn't have loved the person who threw me away for his own convenience and picked me up for his own convenience. Still, because he is my father, somewhere in my heart I was expecting it. Someday, maybe he will apologize for everything someday."

"But before that time came, I slaughtered your father."

"Even if you save my father and capture him, I don't think "that day" would come."

In other words, Liza is convinced again.

"I was angry when you killed my father, but not because he was killed."

She was angry at the permanent deprivation of her father's opportunity to be reconcile. If there is no hope, she should have known it in the depths of her heart.

"I applied for a duel because I thought that if I beat you ... I would avenge my father's death as a daughter, and my dead father would accept me. I strongly hoped that I would like it."

"And That Baba Yaga guy"
Lisa nodded to Elen's words.

"That's what it means to step forward. Thanks to you, the demons have been destroyed and my right arm has returned, but I myself haven't moved forward since then."

She exhales a little. She said she would be long, but she went on more than she expected.

But the story isn't over yet. There is a last word she wants to convey. She was grateful that this room was covered in darkness. In here You don't have to see your face.

"Although it's late ... Thank you for killing my father, Eleonora."

At that time, she probably couldn't convince herself when she met her father. In the worst case, it's a hope that doesn't exist.

Even such a father is her own father, it would have been a disappointed day as a woman and a war princess.

She lost her memory and had many people reach out to her.

After a while, Elen's voice came back.

She said, "You wouldn't thank me. I didn't do it for you."

"But I was helped. I should be grateful."

Silence comes. She may have seemed stupid. Still, she was happy to say what she wanted to say. She was glad she had only two people at this time.

Elen clears her throat. She shook her breath and opened her mouth.

"I must thank you too."

"What are you talking about ...?"

With no verses to think of, Liza bends her neck. Elen said in a blunt tone.
"It's about the pandemic village. The survivors gave up rebuilding the village and scattered, and I met some people earlier this year."

Lisa opens her eyes. She felt the back of her chest warm.

"That was good."

She gives an "Oh," and Elen continues with an apologetic voice.

"They thanked the Lebus soldiers ... that is, they thank you, saying things like 'Thanks to you, I was able to survive'. I said she heard from them and she thought only about the dead. Maybe she didn't see those who were helped by her."

Then Elen said in a new tone.

"It will be even more now ... Thank you, Elizaveta"

Lisa once again thought it was good that this room was covered in darkness, covering her hot face with her hands.

If Elen wasn't next to her, she might have been lying on the carpet. She tells herself to calm down, and Liza suggests to Elen in as casual a tone as possible.

"You can call me Liza--"

"I don't think I'll make friends with you."

Her courageous proposal was mercilessly interrupted by her cold voice. Liza is stunned and she doesn't speak at all. Elen seems to be annoyed whether she felt her gaze or the shock and agitation of Liza was transmitted.

"You're giving Sasha a little bit of trouble."

Sasha is the nickname of Alexandra Alshavin, the war princess who governs the Principality of Legnica.

She is Elen's best friend. She is now sick and she finds it difficult to even get out of the palace.
"She hasn't put out a little bit," she argues, pointing her mouth like her child.

"Her Legnica and my Lebus are like neighbors, so there's just a lot of quarreling. You're always fighting with Mila."

"It's all because of Ludmila"

After making a statement without hesitation, Elen adds, saying that it can't be helped.

"When you get back to Zhcted, meet with Sasha. I'll follow you."

"What do you say when you meet? The relationship between Legnica and Legnica will change."

"Don't think only in those two principalities"

Intercepting Liza's words, Elen continued with a frown.

"Think about it Luvosh, Legnica, and my Light Melitz, and the four principalities of Polesia under Sofy. If a troublesome dispute between Lebus and Legnica is about to occur, I or Sofy will arbitrate."

In the dark, Liza blinks several times. Elen's words were too surprising.

"You're Alexandra's best friend? Shouldn't you be on her side?"

"She's a happy one, that Sasha."

Elen's voice boasts her best friend

There is a sound that makes me wonder.

"Do you value fairness rather than increasing allies?"

Lisa frowned at her. If so, isn't she too kind to the Principality?

"If you can get arbitrated and solve it, that's fine, and if you can't solve it, you'll be on your side again. Sasha laughed and said so."
Above all, the situation where other principalities are resented for a long time...I want to avoid that.”

"I have a long standing grudge ....?"

Not understanding the meaning of her words, Liza frowned. Elen explains.

"Aristocratic lords can be crushed if they make a lot of mistakes, they can't get a successor, and their bloodline can die. However, this is not the case for us one-time lords chosen by dragon tools. If the war princess loses her qualification as a war princess, the dragon gear just chooses a new war princess. The Principality never disappears, and the territories and soldiers won't be scrapped."

Successive Kings of Zhcted have tried to keep the power of the war princesses as even as possible. When one war princess takes an unexpected action, she has to deal with another war princess.

"The conflict between the war princesses will be resolved if either war princess takes the place, but the conflict between the principalities is public.

As long as the country does not disappear, it will not be easily resolved. Let's say I'm on Sasha's side and hunt you down in a two-to-one composition. Lebus has a grudge against Legnica and Leitmeritz. Even after someday we became normal again instead of the war princess. Sasha said she wanted to avoid it. ”

Lisa thinks silently.

-When she is no longer a war princess ..... 

It will definitely come someday. Knowing that, Liza didn't deal with it. Thinking back, she's done many times that she might be abandoned by the dragon gear.

-I'm the only war princess who was tempted by demons to seek power ...
It's been four years since she became the Lord of Lebus, but Liza loves her own Principality. When she someday she is no longer a war princess, what can she leave in her Principality? She is sure she doesn't want to leave behind things like grudges against another Principality.

"I see. To Alexandra--"

She asked to see her, and Liza noticed that she could hear her gentle sleep. Before I knew it, Elen was asleep. She no, she probably thought she had been thinking for a long time.

With a smirk, Liza closes her eyes. Immediately sleep attacked her.

After resting Liza and Elen, Mila and company are chatting with tea and baked goods side by side on the table. They should have had dinner considering that the sun was already setting, but they were reluctant to let this room carry food.

However, they couldn't get to know what Liza and Elen were doing.

Of course, the tea is brewed with Mila, and there are three jams attached. It's all grape based.

The grapes were diverse, and there were many types of sweet grapes, which were sweet and sour.

"I thought you would stop the duel between the two."

With a cup of white porcelain filled with her tea in one hand, Mila looks at Sofy with her impressed face. She smiled as Sofy grabbed her baked goods, shaking her gently rippling golden hair.

"I would have stopped it depending on Elen's reaction, but she was keenly aware that she couldn't do without the past, and she didn't want to negate her efforts to compromise. And I knew Elen was also concerned about Liza."

Sofy turns her gaze to Olga, who is eating baked goods with jam.
"I should thank you too. If I was the only one who was on good terms with Liza, Elen would not be in just a duel. I don't know if she got the offer. Thank you"

Even after Liza regains her memory, Olga treats her with her unchanging attitude.

She didn't seem to be sick, and she would go out with her if she was invited to play in the water.

"I would be happy if those two get along well."

Mila asks Olga, who answers while spilling the dregs of her baked goods.

"By the way, you weren't too surprised when the duel was mentioned."

"In my hometown ..."

After wiping her mouth with her hand and drinking her tea all at once, Olga said.

"There is a ritual to wrestle without a weapon when it comes to a dispute. It's not about deciding which one is right, but to admit that the other person is a warrior like you. I was also interested in which one was stronger."

"It's like a chanson de geste (TN- a medieval historical romance in French verse, typically one connected with Charlemagne.) in which two knights who are not close to each other deepen their friendship with a sword."

Militsa asked Sofy after giving her impressions and disappointments.

"Do you think Sofya will reconcile the two as they are?"

"I don't have that high hope. I think Elen will come along, but each one must throw away their clumsiness. It will be difficult to do it."

Shaking her head, Sofy looks serious.
"But I want you to work together to fight the demons."

The peaceful atmosphere disappeared, and the faces of the war princesses became nervous.

"Assuming that Ganelon's story is correct, there are seven demons. We have destroyed four."

Mila said, staring at the empty white porcelain cup. Militsa counts her fingers.

"Rusalka, Leshy, Torbalon, Baba Yaga, the rest are Zmei, Ganelon, Drekavac. Is that all of them?"

"Yeah. Ganelon said he wasn't a demon, but my Lavias told me that his aura was definitely that of a demon. Sir Roland said that too."

In Mila's words, Olga twists her neck and frankly asks questions.

"What was the dog head that we fought in Aujour? Is he Drekavac?"

"Maybe it's different," Sofy replied with a difficult face.

"That dog-headed demon didn't actively try to kill us, but rather seemed to be searching for power. That alone is different from the demons that have fought so far. that demon may not be Drekavac. If so, I wonder if he will imitate it to help Ganelon."

Militsa asked Mila, raising her face from her half-folded finger.

"Is it true that Drekavac is serving the Duke of Thenardier?"

"I've confirmed that. The story I heard from His Excellency was that he was a fortune-teller of the drifters, that he had been serving the Thenardier family for five or six years, and that he could bring a dragon from somewhere and obey him. The Duke of Thenardier seemed to trust Drekavac a lot."

It is said that dragons live in the depths of steep mountains where humans do not stand, or in dark forests even in the daytime, and he is unlikely to show up. Some even think of it as being in myths and legends.
It is said that Drekavac finds it and trains it to obey humans.

Looking at the flying dragon driven by Zion-Thenardier, its ability is certain, and it is natural that Thenardier relies on it.

"If we talk about demons, it's unlikely that Thenardier would believe them. Unless he has been shown very concrete evidence, he'll be on Drekavac's side."

Mila growls a little and she brews new tea to switch her mood. She offered an empty white porcelain cup to Olga and Militsa from the left and right

While pouring tea into her two cups, Mila opened her mouth to put together her thoughts.

"It's a dog head, but I don't think he's a demon. The reason is the same as what Sofy said earlier. He appeared to know if we were a threat. Given that, it might be something related to Tigre's black bow."

"I wonder if the only clue that could be a clue is that characteristic head and the strong scent of sesame oil. I'll take a look at it. He especially smelled like sesame oil somewhere in the past."

Sofy puts her hand on her mouth and thinks.

"If the dog head is not a demon, do we have four more to defeat? To be honest, I want to run away."

Militsa exaggeratedly dropped her shoulders and sighed. She tells Olga to let go.

"If so, just run away."

Militsa frowned at the outright contempt contained in her voice. Mila and Sofy are taken aback

Meanwhile, Olga continues.
"One hero gives birth to a hundred heroes, and one coward gives birth to a hundred cowards. I have been taught that. All you have to do is escape to your Principality and wait for the battle to end."

An invisible spark broke out between the two war princesses. If the air that surrounds them is visualized, it's innumerable

"You know the stupidity and danger of barbarity, don't you?"

It would have been reflected as being composed of thorns.

Militsa and Olga see Mila at the same time as Mila and Sofy silently dodge her eyes and impose her role as her elders. Both were looking for help.

"LudMila, I don't think we should be whining before we fight."

After Mila sighed, she made a measles look and said to Olga.

"Olga, Militsa isn't really a kid who runs away from the enemy, even if he says this. She's fought demons twice on the battlefield."

"That's right!"

The momentum of Militsa gives off words of counterattack.

"Mostly you are the one who escaped from your Principality."

The chair on which Olga was sitting shook.

Sofy speaks to Militsa, holding her wrinkled eyebrows with her thin fingers.

"That's not the case, Militsa. Olga left her Principality in her role with His Majesty's letter to King Faron. Someday, there may come a time when we have to escape."

Sofy's words had the power to calm Militsa in an instant.

Olga and Militsa face each other with a mixed face of dissatisfaction and remorse, and bow their heads. Both words of apology were small, but not so much that the other person could not hear them.
I don't want you to argue about this, but it's better if it's not serious.

Looking at the wall and thinking of Liza and Elen, who would be resting behind it, Mila crushed herself inwardly. She said she had a fight with Elen when she was just a war princess.

Even if she takes a harsh attitude, she can't put her on the shelf.

To change the awkward atmosphere, Mila receives a cup of white porcelain from everyone and re-brews her tea.

She spoke in an even brighter voice.

"For the time being, let's keep this much for demons."

"Yeah. I've reconfirmed the enemy to be destroyed. That's enough for now."

Mila also shows her consent. The voice has a faint heat because there are demons that she wants to defeat at all costs. Only Zmei, who hijacked her grandmother's corpse and hurt her mother, is who she wanted to destroy with her own hands.

Mila asked Sofy over a cup of freshly brewed tea.

"What are we going to do now? It's like the battle is over."

According to the story she heard from the POWs, there are about 2,000 soldiers who follow Ganelon. In this situation, no one on his side should appear, and it can be said that many have decided.

"Aside from Ganelon's personality, we don't have a curtain on the battle. Rather, if we play poorly, we may have taken over the martial arts and create extra friction."

Sofy smiles with a white porcelain cup in her hand. Olga shook her head.

"Are we going back to Zhcted?"

"Only me and Militsa. I asked Militsa to head for the royal capital, and I'll tell you what I've done so far. I'll have your Majesty report it."
I'm going to Alsace with my ex-slaves. There, he joins the Leitmeritz army before returning Home. Also, I'm going to talk to Valentina about the demons. I feel I lack too much to move forward."

Perhaps she had already thought about it, Sofy talks about her schedule. By the way, she and Valentina are very bad friends. Like Mila and Elen, she'll disperse hostility from the front

There is nothing wrong with it, but when they meet, they smile and exchange ironically.

"It's encouraging to have you."

Mila smiled with a bitter smile. She understands why Sofy chose herself and Militsa. They are not as good as Mila and Elen in their warrior skills and ability to lead soldiers.

Olga is popular with some of the Brune soldiers because she joined the Bergerac Squadron and fought. And maybe she thinks it's a good time to gain her experience as a war princess.

"Why don't you take Elizaveta-sama?"

Militsa bends her neck.

"If you're the only one, you can leap together with my dragon technique. Elizaveta-sama... There seems to be something to do with Her Royal Highness from Asvarre..."

Mila's group have already greeted Guinevere, but only Liza is still hasn't seen Guinevere.

Both Mila and Sofy know that she was secretly visiting Asvarre with the help of Militsa last fall. She speculates that she might have happened at that time, but she didn't ask for details.

"That's why," Sofy replies to her breath.

"We don't know what Liza did or tried to do in Asvarre. I don't think it was a bad thing..."
"Wasn't Lord Hamish asking you about Liza?" Mila asked to confirm.

When she greeted Guinevere, Hamish was delighted to see Sofy again and asked about his nickname, Chikato Hitomi. Mila was listening to the conversation between them sideways.

"Yeah. Thanks to Lord Hamish, I and Liza were able to meet."

After answering Mila, Sofy turns to Militsa.

"I understand your worries, but I want to keep an eye on her because Liza wants to settle herself in any way. And since you've secretly jumped to Asvarre, Liza needs to go back in the same way without anyone knowing. It's been a while to handle that."

"Okay, so when I report to His Majesty, I'll say I'm not aware of Elizaveta's existence, and she's about to say that Sofya was accompanied by her female servant."

"Thank you. I'll be saved."

When the story is settled, Sofy turns a gentle smile on Mila.

"Hey, Mila. I'd like to have a fun talk because I'm stiff when I'm talking about serious things ... What's going on?"

Militsa also looked at Mila with a teasing gaze. Olga also has her eyes shining with her interest.

- *You guys think I'm mumbling and can't say anything. I have to overturn the beliefs of my friends.*

Mila calmly carried her cup of white porcelain to her mouth and replied in a plain tone.

"Well, there's nothing like progress, but I wonder if we talked about making our relationship public once Ganelon's subjugation was over."
She watched Sofy. She thought she would have her eyes rounded, but contrary to her expectations, she looked at me with a worried look.

The faces of Militsa and Olga are wrapped in a straightforward surprise. Mila laughs while being happy with the reaction

"Mila ... I think it's a pleasure, but is that okay?"

"What's okay?"

Not knowing what Sofy was thinking, Mila asked with a mysterious look.

"Is there any material that can convince His Majesty to allow this?"

"Isn't Tigre's martial arts enough? Since I was called to yesterday's meeting, Her Highness Regin's trust is proven to be here, and I don't think she'll be out of tune with me."

While returning her words, dark clouds begin to spring up deep inside Mila's heart. She don't think Sofy is so fooling herself or her. Isn't she overlooking something?

"It's not Tigre's martial art," Sofy oozes a troubled smile on her mouth.

"It's Your martial arts"

Mila was stunned by her unexpected point. Sofy raises her finger.

"You went to Sachenstein and became friends with the influential landlord, the daughter of the Revelence family, Valtrotti, and solved the werewolf problem with Olga. Last fall, you led an army with me in Asvarre. As a result, I was able to sell my favor to the bottom and Asvarre."

Mila silently nodded. Sofy raises her second finger.

After a breath, Sofy raised her third finger.
"And you, in this Brune, also cooperated with the Bergerac family, Ludiene, and His Royal Highness Regin.

"Six of us would have sold the grace to His Royal Highness Regin. You, Olga, Militsa, and Liza. It can be said that Me and Eleonora also cooperated with His Royal Highness. Militsa and Eleonora are requested by Valentina. It's more legitimate than I am because I'm intervening."

"But you are the only one who has made three achievements. I was asked who stands out among the seven war princesses. No doubt you it’s you."

Sofy stares at Mila, placing an empty white porcelain cup.

"If I am, I will do my best against Brune, Asvarre, and Sachenstein as diplomatic messengers. That way, I can direct me to Muozinel and other countries. In particular, she should keep an eye on Muozinel as much as possible."

Mila and others already know that the King of Muozinel died of illness.

Now, in Muozinel, royalty are fighting for the next throne.

Both Mila and Sofy predict that Balamir will be the winner, but they couldn't be less vigilant until the situation became clear.

Sofy continues to talk to Mila, who is terrified.

"It would be out of the question that you would be connected to a nobleman from another country. Marriage with lords in the country.... I think it's highly recommended."

Mila made a frown. To be sure, she wasn't thinking about her achievements.

When she returns to Zhcted, she will have to report in detail who she met and what she did. even though she would lie, as long as other war princesses are involved in any of the cases, she cannot cheat. If that happens, it's probably going to go exactly as Sofy said.
You need to do something before you make an unpleasant talk about your marriage partner. However,

- I can't think of a good idea.

Mila decides to rely on a friend in front of him.

"What would Sofy do?"

"I can only think of one thing. I'll make it an established fact."

Olga and Militsa exclaimed at the same time. Mila reveals her confusion and dyes her cheeks red.

"it's pretty straightforward ..."

"But it's not bad. It's true that you've been together for a long time. It's no wonder you're a man and a woman around the age. As you said, Today's Tigre has enough ability and achievements."

"Are you trying to develop into a liability issue under the surface and bring Sir Tigrevurmud into our country?"

It was Militsa who asked an interesting question. Sofy has a mischievous smile.

"That's right. If you say that you're going to have a marriage, it will be contested. But the relationship between the two has already reached a point where you can't turn back, and if you force them apart, it's ugly. Speaking of the possibility of this, I wonder if he will admit that it can't be helped."

-It's rough, but ... it's an idea I couldn't discard. There is room for consideration.

Mila doesn't answer immediately, but folds her arms to test Sofy's plan.

The feelings of not wanting to bother Tigre, the Vorn family, and Alsace, and not wanting to make a mess, were too early and narrowed their thoughts. Now that the existence of Tigre has become valuable to Zhcted
Then it's not impossible for him to take a brute force.

"Vanadis and other people have been brought into the country aristocrats of other countries," she may slap in the back, but her mother, Svetlana, has also experienced such things...

Mila's father, Theodor, was a bureaucrat working at the official palace of Olmutz, but when the two were united, he said, "I wonder if there are many more suitable opponents for the war princess," with disappointment and disappointment.

It was said that there was. Once upon a time, Garuin told me.

——*If you care about it one by one, there is no end to it.*

"Be careful, Mila. There are definitely lords of Brune who are looking at Tigre. Besides, we also have a hand to play called "blessing". If you are looking for someone who has a voice and will be on your side, there must be no doubt.

"Thank you. I will use it as a reference."

Sofy returns a teasing smile to Mila, who thanked her with her smile.

That's why they have an advantage over you."

It was Ludie that Mila came up with her advice. She is the daughter of the Duke of Bergerac and Tigre

She must be her greatest enemy.

Tigre was concerned about Ludie, who had her father taken away. Mila also sympathizes with her, but She have no intention of giving up Tigre to her. That's another story.

"One more thing, remember this too," continued Sofy. "For our country, you don't have to be the one who catches Tigre. It could be me or Elen."

Mila is stunned. She noticed that Sofy's eyes were serious.
“.........You ’re kidding, right?”

"Of course," Sofy relaxes her expression. Mila took a breath of relief.

"I should praise your acting ability, but don't be scary like that."

"Then, is it okay for me to run?"

From the side, Militsa pinched her mouth. She turns a nasty smile on Mila. Mila is confused, for her breath Pause

Finally, she understood what Sofy and her colleagues wanted to say.

"Are the influential lords of our country thinking about a marriage with Tigre?"

"I can't say no, or maybe your Majesty thinks that way. As I said earlier, when I and Militsa return to Zhcted, I'll discuss what happened in Asvarre and Brune. I have to report to His Majesty about Sachenstein as well."

Mila growls again. she couldn't say it was impossible.

"So be careful. In some cases, a joke may not be a joke."

When Sofy laughed at her, Mila could only return a bitter smile.

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After Sofy and her friends returned to their respective rooms, Mila went out into the hallway. She went to her loved one's room and saw Tigre walking from the other side. Fast feet for each other

Then, the two face each other.

"Were you going somewhere?"

"I came to see you"

Answering with a smile, Tigre smiled with a shy smile and said, "Me too."
The two walk side by side and stop in an empty space. They talked to each other about what happened today.

Tigre seemed surprised at the duel between Liza and Elen, but Mila also heard about Tigre and Ludie.

Mila heard that he was visiting the blacksmith with her, and she had mixed feelings.

"Did Liza and Elen get injured?"

"No Severe injuries. You can rest assured."

From Mila's point of view, she can't talk about the relationship between the two war princesses. Did Tigre realize that?

"So I was asked by Sir Roland to come him."

"By the way, I have a request for Mila."

Tomorrow, Roland and Guinevere will go to the temple at the top of Mount Luberon. When Roland was born and raised... Guinevere was suddenly interested in hearing that he was all about him.

She heard from Sir Roland that the temple chief is familiar with Tir Na Fal. Maybe she can hear the story in full.

Tir Na Fal is one of the ten gods worshiped in Brune and Zhcted, the goddess of night, darkness and death. Most importantly, she says that this goddess seems to be deeply involved in Tigre's black bow.

"I don't mind, but Ludie? Will she come with me?"

Tigre shook his head when asked by Mila.

"It seems that she will train her sword until the day of the military congress. Then she will be able to use it."

"I understand."

Nodding, Tigre gently hugged Mila. Mila surrenders to him and quietly closes her eyes.
Tigre kissed her forehead and left and right cheeks, then laid his lips on top of hers. Mila kisses in the same way. As she fends off her warmth, Mila feels her body getting hot from the inside.

Surrounded by summer nights, the two hugged each other for a while.
Chapter 2 - Three-Sided Goddess (Treslinha)

Even though it was just noon, a corner of the "Cochlea under the eaves" pavilion was filled with hustle and bustle.

Six young people are making noise around the table while tilting their cups. The laughter can be heard outside the store.

These six are the subordinates of Zion-Thenardier and his surrounding aristocrats.

He was enjoying a small banquet that also served as a celebration before the subjugation of Ganelon. All of them are so drunk that some even call out to the female waiter and stroke her ass.

By the way, there are no other guests. There were some people until a quarter of a minute ago, but their existence became annoying and came out.

The shopkeeper has a bitter face, but he is silent. He was because he saw from the clothes of Zion's group that he was the son of an aristocrat. In addition, there is a story about how bravely he fought in Aujour.

They are the winners. He shouldn't have been in a bad mood.

"But it's Mr. Zion. It was a big success in Aujour, and it can be said that you are no stranger in this place anymore."

"Why don't you call some bards and let them compete to see who can make Zion's fight into the best poem? Zion's heroic name spreads beyond Brune to neighboring countries."

"If you defeat the evil Ganelon, no one will be against the Thenardier family anymore. It's only a matter of time before the lords in Brune kneel to you."

At the words of his entourage, Zion struck a backlash and replied with a smile, but deep in his heart his blues smoldered his dissatisfaction. He is the one who takes the most sake.
-A big success? How could such an abomination be a big success?

In Aujour, Zion swooped the flying dragon from the sky and tossed the enemy's left twice. But how was it after that?

The strange powder thrown at the enemy soldiers disoriented the flying dragon, and as soon as it was out of action, Zion becomes a helpless knight.

Without the help of the Knights of Lanion, led by Defrot, he would have been slashed by the attacking enemy soldiers.

Zion escaped the battlefield with the Flying Dragon, washed away the powder in the river and managed to return to the front, when he was heading towards the end of the war.

He was only lucky to be able to injure a demon in the sky with the flying dragon's claws.

Something was released from the ground that defeated the demon. -It looked like it was released by Tigrevurmud-Vorn, but it's probably the power of the war princess.

When he fought the Storm Dragon in Asvarre, Zion saw the Storm Dragon blown off by Tigre's arrow. Then, after receiving an explanation from Sofya-Obertas that it was due to the power of the war princess, he was convinced of it.

Anyway, Zion couldn't play an active part in the battle of Aujour. Even though he had high hopes of winning in a single combat with an enemy general like Roland, he wanted to win a brilliant martial art, such as breaking down the enemy's army and taking the heads of famous lords and knights...

——Even that Vorn has made a major achievement.

Tigre's greatest achievement was to seek help from another country. The arrival of reinforcements from each country allowed the Regin army to overturn its inferiority. It was something that Regin and Roland couldn't even do, and it was natural for him to appreciate him.
Soldiers, knights, these guys praise me. But what on earth are they actually praising?

The more compliments he received, the more frustrating he becomes. It was the first time he felt like this, and he didn't know what to do, so he had no choice but to drink.

Suddenly, at the edge of his field of vision, a black skirt that reaches his feet is reflected. Zion thought she was a waiter, and smiled with a distorted smile. Isn't he able to do something other than drink liquor?

She wore Black long-sleeved clothes, a skirt that extends to her feet, and a white apron.

He leaned over, reaching out to touch the woman's ass. Zion was stunned, looking up to see her reaction. Her familiar face looks down at him without moving her eyebrows.

But at the bar, it's out of place.

"You... why are you here?"

He was so surprised that no more words came out. Alouette replied in a quiet tone.

"Because the flying dragon was in a bad mood."

"Huh?"

He frowned, but when he took five counts to understand what she was saying, Zion sighed.

He usually yells at her, "Don't tell me, you should do something about it," but Zion has to ride the flying dragon. Even if his head is slowing down due to sickness, that's something he knows.

Only then did Zion realize that he was still touching Alouette's ass. He let go of his hand.
He gently looks at her woman's appearance, but there is no slight change in her expressionlessness. Remembering his unreasonable anger, Zion scoffed.

As she stands up, she sticks out a bronze cup with a little liquor left on her.

"Drink up."

If he refused, he intended to pour liquor on her face. Speaking of Alouette, she shook her neck, which seemed afraid.

"Will the smell of sake stimulate the flying dragon?"

Now it was Zion's turn to twist his head. do not know. She's imitating him when he's been drunk and approaching a dragon. He couldn't do such a terrifyingly accurate imitation.

——— You won't be bitten suddenly, but you may be spat on.

Previously, when he was exposed to the spit of a flying dragon on his head, he could smell it for several days.

Zion Placed the bronze cup on the table walks to the shopkeeper.

"Give me water, and Plenty of it."

Zion was unaware, but the air inside the store had changed completely since Alouette appeared. It's already strange that his maid came into the store with her so-called work clothes, especially with a young aristocrat who had his irreverent attitude. The sight of her obediently following him was even more strange.

The owner of the shop was staring at Zion with a face that couldn't hide his confusion, but he gave out water as he was told. Alouette asked from behind Zion, who was sighing in the water.

"Are you ready to pay?"

Zion, who was supposed to take it for granted, spewed a groan between his teeth.
He can ignore it, but he can't take care of the flying dragon by himself.

He put his hand in his pants pocket, took out nearly ten silver coins, and threw them at the shopkeeper. One or two should be left over.

Heading to the doorway, Zion told the stunned entourage.

"I'm going home"

He Leaves the store. Only then did Zion realize that she was there. He looks back on Alouette.

"Why are you here ...?"

he didn't care because he was drunk, but when he thinks about it, it's strange that she's in the royal capital at Land of Agnes

When he woke up, Zion would have ordered her to return to Nemataku with his men.

Alouette replied without showing any signs of hiding.

"I heard that it's unclear when the war will end."

After seeing off Zion, Alouette left Agnes with his men and headed for Nemataku, as ordered. Along the way, he suddenly became anxious and asked one of his subordinates.

"When will the war end?"

"I don't know. Maybe tomorrow, maybe half a year later," was his subordinate's reply.

It seems to be sloppy, and it can be said that it was a sincere response. Isn't there any information in a place far away from the battlefield?

Anyway, after hearing these words, Alouette decided to go to Nice. If the battle is prolonged, she thought that she had to take care of...
the flying dragon. She was enough because the road bank was given by Zion.

After hearing his thoughts on Alouette, Zion's subordinates asked him to accompany her, perhaps because they thought she couldn't act alone.

Then this morning, Alouettes' group arrived in Nice. It took days because no one knew the way to the royal capital and they were cautious while gathering information.

Asking the guards of the walls surrounding the royal capital for the whereabouts of Zion, she may be told the location of the stables where the flying dragon is.

The flying dragon has become very famous among the inhabitants of the royal capital.

When she went to the stables, there were some people from the Thenardier family. Talking to them, Alouette said, "The snail is under the leaves."

After listening to the story, Zion looked at Alouette with a dismayed face.

"Are you stupid?"

Until now, the royal capital has regained peace and vitality under Princess Regin, but until a few days ago it was under the control of Ganelon. Alouette's actions are more than reckless.

"I wish I had been quiet in Nemataku's mansion ....."

Despite his saying so, Zion's expression is somewhat loose. Honestly, he is grateful that he doesn't have to take care of the flying dragon alone. Besides, Alouette is almost the only person he can talk to about flying dragons. Her rude attitude is not bad if you get used to it, but it doesn't hurt to say anything extra.

"By the way," Alouette said, as she remembered something.
After reflexively reflexing, Zion frowns. He thought of when he met her at the bar.

"It was safe and above all expectation."

"Such a line would be said as soon as you saw me…. Can I get you something to get rid of your sickness?"

To cheat his inner self, Zion looks in front of her and asks her this as she walks. He wasn't expecting an answer in particular.

She was there, but Alouette said she wished for wheat porridge.

"By the way, could you make a credit?"

Feeling the heat in his head, Zion stops his foot. More than anything else, he didn't expect Alouette to ask such a question. He gazed at her, shaking his fist.

Alouette caught Zion's gaze without breaking her expression. However, she said she couldn't get credit.

It seems that he guessed it. He asks again.

"Are you challenging it again?"

"What do you mean"

"At Nemataku, I challenged the flying dragon every day."

Zion was thinking of hitting her, but the words instantly removed the poison from him.

-Every day ...

He would have yelled if others had said this.

However, Alouette watched him challenging the flying dragon every day. Best of all, he know she doesn't flatter or follow him.

"Oh, that's right."

He just has to try again. There are still enemies left.
The pair of master and servant walked down the main street toward the outside of the royal capital.

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Shortly before noon, Tigre, Mila, Roland, and Guinevere were walking down the mountain path from the royal palace to the summit. They are heading to the temple on the top of the mountain. The temple was built by King Charles about 300 years ago.

"Without that temple, I wouldn't have lived this way now."

Roland said, taking his hand and walking to prevent Guinevere from falling.

When he was a baby, he was abandoned at the foot of Mount Luberon and was picked up by a shrine maiden who works at the temple. Because she had no relatives, Roland was to be raised in the temple. If not, she would have been entrusted him to somewhere.

"I would like to thank the shrine maiden who picked you up. I am now Sir Roland's girlfriend because of her."

Guinevere has a big smile on her face, probably because she can hold hands with Roland. Looking at her, Tigre wondered why she didn't have to bring Hamish.

He consulted him the day before, of course. And he replied that Hamish would not accompany him.

"When I return to Asvarre, I have to report everything I see. It's a nuisance. I shouldn't look at it at like that all. It's a responsible request, but I'd like to ask your Highness."

Freeing Guinevere is a way of showing Hamish's loyalty. Tigre agreed and promised him to protect Guinevere alongside Roland.

They could see the mountaintop surrounded by cool air. The temple is quietly standing. According to Roland, a dozen shrine maidens and priests live here.
"Ganelon seems to have released him to the foot of the mountain without hurting the priests and shrine maidens. I don't think he was afraid to pollute the temple, but I was grateful he didn't."

As Roland first entered the temple, middle-aged shrine maidens who noticed him walked here.

"Well, if I think of someone, you're a boy who eats a lot of food and has a lot of energy."

"Did you finally decide to throw away your sword and put your sleeves on a clean priesthood garment?"

"No matter how big you grow, what you do doesn't change. The wooden sword just became an iron sword."

Roland has a bitter face when treated as a child. The black knight who made a name for himself in neighboring countries has returned to the place where he was born and raised.

He heard one big throat clear from the back. The shrine maidens leave Roland in a hurry. Then, an elderly woman dressed in a shrine maiden costume appeared.

"I haven't seen you, chief of the temple."

Roland politely bows. A woman called the temple chief frowned at her.

She said, "Did you come here as a knight today?"

Roland nods and introduces Tigre's group.

"I'm sorry, but could you hear Sir Tigrevurmmud? It's important."

The temple chief did not answer immediately, but turned her bargaining eyes on Tigre.

"Okay, but boy, rest here today,"

"That's........."
The temple chief looks up at Roland, who flutters, with the expression of a mother scolding her son.

"It was early spring when the story of something happening to you arrived here. Everyone was worried about you."

When that is said, Roland feels weak. He bowed his head.

"......got it"

"All right. Then, customers, here."

Turning her back on this, the temple chief walks slowly. The group looked at each other, then followed her.

The temple wasn't that big, but it had many small windows and was devised to take in the light.

It has been swept away by the sun.

"Sir Roland lived here until he became a knight."

