凍漿の雪姫と魔弾の王と
Lord Marksman and Michelia
これはあなたの、ポリーシャの葡萄酒ね

四つの葡萄酒は深紅という言葉が似合いうような色鮮やかなものもあります。
赤というより黒に近い色合いのものもある。
ミラは銀杯をひとつ手にとって香りを嗅ぐと、確信を持ち告げた。

Lord Marksman and Michelia  Presented by Tsukasa Kawaguchi / Illust. - Itsuka Miyasuki
長い刀が潮風を裂き、首のひとつが血の尾を引いて宙を舞う。反撃どころか、反応する暇さえ相手に与えなかった。黒騎士が左から右へ、横転に巨剣を振り抜くと、血飛沫が空中に弾ける。
リュドミラ＝ルリエ
竜具、凍凜ラヴィアスを引き継ぎ、オルミュッツ公国を治める戦姫。17歳。愛称はミラ。ティグルとは相思相愛の仲。

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

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。17歳。『銀閃の風姫』の異名を持ち、長剣の竜具、銀閃アリファールを振るう。ミラとは険悪な関柄で有名。

ソフィーヤ＝オベルタス
ポリーシャ公国を治める戦姫で、愛称はソフィー。21歳。『光華の耀姫』の異名を持ち、錫杖の竜具、光華ザートを操る。ミラともエレンとも親しく、二人の共通の友人である。
Prologue

Cool autumn winds were blowing across the hills.

Tigre and Mila rode on horses, standing on a small hill, silently looking at the scenery in front of them.

Under the azure sky like water, there is a blue world formed by a large amount of water.

—This is the sea...

The two muttered to themselves silently. They are all seeing the sea for the first time.

Tiny waves accumulate and stack, and disappear after drawing a series of curved stripes on the sea surface. This scene is repeated endlessly, with an incredible magical power that makes people unable to look away.

The sun was shining gently from directly above. There was only a quarter of an hour before noon.

This is not the Principality of Olmutz, governed by Mila, but the Principality of Legnica, located in the western part of the Kingdom of Zhcted. About a month ago, Tigre and others departed from Olmutz, via the capital Siregia, and finally arrived here. The thick coats on the two of them were already stained with dirt because of the long journey.

"How is it? After seeing the sea, what do you think?"

A woman rode a horse, approaching the two from behind. The woman was wearing a white and green dress with a coat over her head and holding a gold staff in her hands. She is Sofy, Tigre and Mila's friend. Sofy came to Tigre and looked at the vast sea with them.

"The place where the sky and the sea meet is a bit pale, right? The Kingdom of Asvarre is far away from that junction. If you take a boat and go down the wind, you will be there in about seven or eight days."

"It only takes such a short time. Can you get there?"
Tigre spread out the map of the mainland in his head and sighed in admiration. This is equivalent to traversing the Kingdom of Brune in eight days, at an incredible speed.

After eight days, he would stand on Asvarre's land. As long as you think about it, tension and excitement will rise in your heart. Tigre couldn't help holding the black bow in the saddle tightly.

The young man's full name is Tigrevermud Vorn, and Tigre is his nickname. He is the eldest son of Count Vorn, who governs the Alsace region of the Brune kingdom. He is seventeen years old this year. For some reason, he is currently living in Olmutz.

Mila standing next to Tigre, whose full name is Ludmila Lourie. She is one of the seven Vanadis of the Kingdom of Zhcted, who governs the Principality of Olmutz, and is seventeen years old like Tigre. Also known as "The Snow Princess of Frozen Wave" or "Dancing Girl of Spear".

Every war maiden has a special weapon called a dragon gear. Mila's dragon gear is named Lavias, which is a wonderful spear with self-will and the ability to manipulate cold.

Sofy's full name is Sofya Obertas, she is slightly older than the other two, turning 21 this year. Sofy, like Mila, is a war maiden. She governs the Principality of Polysia. She is also known as the "Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower" or "Dancing Girl of the Rod". The golden staff in her hand is her dragon tool Zaht.

"It's almost time to set off,"

Sofy said, shaking her long pale blonde hair, turning her head to look down the hill. Eight hundred armed soldiers are resting on the grassland some distance from the highway.

They are elite troops brought by Mila and Sofy from their principality. The numbers are 400 in Olmutz and 400 in Polesia. The troops held high the Black Dragon Banner of the Kingdom of Zhcted, the Principality of Olmutz with a blue spear on a white background, and the Principality of Polesia with a gold staff on a green background. The three flags flutter in the wind and look quite spectacular.
In addition to the soldiers, there are also three horse-drawn carriages parked on the grass. These carriages were caught in the center by the Olmutz army and the Polesian army one after another.

At the sight of those carriages, Tigre and Mila's faces appeared in disgust. They don't have the slightest affection for the characters in the carriage.

"You two, don't put on such an expression. Come on, smile."

Sofy on the horse leaned her upper body forward slightly and poked Tigre's cheek lightly. Mila snorted,

"Should we smile when we meet? The prince knows that we hate him."

"That's why we have to face each other with smiles. Lest he guess our thoughts."

"Just because you can smile. It's scary to say such things..."

Mila sighed. Tigre looked down on the carriage, trying to make a smile. But he himself knew that the smile was very blunt.

Sitting in the carriage is a very noble figure—the second prince of Asvarre, Elliot Bloom Godwin Nathaniel Galahad Asvarre.

Since this spring, King Zechariah of Asvarre has been in bed. In order to fight for the throne, the second prince Elliot and the eldest prince Jermaine launched a fierce power struggle. As a result, Asvarre's situation fell into chaos.

About two months ago, Elliott led four thousand soldiers into the Principality of Leitmeritz. The reason for doing that is to build meritorious service and increase his influence in Asvarre. He also wanted to get the assistance of the great nobleman of the Brune Kingdom, Duke Ganelon, by winning the battle.

But Elliot's wishful thinking was wrong. Not only did he lose to Eleonora Viltaria, the "Wind Princess of the Silver Flash", he also became a prisoner and was sent to Silegia, the capital of Zhcted.
Since Elliot wreaked havoc on Leitmeritz and burned many cities and villages, it is not surprising that he was beheaded. But not only did Zhcted not kill him, he even planned to use the second prince of Asvarre.

"Go and assist Elliot and help him ascend to the throne of Asvarre."

It was Mila and Sofy who took this order.

In this way, the two war maidens and Tigre set off for Asvarre.

Mila and Sofy rode their horses and walked slowly down the hill. Before turning his horse's head, Tigre glanced at the sea one last time.

—What kind of country will it be?

Tigre knows nothing about Asvarre.

While living in Olmutz, Tigre met the Asvarre people and knew that they were not all as brutal and rough as Elliot and his soldiers. Mila and Sofy also told him the basic knowledge about Asvarre.

However, with this information alone, Tigre could not describe Asvarre's appearance in detail.

After making many imaginations, Tigre shook his head and threw those things out of his head.

They are going to fight, not to go sightseeing, their nerves should be tightened.

At this moment, there came the voice of Mila calling his name.

Tigre agreed with a cheerful voice, shook the rein again, and ran after him.
Chapter 1 - Departure

Ten days before they first saw the sea, Tigre and Mila came to Sillegia, the capital of Zhcted. Not only two people came to the capital, but also their confidants Raffinac and Goruin.

The wind at this time has already begun to feel cool. However, the scene of migratory birds heading south by the wind also announced the end of summer and the arrival of autumn. Birds know better than humans how short Zhcted's fall is.

Sillegia is located near the center of the kingdom. There is the Vita River in the north, which flows into the sea to the west. The roads extend in all directions and the total population exceeds one million.

In addition to visitors from various countries, products from all over the world also gather here. Bamboo weaving crafts, weapons, and protective gear from Asvarre in the East; furs and weavings from nomads; spices, ivory, and black tea from Muozinel in the south; wheat and wine from Western Brune or Sachenstein; via Victoria The boat group that arrives at the capital by the Tada River will bring pickled products made from fish caught in Asvarre, as well as marine products such as corals and pearls. Speaking of those fish, they are all huge fish with a full length longer than the height of an adult.

The gates set up around the capital were crowded with people entering and leaving the city from morning to night. Farmers, traveling priests, artisans, prostitutes, mercenaries who look like Asvarres, dark-skinned Muozinel merchants and their slaves from nearby villages. The main road is full of people, and you can hear all languages. Needless to say during the day, even at night, the city is still very lively.

Hearing Mila describe Serregia in this way, Tigre was expecting it, but it was a pity that he missed the sight. Because when the group arrived in the capital, it happened to be at sunset, and the surrounding pedestrians were sparse, and the few open-air vendors who had not yet closed were already clearing their stalls.
It was a pity, but it was only a moment. As if waiting for the open-air street vendors to disappear, the taverns lined up on both sides of the road gradually lit up, making Tigre and Raffinac quite surprised. When the sky gets darker, people eating and drinking should be crowded in this area.

Ignoring the taverns, the four walked quickly on the road that was stained scarlet by the setting sun.

Tigre asked Mila curiously: "Why did the king specifically call you to the palace?"

"I don't want to guess. It must be nothing serious."

Mila replied sternly. She dressed up as a traveler with her coat, and wrapped Lavias with several layers of cloth to avoid being too eye-catching.

She left her duchy of Olmutz because the king called her to the capital. The messenger from the palace said to Mila:

"A lot of troubles have occurred between our country and Asvarre. Depending on the situation, you may ask Lord Vanadis to go to Asvarre."

After arriving in the capital, you may not be able to return to Olmutz. Now, you have to go directly to the Kingdom of Asvarre. Mila told Tigre of her speculation and asked him if he would like to go to the capital with her, or even to Asvarre, and Tigre readily agreed.
In fact, Tigre was in charge of the secret order of King Faron of Brune to "find out the traitor and act as a liaison", but he asked Mila to help take care of Olmutz's Vanadis's agent, Lana—the former ‘Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave’, Mila’s mother Spetlana—helped take over this task. Lana agreed to Tigre's request without saying a word, and then smiled jokingly:

"On this journey, please take care of my daughter to prevent her from losing control. Ah, but it doesn't matter if you lose control, too. I wonder what it feels like to hold a grandson."

Mila blushed and was silent, and Tigre couldn't think of an appropriate answer in a moment.

A group of people passed through the city center and came to the palace. Before Mila reported her name, the guards had already informed her. The guards of the palace all recognized Vanadis's appearance.

After a while, a woman appeared in front of the four. The woman had long golden hair that was waist-length, beryl-like eyes, and she was very beautiful, with a gentle smile on her face.

"Did you make you wait for a long time? Mila and Tigre have not seen each other for a long time. Actually, it's not true that they haven't seen each other for that long."

"Sofy...? Were you also called?"

Seeing an unexpected friend, Mila asked dumbfounded. Tigre was also surprised.

Sofy hugged Mila and Tigre as if celebrating a reunion, and then shook hands with two of her close friends.

"When we met last time, we were very busy and didn't have time to talk. Anyway, the opportunity is rare, so why not come to live with me. I have a snack that goes well with your black tea."

Sofy held Mila's hand with a smile on her face and blinked.

"That's better. It's less restrictive than living in the palace, where you live."
Mila realized that Sofy seemed to have something that she didn't want to talk about in the palace, and smiled and nodded in agreement. The group left the palace under the leadership of Sofy. Tigre looked back towards the palace regrettfully as he walked. Mila patted him on the back:

"There is still a chance to come. I will show you all the corners of the palace. ."

"Thank u. but do not worry so my friends."

He was not summoned to the palace of the people, but Mila attendant.

"The same is coming. I want to walk generously along the corridors of the palace with you."

Tigre's implication was that he wanted to be able to walk in the palace upright. In this way, Mila doesn't need to worry about herself in particular.

"Let's be Careful and not make haste." Mila said with a shrug. But the pace is obviously much lighter.

In the capital, there is a noble district where princes and nobles live together. Sofy's annex is also there.

To be precise, it is the annex of the Vanadis of the Principality of Polesia, usually managed by five waiters and maids who are trusted by Sofy.

Sofy brought Tigre and his party to the spacious living room instead of the reception room. The waiter took the coats and weapons of the group of people, one waitress delivered snacks, and the other waited for Mila to prepare a tea set for making tea and a small plate containing strawberry and grape jam.

The waiter and the maid left the room after a salute, and the five people sat down around the big round table.

"Although I am asking now, can I stay here?"
Raffinac asked Sofy with a nervous expression. He is twenty-seven years old this year, and he is the elder second only to Goruin. But he grew up in Alsace, a border country, and attending this kind of gathering where two war maidens were present, no matter what he thought, it seemed like he had come to the wrong place.

"As long as we don't do anything that humiliates our master's reputation, Your Excellency Raffinac,"

Goruin said calmly. He is a young knight with a short beard and his gray hair kept intact. Even on such occasions, it is as stable as usual.

"Your Excellency Goruin is right. Although I think everyone may not understand, please listen to me till the end. But it is not a pleasant topic."

Sofy said apologetically. While making everyone's black tea, Mila replied:

"It's nothing. I brought us here instead of talking in the palace. Of course, I guessed that kind of topic."

"My thoughts are the same as Mila. So please don't care, just say it."

Tigre also followed. Sofy thanked the two of them with a gratifying smile, and then she smiled immediately, and went straight to the subject without much insult.

Zhcted intends to help Prince Elliot ascend to the throne of Asvarre.

Therefore, Mila and Sofy will be ordered to serve as the commander of the expeditionary force.

After Sofy finished speaking, the living room fell silent. The other four were so surprised that they couldn't speak.

After about ten seconds, Tigre finally got his mood up, and said with a distressed expression: "As a Brune, I have no position to make irresponsible remarks about Zhcted's policy. Even so, I still want to say. ...Elliott is the principal culprit who ravaged
Leitmeritz? So are you asking the people of Leitmeritz to forget those hatreds?"

Although knowing that Sofy had no reason to listen to these complaints, Tigre couldn't help but say it. Because he has witnessed the tragic situation of Leitmeritz.

"There is no need to forget, but bear with it first, right?"

Mila replied calmly. Although she frowned dissatisfied, her reaction was not as great as Tigre's because Tigre helped her to say what she wanted to say first.

"That's it."

Sofy took a sip of Mila's tea and nodded:

"When I think of Elen, I don't want to. But even if Elliot's head is chopped off and left in the capital for public display, I don't have to any benefit."

She heard that after the defeat, Elliot was kept in a room in the palace as a prisoner. Mila asked,

"Tell me, Sofy. What about Asvarre's plan to take Elliott? The messenger sent there should have returned?"

"Asvarre's reply is: "Because of Zechariah the king is ill in bed. Please let our ministers in the palace discuss and draw a conclusion before replying to you."

This is obviously a delaying tactic. Unless the situation becomes beneficial to them, there will never be a conclusion."

"So, Sofy has been to Asvarre."

Tigre remembered that Sofy had said so. Not only is Sofy a Vanadis, but she also has a calm figure that is not easy to make her opponents wary. In addition, she is knowledgeable, so she often serves as a diplomat to Brune or Asvarre.

"Only a few times. After all, it is too far away from my principality."
Sofy shook her pale blonde hair and smiled at Tigre. Then back to the topic.

"As for Prince Jermaine, he said: "Don't say that he is a blood-related brother, I never consider him a member of the Asvarre King's family. If you want to kill him, please do whatever you want." If this is the case, then it's hard to expect compensation."

"It's ruthless. But from Jermaine's point of view, self-destruction with the person who grabs the throne is of course a good thing. I would want to kill with our country's hands. It's a natural idea to die him."

Mila sighed. Tigre took the opportunity to ask:

"Sofy, do you know what Prince Jermaine is?"

"According to my impression when I met him, he was arrogant, suspicious, and strict with himself and others. And he did something like this..."

In the past, a nobleman lied about his territory. The harvest was not good and the taxes paid to the royal family were embezzled. Later, Prince Jermaine, who served as the assistant to King Zechariah, found out the abuse and asked his father to severely punish the nobleman. But King Zechariah only reprimanded the nobleman and ordered him to pay 10% of the tax as a fine, and that was it.

King Zechariah was generous, and the ministers were relieved of this treatment and praised the king for his generosity. At the time, Jermaine didn't say much.

Two years later, the nobleman embezzled taxes again. Not only that, Prince Jermaine also found out that several nobles also started to imitate that noble's cheating.

Jermaine did not report these things to his father, but went directly to the place where the nobleman was. After arresting the nobleman, he executed all his family members in front of him, and finally set the nobleman's house on fire.
With his back to the burning house, Jermaine said to the nobleman,

"You can remarry and have children, and you can rebuild the mansion. But remember this. If you commit any evil again, no matter how small, you will lose everything like this today. Even if you just swallowed a coin, the end will be the same."

After returning to the palace, King Zechariah rebuked his son in grief.

Jermaine had no intention of reflecting. After apologizing for his arbitrariness, he said coolly:

"Next, this kind of malpractice won't happen for a while."

Jermaine was right. In less than a month, many aristocrats paid taxes in a panic and went to the palace to explain the reasons.

"—Tigre, what do you think?"

Sofy stared at Tigre with beryl eyes.

Just looking at the results, Jermaine's approach can be said to be correct. But is it really so? Tigre shook his head gravely.

"Trust and reward must be punished, but Prince Jermaine does more than that. He convinces people with fear. I don't agree with that method."

"I think so too. In short, from this story alone, you can understand how Prince Jermaine can make enemies. If he succeeds to the throne, Asvarre's political situation will definitely become turbulent soon. To us that's not a good thing."

This is not to hope that Asvarre will prosper, but if Asvarre's national power declines, it will cause thieves to rampage and affect the trade routes in the North Sea. Not only that, neighboring countries like Brune and Sachenstein may also take the opportunity to expand their power over Asvarre.

"That's why I planned to use Elliott...is there any chance of winning?"
Mila asked. Sofy melted the grape jam into the black tea, and nodded: "As I said earlier, many people in Asvarre are dissatisfied with Prince Jermaine's style. The reason why Elliot was able to publicly stated that he wanted grab the throne, but also because against Jermaine prince who sided with him the reason. Besides the two Princes dispute for the throne, it's also the struggle for power between "Mainland" and "Islanders"

Asvarre rose to the Asvarre Island, northwest of the mainland, only later expanded its territory to the mainland. The islanders therefore consider themselves to be orthodox Asvarre people, while Mainland believes that he has made Asvarre prosperous.

Jermaine loves mainland culture and is indifferent to the islanders, while Elliot is the opposite. This is also one of the reasons for the opposition between the two.

"What agreement did Elliot and His Majesty make?"

Mila continued to ask. Of course the King of Zhcted could not support Elliot to seize the throne for free, and he must have requested it.

"Ten thousand gold coins as a gift, and to bear the cost of Zhcted's participation in the war. After the war, the tariffs on Zhcted at the ports of Asvarre were reduced and the measures to give preferential treatment to Zhcted merchants. Let the rest we adapt to change."

"Actually."

Mila smiled wryly. It means that it depends on the situation. Since no one knows what will happen on the battlefield, such a decision is a good thing for people on the front lines.

"But your Majesty has an admonishment that only territory is absolutely unacceptable. Tigre, do you know why?"

Sofy asked Tigre with a smile. Although he understood that this was not a topic to be laughed at, Tigre laughed.
Three years ago, Sofy taught Tigre many things in this way of question and answer. Mila is the same. They all seemed to take pleasure in educating Tigre.

"Because Zhcted and Asvarre are separated by a sea, too far apart, right?"

Sofy put down the white porcelain cup and clapped her hands happily.

"That's right. Even if it's a connected country, it's not easy to control if it's too far away, not to mention a place that can only be reached by crossing the sea. If you take the entire Asvarre Island, it's a different matter. If you only get a part of the island, it's asking for trouble."

"Although I can understand King Zhcted's thoughts, but..."

Tigre asked Sofy with an expression of incomprehension, "I think these reasons seem to be insufficient for Zhcted to support Elliot. Besides, why are you and Mila as the commanders? If you are not at the same time, the defense of the South against Muozinel will be much weaker. For Asvarre, isn't the war maiden of Lebus more suitable?"