Looking around the walls and ceiling, Guinevere has a fascinated look on her face.

"I wonder if His Highness is like this when he is traveling around the edge of the Knights of the Round Table."

Mila whispered to Tigre in a quiet voice.

"What kind of child was Sir Roland?"

Guinevere asked the old temple chief. Roland was in a hurry, but the chief of the temple smiled and answered.

"Sometimes we spoiled him, but he was a cheerful kid. Let's walk a little. He knocked down the candlestick and climbed up to the god statue.... it was Great when he left the temple and enter the mountains. It was a big fuss."

"please, chief of the temple.............."
Roland stopped in an unprecedentedly bearish tone, but the temple chief continued ruthlessly.

"His Majesty Faron came to this temple and he called out to him, and said that among those who served the founding King, Charles, there was a man named Roland called "Knight in the Knights". Now, this kid has decided his own path."

It seemed to Tigre that the voice of the temple chief was mixed with joy and loneliness. She has been loving and raised him since he was a baby. After all, eventually serving the gods like ourselves is something she thinks she wanted for him.

"If he don't become a knight, it's like he was supposed to be a priest."

She remembered what Roland once said.

--The encounter with His Majesty changed the course of Sir Roland.

Tigre sees Mila walking next to him. His encounter with her changed his life. Her mother, Svetlana, was the first to show a new path, but if she couldn't do anything in Olmutz, her life would still be as it is now.

"I'm sorry to the people in this temple, but I am grateful to His Majesty Faron. Thanks to that, I was able to meet Roland."

The head of the temple shook her head to Guinevere, who bowed her head.

"I'm sorry for making concerns. This child went out of the temple and was blessed with various encounters. We are happy too. Thank you for your continued support."

"Of course, if you like me, I would love to have Lord Roland as my companion."

She said that Guinevere was ridiculous, fortunately not revealing her identity.
Shortly after the orchid stopped, the temple chief responded with a smile.

"It's a nice story. A beautiful and kind person like you will get this child. I'm just working as a scholar, and I don't have that kind of story ... If he is not to be a servant of God, he should be united with the one he loves."

An amazing sight appeared in front of Tigre's group. He wasn't upset in front of war elephants, dragons, and demons. yet Roland was upset with a cold sweat hearing this.

While hiding Guinevere's identity, Roland tried hard to resolve the misunderstanding. Tigre also cooperates, and Mila helps them by silencing Guinevere.

Roland had a tired face when he managed to convince them that it was a joke.

While Guinevere and Roland were talking to the priests and shrine maidens, Tigre and Mila were sent to the common room. Carpets are laid on the stone floor, and there are several chairs in the corners of the room. Tigre carries chairs for the number of people.

So the two and the temple chief sat facing each other.

"I wanted to hear your story ..."

The chief of the temple squints her eyes. Tigre took it for granted. Of the ten gods that are especially worshiped in Brune, Tir Na Fal is hated by many.

Tigre is nervous about the straight line of sight of the temple chief. He was determined and opened his mouth.

"Sir Roland told me that you are familiar with Tir Na Fal, the goddess of night, darkness and death. Could you please tell me about her?"

However, there was no reaction that the chief of the temple showed on her face.
"What do you want to hear about?"

"I had a dream of Tir Na Fal before. In my dream, the goddess who answered my question was like a human ally and an enemy. If Tir Na Fal empowers people, is it right or not? Tir Na Fal is a goddess who also brings disaster to people so I was curious about it."

After explaining it all at once, Tigre was worried whether it was wrong. Although it is a fact, he's not a shrine maiden, so even if he says he had a dream of a goddess, he just seems stupid.

The chief of the temple is staring at Tigre without breaking her serious expression. With a dozen silences, the woman exhaled a little.

She looks confused not only by Tigre but also by Mila. The temple chief nodded.

"It's a Til-na-fal-like answer to have such a hesitation. The goddess you questioned may not be a dream, but the real one."

"Is it so?"

"How is Tir Na Fal spoken in our mythology? The wife, sister, and lifelong nemesis of Perkunas, the king of the gods, who governs night, darkness, and death. Yes .... It is said that this goddess is both an ally and an enemy to Perkunas."

"So she's both an ally and an enemy to humans?"

Mila shook her neck as if she wasn't convinced.

"It's a bad word, but do you mean that she is a goddess who doesn't know who to help?"

"No."

The temple chief shook her head and answered gently.

"The War God Trigraph has three heads and is said to have been the three pillar gods originally."
Mila nodded, frowning at the sudden change in story.

“Trigraph has three heads, is depicted with armor and with a sword raised. He was said to look around the battlefield with three heads and at the same time devise three measures to find three weaknesses of the enemy. By collecting three wisdoms in the body, he is now in his present form."

"No way, just like Tir Na Fal?"

Mila heard. The temple chief nods.

"As far as I know, Tir Na Fal was also a three-pillar goddess, and was also called a three-sided goddess. Why did she become a one-pillar goddess, and what kind of existence each one was... I don't know. But if the myth was correct, it would have been Perkunas' wife, older sister, and younger sister."

In the words of the temple chief, Tigre remembers the contents of his dream.

When she asked Tigre what the Lord of Marksmen was, the goddess said three words.

"loved ones," "brave ones," and "noble ones."

He is "The one who defeats ---" Next, "The one who rejects the devil" and "The one who destroys people".

Tigre couldn't get it.

Finally, "the one who stands at the top," "the one who controls all over," and "the one who challenges and overcomes."

If the goddesses of the three pillars answered differently like this, it's no wonder they bite each other.

..

If so, it is probably the goddess who is a human ally who has called to him so far.
"Then, the power that Tir Na Fal gives to humans is correct."

"that's wrong"

Tigre was confused when he was relieved and denied. The temple chief continues.

"There is no right or wrong in the power that the gods give us. It is human beings who determine it."

"I understand what the chief of the temple says," Mila says from the side.

"Isn't it hard to think that it's not evil even if you think about what Tir Na Fal is in charge of?"

The temple chief smiled with a gentle smile.

"Night, darkness, and death are indispensable. Without night, the moon and stars wouldn't shine and the sun couldn't sleep. Many beasts live in the dark, avoiding the light to escape the eyes of their natural enemies. Death is not just a tragedy."

The words of the temple chief have the power to drawn people in. Tigre and Mila listened silently.

"Some have long suffere from illness and injury and seek death as a rest. Hunters give death to their prey. Those who cultivate the fields can also kill the thieves and beasts who devastate the fields. Death is a weapon that everyone has and is horrifying, but it can also avenge evil."

Tigre, who has lived as a hunter, has a mysterious face. He wasn't completely convinced by the words of the temple chief. But he understood what she was saying. It is also up to him to determine the right and wrong of the power that the goddess gives.

"Thank you"

He Bows deeply. Just hearing these words made him think it was worth it to come here.
"There is one more thing I would like you to tell me if you know it."

Correctly, Tigre asks the temple chief a new question.

"A black dragon named Zirnitra in the myth of Zhcted has some relationship with Tir Na Fal. Do you know the story there?"

The statue of Tir Na Fal in Sachenstein was followed by a black dragon. Besides, Tigre's black bow resonates with the dragon tools of the war princesses. There must have been a connection that Tigre didn't know about.

"I know Zirnitra, but that and Tir Na Fal ...?"

The chief of the temple bends her head and wanders her gaze.

"I'm sorry I couldn't help you, but I don't know. Tir Na Fal is a goddess who was worshiped before Brune was born on this earth. Maybe, if you like, take a look at the statues of the gods in the hall."

Tigre and Mila once again thanked the temple chief.

After leaving the lounge, Tigre and Mila visit the hall where there are statues of the gods.

It was a circular space, and the outside light was taken in by devising near the high ceiling. The floor is carefully swept clean. According to the priest who guided me, prayers to the gods in everyday life are held here.

Many statues are lined up along the wall. There were not only the ten gods, but also the images of the gods worshiped in the region. Tigre and Mila are overwhelmed by this scene, and they stand stunned.

"This is amazing ............"

"Which statue is Tir Na Fal? There may be three, considering the story of the temple chief."

The two look around the statues one by one.
When he saw the statue of the goddess with a bow, Tigre frowned at her.

"This is not Ellis ..."

Ellis is the goddess of wind and storm, and the statue almost always has a bow. That's why he got to know her.

Many hunters had it, and Tigre was one of them.

However, the goddess standing in front of her is different from the Ellis that Tigre knows.

Mila, who saw the statue's feet, quietly called Tigre's name.

"It says Tir Na Fal."

Tigre stared at the statue. It's completely different from the goddess who laid the dragon on her ass. The image in front of him is like a shrine maiden praying. In addition, Tigre noticed that there is no arrowhead.

The goddess has a bow and she holds an arrow, but she has no iron at the tip of the arrow. The tip is rounded like it was polished.

It doesn't seem to have broken over a long period of time because it is tinged with.

Suddenly, Tigre took out a black bag from the leather bag hanging on his waist. Obtained in the Kingdom of Asvarre, he had a stone arrowhead, believed to be from the Lord of Marksmen, inserted into the tip of an arrow in his hand.

When he applied it to the tip of the arrow of the statue of the goddess, it fit perfectly.

"What does this mean..........?"

"I'm guessing, but I think this statue once had a sword."

Answering Mila's question, Tigre removes the bag from the leather bag.
In his dream, he was holding a black bow and two irons to dedicate to the goddess. There may be three irons according to the number of Tir Na Fal.

The other one of her has a worn face and he don't really understand her expression. With her long hair fluttering, she staring at her feet

Looking at the other statues, there were two more statues showing Tir Na Fal.

One is with her hands aligned and extending upwards. Likes he's trying to catch something spilling. She Also seemed to be praying.

"With this alone, I don't really know what kind of goddess each Tir Na Fal was. Did you know that there was a goddess who used a bow?"

Tigre wanted to know why the goddess gave humans a black bow, but it seemed she had to look it up herself and see her.

At that time, there is some footsteps and Roland and Guinever show up.

"I heard you went here. Did you make progress after talking to the temple chief?"

"Yes. Thanks to you, I feel like I'm feeling better."

Tigre answers with a smile. "It was good," Roland nodded. Next to him, Guinevere has a wide smile on her face.

She looks around and leaks her admiration.

"I examined The statues of the ten gods of course, but I also saw the statues of other gods, I often collected this much. I wonder if it's the most prestigious temple in Brune."

"It is, Your Highness. It was the founder Charles who ordered these statues to be collected."

In response to Roland, not only Guinevere but also Tigre is surprised.
"Is that so? Why did Charles do that?"

“It seems that it was to show an attitude of not despising the gods of the frontiers. Immediately after the country was established, it would have been necessary to admit that there was faith in those gods. There are many relics of Charles in the country, or these statues may also be treated as relics."

Guinevere is curious about the explanation and makes her eyes shine.

"Is it possible to show the relics of the founder?"

"Let's guide you. It's not something that's hidden in particular."

Tigre is also interested and leave the hall to follow Roland. They arrived at the dimly lit room at the back.

"Only Charles's things are here. The relics of successive kings are stored in the treasure house of the royal palace."

It is forbidden to bring in fire, so you can look around the many relics, relying only on the light coming through the small windows on the ceiling. In addition to the crown and scepter, tableware and cloaks were also displayed.

Suddenly, Tigre noticed a stick leaning against the wall. From the heel to the chest of Tigre, his length is slightly warped. The paint has peeled off and it is lightly soiled, so it is not clear what it was used for.

Then there was a small hole at the end.

"Sir Roland, is this also Charles's relic?"

Roland nodded when he asked.

"I was told it was the wreckage of Charles' instrument."

In an unexpected answer, Tigre stares at the stick. Roland went on to talk.
"Charles preferred to play an instrument on the battlefield. I don't know what kind of instrument he is, but there are many statements that he 'played the strings', but it's like an instrument outside the battlefield. It seems that he didn't play the instrument, or it is said that he was doing it to inspire the morale of the soldiers."

Tigre is honestly impressed. Mila asked.

"I heard from shrine maidens and priests," explains Roland, with a preface.

"What kind of person was Charles?"

"I still don't know where I was born. Charles himself said, 'I'm from the mountains,' but was he in the Vosges Mountains in the east, or in the west, around Sachenstein now... the name of a mercenary."

To that explanation, Tigre shook his head inwardly. He doesn't know much about Charles. He remembers some of the famous anecdotes he's heard in Brune. But he never thought he was born and raised in the mountains.

Mila talks to Roland, despite Tigre's worries.

"It's common for those who started the country. The ancestors of our country are similar, and it is said that he was the incarnation of the black dragon, but the identity is unknown."

"In this land 300 years ago, as was the case Zhcted, there were several tribes fighting, especially the five great tribes. Charles was hired by one of them, but soon he found out that a wicked man was sneaking into the lord."

"A wicked Man?"

Guinevere frowns on her. Roland replied with a difficult expression.

"The details are not known. Until the ten gods were worshiped, it seems that there were gods worshiped in each region. And many
gods are good gods, and they are always There was an enemy called an evil god. The evil spirits in this case are those who worshiped the evil god."

Mila looks like she's convinced. Tigre is also showing a vague expression, but he understands. If there are gods in each region, the gods that the hostile opponent worships may be evil gods and evil gods.

"Tir Na Fal became a lifelong nemesis for Perkunas, the king of the gods .... It is possible that one of the three gods that make up the goddess was such an entity.

"The evil spirits were misleading the tribes by magic, but Charles relied on a wise man to defeat the magic and destroy the evil spirits. This wise man is said to be the first Duke of Ganelon. It's said that he was relied on--"

After saying that, Roland suddenly frowns and shuts up.

"What happened? Anything you care about?"

When Tigre asked, Roland hesitated and replied, "Um."

"I would have told you that I encountered Ganelon in the beginning of spring when I was heading for Fort Lanion alone. At that time, he was saying something strange. It was as if he was from the ancestral world. As if he were alive, as if he had seen successive kings with his own eyes ..."

Tigre and Mila look at each other in a dreadful manner. As a person who has confronted Ganelon, she could not be said to be. Even if Ganelon isn't a demon, he's definitely not a decent person.

A heavy silence falls on the shoulders of the three. It was Guinevere who blew it off lightly.

"Sir Roland, please continue talking."

With a bright voice, she taps Roland's back.
"No matter what Ganelon is or how many hundreds of years old he is; you will soon defeat him. So why not worry about it here?"

Roland stared at Guinevere and smiled at her mouth.

"How far did you speak ... Charles was about to destroy the evil spirits. Charles, who gained the trust of him and his lord to destroy the evil spirits, is his tribe. When he was married to his wife, he set up a battle against other tribes and gentry."

"That's exactly what your Highness said. Excuse me."

With a bow, Roland returns to the explanation.

“And in the process, I increased the number of friends."

"I hear that was the case with the Bergerac family in Ludie."

Roland smiled at Tigre's words.

"He is a knight who is good at finding routes and swimming, and is said to have supported Charles well. The first Duke of Thenardier was also good at gathering information."

"And don't forget Roland, who was said to be a knight among knights. In fact, he said he knew you, and at first he thought it was a tribute to an old hero,"

In Guinevere's words, Roland turned his smile into a bitter smile.

"Oh. He is one of Charles' vassals who has been touted as having a particularly noble personality. An ideal fighter."

Roland's expression was slightly shaded because he remembered King Faron.

Roland was taught by the King when he was young about the existence of "Knight of Knights".

"I wonder if you will eventually become a knight who will make the nations roar," when the king gave him warm words, the black-haired boy solidified his determination.
"Anyway, following them, Charles won the war, surrendered the gentry and built Brune. It's hard to say, but he had five wives, even when he became king. It seems that they were not only exciting, but also quite amorous."

When explaining this, Roland's crispness is a little bad. Tigre took it.

"The story of putting the surrendered daughter as a hostage is still there. He was deeply injured in a war or accident, and he said that the lord made her a maid or a lover. Also, in the case of Charles, that's the case Isn't it?"

It is rare for the lord to take a person who has a burn on his face or has a disability in his arms or legs and put it beside him. He's heard such stories from his father, and he seen them with other lords.

"I don't mind if it's amorous. It's the king who started the country. Our ancestor, Artorius, is that. He wasn't that kind of person."

Guinevere says and adds.

"However, I'm sure there was consideration. If the country had just been formed, it would have been necessary to solidify the unity. Even considering that there were many of them in the hall, I can accept it"

"This is similar to my country."

Mila shrugs her shoulders. The incarnation of the black dragon, the founder of Zhcted, had each of the seven tribes on his side.

He sent women on behalf of him, made them his wife, and gave them dragon gears. As a result, seven principalities were born in the kingdom.

After a while, the four left the room. Mila asks as she walks next to Tigre.

"What's wrong? You're making a face that doesn't suit you."
"No, the story that Charles came from the mountain was a little off."

Stirring his dull red hair, Tigre continued his words.

"If he was really born and raised in the mountains, I don't think he wouldn't use a bow and arrow, but none of the statues of Charles I saw in the royal capital had a bow and arrow, and I've never heard of them."

Mila has a stunning face.

"That's right. By the time Charles started Brune, there was a tendency to hate bows and arrows."

"If so, it would be okay if Charles left such an impression ..."

If it remains, it should be widespread. At least for Tigre who handles bows and arrows, he is sarcastic. But it seems to teach him something he never heard of.

Tigre shook his head.

"Maybe I care too much. I'm from the mountains, but I don't know where I was born."

They Thank the temple chiefs, greet them, and leave the temple.

Seen off by Roland, who is staying at the temple today, Tigre's group went down the mountain path.

Mostly Tigre was nervous and was sitting on the couch.

This is one of the drawing rooms in the royal palace. Opposite the small table, Regin is also sitting on the softer seat. Beside her was her escort Jeanne.

And next to Tigre is Mila. The sound of her brewing tea is mixed with the faint rain outside.
It is after noon on the third day after the triumphant return to the royal capital. Regin said she would drink Mila's tea as promised, so Tigre and Mila were happy to respond.

However, Tigre, who is not accustomed to such a place, becomes a little hard when facing the princess.

On the other hand, Mila is behaving gracefully. When she brews tea in a white porcelain cup for the number of people, grape and strawberry jam

"I was looking forward to the day when I had your tea. Not only Lord Tigrevurmud, but Ludi also recommended it."

"I am honored to have Her Royal Highness drink my tea."

"It is very delicious."

Regin smiles and picks up a cup of white porcelain.

"You drink black tea with jam?"

"Yes, but that doesn't mean you have to do it. In between teas, you'll have a spoon of jam. Some people will eat it instead of sweets."

"Thank you for your concern. -What about Sir Tigrevurmud?"

Looking at her, Tigre was in a hurry as he was dissolving strawberry jam in black tea.

"Well, uh, I wonder if I should melt it and drink it first. There are many ways to enjoy black tea, and this cup is not the only way."

When she manages to twist his words, Regin smiles with a satisfying smile.

"That's right. It's not over with a drink ..."

Regin scooped the strawberry jam with a wooden teaspoon and dissolved it in tea, then relaxed her cheeks with the steam and the rising scent, and put her mouth in the cup. She takes a sip and exhales a little.
Since returning to Nice, Regin has literally been working without a break since her Father taken away by Ganelon.

She couldn't even afford to worry about the king. Today, she is finally able to take a breather.

As she slowly tasted the tea, Regin called out to Jeanne, who was beside her.

"Please have some before it gets cold. Plenty of tea has been brewed."

"I understand. Then Please excuse me, Ms. Ludmila."

Mila gives Jeanne a cup of white porcelain. She put it in her mouth and tilted it. When she returned her cup to the table, there was only a small amount of tea left at the bottom of the cup.

"Shall we brew another cup?"

When Mila says in a modest tone, Jeanne frowns as if she noticed her blunder.

"Sorry ... I'm very thirsty."

"I'm glad you liked it. As I said to His Royal Highness, this cup is the last of it."

She pinched her mouth from the side so that Tigre could handle it. Regin smiles.

"Let's be patient with your words. Ms. Ludmila, can you brew another cup?"

Mila replied, "I'm happy too!"

"Where did Ludmila learn how to make black tea?"

The question of her highness Regin is a natural inquiry. There are many ladies and lords who like tea, but few of them have learned how to brew tea. Mila looked confused for a moment, but she immediately smiled at her.
“I was taught by my father.”

Tigre looks concerned, and Jeanne also makes her face stronger. But she continued to talk calmly with Regin.

“It was before I became a war princess. I liked drinking the tea that my father brewed, but I never thought that I would brew some myself. My father said I’ll like it if I learn how to brew it. Sometimes you can drink it as a distraction, and you can brew it with someone.”

“He sounds like a wonderful father. Thank you for your concern.”

After drinking tea, Regin smiles and thanks Mila. Seeing that her expression was not acting, Tigre realized his misunderstanding.

Regin has not recovered from the shock of her father being taken away. However, she is more reluctant than necessary because of their sympathy.

She must have been exposed to such gazes and words tens or hundreds of times to date.

"The other day, His Royal Highness Guinevere of Asvarre also brewed black tea, but if I can afford it, let’s learn about red tea."

“At that time, I’ll tell you, I’m afraid I’m too busy. I’m not saying that Asvarre’s manners are bad, but it’s quite unique in using things such as goat’s milk.”

Just as a revenge for her meeting, Mila pitched herself with a big smile on her face. Regin puts a cup made of white porcelain on the table and puts her hand on her mouth to stop laughing.

"Her Highness Guinevere said exactly the same thing about jam. I cherish each country’s tea, and I find it interesting that she feels something towards it."

So far, Regin asked Tigre in a joking tone.
"Sir Tigrevurmud has also drank Asvarre tea? Which one do you prefer?"

"I like the Zhcted method. One can enjoy the taste with various jams."

In a casual tone as much as possible, Tigre supports Mila. However, Regin slightly frowns.

"Is that so? You seem to be very familiar with Zhcted's tea."

Tigre see's that she was upset. Was there something wrong with his response? He doesn't know how to respond.

"Huh," shrugged his head, and Regin said with a dissatisfied face.

"Since there is Ludmila here, it would be appropriate to evaluate Zhcted's tea."

She also likes the fact that he doesn't despise Asvarre's tea. However, there is not enough consideration.

"Well I should have added that Brune's is good."

"When the country calms down, there is talk of sending you to Zhcted as a military attaché, but it seems better to stop that. I do not know what kind of rant that could conjure."

"I'm sorry ..."

Tigre bowed, but he wasn't quite upset. Then, Regin looks at Tigre with the eyes of a senior who looks at a junior who has a bad memory.

Tigre was about to raise his voice. Certainly, from the standpoint of a military attaché, his own words may be a blunder. When he couldn't say anything, Mila uttered a thorny voice.

"I think it's a bit ill-mannered to imitate someone who hasn't learned such manners in a harmonious atmosphere."
"I think it's the military attachés who are always surprised. Our country borders on four kingdoms, so we can't be too careful."

Even with a smile, Regin responds. Then she claps as if she had come up with something.

"Why don't you learn this etiquette with Lord Tigrevurmud, Ludiene? You often make rants before thinking carefully."

Both Tigre and Mila could easily imagine the scene. Regin continues.

"As I said before, I want you to support me. Even if you don't become a military attaché, this practice will definitely help."

"………… Can I think about it? I need to go back to Alsace at once."

Using his hometown as an excuse, Tigre clumsily ran away.

——It seemed that you suddenly brought up the name of Ludie ...

Did Ludie report to Regin that she had confessed to him and Tigre flatly refused?

She was afraid she was losing, but she didn't seem to give up.

In Regin's position, she would support Ludie.

He shakes his head, feeling that he is thinking too much. Ludie is Regin's escort, so it wouldn't be strange if her name appeared here. She may be upset by her unexpected blunder.

"I'm expecting a good reply. I want to continue this fun story, but let's get into the main subject now."

The smile disappears from Regin's mouth, and Tigre and Mila tighten their minds.

Regin nods to Mila and says, "Can you give me another refill?" And offers an empty cup. She smiled towards Mila as she was poured new tea.

I thought it wasn't exposed, but it had another purpose.
"I'd like to ask them, what exactly was Bachelard?"

Tigre and Mila frowned. Among the soldiers who participated in the battle of Aujour, the identity of Bachelard

Both of them know that there are various speculations about it.

The single combat between Roland and Bachelard took place in the center of the battlefield. Many soldiers swallowed and watched over both.

They witnessed Bachelard turning into a demon. It is unavoidable that rumors spread that the demon was masquerading as a human and deceived Faron, or Bachelard's mother was just a demon, and Faron secretly created a terrifying demon.

"Was Bachelard really a demon masquerading as a human? I want to know the facts."

"Do you wish to erase the rumors?"

Of course, Regin can't leave it alone. If left unchecked, these rumors spread irresponsibly, adding a number of tail fins, smearing the dignity of Faron with irreparable sludge.

She sternly ordered her to reward her rumored words with strict punishment.

Mila asks to confirm. The most effective way to solve this situation is to spread the facts. Regin nodded a little.

"Of course, there is that, but I'm also curious."

The blue eyes of Regin are tinged with ridicule. Her anxiety and fear lingered in her heart.

"I think Bachelard was a human being."

Tigre held a calm, yet strong-willed voice.

"I've talked about Bachelard's upbringing before, and I've seen demons before him. He didn't feel anything like them. "
Tigre isn't so confused with Bachelard. That one left an impression that was different.

Speaking of which, when he said that his mother had died of illness, Bachelard had a reaction that was neither sympathetic nor emotional.

Later, when he heard about his mother from Bachelard's childhood friend Beatrice, Tigre was convinced of this.

"So who or what do you think made Bachelard a demon?"

"I think it was Duke Ganelon."

Regin didn't look very surprised, probably expecting that word.

"I've heard from you and Sir Roland that the Duke Ganelon has a mysterious power, but ...... is that man is a demon?"

Tigre doesn't answer immediately and fends off Mila. Then I turned to Regin.

"Before giving my thoughts, I would like to tell His Highness something. It will be a long time to explain, and Jeanne briefly heard about this Your Highness."

"It doesn't matter. Please tell me."

Shaking her head, Regin turns her challenging gaze on Tigre's group. Tigre talked about fighting demons so far.

He spoke as briefly as possible, but he was supplemented by Mila at key points, so it took more than half an hour.

He spoke on Fighting Rusalka in Muozinel, fighting Leshy in Zhcted, fighting Torbalon in Asvarre, and fighting demons in Sachenstein. He also describes the battle with Baba Yaga, who struck the town of Neuville.

And after listening, Regin and Jeanne were stunned.
"If it wasn't for you, I would have thought it was an old chanson de geste ..."

"When I first fought a demon, I didn't think it was a reality."

When he replies to the sighing Regin, Tigre continues with a serious expression.

"Unlike Bachelard, Ganelon felt a similar atmosphere to these demons. I don't know when he became one, but I think Ganelon is a demon now."

"That is....", Regin asked with a serious expression to confirm.

"Is the opponent we are going to fight against not a human being, but a demon?"

As Tigre nods, Regin becomes silent and stares at a cup of white porcelain with a touch of tea.

Without raising her face, she asked a question in a soft voice.

"Can we win?"

Tigre bows his head ahead of his slight crawling.

"I do not understand"

Jeanne, who stands beside Regin, asks a question.

"In the previous story, have you ever defeated any demons?"

"In fact, I've never tried with proper chance to. Of course I'll do my best, but I can't say I'll win."

"In addition, each demon has a different way of fighting. Just because you can destroy one demon, doesn’t mean other demons can also be defeated. Also, we once fought against Duke Ganelon, but there is some power of his we're not familiar with."

Mila pinches her mouth from the side to help Tigre. Regin asked them.
"If you're already thinking about how to fight Duke Ganelon, can you tell me?"

It's no wonder she cares about that. Tigre hesitated, but he opened his mouth.

By the way, Sofy and Militsa left the royal capital yesterday. All that remains are Mila and Elen,

"There are only a limited number of people who can fight Duke Ganelon. I, Lord Roland, the war princesses of Zhcted, and His Royal Highness Guinevere in Asvarre. I can't do that. I want the war princesses to stay in Nice except for Ludmila."

Olga and Liza as well as Guinevere had already been informed of Tigre's ideas.

It is not for their safety that they do not take the war princesses and Guinevere to the battlefield. This is to protect Regin when the royal capital is attacked. Tigre's group knows that Ganelon is a demon. When they heard the request, they were willing to accept it.

Tigre continues, making a stern look and holding back his nausea.

"I'm sorry to say that it's outrageous, but please forgive me. The important thing is how much I and Sir Roland aren't exhausted. It is possible to reach Ganelon. We will lead the soldiers to Lutetia. I heard that there are still around 2,000 soldiers left in Lutetia. There is a good chance that Ganelon will throw demon troops at you."

Regin and Jeanne were stunned to by what Tigre said.

The idea of using demon possessed soldiers, if unpleasant, is not outrageous. However, if the enemy is beyond human intelligence, the story changes.

"Of course, let the soldiers know the existence of demons in advance. Even if Ganelon uses witchcraft, few may believe it. I think he will kill many soldiers."
"--There is one thing I would like to confirm."

Jeanne opened her mouth with her sharp gaze at Tigre.

"When I fought against demons in Asvarre, the soldiers, both enemies and allies had fled. I said so earlier. I've been on the battlefield several times, but I was triumphant before I got to the battlefield. Despite this, I've seen a lot of people who were scared and noticed when the war started."

Jeanne's voice is calm, but she has a tone that does not allow her to sound confident.

"Fear is easily transmitted. If some people are afraid of the demons released by Ganelon and run away, the formation will collapse and the rush will begin in a blink of an eye. I'm guessing, but I don't think it's possible at all. Hmm. How do you think the soldiers will react when confronting demons?"

"It is a Sure thing that the horror spreads easily."

He already talked to Mila about this and have come to a conclusion that is unique to Tigre. And if Jeanne agrees, she's not very confident. But since she affirmed her point, she was silent.

"But I think the courage is the same."

Jeanne glanced at her eyes, as if only she had been struck by the emptiness. Tigre spoke up.

"I have seen many times the bravery that gives courage to the soldiers. I've seen it from Sir Roland and Ludie. The same was true for Jeanne and the war princesses of Zhcted. Even though you were afraid, Your Highness also gave me courage in the upcoming battle."

“... ....... From me?”

Tigre nodded powerfully to the mysterious-looking Regin.
"Your Highness tried to fulfill your duty as a royal family. You tried to fight the royal capital from the south with the Knights of Navarre and Lannion, and fight Bachelard head-on. That is why I can fight hard. I'm not saying that all of the soldiers are brave. It's possible that things like what Jeanne said can happen. Still, I think there are many who are brave."

Regin gently looks down. She stared at the table and muttered.

"I've seen many times the Knights of the Order of Navarre look at Sir Roland's back and be inspired with courage. It's not good to count on the courage of the soldiers before they fight. However, if the opponent becomes a demon, you have to change your mind..."

With her face up, Regin stares at Tigre.

"Sir Tigrevurmud, please help me."

"Of course, for your Highness and His Majesty--"

When he said so, Regin interrupted Tigre's words, "No."

"Don't worry about me and His Majesty. Put the destruction of Ganelon first."

Not only Tigre, but Mila also glanced. Regin's blue eyes are bleeding with a strong determination.

"There is a good chance that Ganelon will take His Majesty as a hostage. At that time, defeat Ganelon with His Majesty. Do not hesitate."

It was a breathtakingly fierce order. Tigre replies briefly, "is this necessary...", feeling a trembling tension.

Regin would have wanted to help her father at all costs. He would have forgiven her, even if she made a great sacrifice for it. Rather, if she imitates her father abandoning her, she may be accused of being an unfaithful person and be blamed. Knowing that, she ordered.
-For me, Ganelon is an enemy that must be defeated.

Ganelon sent troops to Tigre's hometown of Alsace. His army was repulsed by the Leitmeritz army led by Eleonora Viltaria, but he cannot forgive him. Tigre swore to absolutely defeated him.

"We will hold a military congress tomorrow night, but please still keep down the notion that Ganelon is a demon. It will be a deception, but it will be bad to teach the soldiers of this after the departure."

"Got it"

Just because many have seen Bachelard become a demon does not mean that the existence of the demon has been made known. If Ganelon professes to be non-human, some will suspiciously turn to Regin as to what he is saying. They should not have caused such a situation.

"Sir Tigrevurmud, Lord Ludmila, it was a very meaningful time."

This is the end of the story. Tigre and Mila stood up and thanked Regin.

Mila leaves the room first. Regin summoned Tigre as she tried to follow her.

"Thank you for dealing with Bachelard."

Not knowing what it is, Tigre looks strange.

"I couldn't forgive Bachelard in the future. He betrayed His Majesty's trust and killed many. In the previous battle, there was a sense of justice and a sense of mission in my heart. I was more angry than usual."

Regin is a little depressed, so he can't see her expression. She kept quiet.

"But ........... I was a little happy when he was recognized as His Majesty's son and became a prince last fall. I also had a brother. If I
was born as a man, I would be blessed with height and physique like him. What exactly was Bachelard?"

Regin's question was also a wish. She wanted him to be human.

After giving a bow, Tigre leaves the room. He wonders if his own words could reassure the princess to some extent

"What were you saying to her Highness?"

Asked by Mila, who was waiting outside the room, Tigre shook his head. Regin talked to him with the intention of gratitude. He should not tell others.

Mila, who seems to have vaguely guessed by looking at Tigre's expression, did not pursue further.

There is a person who called from behind the two who tried to walk away.

Looking back, a woman stood. She is about 40 years old. Her silvery hair reaches her waist. She has a dignified face. She has fine silk clothes based on navy blue and elaborately designed necklaces.

She seemed to be the wife of a powerful aristocrat.

"I didn't expect to see you in a place like this, but it was just right. I'm her Gracia from the Bergerac family. It looks like my daughter has caused a lot of trouble."

"I'd like to ask you one question, are you Tigrevurmud-Vorn?"

Tigre nodded and shook his head inwardly. She's a stranger, but she feels like he's seen her somewhere. The woman smiled brilliantly, wondering who she was.

Tigre and Mila stared at the woman in front of her with a dismayed face.

"Ludie ... No, are you the mother of Ludiene?"
When asked, the contours of her face look a lot like Ludie. She also has silver hair and blue eyes.

"Yeah. If you're Sir Tigrevurmud, this pretty one is the Vanadis of the Principality of Olmutz. I heard she has blue hair and blue eyes."

"Yes. My name is Ludmila-Lourie. Nice to meet you, Mrs. Gracia."

She turns her gaze at Gracia and regains her mind, and Mila returns a polite greeting. She isn't the age or position to be honestly pleased with being said to be cute, but Gracia's smile and attitude make her allow such words and deeds.