On the west side of Zhcted, there are two principalities facing the sea, Legnica and Lebus. Both principalities have trade relations with Asvarre and Brune. Sofy, who often travels to various countries, shouldn't talk about it. Legnica and Lebus's Vanadis should know more about Asvarre than Mila. Although it is said that Mila, Sofy and Elen's mutual friends, Legnica's Vanadis Sasha — Alexandra Alshavin is ill in bed and unable to move, but Lebus's Vanadis Elizavetta Fomina should be fine.

"Let me explain in order. What do you think is the motivation for our country to assist Elliot? No matter how small the reason, you can say it."

Tigre crossed his chest and thought. But he couldn't think of any other reasons, so he shook his head to express surrender. Sofy did not give the answer right away, but gave Tigre a reminder:
"Recall the map of the continent. If Zhcted and Muozinel go to war, which countries should be watched out for?"

"Asvarre... and Brune Right."

Tigre hesitantly added the name of his country. Although Brune and Zhcted are currently in a good relationship, it does not mean that there is no need to guard each other.

"Yes. However, there is a decisive difference between Asvarre and Brune."

"Have you been harassed by Muozinel?"

Tigre answered with a question, and Sofy nodded eagerly.

The Kingdom of Muozinel, which practiced slavery, often invaded the territories of neighboring countries and robbed people and used them as slaves. This spring, Brune and Zhcted formed an alliance to attack Muozinel, in order to avenge Muozinel's usual harassment.

"...So that's it."

"Understand?"

Tigre sighed, who finally came up with a conclusion. Sofy urged him to continue, Mila, who had been silent, also looked at her sweetheart with eyes full of expectation and trust.

"Elliott has not done any meritorious service. And because he lost to Zhcted, he became a prisoner. If he takes the throne with Zhcted's assistance, someone in the country must not recognize his authority."

So, Elliot Every effort must be made to consolidate the power at hand. For at least two or three years, there will be no spare capacity to intervene in disputes in other countries, and of course there will be no way to trouble Zhcted.

"That means, why didn't Prince Jermaine accept Elliot?"

Mila asked with a frown, pouring new black tea into Sofy's white porcelain cup. Although it is impossible for Zhcted to hand Elliot to Jermaine, he will definitely be required to pay the same
price. But because he refused to accept Elliot, he prompted Zhcted to support Elliot instead. As a result, Mila also had to go to Asvarre, which was really troublesome.

"This is my guess, but I think it was to assassinate Prince Elliott."

Sofy said with a bored expression. Tigre and Mila tilted their heads in confusion. If you want to kill Elliot, don't you have a higher success rate if you accept him?

"King Zechariah has seven children. Four of them, the younger brothers and sisters of Prince Jermaine and Prince Elliot, all died of accidents or illnesses. Have you heard the news?"

"Yes. And the two princes insist that it was the other's hand."

Mila replied. Sofy nodded and went on:

"The princes and nobles of Asvarre, you should all think so. If Prince Jermaine personally kills Prince Elliot in that situation, it will only help everyone. Delusion. In other words, I would think that it was Jermaine who assassinated other princes and princesses. Therefore, it is better to let Prince Elliot die in Zhcted."

"It's annoying..."

Mila said in disgust. Sofy's guess is very convincing. In other words, Mila and the others must beware of the assassins sent by Jermaine on the way.

Sofy took a bite of her snack and looked at Tigre again.

"Next question. Why did Your Majesty order Mila and I to be commanders?"

"I can't think of this at all."

Tigre shrugged exaggeratedly. Sofy looked at Mila with a teasing gaze:

"Please give me points."

"...Pass it."
After drinking the black tea in the cup, Mila said with a straight face:

"He has found that there are not enough reasons to support Elliot. Sufficient. Besides, even though there was your prompt, I still answered the first question."

"Hehe, you are still the same, you are very good to Tigre."

"No."

Mila pouted and watched Tigre.

"His Majesty intends to deliberately let Zhcteds appear in the south and lure Muozinel to attack. This is also to give Count Pasha a chance to redeem his reputation. Do you remember the count?"

"It was Zhcted when he attacked Muozinel in the spring. The commander of the special prince's army, right?"

Tigre replied, searching the memory in his brain. Mila nodded after hearing this.

"If Muozinel learns that Sofy and I are not here, so if he attacks, the earl who guards the southern border will lead his troops to meet him. Besides, even if something happens that the earl can't handle, Eleonora should also come to help."

"So... But, what if the Muozinel's army does not attack?"

"It becomes the Earl of Pasha who successfully guarded the border and made the Muozinel's army to give up its aggression. But I think the possibility of an attack is unlikely because it is already autumn. It's gone."

Tigre pondered. He completely forgot the part of the season. Autumn in Zhcted is very short, and winter comes much earlier than Muozinel. And Muozinel people are very afraid of the cold.

"Also, when Mila and I go to Asvarre, Lebus and Legnica can prepare for the formation of the second team in the rear. Whether it will actually be dispatched is another matter."

Sofy added Explained. Even if she and Mila are repelled, new troops will attack immediately. As long as Jermaine has this idea,
he has to act cautiously. Tigre could only nod his head repeatedly and listen to the explanation of the two.

As Mila poured new black tea for everyone, she asked Sofy: "By the way, how are we going to Asvarre?"

"There is a port called Lipno in Legnica, and we plan to take it from there. The ship sets off. The warships, sailors, and oarsmen are dispatched by Sasha. Although I don't want to increase her burden."

"Is Sasha's situation okay?"

"I heard it's still the same."

Sofy answered Mila with a melancholy expression.

Sasha has a strange illness called "blood disease" and can hardly get out of bed. Although she has taken a lot of medicine, so far, there is no effective treatment.

Tigre had heard Mila say that Sasha's mother and grandmother died of the same disease. Sasha herself almost gave up treatment.

"Bargren should be very troublesome..."

Mila sighed. Balgren is Sasha's dragon gear, double swords that can manipulate flames. Even though Sasha was sick, Bargren stayed with her.

A Vanadis was selected by the dragon gear.

If Vanadis is judged to be unsuitable for this position by the dragon gear for various reasons, he will leave the original user and look for the next one. Successive war maidens alternated in this way.

About four years ago, Lavias left Lana and appeared in front of Mila in less than a year. Lavias should think that as far as the Vanadis is concerned, Lana, whose left arm has lost function, is not
up to the position of Vanadis, so she left her. Both Lana and Mila guessed that.

If Balgren left Sasha, Sasha would not be eligible to live in the palace and may not be able to continue treatment. But relatively, she can be free from the position of Vanadis.

After Sasha fell ill, Mila, Sofy, and Elen assisted Legnica as much as possible. This is especially the case with Elen. She and Sasha are close friends, and the feeling of caring for Sasha must be stronger than Mila.

In addition, the officials working in Legnica Palace also admire Sasha. Mila thinks that for Sasha's sake, she should no longer serve as a Vanadis.

"Bargren should have its considerations. Just like my Zaht and your Lavias, both have their own ideas."

Sofy said enlighteningly. But it also sounded like she was talking to herself.

"Go back to the topic. Mila, I hope you can transfer four hundred soldiers from Olmutz. I will also take the same number of soldiers from Polysia."

"You plan to go with only this strength. Is Asvarre...?"

Mila's eyes widened. Even if Elliot's supporters were willing to participate in the war, such forces were still too few.

"Sailors and oarsmen are both powerful. I heard Sasha say that a Legnica warship can carry about 80 soldiers and 120 sailors and oarsmen."

In Zhcted Especially, taking sailors and oarsmen as combat power is a natural idea. If it is known that the Vanadis who led the troops in the battle is good with Sasha, these sailors and oarsmen should be happy to follow.

"But with this plus one plus, there are only two thousand people. Even if you and I are in charge..."
"However, if you only start drafting now, you can't recruit too many soldiers, right?"

It's not just a gathering of soldiers. We must also prepare the weapons and food needed by the soldiers, as well as the ships to transport them. If the preparation time is too long, you may end up sailing in winter.

"Furthermore, our too much force will make Prince Elliot's supporters wary. After all, our position is just a facilitator."

"...I have to hope that Elliot's supporters will not be a horror. But. Considering Jermaine's personality, those supporters should not be able to easily turn around."

Mila finally accepted this arrangement.

"Speaking of which, Tigre--" Sofy turned to look at Tigre: "Do you want to come together? Go to Asvarre with us."

"Of course."

Tigre nodded without hesitation. His sweetheart is about to go to the battlefield. For him, this alone was enough reason for him to follow.

"I thought the discussion just now was based on taking me there."

Sofy first smiled teasingly, then shook her head: "After all, you are a guest of Olmutz, of course I can't take you away casually. However, if you are willing to be a guest of Polysia—"

"Sofy!"

Mila stood up slightly and glared at her friend. Sofy shrugged purposely.

"There are two reasons for letting you know about these things. First, I don't think you will say these things casually. Second, I think Mila might go to Asvarre without telling you the details. ——Right?"

The last sentence was addressed to Mila. The Ice Vanadis couldn't help but talk.
If only Mila and Goruin were involved in the discussion, Mila would definitely not take Tigre away, and would only give him a minimal explanation. As the war maiden of Zhcted, she would make such a judgment.

Mila sat back in the chair and glanced down at Tigre:
"...It's dangerous?"
But Tigre's answer was simple.
"Didn't we say that, are you going to take me to Asvarre?"

Mila was speechless. At that time, Mila did not expect to go to Asvarre to fight. And the reason she said that was because she didn't want Tigre to go to other principalities.

Tigre turned his body, his whole person facing Mila. Although he didn't speak, the eyes that looked at Mila were full of radiance, which conveyed his thoughts more than a thousand words.
"—Fine."

After a while, Mila nodded. A thin layer of red on her pretty face.
"You are to prove the friendship between the two countries, and to show the bravery of the Brune nobles, so you asked to go with you. And I will take you off as a guest general. That's it."
"Thank you."

Tigre smiled and thanked. Sofy and Goruin smiled bitterly. It should be that Mila is so obsessed with Vanadis's position, so cute.

"To Muozinel in spring, to Zhcted in summer, to Asvarre in autumn..."

Raffinac bared his front teeth and smiled:
"Following the master is not boring at all. Where will you go in winter? What?"

"Not so much where to go, it should be said that at least let me spend the winter leisurely."
"Because there is no way to hunt in winter."

Except for Tigre, everyone else couldn't help laughing at what Raffinac said. Tigre couldn't get angry either, so he scratched his dark red hair with a wry smile.

"That's not bad. In front of the burning stove, drinking wine or vodka, chatting till dawn."

Sofy smiled and finished her expression and changed the subject:

"Tigre, do you know Duke Ganelon?"

Maximilian Benussa Ganelon was a great nobleman who owned the vast territory of northern Brune. There are many powerful princes among the relatives, and the power is equal to that of the Duke of Thenardier, and even the king can't help but let him three points. Tigre shook his head and said,

"I haven't seen him... but the rumors I heard are not good."

During a certain war, Ganelon levied a temporary tax on the people. For families that cannot pay taxes, Ganelon will forcibly take away the daughters of that family. If the family has no daughters, they will set fire to the house. Tigre had heard of many such brutal deeds.

"What's wrong with Duke Ganelon?"

"According to Prince Elliot, he was instigated by Duke Ganelon to attack Leitmeritz. And he also met the fake Elen at Duke Ganelon's house."

Hearing this, Tigre and Mila couldn't help looking at each other. It was Leshy, the demon who made the counterfeit of Elen. If Elliott didn't lie, then there might be a connection between Ganelon and the demon.

With a nervous expression, Mila said to Sofy:

"Sofy, I have something to tell you."

The battle with Rusalka in Muozinel and the battle with Leshy in Leitmeritz, and the story of Tigre meeting Zmei.... Mila told Sofy
everything related to the demons. Tigre also added an explanation and mentioned the magical power of the family heirloom bow. Although Raffinac and Goruin did not speak, they nodded their heads again and again.

Before that, the reason why Mila didn't tell Sofy about the demon was because she didn't know whether to say it or not.

Sooner or later, she must explain the demons to all the war maidens, but Sofy is different from Elen or Militsa, who is nicknamed "Illusory Princess of the Hollow Shadow", and has never seen demons in person. Even if she said it, she couldn't guarantee that Sofy would believe Mila's words. You might think that Mila is joking, or even that Mila is creating panic.

But since even Brune might have something to do with demons, she had to tell Sofy these things.

At first, Sofy heard it dubiously, but when Mila finished her explanation, she had returned to her usual sense of calmness. Sofy picked up the tea cup and drank the black tea slowly, as if she was sorting out what she had just heard in her head.

"I always find it incredible."

Sofy put the empty white porcelain cup back on the table and said,

"Why did Asvarre have a way to make a fake Elen that I can't even tell the truth of? Why is Elen trapped? In the forest for twenty days, unable to communicate with the outside world? In addition, there are many suspicious parts. Although it is said that because the Asvarre army invaded Leitmeritz, these questions seem to be less important. Thinking back... Even if these are all made by demons, it's still hard to believe right away. After all, I never thought that such a thing would happen."

Tigre and Mila nodded silently. It's not that they don't believe in the existence of gods or elves, but not many people think that those supernatural forces are making waves around them.
"Although I don't know how much Elliott's words are true... But you still have to beware of Duke Ganelon." Mila said.

"Regarding this matter, didn't King Zhcted go to Duke Ganelon for the theory?"

Sofy shook her head when Tigre asked.

"Of course your majesty sent envoys to inquire about crimes, but Duke Ganelon only admitted that Prince Elliot had gone to him to discuss how to fight for the throne. He neither admitted to instigating Prince Elliot to attack Leitmeritz, nor declared that he did not know about the fake Elens. He said that those are all fabricated by Prince Elliott."

"After all, there is no evidence, so there is no way to continue to pursue it."

Mila said with dissatisfaction. An uneasy flashed across Tigre's chest.

People related to demons, or demons themselves, exist in their own homeland, and they are also great nobles. Could it be said that it is precisely because the opponent is a demon that he can do the rumored brutality?

Far away in Alsace, his father, his younger brother Dian, father's subordinate Bertrand, the maid Tita, father’s friends Mashas Rodant, Hugo Ojie, and the people who have made friends with Tigre... their faces appeared in Tigre's mind one by one.

Are they all okay? Could it be that Ganelon was eyeing him for some inexplicable reason?

"—Hey!"

With the lovely yelling, the nose felt like being touched by something. Tigre returned to his senses and found Sofy leaning out, poking her index finger on the tip of his nose. Sofy smiled and said to the wide-eyed Tigre:

"Don't think too much. Although it's not that you have to make decisions with only a small amount of information, it's not like that now."
"Sofy is right. Regarding demons, we know too little, and thinking too much doesn't help."

Mila also put her hand on Tigre's arm and said calmly. Tigre scratched his dark red hair, and the touch of the palm of his sweetheart made him less shaken.

"That's true. There is a saying among the hunters, "The shadow is a horse and a deer"."

Tigre adjusted his mood and said. It is very dangerous to judge the type of prey based on the shadow alone. You should not jump to conclusions with little information.

"The Vanadis who know about demons in addition to me are Militsa and Eleonora. However, according to Militsa, Valentina seems to know about the demons too."

Sofy frowned slightly. Valentina is the predecessor of Osterode, the "Illusory Princess of the Hollow Shadow", and has a very bad relationship with Sofy. Mila also knew about this, so she didn't pay much attention to this part.

"The other war maidens--Sasha, Elizavetta, and Olga don't know."

"Olga, whose whereabouts are unknown, should let the other two know. Although I don't want to let them be bothered...I really want to find time to get everyone together."

Sofy sighed. She also knew how difficult it was.

Finally, Tigre asked Sofy if she knew the name "King of Magic Bullets".

"Sorry, this is the first time I heard of it."

Sofy shook her head apologetically. She agreed with Tigre that after Asvarre's expedition was over, she would help him investigate when he returned to Polycia.

"I will also investigate the matter related to your family heirloom bow. It means that you who have weapons that can
resonate with dragons, and it is really incredible to meet us as war maidens. Is this destiny?"

"...You mean, our meeting was decided in advance?"

Mila's voice was slightly stabbed.

She and Tigre were not in love at first sight. If Tigre hadn't kept in touch with Mila and reached out to Mila when she was depressed, the two would definitely not develop into the current relationship. Mila knew this very well.

"How is that possible?"

Sofy smiled softly that covered Mila's sharpness.

"I just think it's very romantic. I didn't know Tigre under the guidance of anyone. The reason why we are gathered here is the result of everyone's thoughts and actions. But such a scene is really dramatic."

"It's embarrassing to say that."

Mila twisted her body uncomfortably and sat down again. Then she looked at Tigre, and silently asked "what do you think?"

Tigre's answer was straightforward:

"The reason I like you is entirely out of my will."

Mila hunched forward and lowered her head silently. Even the ears are red.

"Thank you for the hospitality." Sofy smiled. Raffinac shrugged exaggeratedly.

"I should have known this kind of answer." Goruin smiled so bitterly.

After this, the five people drank black tea, ate snacks, and started chatting and laughing.

"By the way, Tigre, do you speak Asvarre?"

Hearing Sofy asked, Tigre's eyes widened.

"I don't even know how to say good morning."
"Morning'."

Tigre blinked, whispering "Morning..." and then frowned.

—It's completely different from Brune or Zhcted...

"After getting on the boat, I will teach you some simple Asvarre language? Or is it better to be taught by Mila? You can also speak a little Asvarre language, right?"

Sofy asked happily Mila asked. Mila stopped her tea-drinking hand, her eyes wandering between Sofy and Tigre in confusion.

"Yes, that's right... If you have time, um, if you have time, just do it."

This is what she can do, who doesn't want to show her affection for her sweetheart in front of others, to confess to the maximum. "Then I beg you." Of course Tigre understood Mila's temper, so he said with a smile. Goruin greeted Tigre with gratitude.

That night, Tigre and his party spent the night in Sofy's annex.

The next morning, Tigre and others surrounded Elliot's carriage, protected him, and left the capital. During the journey, Mila and Sofy will take turns as Elliott's talkers, but no matter which war maiden it is, Goruin will definitely follow. Although Elliot has no weapons, he still cannot be careless.

A few days later, the group entered the territory of Legnica, but instead of heading straight to the port city of Lipno, they first went to the public palace to meet Sasha. For Mila and Sofy, whether as a Vanadis or as a friend, it is natural to come and say hello to Sasha first.

Unfortunately, they missed Sasha.

The old servant who walked out of the public palace bowed his head in salute to the two of them respectfully.
"I'm very sorry, Master Alexandra is taking a break. In the past few days, her sleep schedule is very irregular..."

Sofy and Mila looked at each other wordlessly and shook their heads. It is impossible for them to wake up their sick friends who have finally fallen asleep; besides, even if Sasha wakes up, she may not have the physical strength to talk to them. And the two must rush to Asvarre, so they can't stay here and wait.

At this time, the old servant handed a letter to Mila.

"This is a letter written by Master Alexandra, please accept it from Master Vanadis."

Mila took the letter and looked at it with Sofy on the spot.

"Since you read this letter, it means that I can't meet you directly. I'm really sorry."

Starting with this general idea, Sasha told the two that she had ordered someone to arrange warships, sails and sailors in Lipno. And at the end of the letter, she wished Mila and the others prosperous victories.

"Please help me tell His Excellency Tigrevurmud, I have heard a lot about him from Elen, and I hope I have a chance to meet him next time."

The letter ended with this. Mila smiled and said to the old servant:

"Help me tell Sasha, and ask her to look forward to our experience in Asvarre."

In this way, the group left the palace and headed west. On the way, they met with soldiers from Olmutz and Polycia. When leaving the capital, Mila and Sofy sent envoys back to their principality respectively, asking the palace to prepare the necessary troops and go directly to Legnica.

Back to this morning, Tigre and Mila stood on a small hill, looking out at the boundless ocean.

When the two turned and left, the sky and the earth were already full of autumn breath.
Lipno is one of the harbor cities of Legnica.