She had a mysterious but lovely demeanor.

"Gracia-sama, about the Duke..."

Tigre said so hard, but he couldn't decide how to continue, and when he choked, Gracia stretched out her hands and hugged Tigre.

"Thank you"

After breaking the hug, Gracia looks down at Tigre with a gentle smile.

"But if you care too much, you'll get tired too. I was prepared from that time. I want you to be proud of protecting my daughter. She would have been a daunting, haphazard daughter."

This time for another reason, Tigre choked. Mila answers instead.

"It was hard, but I got some help. I'm grateful to you."

"I'm grateful if you say that. Both of you will continue to ask for my daughter. Next time, let's talk slowly. Please do me a favor!"

Laughing at them, Gracia knocked on the door behind Tigre's group and called on Regin inside. It seems that Jeanne's future plan was to talk with her.

To thank Gracia, Tigre and Mila left.

"You're strong"
With her respect, Mila muttered. Gracia behaved cheerfully, even showing that she could afford to encourage her, as she wouldn't be able to stay calm after losing her husband.

"I have to defeat Ganelon at all costs"

Tigre nodded and the two walked side by side in the hallway.

---

It was that night that the Duke of Thenardier was allowed an audience with Regin. Thenardier enters the drawing room where the princess waits and moves his eyebrows slightly. Behind was Regin sitting on the couch

This is because Judy and Jeanne are waiting, and they both have swords on their waists.

-I was wary. I wasn’t thinking so much.

Thenardier has no intention of harming Regin, at least until he is sure to kill Ganelon. However, He can't say that and be believed.

Thenardier sits on the couch facing her across her table. They exchanged Greetings, then he got into the main subject at once.

"In the last battle, I showed you what was really unpleasant."

With his hand on his lap, Thenardier bows his head deeply.

If anyone who knew him saw this scene, he would have been astonished. Thenardier has always maintained an irreverent attitude toward the royal family. Formally, when you have to bow your head, you just follow the format. He normally blatantly showed his attitude.

However, from the current Thenardier, such an atmosphere was not felt at all.

"That's right."

In a quiet voice, Regin affirms Thenardier's words.
He said, "I think your movement was sluggish even from the perspective of me, who is ignorant of war. I am fully demonstrating the power you have. I wouldn't have killed many."

Rather than blaming him, it was more like confirming the facts.

In the battle with Bachelard, Thenardier refused Regin's request to join twice. So he secretly moved a separate force when Regin army was attacked by the Bachelard army in the land of Lognes.

Although after they were threatening the back of the army, he did finally join the battle.

After that, Thenardier heard from Mila, who appeared as a messenger of Regin army, and dared to avoid joining Regin army. By continuing to take different actions, he tried to get the attention of the Bachelard army. In response to this move, Bachelard fired 7,000 soldiers to stop Thenardier.

Thenardier stopped his advance, but organized a separate force to the field of his main battlefield, Aujour.

However, the separate team arrived at Aujour when the single combat between Roland and Bachelard was settled, and the battle was about to end.

Indeed, the achievements of Thenardier are too poor, considering that he led 23,000 soldiers. This way It was natural to be told that he could only do that.

"I don't think I'll justify it."

Then, Thenardier raises his face.

"However, I would like you to have the opportunity to recover your honor in the battle with Ganelon."

Not only Regin, but also the eyes of Ludie and Jeanne became chilly.
"There are many other people who wish that way, such as the lords who followed Bachelard until the other day. They were particularly enthusiastic, but I sent them back to their territory."

After the Battle of Aujour, Regin forgave the surrendered Bachelard soldiers.

However, they must carry on the stigma of following the demon Bachelard and the rebel Ganelon who disobeyed the royal family. It was Regin's punishment for them that gave them no chance to restore their honor other than good politics in the territory.

"Get as much food and weapons as you need."

Receiving Regin's gaze, Thenardier briefly tells her what he needs.

"I need a Hundred horses, then 100 carts, 200 cows to pull the carts. Of course, the food for the cows and horses"

Regin and Jeanne glanced, and Ludie pulled the edge of her mouth. He should be called a great aristocrat.

This is an offer that other lords can never do. Moreover, if this is the case, it will collide with the lords who want to be active on the battlefield.

Thenardier also aimed to test Regin's abilities. How much does she know the importance of food and weapons in the war? Also, how much can we evaluate these sober roles? It's also possible she was angry with her opponent.

As expected, Regin smiled with a gentle smile.

"It's a thankful proposal. I'm confident that the Duke will support me."

If Thenardier had the ability to see through the table, he would have seen Regin clenching her fist on his lap. Thenardier was pleased with her reaction. He didn't respect her, but he thought she didn't seem to get in the way of his fight with Ganelon.
"I was relieved that His Royal Highness was pleased. I had already instructed to bring food, weapons, and horses to the royal capital. We will arrange carts and cows soon."

Thenardier's voice was slightly heated.

This is just an undercard. What he was about to talk about was the subject for him.

"I think my son Zion, unlike me, has achieved spectacular results."

Thenardier, known for his ruthlessness, is sweet only to his son. However, this remark wasn’t a favor of him as a father. That simply wasn't the case.

Zion helped the Knights of Lanion, who were inferior when Regin army fought the Bachelard army in the land of Sologne.

He drove a flying dragon to the battlefield and dismissed the Bachelard army.

In addition, Zion torn off the left wing of Bachelard in the battle of Aujour, who became a demon and flew into the sky. His martial arts were recognized by many.

"I will reward Sir Zion's achievements correctly."

Thenardier asks Regin, who is about to end the story, without a break.

"Specifically, what kind of reward are you thinking of?"

"... the battle isn't over yet, but you're ahead of the game. Are you that hopeful?"

Regin asked, with the expression that she was really surprised and just listened.

"There are some lords with territories in the south who have cooperated with Bachelard ...... He wants to help."
The counselor is to point out problems and give advice to the lord regarding the governance of the territory.

However, many of the lords do not have a counselor, but have reliable subordinates and family members as counselors. For political reasons, they have bureaucrats to live in the mansion for a certain period of time, and they have a counselor in the relationship between the lords.

So, all of them are temporarily accepting knights from other families.

Regin frowns at the words of Thenardier. Ludie and Jeanne also frowned.

"Are you planning to take over another house by taking this opportunity?"

It was Ludie who asked the rude question. Thenardier stared at her.

"I'm talking to His Highness. The escort doesn't have the right to speak for her."

Ludie calmly pardoned her intimidating gaze, which even an adult would freeze.

"I'm well aware that Sir Zion was amazed every time he came to Nice, though I don't think he would serve as a counselor for the Lords."

"-I have the same opinion as her, Thenardier."

Regin continues his words as he raises her hand and controls Ludie.

"What are you going to do with Lord Zion as a consultant? I can't accept retaliation for their failure to cooperate with you. I have declared that I will forgive them."

"I don't think I'm planning to take over another house. It's a little overkill on that point."
After bowing her head on behalf of Ludie, Regin turned her groping eyes to Thenardier.

"I know. Just in case, I'm not thinking about a takeover. If I were to do that, I would cut their territory and cooperate with me. I would have hoped that it would be distributed to the lords."

Regin urges the future by nodding small. Thenardier smiled with a big smile.

"I would like His Imperial Highness to appoint him as a consultant soon."

Examining the intention of Thenardier, Regin raised her eyebrows unpleasantly for a moment.

"Do you mean to attach a foil?"

If the princess were to be appointed directly, her position would be authoritative.

The lords of the host may see the Thenardier family and the royal family behind Zion, who may be frightened by the war. However, Zion can no longer rampage as much as he wants. If he causes a big problem, he will crush Regin's name.

"If there are any complaints from the lords about Sir Zion's actions, I will handle them."

Regin reminded me, and Thenardier nodded and bowed deeply.

"Thank you for listening to my wish."

In fact, Thenardier thinks that his son will not serve as a counselor for the princess.

Generally speaking, if he had a martial art on the battlefield, he should now learn the work of a lord by his side. This is because Zion will succeed the Thenardier family.
But his way of doing it probably doesn't suit his son. Zion is on a road he hasn't taken. However, he was disciplined to let him do everything he liked.

Then, the conclusion that Thenardier made was decided here, and he left it to his son for the rest.

The errand is over. Thenardier tried to stand up with a bow, but he lifted his hips from the sofa.

"By the way," Regin called; "I have one story too."

Regin continues, waiting for Thenardier to sit back on the couch.

"I'm thinking of interacting with Ifrikia and Curene. Please help me."

Thenardier was confused by the unexpected remark.

Both are kingdoms beyond the southern sea and currently have no diplomatic relations with Brune. She wants to have exchanges with these two countries.

Even Thenardier had never thought about it, but Regin seems to be serious.

"Why are you thinking of having an exchange?"

"It's not strange. Isn't it true that some merchants with ships are dealing with merchants in those countries?"

"That's right ..."

Thenardier ponders her thoughts inwardly. Until now, King Faron has tried to have diplomatic relations with Ifrikia.

It was probably because Bachelard's mother was a nobleman of Ifrikia. But now, neither Bachelard nor his mother is in the world. Probably King Faron was gone too.
"And I've heard that a civil war broke out in the Kingdom of Muozinel after King Foodweet's death. Trade with his country will be small for a while. The Alternatives are Ifrikia and Cyrene."

“Alternatives aren’t always available.”

Thenardier replied to Regin with his expression erased.

"I've heard that Ifrikia's fragrances, silk cloths and rugs are as good as those of Muozinel. The fangs are also good."

"I would like to say that only luxury goods ... but you shouldn't ask for wheat or wine from other countries."

Thenardier groans inwardly at the expression of Regin, who sighs a little.

——Now, she's still far from Faron. However, if she grows up, she may become a troublesome existence.

Thenardier, who has vast wheat and vineyards in his territory, understands what Regin wants to say.

When she comes to rely on cheap wheat and wine from other countries, her own country is severely hit. She shouldn't depend on another country for what is essential to her daily life.

"I think your Royal Highness's thoughts are true. I will organize a messenger who has set the two countries as opponents. You can leave it to me."

"Okay. By the way, can we add Lord Zion to that messenger?"

Regin said in a sloppy tone, and Thenardier made a frown.

"..... I would like to think about it for a moment, because my son is also busy with something."

He understands that he wants to set up a magnate of a great aristocrat, because it wouldn't look good if the members of the messenger corps were all commoners and lower aristocrats. And it would be a great honor to be on the first messenger.
However, he hesitated to send his son to a country where he had no diplomatic relations. The messenger cannot accompany the flying dragon. It is suspected that he is willing to set up a battle.

"This isn't an urgent matter. There's a lot more to do. Let's talk again after the battle with Ganelon is over,"

This time the discussion was over, and Thenardier left the drawing room.

-She surprised me .......... But this is not bad.

When aiming for the throne, Thenardier does not want a particularly strong enemy. If he can get it easily, He thinks that's okay.

However, if Regin is too foolish, neighboring countries cannot miss it, and Thenardier will have a hard time circling around. With that in mind, he must be able to do something.

The current regin is just right for Thenardier.

—-Let's take a look at the situation for a while.

Nodding satisfactorily, Thenardier walked away in the corridor with a stride.

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The next night, a military congress was held.

Eight people gathered in the conference room. Tigre and Mila, Ludie, Roland, Regin, Jeanne, Thenardier, and Count Delabold.

In addition to the track record of leading the Bergerac Squadron, Farta Stigul and Ludie represent the lords of the Northern, Eastern and Western lords, including Mashas-Rodant, Mila as the representative of the Zhcted Army, and Roland as the Brune leader.

He was present here on behalf of all his Knights. Thenardier also represents the southern princes, And Count De La Bold participated at the recommendation of Thenardier. Thenardier wanted to leave
the command of the Ganelon subjugation army to this man. De La Bold, who will be forty this year, is loyal to Thenardier and has been entrusted with 5,000 soldiers in the previous battle.

First, Ludie gets up from her chair and spreads the map on the table.

"In the previous battle, Duke Ganelon lost a large number of soldiers. Judging from the stories of the prisoners, he has about 2,000 soldiers left in Lutetia. I wonder if they will reach him. The lords also seem to be full because they are trying to protect their territory."

"What is this force?"

Ludie answered Regin's question while looking at a single document.

"There will be about 20,000 soldiers of the lords and about 3,000 knights. The defense of the royal city will be strengthened with 3,000 soldiers, and the subjugation army organized by 17,000 soldiers of the lords and 3,000 knights. So, I'm heading to Lutetia. I'm grateful that the Duke of Thenardier will bear the food and weapons ..."

After a breath, Ludie thanked Thenardier. Thenardier briefly responds, "It isn't a big deal."

Then Mila spoke

"From Zhcted, only I will participate, and the other war princesses will stay in the royal palace in case of unforeseen circumstances. Also, I have heard that Her Royal Highness Guinevere of Asvarre will also stay in the royal palace."

"What? This royal palace has become a jewel box filled with beautiful jewels."

De La Bold laughs. Ignoring him, Tigre proceeded with the military congress.
"About 500 mercenaries led by Simon of Sachenstein are under my command, but we shouldn't rely too much on him."

The second half of the line suggests that they are useless in the fight against demons. Regin said, "Ah, May you do your best with them." she trusts and leave it to him.

Waiting for Regin to finish, Delabold rushed in and opened his mouth.

"Please leave the overall command of the army to me. I will definitely take the head of Ganelon."

"I agree with Count Delabold taking overall command."

Thenardier quickly boosts. Tigre, who is ignorant of politics, understands his intentions

- Are you going to strengthen your power by letting Count Delabold make a martial art?

At present, the only annoying things for Thenardier are Regin and the Begerac family. By defeating Ganelon, increasing the fame of De La Bold, and increasing his faction power, it would be possible to dismiss the Begeracs and force Regin to make concessions and compromises.

Tigre glanced at Thenardier with a disgusted face. Perhaps De La Bold is a good commander, but he can't afford to leave his destiny to him.

He said, "Before deciding on a general commander, could he tell us about his march schedule?"

When Tigre said, De La Bold raised his eyebrows and glared at him. He would have felt he was in the way.

Calmly, Tigre dismisses his gaze. Compared to the enemy generals who have fought so far, Delabold's line of sight is not scary.

Ludie explained while showing the map.
“Four days later, we will leave Nice and head north on the highway. We will enter Lutetia with the Rambouillet Fort, which faces the southern tip of Lutetia, as our base. From there, Artesium, the central city and the mansion of Ganelon.”

“Is it possible that Fort Rambouillet will be trapped by Ganelon’s soldiers before we arrive?”

“I can’t say it’s impossible, but it’s unlikely.”

Roland answers the question of Thenardier.

“Rambouillet is a fort protected by 2,000 knights. It’s an open plain on three sides, but it’s difficult to attack because it’s backed by mountains. For any army who doesn’t reach 5,000, there’s a lot of preparation and time needed.”

While listening to Roland’s explanation, Tigre carefully observes the map. He put on his thoughts in a couple of hours, and he raised his face and said to Regin.

“His Highness, I think the soldiers should be split into two.”

“What are you trying to do that?” Delabold asks in a nasty tone. Tigre replied in a gentle tone.

“The more soldiers there are, the slower it will be and the harder it will be to secure water. Duke Ganelon will take steps to slow down his advance a little, for example on the road. If the fallen trees are piled up and the leaders are blocked from moving forward, all the soldiers will get stuck.”

De La Bold silently utters a short groan as Tigre continued.

“Even if it’s divided into two, it’s between the departure of the royal capital and the arrival at Rambouillet Fort. From Rambouillet to Artesium, you should carefully advance while watching the opponent’s appearance.”

He really wants to increase the march speed as much as possible.
But more than that, Tigre was more concerned that Ganelon would throw a horde of demons at them to cause confusion.

What Jeanne's said about fear being easily transmitted can be realized in the worst possible way.

In that respect, if the soldiers are separated, total annihilation can be avoided. Also, even if the soldiers are frightened by the demon and flee, it is not an enemy land if it is in front of Fort Rambuyer. There is a high possibility that you can escape safely.

"So that's it"

Surprisingly, it was Thenardier who nodded slowly and showed his support.

"I agree with Sir Tigrevurmud's suggestion. Depending on the situation, it would be nice to meet in Rambouillet, check each other's situation, and then split back into Artesium."

Thenardier looks around the attendees. No one had any objection. Only Delabold frowned dissatisfied, but he couldn't go against Thenardier. After confirming that, Thenardier turned his gaze to Tigre.

"Let's Split the army into two, one led by Count De La Bold, and the other left to Sir Tigrevurmud. I wonder if it should be done like this..."

"No, I think Ms. Ludiene or Sir Roland is more suitable than me."

When Tigre answers honestly, Thenardier squints suspiciously.

"If you say so, that's fine ... How about your Highness?"

That was the time. The door is slammed from the outside.

Jeanne stands up first and she quickly walks to the door. She cast a voice of who and what.

Jeanne looks back as she turns her complexion into a report coming back through her door.
"There is an intruder. The opponent stole Durandal."

The second half of her words made them tremble. Those who were there are shocked.

Before the army began, Roland entrusted Durandal Durandal to his soldiers. It is said that it was robbed. He stood up and spoke in a voice that did not hide his anger.

"Dear Jeanne, who are the thieves?"

"It looks like a man, but the details are ......."

While listening to her reply, Roland walks to the door with a stride.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness, but I'm dealing with this."

He told Regin with his back turned, and he opened the door and jumped out.

For the Black Knight, Durandal is more than just a kingdom treasure sword. It is a sword that King Faron acknowledged him with and entrusted him with the thought of aiming for high achievements. Even if he left it to the soldiers, it should not have been robbed by anyone.

Tigre and Mila also stand up, give a bow to Regin and leave the conference room. They caught up with Roland.

The torch corridor is almost surrounded by the darkness of the night. The flame of the torch installed at the key point of the wall covers the darkness that was there.

From the back of the long corridor, you can hear the screams of the soldiers. The three started running.

When Tigre's group rushed in, nearly ten soldiers were lying on the floor.

Tigre embraces those who are groaning. He is bleeding from his nose and mouth, but has no other traumatic wounds. He'd like to
take care of them if possible, but the first thing to do is to find someone who has such an eye on them.

"Be firm. Can you speak?"

When he called, the soldier nodded several times with a hollow face. He Pointed your finger at the end of the corridor. Probably the thief was over there.

"I'm sorry, but we're chasing the thieves. Please be patient."

Roland, who borrowed a sword from one of the fallen soldiers, asked Tigre. By the way, Mila also borrows another soldier or his spear. She can immediately summon Lavias if she feels like it, but she stands out.

"But what are you going to do with your weapons, Sir Tigrevurmud?"

He may be avoiding action.

Tigre stood up, gently lying down on the soldier he was holding.

"I have a weapon, though I don't want to use it too much."

Tap the small leather bag hanging on your waist. There was a muffled sound of metal rubbing against each other. Roland seems to have noticed the identity, and he nods as he is convinced.

"Okay, but just in case, go back. Ludmila, too. Brune's enemies are to be defeated by my hands.

"I can accept your words"

The three run down the corridor again. Mila next door asked.

"Tigre, do you think the thief is Ganelon?"

Tigre also considered the possibility. No one else can invade the royal palace at this time and steal Durandal.

But there is one question.
None of the soldiers he saw earlier were dead. If the thief was Ganelon, he would have mercilessly buried them. According to the POW Lutetian soldiers, they attacked the royal palace in the middle of spring.

It is said that Ganelon killed most of those who were in the royal palace.

Roland, who was running at the forefront, stopped his foot. Beyond his line of sight, several soldiers had fallen.

He Helped and listen to their stories in the same way as earlier. There was one person who could speak relatively well. They also encountered the thief. It is said that he was unilaterally beaten up.

"There are two thieves, and when I go to the audience, I talk ..."

Roland frowned. Tigre asks with his eyes what happened.

"If you try to escape from this place outside the royal palace, the audience is in the opposite direction."

Roland doesn't go to the royal palace so much, but he is more familiar with the structure than Tigre and Mila. The intruder's behavior was incomprehensible to him.

"Maybe there is some purpose. Let's chase the thieves anyway."

Roland nods to Tigre's words. He hurried to the audience.

Ludie also had a sword in his hand.

When they saw the audience room in the distance, Ludie appeared from the side. If you look, there are Regin and her Jeanne, Thenardier and De La Bold in addition to her.

They Go up the stairs, run down the corridor, turn the corner, go down the stairs, and run further.

"What happened?"
When asked if a new incident had happened, Ludie replied with a tense look. "It was ... there was a report that Her Majesty saw His Majesty Faron heading for an audience."

Tigre and the others look at each other. Mila said.

"We've come this far when we hear that the thieves headed for the audience."

Regin looks at the audience and frowns to be alert.

"Light is leaking. There shouldn't be anyone now."

As she said, the area around the doorway was bright.

Tigre's group walk carefully and adjust their breathing. Roland quickly told everyone instructions.

"I, Lord Tigrevurmud, and Lord Ludmila will rush in. Your Highness should not leave Lords Ludiene and Jeanne. I want you to leave this to us, too."

As before, Roland took the lead, and the three stepped in.

"-Oh, I'm here."

They heard a joyful voice. Tigre’s group, who turned their eyes to the throne, stood in awe. A man was sitting on the throne.

He was a man in his forties. He wears a crown, and is wearing a purple coat and black trousers, with his legs crossed calmly. There was Durandal in his hand, and a bronze-like jar under his feet.

He has a medium build, with a neat face under his golden hair, and a thin beard under his nose and chin, carefully trimmed.

His blue eyes were full of invincible brilliance, and his mouth was filled with a humorous smile.

"Your Majesty .... ....?"

Roland leaks an astonishing moan. The man on the throne was undoubtedly King Faron.
"You are safe--"

"Well done"

Blocking Roland's words, King Faron looks around in the audience.

"I made it especially well because it is a place to perform great ceremonies and meet the greats of other countries. I spent a lot of money on the decoration. The temple on the mountaintop. It was the same, but when I saw that it remained in its original form even after 300 years, I was deeply moved. Well done."

Closing with praise, the man glared at Tigre's group and asked happily.

"So what's your name?"

The three turn their faces pale. They thought it was just a nightmare.

The man's face and voice on the throne definitely belong to Faron, as Tigres know. But other than that, neither his shoulders, his clothes, nor his generous and irreverent attitude belong to Faron, as Tigre and his colleagues know.

Who is this man?

Roland sweated on his forehead and he couldn't speak, but he grabbed his sword and inspired himself. He stretched his back and looked at the man on the throne.

"My name is Roland. I'm the leader of the Knights of Navarre. Who are you?"

"Well, Roland. There was a knight of the same name in my subordinates. He was taller than you, but he wasn't as strong as you. He's a straight and nice guy. A "Knight among Knights"."

Tigre frowns. It seemed like he had heard it somewhere. Where was it?

——Even so, this man's generous attitude and intimidating feeling...
At that time, Regin's group came into the audience with careful steps. They will fight after Tigre's group rush in.

They could only hear the voice without making any noise.

And they also doubted their own eyes.

"dad ...?"

A faint voice spills out of Regin's mouth. Not to mention her, Ludie and Jeanne, and even Thenardier was astonished and confused.
The man on the throne turns his gaze to Regin and stands up with Durandal as a wand.

"If you look at this face and call it that way, are you a distant grandson? Well...."

The man looks around at Tigre's group, speaking with an impressed and stunned face.

"I'm Charles. To put it simply, the man who created this country. my body became only bones, so I borrow the one of the current king."

No one could immediately understand the meaning of these words. Everyone was stunned, staring at the man named Charles.

He should have laughed. However, Tigre and his friends were overwhelmed by the absurd atmosphere of Charles and the fighting spirit emitted from the depths of his blue eyes.

No, there is only one person who has moved.

"What are you drowsy!"

It was Count De La Bold who screamed in a frustrated manner. He clasps his sword and pushes Tigre and Roland

As he walked forward, he walked up to Charles with a stride.

On the other hand, "If you listen silently, you'll get rid of this shit. It's natural that you'll be slashed and thrown away here, such as by deceiving the name of the founder."

Delabold couldn't say until the end. As soon as Charles closed the gap, he stepped hard and struck his elbow into him. Delabold collapses without even reacting, stripping his white eyes and falling, and his sword rolls off his hand and onto the floor.

"I thought he didn't have to swing his sword, but it was as expected."
He didn't look at the fainted De La Bold and laughed at Charles Guru and his friends. "What's next? It's okay to come in all at once."

The horror runs through the whole body of Tigre's group. Even the martial arts-savvy Regin had to recognize that Charles was too strong for Delabold.

"Are you really the founder Charles from 300 years ago ...?"

Tigre asks, clenching his fist and inspiring himself.

"How did you come back to life?"

"I don't know"

Charles replied easily.

"I've heard the explanation, but it's so difficult that I don't think I'm going to understand it. Well, he's been around for a long time. Anyway, I'm here now. That's all."

"My father…"

Regin moves forward, flushing his face with a screaming emotion.

"What happened to his Majesty, my father! You said you just borrowed the body of the current king ..."

"I don't know, he's probably dead."

Charles said in a slamming tone.

"As the story goes; two souls do not fit in one body."

Regin's face lost its blood. Ludie and Jeanne hurriedly support her staggering.

Tigre was wondering what to do. If you challenge the close combat poorly, you'll end up Delabold. Besides, if he really is in Faron's body, you can't hurt him unnecessarily.

A high-pitched metallic sound echoed during the audience. He threw away the sword that Roland had.
"Assuming that your words are true, please return your Majesty's body for the time being."

No matter how black the knight spoke, it was a reckless attempt. He says he will face the opponent with Durandal with his bare hands.

Tigre fends off Mila and moves to the left and right of Roland, respectively. He thought he was going to meet with three people, but Roland kept his eyes on Charles and called on Tigre's group.

"As I said earlier, I'll defeat Brune's enemies with my hands. No tricks are needed."

"That's good!"

Charles laughed happily, holding Durandal in his other hand and slamming it on the floor.

"In response to your courage, I'll do it with my bare hands. Come on!"

Charles shines with his blue eyes with fighting spirit and childishness, hoisting both ends of her mouth, and Charles beckons.

Roland kicked the floor and grabbed it from the front. It was so fierce that it could blow away the opponent just by rushing, but Charles greets the black knight with a cool face.

Charles tried to hold his right hand, which Roland had pushed out, while parrying it with his palm. Roland does not turn, but extends his left hand to Charles' body. His right hand was a bait to feed his opponent. Roland was confident that he would be able to catch him.

However, Charles made an unexpected move. He sat down and crouched down, kicking Roland's right leg, twisting his body and clinging to Roland's left leg.
Roland, who supported his body with his left leg, was dragged to the floor. Charles gets up quickly, then holds Roland's left leg.

Roland Twists him and flip his left leg with Charles. Then he tried to hit Charles on the floor. However, Charles lifted his arm from himself and fell to the floor, He rolls and takes a quick distance.

Both got up and faced each other.

"It's a lot of superhuman strength, I'm not sure what to do. Can I beat you?"

"Speak more"

Roaring low, Roland jumped at Charles. Roland is in front of him so much that Charles speaks

You can tell that the man is not Faron.

The two hands collided and crossed each other, pushing each other. Each one's face turns bright red, better than a lot of sweat Flows. When this happened, Roland, who was superior in both strength and physique, had an advantage, and Charles was gradually driven away by turning his body.

Roland puts more effort into holding it down as it is. As if he was waiting for it

Charles laughed.

The next moment, Charles forcibly unleashed Roland's hand and jumped straight into his opponent's pocket.

Roland floats in the air. Charles threw him on his back.

Roland was grabbed by Charles on his left arm when he was slammed on the floor from his back.

"I'm looking forward to the next fight, Roland of this era."
At the same time as he finishes saying, Charles pulls Roland's left arm. A faint moan of pain leaked from Roland's mouth. His shoulder was dislocated.

It was a startling situation. Brune's strongest black knight was so easily defeated.

"Now, this time ..."

Mila threw a spear at Charles, who looked around. Charles releases Roland's left arm and exaggeratedly Jumped away. Then when her spear stood on the floor, Mila was running with her posture low. She grabs her spear without loosening her legs and closes her distance to Charles.

Regin turned her face pale as Mila mercilessly speared her spear at her Charles. His body is Faron's.

"Sorry, Your Highness, please watch over this place."

Tigre calls out to her, noticing Regin's appearance. He just doesn't want to get in the way of Mila

He felt the horror of Charles. Even if you think about the physique that defeated Roland, He is not an opponent who can be fought without care.

"Good courage, woman."

Charles laughs as he fends off Mila's spear. She flips her handle with her hand to shift her trajectory.

"This body belongs to the king of this country."

"I can't believe your words. And--"

Mila's voice was chilly.

"I even pointed my spear at my grandmother."

It's not a lie. Mila has challenged her grandma in the form of the demon Zmei, who hijacked the body of her grandmother and made
it her own. She thought it would be a little intimidating, but Charles lit a curious light in his eyes, impressed with "how" and let out a curious voice.

She Aims at his face, lowered her posture and planted her feet. she hits his belly with a stab, or hooks the tip on his clothes and tries to get him out of shape. Mila attacked with the techniques she knows, but Charles evaded them with only his hands.

Mila can't help but marvel at his evasion of her piercing, which escaped her piercing, rather than simply moving. A trick that is impossible in the face of the unwavering boldness of her spear and the calmness to discern the onslaught of the opponent.

Charles doesn't jump in. He takes a step back and fixes his head. Aiming for that moment, Charles has narrowed the distance. But that's what Mila wanted.

- *I thought a man like you would use the transparent trap in reverse.*

She holds her spear while twisting her body.

With a scream of enthusiasm, she stabbed her spear at Charles' throat, which she hadn't aimed at before.

However, Charles grabbed the handle of her spear at the point where it's tip touched his throat and broke the trajectory with force. The tip sticks into Charles' left shoulder.

In that state, the two stopped moving.

"You have beautiful eyes. I remember my late wife when looking at them. What's your name?"

"I don't think I'll tell such info to a 300-year-old grandfather."

With a humorous smile, Mila replies patiently. Charles laughed.

"I like that attitude. Be my woman."

Everyone except Charles was stunned. Regardless of the reaction of such surroundings, Charles pulls her spear off his shoulder and
closes the distance to Mila. He tried to catch Mila with her spear, but he was shrugged.

Charles reached for her hand on her chin.

"wait!"

Angry Tigre's voice hits Charles' back. Stopping his hand, Charles slowly turned to Tigre. Tigre glares at Charles as he puts his finger in the leather bag on his waist.

"Keep away from Mila"

"Is she your woman?"

"That's..."

He didn't Immediately answer such an unscrupulous question. Charles turned to Tigre with his body.

"Then, protect her. If you can't, I'll get her."

Kicking the floor, he shortened the distance with Tigre in an instant. Tigre reflexively jumps sideways, throwing the contents of the leather bag. It had three gold coins.

Aiming at his forehead, eyes, and nose, Charles receives them one by one with his right and left hands, and his mouth.

He picked up the gold coin in his right hand and laughed,

"I'm sorry."

"that was pretty good. That's why you didn't have a weapon."

Then Charles scrutinized the front and back of the gold coin.

"It's this size and thickness, it's this weight. It's pure gold for sure. It's a wonderful result."

Impressed, Charles pushes three gold coins into his pants pocket. Tigre was relieved to have turned his opponent's consciousness
towards himself, but was surprised at the speed of Charles' reaction. His attack has already been read.

Unlike stones, gold coins can only aim at the face and hands at best.

"What's your name?"

Charles asked if he was interested. While paying attention to the opponent's movements, he briefly answered "Tigrevurmud-Vorn", and Charles' eyes danced with a joyful glow.

"Oh, are you the owner of the bow of this era? I heard about you from Ganelon, but it was helpful because you are easy to remember with such a strange name. But I like these things. Anyway when I was there--"

When Charles said so much, the air around the throne shimmered and the space was distorted.

"-What are you doing?"

Along with a stunned, scolding voice, something like black smoke spills out of the distorted space. Just by looking at it, Tigre and Mila realized the danger. They glared at the direction of the voice. Ludie and Jeanne lined up to guard Regin, holding their swords.

Charles shrugged and laughed at the smoke spreading around the throne.

"I'm back at my nostalgic home. You might want to walk around a little."

A figure appears from the black smoke in the line of sight of Tigre's group.

He was a thin, petite man with loose gray hair. He is dressed in purple, dressed in a luxurious robe of the same color, and has a hat on his head.

"Ganelon ...!"
Ludie screamed in anger. Meanwhile, Roland, Regin, Jeanne, and Thenardier looked in suspicion. Everything was different from the Ganelon they knew as the man was wearing black smoke.

Ganelon does not glance at Tigre’s group, but sighs at Charles.

Returning innocent words to Ganelon, Charles turned his gaze to Regin. Regin gets angry at the same blue eyes as his father.

"Did you finish the greeting? I brought it because I said to do it by all means."

"Oh, I forgot. I had a lot of fun."

He glared at Charles.

"What on earth are you going to do if you really are the founder Charles?"

"Yes, I came here to say that. Also, I had to collect my favorite sword."

With his back to Tigre’s group, Charles calmly walks to the throne. Durandal was stuck on the floor. He pulled it out and carried it on his shoulder, and he looked back at Regin.

"My purpose is to rule the country. To get started, I’ll take this country from you."

Nothing would be as clear as a declaration of war. Not only Regin’s group, but Tigre’s group also broke down.

"Next, we will annex Zhcted, Asvarre, and Muozinel. And in the west... Sachenstein. That country too will be mine. Then I’ll cross the sea and go south."

"Do you really think that is possible...?"

Tigre's voice quivered as he questioned the tremendous story. Charles answers without hesitation.
"I wonder if this body is forty-three years old. I think it will last for another twenty years. It's not impossible."

"Your ... No, I'll never let you do what you want."

Regin told him with a terrible expression. Blood is dripping from her tightly clenched hands. Charles smiled, parrying the fighting spirit.

"Whatever you say! I'm strong, because I've started a country anyway."

Regin makes her face tense. Neither Mila nor Ludie and Jeanne could return their words. In front of them is a hero who struck a country during the war and left a brilliant name in history. They shouldn't be able to compete.

A heavy silence spreads during the audience.

"What's wrong with that?"

It was a quiet but warlike voice that blew the desperate air. Tigre takes a few steps and faces Charles to protect everyone.

"Sure, your achievements are great. I may have been thrilled to hear the chanson de geste of the founder Charles, but that's why I know it."

"Wow," Charles shined his eyes with curiosity.

"What?"