As far as the scale of the city is concerned, it is neither big nor small. It is worth mentioning that it is very close to a Vanadis’s Palace. It only takes four days on foot and two days on horseback. There are also two ports for military and commercial use, so many trading ships and caravans visit here.

A group of people entered the city at noon.

"Leave me the preparations for sailing. You have a rare opportunity, so let's walk around the city first."

Sofy said to Tigre and Mila. Tigre quickly understood what she meant, because there were many wonderful scenes he had never seen before.

On the road, there are not only travelers dressed similar to himself, but also middle-aged businessmen with entourage, men who look like knights, bard girls solemnly holding shamisen, and middle-aged businessmen holding the reins of camels full of luggage.

The merchants of Zhcted and Brune held their goods in one hand and bargained in their own languages. The street performer in Muozinel is dancing with a viper with a flute. The Sachensteins sell kebabs with an expression of inaccessibility, alongside the Asvarre people who sell kebabs. Both types of kebabs are sprinkled with a lot of salt, and the fragrant taste makes one's fingers move.

Many people communicate by pen. They showed each other small pieces of parchment or wood chips with numbers on them, or nail-like objects on waxed slates.

Although they couldn't understand even half of the conversation, the surrounding scenery alone was enough to make Tigre and Mila dizzy, so the two moved slowly.
"It's amazing..."

"Although I'm not reconciled, it's livelier than the downtown area of Olmutz."

Tigre admired frankly, while Mila frowned, reluctantly admitting this fact. She was also dressed as a traveler, and Lavias in her hand wrapped several layers of cloth and remained silent.

"Brother, is this the first time you have come to Lipno?"

Tigre heard someone speak to him suddenly, and turned his head to see a woman with red hair and waist. The woman's neckline was pulled very low, the ankle-length skirt had high slits, and her plump thighs were looming.

"I see you looking around, as if you think this place is very novel, just let me be your guide, right? I can also introduce you to cheap hotels and delicious restaurants."

Compared with the correct facial features and charming figure, Tigre is more interested in women's Sachenstein accent. He looked at the woman, a surge of excitement of coming to an unknown land surged in his heart, and he almost nodded directly. At this moment, Mila intervened between the two.

"Sorry, we already have a place to live."

Mila said coldly, and took Tigre's hand and walked away quickly. She shuttled through the crowd, and after about twenty steps, she turned to look at Tigre.

"That won't work. How can you follow someone you don't know?"

It sounds like a mother preaching to a child. But Mila was right. "I'm sorry." Tigre apologized frankly, and Mila reached out to him and said, "It would be very troublesome to walk away in this kind of place."

Although she lowered her head, she said with excitement. Tigre smiled and held Mila's hand.
The two held hands and walked away. Pushed by the crowds from front and back, the two naturally got closer and closer. At some point, the shoulders began to collide with each other, and the arms clung to each other.

Normally, Tigre should feel nervous because he felt the softness of Mila's body through the jacket. But now there is no time to savor these. Once you stop, you will be hit by someone behind. The disorganized and disordered introduction of languages and music from various countries can also destroy the subtle atmosphere.

In keeping with the speed of the crowd, the two of them looked around as they walked, marveling at the children and wild cats dexterously shuttled at the feet of adults.

After getting used to the noise around him, Tigre discovered one thing.

"Many signs have pictures."

Needless to say, the open-air street vendors on both sides of the road, even the signs of pubs and hotels, almost have patterns. The pub is basically a big pottery cup, and the hotel is a bed.

"Because there are many people from different countries. Can you see the downtown of Olmutz?"

"Listen to you, it is true."

The downtown of Olmutz, there are many such shops in the areas where Brune people or Muozinel people gather.

"The other thing is, I hope the guests can remember their shop by the patterns."

After arriving at the central square, Mila wiped the sweat from her forehead and let out a sigh of relief.

The wind outside the city feels cool and refreshing, but the streets in the city are full of heat. In addition, in order to hide her identity, Mila couldn't take off her coat, so she naturally became sweaty. Despite this, she still didn't take advantage of Lavias's cold
air to cool down. This was mostly due to the reserved demeanor of being a war maiden.

— *What should I do?*

Seeing Mila's patience and sultry heat, Tigre wondered what could be done for her.

By the way, Tigre wore the linen underwear he was used to, and his jacket was casually draped over his shoulders without covering his face. This was because he is different from Mila, just an unknown person.

Is there a store that sells cold drinks? Tigre looked around, his eyes staying in a certain place.

Outside the clothing store, a white garment is displayed. It was a sleeveless dress with a knee-length hem. The chest is decorated with a small bow, and the skirt is embroidered with blue patterns. There is a hat of the same design next to it, which seems to be a set of clothing.

"Mila, do you want to wear it?"

Mila turned her head at Tigre's words. Although I liked it at a glance, Mila said in a gloomy manner:

"I'm not suitable for wearing that kind of clothes."

"That's nothing. Besides, I want to see you wear that dress. It looks cool, and others will do it too. I can't see that you are a Vanadis."

Mila said nothing. Indeed, no one expected that Vanadis would actually wear such a costume. White is her favorite color, and the hat looks very light.

Most importantly, Tigre said that the dress suits him well.

"...That's also true. If there is only one, it won't take up too much luggage space."

Not being stunned by Tigre's enthusiasm, Mila nodded in agreement. The two went to the clothing store to buy clothes, and
Mila changed clothes directly in the small dressing room of the store.

The fabric is more solid than it looks. But the chest, shoulders, and back are all exposed. Although it is airy, it feels fidgety when worn. And the skirt is too light. In addition, in order to wear a hat, I had to put down my long hair. This alone was enough to make Mila feel uneasy.

Looking at her figure in the mirror, Mila couldn't help but shrink her body.

The thought of appearing in front of Tigre in this way made her feel embarrassed.

—Why am I so nervous? Isn't this the same thing as walking around the downtown area of Olmutz?

Mila told herself so, and then she found one thing.

—This is the clothes that Tigre chose for himself after a long time.

Three years ago, when Tigre first invited himself to the city to play, he prepared clothes for change. After that, Mila began to prepare her own clothes. After Tigre returned to Alsace, and when he came to Olmutz again, Mila wore the clothes she picked.

Mila's emotions rose, and she walked out of the locker room. Tigre, who was chatting with the boss outside the store, walked towards her and said with a bright expression:

"This dress really suits you!"

These words alone were enough to make Mila laugh. She concealed a shyness and pulled the brim down deeply. The refreshing wind blew her legs.

After leaving the clothing store, Tigre pointed to a tavern and said,

"Would you like to rest and have a meal over there?"

On the opposite door of the tavern, a sign with a picture of standing fish pouring wine was hung. Although I saw a lot of shops that painted fish on their signs, this pattern is quite interesting.
"Well, let's eat something to cushion your stomach. After you get to the dock, you may not have lunch."

It was noisy in the pub, and the waitresses were busy turning around among the guests, coming from the kitchen. The aroma stimulates the appetite. The two picked a small table in the corner of the shop and sat down. Tigre handed the five copper plates to the waitress who came to order.

"Using four copper coins, help us prepare some juice and food."

"Thank you." The waiter said coldly in Brune, and quickly put a copper plate into his skirt pocket and walked quickly to the kitchen. Mila took off his hat and smiled bitterly,

"This is trick really works."

"Lana-sama does the same in stores opened by foreigners. It's insurance."

In Olmutz, Mila's mother Lana often took Tigre around the city. Sometimes, as long as you tip the waiter or boss a little bit, you can get service above the price.

"I use the money to buy with peace of mind and speed. Although it is very convenient to do this, be careful. This trick does not work for anyone and at all times. Before using it, you must first correctly see if the other party eats this set."

Lana taught Tigre this way.

"Safe and fast. It's like what an adult mother would say."

Mila shrugged, then curiously observed the decoration of the shop. Tigre also looked around with her.

Seal skins, shells with adult heads, and teeth of unknown beasts hung on the walls. In addition, there is a faded map of the continent with graffiti painted in ink and wash.

The oil lamp hanging from the ceiling is a design that the two have never seen before. I don't know if it is a lamp in Sachenstein or Asvarre style. There is a large glass jug full of water beside the counter, and several colorful fish swim in it.
—No matter if it is Alsace or Olmutz, there is no such shop.

Just watching the fish swim makes people feel happy.

There are many novel items in the store, and there is no shortage of topics to chat with Mila. When the two were chatting happily, the food began to be served. Various dishes such as salt-grilled fish large enough to extend beyond the edge of the plate, cold soup with weed-like plants, and potato stir-fry, occupy the table. The juice water is based on citrus juice and mixed with honey.

"They all look delicious..."

Mila wandered around, seeming to be hesitating which dish to eat first. Tigre picked up his fork and put the salt-grilled fish into his mouth. The fish skin is crispy and has a strong salty taste. The white fish flesh is soft, and it will disperse as soon as you eat it.

"It's delicious."

Aside from that, Tigre couldn't say anything else. The most amazing thing is salt. This is very different from the salty taste he knew. When chewing fish skin and meat at the same time, the salt will naturally penetrate into the meat, forming a wonderful taste.

Then Tigre drank cold soup. The plants that were thought to be weeds made his eyes wide open. The surface of the plant was incredibly slippery, but it tasted chewy. It was the first time Tigre had eaten such food.

"This is called kelp."

Mila said while drinking cold soup. Tigre showed a sigh.

"So there are such things in the sea."

"I don't know very well. I heard that the fishermen caught them together when they were fishing."

There is also shellfish in the soup, making it sweeter and sweeter. The honey in the juice water subtly neutralizes the sour taste and is quite delicious.

The two began to eat the next dish with satisfaction.
"This should be bird meat. I don't know what kind of bird it is?"

Tigre ate the fried meat, tilted his head and asked,

"I see many birds flying in the sea. Is it that kind of bird meat?"

“I heard from Sofy that the meat of seabirds is ugly. Maybe its meat shipped from other countries? And it doesn't have to be bird meat..."

Mila looked at the fish in the sink and the wall with seal skin on top. Her guess is not impossible.

"In this city, these things may be very common ingredients."

"So, the meat of wild boars or mountain animals may be strange here."

Tigre thinks this may be true. Not far away. There are hills near Lipno, but no mountains and forests. Although it is said that mountain products can be transported from afar, they should be smoked or pickled for preservation.

——Different land has different flavors. Is this the taste of seaside land?

Tigre swallowed the fried meat and took a bite of the potato.

"As for the potato, it is a familiar taste."

"Yes, it's the potato we are familiar with."

The two looked at each other and laughed. The conversations of the sailors at the neighboring table came to them at this time.
"By the way, have you heard? Zhcted seems to be going to fight Asvarre."

"Huh? What is it for this time? Isn't it common for small-scale fighting?"

"This ah, I heard that because we scored victory in south Leitmeritz, the king of Asvarre was very angry, so they pillaged areas in Legnica and Leitmeritz."

"I have also heard that the army of Asvarre robbed Leitmeritz. But no matter what, we should have to wait until spring to act."

"Yes, the war with Muozinel is also this spring. So, the king is also quite warlike."

The two looked at each other again.

Tigre lowered his voice and said, "It should have been known that Olmutz and Polyician soldiers came to Lipno."

"But in terms of attacking other countries, the force is too small. So I should think that. They are here to defend the coastal waters or crusade against pirates. Maybe Sofy had already considered this level..."

Mila whispered, suddenly shaking her head in surprise, and deliberately putting on a smile.

"Tigre, the food is getting cold, let's finish eating."

Knowing what Mila said, Tigre nodded with a smile. Even if you speak in a low voice, you may still be heard by others. Such a place is not suitable for talking about this topic.

After finishing the meal and leaving the restaurant, the two held hands and headed towards the dock. The crowd on the road is no longer as crowded as before, even if they walk side by side, there is no problem.
The closer to the port, the tanned by the sun, the stronger the sailor becomes more prominent. Tigre raised his nose as if smelling something:

"There is a strange smell."

"It's the smell of sea water?"

Sofy once told them that the sea has a strange smell.

The two people who arrived at the port opened their eyes wide, staring at the scene in front of them, standing in the sea breeze.

Many big ships are docking on the shore where seabirds fly.

So far, what Tigre and Mila have seen are boats sailing on rivers and lakes. No matter how big those boats are, at most they are only twenty alshins (about twenty meters).

But these ships in front of them, from bow to stern, there are at least forty arcs. Of course, Tigre and Mila knew the sailboats and sailboats used for sailing, and through paintings and models, they knew what a sailing captain looked like. But this was the first time they had seen the actual ship with their own eyes, and Tigre was completely overwhelmed by the momentum of such a huge ship.

"If it is such a ship, it will indeed be able to cross the land of Brune within ten days..."

Sailors are busy carrying cargo and luggage to the ship about to go to sea, and there is a vibrant shout. Back at the pier, next to the cargo ship where the guests had disembarked, the sailors who had finished unloading were grilling fish and shellfish on a stone fire, chatting and laughing with wine bottles. In addition, there are also many prostitutes soliciting business nearby.

Tigre moved his gaze, and there were many merchants nearby laying blankets or thick cloths on the ground and directly setting up stalls.

There are stalls selling silk cloth and linen cloth, silverware, and weapon protective gear that have just been unloaded from the ship, and there are also merchants selling long-lasting food and
wine for boat trips. Looking around, the whole port is lively. If you walk around one by one, it seems you can stroll around until dark.

At this moment, Mila pulled his hand. Tigre, who was looking at the scenery, regained his senses.

"Let's go. What we are going to take is not a cargo ship, but a warship."

It should be ready there, and it's almost time to rendezvous with Sofy.

The two got up. But after less than ten steps, Tigre stopped again, pointed to a stall, smiled apologetically at Mila:

"Sorry, I want to see something."

"Is there anything you care about?"

Mila asked surprised, Tigre nodded, took her by the hand to that stall.

That is a stall selling processed gem products. All small gems are used, but the relative price is not high, and the workmanship is quite meticulous. Tigre picked a silver ring with rubies.

The two came to a place with few people. Tigre blushed shyly, looked at Mila, and after taking a deep breath, he handed Mila a ring.

"—Will you wear it?"

Mila first stared at the ring in Tigre's hand with a slightly surprised and nervous eyes. Then he raised his eyes to look at his sweetheart, and asked timidly,

"Can you put it on for me?"

The unexpected request made Tigre's ears red. 'Of course!' He nodded vigorously, took Mila's left hand, and gently put the ring on her finger. Mila stared at the ring on her hand with a smile, and asked Tigre a simple question.

"Why did you choose this color?"
As a war maiden, Mila has received many gifts. This kind of jewelry is usually based on blue or white, and few people give her red jewelry.

"Because..."

Tigre looked at Lavias in Mila's hand. The dragon gear nicknamed "Evil Piercing Horn" was wrapped with heavy cloth strips, but Tigre could immediately see all the details of the spear in his mind.

"Lavias's spear head is studded with red gems, isn't it?"

Mila lowered her head and gently covered her left hand with the ring on her right hand. Now her expression must not be seen by Tigre. She has such consciousness. The reason why she covered her hands was to prevent her from jumping directly into Tigre's arms. Mila awkwardly drove her tongue, squeezing out a word of thanks.

"I will, cherish it."

Mila's voice was a little high. Leaving aside the attitude, his feelings were indeed conveyed to his sweetheart. Tigre put his hands on Mila's shoulders, hugged her gently, and quickly scented her cheek. Although there are not many pedestrians around, it is not completely no one passing by, so no further things can be done.

While listening to the sound of the sea tide, the two of them marched along the harbor. After a while, they saw many neatly arranged warships.

The size of the warship is about the same as the cargo ship we saw just now.

There is an obvious difference, that is, there are two masts on the ship, and the hull is painted with the symbol of Legnica-crossed gold and red swords. That is the dragon gear of the Vanadis of Legnica Principality.
Sofy was holding a golden staff, standing on the foremost warship, her blond hair fluttering in the sea breeze. Tigre found Sofy and greeted her loudly. Sofy turned her head, smiled, and waved to them in a big motion.

Tigre and Mila dodged the sailors who were carrying the wooden barrels and crates, and marched toward the warship. When they came to the ship, the sailor on the deck lowered the wooden ladder for them. After thanking the sailor, the two climbed onto the deck.

As soon as he stood on the deck, Tigre felt his body shake. He looked at his feet with slightly surprised and interested eyes.

—I would have been more surprised if I hadn't heard Sofy.

Sofy and a young man walked to them.

The man leaned on an iron cane, wore a black hat on his head, and dressed in red-based clothing. His black hair and black beard were mixed with a lot of gray. He was quite short, only reaching Tigre's chest. Nevertheless, his attitude is quite calm, with incredible majesty.

Tigre and Mila also stood up naturally. Sofy introduced to the two of them:

"This is the commander of the ship, Bonner. There is no problem as long as you leave it to him. I have been taken care of by the Lord Bonner before. Thanks to him, I can finish missions smoothly."

"Thanks to Lord Sofya who said so, I really dare not take it. Please leave it to me about sailing and this "Dragon Flame". I will bet on the reputation of Lord Alexandra and myself. We'll complete the mission."

The Dragon flame seemed to be the name of this warship. Bonner bowed and saluted, and Tigre and Mila also reported their names and shook hands with him.

"On this trip to Asvarre, I'll do everything," Mila said.
Bonner shook his beard and replied happily, "No, it's the right way from Zhcted to Asvarre, and then from Asvarre to Zhcted."

The four of them laughed.

"That said."

Sofy looked at Mila and smiled happily:

"This dress suits you very well. Did you also ask Tigre to help me choose the clothes?"

"...Why do you think Tigre chose it?"

"Because you don't usually wear this kind of clothes. I have always felt that this is a pity."

Mila couldn't refute, so she remained silent. Sofy asked Tigre,

"What do you think of the city?"

"I can only say it is amazing."

Tigre sighed eagerly with a very touched expression,

"Although it is a bit exaggerated, I feel that there seems to be everything here."

"Although I don't have everything, I do have most of the products. Because not only the four countries facing the North Sea, but even the people of Asvarre who are far in the east will come here."

"Speaking of which, the sailors and oarsmen on the boat should be from all countries?"

"No."

It was Captain Bonner who shook his head in denial.

"If it's someone who has been introduced and trusted to be a person and ability, it's a different matter; but basically, the sailors and oarsmen of this fleet are all from Legnica. In terms of combat power, this must be done to be able to Peace of mind."

"Because you are afraid of being betrayed by the crew at important moments?" Mila asked.
Bonner frowned and nodded:

"Besides, people from the same country usually gather together. If there are people from different countries on the boat, disputes can easily occur. The boat depends on teamwork, even if there is only one. A small number of people will not be able to move forward if they make trouble. That's what we say--"

Bonner continued with a serious expression,

"Even if all the crew members are from Legnica, you can't be too relieved. Although sailors they are all selected by me. As far as loyalty is concerned, there is basically no problem; but there are many people who are irritable, like to make troubles, or like to be clever in the oars. This part is the same as the soldiers on land."

Thank you for reminding, I will pay attention."

Tigre nodded bluntly. Even though they were talking, they could hear the roar from around. It seems that the argument that most oarsmen are irritable is correct.

At this moment, Tigre heard someone calling him. He turned his head and saw Raffinac and Goruin walking towards this side. Like Sofy, they boarded the ship early.

The journey so far has made Raffinac's face black a lot. As for Goruin, he was completely the same as when he set off from Olmutz, with a steady smile on his face. Even if the sea breeze blows, the gray hair is still neat and tidy.

"Fortunately, the young master has found here safely. I am worried that you will get lost or be crowded out of the city."

Raffinac jokingly said, but Tigre couldn't laugh. If you are shopping alone, you can't arrive at the dock on time.

Goruin bowed to Mila, looked at the master's costume, and nodded happily.

"This gift is really good. Anyway, it's time to liberate Lavias."

Like Sofy, Goruin understood that Mila couldn't take the initiative to wear such clothes. Mila showed a hesitant expression,
and finally gave priority to unwinding the cloth strips wrapped around Lavias.

The spear-shaped dragon gear, known as "the piercing horn of evil", expresses joy with a flashing red jewel in the spear head, and exhales chills at Mila.

"Okay, what do you want to do next? Are you going to walk on the boat? Or take a break in the cabin? Or--want to have fun with me?"

Sofy leaned out slightly and brought her face closer to the embankment. Tigre didn't know how to answer, so he blushed and tried not to open his upper body. Sofy, who thought his reaction was funny, was about to step forward, but turned her head aside as if she noticed something. Tigre, and Mila, who dumbfounded to stop Sofy, also turned their heads following her.

A man climbed up a wooden ladder under the protection of sailors.

The man put on a dirty cloak as if to hide his true identity, and pulled up his hood. But as soon as he arrived on the deck, he tore off his hood like annoyance. He is about twenty-five years old and has good features, but his eyes are arrogant. From the gap of the cloak, you can see the luxurious silk clothes embroidered with gold thread.

The man looked up at the sky, opened his hands, and raised a satisfied smile.

"The sky is really good. It's a good day to go to sea."

The man's name was Elliot, the second prince of the Kingdom of Asvarre. He turned his head to look at Sofy, and said with an intimate smile,

"Finally, Sofya."

"Your Majesty, can you please cover your face? This is to prevent detection."

Sofy smiled falsely. Elliott snorted and put his hood back resignedly. Then he looked at Mila, and whistled ignorantly.
"What a beautiful sight... it is Ludmila? Because u have no habit of wearing travel clothing look, I'm not be able to recognize it immediately. If there is snow fairy, necessarily look of it."

"Thank you for your compliments, Your Highness."

Mila also gave a brief and feign smile to thank you. A mocking smile appeared on Elliot's face and looked at the two war maidens.

"It's hard to pretend to laugh all the time? How about being honest? I'm a generous-minded man. Even if I become King Asvarre in the future, I won't hate you for it."

"Thank you for your consideration. But we also have our own. You can express yourself as you want. Of course, we really value you."

Sofy bowed his head respectfully. Elliot snorted, but immediately changed his mind and nodded greatly.

"It's sometimes annoying to stand or something. Anyway, as long as Zhcted’s help, it's easy to unify the current Asvarre. If Jermaine knew about this, he would hide in the room and tremble. Do you want to have a drink with me and celebrate in advance—?"

"I'm sorry, Ludmila and I have to discuss the sailing matters with the captain. Please go to the cabin and rest. We will send soldiers to protect you outside the room, please rest assured."

Sofy smiled and rejected Elliot. Special invitation. Elliot flushed with anger, but refused to leave. He moved his gaze inadvertently, glared at Tigre and asked,

"What is your name?"

"I am the son of Earl Vorn of the Brune Kingdom, Tigrevurmud."

Why would Elliot speak to him? Although Tigre was surprised, he responded as politely as possible. Although he didn't want to talk to Elliot at all, he couldn't let Mila and Sofy lose face.

"It's not like a Brune name... I haven't heard of Vorn's name either. Anyway, are you the eldest son?"
Regardless of what he thinks, Elliot's new question is quite unexpected. "Yes," Tigre replied honestly and reflexively. As soon as the second prince of Asvarre heard it, his mouth was bitterly flat.

"I hate creatures like the eldest son the most. They don't have much ability, but take it for granted that they should inherit everything from my parents. They're obviously useless except for being born earlier."

Hearing this, Tigre couldn't help feeling disgusted. Staring at Elliott and said:

"But, the eldest sons I know well, all work hard to exercise themselves, so as not to be ashamed of their fathers or ancestors."

"Hmph, you only know that kind of eldest son, you are really happy. Although I don't I know what a person who doesn't even wear a sword has, but you should do your best for me."

Elliot looked at Tigre with contempt and pity. Bonner gave instructions to the crew, and Elliott, surrounded by the crew, arrogantly left.

"Sorry, I should let him go directly to the cabin."

Bonner bowed his head deeply and apologized. Sofy comforted:

"It's nothing. We won't care about that degree of rudeness. After all, he is also a prince."

How does that prince hate his brother?"

Raffinac tweeted, and Goruin shook his head.

"It's not simply the case. The prince saw the scene where Lord Tigrevurmud had friendship with Lord Ludmila and Lord Sofya. He deliberately provoked the reaction of the two Lord Vanadis and his Excellency Tigrevurmud."

"It's really careless. It seems that he won't stay in the boat peacefully."

Mila said flatly. As far as Elliot is concerned, if he doesn't step on Mila and Sofy now, he should be uneasy.
"The war has already begun. We must tighten our nerves too."

Sofy said seriously. "So, everyone, let's cheer together." But he immediately smiled softly. Tigre and Mila also smiled and nodded.

Soon after, a crew member came to report to Bonner that preparations to go to sea were completed, and all the soldiers from Olmutz and Polesia were also on board.

Bonner nodded slowly, and said to Tigre and others:

"Our destination is the port city named Duris. Duris port is located in the southeast of Asvarre Island and is famous for its huge lighthouse. From Duris, it only takes one day to get to Brune, so many trading ships will go there. It should be an important base when we fight with Prince Jermaine."

After that, Bonner ordered the sailors to go to sea.

Dozens of oars protruding from the left and right sides of the boat are rowing simultaneously, making waves on the sea, creating huge ups and downs. The hull moved slowly.

After leaving the port, the sailors lowered their sails. Like the hull, the windy sail also has a pattern of crossed gold and red swords. The Legnica flag with the same pattern is also flying on the mast.

Other warships also moved in succession, drew white waves on the sea, and followed the Dragon Flame.

"We don't sail along the edge of the continent, but take advantage of the daytime and head straight to the west. After dark, we will stay on the island for the night. There are many ships between Zhcted and Asvarre. The island is hiding from the wind and waves. Then, I'm going to inspect the cabin. If there is anything, just speak up, you are welcome."

After Bonner saluted Sofy and the others, he left with the sailors. After watching him leave, Tigre smiled at Mila with a slightly troubled smile:

"I always feel a sense of instability, what about you?"
The feeling of floating and sinking feet made Tigre quite confused. He couldn't help but worry. In this way, even if he wanted to shoot an arrow, he couldn't lock the target.

"I feel the same way too. However, when I arrive at Asvarre Island, I will definitely get used to it."

"If Militsa is there, I will be able to reach Asvarre in no time."

Tigre couldn't help showing weakness. Militsa's dragon skills allowed herself and others to move to different places in an instant. In the previous battle, Tigre and Mila were rescued by her dragon skills several times.

Maybe it's because Tigre, who is showing weakness, is very strange, Mila laughed jokingly:

"I will be with you, is there any dissatisfaction?"

Tigre shook his head quickly:

"No. Not like that. She is not here. Have we been to Olmutz when we were away? I haven't thanked her yet..."

Although I don't know the purpose, Militsa seems to have gone to Alsace, Tigre's hometown. After returning, "This is the amulet that the maid Miss Tita will give you." She put this message in Tigre's room with the bear doll. It was a puppet that could be held in the palm of his hand, and Tigre took it with him to cherish.

"Yes, yes, just treat it like this."

Mila shrugged her shoulders exaggeratedly, and found that the other three were looking at herself and Tigre with a smile, flushing.

†

In Siregia, the capital of the Kingdom of Zhcted, the noble district where the nobles lived.

The annex of the Vanadis who governed the Principality of Osterode is also here.
In the reception room of the annex, two women are sitting face to face across a small glass table.

The petite black-haired girl wore Zhcted's rare clothing, sleeves separated from the top, a wide belt covering the entire abdomen, a winding skirt, and sandals with exposed toes.

Next to the sofa where the girl was sitting stood a giant scythe with a long handle equal to her height. The sharp red and pitch black blades exude an atmosphere of mystery and danger at the same time.

The girl looked blankly at the woman sitting opposite her. She was quite nervous from the hands clenched into fists on her legs.

Her name is Militsa Glinka, nicknamed "Illusory Princess of the Hollow Shadow" or "dancer of sickle", and she is the ruler of Osterode.

"Under your governance, Osterode seems to be fine. It's really happy."

Another woman smiled towards Militsa. It was a pretty beautiful woman with her black hair cut to shoulder level. She is seven years older than the fifteen-year-old Militsa, and she wears a purple dress decorated with roses on her chest, showing a feminine curve. The gesture of picking up the silver cup on the table was so graceful that Militsa sighed gently.

The female is Valentina, who is Osterode's former Vanadis. To Militsa, this woman is her own teacher. She has been living in the capital since she married the royal family.

Regardless of domestic and foreign, Valentina has friendship with princes and nobles or famous women. She is very well informed. No matter the rumors in the streets or the scandals in the court, they are all well known. She heard that there were at least ten nobles who were crying to find her for mercy because Valentina had a secret.
Whether these rumors are true or not, even Militsa is not sure. She once tremulously confirmed to Valentina, but Valentina's answer was:

"If I really had so many secrets, I would be dead for a long time, Militsa."

That makes sense. However, after she said that, she immediately went gossiping about the events in the capital and the interpersonal relationship in the palace.

"By the way, what do you want to discuss with me?"

When asked, Militsa asked straightaway:

"Why are you sending Sister Ludmila and Sofya to Asvarre?"

"I should have already explained it here. It is to show the flaws to Muozinel, and to let Robinson Prepare for the second battle with Legnica."

"Yes, I have heard this. However, I think it seems more than that..."

Since there is no evidence, Militsa is very reserved. Valentina's purple eyes lit up with joy, and she covered her mouth with her hands as if to cover her smile.

"That's right. We deliberately exposed our flaws, not just Muozinel, Militsa."

Militsa tilted her head in confusion, not understanding what the teacher meant. Valentina didn't want to confuse her, and replied,

"A trap."

Militsa's eyes widened.

During the expedition to Muozinel this spring, the actions of the Brune and Zhcteds were known to the enemy in advance, and she also heard about it. I also heard that there might be a rape.

"Ludmila and Sofya not only left their own duchy, but they also went to a distant foreign country where they could not return
immediately. Even if the task of containing the Muozinel army is entrusted to Eleonora and Count Pasha, they are not its omnipotent. There should be no way to guard against the internal rape."

"In other words, this is to induce them to act...?"

"I can only say that there are such elements in it. I don't want Asvarre's civil strife. It's been too long, because it's an expedition across the sea, so I hope everything is well prepared, which is also a very important part. Okay, then, it's your turn to play."

Valentina smiled and looked directly at Militsa... Militsa knew exactly what she wanted to do by herself.

"Let me go to Olmutz and Polycia to find the traitor, right?"

Militsa's dragon gear, Ezeindas, can instantly move to other places. As long as she wants, she can even transfer directly from the capital to Olmutz or Polycia. But doing so is quite physical, and unless the situation is serious, it cannot be easily abused.

Valentina nodded and said:

"The Muozinel people are afraid of the cold. They shouldn't do anything until winter and spring come."

"In other words, the traitor will take advantage of the autumn and winter to collect the necessary love and give it to Muozinel."

If the other party acts, it will be easier to find them.

"I see. I will do my best. Sister Tina."

When Militsa said this, Valentina frowned.

"Do you know the most important thing about this task?"

Militsa blinked. Valentina asked suddenly, Militsa didn't understand what she meant.

"You have to protect yourself. Although I ordered you to perform this task, it is false to say this."

Valentina moved her eyes to the giant sickle standing beside Militsa.
"Don't force yourself. Use the power of the dragon to escape."
Militsa nodded with a serious expression.
Chapter 2 - Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower

The Zhcted fleet with the Dragon Flame as its flagship, it has been the third day since its departure from Lipno Port.

The weather has been very sunny, without much change, and no major problems occurred, and the sailing was quite smooth. Coupled with tailwind, sailors who adjust the type and angle of sails are busier than oarsmen.

That morning, Tigre, Mila and Sofy spread blankets on a corner of the deck that did not hinder the sailors' work, and sat on it to eat breakfast. The breakfast content is wine, bread, fried beans, and hot soup in a large bronze cup, which is the same as the meal of the crew.

Lavias of Mila and Zaht of Sofy leaned aside. Even if it accidentally falls into the sea, as long as the war maiden calls the dragon, it will immediately return to the user's hand, so there is no problem.

Raffinac and Goruin are not here. They shared a cabin with Tigre, but when Mila and Sofy came to Tigre for breakfast, they both slept soundly.

"After two days on the boat, how do you feel?"

Sofy sipped the steaming hot soup and asked them.

"The sea breeze is wetter than expected."

It was Mila who answered like this. On the evening of the first day out to sea, she changed the white one-piece dress that Tigre gave her, and then wore the usual military uniform. On the one hand, it was to show the majesty in front of the soldiers and sailors. On the other hand, although it was just a polite remark, being praised by Elliot seemed to make her very unhappy. Sofy quietly told Tigre about this.

"I am also surprised. Because of this, I have to take care of my bow more seriously than usual."
Tigre bit the bread and agreed with Mila. Tigre's black bow has a wonderful power that resonates with dragons. Although he didn't know what the material of the black bow is, it doesn't seem to be broken even if it's not maintained. That's what he said, but it was Vorn's family heirloom after all, and he was the partner who had rescued Tigre several times, so Tigre was always diligent in maintenance.

"Tigre, do you have any new discoveries?"

"Although I don't know if it is a discovery, I found it great when I visited the oarsman's hammock."

When asked by Sofy, Tigre recalled the situation and replied as such.

The paddler's lounge is at the bottom of the cabin. Although it is spacious, there is nothing in it, and the ceiling is low. The oarsmen drew ropes on both ends of the partition wall, tied the ends of a large area of cloth to the ropes, and slept in it. Tigre once tried to lie in it, and the hammock would sway with the sway of the boat, and it felt quite comfortable. If you get used to it, you should be able to sleep comfortably.

By the way, even though the soldiers of Olmutz and Polesia live on a different floor than the oarsmen, they also rest in hammocks. Because it's much more comfortable than sleeping on a hard floor.

"I was surprised that the tables, chairs and beds in the room were fixed to the floor,"

Mila said. By the way, she shares the same cabin with Sofy.

"By the way, Sofy, I have something to ask you."

Tigre took a sip of the hot soup, swallowed the bread in his mouth, and asked:

"Isn't the bow of this ship decorated with dragons? What is it for? The bows of other ships also have various decorations, but they are not uniform..."

To be correct, it's a dragon-like statue. Sofy answered nonchalantly,
"That's a ship amulet to avoid sea dragons."

"Sea dragon?"

"Yes, as the name suggests, it is a dragon that lives on the bottom of the sea. It is several times larger than a ship mast, and has sharp teeth and claws. It will attack the ship from the sea and eat the sailor-look!"

Sofy looked towards the sea suddenly, and Tigre and Mila also turned their heads reflexively. There is nothing on the sea except the waves blown by the wind and the leisurely calls of seabirds coming from a distance.

"Sofy!"

Mila stared at her friend angrily, and Sofy laughed softly.

"I'm sorry but the sea dragon really exist. I have seen it with my own eyes. Although it was only swimming in the distance at that time, it didn't come in the direction of the ship."

The ship shook with the waves, making a creaking sound. Sofy looked at the sea and continued:

"This is what Lord Bonner told me... Long, long ago, many people lived in this ocean by fishing or collecting corals. One day, a sea dragon suddenly appeared among those people. In front of him, the fishing boat was destroyed and the fisherman was eaten. Even if he wanted to drive away the sea dragon, he would only be counterattacked. When the fisherman was forced to desperately desperate, some people thought that as long as the female sea dragon head is used to attract the attention of the sea dragon, he can catch the Fish and corals are gathered."

"...Is that statue a female sea dragon?"

Mila asked dumbfounded. The same is true for Tigre. Rather than being surprised, he could not keep up with his thinking. Dragons actually had males and females, he had never thought about it.

"Artisans made statues based on this idea. I heard that there are other ways to avoid sea dragons. The decorations of other ships
are mostly based on the preferences of captains or sailors. In the case of warships, the most common is the god of war. A statue of Triglav; in the case of a trading ship, a statue of Elise, the goddess of wind and heavy rain, is set up to pray for sailing down the wind, or a statue of Deqi, the god of wealth, is set up to pray for a smooth transaction."

Brune It is the same as the deity that Zhcted believes in, so Tigre understands the meaning.

After this topic came to an end, Sofy looked at Tigre as if remembering something, "By the way, how much do you know about Asvarre?"

"This..." Tigre smiled bitterly and scratched his dark red hair. .

"I don't know anything about Asvarre. Although Mila taught me some Asvarre language."

Asvarre is known as the "Land of Mist and Forest" and is famous for its longbow. These are what Mila told Tigre. In addition to this, there seems to be a huge lighthouse called the Great Lighthouse. Tigre knew only so much.

As for the Asvarre language, Tigre finally learned a little simple greeting, and he could barely order bread and water in the restaurant. The future can be described as difficult.

Sofy did not despise Tigre, but smiled softly:

"It is brave to admit that she is ignorant. Let me tell you."

The blonde hair fluttered in the air, and Sofy told stories. The child’s tone of voice tells the origin of Asvarre.

About three hundred years ago, floating on the island of Asvarre in the northwest of the mainland, there were five tribes vying for supremacy on the island. The forests, rivers, and hills are all stained with people's blood. The continuous warm wind blowing from the western sea has caused heavy fog from the center to the south of the island. Even in the thick fog, people continue to fight with swords and guns.
The battle for hegemony is not just a matter of the five tribes. In order to occupy Asvarre, the countries of the mainland also send warships to attack the island from time to time. The uneasy situation makes pirates rampant, and coastal cities are harassed.

It was Artorius, the first king of Asvarre, who completely changed this situation.

Artorius was originally an ordinary warrior. One day, he dreamed of becoming a red dragon.

The red dragon is the symbol of the king who rules the five tribe leaders. He believed that he was entrusted this dream by the gods.

"The sky I look up to are the wings of a red dragon."

Although most people laughed at Artorius, twelve companions chose to follow him.

After that, Artorius galloped on the battlefield, winning streaks of battles in a row. He always took the lead in fighting and made all tribes surrender to him. After that, he swept away the pirates and repelled the invading mainland countries. In the anthem of heroes, it is described as a sword "forged from thunder and lightning"* Caliburn was also obtained during this period. As for the twelve companions who followed him, they will be called the Knights of the Round Table in the future. (Annotation: Caliburn, the holy sword in the legend of King Arthur.)

"...How do you think it resembles the myth of Brune or Zhcted?"

Tigre expressed his thoughts. In Brune’s founding mythology, the founding king Charles started to fight because he received the apocalypse in a place called the Holy Cave Palace. In Zhcted’s myth, a man who claimed to be the incarnation of a black dragon appeared in front of the tribes fighting against each other, leading the people who followed him to build a country.

"Yes. Brune and Zhcted are very close to Asvarre, so it is very possible that the mythological inheritance will affect each other."
Sofy said with a gentle expression looking at her younger brother and sister. The man named Artorius won consecutive battles, unified the five tribes, and became the king. It should be correct. But other than that, what about? When myths and legends are spread by people to distant lands, it is very common for them to change in line with local conditions. Sofy understands this.

"In Asvarre, Artorius and the Knights of the Round Table are both objects of faith. Artorius' victory is because of the protection of God. The Knights of the Round Table are protected by angels."

"Angels?"

Mila did not know this word.

"I heard that it is an elf who follows the gods."

Sofy replied and continued the story.

After the death of Artorius, the kingdom of Asvarre continued to be ruled by his descendants, and the sword Caliburn was buried in the mountains far away from the capital, Kirchester, according to Artorius' last words.

Although there were small-scale battles from time to time, they did not develop into serious battles. The kingdom maintained peace for about 150 years. But one day, tranquility was suddenly destroyed.

The kingdom of Cadiz on the mainland sent a large number of warships to attack Asvarre.

Although Asvarre resisted desperately, they still retreated. Half of the island was occupied. The king fell ill and the people fled the motherland one after another. Everyone believes that the fate of the kingdom has come to an end.

At this moment, a hero appeared.