"You were neither a winner nor an undefeated. You lost many times before you started this country called Brune. We may not be able to match you now. But that's not always the case."

A cold sweat is transmitted through the forehead of Tigre while spinning words. In this way, just by facing Charles and catching his gaze, you can see that his physical strength and energy are being reduced. The pressure on his whole body would make him kneel if he wasn't careful.
Perhaps under Charles, Brune will become an unparalleled empire that controls neighboring countries.

Even so, he can't admit it. He have to stand up even if he's not brave.

"You know it well. You have to come."

Far from being offended, Charles nods happily.

"I like it. Have a bow ready when you meet me next time. A match with me at that time--"

"--Charles"

The frustrated voice of Ganelon interrupted Charles' words. Charles shrugs his shoulders.

"Okay, okay. I haven't talked enough yet, but let's do this."

"Wait please"

Tigre summoned Charles as he tried to end the story.

"Are you acting with Ganelon?"

"Of course, because this is my first subordinate."

Charles's reply made the atmosphere of the place tense.

"Do you know what kind of man Ganelon is?"

Unexpectedly, Tigre said so. He couldn't help saying it. Charles frowns when he doesn't understand what he means. Tigre continued.

"Ganelon tried to murder my father and burn Alsace ... the land where I was born and raised. If you have Ganelon as your subordinate, you must defeat me in that sense as well. You Become an enemy to be because of this."

Silence comes. Charles looks around and Mila, Ludie, and Regin agree with Tigre.
He looked at and seemed to sigh.

"Well, that's a nuisance. It's my responsibility to handle my subordinates. I'm sorry."

With a mysterious face, Charles bows his head. Tigre was surprised. There is No way such a reaction could occur.

He didn't expect it to come back.

Charles raised his face and said with a serious expression.

"But I'll do whatever I need to do. Be prepared for that."

"Why do you want to take the country in the first place?"

"That's already been decided."

Intercepting Regin, Charles laughed a little.

"I'm reborn. What do I do without doing what I want to do? And--"

Charles points to the ceiling with his finger. As he was hung, Tigre looked up at the ceiling. Old-fashioned, but well-polished

A bronze chandelier is hung from the ceiling.

"That was made by a craftsman I found. It was just after I became a king. Nobody looked at the ceiling and he said he wouldn't do it, but he was told to be careful about that. Sometimes it was quite expensive. I was happy when it was completed."

Regin makes her face tense. She knows It was the founder Charles who made the chandelier.

"The chandelier also told me to take good care of this audience, but well, it's here 300 years later. Looking at the decorations on the walls and the gardens, I was deeply moved. Originally it was mine, so I got it again Do you think?"

No one answers. They couldn't answer because they were under pressure. Charles continues.
"And I have to reward my subordinates who did their best. --By the way, the descendant of Bergerac, Do you have any grandparents?"

In the second half of the line, Charles suddenly changed his expression to a serious one.

"......... what do you want me to do?"

With a sword, Ludie is moving forward. The left and right eyes of different colors were swaying with hesitation and impatience.

She was approached by King Faron as the daughter of the Begerac family and as an escort for Regin.

It was natural for her to wonder how she should move.

Charles points to the jar near the throne with his finger.

"they will be Mourning this guy. Your distant old man served me well."

Realizing what the word meant, Ludie's face turned pale. Her hands holding her sword quiver, as did her knees.

Tigre asks Mila with his eyes on what to do. Mila silently shook her head.

She can't help but remember her anger because she's been rampaged so much. But the strength of Charles is unusual. He also has Ganelon. On the other hand, it is difficult to think of Tigre and Roland as forces. And they have to protect Regin.

Ganelon, on the other hand, had a despised look on Thenardier.

"Thenardier is planning to look at the throne and make Faron and Regin dead. It's interesting that this great nobleman protects the royal family."

"I was also surprised. You became a clown with a madman named the founder. And what kind of magic you used I don't know, but you grew your hair. I didn't know you were a man who cares about his appearance."
It should have been true. Despite being exposed to a terrifying plan, Thenardier not only kept his irreverent attitude, but also cursed Ganelon. Although it is okay to dismiss the words of Ganelon, who became a rebel, as unusual.

Speaking of Ganelon, instead of getting angry, he smiled as if he was applauding.

"Compared to the old fortune-teller who serves you, my clown is cute. I look forward to the day when your territory becomes a dragon's nest."

Ganelon's words were ominous.

"Then, I'm looking forward to seeing you again."

Charles stands behind the throne and waved lightly at Tigre's group. Then Durandal, the sword he was carrying on his shoulder, was suddenly clasped with both hands.

In the eyes of the vigilant group of people in front of him, Charles swings his treasure sword sideways. The throne blows away with a roaring sound.

The wreckage of the backrest flies, and Tigre's group protect themselves with both arms.

In a short time, Charles moved on to the next action. He thrusts a treasure sword into the stone floor where the throne was placed and twists it lightly. That part came off and a square hole appeared.

He says "Farewell," and Charles jumps into the hole. Ganelon with a stunned face followed him. Tigre's group rushed to the hole, but even when they looked into it, there was a deep darkness, and they fell into it.

It doesn't look good. Mila asked Regin.

"Does your Highness know about this escape route?"

"No, I'm seeing it for the first time ..."
Regin is staring at the hole in the floor with a stunned face.

Ludie walked up to the jar with a staggering gait. She crouches down and looks at it's contents. She opened her eyes wide and let out her moan.

"father........"

Inside the jar was the beeswax-pickled head of Duke of Bergerac, Rashlow's. Ludie's face is distorted and tears spill out of her eyes.

She was prepared for this and talked to her mother and tried to prepare if her father was dead.

But now she's clinging to the jar, she can't stop crying out.

Tigre sits beside her and gently embraces her shoulders. She didn't say anything.

—

Five people, Tigre and Mila, Thenardier, Regin and Jeanne, are gathered in the conference room.

About half an hour has passed since Charles left. They Call the soldiers and call doctors for Roland and Delabold.

If they had been instructed to carry him, and also the soldiers who had been overthrown by Charles, that would be a long time.

Ludie is resting in her room. She tried to fulfill her role, but she was banished by Regin, saying, "I can't leave the escort to you right now."

"The situation has changed a lot."

Regin's face is a mixture of seriousness and fatigue, and she feels sorry for her.

"The enemy is the Duke of Ganelon and the founder Charles. I will profess my existence."

With her painful look, Tigre stared at her.
Not only Tigre, but Mila and Jeanne also told Regin to rest. Her father, who was taken away by Ganelon, appeared in the form of a severed head. It is an unacceptable fact, and the shock and agitation are immeasurable. She wouldn't be able to do anything in a situation like that.

However, Regin shook her head and resumed the meeting.

"It changed to a plan to divide his army into two and aim for the Rambouillet fort, and use that as a foothold to enter Lutetia. There is no change. But now that both Count Delabold and Sir Roland are stuck, we need to think about their respective commanders."

With that said, Regin stares at Tigre and Thenardier.

"Sir Tigrevurmud, Duke Thenardier. You should lead each army."

"His Highness, I have something to say, knowing the potential scolding."

Tigre opened his mouth, frowning at the bitterness that made his stomach heavier. He can't expect Thenardier, and he has to say it, as Mila should never say it.

"Although he is the one who named Charles, there is a profane such as deceiving the founder, so he should be caught. You should drag it to His Highness. But that man is strong and we have no choice but to defeat him on the battlefield. Please forgive me in that case."

The other day, when Ganelon took Faron hostage, Regin said he should defeat him. But now Faron is far from being a hostage. Knowing that he was in a terrible position, he had to ask her again for her readiness.

"--Sir Tigrevurmud"

In a terribly quiet voice, Regin tells. She understood what Tigre meant.
"Your Majesty was murdered by Ganelon. I will proclaim that before you leave the royal capital," Tigre and Mila deeply thanked Regin.

Tigre and Mila walk out of the conference room and are called by Thenardier from behind.

“It is said that Charles is using his body... .......

"Do you believe in the shit of the man who deceived the founder? That he was a man from 300 years ago, and inside King Faron -Sir Tigrevurmu "

The expression is severe with a slight amount of confusion, and the intimidating feeling emitted from the giant body seems to have diminished. Frankly, Thenardier has been asking questions.

After a breath, Tigre asks.

"Don't you believe the Duke?"

"It's an unlikely story. It's better to think that Ganelon has prepared a man who looks a lot like His Majesty to confuse us. I'm still convinced of this."

Thenardier sighed. He is A great aristocrat who does not break his bold attitude no matter what happens. However, it seems difficult to accept this situation.

Mila opened her mouth as he wondered what he had answered.

"I understand the feelings of Thenardier, but that leaves me with a question. Why is that man Charles? He should pretend to be His Majesty and not have to deceive the name of his ancestor, because he is so similar to His Majesty Faron."

Thenardier growls. Mila continued with her cautious mouth.

"And that guy threw Sir Roland and fended off my spear. Aside from his resemblance to His Majesty, is it easy to have someone with that skill?"
" .......... I don't think it's possible."

Thenardier shook his head. He acknowledges the strength of Roland and Mila.

"But that doesn't mean that someone from 300 years ago were resurrected ...."

"I don't usually think so much. But ... It may sound absurd, but I think it's possible that Ganelon used witchcraft."

"witchcraft ..........?"

Mila nodded to Thenardier, who was staring at her eyes.

"It was when we were acting in small numbers to join His Royal Highness Regin. Without any warning, Ganelon appeared before us. He attacked us. Surprisingly, he took the sword and spear with his bare hands and blew them away just by touching them."

Suddenly, Thenardier frowns. Tigre also caught his mouth.

"It's not just us. Sir Roland also said he had abandoned Fort Navarre and headed for Fort Lanion, and said he had encountered Ganelon. He suddenly appeared alone in the woods. That man showed up in front of us from nothing."

Thenardier silently stares at Tigre and Mila. The skeptical glow disappeared from his eyes. He Recognized the integrity of their attitudes and rethink their claims.

Thenardier doesn't mean to suggest that he doesn't believe in witchcraft. He knows that there is something in the world that goes beyond human wisdom. For example, the existence of Drekaucavac, who has been serving himself for a long time. Isn't it the same as magic that he has such techniques of finding and raising a dragon?

"I want to ask them."

Thenardier asks what he thought.
"What kind of relationship did that man named Charles and Ganelon look like to you?"

Tigre and Mila dodge their eyes. Tigre replied.

"It looked like an equal relationship, not a master-slave."

Thenardier nods in favor. In his eyes, Ganelon was clearly joining his hands on Charles. But he also accepted his unrestrainedness. Isn't it his idea that Charles came all the way to deliver the head of the Duke of Bergerac? At least not the idea of Ganelon.

"Lord Thenardier", Mila opens her mouth again.

"I know there's something about Charles that doesn't make sense, but we don't have enough material to answer the question, and Her Royal Highness Regin has set out a new policy. For the time being, I wondered if we should keep it that way and clarify it after defeating Duke Ganelon."

"For the time being ........."

Finally, Thenardier makes a face that understands.

"You're right. Thank you."

After bowing to Mila, Thenardier ignored Tigre, turned his back, and walked away. He wouldn't even have a nod if he wasn't the other country's heavyweight like Mila. Tigre sees off his back with a stunned face.

He regained his mind and looked at Mila.

"Let's go, too"

The two start walking side by side in the corridor. Suddenly, Mila asked.

"What do you think of that man named Charles?"

"It's decided that he is an enemy to defeat."

After answering immediately, Tigre continues indignantly.
Everyone said, "There are many reasons to consider him an enemy, but above all, he gave you a little bit."

That was enough for Tigre. Mila smiles with a bitter smile.

"Thank you. But I'm fine. Now, beside Ludie."

"That's right ............"

Then they walked to Tigre's room to discuss the military organization.

---

Charles and Ganelon are in the grasslands about a verst (about a kilometer) away from Nice under the summer night sky. Charles sat on the ground, took off his coat, and was treated for his injured left shoulder. Despite his dismayed face, Ganelon uses his familiar movements to wash away blood, stop bleeding, apply a cloth coated with medicine, and bandage him.

"It's too rampant"

He made a short complaint.

"That said, it's been 300 years since then .... To be exact, it's my homecoming for the first time in 280 years. Besides, I got what I wanted."

Charles laughed and struck Durandal's blade next to him, then put his hand in his pants pocket and took something out.

It was a white iron. It's too big to fit in one hand.

"For 300 years, I slept in the temple at the top of the mountain without anyone finding it. I wonder if there is also a bow here."

"There is no substitute for that black bow."

"What, I only have to endure one shot, because I'll only have to deal with him once."

As he grabbed the iron, Charles laughed invincibly.
The rain that had been falling from the morning became more intense in the daytime.

During the prayers of the temple in the city, Ludie kneels on the floor, closes her eyes and puts his hands together. She prayed for the peace of her father's soul, who died miserably.

--Perkunas, king of the gods, ten gods living in heaven, allow the soul of my father to rest...

She Finished the prayer. Suddenly she was frustrated and realized that her face was distorted. She shakes her head from side to side to calm her emotions and stands up.

The back of the prayer is a gentle curve, with statues of the ten gods standing along the wall. She looked at them with a bitter face

As she was looking at them, she heard footsteps from behind.

An old man wearing a pure white priest's robe appears from the doorway leading to the corridor. He is the chief of the temple. The expression is the same as Ludie

When she bows to the temple chief, the smell of her herbs sniffs her nose. Recognizing the change in Ludie's expression, the temple chief calmly

He laughed.

"Today's herbs have a slightly strong odor. Did they bother you?"

"No, I'm used to it."

Ludie smiles as if she doesn't care. This temple chief always smelled like some herbs every day.

Ludie said goodbye, but a question arose in her heart and gave priority to it.
"Temple chief, what happens when a person dies? Where does his soul go?"

The temple chief erases the smile on his mouth and stares at Ludie.

"I'm sorry to ask you a strange question .........."

Ludie smiled bitterly at his quiet gaze.

In Brune, the souls of the dead are said to head for the Netherworld.

In the Netherworld, there is nothing on earth, but there is everything that is not on earth, and it was said that all souls spend a quiet time of eternity while feeling deep peace.

"No," the temple chief again smiles with a gentle expression and slowly shakes his head.

"Ludiene thought that the human soul did not go to the Netherworld."

"I didn't think that."

With a surprising look, Ludie wandered her gaze.

He is a man who has served the ten gods for decades and has never missed a daily prayer. Naturally, he thought he would be reprimanded, but the face of the temple chief seems to be having fun.

Despite a little hesitation, Ludie continued his words.

"But I don't know. What exactly is the Netherworld? Everything that isn't on the ground. I can't imagine a world with things. "

Prior to a brief silence, the temple chief asked Ludie.

"What is said in Sachenstein about the destination of the souls of the dead, Do you know? "

The head of the temple asks a strange question to Ludie, who stands up in dismay. she was confused, but she regained her mind and searched for her memory.
“Surely ..... .... The souls of those who fought bravely and died are invited to the heavens where the gods live, and those who do not are deep in the earth and live quietly in the world.”

“Yes. There are some similarities with our country, but they are not the same. Asvarre and Zhcted, Even in Muozinel, stories that are different from those in Home are being told. If so, Home's idea being correct is hard to say."

“But .....", Ludie hurried.

“Isn't there a lot of stories about people who have seen the world of the dead when they die? I've heard the story ..."

The temple chief raises his hand to calm Ludie. He again asked a strange question.

"Have you ever climbed the Vosges Mountains, Lord Ludiene"

Ludie shakes her head. Vosges is a series of mountains that rise from the northeast to the southeast of Brune.

It also serves as a border line with the neighboring country, Zhcted.

"If you stand at the top of the mountains of Vosges and look to the east, you can see the land of Zhcted. Does this alone tell us the country of Zhcted?"

Ludie understood what the temple chief wanted to say. Did those who stood on the brink of death see a part of the Netherworld? However, that alone cannot tell the whole picture of the Netherworld.

"Then, could you tell us what the chief of the temple thinks? What happens when a person dies? What is the destination of that soul ... If it is not the Netherworld?"

"The body becomes dust in the soil, and the soul ends up in a place where the soul can spend quietly. I think so.”
The chief of the temple replies, as if to say the words that he is saying. He didn't seem to get lost in the dust.

Ludie frowns on him.

"How is it different from the Netherworld? It sounds like the same thing."

"The scent of this herb reaches that place to bring you a good night's sleep."

The head of the temple spoke with a smile to Ludie, who was surprised and stunned.

"Imagine a world where your loved ones can live in peace. That's the underworld for you. Perhaps that's why the landscape of the world of the dead varies from country to country."

"Underworld for me......?"

Ludie asked, even though she was confused.

"Oh, is that okay? Even if you think about that."

"To be honest, it's not very good. If you tell others, you'll be laughed at or blamed. But the underworld is for the living. in addition--"

The face of the temple chief is full of trust in Ludie.

"You are the one who can imagine your underworld and keep it in your heart. Above all, I think you've done what needs to be done."

Astonishingly, Ludie stared at the temple chief. Hot emotions overflow in her chest.

Clenching her fist, looking down, "Thank you," she said thank you.

Ludie faces the statues of the ten gods and prays again.

--To "Underworld" where the soul of my father can get peace of mind from the bottom of my heart.

She Calls this in her heart.
-Don't worry. As a warrior, as the daughter of my father, without shame, I will fight.

After finishing her prayer, she noticed that she was feeling much better than before.

"Temple Chief, this time I'll bring you two cheeses that I have carefully selected. The one that smells good."

One is a tribute to the gods. The chief of the temple broke his wrinkled face.

"Thank you. I look forward to it."

Dodging the temple chief and smiling, Ludie leaves the prayer room.

She had a lot to do.
Chapter 3 - The King from the Sky

The half moon is shining brightly against the background of the night sky where the stars are sprinkled like silver sand.

The moonlight quietly illuminated the tent on the side of a mountain. Based on white, black mane and red skin, The face of a horse with skin is drawn large and decorated with gold thread everywhere.

Bayard is a magical horse that is also depicted on the flag of the Kingdom of Brune.

It was Charles who was in the tent. he was reading various documents and letters with a cup in his hand. The contents of the cup were wine. It was quite slimy, but he didn't mind.

Charles is on the mountainside overlooking the Rambouillet Fort. In this tent was the main team for capturing the fort.

It was last night that Charles and Ganelon infiltrated the royal palace and robbed Durandal. You can't get this far in just one day by ordinary means. It takes days to run here on a horse.

With the power of Ganelon, Charles jumped to this land in an instant.

"Thousands of enemy soldiers fled after a whisper ... This is too much. after 300 years, no one can tell it was."

Today Charles is seeing his anecdote, which has been passed down to Brune since his death to this day. All of them are far from human beings. It can be said that there is only that.

"When I swung the sword, it seemed that there were three swords at such a high speed ............ War God Trigraph, if he could do that, he would be fighting more easily. I saw my portrait at Ganelon's mansion was also pretty beautified............... isn't there any truth in this country?"

As he was muttering and reading the documents, Ganelon came in.
"I'm ready. The soldiers are in place."

"Oh, good work"

Garlic Chives dried the wine in a breath and threw his pottery cup away. Then he glances at Ganelon lightly.

"I have something to say before the war."

Ganelon frowned.

"What is it?"

"There are a number of things, but the one I don't like the most is the ridiculous story of playing an instrument every time I defeat an enemy on the battlefield. If I did that, I would normally die."

"That's true," Ganelon shrugs.

"If I erased the statement that you were using a bow, that's what happened."

To that explanation, Charles twists his neck. He thought for a moment and took action as if he understood.

"In other words, did the words 'pulled the bowstring' becomes 'played the string'?"

"I think that's the place."

He turns Ganelon over his regal robe and leaves the curtain. With a stern look, he placed it beside him.

He wears a purple-based outfit and a leather bodice. A strap was hung from the bodice to hook and support the great sword. The shoes he wears are rugged and look heavy.

He stood up with Durandal, who was there.

When he left the tent, several soldiers were waiting. Below their knees are heavily soiled with dust. Ganelon was doing the "preparation" he said earlier.
Charles started walking, saying, "He did it well."

The distance from here to Rambouillet Fort is about 200 alshins (about 200 meters) in a straight line. Of course, there are trees between Brune and the fort, and the ground is so sloping that he can't go straight. Even if you run down the slope, the walls are waiting.

In addition, Charles led only 200 soldiers. Knowing that Rambouillet has 2,000 knights, Ganelon is concerned.

However, he told Ganelon that it was all that was needed. Ganelon frowned when he heard his thoughts, but he didn't object.

"It looks like morale is high."

Looking down at Kagari Fort, Charles laughs as if he was impressed. Bonfires were lit at regular intervals on the walls, and armed knights were on guard. Rambouillet will be an important base in the battle with Ganelon. The loyal knights were already uplifting their fighting spirit.

With Ganelon leading, Charles begins to walk. The soldiers followed later. Going a dozen steps in the dark, Ganelon stops in front of a tree.

The tree was firmly rooted in the ground, with a thick trunk and ropes tied to it. The rope extends straight to the south and disappears into the void.

The length of this rope is as high as 500 alshins.

He must have been tied to this tree at one end and to a large rock in the grassland that stretches down the mountain at the other end. He had Ganelon and his soldiers carry it there. Then, if you stretch the rope firmly so that it will not loosen, a hundred arsine ahead, it passes over the fort.

Charles grabbed the rope and shook it lightly, and he nodded satisfactorily.
"It was hard. It would have been troublesome."

In the darkness, he diverts the enemy's attention in another direction, descends the slope, being careful not to get caught in trees or branches, and carries the end of the rope to the tip of 500 alshins. There is no doubt that it was more like him, rather than a hassle.

Charles stretched lightly, then grasped Durandal with both hands and began to swing it.

Sometimes he swung it fast and sometimes slowly, as if to check the weight of the sword. He did this for a Count of two hundred.

After enough time, he carried a great sword with satisfaction.

Ganelon looks up at Charles.

"It's strange to hear after getting ready, but can you do it with your body?"

"What do you mean? Isn't this a good body?"

Charles laughed and answered Ganelon.

"For you, it's almost 300 years ago, so you may have forgotten it, but for me, it's been a few years now. As I get older, I don't want to gradually slip."

Charles continues, realizing that his body is full of power.

"I can't ride a horse. I can't swing my sword. My eyes are blurred. I can't walk without a wand. I can't drink alcohol anymore. Only his teeth were sturdy until the end ... You should have fixed that too."

"Don't overdo it"

Charles smiled with a fearless smile at Ganelon, who was terrified.

"It's true that he hasn't been trained as a warrior. He's pretty sick. But he's healthy without any chronic illness. It works as expected."
I'll show you how I can do it now at the royal palace. Don't you worry."

"I want to do that. It's unheard of to get a fort down like this."

"You always said that you should think of a hand that the enemy can't imitate."

To Charles, who laughs cheerfully, Ganelon shakes his head from side to side and then gives him what he has.

It was a pulley with handles on the left and right.

It was Charles's best idea to use this pulley to cross the rope and descend just above the Rambouillet fort. The commanders who heard the plan were so stunned that they couldn't speak.

However, Charles said it was the only one, and Ganelon agreed with a bitter smile. Of course, Charles is the only one to enter the fort this way.

Two hundred soldiers are waiting near the Rambouillet fort, waiting for Charles to open the gates.

He also had the purpose of drawing the attention of the knights of the fort until Charles rushed in.

"Then I'll go"

Charles hooks the pulley on the rope, as if he were going shopping. Ganelon said something.

He stared at the king with a blunt face, but just said, "Be careful."

Holding the pulley handle with both hands, Charles lifts his foot. The rope squeaked, and the next moment he cut the wind and descended. The speed increases every moment, and the night view composed of subtle shadows passes by at a tremendous speed. He struck his whole body as an intangible shock wave in the atmosphere. The subtle shaking of the pulley is like trying to shake it off to the ground.
Charles holds the handle firmly and looks at the approaching fort at a terrifying speed. The bonfire on the wall was an ideal landmark.

--Now, it's time for a match.

You should not let go of the handle half a moment early or, conversely, half a moment late. If you make a mistake, it will be slammed into the walls or the ground and turned into a bloody lump of meat.

A sudden breeze struck Charles. Her rope sways and her body leans. But Charles was in a hurry, he was staring at the front. His concentration is extraordinary.

He took his hands off the handle. Inertia wraps around Charles and pushes him away. It plunged in the wildness of a bird of prey that found its prey. The stone pavement on the wall is approaching. Charles quickly pulled out Durandal on his back and held it like a shield.

His feet touched the cobblestones. Charles lowered his posture. He endures the shock and survives the fall. Charles slipped over the ramparts, sprinkling sparks on the floor and making his deafening metallic sounds.

He skips one after another and runs from the northeast to the southeast on the wall in one breath.

At the end of the wall, Charles was finally able to stop his momentum. It took him a long time to get up because of the screams all over his body. Looking at his feet, his leather shoes were ragged and his toes were bare.

"The answer was correct with an iron plate in the sole. If I wasn't good at it, I would have lost my legs."

Shaking his durandal lightly and dexterously cutting the laces on his shoes, Charles took off his shoes. Then he looked at the knights who look like they are looking at something that isn't there.
For the knights, it was surprising to see people suddenly fall from the night sky. They grabbed his spear and shield, sweating while observing Charles in a long distance.

Charles carries Durandal on his shoulder and walks proudly. He calls the nearest knight with a smile

"Where is the commander of this fort? I'd be grateful if you could call him."

The knight shook his shoulder when an unidentified person spoke Brune. However, the language can be understood.

It seemed that he had regained his composure, albeit slightly.

"Who are you?"

Asked by a quivering voice, Charles smiles. It's different from the time of the royal palace. They wouldn't even be surprised at the moment.

Just how many people have a good reputation?

Charles walked to the side of the bonfire and looked around the knights.

"I'm surprised. I think the Rambouillets are among the top five in our Knights in terms of loyalty and courage.... Did you forget to see my face?"

The words confusedly fend off the knights, and then stare at Charles and Durandal. A knight screamed, "Ah," and his eyes were rounded.

"What if.... can it be your Majesty the King?"

"I'm really relieved that some people have decent eyes."

Knowing that he was the king, the knights seemed to be in further turmoil. Most of them hurriedly put their weapons on the spot, kneeled and hung their heads, but didn't know what had happened.
Some people are looking up at Charles and twisted his neck inwardly.

His face is certainly that of King Faron, as they know it. But King Faron was not bearded. His clothes look good, but he feels awkward. He is thoughtful and calm in his atmosphere and speaking style.

The king in front of them looks like a skilled warrior.

"His Majesty ...", one of the knights asked to panting.

"Why are you here? No, how on earth did you get here?"

"I don't mind explaining, but call your commander first."

A knight hurries and disappears in the dark. Charles decides to wait. He probably heard the noise and turmoil when he arrived, the entire fort was in a hurry. It won't be long before the commander appears here.

As Charles expected, the commander then appeared in counts of two hundred. He is a man in his mid-thirties called Ostrie. Of course, he remembers the king's face because he is about to serve as a knight captain. He took a breath when he saw Charles

But he didn't kneel right away and opened his mouth carefully.

"Are you really His Majesty Faron? I heard he was taken away by Duke Ganelon...."

At this time, many knights are gathering around Charles. Hearing that the king suddenly appeared, they rushed over.

Charles smiles inwardly. The larger the audience, the better.

"it is The opposite; Duke Ganelon helped me."

Charles shook his head, his face was covered with seriousness and rigor.
"Everything is a plot of the lords of Thenardier and other concubines. That man tempted Bachelard and he was afraid of him and my concubine daughter, Regin."

Ostrie couldn't hide the shock from these words.

"Re, if Her Royal Highness Regin is a puppet ...........?"

"Don't you think it was strange in the first place? For whatever reason, Regin was raised as a prince. What kind of farce is this?"

Ostrie was wondering about that, so he responded silently. Regin did not disclose why he was raised as a prince and her.

The summer night breeze blows through the walls and sways the bonfire. Charles continued.
"You know that Thenardier had an ambition. The man felt a sense of urgency as Bachelard, who was the guardian of Ganelon, continued his martial arts. However, Regnas was not the man who was compliant with Thenardier, even when he tried to counter Ganelon."

Of course, this is a "script" created by discussion between Charles and Ganelon.

"There, Thenardier looked for someone who looked a lot like Regnas and would be his puppet, but regin found out, so he thought of such a story. Even if he was suspected, he would have thought that if he won the battle and held down the throne, he could forcefully push it through."

Ostrie distorted his face and groaned. He was so confused that he had a headache when he heard the exact opposite, as he believed in the story of Ganelon's violence in the royal capital and the removal of King Faron. Moreover, it is King Faron who is telling him the story.

"There's one more thing I can't forgive. The Duke of Thenardier sees that he can't beat Bachelard on his own, and he sells his territory to neighboring countries. That's why the troops joined Regin."

Ostrie knew that the nations helped Regin in the decisive battle with Bachelard. Charles' words pierced his heart deeply, just as she wondered how she had taken the nations on her side.

"I will defeat Thenardier and others as the king's duty. However, I have few allies. Besides Ganelon, Sir Roland returned Durandal as a proof of his loyalty."

"Durandal"

Kira is shown the brilliance of Durandal, and the knights take a breath. For them, Roland's name and the glitter of Durandal were intense. Charles has a big smile.
“What say you? You may be confused by the sudden thing, but can you obey me?”

As a matter of fact, Charles doesn't care if they believe his story. However, he wanted subjects with a good reputation and is a war-seeker.

Charles calmly waits for an answer. After about twenty counts, Ostre shined a light of determination in her eyes and exhaled. Order the knights.

"Catch this man, but don't hurt him."

"Do you doubt my words?"

Charles's attitude asking so is neither upset nor discouraged. Ostrie replied suffocatingly, with some anxiety on his face.

"It's true that His Majesty Regin has some suspicions, and His Majesty may be right, but I just can't believe that Duke Ganelon is a loyal vassal. No. I would like to say more..."

Ostrie swallows the words. King Faron, who he knew, could not be dressed like this, and he was not a man who fought with his own sword. He tried to say that, but his loyalty to the royal family was too strong. He stopped talking about it.

The three knights hesitate to point their spears at Charles.

However, something happened there. A knight slammed Ostrie and pointed a dagger at his nape. It was Raoul, the deputy leader.

"I believe in His Majesty's words"

"Raoul ..."

Dragging the astonished Ostrie, Raoul turns his back on the battlement.

In case of emergency, it was to push Ostrie off the wall.
"I'll take it from here, Ostrie."

With a hot tone, Raoul calls on the knights.

"I've always thought it was weird. Is there such a stupid story that a woman has been raised as a prince until eighteen? And then, the Duke of Thenardier is quietly following the princess. The same is true for reinforcements. There is no easy way to send reinforcements."

The knights were in trouble. If you move poorly, the deputy leader will really kill the leader.

"It's Raoul," Ostrie glared at the deputy leader and squeezed out his voice.

"You appealed to me the same thing the other day. I have a plausible reason, but I have the opportunity to earn a martial art. I'm just dissatisfied that the battle ended without getting it!"

Raoul becomes a kid and yells, "What?" Immediately after that, applause rang.

"That's right. It's only natural that a knight wants to go to the battlefield and earn a martial art."

It was Charles who applauded. He smiles and asks Raoul.

"I've heard that there are 2,000 knights in this fort ........ Raoul, who agrees with your idea?"

After screaming from tension, Raoul replied, breathing hard.

"500 confirmed, but I-I expect to have a thousand."

"Don't speak such bullshit!"

Ostrie screams in anger. Charles called there.

"Then cross your sword against me, Ostrie."

Not only Ostrie but also Raoul is embarrassed by the sudden proposal. Charles continued.
"Your bravery is commendable. It's not fun to let you die as it is. So, let's decide with a sword whether they will leave this fort. Good luck too you."

Silence dominated this place for about a breath.

"Point my sword at Your Majesty ......?"

As if panting, Ostrie murmured. When he ordered the knights to capture Charles, he had no hesitation. But when it comes to duels, that won't happen.

Perhaps sensing his inner feelings, Charles fueled Ostrie's fighting spirit.

"If you don't pull out your sword, you'll die."

Ostrie has long served as a knight captain and, of course, is confident in his sword arm. He couldn't pass it off because he was told something like in front of his subordinates. His sense of mission to capture this man springs up again.

"I accept."

At the command of Charles, Raoul releases Ostrie's restraint. Charles thrust his treasure sword on the floor and stole the sword from a nearby knight. Ostrie also receives a sword from his subordinates.

The knights surrounding them buzzed. Without knowing what was happening, their leader and the king were about to start a duel. Unable to support either side, they gulped down and watched the clash between the two.

Ostrie holds a sword. Charles responded with his sword on his shoulder.

"Your Majesty, be prepared for some injuries."

"Come at me"
Ostrie kicks the floor with a scream of spirit. Charles glanced at the speed and sharpness of his stepping, the unification of himself and the sword, and the lean movement that only he seemed to have. Most of the knights couldn’t even react.

A sharp metallic sound is sucked into the night sky. It was Ostre's sword that flew in the air while spinning.

Ostrie’s thrust was perfect. But Charles's sword was faster and more powerful than him. At the moment of the clash, Charles scooped up his sword from bottom to top and flicked the sword in front of him. Ostrie has his right hand fall in front of Charles. His three fingers were bent.

"It was a good match"

Throwing the borrowed sword back to the owner, Charles saw Raoul.

"Then, let me see your skill. Please explain the situation to those here."

Raoul nodded with a tense look, looking around the gathering knights and telling Charles in a loud voice. The reactions of the knights were a mix of shock, anger, and confusion it seemed unlikely that it will be settled suddenly.

"Quiet!"

The knights were surprised and shrugged as the screams echoed. It was Charles who barked.

"There are some things to think about, but in the end, you can only choose one in two. Will you fight according to me or leave this fort according to Ostre?"

Suddenly, Charles lifts only one end of his mouth.

"Is there anyone else willing to fight me?"
No one responded to the provocation. Right now, they saw him defeat Ostrie with a single blow and show his strength, so it's no wonder that there were no replies.

Raoul went in front of Charles with four knights. He respectfully kneels his knees.

"We pledge allegiance to His Majesty. Our sword will defeat His Majesty's enemies."

The voice was never loud, but it reached the ears of the knights gathering here. About half is Lau

He kneels to imitate Le and his friends. Those who did not look desperate, and he was staring at the fallen Ostrie.

Just because Raoul, the deputy leader, was a subordinate, didn't mean that things went smoothly. Not all of his soldiers in the fort were gathered on the walls. In addition, it was said that they were enraged when they were informed of the situation.