It was Princess Sephyria who would be called "Overlord" in the future.

Her beauty is unparalleled and she is also a brave warrior. Although desperate to encircle the entire country, she still did not
change her perseverance. She loudly rebuked the ministers and generals who had lost fighting spirit in the palace, and personally carried the sword to the battlefield, and defeated the Cadiz army that covered almost the entire Asvarre Island.

"The armor is my husband, and the battlefield is my palace."

This is Sephylia's mantra.

In addition, she also named her sword Caliburn. Since the sword disappeared after her death, no one knows that she was named this way because she had inherited the will of the founding king Artorius; or she was actually found buried in the mountains. Of the sword.

After losing several generals, the Cadiz army had to retreat from Asvarre Island. Although the King of Asvarre was pleased with this, he was still no match for the disease and passed away soon after.

After a year of agreement, Sephyria came to the throne and became the first queen of the Kingdom of Asvarre. For surrounding countries that do not recognize women's succession to the throne, this is extremely shocking news.

However, what shocked them even more was Sephyria's actions. She exerted an extraordinary ability to rule and condensed the centripetal force of the court, first quelling the pirates, restoring peace in the country, and then leading the army to attack the Kingdom of Cadiz.

Although the offensive failed a year ago, Cádiz's national power did not decline. Despite this, Cádiz was still destroyed by Sephyria, and most of the territory was drawn into Asvarre's territory.

Owning the territory of the mainland is a great achievement that the founding king Artorius hoped but could not achieve. In other words, it was Asvarre's long-cherished wish. Sephyria, who achieved this, was praised as the "Overlord".

"The map of Asvarre that we are familiar with nowadays was almost laid by Sephyria. She was unmarried all her life, and died
after appointing someone close to her father's blood as the heir to the throne."

"But, she should have a lover, right?"

Mila tilted her head and asked, Sofy shrugged and replied:

"Yes, there are many rumors about her lover. Such as supporting her subordinates, traveling bards, wandering knights, hunters who are close by... etc. But most of them were not the rumors at the time, but the creations of future generations. Without a detailed investigation, there is no way to know which ones are true."

Sofy took a sip of wine to sooth her throat, sighed and smiled: "That's the history of Asvarre. After Sephyria passed away, the country has not changed much."

"Now the current king is ill in bed. Prince Jermaine and Elliot use Asvarre's mainland and island forces respectively. They're fighting for the throne, isn't this the case?"

Mila asked as if confirming, Sofy tilted her head slightly, and her long pale blonde hair shook.

"When we arrive at Asvarre Island, the power plan may have changed again. Apart from these two princes, does King Zechariah have other heirs?"

"Princess Guinevere? I heard that she went into seclusion in order to avoid the throne dispute."

"As just said, Asvarre is a country that recognizes women's rule. So even if someone supports a princess, it's not surprising. I asked Elliott. The princess's personality, he said, is a boring woman who has no other interests other than visiting places related to the Knights of the Round Table."

"The relationship between brother and sister is very bad."

Mila smiled and raised the corners of her mouth. Tigre asked curiously,
"Are there many locations related to the Knights of the Round Table?"

"Yes. There are twelve people in the Knights of the Round Table, and each of them has lived in more than one place. And since the territory expanded to the mainland, there are a lot of related places. For example, there was a Knight of the Round Table who visited here to help repel legends such as demons."

Sofy smiled bitterly. Since Asvarre believed in Artorius and the Knights of the Round Table, after the expansion of the territory, the legend of places related to the Knights of the Round Table was added to the mainland. Besides, according to the records, the Knights of the Round Table have indeed visited the mainland for diplomatic or other reasons, so they are not necessarily all fabricated stories.

"That's it." Tigre nodded. Hearing these words, it suddenly occurred to him that if Sofy was right, Guinevere had been traveling in Asvarre's country and might be better able to grasp the situation better than Elliot or Jermaine.

--- Am I thinking about this too much?

Tigre shook his head, throwing off the thought. Since she is a princess, the domestic travel in Asvarre should be a carriage. It is difficult to say how much of the status quo can be seen.

"What's the matter? Suddenly quieted down."

Mila asked in surprise. "Nothing." Tigre smiled and shook his head.

There is one more thing that worries him. Tigre always felt that he had heard of the name Guinevere many years ago, but he couldn't remember where he heard it. It should not be Mila or Sofy. In that case, could it be said by the Asvarre people who had met in Olmutz? After all, it is a princess of a country, and it is normal to mention the name inadvertently in small talk.

"By the way, which of the two princes do you think is more dominant?"
Tigre asked Sofy, who frowned in distress.

"In terms of strength, Prince Jermaine should have the upper hand. But the capital Kirchester is under the influence of Elliot, and King Zechariah is also there."

"So Prince Jermaine cannot attack Asvarre Island at will." Mila said.

"Yes. If he insists on launching an attack, leading to the death of King Zechariah, Prince Jermaine's reputation will fall drastically. It may even be said to have deliberately killed his Father, the king. That is the case, but he can't stay still. Even if he see our reinforcements, he shouldn't be afraid."

Sofy said to the end, looking at the ship building aft. Elliot's room is in it. Mila also looked there with unpleasant eyes.

"How is Elliott?"

"Although he is noisy, nothing has happened so far. Even if he came to the deck to let the wind go, he didn't act suspiciously."

It would be troublesome if he got sick. Sofy would let Elliot leave the room and walk around every day. But of course he cannot be allowed to move freely, so someone will follow and let him walk on the deck for thirty minutes. She also ordered that even if Elliott speaks to the watcher, the watcher cannot talk to him.

"But it's only the next day. Before arriving at Asvarre Island, he should behave something--it's almost time to leave."

Sofy got up and stretched slightly. Breakfast was already in the chat, and all of them entered the belly of the three.

†

Tigre and others who had breakfast either observed the sailors at work, or looked at the sea from the ship's side. Although it was early noon, the sun was already high. At this moment, they heard a lively sound and walked over.
It is a very spacious part in the center of the deck.

Sailors, oarsmen, and soldiers are hiding in a place out of the sun to rest. Some people laid blankets on the deck to sleep with their heads, some were playing shamisen, and others were cutting wooden blocks with daggers, not knowing what they were making. Some people talk and laugh, some people gather to gamble.

The laughter came and went, and it felt like a lively tavern. Upon closer inspection, Raffinac and Goruin were also among the sailors.

Tigre and Mila's eyes widened, and Bonner, who had been sitting in the corner next to him, walked towards the three of them with a cane. He just seemed to be watching the crew on the sidelines.

"The three of you appear together, what's the matter?"

After the old captain greeted Tigre, he frankly asked his questions in mind:

"These people are at rest, you, ah, I do not mean to blame, just because the day before yesterday and did not see this scene ......?"

"Don't be nervous, I know what you want to say."

Bonner smiled and looked up at the blue sky, then looked at the windy sails.

"As you can see, the weather today is very good. On days like this, I will allow the crew to move as freely as possible. I will also allow the oarsmen and soldiers to take turns on the deck when there is sunshine."

"Indeed, stay here. In a confined space, you can't breathe."

Mila nodded with a serious expression. Especially soldiers and oarsmen, they all live in the bottom of the cabin, which is spacious but has nothing but hammocks. Although this is helpless as far as the structure of the ship is concerned, it is precisely because of this that it is necessary to liberate them in a timely manner like this.

"Not only that."
Bonner slowly shook his head, looking at the blue sea, and continued:

"Master Ludmila and His Excellency Tigrevurmud are both going to sea for the first time, and it's only two days. It's all novelty. I will be excited about the fish shadows shaking on the sea, the slight changes in waves, and the appearance of seabirds flying in the sky. But for sailors and oarsmen, those are already greasy scenery."

A smile appeared on Bonner's wrinkled face, and he turned his gaze back to the crew.

"For the crew, boredom is the worst enemy. If their boredom breaks through the limit, do you know what will happen?"

Tigre and Mila shook their heads, and Bonner said with a serious expression that was not like a joke:

"Stealing food in the kitchen is pretty common. Serious things such as fighting, stealing, or even inciting other people to riot are possible. Sailors are mostly irritable and impulsive people, and they are especially prone to accumulate depression, so it's sunny like today As long as I don't make any special mischief, I will let them move freely."

The two of them sounded horrified, but they felt very reasonable.

"It's the same as the army. When I lead the soldiers, I also try various ways to reduce the dissatisfaction of the soldiers."

During the march, Mila will make small changes on the menu and let the soldiers chat freely within the range of not causing problems. This alone can stabilize the soldiers' emotions a lot.

In the past, Mila had suffered from this kind of thing. During her joint training with the Leitmeritz Army under the command of Elen, the soldiers on both sides had a dispute for some reason, which almost turned into a riot. Mila and Elen worked a lot before finally calming down their subordinates.
Tigre looked at Raffinac and Goruin who were mingling with the crew with a slightly envious look. He also wanted to get involved, but in the end he restrained himself.

If he is the son of a little nobleman on the border, there is no problem, but now he is a guest of a Vanadis, so the crew should not want to get too close to him. They can only wait patiently for Raffinac and the others to be ready for their debut.

At this moment Tigre looked at Sofy. Unlike Tigre or Mila, she has a lot of sea travel experience.

How does she dispel boredom? In other words, because Sofy is so knowledgeable, she has no chance with boredom?

Seeing Tigre staring at herself blankly, Sofy turned her head and asked:

"What's the matter?"

"Ah, it's okay..."

Tigre scratched his dark red hair and said his question. After listening, Sofy showed an expression as if thinking of some interesting idea, and put her index finger to her mouth.

"Tigre, do you want to come to our room?"

"Huh?"

It was Mila who exclaimed. Sofy teased her with a smile and said,

"Don't worry, you will come together too. Your Excellency Bonner, let's say goodbye first."

Sofy waved to the young captain, took Tigre's hand and moved forward. Tigre couldn't help throwing away Sofy's hand, so she could only let her lead, and reluctantly turned back and waved to Bonner. Mila bulged her cheeks and strode behind them.

†
Mila and Sofy's room was located in the ship's bow, slightly narrower than Tigre's room.

There are two beds, a table and two chairs in the room. The oil lamp is stuck in the iron ring on the wall. There are two wooden boxes the size of which are folded with both hands in the corners. Inside it seems to be Mila and Sofy's luggage.

Sofy hummed happily, rummaging in her luggage. Her dragon gear leaned against the wall. Tigre turned around in the room and asked Mila next to him:

"Is your bed the front one or the inside one?"

"The front one, what's wrong?"

"I want to find a place to sit..."

Because there were only two chairs, Tigre would say so. But Mila was already blushing in front of her bed, and Lavias in her hand reacted to the user's will and gave a chill.

"Absolutely not."

At this moment, Sofy walked over with various things. She put four silver cups on the table, took four more leather bags, and poured the contents of the leather bags into the silver cups. From the color of the liquid, it seems to be wine.

"Let's play a little game now,"

Sofy sitting on a chair which, looked up and smiled looking at the dike Tigre Mila said:

"Guess what country the cup of wine is from!"

"Oh, very Interesting."

Mila laughed fearlessly. Tigre stood beside her, observing the wine in the glass.

Among the four glasses of wine, there are bright wines that match the adjective deep red, and there are also wines that are closer to black than red. In addition, there are wines that are light enough to see the bottom of the glass.
Tigre once heard his father say that Brune wines will have different aromas and flavors depending on the place of origin. What Tigre knew was only a small part of it.

"Can you drink it?" Mila asked, standing Lavias against the wall.

"Of course. But keep Tigre's share."

"I won't drink it all."

Mila picked up one of the silver cups, sniffed it, and replied confidently,

"This is yours. —Polysian wine."

"Oh, just smell it, can you be sure? It's amazing."

"Because the aroma is too familiar. It's a bit stronger than the wine produced by Olmutz."

Listening to Mila say so, Tigre picked up the silver cup of Polycian wine. He couldn't tell the scent alone, but after taking a sip, he nodded while saying "Yes." Sofy brought Olmutz, the wine as a souvenir, indeed this taste.

At this time, Mila had already picked up the second glass of wine. This time she didn't seem to be able to tell by the aroma alone, so she took a sip and said,

"This is Asvarre's wine, right? It's more spicy and astringent than Zhcted's."

"Oh, it seems, it should be. I can guess all of them right."

Sofy applauded her friend, and Mila proudly picked up the third silver cup. It was the darkest of the four glasses, red to almost black.

Mila brought her face close, frowned after smelling the aroma, and stared at the surface of the wine. Then he smelled the aroma again, and finally took a sip of wine with a serious expression.
But as soon as she put the wine in her mouth, Mila immediately sprayed it all out. Countless droplets sprayed on Sofy. Tigre's eyes widened in surprise, and he hurried over to hold on to the coughing Mila.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?"

Mila didn't answer, but looked at Sofy in surprise.

"What's in it? Is this really wine?"

"It's really wine."

Sofy wiped the wine on her face and hair with a thick cloth, and poured a glass of water to Mila, revealing the success of the prank Smile. Then, her beryl eyes looked at Tigre:

"It's okay for me to say the answer directly...but before that, Tigre, would you like to take a sip?"

"Of course."

Tigre nodded. He was more interested in the taste of the wine than in bringing back a city for his sweetheart.

He took the silver cup from Mila with tears in the corner of his eyes and smelled the aroma. By this alone, it really was impossible to tell where the wine was produced. He took a sip cautiously, his tongue was burning like fire, and his body became hot. Tigre coughed slightly and said:

"This is pepper and... ginger? Is it the wine produced in region of central Brune?"

"It's amazing. I didn't expect you to get it right."

Sofy opened in big eyes of admiration. Mila was speechless, just looking at the two.

"Could it be that you have drunk this kind of wine before?"

Tigre nodded. Many years ago, his father's friend Mashas said, "I got interesting wine," and brought this wine to them. "In areas where there is no way to produce delicious wine, because it is too
difficult to drink directly, pepper and the like are added as a seasoning." Mashas explained.

"This kind of wine is very popular with sailors. It is said that drinking this is more powerful than drinking vodka."

"It's not bad if it makes people drink vigorously..."

Tigre smiled weakly at Sofy. Look at the fourth silver cup. He and Mila have already worked together to solve three problems, so it is a pity to give up.

He took the last silver cup and took a sip. The fluid passing through his throat made him frown.

"This is a bar that mixes wine and vodka?"

"Yes. Do you know where the wine and vodka are made?"

Sofy tilted her head slightly and asked happily. Tigre shook his head in confusion.

"It's Asvarre wine and Legnica's vodka. Because these are the wines that are easily obtained in the northern waters. And I heard that these two wines are very good together. But if you are not used to drinking it, you will only feel very spicy that's it."

"By the way, you really have a way to get so many kinds of wine."

Mila sipped the water, half dumbfounded, half admiring authentic.

"I only brought the wine from Polycia. But I just brought a full barrel."

"Should I exchange those wines with the crew's wine?"

Tigre murmured, it seems that Sofy is very used to it.

"It's not a direct exchange. It's through Lord Bonner or a familiar crew member. Ask them to introduce me. Otherwise, you won't be able to get so many interesting wines."

Indeed, no sailor should dare to use peppered wine.
"You can tell me in advance. That way, I can too..."

Mila muttered, but Sofy shook her head solemnly.

"This is not recommended for the first sea trip. Because the captain and crew don't know your preferences and acceptance range, maybe they will get something scary."

"So, when you sailed for the first time... Did you just start doing this?"

Tigre asked. Sofy drank the wine from Asvarre and replied,

"The third time. The first time I went to sea, I didn't understand anything, so I couldn't do anything. On the second voyage, the captain was Lord Bonner. I asked him to make me pretend to be a bard and play the chord in front of the sailor and the oarsman. But to be honest, I didn't play very well."

Maybe it's because of remembering the situation, Sofy held the silver cup in both hands and chuckled lightly while standing up.

"I heard that if it is a trading ship with plenty of space and money, it will hire bard or dancer entertainment crew. So I tried to imitate it. Thanks to him, I heard a lot of things, so I know what the crew will bring. Things get on the boat."

"Do you just start bartering? You're right, it's not something that the first-time boater can imitate. I'm sorry."

Mila understood and bowed to Sofy to apologize. Sofy shook her dry silver cup and smiled:

"I just like this part of you. Then, give a little reward to Tigre who guessed it."

Sofy finished the other three glasses of wine in a blink of an eye and stood up casually. Tigre couldn't help but admire. Although there is not much wine in the glass, after all, it is wine mixed with pepper or vodka. But for Sofy, it seems to taste like ordinary wine.

Sofy walked again to the wooden box with her luggage and returned with bundles of parchment. "Come on." She pulled out a roll of parchment and handed it to Tigre.
Tigre took the parchment and opened it and stared at it.

"What is this...?"

On the parchment, there were delicate brushstrokes with many flutes in the bag, but Tigre could not see what it was. Sofy smiled and said,

"This is Asvarre's musical instrument. It was brought on the boat by an oarsman."

"This is a musical instrument...?"

Mila, who came over from the side, was also surprised. Take a closer look, there is a simple description next to the picture. As long as you play one of the flutes, the other flutes will make a sound.

"Rather than using a lot of text to explain, you can understand what this is with just one picture, right?"

Sofy said, pulling out another roll of parchment and handing it to Tigre. On the paper is drawn a young man on crutches with a tabby cat at his feet.

"This is Sir Bonner's?"

"Yes. Although he said he was a little embarrassed by this, he draws very well, right? Bonner when you first met, he kept a cat on board to catch mice."

"Your picture is still beautiful. Although it's a bit too handsome."

Mila jokingly said, Sofy replied with a brilliant smile:

“Since he is an outstanding man, of course I want to paint him better, right? Now, Mila, Tigre, this is a rare opportunity, can I paint you? It doesn't matter if only one person lets me paint.”

Sofy suggested to the two, her beryl eyes gleaming. This little thing is not a problem. Tigre was about to nod, but Mila stopped him.

"Wait a minute, you can't just agree. When Sofy draws the picture, her body can't move at all. It's harder than imagined."
"So strict?"

Tigre became confused. When hunting, he would often hide in the bushes, waiting motionlessly for the time to come. Maintaining the same posture really consumes energy. Sofy smiled and said,

"Mila is too exaggerated. As long as her posture doesn't change much, it doesn't matter whether she wants to yawn or hum."

At this point, Sofy clapped her hands as if thinking of something.

"Mila, I have thought of a way to make the model draw pictures without getting tired. Would you like to try it?"

"...Tell me first."

Mila folded her hands on her chest and asked with a frown. Sofy looked at the bed and said,

"Just lie on the bed and take off your clothes."

The unexpected speech made Mila open her mouth and stared at her friend dumbfounded. The next moment, she blushed and exclaimed,

"This, what is this!?

"It's nothing surprising, right? You should have seen naked female paintings, have you? If you really feel embarrassed, you can do it a little bit. Cover it with a blanket."

Mila was speechless for a while, but she shook her head as if she couldn't accept it. Sofy turned her head and looked at Tigre and asked,

"Tigre, what about you? Do you want to see Mila's nudes?"

"Of course." Tigre was about to answer, and then she felt an anger. His strong gaze is directed at him, so he can't speak. However, Mila was already sitting on the bed with a shy expression, looking at herself.
"Really, even if you are joking, it should be enough."

"I don't mean to be joking. Besides, if you can draw, I can ask you to draw that picture for me."

A new picture automatically appeared in Tigre's mind, and Mila immediately turned her head and stared. Watching him, dispelling his fantasies. Although not to cover up the incident, Tigre began to look at the other parchment that Sofy had brought. There are wonderful creatures with nearly ten feet on their round heads, unknown fruits, or shells, boats and people in various shapes.

Tigre and Mila were fascinated by the look. After seeing all the paintings, they sighed with admiration:

"Sofy, you are so amazing."

There is no doubt that Sofy likes drawing very much. But Tigre felt that it seemed more than that. Drawing these pictures is a bit different from the boring time when I was dispatching a boat.

Maybe it was Tigre's expression to see his thoughts, Sofy picked up Zaht who was standing by the wall, and took his hand very naturally.

"Mila, can I borrow Tigre from you."

She blinked at the frowning Mila and said. Mila, who guessed what she wanted to say to Tigre from Sofy's attitude, shrugged helplessly and sat down on the bed.

"Don't come back too late."

Mila just said this, and watched her sweetheart and friends leave.

Tigre followed Sofy to the deck. At this time, the sun has climbed directly above the sky.

Although it was only a few days before going out to sea, Tigre already knew how harsh the sun was on the boat. He and Sofy hid
under the shadow of the boat building, leaning against the wall. The sound of sea waves rushed into the ears of the two.

"—Tigre, if you say it."

Sofy said with the expression and tone of telling Tigre the secret:

"If you hadn't met Lana three years ago, what would you think would be your life? What about his life?"

"Well..."

Tigre folded his arms around his chest, looking up at the little blue sky with white clouds.

"I should stay in Alsace forever and rarely leave my hometown. I just think about how to inherit the title of my father."

At that time, Alsace alone was wide enough for him. After all, he has crossed the Vosges Mountains and the capital Nice. Even if he knows that the world outside is very vast, he feels that those places are far away from him. The only exception is the territory of his father's friends.

"I'm like you."

Sofy chuckled lightly and looked at the golden staff in her hand.

"If I hadn't met Zaht and hadn't become a war maiden, I might become a traveling priest. Otherwise, I would not be able to leave the town where I was born, and I can only yearn for the remote world outside the town for a lifetime."

"The remote world outside the town... ...?"

Sofy looked at the incredible Tigre with beryl eyes, nodded and said,

"I, I have been thinking about such things since I was a kid, and playing with the boys in town. Oh. I always learn cudgel from my grandfather with the boys nearby, and learn how to use the body from my father who is a knight. I have injuries every day."
Tigre looked at Sofy in surprise. With her steady appearance, she couldn't imagine the kind of wild girl back then. His reaction caused the Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower to laugh.

"When I was a child, I always wanted to see with my own eyes the distant places that could only be heard from traveling merchants or bardics. Although other children thought that way, when they grew up, they stopped holding that idea. Of course, traveling abroad is not that simple. If you travel far for certain purposes, it's a different matter. If you just want to see the distant world, it's impossible for an adult to agree..."

"Later, you are no longer so. Did you think about it?"

Tigre asked in a quiet tone, and Sofy stuck out her tongue playfully:

"On the surface. In my heart, I still yearn for the distant world outside. As I said just now, I'm serious. I thought about becoming a priest."

"Why didn't you become a priest later?"

"Because, even if you become a priest, you can only travel between Zhcted and Brune."

Zhcted and Brune believe in the same deity. But other countries are not. Asvarre believed in Artorius and the Knights of the Round Table, and Muozinel believed in the gods headed by Ulufra. Therefore, the priest of Zhcted had no reason to go to countries other than Brune.

"Did you know? A long time ago, Zhcted did not have potatoes."

Sofy suddenly changed the subject. Tigre shook his head in confusion, and urged Sofy to continue. He always thought that potatoes were a crop that naturally existed in Zhcted, and he had never heard that it was not.

"According to my investigation, the potato was a traveler from the far east, who started planting only after they settled in Zhcted. It was about two hundred years ago."

"So that's it..."
"I, I want to be that kind of traveler."

Tigre turned his head unexpectedly and stared at Sofy's profile. She hugged the golden staff and looked straight ahead. However, it is not the sea, but somewhere extremely far away. Tigre felt this way.

"Polysia that I govern is far away from Brune and Asvarre. Although it is very close to Muozinel, if you want to use the properties of Muozinel for development, you have to cooperate with Mila. Let's not mention the friendship between Mila and I. Even if we really compete, Polycia is relatively unfavorable."

Because Olmutz is not only a neighbor of Muozinel, but also Brune.

"Even if I want to take advantage of the properties brought by the Eastern nomads, it is not as good as Olga's Brest. As a Vanadis, what can I do for Polycia? In terms of victories, I am not as good as other Vanadis. I thought for a long time, and the final conclusion was travel."

Tigre did not interrupt, but listened to Sofy quietly.

"Like a long time ago travelers brought potatoes to Zhcted, no, it doesn't matter if it's not such a great thing, but what I want to bring to Polysia, where I was born and raised, I want that piece of The land becomes more fertile. That's what I think."

Silence means that this topic is over.

Tigre looked at Sofy with surprise and respect.

Although he knew that Sofy often traveled around Zhcted at home and abroad as a diplomatic envoy, he did not expect that she herself would have so hoped. And it’s for Polycia.

The reason why she draw those pictures is not simply because she like to paint, but because she wants to keep a record of what she has seen and heard in a foreign country and think about how to use those things to develop her own principality.

"—Sofy."
Unsure of how long it took, Tigre finally turned the feelings that writhed in his chest into words, and said to Sofy:

"I will become your strength as much as possible. Although I also know that my strength is weak, But..."

"Wait." Sofy turned around, her skirt flying up.

"You can't say anything like this, otherwise Mila will be uneasy."

As she did before, she poked Tigre's nose lightly. Tigre could not refute, but remained silent. Sofy smiled softly and joyfully.

"But thank you anyway. I have been thinking, one day I will tell you these thoughts. It's great to be able to tell you. Besides, your feelings make me so happy that I want to cry."

"You exaggerate too much."

Tigre tried to squeeze out this sentence. Not only did he feel embarrassed, but his cheeks became hot.

"I mean, why do you want to change places specially?"

Tigre asked awkwardly. Even if Mila heard this, there was no problem. It should be said that from Mila's attitude not to prevent Sofy from taking her away, she might have heard of this a long time ago.

As predicted. Sofy blushed and looked away.

"Because, I have already told Mila, let her listen to it again, it feels a bit..."

Indeed, she feel embarrassed. The two laughed silently.

——I can't always be a country bumpkin who can only make a fuss, I have to study hard while traveling.

Not only for Sofy, but also for herself, but also for Mila.

"Now, Tigre."

Sofy took her dragon gear behind her back and leaned against the ship's side.
"After I get back to Zhcted, do you want to live in my Principality for a while? One month is too short, half a year... No, let's live for a year. I will try my best to teach everything I know it's for you."

"Uh, this..."

Tigre sweated coldly on his head and didn't know how to answer. At the end of summer, Sofy also mentioned this in Olmutz. Mila's expression flashed through Tigre's mind, and she should have rejected Sofy.

"Didn't you just say to be my strength...?" But Sofy pouted deliberately and said.

"What are you talking about?"

The rescuers appeared together with the chill that was extremely unmatched with the day. He saw Mila standing straight at the entrance of the ship building, holding Lavias tightly, and anger burning in her blue eyes.

Tigre was too embarrassed to speak. As for Sofy, not only unmoved, still cute to tilt his head and said:

"Mila, can you lend me Tigre temporarily? It will not take too long, like two years"

Actually that's one more year. The boldness of this request made Tigre admire her so much that he even forgot to be afraid.

Needless to say, Mila's roar of refusal immediately resounded through the sky.

†

Six days have passed since Tigre and his party went to sea.

This morning, Tigre, Mila, Sofy, Raffinac, and Goruin gathered in the captain's room at the bow to listen to Bonner's explanation.
"The voyage was quite smooth. If the wind is blowing today, I can see Asvarre Island tomorrow morning. In this way, I should be able to sail into Port Durres around noon."

"It is a good wind, but it feels a bit strong."

Mila brushed away the hair on her face, bored. As she said, the wind was very strong today and the hull shook violently many times. However, the sailors have a normal face. For those who are used to sailing, it may not be a strong wind.

"Eight days? From the distance, it seems like a long and short journey."

Goruin said with a lot of authentic emotion, while Raffinac nodded happily.

"It's great to be able to arrive within the scheduled time. I'm already missing the land."

"On land, you won't be soaked by the sea."

Tigre said with a shrug. Yesterday, when he and Raffinac were talking on the side of the ship, a strong wind caused the ship to tilt, and the waves greeted him face to face, and the master and servant were showered together.

"You can't relax because of this, Tigre,"

Mila said sharply, looking at the nautical chart spread out on the table.

"With a fleet of dozens of ships so close to the mainland, Asvarre should also be vigilant. Both sides may go to war at any time. So you must stay by my side as much as possible."

The last sentence made Sofy and Goruin smile bitterly and stand up.

"Thank you, then please."

Tigre smiled at Mila. But there was a slight uneasy color on his face.
So far, he is still not used to the shaking of the ship. Although he can walk in a straight line and won't get seasick, the feeling of floating and sinking his feet still makes him feel very awkward.

"How about Elliott?"

"According to this morning's report, he is quite energetic. Maybe he should do as you say."

Sofy replied coldly to Mila's question.

Maybe it was calculated from the number of days after sailing that it was already very close to Asvarre, and Elliot's spirit became very good. When I ran into Sofy on the deck yesterday, he not only greeted her in a cheerful voice, but also stretched out his hand toward Sofy's ass as he passed by.

Of course, Sofy could not let him succeed. Before Elliot's hand touched Sofy, he was caught and twisted, and he was pressed to the floor. "Simply cut off his right hand?" Mila said dumbfounded after hearing about it.

Bonner continued without changing his face:

"Sailors, oarsmen, and soldiers have no abnormalities. Although there are some people on board with diarrhea, falls, or hangovers, it does not affect the movement of all. Food and Water still has four days' worth of weight. Although it can be said that there is more than enough, it still cannot be too optimistic."

Until entering our destination, one cannot be negligent. This is Bonner's creed. Tigre and others also understand this. At the distance of sight of the port, the shipwreck occurred when the crew rioted, or was attacked by pirates, a hole appeared in the bottom of the ship and the ship sank, and the old captain saw much more.

"After entering Durisport, take a break and collect information by the way. If you must fight with Prince Jermaine immediately, go directly to the mainland. Otherwise, head north to the capital, Kirchester."

Sofy pointed his finger at it. The nautical chart is sliding, confirming the future course of action.
"Now is the easiest time to slack off, everyone has to tighten their nerves."

She looked around the crowd and said resolutely. Tigre and others nodded silently.

The report was received just after noon.

The sailor watching from the mast came to Tigre, Mila, Sofy and Bonner who were talking and laughing on the deck.

"Three ships appeared in front of them, with red dragons painted on their sails."

The red dragon is a symbol of the Kingdom of Asvarre. Their flag is also painted with a red dragon.

Tigre and the others looked at each other, and Mila carried Lavias on his shoulders, showing a fearless smile.

"Is it Elliot's subordinate? Or Jermaine's subordinate?"

"Let's take a look at the situation first. If there are only three ships, it should not be here to fight."

Sofy finished speaking, and the group headed to the bow. In front of hundreds of Alshins, there are three ship shadows.

"There are people on the bow."

Tigre, who had the best eyesight among the four, was surprised and authentic. It was a young man, about twenty-five years old, wearing black-based clothing.

The two sides slowly shortened the distance.

Everyone saw it when they came to about fifty Alshins. As Tigre said, there was a young man standing on the bow, with a bow on his back, a curved sword on his left waist, and a quiver on his right. The man jumped on the statue of the goddess on the bow and said loudly,
"My name is Tallard! I'm Prince Jermaine's subordinate! Are you Zhcted's fleet?"

"I will come forward. Tigre, you come with me. Mila and Bonner stay here."

There is no need to let the other party know that we have two war maidens. If Bonner comes forward and is injured as a result, the fleet should be in chaos. Besides, in terms of the distance between the ships, the bow is an effective weapon.

Sofy squeezed Zaht, shaking her skirt, and stepping forward. Tigre hung his quiver around his waist, holding the black bow in his left hand, and walking beside Sofy.

When the two stood on the dragon-shaped statue on the bow of the ship, the distance between the two was only ten alshins (about ten meters). Depending on the conditions of the waves, it is not surprising that two ships collide.

Sofy took a breath and said loudly,

"Hello, my name is Sofya Obertas. I'm one of Zhcted's war maidens."

"Oh! Sure enough! I can see the rumor that victories is worth a thousand. And the beautiful Vanadis is really honored. After all, Vanadis came to our Kingdom of Asvarre, what is there to do?"

Even if he heard Sofy's name, Tallard was not afraid. She saw a pleasant gleam in his eyes, throwing new questions. Sofy replied with a smile.

"We are here to help His Royal Highness Elliot, the second prince, obtain the throne of Asvarre. If Your Excellency Tallard is willing, we can let you see His Highness."

Regarding Sofy's provocation, Tallard did not take the bait.

"Although I really want to agree to the invitation of the beautiful woman, let's forget it. If I see Elliott, I have to go back to Jermaine with his first class. Lord Vanadis, I also have a suggestion. Don't take refuge in Jermaine's side now? For the peace of Asvarre
and the victory of Zhcted, this is the fastest and wisest decision to achieve the goal."

"Although this proposal is very good. Attractive, but we refused. Because the victory we are pursuing is different from yours. Please tell Prince Jermaine that we will visit him soon."

Sofy pressed her blonde hair dancing in the wind with a smile. Said handily. Tallard also smiled and nodded, without warning, he picked up the bow on his body and shot an arrow at Sofy. As if deciding to do this from the beginning, the process went smoothly, without any unnecessary actions. Unsure if it's too late to react, Sofy stood there, neither dodge nor avoid.

Despite this, the arrow did not hit Sofy. A hand extending from the side grabbed the flying arrow. It's Tigre. He also placed the arrow on the black bow in a moving motion, and shot it out in a blink of an eye.

The arrow flew over Tallard and shot into the back of Asvarre's mast, only to hear a short muffled grunt. A man hiding behind the mast was hit with an arrow in his left arm, and the bow he held in his hand fell off.

Seeing the man pressing his arm, Tigre frowned slightly, but quickly drew a new arrow from the quiver and placed it on the black bow. This time it was Tallard.

Even when pointed at by the arrow, Tallard was not afraid, and smiled:

"You're pretty good. How do you know?"

Why do he know that there are soldiers from Asvarre hiding on the mast? He seems to mean it. Tigre said unhappily:

"Breath."

"That's it. You are really good. Tell me your name, right?"

"...Tigrevermud Vorn."

Although surprised by Tallard's pretending attitude, Tigre answered honestly. Of course, he did not put down the bow
because of this. The man should be shot immediately. Although Tigre had this idea in his mind, he was worried that the other party might have some secret tricks, so he didn't really make a move.

"Well, Tigrevurzmud? Do you want to take refuge with me? I'll treat you kindly."

"Sorry—"

The golden staff knocked on the dragon's head, making a crisp sound. Sofy interrupted and said,

"Tigre is a very important person to me. Even if you exchange the whole Asvarre, I can't give him to you."

The unexpected speech made Tigre's heart shake vividly. Although the hand holding the bow did not move, his face became very red. Tallard shrugged exaggeratedly.

"It's a pity. In that case, there will be a period of time later. Your Lord Vanadis, Tigre."

Perhaps because of hearing Sofy's call, Tallard also called Tigre by his nickname. Tallard turned around and began to give instructions to his subordinates to leave, without any intention of warning Tigre.

Tigre shouted at Tallard's back:

"Aren't you afraid of my arrows?"

Tallard turned around to look at Tigre, folded his hands on his chest, and laughed loudly,

"Because you are so kind."

Tigre hard flat mouth. He asked Sofy with his eyesight. Seeing Sofy shook his head, he had no choice but to suppress the slight anxiety in his heart and lower the bow in his hand.

—*he has a Good heart, huh?*

Didn't Tigre kill the soldier hiding behind the mast?

—*Or did he see through where I really wanted to shoot?*
What Tigre really wanted to shoot was not the Asvarre soldier's arm, but the soldier's bowstring. If it were on flat ground, Tigre's arrow would not hurt the opponent.

However, the moment the arrow was shot, the hull shook, and Tigre's body sank slightly.

Not being used to the shaking of the hull as an excuse. Tigre thought. No matter what, I just missed the shot.

"In return, I will tell you something interesting."

Standing on the drifting Asvarre ship, Tallard said loudly,

"A man named Lester betrayed Elliot and occupied Duris. Be careful!"

Tigre and Sofy couldn't help looking at each other.

It is impossible to say whether Tallard is lying. Knowing that Elliot was defeated and captured in Leitmeritz, he decided that he had no value in following, and it was very possible to decide to stand on his own.

"What do you think?"

Tigre asked Sofy dubiously, her eyes wandering.

"Well... Prince Jermaine lied to us deliberately to provoke the feelings between the man named Lester and Elliot. It's not impossible..."

Sofy shook her head when she said this.

"I don't know what Lester is, and his friendship with Elliot, no matter how you guess it, it's just a fantasy. I'll inquire later."

Tigre nodded, returning his gaze gradually away. He went to the Asvarre boat.

"Let them run away like this, okay?"

"Just shoot an arrow and retreat, indicating that the other party doesn't really want to attack us. Besides, Prince Jermaine may have more than that. Now what we should do is to scout the
surroundings. Circumstances determine the course of action in the future."

Sofy's words make sense. The two left the bow statue.

Suddenly, Sofy hugged Tigre from behind.

"I haven't thanked you yet. Thank you for saving me, Tigre."

"Uh, no...Isn't it a matter of course that I help you?"

Tigre replied nervously. The sweet scent from the blond hair scratching his cheeks, and the huge softness pressed against his back made him involuntarily raise his voice. Maybe it was interesting to Tigre's reaction. Sofy hugged him tighter.

"In that case, I thank you, of course."

Sofy rubbed her cheek against Tigre's. Tigre couldn't get rid of Sofy, but stood still in place with a sleepy face. At this time, an incredible sensation came from the right ear, and when he realized what Sofy had done to him, Tigre's body couldn't help but become hot. Sofy first covered Tigre's ears with her lips, then licked it with her tongue, and finally blew gently.

Sofy finally let go, and Tigre quickly swayed away from her.
"You, what are you doing..."

He was so excited that Tigre could not continue. Sofy gave a coquettish smile that she had never seen before, but immediately said with a refreshing expression:

"Do this to Mila someday, it must be very effective."

At this moment, a strong wind blew sideways, causing the hull to shake sharply. The two lowered their center of gravity and stood firmly on the spot. The waves hitting the bow of the ship made a huge noise, and it rained down on the two of them. Only a scream from the two was heard.

Sofy was soaked in sea water. She had to go back to the room and change clothes.

—*No, no. This is too careless.*

Unlike Tigre, Sofy is very used to sailing. If she was the usual one, she would definitely be able to retreat quickly without getting wet by the sea. It's all because the focus is on the shy Tigre that causes her to make such a mistake.

Sofy took off her wet clothes, revealing her tender body. She is tall, with slender hands and feet after training. Nevertheless, compared with women of the same age, her breasts and buttocks are particularly weighty. Although she had been troubled by this, she didn't care that much after she learned from her mother that her grandmother was also of this type.

There was a small bucket full of hot water at her feet, which Mila prepared for Sofy with a wry smile.

—I am a bit sorry for the use of precious water for playing around.

Sofy knew very well how important water is to sailing ships. If the water on the boat runs out, there is no other way to get clean water except waiting for rain. Sofy wiped her body with a cloth
wrung out after soaking in water, then knelt in front of the bucket, soaking her hair in warm water to wash away the salt from the seawater.

She suddenly remembered the situation just now. Tigre caught the arrow flying towards him from the side, making Sofy heart throb. She pressed her hand to her chest that was throbbing violently, knowing that her body was getting hot.

Even if Tigre didn't shoot, the arrow couldn't hit him. Because Zaht would protect Sofy and bounce the arrows with an invisible barrier.

Therefore, Sofy was happy with Tigre's help, and felt that Tigre was painful.

- After washing my hair, I finally feel much refreshed.

At this moment, the door opened at the other end of the curtain. To be on the safe side, Sofy separated the room in half with a curtain, so there is no way to know who entered the room. Before she raised her voice to ask who came, the other party spoke first.

"Sofy, are you okay?"

"Is there enough hot water? If you need more water, just tell me." It's Tigre and Mila. By the way, Tigre did not get as much water as Sofy.