Clashes between knights took place everywhere, and the Knights of Rambouillet killed ten and injured more than thirty. If Ostrie and Raoul had not soothed them, these numbers would have increased even more.

More than 1,200 knights refused to obey Charles, and they were stripped of all their armaments and driven out of the fort.

There were Two hundred Lutetian soldiers waiting outside pass through the fort's gate to replace those who have been expelled.

Among them was the figure of Ganelon.

Ganelon asks one of his soldiers where Charles is and heads to the wall.

Charles silently saw off the Ostrie exiles as they moved away from the fort. He Notice the sign of Ganelon and looks back. Ganelon stood next to him.
"I was wondering if there was any help, but you fell into it by yourself."

"I just put it on. Those guys who were ordered to look out and couldn't take credit."

Charles told Ganelon the whole story of what happened inside the fort.

"If we couldn't move because we could only hear stories of war and martial arts from outside, that would be it."

"It's wonderful"

Ganelon breathes out admiration. There is no doubt that the knights were dissatisfied, as Charles said. But who else can imitate this?

He has some doubts, though. The knights were walking away on the ground surrounded by darkness with a torch that lit a fire

Looking at them, Ganelon asked.

"Why didn't you kill them?"

"We have to spread our presence. Not only in the royal capital, but also in other cities and towns. Even a bad reputation will do."

Ganelon nodded in a daze to Charles, revealing his surprised expression.

"I have no excuses. It seems better to revise the plan."

Charles's plan is to use the names of Faron and Ganelon to call all over Brune and recruit soldiers. Ganelon was reluctant, but was pushed out and finally agreed. However, looking at this result, it was still impossible.

However, Charles returned an unexpected word.

"It's not necessary. I'm sure I can do it on schedule."

"......What do you mean?"
When Ganelon looks suspiciously, Charles replies happily.

"the story I heard about you from the knights was terrible. They called you Ruthless, wicked, cruel, crazy......... I was confused at first because it was quite different from you."

For a moment, Charles kept an eye out for Ganelon. Ganelon responds without changing his expression.

"That's right ....... It was natural to do that after you died."

Charles sighed a little. But he quickly regains his mind.

"You said that nearly 800 knights would obey me, even though you were there. Isn't that a big deal?"

"It May be because of Faron's name and distrust of Regin."

"That's what we wanted to know. The name of the king, the weaknesses of the enemy, your infamy, all of them. How many people will follow if you add and subtract these factors?"

Turning his gaze into the fort, Charles continues happily.

"Even those who are in the immediate vicinity of your territory and know about you to some extent have 40% left. The farther you go, the less your infamy is. You can expect a lot."

"But the more people gather under us, the more suspicious you will be. They'll question if you're really King Faron."

"you've been rusty in 300 years."

Charles saw Ganelon, who described the anxiety factor, with a dismayed face. He hits his chest.

"The owner of this body-the current king seems to be a pretty good guy, but what kind of personality does this guy really have? How many people does he know? How many people are hungry to talk to him? I know I used to do it a long time ago. However, the King is just a decoration and a story. "
Recalling something, Charles smiled with a nasty smile.

"But there are limits to everything. As I said in the mountains, I don't think my anecdote of the last 300 years was very human."

"I just matched them tastes to your tastes of appearance and vain. It would have been common to say more than 10,000 when only 2,000 or 3,000 soldiers were available."

Ganelon also makes fun of him. Charles shook his head as if he was surrendering.

"I admit my mistakes quietly. Prepare a bard, a scholar, and a painter. I'll feel sick if I don't leave the real thing with the decorations stripped off as much as possible. Even if one night is four, you'll have six or seven opponents in half an hour. The delusion of the pure minded is a little more realistic."

"I should have been dealing with about half of that."

Before becoming king, Charles was amorous and loved by women. He should have been completely obsessed with the identity of the other person, and had a wide range of relationships, from influential women to prostitutes. Ganelon at the time had a hard time figuring out Charles' relationship with women.

"Half of them are twenty-five, no, was that so ...? Well, let's get back to the story. The king's and his behavior and the anecdotes that are spreading in the streets. Many of them were repaired in consideration of their physical condition as a king. My behavior is the original behavior of the king."

"Is it about spreading rumors that everyone thinks so?"

Ganelon nodded. Certainly, it would be better to divide this much. He can teach about Faron, but if he tries to play halfway, he will surely get tripped up somewhere.

Many people only see what they want to see.
"Then what to do next ..."

When Charles said so, there was a change in the darkness away from them. The darkness wriggles and resembles a person. There are three of them. And the miasma blew from the depths of the darkness.

"What is it, Curene people?"

Ganelon looks back and stands to protect Charles. The three contours are thick and have black robes.

They walked here without the sound of footsteps.

The two faced each other about ten steps away, and one of the black robes uttered a voice.

"When should the 'ritual' start?"

"It's a little later. There is something to do first."

"Is there anything that should be prioritized over our wishes?"

One of the other black robed figures said this. Whereas the previous voice was that of a man, this was a voice of a woman. When Ganelon tried to answer, Charles cut in from behind.

"Who are these guys?"

"they are the Apostles of Archen."

Ganelon replies, looking at the black robes. When he told Charles about the modern situation, it was easy to explain. Charles muttered, "Hey," and carried his treasure sword on his shoulder, passing by Ganelon.

He walked up to the apostles and stood in front of them.

"Are you trying to revive a god who died for hundreds of years?"
"That's is correct."

The apostle answers with an emotionless voice. It just responded to what was asked.

A hostile glow lit up in Charles' eyes. A ridicule appears in his mouth.

"I met your god in the afterlife. It was a bastard without a piece of gratitude."

A jarring sound of collision drowned out the end of the word, and Charles jumped back.

It looked like Ganelon. The apostle flutters his robe and swings his thin arm to the side, and Charles blocked it with his treasure sword.

Ganelon squinted and glared at the apostle.

"If you go wild, we can't cooperate after that."

What's wrong is that Charles, who provoked it earlier, is bad. But if he admits it, he doesn't know how it will act. Checking was the priority.

The apostles are silent. After about five counts, one uttered a voice.

"When will it be time?"

"In the not too distant future, the Lord of Marksmen will come to this land, after dismissing that man."

The hem of the apostles' robes shimmers as if they were struck by the wind. The word Lord of Marksmen captures their attention.

It seemed to stimulate one of them. Ganelon makes a smile on the edge of his mouth.

"Do you care? It's similar to you."
“Where on earth could he be?”

The female voice uttered doubts.

"Isn't everything different between us and the Lord of Marksmen? Do you say that just because you can't do it?"

The hood that the voice lord is wearing comes off. What appeared from inside was the face of a young and beautiful girl.

She looks to be in the mid-twenties. She cuts her bright black hair over her eyebrows at night, and her back extends to her shoulders. Her head wore a golden crown that imitated a scorpion.

She smiles, but her eyes are so intimidating that an ordinary person would be faint if she looked at them.

She is not particularly conscious of it. For them, this is natural.

"Well, why don't you think for yourself. Maybe it's just a playful word."

When Ganelon let go, the apostle in the form of a woman showed signs of moving.

"--Stop"

However, the voice of another apostle stops the movement of the female apostle. The tactile air that drifted between her and Ganelon instantly dissipated.

The apostle who prevented the conflict stares at Ganelon from the back of the hood.

"Don't forget. There are many temples without gods here."

The next moment, the apostles faded away. The outline fluctuated and melted into the darkness.

Their appearances disappear completely.

"Did they go home?"
Charles sighed. Sweat is dripped on his forehead.

"If you see someone you don't like, fix the habit of fanning the flames for the time being."

Ganelon first complained. Charles replies with a bitter smile.

"You must have been on board."

"Rather than letting it go halfway, if I joined, I might be able to elicit some reaction from the other party. There was a harvest. By the way, is the previous story true?"

When Ganelon asks, Charles twists his head to say what it is.

"It's just a story of seeing Archen in the afterlife."

"That. I'm sure it's a lie."

With a serious look, Charles replied, stunning Ganelon.

"Most of the time, I don't even know if there is an afterlife. In my sense, I woke up when I thought I was dead .......... No, wait, I died. I feel like I saw something while I was there. I don't know for sure. But it could just be a dream."

"That's why I often got rid of that kind of sarcasm."

Charles shows a bad smile to Ganelon, who had a disgusted face.

"I'm going to move on to the next action. All the knights here go backwards. We'll Run soldiers all over the place."

Ganelon respectfully bowed to the king's words.

"As it is, Your Majesty"

He said it aloud. After all his king is only this man.

After Ganelon left, Charles alone had a complicated smile on his face where his comrades stood. He was staring at you.
"I thought it was a promise that I didn't have to fulfill, but it didn't work ..."

About 300 years ago, Charles and Ganelon fought a demon named Koschei. It was forceful struggle, but Eventually Ganelon ate Koschei and won.

"I'm a human now, but maybe my body and mind will eventually become a demon. I'll tell you If I was worried."

Ganelon gained immortal power. He was freed from old age and death.

"I don't know what will happen to this demon-eating body."

After the battle was over, Ganelon made a promise with Charles.

“When you get to a certain point......”

Charles did not forget that promise. And while he was alive, the two worried things happened didn't come. It was a useless promise. It was supposed to be.

-But I will keep my promise.

He Muttered without speaking. Shaking off his sentiment, Charles lit his eyes.

-I don't know if Ganelon was thinking so much ...

He is grateful that the Archen apostles are by his side.

——If you're over the sea, it's hard to go for a slash. Destroy them while you are in this world.

Charles was so determined.

—-

Around noon, three days after Charles' declaration of war, A letter was delivered under Regin, who was in charge of affairs in the office of the royal palace.
It was carried by a Ganelon messenger who visited the royal palace half an hour ago. The messenger wants to have an audience with the princess.

However, Regin refused to do so and instructed him to receive only the letter.

After reading the letter, Regin shook her body with anger. She puts the letter on her office desk and tears it open.

Jeanne, who was waiting beside her, hurriedly snuggled up.

"What happened, Your Highness?"

Regin silently gazes at the letter. Jeanne, who suspiciously turned to her letter, said she was utterly disappointed.

"I am Faron-Soleil-Louis-Blanville-de-Charles. From last winter to this summer I lost my two sons. Regnas and Bachelard. The woman named Regin, who claims to be my daughter, is a concubine and teamed up with the Duke of Thenardier to assassinate Regin ...."

In addition, Faron calls Ganelon his only sincere collaborator and writes that he will, with his help, recapture the royal capital from the dirty hands of the ambitious.

"Bayard: Those who seek justice and victory should gather under the flag of my red horse. Show your courage, show your talent, and earn your martial arts. I have already captured the Rambouillet fort, followed by a large number of knights who have awakened to the truth, and siege the royal capital. I'm preparing to go."

The end was closed with such a sentence.

Regin doesn't say a word, clenching her teeth and staring at the wall with her blue eyes shining brightly. When they opened their mouth, her enemies insulted not only herself but also her father. She could no longer forgive whatever happened.

After a hundred counts, Regin finally regained some calm.
“Immediately confirm whether Rambouillet was really trapped.”

Jeanne replied "immediately," but she didn't have to take action. A knight breathlessly appeared to cover the news, announcing the fall of Rambouillet. Approximately 1,200 knights led by the knight captain Ostrie attacked.

It was also reported that the attacking forces are heading for the royal capital.

Regin looks back at Jeanne when she dismisses the knight with the words of dismay. She expressed in a tired voice to call the generals to hold an urgent military congress.

—

After returning to her room after the military congress, Ludie sat on the couch and sighed deeply.

-No way could Rambouillet be trapped in a day.

The strategy of attacking Lutetia based in Rambouillet has been completely overturned. The Brune army must regain this fort. Moreover, there is no grace period to act.

They even sent her a letter in the name of Faron. As well as the lords of Brune.

There is no doubt about it; If you leave Charles and Ganelon alone, the wounds you've suffered will deepen over time, giving them an advantage. They should have defeated these two as soon as possible.

In that case, siege weapons cannot be used to capture Rambouillet. There are two reasons for this.

One is that if you prepare a siege engine from now on, it will take time and the march speed will slow down. The initial march schedule is to leave the royal capital and reach Rambouillet in five days.
However, carrying a siege engine would take nearly double the number of days. In addition, the enemy will set up various obstacles, so considering that, it will not be doubled.

The other is to use Rambouillet as a base if it falls. With that in mind, siege engines couldn't destroy the walls and gates unnecessarily.

So how do you capture the fort in just a few days without using siege weapons? Surprisingly, it was Zion-Thenardier who offered the solution.

He attended the military congress because the Duke of Thenardier recommended him as a commander to replace him, and Regin agreed, so he attended the military congress.

However, he suggested that:

"I should cross the wall with a flying dragon and open the gate from the inside."

It was unexpected for everyone that Zion would take such a dangerous role.

This plan was adopted, and the Brune army started the royal capital with the Vorn corps led by Tigre and the Thenardier corps led by Zion, respectively, and was divided into two to aim for Rambouillet. In line with that, the scheduled departure was also changed to three days later.

Tigre was reluctant to split the army into two because the enemy robbed him of the fort, but he finally acknowledged it, partly because Zion did not give up and the need to rush the march increased.

——If possible, I would like to defeat either Ganelon or Charles with my own hands...

It will be difficult. Ganelon is not a human being, and Charles's physique surpasses Roland and repelled Mila’s spear with his bare hands.
In the first place, she doesn't know if they are staying in Rambouillet.

But she didn't want to give up.

When Ludie thinks so far, the door is hit from the outside.

When she replied and opened the door, her mother, Gracia, stood there. Ludie rounds her eyes.

"Oh, mom ...?"

"I have something to talk about, Ludie"

Gracia is smiling. But Ludie knew she would never laugh in her mind. But she can't refuse, she invites her into her room. as the two face each other, they sat down.

"I'll confirm it again, but will you participate in the subjugation of the Duke of Ganelon?"

There was no introduction, and her mother asked this frankly. Her eyes are full of dignity, she won't lie or cheat, as she's supposed to be honest. Ludie stretched her chest and gazed at her mother.

"Of course"

"To avenge that person's death?"

"I have that feeling, but as a nobleman who pledges allegiance to the royal family, as a member of the Bergerac family, there is no option to stand aside in the battle of Her Royal Highness and Ganelon."

Gracia sighs, from her expression and voice was the feeling that her daughter's determination is extraordinary. She was expecting her to say this and quickly regained her mind.

"Okay. Then decide on your engagement partner by tomorrow. I've chosen about three people."

Gracia names the three aristocrats while Ludie rounds her eyes,
"Huh?"

Two of the three were Counts. All of them are young in their twenties, and although they have no spectacular martial arts or achievements, they have solid skills.

They each seem to be governing the territory inherited from their ancestors' generation.

After listening to her mother's explanation, Ludie asks intimidatingly.

"Oh, mom .......... what do you mean?"

At that moment, her intimidation at Gracia increased. Ludie shrugs.

"As a nobleman, as a member of the Bergerac family, and so on, you seem to be neglecting your aristocratic obligations to fulfill more than anything else."

Ludie finally understood what her mother wanted to say. Gracia continues with a heavy tone.

"Pass on your Blood and leave the house... he would have said many times that it was the most important role of the successor to the Bergerac family. There are still three younger brothers besides you if you will die in the next battle. Should that happen, I will remarry and give birth to a child, or there is no choice but to adopt a person with a bloodline that is as close to the direct line as possible."

"I understand what you say mom, but it makes sense to get engaged before you go out ..."

Ludie managed to evade with this, but her mother was unforgiving.

"If you're engaged, you'll be able to count on your relatives even after you die. Bergerac can't beat the Thenardiers alone. We need one allies."
With respect and awe, Ludie looks at Gracia. She loves her mom and her father.

This mother of hers is the one who can advance her thoughts.

"But an engagement with someone I haven't even seen before ....."

"The engagement and marriage of aristocrats is almost always like that. And with your Highness's escort role or whatever, it's not bad that you were flying around like a butterfly."

The modest counterargument was immediately crushed. Ludie, in a difficult situation, turns her face down and glances at her upper eyes.

While looking up, Ludie resolves herself.

"Oh, actually, I'm curious, no, I have a preferred lord ..."

Her mother's expression changed, Her interest is diminishing her intimidation.

"Who?"

With her face flushed, Ludie uttered the name "Tigrevurmud-Vorn". "And her mother nods, and she looks away from her daughter as if to think about something.

"Does Sir Tigrevurmud have the same feelings as you?"

"Of course!"

She returned in a loud voice. she couldn't say She confessed and was turned down.

"Although the birthplace he is from is that of a count family, the territory is small and the friendship is not wide. He is the same age as you, and doesn't have any troublesome relatives..."

Ludie shakes her head many times. Apparently this sounded she was in the clear, but Gracia turned her gaze back to her daughter with a chilling expression.
"...But no"

"Why?!?!?!

Gracia sighed as she saw Ludie screaming with her hips up from her couch.

"Sir Tigrevurmud will also participate in the subjugation battle. There are four possible endings. You Both will return safely, both of you will die, or Only one you will return; you or Sir Tigrevurmud."

Folding her fingers, Gracia makes a rough estimate.

"I have nothing to say about the first. The problem is the other scenarios. If you don't come back, the blood of the Bergerac family will die. If you're the only one coming back, you can have trouble. Searching for the next partner will be difficult."

"Does that mean there is no one to line up with Tigre?"

It was a casual question, but Gracia spilled a bitter smile.

"You don't have to be slow in a place like this. Instead, you're the one in a relationship between Sir Tigrevurmud as a man and a woman. It will seem that it was like this, and it will be shunned, naturally. For the past few months, you've been a captain and deputy captain in his organized squadron."

To her mother's explanation, Ludie again makes his face bright red.

Regardless of her daughter's reaction, Gracia continues.

"One more thing. The Vorn family without Sir Tigrevurmud is unattractive."

Without a word, Ludie sunk down. Making an unwanted engagement with someone you haven't even met... If she doesn't go to war, she can put off the engagement story. But when she thought of her kind father's remorse, she couldn't accept it.
How about leaving the royal palace secretly, pretending to obey my mother?

"You're thinking of fooling me and joining the battle."

She was spotted.

"Well, I'm thinking about that..."

Ludie tries to cheat with a tense smile, but her fine face can't hide her upset. Gracia made a suggestion after she sighed so deeply. Upon hearing that, Ludie, with her shocking face on her knees.

"Even so, I wonder if blood can't compete for this kind of thing."

In the words of her mother, Ludie shook her head. What exactly is she saying?

"I didn't tell you, but I told Rashlow my thoughts."

"I've heard from my father."

Ludie smiles at her mother. Gracia nodded to shake her entire body.

"It was a long battle in my life, one or two. I kept being turned down because of my status. She listened. It took me half a year to get it, three years to get my thoughts, and another two years to get an answer. How long have you been told, "Don't make fun of me"?"

"I think I kept refusing even if I was a father."

Her father was a knightly leader of the Knights of Navarre, but he was born a commoner, not a genuine aristocrat. It is not something that matches the daughter of the Duke's family.

"But my eyes were right?"

Gracia smiles at her favorite smile.

"Of course, Rashlow didn't do anything. After accepting my thoughts, he did his best not to be slandered or ashamed as the heir to the Duke's family. If so, do what you can."
Ludie looks down at her knees again. Countless emotions swirled deep inside her chest.

—

After the military congress was over, Tigre went to the bathhouse. He wanted to think alone.

The hot water was completely lukewarm because it was a long time, but it was still comfortable.

-No way, I and Sir Zion will each lead the army ...

Considering the time of the Muozinel attack last spring, he thinks this scenario is unbelievable.

Although disgust for Zion always comes first, he is the only one who sees the potential of his proposal. Besides, Zion's expression showed his strong will to get it done. He should cooperate and Trust him.

——Even so, I'm grateful that Elen and her friends are in the royal capital.

With them and Roland, they will protect Regin from any enemy.

When he started thinking about the march to Rambouillet, he heard a noise around the doorway.

-Who came in So late?

He saw a figure in the depths of the darkness. His height is shorter than himself. The figure was staring at him from the doorway, but soon he approached with a stride.

Tigre glances at her eyes. The true identity of the figure was Ludie. She wraps a large, thick cloth around her body to hide her chest and mid-thighs, but she doesn't wear anything underneath because the contours of her body are raised.

Her facial expression contains a lot of embarrassment, and her collarbone, chest, and curves from her chest to her hips.
She was sensational enough to be overwhelmed.

"Ti Tigre," Ludie calls on Tigre with her tense face and screaming voice.

"I've come to clean your back. Come on, please."

She put her hand on her waist, stepped on the floor, stretched her chest, and said it as if it were a declaration of war. Tigre stares at her with her dismayed face. She seemed to be joking or pulling a prank.

They stare at each other for ten counts in awkward silence

"Did you not take a bath yet Ludie? I'll be out..."

Tigre stands up trying to make such an interpretation. However, he immediately reconsidered and shouldered again.

Soaked in hot water, a part of his body has reacted strongly to the appearance of Ludie. He hid his crotch with his hands.

It's really embarrassing to leave the bathhouse.

The pail etc. are far away. When she was wondering what was going on, Ludie moved. She dropped her cloth on the floor

She then enters the bathtub without hiding her body. Literally all of her jumped into his sight, and Tigre was confused. His body gets hot and he gets more and more immobile.

Ludie entered the hot water bath and sneaked into Tigre, slamming her breath.

"Come on, Tigre, how about you? On the contrary, you can shed your back."

Tigre closes his eyes tightly, kneeling and squeezing the hot water around Ludie.
He thought he had to get away from the scene. However, Ludie's white naked body is already burned on the back of his eyelids. Because of that, his sense of direction doesn't work at all.

He felt his right hand touching the edge of the bathtub. Tigre stands vigorously with his eyes open, hiding his crotch with his left hand.

There was Ludie's face in front of her. She was finally out of the bathtub.

"Come on, Tigre..."

Ludie reached out to Tigre with her hands. When Tigre reflexively backs off, she steps into the tub again and slipped.

Tigre quickly reaches for Ludie. A huge splash was made.

"Are you Okay, Ludie"

Tigre hugged her, sitting by the edge of the tub, one step above her bottom.

Ludie's soft body is in close contact with his own body. His face got hot, but Tigre managed to use his reasoning to lie down Ludie. Then he notices that his left hand is touching her breast.

As he tried to release, Ludie grabbed Tigre's left hand.

"Feel me more, Tigre"

Ludie laughs with her cheerful face. He turned his eyes on her breasts. Her well-shaped breasts gets wet with hot water and gives off a luster that seems to be eye catching. There was a light red protrusion in the center.

"By the way, I've been helped like this by you in the past when I was fourteen."

Ludie smiles. The scene at that time was revived in Tigre's mind.
Four years ago, when they played together in his home river. In a river so shallow that the water didn't reach her knees, Ludie slipped her feet on her. Tigre hugged her at once, but both of them fell down and got soaked from head to toe.

The same thing happened at the age of ten and at the age of eleven. At that time, they looked at each other and laughed innocently. But when they were fourteen, it was different because they were growing up.

The contours of her body, which emerged from her wet clothes, made him feel unspeakable. It wasn't just shame that he felt. At that time, Tigre cares for her, but at the same time, he also wanted to hug her delicate body.

When he vaguely remembered the old days, his left hand was moving. His five fingers stroke Ludie's breasts, kneading to check the softness. Ludie choked her voice.

Tigre, who returned to his senses with that voice, shook Ludie's hand and stood up in a hurry.

"Sorry, I'm sorry ....!"

But his impatience and upset demeanor was soon replaced another feeling. Ludie's gaze was focused on his crotch. It's because he hugged Ludie that he has been asserting himself without resting. Or even more, he is full of vitality.

Tigre hurriedly jumped out of the bathtub. He just tried to leave the bathroom, but he stopped at the second step.

It would be bad if someone knew that he and Ludie were in the bathhouse together. Besides, Ludie's actions are out in the open.

She may not be able to think that way because he got out of the hot water.
She turns her back on him and waits silently to talk about her circumstances.

After a while, she started talking little by little.

As a condition to participate in the subjugation of Ganelon, Gracia demanded that her daughter takes a lover before going to war

She wants to have a relationship with Tigre.

"Why does Gracia have such a condition ...?"

"Maybe I said it to give up."

Tigre was convinced. Perhaps from her daughter's attitude, Gracia found out that Tigre and Ludie were not lovers. So she took advantage of Ludie's vanity.

He gets angry. He doesn't feel angry with either Ludie or Gracia.

It can be said that it is the duty of the lord aristocrat to pass on their blood. But if Tigre wants to be with Mila, it may not be possible to fulfill these obligations in some circumstances.

Tigre has his half-brother, Dian. But Dian is only three years old. He could be left behind his father if he could, but it's not a good decision now.

Now he should get rid of Ludie's problems.

he can't leave her alone. Tigre shook his head from side to side to switch his thoughts and looked back at her. He tried to say his words to Ludie, who was looking down, but what should he say when she was in a hurry?

The words didn't come to mind.

"I'll help you as much as I can ........"

Ludie raises her face. Her happy smile was all on her face.

"You like me, right?"
"Well, if you ask me if I like you, There is no choice but to admit it. I should say I hate lies for myself and Mila, but I don't think they're right, and such lies will soon be spotted."

"Then you can choose both me and Mila. I didn't do this just because of my mother's request and momentum. I wanted to do that myself."

In the last words, Tigre was surprisingly upset. His desire to hug her brings his vitality back.

Ludie is such a woman.

She can think that she wants him to love her, not that she wants him to choose herself. He has to return something to her unwavering feelings.

"And it's not uncommon for influential aristocrats to have two or three wives. They have one wife, but as long as they are there for her, she doesn't care. And it's also a policy to have a lover."

"Is that so? No, I'm not going to insult you, but if I'm in that position, I think I'll take what I should accept and do it well ...."

"I know that, but I'm not that dexterous."

"I don't think it's an insult, but it's a good place to start."

Tigre shrugs his shoulders. At that time, Ludie's line of sight moved.

Tigre couldn't say anything.

However, the softness of the heavy air may have been at least a slapstick moment.

"Even so, a man's thing grows like that."
After returning to his room, Tigre turned on the candlestick and began to take care of the black bow. As he wipes his bow trunk with tanned deer fur, the desire to go hunting rises. He suddenly had a thought.

*I've been praying to Ellis until now... Should I pray to Tir Na Fal if I use this black bow? The act of killing prey is often death, which is also true of the goddess.*

Aside from before, there is no refusal to pray to Tir Na Fal now. However, for more than ten years after learning the bow, Tigre has been chanting the name of Ellis. He wasn't even averse to Ellis. However, it is confusing to change the target suddenly.

He wondered if he should use the name of Tir Na Fal when using a black bow and the name of Ellis when using a normal bow, but he is likely to make a mistake at the moment... He thought he'd put it on hold, but if he wasn't sure what to do if he went hunting, he wouldn't be able to aim.

--**Do I chant the names of Ellis and Tir Na Fal ...?**

It is common to chant the names of multiple gods. If you get used to it, the feeling of strangeness will disappear, and you can only sing one or the other. It must be sincere.

With that in mind, Tigre decided to convince himself for the time being.

---

The next morning, Tigre and Ludie visited Gracia, who was staying in a room in the royal palace.

He welcomes Gracia with a smile and recommends a sofa. He started talking as he felt things.

"I'm not in love with Ludiene."
Gracia nodded, not surprisingly.

"I'm sorry. I thought I could leave my duke's house in your hands."

"I'm sorry," Tigre bowed.

"On top of that, I have a request. Could you unconditionally allow Ludiene to participate in the war?"

Gracia's eyes are squinted. Perhaps she took it as a challenge, she smiled happily.

"I'd like to say no, but I wonder if you can tell me the reason for the time being."

Her tone is quiet, but she is dignified. She has never stood on the battlefield, but she was born into the Duke's family and she is sick. She is a veteran aristocrat who has survived fierce political disputes.

Tigre was really happy that she wasn't good at her abdomen. She doesn't want to convince the other person, of course, but she can be confident that she will be instantly crushed if she imitates poorly.

"Because Ludiene is one of the most indispensable members of the upcoming battle."

"Why her in particular?"

"Her strength as a warrior, her skill as a commander to boost the morale of her soldiers, her sense of security when fighting side by side with me, her dependability when entrusted with one aspect. Her confidence... I've been working with Ludie since the beginning of spring... but I've been helped many times."

"I don't think this is a role that only Ludie can do. If you're competent, you can do it with others. I wonder if there is any other reason..."

Tigre shook his head as Gracia asked in a provocative tone.
"Each one may be a substitute, but all of this can be done by yourself. When it comes to that, it's unlikely that If Ludiene is missing, the chances of winning are very small. That's what I think."

Gracia urges her ahead with her gaze. Tigre sat back on the couch and continued his words.

"The battle with Bachelard was the death of the royal family. The upcoming battle will be worse, even with the death of the kingdom. His purpose is to seize the country, Charles said. I can't imagine how he is going to get it done, but I'm sure it's going to make a big difference to Brune. If you lose this battle, the current Brune will be gone."

"Yeah. And I'm sorry for the Bergerac family and the Vorn family..."

Gracia turns her gaze to Ludie. Ludie stretched her back and endured her mother's gaze. She smiles at that attitude.

In response, Gracia returns her gaze to Tigre.

"I know you really want to bring Ludie. You Don't hesitate to use her to increase your chances of winning. But what does it mean to be unconditional? Engage someone before the sortie."

"Engagement with anyone is only a burden to the current Lord Ludiene, and the situation has changed while we are talking about her. To obey King Faron rather than Her Royal Highness. Who chooses, how much does she come out with..."

Looking at the declaration of war on Regin, it's easy to imagine that the enemy would gather allies in the name of King Faron.

If it's Regin vs. Ganelon, there's hardly anything on the side of Ganelon. But if its Regin vs. Faron, there will definitely be someone who will be attached to Faron.

"It looks like my field of vision was narrowing ... I have to thank you."
Gracia took her breath and admitted her fault. If any of her fiancée's family and relatives say he follows King Faron, the Begeracs will be blamed for making a mistake in rushing their engagement.

"Don't worry. Gracia's thoughts are about Ludiene and the Bergerac family."

Tigre says so and soothes her. If Rashlow was alive, Gracia would be so far engaged to her daughter. he must not be particular about it. He couldn't blame her for thinking so.

However, she didn't seem to have to worry. She immediately regained her mind and began to think about something, comforting her eyes.

She shines brightly.

"I might be able to use her engagement as a bait to expose someone who is likely to turn into an enemy."

Both Tigre and Ludie are stunned, and the words come out at once. In addition, Gracia looked into Tigre's face and she made a ridiculous suggestion.

"Why don't I adopt you if you're okay?"

Ludie stand up and shout. Gracia replied calmly.

"It's only natural to adopt a good young man. It seems like there is a precedent to accept such a person into the Begerac family."

"Oh, mom!! What are you talking about?"

"If you accept, I can help you in various ways."

"No .... This is a special invitation, but I will refrain from doing so."

Tigre bows his head so as not to be rude. He felt reminded of the warmth of the great aristocrats.

"I'm sorry," Gracia simply pulls back.
"By the way, it's a little different, but have you ever heard that if an accident or illness caused a serious injury to your face or body, you would have a marriage or engagement?"

"That's right. It's not a rare story, not just for aristocrats."

"Yes, Sir Tigrevurmu, can I expect your sense of responsibility?"

Tigre frowns, not understanding the meaning of Gracia's words.

"What do you mean?"

"You want to take Ludie to the battlefield, but you don't want to get engaged. So who would take responsibility for Ludie's injuries that on the battlefield?"

Tigre was stuck in his words. Gracia is right.

"For example, let's say you have a wound on your stomach. Even if you can usually hide it with clothes, when Ludie is connected to a lord, and she shows the wound to that lord... It may cause a problem. Do you understand what I mean?"

That being said, Tigre has no choice but to answer.

"OK. If Ludie gets hurt, I'll take responsibility."

"OK. I'm depending your sense of responsibility."

Gracia gets up from the sofa and she holds the cloth wrap that was leaning against the wall with both hands and offers it to Ludie.

When Ludie removes the package, a swinging sword appears from inside.

The golden brim is decorated with sapphire, and the warped blade is composed of gold and sapphire, creating a unique outline.

It seems to be a decoration rather than a weapon, but it made her feel the strength that ordinary swords do not have.

When she squeezes it, it felt light. No, there is enough weight to swing it.
"Is it the sword you asked Desir-san for?"

When Tigre asked, Ludie nodded. If this is the case, she can also fight Charles with Durandal.

It may also lead to Ganelon.

"What's your name for it?" Gracia said.

"I have already decided. It's the 'sword of the pledge'."

With an unwavering determination, Ludie replies. It was a name with a vow to defeat Ganelon with this sword.

"Thank you, mom"

With the sword of her pledge in her scabbard, Ludie bows to her mother. Gracia said to them; "I'll give you my favorite words. -If you don't give up, it's not over."

That's right, Tigre thought. He has been faced with a harsh reality many times. He Still didn’t give up

He kept moving forward. That is why he is here now.

- I will never give up on this battle either.

Tigre reaffirmed his determination.

They thanked Gracia and tried to leave her room, but Gracia summoned her daughter.

"Sir Tigrevurmud, please wait outside first. It won't take much time."

If you are a nobleman like the Bergerac family, there are many stories that no one else can here.

Tigre thanked her and went out into her hallway.

As expected, Ludie comes out after 100 counts. There was an upset expression that can't be hidden on her face.
Showing concern, Tigre asks.

"Are you okay? Even if something serious ..."

"No, no, it's okay! No problem!"

Ludie turned her face red and shook her hands vigorously. It's annoying to hear such a reaction, but it's harder to hear.

"Okay, but don't hold it in alone. I can listen to what you are feeling."

When Tigre said so, Ludie glanced at me with her annoyed face.

"It's none of your concern ..."

Tigre became more and more anxious about these words, and he asked Ludie several times as she walked side by side in the hallway, but she turned to her side and didn't answer in an angry manner...

Two men and women are facing each other in a corner of the training ground where the sun shines.

It was Ludie and Roland. Ludie holds the sword she normally uses and the sword of the oath with her left and right hands, respectively.

Roland is holding a mundane sword with both hands.

"Is it a rework of Bachelard's sword?"

Roland smiled, looking at the sword of the pledge. Ludie also returns a bullish smile. Ludie ran forward, swinging her left and right swords and slash at Roland.

Roland read it all the way through, and stepped back about a step and a half to dodge the slash. Ludie rushes forward and closes the distance, then swings her sword in a different trajectory than he did.