"Thank you."

Sofy thanked the two, showing a mischievous smile behind the curtain.

"Mila, can you make black tea for me? Ah, Tigre stay here, I have something to tell you."

"...OK. I'll be back soon."

Mila's tone was slightly surprised, but she agreed to Sofy's request. Through the curtain, you can hear the sound of opening and closing doors.

"What do you want to tell me?" Tigre asked.
"Come here a little bit."

After about a beat, the sound of footsteps began to approach here. Feel the breath of Tigre standing in front of the curtain.

—Will he feel nervous?

As Sofy said to Mila that she really cheered for Mila and Tigre's relationship. But on the other hand, she had a naive mood and wanted to tease Tigre, and she had the idea of "If it was Tigre, don't mind letting him see her body." Of course, the important parts will be covered.

"A little closer."

Sofy whispered through the curtain. Maybe he couldn't hear clearly, but Tigre was able to detect his upper body approaching.

Just as Sofy wanted to take the next step, the hull shook. The hot water in the bucket spilled out, causing Sofy to slip and lose her balance.

She grabbed the curtain quickly, but the curtain couldn't hold Sofy's weight.

"Kyaa!"

Sofy screamed and fell to the ground.

When Sofy, who fell due to the shaking of the ship, was about to get up, she felt someone gasp. Sofy was on all fours with her back facing Tigre. Feeling Tigre's gaze staring at her lower body, Sofy's ears flushed with shame.

"Yes, I'm sorry!"

Tigre apologized loudly, and wanted to step forward to pull Sofy up, and then doubted whether he should do this, stopped, and finally left the room in a hurry. It's obvious that he is very shaken.

Sofy's voice rebounded and jumped up, grabbed the curtain and rolled her body over, squatting on the ground. The wet hair covered her face, but Sofy didn't have the effort to pull her hair away.
—I was seen...

Her buttocks and private parts were all seen by Tigre. Although Sofy really doesn't care about letting Tigre see her body, this posture is more embarrassing than being seen naked from the front, isn't it? Sofy should have been unable to look at Tigre's face for a while.

Tigre, who was standing outside the room, was also confused.

As soon as he close my eyes, the round and white buttocks and the part between her legs will come to mind vividly. As a result, a certain part of his body heats up. If he feels the blow the air on the deck, it might calm him down there, but Tigre didn't want others to see him like that.

He could only try to recite the Asvarre language that Mila taught him, trying to press down a certain part of the excitement.

†

The sunset sunlight dyed the sky orange and red, and the golden sea surface was shining. In order to avoid wind and waves, the Zhcted fleet anchored on the unknown island.

Tigre, Mila, Sofy, and Bonner are gathering in the captain's room.

Raffinac and Goruin went to help take care of the sailors and oarsmen, so they were not present. Of course, the appearance of Prince Jermaine's troops has spread to all ships. Although it is necessary to maintain a sense of tension before entering the port, no one wants to cause confusion.

"If there is a rebellion and Duris is occupied, things will become a bit troublesome."

Bonner frowned, shaking his beard and said. Four people gathered around the conference table, and the map of Asvarre Island was spread out on the table. Although the map is not very accurate, it has marked the location of Duris. Sofy asked Mila,
"What kind of person is Lester?"

Before the four of them had a meeting, Mila and the first old knight went to Elliot's room to inquire about Lester. Mila shook her head.

"There's nothing good to say. It is said that he is a very dangerous man. He is about thirty-five years old. As far as fighters and commanders are concerned, he is very good. But when he fights against bandits, he will follow the road. Loot the village; on the battlefield, if you think it will hinder the battle, even the friendly army will attack mercilessly. Therefore, it is dismissed by the king Zechariah and other generals, so they can avoid it. Just talking about this makes people very I'm unhappy..."

Mila frowned vigorously, but still suppressed the unpleasant feelings and continued.

Lester is cruel by nature. He would puncture captured bandits and hang them on the side of the road; or put them in a cabin and set them alive to death. These tortures were commonplace for him. Even the pirates on the coast of Asvarre are very afraid of him.

"Why would that kind of man follow Elliott?"

Sofy asked puzzledly.

"Only the Gods knows." Mila shrugged.

"Elliott said that he didn't know why. Just when he was confronted with Prince Jermaine and was bound to go to war, Lester suddenly said that he wanted to join him. Although Elliot was not very willing, but that kind of person being an enemy is also very troublesome, so I had to let Lester join the camp."

Everyone looked at each other. Although you can't believe Elliott's words credulously, if Lester is such a person, seeing that the second prince has been defeated, he decides to stand on his own and occupy Duris, and it really makes sense.

"There is too little information available at the moment."

Tigre finished speaking to the two war maidens and looked at Bonner:
"Your Excellency Bonner, if Duris is really occupied by Lester and cannot enter the port, where are we going?"

"Ladd."

Maybe this situation has been envisaged long ago, and Bonner answered very quickly. He pointed to a certain point on the map, which was a harbor city north of Duris.

"Then, get as close to Duris as possible tomorrow. If the situation is not right, turn to Rad."

"That's good. The ideal situation is to enter Duris in the name of His Royal Highness Elliot. We rely solely on our strength. Logging in, I feel a little uneasy."

It’s not just a little bit. Although they have two Vanadis, Mila and Sofy, even if counting the sailors and oarsmen, they only have two thousand troops. It would be brave to want to attack land cities.

Mila and Sofy nodded in satisfaction and ended the meeting.

The night spread its wings to cover the sky. In the darkness, countless stars flickered endlessly.

Tigre stood alone with the bow, bathing in the evening breeze. He held his black bow in his left hand and a quiver around his waist. He has been on the deck for thirty minutes. His body is used to the cold of the night and his eyes are used to the darkness.

There was silence all around, only the sound of the waves could be heard. In normal times, even at night, the sailors and oarsmen who would still be noisy on the deck, all returned to their rooms early today to rest. Maybe it is because he knows that tomorrow will be very busy.

The original side has a red light the size of a wheat grain. Bonner said that it was the light from the big lighthouse in Duris, which is about thirty kilometers away. The red light was quite clear, floating quietly on the dark sea.
Tigre looked away from the lighthouse and stared at the sea covered in darkness.

He picked up the black bow and tensed the bow string without hitting the arrow. Through the bowstring strength felt from the fingers, the arrow's flight path is depicted in the brain. Add the shaking of your feet into the calculation and make adjustments carefully.

Tigre could not forgive himself for shooting the wrong way today.

He didn't want to use the excuse "because he is not used to shooting arrows on a boat."

- *Since the hope from bottom of my heart is to be married to Mila, I really want to shoot the Blue Star. I shouldn't miss the target because the hull is shaking.*

Could it be that because Mila is by his side, she understands that she always takes herself to heart, so she lets it go. Tigre even had this idea.

Besides, the man named Tallard also stimulated Tigre. The arrow shot at Sofy drew a subtle arc in the air, enough to see how excellent Tallard's archery was.

—*I don’t want to lose to him.*

In the darkness, bowstrings kept ringing. Only after the trajectory can be drawn in the mind can the arrow be actually shot. Throwing arrows toward the darkness is just a waste of resources.

After a while, Tigre was sweating profusely, and finally stretched his hand to the quiver on his waist. But he stopped immediately because of the sound of several people's footsteps behind him.

Are you the sailor on patrol? Tigre thought to himself, turning around, and then making a vigilant gesture due to rough malice.

The three men stood a dozen steps away from him. One of them was holding an oil lamp, and the other two were carrying wooden sticks on their shoulders.
Tigre frowned. Because it was Elliot who held the oil lamp. He should not be able to move freely, why is he here?

Elliot wore a silk dress embroidered with gold threads, and his hands were covered with gemstone rings. The luxurious decoration shines under the reflection of light. Only the necklace made of nuts, worn on the neck, is inexplicably simple.

The men standing on the left and right sides of Elliot were all taller and taller than Tigre. Judging from the ragged clothes, he should be the oarsman. With cruel smiles on their faces, they seemed to be thinking about how to teach Tigre.

—There are a lot of people with irritable personalities, troublemakers, or clever people in the oars...

Tigre remembered what Bonner had said, and made this guess.

He heard Mila say that when Elliot was captured, all his belongings were confiscated, but Zhcted decided to help Elliot ascend to the throne and returned the jewelry. Elliott used those rings to buy these two people. When letting out the wind on the deck, he must be secretly observing who can lure him to his advantage.

"Oh, what a coincidence. Although I have forgotten your name,"

Elliot said with hostility flashing in his eyes. Tigre clenched black bow, calm attitude replied:

"I do not know who allowed you out, but you better get back to my room now."

Elliot hand shaped into a fist, raised his eyebrows and said:

"Don't you know where you are now? It's a useless eldest man."

"If you don't connect with the eldest man, you can't belittle people?"

Tigre said sarcastically, calculating in his heart. Elliot seemed to want to be against him, but didn't know why. He asked bluntly,

"What do you want to do to me?"
"Take you hostage."

Elliott replied proudly, setting his eyes on the red spot in the distance.

"That's the light of the Great Lighthouse. Since its close enough to see the Great Lighthouse, as long as there is a small boat, I can go to Asvarre. The Vanadis seem to value you very much. If so, let you play your value."

The small boats Elliott said were several small boats tied to the inside of the ship. A small boat can carry about five or six people, and can be used when going to sea, when saving people who have fallen into the sea, and when the ship is sinking.

"Actually, I wanted to catch Vanadis as a person..."

Elliott was only halfway through, and he couldn't continue. Tigre's arrow slashed through Elliot's hand, and the oil lamp fell from his hand with a muffled sound and rolled on the deck.

"Next time it will be hands or feet."

Tigre drew a new arrow, tightened the bowstring, coldly.

Elliott pressed his injured right hand and looked at Tigre. Although there was a shaky look on his face, he did not give in. He gritted his teeth, "Go!" ordered the two oarsmen. Although the oarsmen were stunned by Tigre's momentum, they immediately mustered up the courage and stepped forward.

Tigre aimed at the leg of the right oarsman, was about to release the arrow, but stopped again. A feeling of something wrong made him look behind Elliott and others.

—Who is there...?

Just as Tigre thought about it, the sound of breaking wind shook his eardrum.

"Uhh"

Upon closer inspection, there was a dagger-like murder weapon in the back of the oarsman.
Not an associate of Elliot, but not a soldier of Zhcted. Tigre changed his target and shot an arrow toward the darkness. There was a dull sound, and someone seemed to fall to the ground. Tigre drew a new arrow, desperately sorting out the status quo in his head.

—is it an assassin?

Jermaine was planning to take advantage of Elliot's time in Zhcted to find a chance to assassinate him. Tigre remembered that Sofy had made such a guess when she was in the Pavilion in Sileggia. Will she be hit by her?

At this moment, a light flashed in the darkness. Tigre, who was about to put his arrow on his bow, rolled on the deck urgently. A black figure that looked like a dagger flew over his head.

—you must master the enemy's position.

Tigre twisted his body and held the black bow. Although this posture is not very free to move around, the target is very close, so it is not a problem.

The bowstring vibrated. The arrow fired by Tigre hit the bronze handle of the oil lamp that fell on the deck. The impact caused the oil lamp to turn slightly, illuminating the originally dark corner, and the figures of four men in black emerged in the dimness. One of them hit an arrow in the shoulder.

Judging from the clothing that melted into the darkness, they were definitely assassins.

The two assassins threw their short swords separately. One flew towards Tigre, and the other flew towards the oarsman carrying a wooden stick. Tigre rolled on the deck again, avoiding the short sword, but the oarsman was shot in the abdomen by the sword and fell straight back. Another assassin took the opportunity to draw his short sword and attacked Elliot.

Elliot also understood what had happened, spotted the assassin, and made preparations. Seeing that Elliot had no weapons in his hands, the assassin's short sword pierced directly forward.
However, the assassin's fierce blade did not touch Elliott.

"Fool!"

Elliott slammed the approaching dagger with his left hand, and his right fist hit the assassin's face with lightning speed. It was a fist with a ring full of jewels, and the assassin passed out without saying a word.

Tigre was about to breathe a sigh of relief, but a dangling orange light appeared in the distance. It's the stern area. Then someone yelled nervously, "It's a fire!"

—Could it be the fire set by the assassin?

Tigre gritted his teeth in annoyance. In this way, even if you call for help, no one might come to support you. Obviously, there are still three assassins who have not resolved it.

Elliott watched the assassin and slowly moved to Tigre. Tigre also got up from the deck and stood side by side with Elliott unwillingly.

"Is their target the eldest son of from Brune?"

It seems that Elliot has really forgotten Tigre's name. Tigre said in a rude tone:

"Get back! If something happens to you... Your Excellency Vanadis will be very troubled."

The reason for a pause is that Tigre almost got Mila and Sofy's nickname is for the sake of speaking out.

"What a joke, how can I hide behind an archer?"

Although Elliot has a bunch of shortcomings, he doesn't seem to be a coward. The two took up their weapons and confronted the assassins. The atmosphere tightened.

"—Oh, what happened?"

However, less than a second, the tense atmosphere was dissipated by a slow voice. A woman appeared behind the assassins with golden light.
The woman has long light blonde hair that is waist-length, and beryl-like eyes. She wore a dress based on white and green, holding a golden staff in her hand. It is Sofya Obertas, also known as "Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower".

The assassins turned their heads and looked at Sofy uncertainly. Until she spoke out, the assassins did not notice her presence.

Sofy reduced the smile on her face and glanced at the assassin silently. The unexpected appearance and calm attitude stimulated the alertness of the Assassins, prompting them to turn their backs to Tigre and Elliot, and rush towards Sofy together.

The golden light swept across the darkness, drawing several light trails among the sparks and fire. Sofy waved ZAHT and defeated the assassins one after another. The lightning attack did not allow the opponent to counterattack or evade. The assassin was either broken his leg or shattered his jaw, fell on the deck, unable to get up. As for the assassin with an arrow in his shoulder, he was further attacked on his shoulder and passed out with pain.

"Although I knew it for a long time, it was still terribly strong..."

Elliot groaned bitterly. He remembered the battle of Tanvald when he was captured by the Zhcteds. In that battle, Sofy waved ZAHT and caused the Asvarre soldiers to sink in the blood one after another. Although she usually doesn't feel like a Vanadis, she really is a true Vanadis.

Sofy did not relax her guard because the assassin fell to the ground. She checked the assassins one by one, and at this moment, an assassin raised his head and shot a poisonous needle at her with his mouth. But the poisonous needle was bounced by something invisible and fell on the floor beside it, making a slight noise.

Sofy tapped the assassin's head with the tip of the staff, and the other party passed out.

After all the assassins were silent, Sofy walked towards them. She glanced at Elliot and asked Tigre with a serious expression:
"Can you tell me what happened?"

Tigre included what happened just now, as well as his own speculation to Sofy. Maybe it was his fate, Elliot didn't seem to have the opportunity to escape.

After listening to the story, Sofy released her tense expression and smiled and said,

"You have done a great job, Tigre."

"This is the blessing of your rush. Compared to this..."

Tigre worried looking down at the stern of the ship where the flames are still burning.

"Don't worry. Mila has already rushed over, and the fire will be extinguished soon."

Hearing Sofy's words, Tigre sighed in relief. Mila's dragon gear Lavias should be able to put out the fire in a blink of an eye.

Soon after, Bonner came over with a few sailors. After listening to Sofy's explanation, the old captain frowned and bowed his head deeply to Tigre.

"Your Excellency Tigrevurmud, I am extremely sorry that you are in a dangerous situation because of my negligence."

He regretted, his shoulders couldn't help shaking. The short body shrank even smaller.

A traitor appeared in the oarsman and was almost escaped by Elliot, but the assassin was not found sneaking into the ship. With triple negligence, even if Bonner is removed from the position of captain, there is nothing to say.

Tigre and Sofy looked at each other. Although Tigre didn't blame Bonner for his thoughts, he couldn't completely blame Bonner for his fault.

"Your Excellency Bonner."

Tigre put his hand on Bonner's shoulder and said in a trusting tone,
"When you set off from Lipno, you said to me, "From Zhcted to Asvarre, and back" right? This journey is less than halfway, even if you have to be held accountable, it is not too late to wait until you return to Zhcted."

On the other hand, Sofy looked at Bonner with a serious expression. She is different from Mila's guest general, Tigre, who is the commander of the Zhcted army. Even if she wants to open the net, she must do it step by step.

"His Royal Highness, I am also responsible. It was my fault to return the jewelry to him at this stage. If I didn't do that, he would not be able to lure the oarsmen."

It was not Sofy or Mila who decided to return the jewelry to Elliot. It was King Zhcted and the ministers in the palace. But Sofy and others underestimated Elliot's ambition, it is also true.

"Nevertheless, Lord Bonner, I still have to ask about your sins."

Sofy went on to say-three punishments for you. First, Five hundred gold coins were fined. Second, a funeral must be held for the two dead oarsmen. And lastly, to bear part of the repair cost of the Dragon Flame.

"Originally, you had to be removed from the captain's seat, but I think you should also respect the opinion of His Excellency Tigrevurmud, who captured His Royal Highness Elliot and fought bravely with the Assassins. So for now only your three punishments-the rest is up to you."

"Thank you Vanadis-sama for your mercy..."

Bonner put the crutches on the deck and knelt in front of Sofy, thanking him in tears.

Then, Tigre and others rushed to the stern, and Mila was giving orders to the soldiers to deal with the burning ship building. Seeing that Tigre and others had arrived, Mila ran over.
Maybe it was because she was running around to put out the fire, but Mila's hair was messy, and her face and clothes were covered with soot. Tigre suppressed the urge to hug Mila and gently wiped the dirt off her face.

Raffinac and Goruin also appeared. Seeing that Tigre was safe, both of them were very happy. They originally extinguished the fire with Mila, only to discover that Tigre was missing. "I'm sorry." Tigre apologized to the two.

Everyone quickly explained what happened to each other. After Sofy and Bonner interrogated Elliot, they understood a few things.

It was Elliot who set fire in the stern. He used the oil lamps and blankets in his room to design a mechanism that would only burn after a while.

His wishful thinking was: while Zhcted's army focused on the fire at the stern, the boat lowered the bow and escaped.

"Until we enter the port, you don't want to be one step away from your room."

Mila said to Elliot with an angry face. Elliot would have slashed away if it hadn't been for Tigre just in the bow.

Although nearly 20% of the ship building at the stern was burned down, fortunately, it did not affect the navigation. With Bonner as the leader, everyone was relieved.

As for the assassins, they are lurking on other ships in the fleet. A sailor witnessed small boats connected to other ships by ropes near the stern of the Dragon Flame.

"They should be sneaking into the weakest ship in the fleet. Let's do what happens. When they enter the port and the crew's attention is on the land, they can take advantage of this time to pretend to be Elliot's accomplices. He abducted."

Sofy speculated.

Afterwards, Bonner interrogated the assassin. Although it proved that Sofy's speculation was correct, it was impossible to ask
who the employer was. The assassins said that it was to prevent succumbing to a trick, so they deliberately ignored the name of the owner. After the interrogation, Bonner cut off the tongues of the assassins, broke their tendons and hamstrings, and threw them into the sea.

The flustered night finally passed.
Chapter 3 - Island of Turmoil

In the captain's room of the Dragons flame, Tigre, Mila, Sofy, and Bonner surrounded the table.

In addition to the black tea that Mila made for everyone on the table, there were also nautical charts and several pieces of parchment.

This is the morning after Elliot's attempted escape and the assassin's failed assassination night. The weather today is still very sunny, with strong sunshine and strong wind. Until not too long ago, the Zhcteds had been advancing quickly to the west through the wind and waves, but now they have retracted their sails and stopped at sea.

"About thirty minutes ago, we met another trading ship that escaped from Asvarre Island."

Bonner took out a piece of parchment and looked at the others with a nervous expression.

"According to the captain, Lester, who occupied Duris, not only ravaged nearby villages and towns, but also conquered the pirates who were rioting along the coast and expanded their power. That's why they rushed to escape from Asvarre Island."