There was a dull metallic sound. Roland repelled Ludie's sword with the blade of a large sword.
"If I don't move, I won't really be training."

At the same time as speaking, Roland moves. He went around to the right side of Ludie and struck a great sword. Ludie rolls on the floor at her speed and avoids the blow. She decided that even if she received it with a sword, she couldn't stand the shock and would lose her posture.

"If you don't stand up right away, I'll just hunt you down."

When Ludie gets up, Roland rushes into it. He's not going to slash, he's going to slam. Ludie didn't run away and slashed Roland's sword with her left and right swords.

With the impact, Ludie's body is blown away and slammed on the floor. However, Ludie immediately stands up.

She held two swords. Roland has a great sword, but he is moving from the place where she slammed.

"Should I stop here?"

Carrying his great sword on his shoulder, Roland said. Ludie scoops his bangs with his right hand holding his sword.

"Does your shoulder hurt?"

"A little, but--"

Roland looks at the blade of the great sword on his shoulder. It was full of small scratches on the whole, but especially sharp scars.

"If you keep going any longer, this sword may break. It seems that Desir did a good job."

Ludie nodded happily to Roland's words. She shook the pledged sword lightly with one hand.

It will not be turned around. He don't know if it's enough to deal with Ganelon, but she will definitely able to fight on the battlefield.
"But why do you handle two swords at the same time? He wouldn't have done that."

Ludie answers with a serious expression to Roland, who asks frank questions.

"The blade doesn't reach in a decent way."

"I see," Roland relaxed his expression, as he was convinced.

"Then, it's better to train a little more. The physiques of me and Ludiene are different, but the basic parts will not be so different."

"Thank you"

Again, the two face each other head-on. However, they do not hit the swords against each other, but slowly exchanged swords with each other.

She swung and studied the movements.

When it's getting dark, Roland suggests "let's round it up.". At that time, both of them were sweating a lot. The clothes are stuck to their bodies.

"I can still do it"

"It's also important to rest your body, much so because you're heading to the battlefield."

When Roland told her in a serious tone, Ludie couldn't get through any more. She bowed deeply and thanked him.

——

The night before his departure tomorrow, Zion visited the room of his father, Thenardier. Suddenly he was summoned to him.

He would be encouraged to behave as a person in the Thenardier family. Zion thought he was expecting such an atmosphere, but his father was a little different. His father was preparing wine.

A red liquid is poured into the handed silver cup with a short word.
"Drink."

Zion is confused and awkward
He could only bow his head.

——Since when did you drink with your son like this? Is it about half a year? My father was busy.

When he was quietly watching his father while putting his mouth on the silver cup, he was suddenly called. He unintentionally stretches his spine. This is like a habit. He wondered what he was saying, but the words his father continued to say were unexpected.

"Do you believe in witchcraft?"

Zion couldn't answer at once. He didn't understand that his father, who has nothing to do with witchcraft, asks such a question and he comes.

If his dad asks him something, the usual Zion will immediately find the answer he likes.

But this time he didn't know what to say.

"I don't know if it's witchcraft, but I still wonder what it was."

Last spring, during the attack on Muozinel, all the earth dragons that Thenardier was leading were killed by something.

It's been almost a year and a half since Zion got on the flying dragon, but the more he knows the power of the dragon, the more he wonders what kind of existence has buried the earth dragons.

Zion talked about such an idea. Thenardier listens silently without changing the harsh expression. After listening, he groaned a little.

Thenardier bows to Zion, who sweats coldly, wondering if he was in a bad mood because of his bearish remarks.

He apologized, "I'm sorry."
Suddenly being apologized to, Zion is confused. Raising his face, Thenardier explained.

"There is talk of Ganelon using witchcraft. I saw some things that seemed like witchcraft. Knowing that, I recommended you to the commander, but it was a mistake."

Thenardier recommended Zion because he wanted to give his son an opportunity, but that's not all.

There was something like a rivalry to Tigre. He thinks his son should never be beaten by that one.

But if Zion dies, Thenardier will regret it forever.

"What are you saying, father?"

Leaning out of him, Zion said.

"If the enemy has witchcraft, I have a flying dragon. Especially that flying dragon is the one with the strong luck that survived the Muozinel attack I mentioned earlier. It will survive in the next battle."

Zion was nervous but pleased that he was given the opportunity to earn a martial art. So he didn't want to be apologized for anything like that.

"Yes. That's right ......"

Thenardier nodded with an unprecedentedly calm expression. She calls the silver cup.

"Zion, you don't have to think about the Thenardier family. First, seek your own martial arts."

Zion nodded firmly at this command.

___

Ludie visited Mila's room in the middle of the night.

"I'm sorry I'm so late."
First of all, Ludie bows to Mila who responds with a moody face. Both of them wear thin nightwear.

"I have an important story."

"I want to hope so. I'm in trouble if I can come at this time just for small talk."

While complaining about her, Mila invites Ludie into her room. In addition to being in the middle of the night, there is no water so she didn't serve tea.

Ludie sits on the couch and stares at Mila, who sits on her bed. It was a serious expression.

"Mila, I'll tell you straightforwardly. Would you like to fight with me?"

"What?"

Mila frowns at her. Ludie took a small breath and exhaled. Her left and right eyes shine in different colors.

"You like Tigre, don't you?"

Mila blinked several times. What does she say to her now?

"I also like Tigre."

"I know."

Mila's tone is truly stunning. But she remembered Ludie's words there. She asked if she would fight together.

"Other people like Tigre ... and are aiming for him."

She remembers a conversation with Sofy. Considering the current position of Tigre, the daughters of the lords who are calling out to him... It's not strange for them to come. Even if most of them are for political purposes, one or two people will like Tigre.

As expected, Ludie nodded. There, Mila bends her neck.
Even though Ludie looks like this, she is the daughter of the Duke of Bergerac. It is the duty of her house to compete with the Thenardier family, and if you think about it, most of the lords should withdraw from Tigre. Is the woman so formidable that Ludie asks her for help?

When she was wondering who she was, Ludie said her answer.

"it’s her Highness Regin"

Silence filled the room.

Mila stared at Ludie with her dismayed face. It’s a compliment to her composure that she swallowed her loud voice that was about to come out

-Is it a lie ...?

Is the woman who became the ruler of this country in favor of Tigre?

she is in disbelief, but when she says it in her head, there is a clause that comes to mind. Regin was very fond of Tigre, both at meetings to reward countries and when she was served tea. She saw it as her trust in the hero who saved Brune, but her perception may have been lax.

"How do you know?"

"I was told by my mother what she saw in a conversation with her Highness,"

Mila’s anxiety arose in her heart. This is formidable at best.

Mila took her breath. That would be the worst development. she can't do anything to refuse this, even for Tigre. It is the request of the princess who is the ruler. If you refuse, you will leave the country.
"According to my mother, after the war is over, Her Highness will give Tigre some position to stay in the royal palace and get along with him. She will have a feast in Vincennes next spring."

when he thinks of Alsace and his family, he can't decline.

Ludie continues talking.

"Her Highness was already aware of her favor for Tigre eight years ago."

"Eight years ago, that was at the hunting festival, but did Tigre notice that ..."

Mila noticed her misunderstanding.

For Tigre, the hunting festival event is like a prank with the prince. Later, when he was told that the prince was a princess, it doesn't make him reconsider it.

On the other hand, for Regin, it was an event in which a strange boy made a fresh discovery.

-If his Majesty of zhcted knew this ............... he'll tell me to withdraw.

It would be out of the question that the war princess and the princess fight each other for a man.

"That's why I'm asking you to fight with me."

Ludie leans forward and continues talking.

"I can earn time in this country. Let's share Tigre together."

Mila groaned. It takes courage to reject this offer.

"Let me think a little"

It was all she could answer.
Something huge is crouching in a dark forest where even the sunbeams do not shine. It's a dragon. The physique is almost the same as the earth dragon, but it is more than two times larger than the earth dragon. The scales that cover the body are iron-colored..

Strange to him, his forehead was split vertically, from which he could see a blood-colored eyeball.

It was a demon, not a dragon. He is called Drekavac.

Drekavac was full of scratches. Many deep lacerations were carved on his face and back, and a considerable number of scales were peeled off.

There was a crack in the corner of his head and some claws were broken. All are the wounds inflicted by the battle with Ganelon.

Suddenly, a demon that hadn't made a slight movement like a giant rock, fluttered slightly. He noticed that something was approaching and he was coming.

It was a human who emerged from the depths of the darkness. He wears a black robe, a hood deep in his eyes, and a mask on his face. The contours of his body only showed that he was a female.

This woman is also a demon. She has a name, Zmei.

Zmei walked in front of Drekavac, she said in an emotionless voice.

"It was badly done."

"Koschei borrowed the power of a different god." Drekavac replies plainly.

Koschei is Ganelon. Three hundred years ago, Ganelon fought a demon called Koschei, ate it and took it into his body.

For some reason, the demons call him Koschei.

After a breath of her, Zmei asked to confirm.
"Another god ... Is it a god over the sea?"

"Probably Archen. Those near Koschei are also their-apostles."

Archen is the god who rules the Netherworld and is worshiped in the Kingdom of Curene. Its appearance is very similar to a snake. However, neither Drekavac nor Zmei knows the true figure.

"Why are the apostles teaming up with Koschei?"

Zmei bends his neck. It was an unconscious movement.

"It's more human," Drekavac laughs with contempt.

Before Zmei said anything, the dragon-shaped demon went on.

"The purpose of the apostles is to bring Archen back to the earth."

"I see .... That's why I came to this land."

It is the purpose of the Slavic demons to bring Tir Na Fal to the this world. To that end, they have taken the necessary steps. The reason why humans were made to fight, shed a lot of blood, and built a mountain of corpses was to offer it to the goddess as an offering. This land is being completed as a suitable place for the ritual of summoning the goddess.

Ganelon taught the apostles about that.

——*It was a shame that I couldn't grasp their movements while I were in the Kingdom of Muozinel.*

Zmei, named Azi Dahaka, sneaked into the royal palace of Muozinel as a fortune-teller. He was trying to get Muozinel to contend with another country or to cause a turmoil.

However, Zmei is looking to countries such as Ifrikia and Curene, which have diplomatic relations with Muozinel.

She thought it had nothing to do with the advent of Tir Na Fal. If she was wary of their movements, she may have noticed it quickly.
Anyway, knowing the purpose of the apostles, even about the deal that was evaded between them and Ganelon.

Zmei could guess what it was.

Ganelon helps to revive Archen.

In return, the apostles bring back humans who died 300 years ago. Perhaps they also had the purpose of testing power with humans.

"If we raise humans, is it God's turn next?"

Like a soliloquy, Zmei muttered. If Archen rises to the ground, the advent of Tir Na Fal... It's no longer the place to do it. She has to stop it at all costs. However, Zmei told Drekavac in a quiet voice.

"I see the situation"

"I thought you were hungry for the advent of the goddess, too."

While asking that, Drekavac's voice does not sound surprising. Zmei replied. "The apostles may complete the Lord of Marksmen in the way we want."

The humans of Brune, as well as the Lord of Marksmen, it will probably be them trying to overthrow Ganelon and his apostles. The Lord of Marksmen of the present generation-Tigrevurmud-Vorn is showing considerable growth, but still...

Zmei believes he has not been completed.

"What are you doing? It will take some time before the wound is completely healed."

When Zmei asked, Drekavac replied as a matter of course.

"Take at the opportunity and put Koschei to sleep. The apostles can't be left alone."

"Don't overdo it; only me, you and Koschei, are left."
Zmei turns her back on him and begins to walk quietly. Drekavac did not respond.

The existence of the apostles is troublesome, but she is grateful that Drekavac has turned his attention to them. In the meantime, she can do what she should do.

-I have to get a vessel to bring the goddess down.

So far, the demons have tried to bring Tir Na Fal to the body of the Lord of Marksmen Through the black bow Zmei intended to find such a person.

However, even if you are not the king of magic bullets, anyone with a strong heart can be a vessel.

This is because the Lord of Marksmen, who can come into contact with the goddess, has sufficient qualities as a vessel to house the god.
Chapter 4 - Archen's Apostle

Late at night, Charles was sitting naked on his bed and looking at the map.

This is a room in Rambouillet Fort. The only light is a small flame lit on a candlestick near the bed. But that was enough for him.

Behind Charles, something shook; the woman he was holding until a while ago. She was from the village of Kudo and he argued that because she liked him, it was fine to bring her into the room.

Naturally, she is the same as Charles.

Her long black hair is greatly disturbed.

She pulled her thin blanket to hide her chest and then called out to Charles.

"What are you doing ...?"

"Looking at the map"

Looking back at the woman, Charles flutters the map in his hand. It's a map of the continent with the neighboring countries around Brune.

"The map I was looking at until recently is a very old one, it looks a lot like the current map. Why is that? I can't imagine it."

The woman mysteriously bends her neck. She turns sixteen this year, but she only has her own village and nearby villages and towns. She didn't get the map but found it fun.

"Let's get along a little. You can pretend to listen even if you don't understand." says Charles, and the woman leans back quietly.

She patted her head lightly, and then Charles pointed at her map.

"This country was more than one size bigger than it was 300 years ago. The neighbor Zhcted is also different. Asvarre is an island. There was no country in Sachenstein. When did Cadiz perish? I
wonder if there were also many small countries. There was also a
city-state."

To be honest, he said brune was a great success because it not only
lasted for 300 years, but also expanded its territory. Charles knows
a number of countries that haven't been able to do this in a decade.

"I never thought that the king who first created this country would
last for 300 years after he died, etc. I don't know what to do, but if it
continues to my grandchildren's generation, I'll be old."

"Then, would the first king be very surprised to see the present
country?"

"That's right. If there was a child who was taking care of him until
he was ten years old, he went to work for about ten years and came
back, and he was greeted by the child who grew up to be 20 years
old, he would be surprised."

Perhaps finding Charles' parable was interesting, the woman blew
a little.

"Even in ten years, things will change, so I'm sure everything will
be different in 300 years."

"Oh, but there are things that haven't changed after 300 years.
Women for example..."

Then Charles throws his map on the floor and hugs the woman. He
robbed her of her lips.

As he tried to fall into bed with her, the door was knocked on from
the outside. Charles stopped his movement, He breathed deeply
and stood up away from the woman. He wore underwear and
trousers.

"You can sleep as it is. Go home at dawn."

With his back to the woman, he said so, and after a short pause, a
small voice came back, saying "Come on."
Charles leaves the room, thinking ‘she's a cute girl’.

It was Ganelon who was waiting outside. He looks at Charles and he frowns. "First of all, you are sweaty. Prepare a change of clothes."

"Is it a custom to change clothes Late at night like this?"

"Two lords have arrived. It doesn't matter if the sun goes down, the horses have advanced and we have arrived now. The territory is small. I don't have many soldiers, but we should go for it."

Taking in Ganelon's words, Charles nodded in a good mood.

"As expected, I know. Only in response to those desperations, we can expect the next one."

Charles changed the topic as he walked side by side in the corridor.

"Anyway, a healthy and young body is wonderful. It will get up quickly and will last for a long time. The wine when Charles was alive was more sour and bitter. You won't get tired of it in one battle."

"Are there any other impressions?"

"I'm sure there's a lot of serious talk, but I thought he wasn't the same as the human body after 300 years. Wine and cheese are much better than they used to be."

The same is true for those that are too salty or too hard for long-term storage.

"Dog and cats will be the same as they were 300 years ago, just like humans."

"It's something you like."

Charles shakes his shoulders and laughs. He also changed the topic.

"How will we move? We won't be in this fort forever."
Although the Rambouillet fort is a solid fort, Charles concludes that he cannot be attacked by the enemy for a long time. The question is whether the enemy knows everything about floor plans and secret passages.

Unless reinforcements can be expected, it is of little significance to make it a base.

When that happens, he will choose whether to aim for the royal city of Nice or to retreat to Artesium, the central city of Lutetia.

Even if you aim for the royal capital, there are not enough allies to fight the princess's army. He is forced into an unfavorable battle. But you don't have to worry about food or weapons, and hopefully you can take the initiative.

If you retreat to Artesium, the princess's army is likely to hold other cities and towns, besieged, and isolated.

However, the supply line of the other party can be extended. Besides, Artesium is easier to fight from than this fort.

In addition, it can be expected that the number of allies will increase.

Ganelon moved his neck slightly and looked up at his Charles.

"You want to aim for the royal capital."

"Because it suits me better? Can I do it?"

When asked by Charles, Ganelon suddenly gives off a weak smile. He was a nostalgic exchange for him. Before becoming king, Charles often ordered "do it." After becoming a king, it was "I can do it, but I came to ask."

"I'm thinking about one move."

Ganelon's suggestion is that he should attract the coming princess's army to regain this fort and then dodge them.

The goal was Aiming for the royal capital.
"Then, force the apostle against the Lord of Marksmen who will be heading for this fort."

Ganelon replied to the apostles seeking Archen's advent only after eliminating the disturbers. He ordered them to Attack the Lord of Marksmen and Wait until he defeats him. For the apostles, the Lord of Marksmen should be annoying.

Ganelon himself doesn't care about Tir Na Fal anymore as long as Charles is resurrected. There is no problem if the Lord of Marksmen loses his life. Ideally, he would be able to trade off with Archen's Three Apostles, but even if one of them collapses, Charles' supremacy will be somewhat easier.

"As soon as we know the outcome of the battle between the two, we will abandon this fort."

"Yes. The presence of the Lord of Marksmen will influence this battle."

"But if those apostles are three... If they attack with three, that young man would be in danger, wouldn't he?"

As Charles sees, the Lord of Marksmen is not yet complete. If he were completed, he would fight more than equal to Archen's Apostle, but if he was in the shape as seen at the Royal Palace, he would lose.

"The apostles do not imitate such things," Ganelon shook his head.

"I did a lot of research after contacting them ......... He imitated the fighting styles of multiple forms to serve God. He would have looked down on the Lord of Marksmen."

"They are pathetic, but don't neglect to keep an eye on them. No demons can be trusted."

"I know. That's what this body is for."
The two went out to the courtyard with a well. Charles walks safely, taking off his pants and underwear, even though there is nothing more than a bonfire at a distance.

"--Ganelon"

Suddenly Charles stopped his foot and called to Ganelon with his back turned.

"Thanks to you, I think I can do what I left behind. Thank you."

"I don't want such a thing"

Ganelon also turns his back on Charles, answering bluntly. He walked away to prepare his change of clothes.

As Charles walks to the well, he looks into the abyss filled with water.

"300 years ... I'm sorry I left you alone for a long time."

The statement was drowned out by the night breeze and didn't reach anyone's ears.

——

The Brune army, which had departed from the royal capital, was split into two as planned when it reached the fork of the highway; the Vorn Corps led by Tigrevurmud Vorn and Thenardier Corps led by Zion Thenardier.

Each has about 10,000 troops. The army of lords consists of 8,500 knights and 1,500 knights. However, the Vorn Corps is better off in some respects than the Thenardier Corps.

The Vorn Corps has the war princess Ludmila-Lourie of Zhcted as a guest general, and Ludiene-Bergerac, who is also by Tigre as an adjutant. Of course, Raffinac and Garuin are also together with them.

In addition, Olivier, the deputy leader of the Knights of Navarre, will act as the organizer of the Knights of the Vorn Corps. In
addition, about 500 Sachenstein mercenaries, led by Simon, have joined the Vorn Corps.

On the other hand, there are not so many martial arts and achievements in the Thenardier corps. This is because Thenardier has solidified his son's feet with the lords of his faction. It can be said that it was a selection of people who emphasized fidelity rather than bravery.

However, the adjutant who should assist the commander, Zion, was an exceptional selection.

It was not a person from the Thenardier family. He is the leader of the Knights of Lannion, Defrot. In the battle with the Bachelard army, he was a man who had fought hard to protect Princess Regin with the Knights of Navarre.

He had been saved by Zion when he was in trouble with his men on the battlefield. He returned in the Battle of Aujour for that benefit, but he told Thenardier that he would help in the upcoming battle.

Asked by Thenardier for the reason, Defrot replied:

"Many saw the dragon fighting up close, and many knights naturally follow the Bergerac family. It's okay if there is only one knight on the side of Lord Zion."

The knight has pledged allegiance to the royal family. Their salary is also paid by the royal palace.

Few knights follow the Duke of Thenardier, who speaks and acts without regard for royalty. Nematakuu's knight group are at a fort nearby and interacting with them.

Thenardier agreed. It's true that he had the feeling that it was a connection made by his son.

By the way, the first thing Zion did to the Thenardier unit he commanded was appoint the commanders of each unit.
He ordered Defrot to gather his commander candidates outside the royal capital. At this time, Zion had The flying dragon and his maid Alouette by his side.

Aside from the flying dragon, nearly half of the candidates sneered at the presence of the maid. Many of the commanders thought they were going to take their favorite woman to the battlefield.

Perhaps he had read their inner feelings from the atmosphere of the candidates, Zion told them with a nasty smile.

"I'm going to test your courage. I won't leave the commander role to a sissy guy."

Then Zion walked up to the flying dragon and slowly stroked his front legs. When the flying dragon suspiciously approached Zion, he instinctively strengthened his face, but he still had twenty to count the time,

He continued stroking the front legs of the flying dragon.

"--Alouette"

He Then call his maid and let her do the same. As Alouette walks up, the flying dragon thrusts its nose in front of her.

Alouette puts her hands on the chin of the flying dragon and gently taps her.

It's not a particularly courageous act for her, who cleans the stables every day. But she got a buzz from the candidates she didn't know.

Zion looks around the candidates and tells them "it's your turn". He wouldn't be afraid if the maid touched the flying dragon without being frightened, even if it was only Zion. A man standing in the front row walked in front of the flying dragon in stride.

The flying dragon moves his head and turns his eyes to the candidate, as if looking at something stinking. While the man is tense, He extended his quivering hand to the face of the flying dragon.
However, the flying dragon lifts his neck and dodges the man's hand. He tried to lightly poke the dismayed man with his nose. The man is surprised at the suddenly approaching jaw of the flying dragon, screams briefly and jumps back.

After he glanced at the man with a smile full of cruelty and joy, Zion turned his eyes to the candidates.

"Who is next?"

When the candidates were "selected" one after another in such a condition, about 40% passed. Then Zion reorganized his army.

Some have disliked this approach, but they have to admit that Zion is leading the Flying Dragon. In addition, Zion encouraged his soldiers during his departure.

"The next question I ask you is the courage on the battlefield. Your Excellency is also looking forward to it."

This was at the suggestion of his adjutant, Defrot. Judging that it wasn't good, he urged Zion to say so. The effect of this encouragement is good as it is

Then, the Thenardier corps was coming together under Zion. In the Thenardier corps, Zion is at the end with the Flying Dragon. He usually places a flying dragon in front or in the center.

It was an unavoidable procedure because he was overtly in a bad mood.

At the end, Zion has a non-floating expression.

It was suggested to him how to capture Rambouillet, but now he is worried.

If Zion fails, the Rambouillet capture fails.

So far, Zion has fought almost alone.
The role entrusted wasn't so important because it was about driving a flying dragon and assaulting it. There was no need to think about cooperation with other units.

However, they have to be careful about that in the next battle. In the worst case, you will be isolated in the enemy.

Zion knows that the flying dragon is strong, but not invincible. The Flying dragon suffered in the battle of Aujour. It was thrown off and couldn't move.

-Could that happen again?

When he thought about it, he didn't feel like fighting.

After noon, Zion stopped the march and ordered a break.

As soon as the soldiers were waiting, they grabbed the bread and cheese and poured it with water.

Zion just drank water and didn't eat. For the first time as a commander, he doesn't feel like eating bread or cheese.

"You seem nervous"

His adjutant, Defrot, called out to Zion. Zion has no experience as a commander, but he is in command of the Thenardier corps.

"That's not true, I just don't like what I don't know about the enemy."

Indignant, Zion replied. Half is false, but half is true.

Zion has not seen anyone named Charles that his father saw. Moreover, the person is said to be a warrior who is as good as King Faron and can dismiss Roland.

"I'm also curious, because it's a story that he stunned Count De La Bold with a single blow."

Zion frowned at Defrot's words.

"What do you think about that enemy?"
"I try not to think about it now. It's dangerous to have a prejudice."

"That's an uninteresting answer."

When Zion snorts, Defrot smiles at his mouth.

"Let's tell another story. Sir Zion should treat that maid a little more carefully."

"Why?" Zion asked, in a blunter tone.

"You would have used that maid."

"Is that bad?"

When it comes to Alouette, Zion lacks calm. Defrot turns to Zion, frowning as he shook his head.

"I don't mean to say this in itself, but the soldiers won't obey if you make her the bar for bravery. There is no point in using that maid in this way."

Zion groans a little. That's right if you ask him.

"Okay. When this battle is over, I'll be looking at her."

Upon hearing Zion's reply, Defrot smiled. Alouette's reaction unknowingly felt smiley at Zion who was thinking about it.

"And even if you can't eat it, you should savor your meal. I don't know the next meal opportunity."

After Defrot walked away, Alouette was in the shadows..

She was ordered by Zion to follow to take care of the flying dragon. Zion was wondering if he should bring her, but given his role as a commander, the fact that she couldn't stay by the flying dragon all the time made his decision. Alouette did not refuse and obeyed silently.

Alouette walks in front of Zion and presents the plate she had in her hand. It was porridge. Zion stares at Alouette and her plate with a confused look.
"what is this"

"I crushed the bread into small pieces and boiled it with cheese. I wonder if this is easy to eat. I crushed it because the bread carried in the march is hard-baked."

Alouette closes her mouth with the face that she said what she should say. Zion reflexively tries to dismiss the dish

But before he moved his hand, his belly rang. It seems that his body was feeling hungry.

——-But it's a boiled one, in this hot weather ...

She just takes the plate, scoops it with a wooden spoon and carries it to her mouth. The saltiness and the taste of cheese make it easier than you think

He was able to swallow it. Besides, it's not hot.

"Did you leave it from the time you made it until it cooled down?"

"I Blew and cool it down."

“......... Are you serious?”

When asked, Alouette nodded.

"I used to do it when my brother was small."

Zion stares at the stew that he ate about half of. He said in a blunt tone.

"Give the soldiers a try. If you teach Defrot how to make it, he will do the rest."

If she wanted to serve as an adjutant, he could demand that much talent.

Then Zion thrust the empty plate into Alouette.

"Do you want a refill?"
"I don't want it anymore," he yells, then Zion adds with a sigh. 

"I'm not dissatisfied with the taste"

Alouette silently received the plate.

---

Two days have passed since the Vorn corps was separated from the Thenardier corps and proceeded on the highway.

The march is going well so far. However, there was one event that made them think that they had already stepped into the enemy's land. Simon, who returned from the reconnaissance, reported the following after noon today.

"There were three uninhabited villages."

Tigre tells Simon's mercenaries to see villages and settlements off the road.

The possibility of Ganelon attacking the villages could not be ruled out. Since yesterday, Simon and his friends are taking that role seriously.

"What does an unmanned village mean?"

When Tigre heard, Simon shrugged and replied.

"To explain what I've seen, most of the house has been burned down, pig and chicken carcasses have been thrown into the wells, and food has been stolen. There were no human carcasses."

Tigre twists his neck. It may be the work of Ganelon. He looks at Simon's expression.

He seems to have the answer, but he doesn't seem to be able to tell it easily.

"Let's serve a bottle of wine"

Upon surrendering, Simon laughed and replied.
"It's a way to keep us out of the village. Maybe the enemy said whitely. In the near future, a vicious and cruel army will appear. So take as much food as you can and evacuate. The villagers are gone; burn the houses and crush the well."

"Yes," Tigre groaned. The army will not go to villages or settlements off the road unless something goes wrong. But apart from the reconnaissance team, they sometimes get information from such villages.

"The only solution is to teach villages and towns near the highway that they are there. But where did the evacuated villagers go?"

"Were they sold out as slaves, worked in a mine, or relocated to a wasteland? You shouldn't think too deeply."

Tigre sighs at Simon's words. He was going to have a tough fight.

On the third day, Vorn's corps is heading through a canyon between high cliffs. The canyon is wide enough for 10,000 soldiers to march with plenty of time.

What was worrisome was the gray sky above me. If it rains here, the march will be tough.

There is no place to survive the rain, so you have to endure it until you get through the canyon. In the middle of the army, Tigre has a difficult look on his thoughts.

He is not dissatisfied with their role as a decoy about attacking Fort Rambouillet. Ganelon and Charles are free to move Tigre's group when he comes out.

——But can I beat Ganelon?

He couldn't hunt down Ganelon, even with himself, Mila, and Ludie. In addition, there is also Charles this time. If these two people attacked at the same time, it wouldn't be possible.

It's a reckless bet, but in this case, Mila and Ludie will hold off Ganelon in the meantime, while Tigre defeats Charles.
Charles's skill is extraordinary, but he doesn't seem to have the mysterious power of Ganelon. Given that temper, if he had one, he wouldn't hesitate to use it.

If Charles's body really belongs to King Faron, he can't let Mila and Ludie fight him. Tigre should do it himself.

At that time, the soldiers who were on the reconnaissance returned. Their faces are pale and tense.

Reluctant to breathe, one of them quivered and reported.

"it's a demon horde... A terrifying number of skeletons and corpses are heading here."

Tigre, Mila and Ludie look at each other. They remembered the demons they encountered in Charles' loophole.

Tigre picks up a water bottle hanging from his horse's saddle and hands it to the soldier. He drinks the water inside in a breath.

After confirming, he heard in a calm tone.

"How far are they from here?"

They answered and said it was a quarter of a walk from their current position, which was pretty close.

He orders the soldiers to keep silent about what they see, and lowers them. Mila groaned.

"It seems difficult for us to get rid of it first."

"What are you going to do, Tigre. With the power of your bow ..."

Ludie also looks at Tigre with a confused face. Tigre doesn't answer immediately and turns his gaze. He stared at the back of the soldiers in dull armor. They wouldn't have imagined that there was something else waiting for them beyond this canyon.
Even though the canyon is wide enough, it does not mean that it can be retreated without any problems. There is confusion in the back and forth movement.

If so, it is possible that you will not be able to move.

"--Let's fight"

With his strong determination in his eyes, Tigre replied to them.

"The soldiers who participated in the battle of Aujourd'hui saw the demon Bachelard. He is tied to it. Explain that Ganelon has the power to create demons. And recruit those who fight demons."

"It's okay. Humans can confront demons. If you show me that, I didn't volunteer."

"Do you mean that the applicants alone will meet the demons? Will they get enough together?"

Ludie raises worrisome concerns. Tigre shook his head.

"I think the soldiers will continue."

"It's a bit forcible, but it's not a bad move."

Mila has a fearless smile. She then said in a tone like a sister speaking to her brother.

"I and Ludie will lead the applicants and challenge. Tigre is with the other soldiers."

"Wait. Me too--"

"There will be a limit to the number of your arrows."

Intercepting Tigre's words, Ludie laughs.

"If you want to inspire your soldiers, you shouldn't use the mysterious power of your bow. This is a suggestion as an adjutant."

Her claim was correct. Besides, someone has to blame the soldiers who didn't volunteer.
If so, Tigre should play that role.

"understood"

Nodding, Ludie laughed happily.

"It's surprisingly good to say something. Let's give some advice to Tigre from now on."

"I only ask about the military matters though."

"It's important for the military to boost morale."

Tigre is in trouble and asks Mila for help. Mila shrugged and said to Ludie. "Let's move with each other and interrupt the march, we don't have time."

Ludie directs her commanders to gather. Mila suddenly laughed at Tigre as her consciousness turned to her soldiers.

"It's also important for the military to motivate the guest general."

Tigre stirs dull red hair. He seemed to be in great debt to Mila.

"Just as the young lord want to help the Vanadis, the Vanadis wants to help the young lord."

Raffinac said so and comforted Tigre.

At Tigre's command, the soldiers stop the march. Tigre, Mila and Ludie advanced their horses to the front. At that time, the commanders are also gathering in the front row.

Looking around at her soldiers, Ludie took a small breath.

"The enemy is waiting for you."

Frequently heard voices echo in the canyon and reach the ears of the soldiers behind.

"But they are not humans. They are scary demons."
The confused air surrounds the soldiers. But when Ludie talked about Bachelard, her expression turned tense and frightening.

Ludie proudly tells the astonished soldiers.

"We will not retreat. We will defeat the demons and go through the canyon."

The soldiers screamed. Standing Face to face with a comrade next to them, they talk to each other and hold their heads.

"Are we fighting demons?"

One of the soldiers shouted. Ludie stretches his chest and looks at his soldiers.

"That's right"

Ludie's cheeks are faintly flushed because of her emotions.

"It's clear that Duke Ganelon can control a demon. If you want to fight him, you can't avoid fighting the demons, but I'm not going to force all the soldiers. I and Ludmila will challenge the demons. You can't Obey those who won't confront demons."

Waiting for Ludie to finish speaking, Tigre is moving forward.

"Those who don't fight will wait here with me and wait for their allies to return. First, don't be ashamed of not being able to stand up to the demons. You will also fight the Lutetian soldiers. You just have to show your courage at that time."

Silence comes. But it was short.

Some of the commanders say they will obey the commander. Then, some more people pushed up their spears and rang their armor.

Then they shouted that they would fight too. The passion becomes a fire and spreads among them.

Ludie hurriedly ordered her commanders to reorganize.
Over 2,000 people have decided to fight demons. If Tigre didn't say he would wait, more than a thousand more would have participated.

"I think this is good," Mila calmly commented.

"I'm coming. You don't have to hurry, but don't be too late."

Mila dares to laugh at Tigre in a light tone. Tigre replied with a serious look.

"Be careful"

And more than 2,000 soldiers, led by Mila and Ludie, went through the canyon.

Approximately 2,000 Vorn corps led by Ludie and Mila move forward in a generous formation. Nearly a quarter of an octopus has passed

Ludie, who is at the forefront, found a swarm of demons in the distance.

Hundreds of rotting corpses, rusty swords and cracked armor-armed skeletons stand silently, with a number of black fog-like objects floating above them...

Frowning at the discomfort, Ludie roughly checked the number of his enemies.

"Is it a place called 2,000?"

"That's about it, Aside from the skeletons .........."

Next to her Ludie, Mila is also making a frown. She turned her eyes to those floating in the air.

"Leave the corpses to me. You should reduce the skeletons and corpses."

Mila clasps Lavias. There are hundreds of black fog-like things, few compared to skeletons and corpses. Mila, who has a dragon tool,
should concentrate on that and reduce the number as much as possible.

"please leave it to me!"

Ludie touches on the longsword she's been using, but she rethinks it and pulls out her pledged sword. She has swung it many times in training with Roland, but this is the first time she will use it in a real battle.

*I didn't think the first opponent was a demon, but ... No, rather, just right.*

she clasped the bridle with his right hand and raised the sword of the pledge at the highest. Make it look good to the soldiers.

"Assault!"

She screams and charges her horse forward. Mila also jumped out. The soldiers roar and follow the two.

Mila blows off the skeleton that struck with a spear with a sword of Lavias. Without putting her hair in her hair, she quickly turns her wrists back and pierces the black fog that attacks from the air. The black fog demon disappeared without a sound.

The distance to the demons shrinks in a blink of an eye, and you can see them clearly. Increased discomfort, fear running on the back, disgust, anger and fighting spirit heat up the body.

—*I can't lose.*

Ludie also makes a horse jump into the demons and swings her sword to the right and left. She cut off the corpse's head and slashed the skeleton on his shoulders she slanted from him. He glances at the light and terrifying sharpness of the pledged sword. If this is the case, she thought it was possible to kill the enemy soldiers with her armor.

A black foggy demon approaches Ludie.
-If the sword of the pledge has power ...

Ludie bites her back teeth and challenges the black foggy demon with her pledged sword. It left a feeling of draining water, and a black fog demon was scattered.

"Hooray!"

Instead of relying on Tigre or Mila, she slashed the demon with her own hands. This sword leads well to slaying a demon.

She was so moved that she stopped moving. A rotten corpse and a skeleton attacked her, but Mila radiated cold air from the tips of Lavias, blowing off the demons. Rotten pieces of meat and bones scatter, and corpses and gray bones fold over to fill the ground.

While closing one eye and thanking Mila, Ludie looks back at her soldiers with the sword of pledge.

"Don't be afraid! Stand side by side with your comrades!"

The success of Ludie, who is not a war princess, greatly stimulated the fighting spirit of the soldiers. She pierced the rotten corpse with a spear and beat her skeleton with her shield. She.yells, shouts, and wields her weapons by force to twist her fears. She destroyed the demons, one by one.
However, it was not possible to overwhelm the demons. They are neither inspiring nor bullish, but they are neither surprised nor swallowed by momentum. It mercilessly attacks those who have gone too far in front of it or those who have rested its hands, scratching them with its claws and hitting its weapons.

In addition, several black fogs struck the soldiers. A human being covered in black fog dries up in a blink of an eye and collapses without screaming. And the black fog aims at the next victim.

Soldiers are killed by black fog in various places, and the formation is disturbed. Skeletons and corpses attack there. Ludie bites her teeth

she cries out, wielding the sword of the pledge.

"Aim at the legs of the demons!"

It was necessary to slow down the movement of the corpse and the skeleton anyway, even if it was a temporary break.

"quiet world!"

Mila uses her dragon technique. The ground around her froze with the skeleton and the legs of the corpse.

Ludie and Mila advance their horses and defeat the black fog one after another. The soldiers also changed the way they fought, following the orders they had just given. They cooperate with allies next to them and behind to stop the movement of the demons.

The soldier behind them shouted.

"I'm an ally! reinforcements have come!"

A little less than 8,000 soldiers who remained with Tigre finally started to move with courage.

"You did it, Tigre"
The soldiers who fought with Ludie and Mila are tired. Even for a short time, the opponent is not a human but a demon. The mental exhaustion was great. The limit was near.

Meanwhile, the soldiers who arrived under the leadership of Tigre were encouraged by the backs of allies who had been fighting until now.

Demons are still scary. However, Ludie and her friends fought head-on with the demon. She was so excited that she couldn't lose.

At this time, Ludie and Tigre took a breathtaking action, even though they hadn't had a meeting in advance. Each of them forms a number of vertically elongated formations, Ludi retreats the soldiers, and Tigre advances the soldiers.

It was done without any confusion.

"Both are safe!"

Tigre shows up. Ludie and Mila laughed at each other.

"I'm glad I was in time. We were about to end the fight alone."

Ludie also breathes her as she flutters her hair and tells Mila to make fun of him.

"Leave the demons to us, and take caution around you."

Tigre nodded. Ganelon may attack, using the demons as a decoy.

After that, the battle proceeded in the favor of Vorn's corps, and although it took time, all the demons were destroyed.

No matter how few the enemies were, they didn't try to escape, so they had no choice but to defeat them.

At the end of the battle, all the soldiers of the Vorn Corps were exhausted. Ludie and Mila are also disturbed
Ludie is so exhausted that he cannot afford to fix her hair and is leaning on the horse. Her body was heavy and her hand with a weapon felt numb.

However, Ludie gets up on his own and orders his soldiers to move forward. If you look at your feet, the corpses of demons are filling the ground. Some people wanted to take a day off because it didn't matter, but they were stubborn and wanted to get away from here as soon as possible. The palace was served by Tigre.

Tigre was surprised to hear Ludie's success in destroying demons one after another.

"It was as if I was watching the brave battle of the Black Knight."

The soldiers praise her with a face that does not awaken enthusiastically. Her appearance of Ludie encouraged the soldiers to inspire her fighting spirit.

After walking about a verst (about a kilometer), Ludie announces her break. The soldiers sat down on the ground one after another or lay down.

Ludie and Mila also descend from the horse. They wanted to sit on the ground, but they needed to rest their horses and Remove the saddle

They wiped their bodies, then ate. Looking up, the sky is beginning to dull.

"I want to go through this gorge and enter the camp before it gets dark."

"Yeah. Like a ghost story, the dead may come back at night."

"It doesn't sound like a joke."

With her tired look, Ludie protests. If the demons were to rise and chase after Vorn, they would have no choice but to rout forward. they can't afford to fight.
"Do you think Ganelon intended to ambush with the demons?"

"Usually, it's time-earning and defeating each individual ..."

Mila’s reply is a little crisp.

Ganelon and Charles will have noticed that they are split into two and are heading for the fort.

Here, the demons were placed in this canyon, which is difficult to detour and retreat. This is to attack the Thenardier corps and rout while they can move forward with the demons and stay away from him.

Ludie was convinced of the guess, but also understood that Mila was worried.

Was Ganelon really thinking of leading the demons? He could be setting up a trap that they can't even imagine

"It can't be helped even if you think about it. Let's play the game where it came out."

"I want you to say at least that it's flexible."

Mila responded with a bitter smile to Ludie, who smiled to encourage her.

Tigre is on a single horse, leaving his army and advancing his horse towards the exit of the canyon. He Rarely participated in the battle.

So he decided to help Ludie and his friends by doing reconnaissance.

-The scariest thing is that there are enemy troops besides those demons.

Ludie and Mila, as well as the soldiers, are exhausted. Even so, if an enemy appears, he will fight with all his might, but there is no doubt that he will fall into inferiority. If you can just check if there are enemies, you can reassure them.
The ground was sloping and the cliffs on the left and right were gradually getting lower. It's approaching the exit. They look at the cliff several times, but there is no sign of enemy soldiers or demons lurking in the shadows of the surroundings.

Soon, Tigre went through the canyon.

Looking around him, a dark forest stands on his right hand, and an undulating grassland stretches from the center to his left hand. He should be able to reach the Rambouillet Fort after walking the grasslands for about two days.

Suddenly something moved in one corner of the ground. At the edge of his field of vision, Tigre jumps off his horse, taking his foot off the stirrup and grabbing the black bow in his saddle.

The next moment, the horse screamed.

After falling to the ground, Tigre rolls on the ground, distances himself from his horse, and gets up.

--What?

At the tip of Tigre's line of sight, the horse blows white bubbles from its mouth and lays on its side. It was an unusual event.

-Is it a demon? It didn't feel that way.

If so, is he a new demon? While holding an arrow on the black bow, he moved in an arc and observe the surroundings of the horse.

Something bounced behind his back.

It was a scorpion. It is pitch black as if it were made of shadows, and its torso is as big as an adult fist. The scorpion is a corpse

It Jumped on the horse and turn to Tigre. It seemed to decide that he was a new prey.

-I'm not familiar with scorpions, but ...
Tigre learned about scorpions when he was in Olmutz. He was taught that there are such creatures in Muozinel and near its borders.

*I heard that the needle at the tip of the tail is extremely poisonous. But is it so powerful? It seems to kills a horse in an instant.*

Tigre thinks a little and puts two arrows on the black bow. The moment the bowstring is squeezed, the scorpion is jumped at a distance of 20 ceto (2 meters) and attacked. At the same time, another scorpion emerges from behind the corpse of the horse and travels on the ground at a tremendous speed.

Tigre calmly shoots two arrows. Each arrow smashed the scorpions in the air and on the ground. The scorpions are blown into pieces and scattered as black ash. Nothing was left behind.

"It was a dangerous place...."

Tigre wipes the sweat on his forehead. This scorpion was also a demon. What's more, it's small and it feels like he can't do it, so it's much scarier than a skeleton.

Tigre keeps an eye on the forest. If he has anything to fight the demons, he can't be too far from it. But if it's close to him, it can't beat Tigre, who lost his horse alone.

Tigre returns his heels. He had to hurry back to his army.

After the break, his Vorn troops resumed their march and passed through the canyon.

Of course, Tigre told them that something might be lurking in the depths of the forest.

For safety, they couldn't stay in the canyon.

He then managed to build a camp before the sun went down, and Tigre got a new horse ready and Raffinac.

He left the army with Mila and Ludie, leaving the rest to Olivier.
Under the rapidly darkening sky, the three horses advance toward the forest, which becomes a black shadow.

"I'm sure you feel a strange sign."

Mila showed Lavias to tigre’s group. The red ball embedded in the tip of the ear is blinking. It is Issuing a warning.

It was the reaction that this dragon tool showed when It caught the sign of a demon.

"In other words, there is definitely something."

Ludie puts her hand on her chest and regulates her breathing. Tigre asked her something.

"Do you know anything about this? Anything is fine."

Ludie wanders her gaze in the air and searches her memory.

"300 years ago, it seems that the wicked people ruled around here."

Tigre and Mila looked at each other in an ominous sound. Ludie continues the explanation.

"The evil spirits performed rituals every summer and winter and sacrificed humans. They were kidnapped from outside their territory. Naturally, he bought the wrath of the neighboring country, and a certain lord was destroyed by the founder Charles, who was hired by his family."

"I see."

She ignites the torch prepared by Tigre. Fire is a landmark for the enemy, but it goes through the night forest without light

When he tried to point his horse at the forest, he noticed that there was something like a black fog in front of the forest. It's the same as the black foggy demon that fought in the canyon. However, it is strange that it is only one.
A black fog enters the forest. Tigre's group looked at each other, but decided to chase after the demons.

For a while, Tigre's group silently advanced their horses. The demon never comes towards them, and he keeps a certain distance in the woods.

"It seems like you're trying to take us somewhere."

"Would you like to turn back?", Ludie. Tigre shook his head.

"Let's get on. I have to fight them somewhere."

He has been in the woods on summer nights many times to hunt. Some insects came to see the light, and many insects rushed to the darkness. He was quite annoyed by the approaching insects.

He doesn't have to deal with either of them now. In other words, they either fled to deeper darkness before they entered the forest, or they were hiding in the soil or behind the leaves.

Suddenly Mila shook her spear, saying, "Stop."

"It's a steep downhill slope from here."

Tigre and Ludie rode their horses next to Mila. If he had gone unnoticed, he would have lost his position and slipped down with his horse.

The three got off the horse. They Carefully descend the slope while pulling the reins. Suddenly, Tigre frowned. A shadow that looks like a building rises down the slope. Dangerous signs were floating around it. Mila and Ludie may also feel a sign, tightening their faces in tension

Down the slope, the three stand in front of the building. When they illuminated it with the light of a torch, they found it to be a stone building. The walls are decorated, but they are worn out by the wind and rain.

"I don't know what the pattern looks like. I think it's old."
Ludie unfortunately murmured. Mila said in a casual tone.

"I wonder if this building was the root castle of the evil spirits that Ludie talked about earlier."

"It's possible."

They walked along the wall, and once they turned the corner, they saw something that looked like a doorway.

Mila has another torch. She leaves three horses on the spot, and Tigre’s group step into the building.

"Nothing ..."

The inside of the building is empty and the floor is covered with dust. Looking up, there was no ceiling. There is also a broken part on the wall. There is no evidence that it has been used by humans these days. However, the dangerous feeling they have felt from a while ago is getting stronger.

It was when they turned toward the back. Two fires appear in the depths of the darkness without any warning.

As the three walked there with caution, the two fires shimmered and fell. Sinks to the floor without sound

When Mila and Ludie approached from the left and right to the place where the fire sank, the fire did not go out. There is a staircase to the basement, and the fire has stopped moving in the middle.

"It looks like you're inviting us."

Mila’s voice takes on a fighting spirit. She had no intention of turning back. The same is true for Tigre and Ludie.

The three go down the stairs as if guided by two fires. The atmosphere was getting colder. At the end of the stairs was a vast space with a high ceiling.
As they walked near the center, with two fires in my back, a figure appeared as if it had sprung up from the floor, and he was glaring. He wears a black robe and a hood deep in his eyes.

Mila was the first to react. She throws a torch and clasps Lavias with her hands. Tigre had a black bow, and Ludie had a familiar longsword and a pledged sword in her left and right hands.

"Do you know who this is, Mila?"

"It’s the dog-headed demon that disturbed us at Aujour," Mila replies, keeping an eye on anything in the black robe. But that was quickly denied.

"No. It was Uvat who played with you."

The figure takes off the hood. What emerged from there was a bewitching beauty with her black hair trimmed at her forehead. Her skin is brown, her head is adorned with a golden crown that looks like a scorpion, and a light make-up is applied around her eyes.

"Nice to meet you. My name is Serket. I serve the great Archen and am here to play!"

Tigre’s group felt nervous and terrified at her lustrous smile. He knew from her mood that this woman was a terrifying demon.
"Who is Archen?"

When Tigre asked frankly, Serket looked like she was ridiculing his ignorance.

"The ruler of the land where the soul sleeps, the ruler of the night that never dawns and the darkness that never disappears, and the ruler of the earth forever. However, he has nothing to do with you, Lord of Marksmen."

A new impact hit Tigre’s group. Ludie glares at Serket sharply.

"Are you a demon too?"

Serket frowned slightly, saying she was "profane."

"Okay. The speculation of the one who led you here is clear, but it's not worth keeping it alive. Yes, let's reap its soul from the body and lock it in between the darkness and the night."

when Serket took off her black robe, her graceful curved limbs were revealed.

The appearance of wearing a bold and sensational costume that combines black and gold is reminiscent of a foreign dancer. Her neck and chest were covered with a crimson decoration, and she wore a green light silk cloak. A sword with a strangely curved blade in her left and right hands can be swung once at a time.

"--Go"

As Serket flutters her thin silk cloak, a number of scorpions appear around her.

It was as if she had emerged and gained a body.

"These are like the one who killed Tigre's horse."

Mila throws it away and thrusts the tip of Lavias into her floor. The cold air spreads instantly from her dragon tool, and The scorpions were frozen on the floor.
"It's above!" Shouts Ludie.

Serket runs forward at the same time as she shoots a scorpion, flutters in the air, twists her body and attacks Mila from overhead.

Attacked from. Mila opens her eyes and greets her with Lavias.

A roaring sound drowns out the screams. Mila was blown away and rolled to the floor.

"You were saved by the weapon of the black dragon."

To help Mila, Tigre knocks an arrow at his black bow, and Ludie slashes from her side. Serket keeps her eyes on Tigre's group and doesn't move. An arrowhead on a black bow is released as Lavias and shines in the white cold air.

Serket catches Ludie's sword with her right-handed sword and repels it. And the arrow shot by Tigre is slashed by her sword.

"There is no other way."

Mila and Ludie challenged her from the left and right this time. A spear and two swords attack Serket.

However, Serket swung the swords in her hands vertically and horizontally to catch the attacks of Mila and her friends.

"How about this?"

Serket sees Mila. As if she had squeezed her mouth, she exhaled her breath, similar to black smoke. This felt dangerous

Mila immediately spreads a thin film of her cold air with the power of Lavias, holding her black breath.

"Poison ...!"

Upon receiving a warning from Lavias, Mila glared at Serket.

"Did you understand this?", The mysterious and beautiful woman responds with a lustrous smile.
"If you take a decent bath, there is no lump in humans."

Serket turned to counterattack. The slash is by no means fast, but when combined with the fluttering movements, her cutting edge grows unexpectedly. Mila and Ludie gradually become defensive.

Suddenly, Serket makes a big leap. She jumped over Mila and headed for Tigre.

Tigre quickly holds two arrows together. One is an ordinary arrow, but the other is an arrow with a black arrowhead.

He had already made it when he decided to step into the woods.

Serket moves her eyebrows slightly. But she didn't stop her progress and approached Tigre.

Tigre shoots an arrow. Serket ran forward and jumped. A moment later, Tigre also jumps to the side.

It may be more accurate to say that he was angry.

Serket landed on her floor. Tigre raised her body after keeping a distance from her.

He only shot one black arrow from the black bow earlier.

"Why didn't you shoot the arrow?"

Serket asks with her neck bent. Tigre returned a bullish smile.

"I wanted to know your reaction"

"Oh, that's it," Serket smiles with a gentle smile.

"I see. That arrow works on me. -If you can hit it brilliantly. But is it possible?"

This time from a low position, Serket kicked the floor. Approaches Tigre at the speed of a beast. Realizing that he couldn't escape, Tigre slammed Serket with a bow in his left hand. Serket swings her left and right swords.
There were two metallic sounds. Serket's blade has not reached Tigre. The sword approaching from his left met the black bow, and the sword approaching from the right was his right hand-to be exact, the black sword that was taken out at once, which Tigre took.

"You imitate dexterity, right?"

Serket smiles.

"But that won't work, right?"

She was right. If he loosens his hand even a little, the blade will hit Tigre's neck. Serket pursed her mouth. She's going to blow poisonous smoke on Tigre.

Tigre rushes up his right leg and kicks Serket's abdomen. Serket is swaying a little

However, Tigre used the reaction to fall to the floor.

Mila and Ludie catch up there and launch an attack. Serket slashed shallowly at Mila's arm, gracefully jumping high and trying to keep distance from Tigre's group.

But she didn't mean to let Mila and her partner escape. Mila lowers her posture and Ludie jumps, using Mila's shoulders as a foothold. She slashed at Serket.

The tip of the sword of her pledge grabs her shoulder. Serket quickly tried to fight back, but earlier than that, Ludie swung her sword and Mila threw Lavias. Serket gives up the attack and twists to dodge Lavias. She got off around in time.

Mila's dragon tool returns to her hand.

Tigre silently returns a smile. Half of it is vain. However, the other half is due to finding a way win.

Three people can fight this demon.
At this time, a wound was born on Mila’s arm. Serket's sword was grazing.

The next moment, Mila pointed the tip of Lavias at her arm and slashed her wound. Her fresh blood spouts. the

Mila froze her wounds, but shed a lot of sweat from her body.

Tigre stares at Mila’s arm. Serket's sword is also as poisonous as the scorpion's tail.

"You noticed it well."

Serket smiles brilliantly as he leans against the wall at hand.

"If you leave it as it is, your whole body will become numb, you will not be able to breathe, and in the worst case you will be dead. -As Archen's apostle, I think I should invite her to death by fighting."

When she finished saying this, Serket's body melted into the wall without sound. Her body dives into the stone as if the wall is water.

Tigre and Ludie rush to Mila at their discretion. They hugged Mila, ran forward and rolled to the ground. Immediately after, two blades grew from the floor where Mila was standing.

"It's wonderful"

Two blades sink into the floor with a muffled voice of praise. It was Serket.

"What should I do, Tigre ..."

Ludie asks Tigre for help with her painful face. Tigre had the same feelings as her.

Inside, Mila repeats a rough breath. he wants to carry her somewhere and let her rest, but he wonders what to do.

There will be no time at this rate.

"Lavias ..."
Mila grabs her dragon tool and calls to it. Lavias gave off a huge amount of cold air. It's from the floor to the wall,

Then it spreads to the ceiling and covers everything with thin ice.

"It's..."

From the back of the wall, they heard Serket's voice. Tigre and Ludie hold Mila in the same way.

The thin ice that covered a corner of the wall blew into pieces, and Serket jumped from the back.

The thin ice that was there was blown off in the same way and disappeared into the floor.

Mila looks up at Tigre's group. Her blue eyes had an indelible glow of fighting spirit. Seeing that, Tigre regains his mind. Mila is still fighting, even though she is poisoned.

It's his job to respond to Mila's will.

He holds an arrow on the black bow. Perhaps as if Tigre's thoughts were conveyed, Ludie also held two swords. After a moment, Mila shouts.

"ceiling!"

Almost at the same time, Serket fell straight down, breaking the thin ice that covered the ceiling. Tigre and Ludie are on the floor and meet Serket.

The arrow shot by Tigre grazes Serket's cheek. Then, Ludie's sword collided with Serket's two swords, and Serket changed her posture in the air and made a big leap to keep a distance from Tigre's group.

Serket smiles from her mouth and stares at Mila lying on the floor.

"I see ... Is this cold air from you?"

She deliberately shook her thin silk cloak to brush off the clinging ice particles. Mila covered the floor, walls, and well with cold air to
prevent Serket from acting. She was trying to figure out where she was by putting the cold air of Lavias on Serket and forcing her out.
"I like the inside of the wall, but you can dive as much as you want."

Mila makes verbal jabs while raising her body supported by Tigre. Serket smiled.

"Then I will do that."

Immediately after that, her body sinks into the floor. Mila frowned, but she let the cold air out of Lavias on the floor.

The walls and ceiling were covered with thin ice again.

But she immediately frowns at Mila. She held Lavias in her left hand and planted her feet. The next moment, all the thin ice that covered the floor, walls and ceiling was blown away. Tigre and Ludie are shocked.

Then, Serket, who jumped out from the feet of the three, attacked Mila. Mila prevented her slash with her dragon gear, but she got disoriented and she fell to the floor.

"How is it? It was unpleasant to think that the war princess could compete, so I'm a little rough."

Ludie grabs two swords and slashes at Serket. Four white blades collided and scattered sparks.

Serket spoke to Ludie with a big smile.

"No matter what you do, it won't work. I only have to kill the Lord of Marksmen so could you please stop useless imitations?"

Serket turns goes on the offensive. Immediately after that, Ludie was on the defensive side. She seems to be almost equal in sword skill, but Serket's blade is poisonous. Ludie was on the backfoot.

Tigre runs with an arrow on his black bow, wrapping around the side of Serket and shoots. Serket swings her right-handed sword and knocks his arrow down.
Ludie instinctively feels dangerous and jumps away, trying to wield the sword of the pledge. Immediately after, the sound of something cutting the wind is heard.

"Oh, aren't you slashing?"

Serket bends her neck.

"I'll do it ..."

Mila is moving forward. Tigre was surprised.

"Get down, Mila"

"It's okay. Thanks to the two of you, I had a good rest."

Mila's complexion is bad. However, although her body is sluggish, she does not shake. Ludie lined up next to Mila. She thought they could stand up to her with two people.

Serket responds to Mila with a sneer.

"Do you still not understand your spear and the power of cold air?"

"You don't know anything about Lavias."

Cold air overflows from the tip of Lavias. It targeted Serket with an aggressive will.

It first covered the floor like she crawled on, and then climbed up like smoke.

"Don't move Ludie"

Mila ran forward. She challenges Serket head-on. Serket greeted her with two swords, with a bored expression on her face.

A fierce battle is unfolding with the three blades sparkling. Mila fends off Serket's slashing from two angles shortly after breathing, parrying them with Lavias. If she finds a gap, you will thrust her spear.
She noticed that Tigre was there. Mila unknowingly shortens the handle of Lavias. And then She was even closer to Serket.

"Wow, Mila is ...", Ludie leaks her admiration.

"It reacts at the same time as Serket's attack. How did she read her opponent's movements?"

In fact, Mila rarely saw Serket's attacks.

She realized that if she were to fight at this distance, she wouldn't be able to keep up with her eyes. So she decided to sprinkle cold air between them and read the movement of the enemy with the flow of cold air. It was a trick that was possible because of the cold air emitted by Lavias.

Something draws an arc, pierces her cold air and approaches Mila. Mila caught it at the tip of Lavias.

It was Serket's hair. It looks like it's aligned around her shoulders, and only one bunch stretches like a whip.

At its tip was something reminiscent of a scorpion's tail needle.

"Did you find it?"

"In spite of having a great attitude, you easy to anticipate."

"Can you say that you use it properly according to the situation?"

Serket keeps smiling. And just because Mila found her needle, she changed the way she attacked.

"I'm going to help Mila."

Ludie rushes to think of something. Tigre nodded and saw her off.

Mila, who is challenging an opponent like Serket in close quarters, should be exhausted. However, considering the possibility of wrapping up to Mila, it is not possible to shoot a black arrow in this situation. He had no choice but to rely on Ludie.
Tigre holds a black bow and an arrow in his right hand. He has no choice but to use these two to give Serket a decisive blow. To do this, he has to wait until the time is right to strike.

Mila's hands were slightly hurt, and blood spilled from her cuts. It was Mila, rather than Serket, who was surprised by Ludie who jumped in from her side.

"Get back, Ludie!"

"It's okay! I've got a good look!"

Bravely, Ludie screams and slashes at Serket with two swords. Serket caught the attack with a slight movement of her eyes, and with a fluttering movement, she repelled it.

Overcoming Serket's slash, Ludie wraps around behind her. Serket's hair sways and her growls. Her hair needles attacked Ludie.

A high-pitched metallic sound echoes, and her hair needles fly in the air. Ludie repelled them.

Ludie slashes at her hair needle with a cry of her spirit. However, her hair needle showed an irregular trajectory and evaded the slash. When Ludie pursues further, she pushes back with her left-handed sword.

Watching the offense and defense, Tigre realized Ludie's aim. She aimed at her hair needle to know Serket's reaction. Serket clearly covered her hair needle.

Tigre shouted Mila's name. Mila responds by directing a part of the cold air emitted by Lavias to Tigre.

Only the iron gained the power of cold air and turned into an arrow.

Tigre puts both of them into his black bow. Serket's line of sight moved and looked at him.
At the same time, Mila unleashes her dragon technique.

"--Come from silence, ice storm"

A torrent of cold air broke out, and countless pieces of ice danced around Mila and her friends. She didn't shoot it directly at Serket, but she rolled it around her.

"Do you want to slow my movement with this?"

Serket has a disgusted face. With her gaze shifted, Tigre fired an arrow.

The two arrows hit the ice pieces instead of flying straight to Serket. They Crush the ice pieces and gain momentum

He changed his orbit without diminishing, and crushed another piece of ice and turned further. At this time, Serket felt a sense of crisis for the first time. She Swung her two swords to knock Mila and Ludie with a piece of ice. But she couldn't get rid of the two arrows.

With two swords, Serket tries to protect her hair needles. But each of the two arrows smashed the sword. Ludie slammed her pledged sword into the hair needles.

An average sword would have been crushed by a hair needle. But the sword of the pledge shattered the hair needle. There was a scream that sent chills up her spine. Miasma blows straight up from Serket's feet and becomes a pillar.

After two or three counts, the miasma was scattered, and after that Serket was torn apart and her head was blown away. The two swords held in her hands were broken from the middle. Her body fell to the floor.

Tigre drags her body and walks to her side. Serket smiles when her eyes meet

"It was brilliant. I commend you for your good work and victory ..."
Somehow Tigre looks down at Serket with a suspicious face. Mila and Ludie too. Serket continued to speak to the reaction of the humans in front of her.

"The Human body cannot escape death. You will eventually fall asleep under our Lord."

"Death is not an abomination to us, because we can go to the world under the control of our loved ones."

‘It's a shame that I can't revive our lord to this world....’ Serket thought this then smiled at Tigre.

"Please be a strong person. Our Lord will be pleased too ..............."

A number of miasmas rise from Serket's body. Her body gradually collapses and is lost.

Not only her body, but also the weapons and jewelry faded away. Serket's body disappears silently as the three hold their breath.

-it's Similar to a demon, but different.

That was the first thing Tigre thought about. Rusalka, Leshy, and Torbalon collapsed into lumps of soil. Serket is different.

"--Shall we return to the army?"

Ludie said, as if she had regained her mind. Tigre and Mila nod.

For the time being, the immediate threat has been eliminated. The enemy's purpose was not clear, but they are aiming for Tigre

Mila kneels down as she tries to walk. A small amount of poison left on her body is afflicting her. He tried to support Mila, but this time he got tired from holding her and put on her but.

――I don't feel any strength in my legs

Even though the iron came back to him by itself, it was more burdensome to the body than he had imagined to continue using it.
However, it is true that Serket could not be destroyed without using this power.

"See," Mila supports Tigre's right shoulder. Then Ludie supported Tigre's left shoulder. "Is it difficult to ride a horse? If so Then let's ride with me."

"More than that," Mila pinches her mouth.

"It's better to let Tigre lie down here. I'd like you to come back to the army and explain the situation ..."

"I'm worried about Tigre, so I'd like to stay."

Ludie eats down, Tigre said.

"Let's take a rest. The three of us are clearly exhausted."

Mila and Ludie look at each other. It was a good story. they're sure there won't be any confusion after talking to Raffinac and Garuin when they return at dawn.

Upon leaving the building, all three horses were quietly standing. Besides that, the three spread their cloaks on the ground and lie on them. They were thankful for the summer.

A sky full of stars is looking down on Tigre's group. A faint cry of insects was heard, and Tigre relaxed his expression. He realized that the battle was over.

Tigre fell asleep, feeling the warmth of the two cuddling from the left and right.

❄️

The next morning, when he woke up, his fatigue was still heavy on his body, but Tigre's group drove their horses back into the army. However, it was difficult to climb a steep slope, so they made a big detour.

"At dawn, I looked at it again, but that building was probably a temple," said Ludie, advancing his horse.
“Then it’s okay to leave it in the ruins like that. This is what my mother taught me.”

"Is it the temple of the god Archen?"

"I think it's different."

Mila answers Tigre's question.

“However, it seems that it's easy to settle down in an old temple."

Tigre twisted his head, not knowing what it meant. Ludie responds.

"Hundreds of years ago, I heard that a shrine was built in a place where spirits and fairies could easily gather... Maybe that's why the demon was looking at Tigre in that temple."

While listening to the story, Tigre remembered the giant statue of Tir Na Fal that he had dreamed of. That building too... If you say it's a temple, it seems like that.

Brune, no, is that temple still somewhere on the continent? If they go there, can they find out more about Tir Na fal and about Black Bow?

It was too late to call the morning when Tigre's group returned to the army.

Raffinak and Garuin, who welcomed the three, all breathe a sigh of relief. He reported to the military that he was particularly unusual. Olivier and Simon are doing well.

"Is it still a demon?"

To Raffinac's question, Tigre shakes his head.

"It was something different from the demons we've fought so far. I think it was stronger than the demons. It was really dangerous"
He spoke honestly because the firmness of the mouth is guaranteed for these two people. And just in case something happens to him... they have to know it.

"In the enemy's words, the aim was like me. They kept calling me the Lord of Marksmen."

"If you think about it now, it might have been used by Ganelon. That black fog demon would be Ganelon's servant. You would come with the knowledge that it was dangerous," Mila said.

"It's certainly not the direction to go to the fort. I don't know that there is such a temple there. And if I didn't notice it, I would pass by."

Ludie agrees. Tigre swirled his dull red hair. Being carried by the enemy, Mila and Ludie will have been involved.

"But there was a development."

Ludie grabs the pledged sword beside her, saying with a bright smile full of fighting spirit.

"With this sword, I can also fight against Ganelon. I thought when I slashed with the demons, but I'm sure of that. That man will definitely die by my hands."

"Don't worry too much"

It was Mila who said that in an unfriendly tone.

"And first of all, at Rambouillet.... Maybe Ganelon is there too."

"That's right. Let's send a messenger to the Thenardier corps."

It is highly possible that the Thenardier corps is also being attacked by the enemy. In the schedule, it was a little early to join. But they should hurry.

With Tigre's signal, the VORN corps began its march. Then, in the afternoon of the next day, he joined the Thenardier corps.
Chapter 5 - Bittersweet victory

Zion, the commander of the Thenardier corps, was extremely moody.

They were first attacked in Rambouillet three days ago. At that time, the Thenardier corps were on a mountain road, slowing down their march and preparing for an enemy attack. As expected, there was an enemy attack. However, the soldiers of the Charles army attacked. All the Thenardier soldiers all said, "It's very vulgar and unpleasant."

"They threw stones and hundreds of leather bags filled with dung."

The enemy has forced mental exhaustion rather than fighting. Moreover, this tactic has made them angry.

Defrot, a lieutenant of the Thenardier corps, explains while his face and voice show no emotions. Tigre, Mila and Ludie frowned.

"the Enemy has launched such attacks three times to date. Only less than twenty soldiers were injured. But........."

"How was that possible?"

Zion is frustrated and asks Ludie. Ludie said she had been attacked by an enemy in the canyon. She also adds that the enemy was not human. As long as the soldiers fought, it will soon be known even if you hide it here.

They should have explained it honestly even if it seemed strange.

"A demon......?"

Zion frowns mysteriousy, but when Tigre mentions Bachelard, his face turns into a serious expression. At the Battle of Aujour, Zion slammed Bachelard, who had become a demon, with his flying dragon. He remembered that time.

"Is it possible that Rambouillet is the nest of those demons?"
"I think we should be vigilant."

Hearing Ludie's words, Zion made a frown.

"But how? If you fight against demons like your soldiers, military soldiers have only been harassed. My flying dragon too."

In fact, Zion wasn't in a bad mood just because he was attacked by an enemy. Zion tried to retaliate by chasing the fleeing enemy with a flying dragon, but he was stopped by Defrot. The presence of the flying dragon should not be shown here.

Knowing his role in the fort attack, Zion had no choice but to be aware.

Even though his anger did not subside, the flying dragon was offended by the enemy's attack and spit on Zion several times.

Because of that, Zion couldn't stay calm.

"Let's see to see how the other person is going to move to see if it works as planned."

Zion nodded in vain at his words at Ludie. After this, Zion moves the flying dragon a little away from the fort. It must be hidden in a hill. Beside the flying dragon is Alouette and ten soldiers to protect her. He knew she needed them, but he didn't feel happy.

The next day, Brune's army arrived in front of Fort Rambouillet.

After the morning, the sun is slowly rising while roasting the earth.

The Rambouillet fort has a red horse flag of Bayard and a number of flags of the Ganelon family depicting a golden unicorn on a green space.

It's as if they were the orthodox Brune army.

And there was Charles in the center of the wall. He is dressed the same as when he appeared at the royal palace, and he wears a leather bodice over it and carries a treasure sword on his back.
"Welcome, rebels!"

He opened his arms to welcome the Brune army approaching the fort. The voice passes through the battlefield,

There is momentum that could swallow the Brune soldiers.

"There is a good amount of courage required to defeat this fort with just that many soldiers. Is there a secret plan? Anyway, you should attack. By the way, did you wash your body well after being exposed to feces?"

The knights on the wall burst into laughter.

Zion looks up at Charles with a frightening face, without exploding his anger. Defrot is also here. He saw Charles for the first time at this time.

On the other hand, Tigre, Mila, and Ludie, who had already faced Charles, were calm, but felt the high morale of their enemy knights, and felt anxiety.

Charles's horror isn't his strength as a warrior, but his morale for knights and soldiers acting as he wishes.

Tigre looked back at Ludie.

"First, let's intimidate. Inform Sir Zion's troops with a horn."

Ludie nods, summons some knights, and gives instructions neatly. After a while, the sound of the horn whistle echoed. The sound of the horn is also returned from the Thenardier corps.

When it was over, flags swayed as the Vorn and Thenardier pushed up their weapons and roared. As expected, the power of about 20,000 is enormous, and the tremors of the atmosphere are transmitted to the skin. The enemy knights seemed to be surprised and stopped laughing.

Charles is the only one who keeps his fearless smile.
"Calm down and look at them! There are no ladders, catapults, or battering rams. They can't cross this wall!"

The knights on the wall respond to Charles' cry with a scream. But that voice is a little smaller than before. Not a small number of them were overwhelmed by the Brune army.

Vorn and Thenardier are finally fighting together.

The Thenardier corps, under the command of Defrot, deployed from the south to the east of Fort Rambouillet. Vorn Corps are split into two, one holding the north side of the fort and the other waiting near the mountain behind the fort.

Tigre and Zion ordered the establishment in coordination with each other.

The Brune army intends to completely siege the fort, launch a long-term battle, and cut off food and water.

Tigre is in command behind the forces that hold the north side. Beside him were Mila and Ludie. Raffinac and Garuin are also behind them.

"I wonder how Charles will respond."

Looking at the fort, Mila muttered as she thought.

"If Mila is an enemy, what would you do in such a case?"

When Tigre hears, Mila briefly answers "night attack."

"you should have noticed that we were heading to this fort, so I would have a few soldiers in the mountains in advance. I'll keep it hidden inside. Open the castle gate tomorrow or the day after tomorrow at midnight and attack the southern troops. If the soldiers in the mountains move at the same time and attack from two directions, there is a great chance of winning."

"Why is it tomorrow or the day after tomorrow? It looks good tonight."
Ludie bends her neck. Mila replied with a bitter smile.

"Because the tension on the side surrounding the fort gradually relaxes. If the enemy does not use this hand today When the day is quiet-- "

Before Mila finishes saying, a soldier breathes out and appears in the report.

"The north gate opened and the fake king appeared!"

Ludie rides her horse silently. Tigre entrusts Mila, Raffinac and Garuin with troops.

He followed Ludie. At the beginning of his troops, he finally catches up with her.

Ludie stopped her horse and stared at the fort-more precisely, the open gate and Charles in front of it.

Charles straddles his horse, carries his treasure sword on his shoulder and smiles at them.

"Now, those who think I'm here come before me! You rarely have the opportunity to point a sword at the king!"

With Durandal at the highest, Charles provoked the soldiers of the Vorn Corps. As Tigre jumps out, he holds Ludie's hand and listens to Charles.

"What are you thinking?"

"If you leave it to the momentum and let the soldiers avalanche, can you hold down the castle gate?"

Tigre shook his head to Raffinac, who said with a frightened face.

"He is as strong as or stronger than Sir Roland."

"Tigre,"

Ludie eyes glared at him, which had different colors and fighting spirit.
"Please. Let me go."

"Ludie, please hold back here"

Tigre also desperately begs. There is no doubt that Ludie is one of the leading warriors, but Roland still has it.

However, Ludie said something unexpected.

"I don't think I can win by horseback, but I think I can pull him away from the fort and drag him here to isolate him."

Tigre looks at Charles and ponders his thoughts. If that happens, we can confront Charles with himself, Ludie, and Mila. There are Concerns that Ganelon appears and joins Charles. It's a momentum changer, but in any case the possibility is open.

"I understand," he decided to leave it to Ludie.

"Oh, there's the daughter of the Bergerac family and Tigre!"

Charles, who noticed this, rode his horse with Durandal on his shoulder.

"Raffinac, call Mila!"

Tigre shouted, squeezing the black bow in his saddle and pulling an arrow out of the quiver. Ludie also unleashes her longsword and pledged sword, respectively, and yells at him with her back to the soldiers.

"You guys go down!"

The soldiers hurriedly went back. Tigre and Ludie are on the battlefield in a fierce clash.

Charles has advanced. Durandal's blade roared and attacked Ludie. Ludie refuses to yield to his treasure sword, turns away and dodges. Charles rolled out her left and right swords, twisting his body so both slashes cut through the sky.
Ludie and Charles glared at each other while manipulating the horses to close the gap.

The wind roars between the two, sparks scatter, and the three blades flutter.

Ludie's sword couldn't hurt Charles. No matter how she slashes and thrusts, Charles dodges calmly or takes it with Durandal. Even with a flash reaching Charles' body, her blade only cut his leather bodice and clothes.

On the other hand, Ludie had to work hard on Charles's treasure sword, which was attacking with the force of an explosion. While restraining the opponent with two longswords, he avoids direct hits. A few of her silver-white hair fluttered in the air, and a number of small scratches were carved on her cheeks and arms.

-he is a scary man.

Tigre couldn't help marveling at the opportunity to shoot an arrow at the black bow. Looking at his fighting skill, Charles' movement is unremarkable. It doesn't look like it's because of his strength, speed, or his swordsmanship.

Although he is fine, he is manipulating a great sword and a horse without any harm.

Ludie kept her breath and kept a distance from Charles. Not missing that moment, Tigre shoots his arrow

Charles held his treasure sword at an angle and repelled his arrow.

Ludie rides a horse there and approaches the fake king at once. She slashed sharply with a scream of spirit.

However, Charles catches the two white blades with Durandal and pushes them back. He advanced his horse and turned to Ludie's right side.

"That sword seems to be lighter."
Ludie is wielding her longsword that she has been using for a long time with her right hand. In this short offense and defense, Charles seized the strength of her sword. And he was convinced that she would be beaten by Durandal.

Sweat floats on Ludie's forehead. She manages to hold up with two swords. If you lose one, it's a moment where You will be cornered in no time.

Suddenly, Charles stops attacking and goes back. Mila rushed in with the sound of a horseshoe.

Mila holds Lavias with a horse standing next to Ludie. Tigre strokes his chest and renews

He put the arrow on the black bow.

"This time I will be the other party, fake king"

Mila slams her fighting eyes on Charles. Charles tilts his neck to the left and right as he ponders

However, he carried his treasure sword on his shoulder around his horse's neck and turned his back.

"Today, let's end this hell. I'll See you again."

He looks back at his head and waving his hand brightly as if he were against his friend. Mila and Ludie were stunned, and Tigre was screaming.

"Are you going to run away!"

"I've decided that I'm only dealing with two or more women in bed. You're right, Tigre."

"Why call me by my nickname !?"

He made a name for himself at the royal palace, but he didn't tell him his nickname. Charles laughed and replied.
"I just shortened it because it's hard to call. Tell your parents who chose the troublesome name of your complaint."

To say the least, Charles rushes his horse to the gate. Tigre aims at his back

he squeezed his bowstring, but stopped and lifted his finger from his bowstring.

He didn't think it was cowardly to aim from behind him. He just realized that he wouldn't hit that guy if he fired. If you want to make sure that the arrow reaches its target, you have to find a decisive gap or devise a double-triple method.

Neither Mila nor Ludie tried to chase Charles. They know to resist the temptation if for the same reasoning as Tigre's

The three silently stared at the fake king disappearing beyond the gate. The castle gate is closed. Tigre took a small breath and laughed at Ludie.

"Thank you, but what do you have to do before that?"

"Let's take care of you for the time being"

Tigre immediately came up with what that was.

He rallied his troops from his horse, raising the black bow and shouted.

"The fake king who spat out a big talk fled to the other side of the wall! The beginning is our victory!"

The soldiers, who had been stunned until then, regained their consciousness and screamed. Ludie was certainly struggling to join in.

However, the fake king escaped without being able to defeat them. They have won.
Tigre, of course, knows that his words are vain. But if it was effective in boosting the morale of his soldiers, he should have been openly brave.

When the battle cry stops, Tigre does his best to repair his dignity and tell them.

"But the fight has just begun. Don't relax."

Tigre, Mila, and Ludie pass between the soldiers and return to the rear of the unit.

"Young lord, were you safe?"

"Raffinac, Work with Sir Garuin to send a rush messenger to other troops."

Charles, who disappeared behind the gate, didn't look particularly tired.

"Thanks Raffinac,"

Tigre thanked him for his appearance. It's unclear what would have happened if it was a little later.

If that happens, the Brune army would suffer significant damage.

After Raffinac's group takes off, Tigre and Mila talked to Ludie.

"How do you think it should work?"

"You don't have to change your schedule. Tomorrow, you'll try to break in through a secret passage to get the enemy's attention and let Lord Zion cross the walls. Tonight's vigilance needs to be strict."

Mila answered that. Ludie nodded.

"I was once again reminded that Charles was a terrifying enemy. Now that I know my skills, the next battle will be tough, but that guy has a chance."

Tigre and Mila turn their gaze of surprise and interest to Ludie. Ludie replied with her chest.
"Charles is a person who enjoys fighting. If you think about it, there are some statements in old records that make you think so. I don't know if it's because of your confidence in your ability or if there is another reason..."

"If you entertain him, maybe you can find a chance?"

Tigre asks to confirm. Mila folded her arms and groaned.

"I think it would be better for me to fight next time. My skill was known when I fought at the royal palace, but I haven't shown the power of Lavias yet."

Certainly, if it is a dragon technique, Charles may be surprised. With that in mind, Tigre got stuck in the bottom of his memory. Recalling something, his face turns pale.

"I remembered. Durandal also has some mysterious power ......"

Mila and Ludie frowned at Tigre's line with a terrifying voice at the same time.

"What do you mean?"

"I've never heard of it. Who did you hear from?"

"Sir Roland. I heard that when we spoke in the port city of Duris in Asvarre."

A moan leaks from Tigre's mouth. Is Durandal in Roland's hand really that powerful?

He didn't have time to worry about it.

"I haven't asked what kind of power it is. No, given Sir Roland's position, he wouldn't tell me. And that Torbalon demon who we fought in that town knew about Durandal."

The three look at each other. Mila laughed to encourage Tigre.

"Well done, Tigre. It's a big help to remember this now."
"Yes. I'm horrified to think that the enemy could use that power without knowing anything."

Ludie also smiles and nods. Both of them, of course, wanted to encourage Tigre, but what she said was her true intention. Nothing is more terrifying on the battlefield than an unexpected blow.

"Thank you, both of you"

Switching moods, Tigre thanks them.

"I can't run back to the royal capital from now on. When I challenge Charles, it's best to have three people. Myself or Ludie can poke through the gap created by Mila."

Mila and Ludie nodded powerfully.

There was no battle that day as the enemy no longer came out of the fort. Both sides reached the dawn, watching each other for a night attack.

The next day, the Brune army began to move before the sky was bright.

The VORN army, who was waiting near the mountain, stepped into the mountain in the dark. Then, his troops secretly left and headed for the doorway of a secret passage at the foot of the mountain. About 500 mercenaries led by Simon were present.

Even the troops that built the camp on the north side of the fort, Tigre, Mila, Ludie, Raffinac and Garuin's quietly leave the base. The rest of the command was to be taken by Olivier, the deputy leader of the Knights of Navarre.

The original plan was for Tigre's group not to join the forces attacking the secret passages. But yesterday's fight with Charles changed his mind.

"We should take advantage of what we know about their existence."
At dinner, Mila said so. If there are troops trying to invade through the secret passage, the enemy will have to concentrate their troops in the secret passage. Especially if you can stop Charles and then Ganelon.

A surprise attack by Zion and The flying dragon becomes easier to succeed.

A messenger reports that Zion was waiting last night under a flying dragon hiding behind a hill.

At best, they have to rampage and get the attention of their enemies.

Under the dimly lit sky, Tigre's group joined the mercenary corps led by Simon. He, who cannot be found by the enemy, looks like a black shadow because no one has turned on the light.

"I'm sorry. Let me do such a dangerous thing."

"I wish the commander moved. I'd like to get the reward."

They Find a place shown by the Knight Ostre. Immediately they found the doorway of the secret passage. It was covered with soil and covered with some stones about the size of an adult's head. There are no footprints around, recently. It seemed that no one used it.

As you remove the soil and stones, you will see stairs that are carefully tamped with soil.

Ten mercenaries wearing iron helmets, leather armor, hatchets, and iron-reinforced shields stairs for reconnaissance.

They are followed by Tigre's five-man group.

"Don't be fooled"

Simon standing at the doorway gave a word of encouragement. There are 200 mercenaries in secret passages. The remaining 300 people, along with Simon, guarded the doorway.
The torch staircase changed from the middle to a stone one. Light the torches prepared by the mercenaries to counteract the darkness. As they went down the stairs, a straight passage jumped into their view.

The ceiling is supported by pillars and beams made of wood, and the left and right walls are piled up with stones and will not collapse.

The width of the aisle was large enough for adults to pass each other.

"It's like a mine," he said, uttering a word that Garuin was impressed with.

Ludie pulled the longsword out of her scabbard and raised it high. The tip lightly pokes the ceiling.

"It looks like you need some ingenuity when fighting."

Next to her, Mila was shortening the handle of Lavias. This dragon tool can freely change the length of the handle is by the will of its user, Mila.

Raffinac prepared a hatchet, and Garuin pulled out his sword. Garuin's skill is not as good as Mila or Ludie, but he does not have a hard time handling the sword in such a place.

Tigre's group walked down the aisle cautiously, but in a hurry. Although there is plenty of room, confusion is inevitable if an unexpected accident occurs in such a place. they should have been able to get out early while suppressing their impatience.

"The secret passages at Fort Navarre were more solid."

Looking at the ceiling and walls, Tigre gives a frank impression. Ludie returned the words.

"It's a fort that protects the western border. The money you can spend is different."
The leading mercenaries have stopped at about 300 Arsine (about 300 meters). They Look back and say, "It smells strange."

"Thank you for your hard work. From here, we will come forward."

Mila is moving forward. Tigre and Ludie followed her, Raffinac and Garuin to the mercenaries.

After receiving the torch, Raffinac is behind Tigre's group.

-It certainly smells strange. It's like oil.

He turned to Tigre for Mila and Ludie.

The passage is still straight and there are no side streets. When they squinted into the darkness where the lights couldn't reach, something moved in the darkness. Tigre immediately shoots an arrow at the black bow. A faint sadness from the point where the arrow disappeared

he heard a ring.

Immediately after, a red light bursts into the passage surrounded by darkness. The Charles soldiers were anointing the floor, detecting the invasion and setting it on fire.

Cold air is released from Mila's Lavias, and the fire is extinguished with tremendous force. The enemy soldiers in the back of the aisle screamed at her, and her allies screamed in joy.

"The enemy didn't fill this passage."

Now that the biggest concern for Tigre's group has been dispelled, there is only progress. Mila asked the mercenaries to bring some shields.

Something flew through the darkness before receiving the shield. Mila and Ludie knock it down. It made a hard noise and it rolled to the floor. Garuin picks it up with careful care.

Tigres glanced at her eyes. In the hands of the elder knight was a crossbow.
"I'm a Brune, but I use mercenaries ... Maybe the enemy is also a mercenary?"

Ludie is stunned. Tigre couldn't hide the shock either.

"Did you think Charles order them to be used?"

He doesn't think Ganelon ordered it, nor did the soldiers and knights pick this up their own. He couldn't think of anything other than Charles' command, but what kind of hand did he use to make them obey quietly?

Tigre couldn't afford to think about it too much. He broke the cold air peculiar to the underground passage, and the arrows flew one after another. Mila and Ludie hold the shields they received from the mercenaries to prevent them.

Tigre put three arrows on his black bow, and he fired them all at once. A scream rises from the back of the aisle. The sound of humans folding on the floor and falling down continued. Relying on the voice and sound of the enemy, he shot three more arrows. Behind him, the mercenaries whistled in admiration.

"The enemy is doing more than I expected."

Mila responds with a fighting expression to Tigre, who is now muttering abominably.

"Thank you. The enemy should be impatient as long as you crush them."

"But why didn't you fill the secret passage?"

Garuin replied with a gentle voice to Ludie who asked the question.

"Maybe I was going to get some time. The dragon tool of Lady Ludmila and the bow and arrow of Sir Tigrevurmud. We have been able to move forward thanks to our workmanship; it would have been difficult without it."

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Almost as soon as Garuin finished saying this, the sound of his armor rang.

The knights, who are dressed in dull-colored armor, stand in the aisle while protecting themselves with a large shield, holding a hatchet and mace in their hands. Considering the signs and sounds, there seemed to be quite a few.

"Are you going to fight head-on this time?"

"--Then it's finally our turn."

The mercenaries are moving forward, pushing Tigre's group away. He had a ferocious smile on every face. One of the mercenaries laughs at Tigre.

"Please rest for a while. You're stronger than us, but we has to work here while we can make excuses for the captain."

Tigre gave way to them, just saying "ahh". Mila and others also imitate Tigre.

With the smell of sweat and leather armor, and above all, the ferocious murder, the mercenaries casually close the distance to the enemy. They rushed out of nowhere and swung his weapon. Hatchets and maces reflect the light of the torch and sparkle.

Splashes and screams echoed in the aisles, splashes of blood splattered on the walls and floor.

❄️

The messenger of the Thenardier corps arrives at Zion, who is waiting behind the hill near the Rambouillet fort.

It was around the time when the mercenaries and the knights under Charles clashed in a secret passage.

"The VORN corps has infiltrated a secret passage."

A young messenger with a sweaty face reports to Zion. Tigre's group step into a secret passage.
It was almost half an hour ago, but Simon who saw it sent a messenger to the Vorn Corps, and the Vorn Corps sent a messenger to the Thenardier Corps.

As a result of sending a messenger to the Thenardier corps in the shadow of the hill, it took so much time.

Rather, it can be said that it was transmitted early.

"Hmm, finally. It was late."

After having breakfast, Zion was sitting on the ground and waiting for his turn.

He stood up calmly and wiped off the dust on his clothes.

Besides Zion, there was his flying dragon, Alouette, and ten soldiers here.

Alouette was here to take care of his flying dragon until just before the battle, and her soldiers' role was to protect her. Zion walked to the side of the flying dragon, but he got on a stepping stone to straddle the saddle.

Then, he looked back on Alouette.

"Okay, I don't think there's anything to worry about ... but If anything happens, give priority to yourself and run away."

"I understand."

Alouette bows her head. Zion suddenly thought of something that he started to speak. He was wondering if there was anything else for her to say.

"Good luck"

Zion rounds his eyes. He felt a lot of surprise, a little joy, and a little suspicion.

"What happened to you? Did you get tired after your first march?"

Alouette bends her head. She answered obediently.
"If I say this, Defrot will be happy."

"You don't have to listen to that bastard's shit again."

Throwing the moment away, Zion quickly straddles the saddle. With his familiar hand, he stretches the belt from the saddle to his waist and legs.

He clasped the bridle. The flying dragon turned his neck, and his wings fluttered in a whirlwind, blowing soil and grass. The stepping stone rolls.

The flying dragon's feet are off the ground. Alouette does not try to suppress the turbulence, but sees Zion and the flying dragon off.

In little time, the flying dragon soared high in the sky. Looking up at the morning sky, which is much closer than before, Zion smiles with a mixture of tension and excitement.

The flying dragon makes a big turn as if the body is accustomed to the sky. When it reached the third time, Zion manipulated the bridle. The flying dragon changes its posture, cuts the wind, and flies toward Rambouillet Fort at an amazing speed.

Zion looks down on the ground while turning the flying dragon. Knights and soldiers in the fort stunned themselves. Many knights are standing with their weapons.

"There are few....."

A suspicious thought leaked from Zion's mouth. Rambouillet Fort is surrounded by 20,000 soldiers. Even though he didn't have a siege engine, he should have defended everywhere, and there would have been many soldiers and knights on the walls, as well as in the courtyards and corridors.

"I've heard that it's far less than our army, but that's not all it is. It's like--"

It seems that he has no intention of protecting this fort.
No, is there such a reason to do this?

Zion shakes off the thoughts that come to his mind. He Slowly lands the flying dragon near the southern castle gate.

He approached the fort. With the rugged body of the flying dragon, he wouldn't have any significant impact on the walls and towers.

However, Zion on board is not free.

Looking inside the castle gate, as he had heard in advance that it is built through a thick gate.

If so, the enemy soldiers will be afraid to run away. After that, he should get off the flying dragon, remove the gate, and call in allies outside.

However, he's still worried about the small number of enemies. Isn't there some kind of trap set up? As he hesitated, he heard a voice calling Zion from the wall, "Hey."

He Turned his gaze. Charles, carrying Durandal on his shoulder, was curiously looking up at them with his eyes shining. The knights and soldiers around him are holding weapons and shields and pulling their faces, but Charles's face looks as giddy as a child who finds a new game.

——What is he?

Zion was confused by a reaction he had never seen before. Charles puts one hand on his mouth and calls out loud

"Come down here. Let me see you better."

Charles shouted this briefly. This would make other people get off the ramparts to Charles and escape to a safe place.

He begs for a meeting, but he doesn't seem to ask Zion. On the contrary, it provokes Zion with ridicule.
"Maybe you haven't managed to ride the flying dragon enough to get down to the wall? I'm sorry to say something unreasonable. Come inside the fort and land here."

Zion was in a hurry. He is flying slowly because the flying dragon is following these instructions, a sign that the dragon is accustomed to Zion riding it. The top of the wall is a narrow foothold for the flying dragon, but if I am now, I can land without any trouble.

It's okay. I'll crush you ...!

Come to think of it, this fake king is the general commander of the enemy army. If you defeat him, the battle is your victory. It's much quicker than opening the gate.

Zion manipulates his reins to plunge the flying dragon. He slid nicely on the ramparts. The soldiers and knights scream and he screams and runs away, some of whom fall from the walls. Some of them rolled in the wind caused by the flying dragon.

The flying dragon stops moving when it slides from one end of the wall to the other. Zion didn't know that it was the same place where Charles slipped when he fell into this fort.

Zion exhales and looks at the walls. He can't see Charles. Perhaps he's in the walls or he fell off. Zion lifts the edge of his mouth and laughs.

"Because I opened my big mouth--"

The words didn't last until the end. Charles emerged from behind the walls.

When the flying dragon plunged, Charles immediately threw himself off the wall and grabbed the chest wall to escape.

Then, after confirming that the flying dragon had stopped moving, he returned.
"Hey. If you look closely, he's got a horn, a scale, a wing, and it's really wonderful. He has a pretty good look. Should I try to show him to Ganelon next time?"

Charles walks calmly on the wall. Zion was frightened. This guy is abnormal. He's not normal. He's yes. He must leave as soon as possible.

Zion grabs his bridle and tries to fly the flying dragon into the sky.

It was then that Charles jumped in. He endures the gust of wind caused by the flying dragon and runs on the walls. He jumped off the chest wall as a stepping stone and held the tail of the flying dragon.

The flying dragon screamed and Zion screamed.

"What, what, you!"

he has never seen such a person, Whether in Brune or Asvarre. How can he think to jump at the flying dragon he sees for the first time?

The flying dragon flies as Charles is swung around, but he holds it's tail and holds on. On the contrary, he even enjoys the feeling of flying.

"Is this flying? I like it. Give me this one."

"Fall!" Zion screamed.

The flying dragon also flies over the fort in a distorted orbit in order to shake off the creepy human being caught on it's tail. However, Charles was not torn off. He clings to the tail of the flying dragon with tremendous strength.

At this scene, both the enemy and allies stunned and stopped moving, just silently watching. The thoughts of Charles soldiers in the fort, Defrot, who leads the Thenardier corps outside the fort, and Olivier, who commands the Vorn corps, are empty.
They could only look at the scene.

Confused, Zion looked at the tower at the corner of the fort. He decides to hit Charles there and gives instructions to The flying dragon. At this time, Charles climbed up the tail of the flying dragon and reached for its leg, but he noticed the movement of the flying dragon and let go.

Charles's body floats in the air. Like a thrown stone, his body slams into the tower with tremendous force.

It was about to be put on, but Charles pulled out Durandal from his back earlier than that.

While squeezing tight, he holds Durandal from his hips and plunge into the wall of the tower. A thunder-like destructive sound roars

After destroying the wall, Charles rolled into the tower.

Around that time, Tigre's group and less than 190 mercenaries were stepping through a secret passage and inside the fort. By the time they broke through, they had lost more than a dozen mercenaries.

Tigre's group, who went through a secret passage to the courtyard, were confused by the hectic atmosphere surrounding the fort, and her Snow Princess was immediately split into three hands. This is to open the gates of the north, east, and south.

Tigre's group led sixty mercenaries to the northern gates. Looking up at the sky, the flying dragon is flying in an irregular orbit. It must be Zion, but why this was happening is unknown.

--Is the messenger delayed or was it disturbed by Charles?

Both seem likely, but he can't afford to think about it. Now it was the first decision to open the castle gate. If they don't hurry, they will be isolated among the enemies.

The number of enemy soldiers is small. Moreover, even if they find them, they will not attack them and will not even try to speak out.
They will rush to somewhere as if there is something more important.

"What is it?" Raffinac muttered anxiously.

"Tigre, that ...!"

Ludie gives a surprised voice. When Tigre saw it, he glanced at him. There is a large hole in the wall of the tower, from which black smoke rises.

He thought it was a fire or a fire, but when he looked around, black smoke was blowing up from various parts of the fort, such as the walls and stables.

Red flames can also be seen here and there.

"what is this..........?"

Ludie muttered, as if she didn't understand. She wondered if the mercenaries who were taking different actions set fire, but there was too much black smoke for that. Zion wouldn't imitate this either.

-Did the enemy set fire? For what? Why are you trying to abandon the fort you have obtained?

"Oh, did you come through a secret passage?"

From the sidelines, Tigre's group were called out to. Looking there, Charles stands on the stairs installed on the outside of the two-story building. That building must have been an armory.

Oddly, Charles had blood marks on his face, his hair was messed up, his clothes and bodice were ragged, and he was struck with ashes from his head and he was terribly dirty. Only Durandal in his hand is shining brightly.

He was wondering what happened to Charles, but Tigre asked what he should ask first.

"Did you set the fire?"
"It's burning more than it looks, and I've crushed all the wells. You guys opened the gate quickly, When I found out that you were in an army of 20,000, I decided to do this. The number of soldiers and knights in this fort is less than 200."

With his chest up, Charles replies proudly. Tigre's group were stunned. The secret passage gimmick was all for naught. He was just to pretending to resist.

"You should run away."

Tigre felt his body getting hot.

He holds an arrow on a black bow and shoots it. Cutting the wind, the arrow flew to Charles' forehead. But just before hitting, Charles reaches out his right hand and grabs his arrow. Rotating the arrow in his hand, he pushed his left half forward and pushed his left arm straight like he is holding a bow.

He smiles, pulls his right arm, whistles, and shoots an arrow. Then Charles disappeared into the armory.

Tigre stands stunned. Charles was a skilled hunter, but He can't do it without using a bow by using his body.

"Tigre, let's hurry"

Called by Mila, Tigre returns to focus. They have to hurry to the castle gate now.

He runs through the courtyard and crosses the training ground. When the northern gate was visible, he was in the middle of the fort, surrounded by flames and smoke. Smoke is rushing right next to Tigre's group, and some of the mercenaries are holding their faces and shedding tears and runny nose.

Some are inhaling smoke and others are crouching.

Looking at the castle gate, Ludie stood up with no words. Sandbags were piled up high in front of the castle gate, and the gate that he
could see through the gap was fixed with a thick iron chain. Tigre was amazed and fatigued.

"Open the gate and run away."

Mila quickly walks to the castle gate and shakes Lavias. She blew off the sandbags and tried to break her chains. However, with a metallic sound, Lavias was easily repelled.

"That ............"

Mila's face turns pale. This is not an ordinary chain, as she cannot be cut off with a dragon tool.

Tigre, looking behind him, remembered something. Previously, demons used chains that had the property of suppressing the power of dragon tools. Perhaps this chain is the same.

Tigre holds an arrow on the black bow. He didn't want to show this power to others, but if he hesitated, the smoke would be too much for them.

Mila, who noticed this movement, lined up next to him. She spills cold air from Lavias, and it poured into the arrow. The iron arrowhead gave off a white glow.

Releasing his finger, the bowstring quivered and released the arrow.

A storm of cold air struck, and at the same time the light exploded, the gate shattered along with the iron chains. The castle gate also blew open in the middle. After the light and sound have subsided, the grasslands spread out beyond the castle gate.

"run!"

Mila starts running while pulling Tigre's hand. Ludie and the others continued while helping the mercenaries flood the open castle gate.
After passing through the gate and looking back, they saw a fort surrounded by flames and black smoke.

After that, Tigre's group helped open the eastern and southern gates and helped the mercenaries there.

The battle was over.
Epilogue

The smoke of cooking rises and disappears into the indigo sky.

About 500 Arsine away from his Rambouillet fort, the Brune army had built a camp.

Supper is bread and fish soup. Fish soup is one of the most common dishes in Zhcted.

It is made by filling a deep pot with water, adding large-sized potatoes and salted salmon, sweetening it with onions, and simmering it. It was easy and mass-produced on the battlefield.

Many soldiers grab bread with a tired face and carry fish soup to their mouths.

Until just before, they were busy extinguishing the burning Rambouillet Fort. Even though the work was done, the wells were crushed and the nearest river was far away, so only Mila's Lavias was relied on. The soldiers also took turns pouring soil hard, but not as effective as the effort.

And although they managed to put out the fire, they could no longer use the fort.

All but the dead escaped to Charles and other enemy soldiers. After investigating after the fire was extinguished, he found a hole in the ground near the western wall that was large enough for people to pass through. The hole extended long into the ground, allowing it to enter the mountains.

"You had prepared an escape route in advance. But if you want to make such a loophole in a short period of time, you will need a certain amount of manpower. How can you do it when 200 people are not enough? .... .. "

Tigre replied with regret to Ludie, who was angry.

"He Probably used demons."
He recalled the skeletons and corpses that blocked their path in the canyon. If Charles ordered them, it wouldn't have been too much trouble. Unlike humans, they don't get tired and don't want food or water. Tigre, Mila, Ludie, Olivier, Zion, and Defrot gather in the commander's curtain.

A lamp hanging from the ceiling dimly illuminated the faces of the six people.

"It must be a win, but it's the first time I've been so annoyed."

Tigre agreed with Zion. At this point, the Brune army only gained a burnt down fort. Moreover, when it was over, the enemy kept taking the initiative.

"It's lighter to maintain. Let's think of it like this."

Looking around the five, Tigre said with a bitter smile. Once you have a fort, you have to devote soldiers to protect it. He was able to save that effort. He is not afraid it would be taken back by the enemy.

"Let's think about things"

Defrot made a painful statement. However, there is a positive smile on his face.

"By the way, what are you going to do now? Are you going? Or are you going back?"

Looking at the map, Olivier asked.

The problem is the movement of the enemy. Charles may turn back to Lutetia, and he may dodge them and head for the royal capital. Following him, he had to defeat him this time.

"I just want to avoid being dragged around."

So far, there are few deaths. Tigre's group are able to maintain a large army. But to maintain a large army for a long time, he needs
more food and water. If you go back and forth, you will soon run out. Charles may have set fire to the fort, thinking about him.

"There is a way to find a base to replace Rambouillet."

Mila gives her opinion in a modest tone. Ludie nodded.

"If the territory of the lords who cooperate with us near Lutetia, it seems that we can make it a base."

"Gather information. if we can go, we'll go to Artesium."

Tigre said so. Even if Charles aims for the royal capital, there are Elen, Liza, and Olga in the royal capital. Roland and Guinevere too. They shouldn't be defeated by Charles so easily. The battle with the ancestors had just begun.
Afterword

Hello. You've been attacking with high firepower this summer as well. In this age, lack of exercise has accelerated considerably.

However, I didn't think that I couldn't stop sweating just by walking a little.

It's been a long time, I'm Tsukasa Kawaguchi. We are pleased to present nine volumes of "Lord of Marksmen and Vanadis".

At the end of the first volume, Ganelon finally achieved his long-cherished wish, but it is an unprecedented enemy for Tigre's group.

After all, he is the king who started the country. Since I have that much vitality, I enjoyed writing while thinking that it would be so terrible. By that amount, he was barely able to reach the limit of time, but ... Anyway, I hope you enjoy it. Well, about two advertisements.

The first volume of the comicalized version of "The King of Magic Bullets and the Snow Princess of Frozen" by Milan Matra was released on August 18th last week! We hope that you will enjoy Tigre, Mila, and Elen who are moving around. I also contributed one SS.

Seo promotion part 2. On the same day as this work, I wrote the original draft, Tsukasa Seo wrote it, and Konaka Shiratani was in charge of his Karun Wenan, the sixth volume of "The King of Magic Bullets and the Holy Spring". Will be released. This is also a book that will be a prologue to the new chapter, which is a later story of the Asvarre edition. We also had a conversation at the end of the book.

Acknowledgments. Thank you to Itsuka Miyatsuki for drawing the ancestor Charles and even the enemy's beauty to Princess Regin! In this volume, my favorite is Charles and the enemy's beauty, but is it still Charles? It may be this work that the uncle in his forties (physical) is an enemy. Mr. H, the new editor, and Mr. Tzawa, who also helped me check the manuscript this time, really bother me.
I'm sorry.

I hope I can get it out in the fall, but I'm glad to be with you again. Finally, thank you to all our readers for reading the story of Tigre and Mila in this volume as well. Next volume

We would also like to thank everyone involved in the various processes leading up to the arrival of this work in the bookstore.

Tsukasa Kawaguchi