"This is already the third one..."

Mila was drinking black tea while looking at the parchment on the table.

From dawn to now, although it has only been three hours, the Zhcted fleet has already encountered three trading ships that escaped from Asvarre, including the ship just now. These parchments are the records Bonner left when talking with the captains of the trading ships. It seems that Lester's brutality is true.

"Until yesterday, even if we could see the trading ships from a distance, we didn't meet them directly. Why did we meet so many ships today?" Tigre asked Bonner.

"Well, I think there are several reasons."
Bonner stroked his beard and nodded,

"First of all, it's because we are very close to Asvarre Island. If you look at the nautical chart, you can understand that where we are now is also very close to the mainland. Trading ships basically sail along the edge of the continent. Once they get close to the land, the chances of meeting them will naturally increase."

What about other reasons?"

It was Mila who asked. The old captain said with a bitter face:

"Although it is a bit hard to tell, even on land, unless there are bandits nearby, the caravan will choose to avoid the army, don't they?"

Mila and Tigre had a clear look. Seeing the faces of the two men, Bonner assuredly continued:

"Let the armed soldiers show up in front of the merchant ship and say, "You think you can sail with peace of mind. Whose credit is it?" to ask for money or food...There is indeed such a thing at sea. Bandit-like soldiers. So basically, trading ships will take the initiative to avoid warships. Although our fleet is only ten ships, it is not huge, but for trading ships, it is still more terrifying than a school of sharks."

"Bonner Your Excellency is right. Nevertheless, we met three trading ships within three hours, and everyone said that they left to avoid Lester. Do you know what it means?"

Sofy picked up at Bonner. Go on afterwards.

Tigre nodded solemnly and said, "They want to escape from Asvarre Island as soon as possible."

He didn't even have extra effort to avoid Zhcted's fleet.

"There is an incredible rumor about Lester."

Bonner cleared his throat and looked at the other three with a slightly confused expression.

"I heard that he can control the sea dragon. There is a sea dragon lurking under the water of Port Duris. Whether it is a ship
that wants to escape from the port or a ship that wants to force into the port, it will be sunk by the sea dragon."

Tigre said nothing. Looking at Bonner. Of course not because he thought that Bonner was talking nonsense, but because he couldn’t help but start to imagine the scene of a sea dragon making a big noise in the port.

—Sofy said that the sea dragon is several times larger than the mast...

If that kind of creature makes chaos in the sea, no matter how strong the ship is, it will sink.

"I originally thought it was just one or two people who were misunderstood. But the captain of every trading ship insisted that he saw the sea dragon. Even if it is not a real sea dragon, there should be something lurking under the Port of Duris."

"In this way, I have to use Port Ladd as a base first."

Mila looked at the nautical chart troubled. Even if you want to fight Lester, you must first collect enough information. How many soldiers are there in Lester’s hands? Are there any friendly forces? Is there ample food and weapons? Can you really control a sea dragon? You can't fight him without clarifying these points first.

Staying at sea, unable to collect this information. And you must go ashore to replenish food and water. It seems that it is necessary to make a temporarily base in the Rade Harbor.

"About this..."

Bonner said hesitantly, placing his eyes on the parchment in his hand.

"The captain of the third trading ship said that in the past few days, many Brune warships have moved northward. Therefore, there may be Brune troops near Rade."

"Huh?" Mila said in a daze. Sofy sighed.

"It seems that Brune is also planning to intervene in the throne dispute. Should we not be advanced?"
Port Duris is only one day away from the northernmost point of Brune. And Brune also knew about Elliot's defeat by the Zhcteds. It was a matter of course to want to take advantage of the chaos to occupy Duris.

Tigre looked at the nautical chart in confusion.

Although it was stupid not to consider this matter, he never thought that the motherland would intervene in Asvarre's issue. What should I do? Tigre was in chaos, unable to think.

"—Your Excellency Tigrevurmud."

Tigre did not know what to do when he suddenly heard Mila calling his name by honorific. He looked up and found that Mila was looking at him with a serious expression like never before.

"If we are in a war effort, you and Raffinac have to stay in the cabin, cannot step out of it. This is the command of the Force Commander, you know?"

"Mila ......"

Although Tigre wanted to refute, he didn't know what to say. Besides, if there is a war, he doesn't know what to do.

"It's too early to say this now, Mila."

Sofy calmed her friend dumbfounded.

"Maybe Brune came here after chasing the escaped pirates. Although it is possible that they came to occupy Duris, it is still impossible to make a decision."

Mila frowned, reluctantly. Admit that Sofy is right.

"Anyway, let's take a look at the current situation of Duris, everything must start from there."

Bonner said in a mediation. The atmosphere that had almost fallen into a miserable storm was a little brighter. Tigre smiled at Mila with a cheerful expression:

"May I have another cup of black tea?"
"If I can taste it well, I will make it for you. Because water is precious."

Mila tilted her head, jokingly. There was a slight laughter in the captain's room.

†

It was almost noon, and finally Port Duris could be seen with the naked eye.

This harbor city faces the sea in the east and south, and has city walls on the north and west sides. Outside the city walls, there are flat grasslands that were originally used as grazing land and well-maintained roads.

The entrance to the harbor is narrow, and the harbor itself is quite spacious. As the city gradually prospered, the docks have gradually widened.

At the end of the pier, there is a huge gray lighthouse. Also known as the Great Lighthouse. The lighthouse is based on marble and has a total height of more than forty alshins (about forty meters). Except for the port city of Duris, no other country has such a tall lighthouse in a port, which is the proud building of Asvarre.

The Zhcted fleet stopped at sea some distance from the Great Lighthouse.

Tigre and others stood on the bow of the Dragon Flame, looking at the big lighthouse in admiration.

"There is a way to build something like that..."

Tigre could only express his feelings. Mila, standing next to him, said,

"I heard that even the mainland can see the light from the big lighthouse. That's why the trading ships of Brune and Sachenstein can reach there, and Duris will change. It's getting more and more prosperous."
"How much firewood is burned at the top of the lighthouse? Even if you are far away from thirty bellusta, you can still see the light. It must be a very big beacon."

Raffinac He folded his arms and sighed with admiration. Sofy replied:

"Although I only heard, it seems to reflect the flames in a mirror, creating a red light that can be clearly recognized even in the distance. The flame itself is actually not that huge."

"So that's it. So to speak. The mirror must be very huge."

Raffinac tilted his head, showing an expression of learning new knowledge.

When everyone was talking and laughing, Bonner came over.

"A fleet of Asvarre appears in the west. It seems to be Prince Jermaine's ship."

"As expected. Let's see the situation."

Sofy said calmly. Since Tallard appeared on the Dragon Flame yesterday, Bonner has regularly dispatched ships that reduce the number of soldiers and luggage to make the weight lighter for reconnaissance. After learning that the opponent's target was Duris, Sofy was not in a hurry, but cautiously said:

"Let them help us prove whether there are sea dragons. If there are sea dragons, we should not be able to withstand the attack."

No one opposed her opinion. Since being able to see Duris with the naked eye, Zhcted's fleet has proceeded cautiously toward the port at an alarmingly slow speed.

Soon after, five ships appeared from the western sea, intending to enter Duris.

Suddenly, red light appeared at the edge of the field of vision. Tigre turned his eyes. He originally thought that the red light was emitted from the top of the big lighthouse, but the big lighthouse was no different from before, standing quietly on the spot.
—Have you read it wrong... Sofy said that the lighthouse only ignites at night.

Just as he thought so much, a gasp came from around him. Tigre moved his eyes back to the entrance of the harbor.

The leading ship shook violently, looking from a distance, as if struggling in the wind and waves. Tigre covered the sunlight with his palms and tried to look closely.

Some kind of red slender creature was hitting the hull hard. If the ship is about the same size as the Dragon Flame, the creature must be surprisingly big.

The hull seemed to be knocked out of a hole, and the whole ship began to sink. Since the Dragon Flame was hundreds of arcs away from the ship, the sound of the ship could not be heard. Even if there is a sound, it should be overshadowed by the sound of wind and waves. And because of this, the scene looks more surreal.

What was lurking in the sea relentlessly attacked the other four ships that were about to escape. One ship tilted and finally turned over; the other, like the first ship, broke a big hole and sank to the bottom of the sea. The other two ships fell into chaos, collided with each other, unable to move, and finally both sank to the bottom of the sea.

"Leave here immediately. Change the route and head north, aiming at Rade."

Bonner finished speaking, turned his back to Tigre and others, and walked away quickly.

All the people present were speechless and could only look at Duris with a pale face. Finally, everyone finally left the bow. The sea breeze blowing over the hull felt much colder than usual.

"Tigre, please ask."

Sofy on the side said in a somewhat unspeakable manner:

"I'm not sure...but did the Great Lighthouse emit a red light just now?"
Tigre looked at Sofy in surprise. Isn't it just me who sees the red light?

"What is the red light?"

"I don't know." Sofy shook her head.

"Maybe it's just cleaning or repairing... I'm sorry, but I asked a strange question. Because I was also a little scared--then let's go first."

Sofy smiled with a cheerful expression, and caught up with her. Mila a few steps ago. Mila waved gently to Tigre and left with Sofy. Next, they will take a small boat to other ships to cheer for the captain and crew. This is something decided this morning.

Originally, it was enough to claim that Lester and the Brune army were not fearful, but nowadays, the sea dragon must be mentioned. Thinking of the two men's current state of mind, Tigre couldn't help sighing.

"Master, let's go back to the room first. The sailors seem to be busy."

Raffinac patted Tigre on the shoulder and said. Tigre cheered up. Indeed, you can't keep feeling low. When Mila and the others return after completing their mission, they must be greeted with a bright smile.

Tigre was walking with Raffinac and Goruin on the road. Tigre asked his older subordinates:

"By the way, you seem to be getting along well with sailors and oarsmen?"

"Yes. We drank wine with pepper and vodka with fish sauce. We had a great time. Your Excellency Goruin has won ten games in a row."

Raffinac mentioned that Goruin floated as if the usual smile.

"If the hull shakes too strongly, the chess pieces will be scattered on the ground and it will take a lot of time to re-arrange them. However, the reason why we can get along with them, I
think it is because we are together with the Leitmeritz Army while repelling the Asvarre army."

"What do you mean?"

Tigre asked in surprise. Goruin nodded slightly:

"Your Excellency Bonner should have mentioned that the sailors and oarsmen are all from Legnica. Although Legnica and Leitmeritz are sandwiched between the royal family, they are still neighbors."

"Yes. I heard Sofy, Alexandra and Elen's feelings. Besides, towns and villages in southern and northern Leitmeritz and Legnica, there are a lot of exchanges ......"

"Oh!"

At this point, Tigre finally understood what was going on.

"Because they sympathize with Leitmeritz, they have a good impression of us fighting the Asvarre Army, isn't it?"

"Yes. But of course not all crew members think that. Although there are only a dozen people, they often you want me or Your Excellency Raffinac to tell them about the battle."

Tigre patted Raffinac on the shoulder.

"You made more than a dozen friends in eight days. You're pretty good."

"Several of them called me “Buck Tooth "."

Raffinac pointed to his protruding front teeth and replied with a smile.

†

The next morning, the Zhcted fleet departed two hours late due to fog on the coast of Asvarre Island. According to Bonner, this is not unusual.
"After fine weather, it will start to fog. It seems that the weather has been good recently."

The crew also looked ordinary. Tigre and others stayed in the cabin until the voyage began. If you are not used to sailing, you may accidentally fall into the sea if you walk on the deck when it is foggy.

Tigre chatted with Raffinac and Goruin in the wing room. When the topic came to an end, the young knight asked as if thinking of something,

"Speaking of fog... two people who know the name "Red Fog"?"

Seeing Tigre and Raffinac shaking their heads, Goruin began to explain:

"It is the general of Asvarre. Although I can't remember the other's name, he is a first-rate star in naval battles, even defeated the former war maiden who had passed Lebus."

Tigre and Raffinac exclaimed admiringly. Mila and Sofy taught Tigger that in naval battles, they would approach enemy ships with our ships, then climb onto the opponent's ship and fight with swords or hatchets. How to make the opponent's ship immobile, how to surround the opponent's ship, and overwhelm the opponent by number are the key points in naval battles.

If you are a famous general, maybe you can use a different strategy than this orthodox tactic. But since he can defeat a Vanadis, he is definitely not an ordinary person. Tigre asked nervously,

"Is it possible for us to fight that kind of person?"

"I heard he has retired."

Don't be scary. Tigre was relieved. Raffinac laughed.

After the fog cleared, the Zhcted fleet began to move north.

Near noon, although the port of Rade could be seen with the naked eye, the Zhcted fleet had to stop near the sea. Because the
fleet of the Red Horse flag of the Brune Kingdom is moored near the port.

According to the spy's report, those are undoubtedly Brune's fleet. Not only that, the national flags of Asvarre and Brune were also flying in the city.

In the captain's room, Tigre, Mila, Sofy, and Bonner looked at each other in trouble.

"The national flags of the two countries are raised in the city...Did Brune and Asvarre join forces?"

"From the outside of the city, it seems like that. But in fact, it is not clear."

Mila wrinkled. Asked, Sofy carefully expressed her opinion. It is possible that Asvarre was only respected on the surface, but the Brune army was in full control of Rad.

- What should I do?

After the four of them discussed for a while, Tigre suddenly said, "Just ask them directly?"

The other three looked at each other with disapproving eyes, and Bonner asked, "Your Excellency Tigrevurmud is your friendship quite broad?"

"...it's the opposite."

Tigre clutched his hair with shame. The princes and knights of Brune looked down on him. Only his father's friends, such as Mashas Rodant or Hugo Ojie, have a good opinion of Tigre. In addition, there is probably only Roland, who is nicknamed "Black Knight".

"But it seems that I can only do this. Let me go."

Sofy offered herself. Mila looked at her worriedly and said, "It's too dangerous. Let other people act as messengers and send your letter over..."

"Don't worry." Sofy smiled brilliantly.
"Think about it. Why did the Brune army appear in Rade? It should be used here as a stronghold to attack Duris. Although it is not clear who Brune will join forces with, they certainly don't want to build more enemies."

Sofy is right. Moreover, Sofy, who had been to Brune as a diplomat, was more edible than Mila. As for Bonner, he had to command the fleet on the ship when he had something to do.

Sofy took a few soldiers and rode on the boat towards Rad. Maybe he noticed the movement here, and Brune's fleet also sent a ship towards this side.

The two boats approached slowly and stopped when they were about a hundred alshins (about one hundred meters) apart. If you continue to approach, the two parties may collide.

Standing on the bow of the ship, Sofy's eyes widened when she saw the man who appeared on the bow of the Brune warship.

The man was tall and sturdy, dressed in black, wearing black armor, and the black eyes under his black hair carried a quiet fighting spirit. There are deep and long scars on his face, and the large sword on his back is luxuriously decorated.

—Could it be that the Black Knight...?

Sofy had never met Roland, but of course she had heard his name. Known as Brune's strongest knight, he has repelled numerous soldiers from Sachenstein and Asvarre on the western border. During the Battle of Muozinel, he even defeated the elephant alone in a blink of an eye. If Tigre and Mila hadn't told her about this, Sofy would probably not believe it.

—He has seen Mila, and he seems to be very good with Tigre.

She had brought one of them here. Sofy felt regret in her heart. However, they have already come here, and can't look back to lead others. Sofy put a smile on her face and saluted Roland. Roland also greeted her in return.

Sofy called a sailor and asked him to prepare a small boat.
"I'll talk to them by shouting at this distance. If I hear it wrong, it will be troublesome."

"Isn't this too dangerous?"

"Don't worry, do you think he is like someone who can suddenly release arrows?"

The Light Vanadis smiled softly and sarcastically said this. The sailor could only laugh awkwardly.

A small boat was placed on the sea, and Sofy took the small boat and approached Brune's ship. Roland ordered his crew to lower the rope ladder.

Sofy who came to the deck saluted Roland again.

"We meet for the first time. I am Sofya Obertas, the Vanadis of Zhcted."

"Thank you for coming. My name is Roland. I am a knight loyal to the King of Brune, and the Commander of the Knights of Navarre."

"Sure enough, I heard about you from my friends. Do you remember Ludmila Lourie who fought with the Brune army in Muozinel this spring?"

Sofy Asked with a smile. Roland's expression is no longer so tight.

"Of course. The Vanadis's fighting ability is indeed well-deserved. By the way, we didn't say much at the time. It is an honor for Your Excellency Ludmila to remember me as a knight."

Is this humble or polite? Sofy thought. All in all, fortunately, the opponent is not hostile.

When Sofy was about to ask a question, a knight approached them. The knight was about twenty-five years old, tall and thin, but he didn't feel weak. Although the man had a smile on his face, he looked at Sofy with alert eyes. Roland introduced to Sofy said:
"He is deputy head of the Navarre knights, Olivier. Your special trip to this side of the boat... you must have something to say but I hope Olivier being here is all right..?"

"Of course, I am happy."

Olivier seemed surprised when he heard that Sofy was a Vanadis.

"Go into the cabin and speak. Your Excellency Vanadis is here, so she can't let her stand here to blow."

"Thank you for your kindness, but we still don't know what happened to each other."

Sofy solemnly declined. Although they don't think they will take the opportunity to lock themselves up, if they can't see themselves, Mila and the others will be worried.

"Then, I will ask someone to prepare a few chairs and tea. Please wait a moment."

After Olivier gave instructions to the crew, he looked at Sofy with Roland.

"Should we start talking first?" Roland asked.

"No, please let me explain first."

Sofy succinctly explained to the two Brune knights about the fact that the Kingdom of Zhcted was planning to help Elliot win the throne in the civil strife, so it sent warships to Asvarre Island.

Roland and Olivier looked at each other as if they were troubled, and Olivier opened his mouth and said:

"Thank you Lord Vanadis for telling us what Zhcted thinks. By the way, Lord Vanadis has heard the name of Princess Guinevere? She is His Royal Highness Elliot's sister, Asvarre's eldest princess."

Sofy's eyes widened. With this question alone, she guessed what was going on in general.

"Could it be that Brune and Princess Guinevere ...?"
"Yes. Princess Guinevere very much hopes that Asvarre can restore peace, and intends to replace the two elder brothers to complete this matter. Brune was contacted by the princess. His Highness was moved by his heart and decided to help her get the throne."

Olivier sat beside Roland with a dull look, opened his eyes and finished talking nonsense, and finally shrugged.

Sofy returned to Dragon Flame about an hour ago. Tigre and Mila smiled to comfort Sofy, happy for her safe return, but after hearing the whole story, they showed confusion.

"Your Excellency Roland is here too?"

Tigre said after half a beat. He didn't know what he should do, and he felt fortunate not to meet. There is also a kind of expectation that after meeting, after talking, maybe things can go in a good direction.

—*If you are a Brune, you should join Brune, right?*

If it was Roland, he would agree to let himself join the army. Thinking of this, Tigre shook his head. Brune always looked down on the archer.

—*Although Lord Roland is different...*

Roland should agree to let him to join. However, doing so will definitely cause him trouble.

The three had a meeting in the captain's room with nautical charts and maps. In order to prevent eavesdropping, Raffinac, Goruin, and Bonner were on guard outside the room.

"Isn't Princess Guinevere staying low-key at the border to avoid the power struggle between her siblings?"

Tigre asked as if confirming, and Mila frowned.
"She should be pretending to be away from the two brothers. But I didn't expect that she would go to Brune to join forces... She is really shrewd."

"Now is not the time to admire her. Elad is a stronghold, it means that Princess Guinevere’s goal is this Asvarre Island... it is Elliot's sphere of influence."

Sofy said with a headache. The existence of the Jermaine Army and Lester alone was enough troublesome, she didn't expect to add new enemies and also be aided by the black knight. This means that Brune is here for real.

"Speaking of which, what did Brune think about the western frontier? If Sachenstein knew that Lord Roland had left the western border, they would be happy to launch an attack..."

Sofy asked, and Tigre explained his own idea:

"Since armed forces came to this island, Asvarre political situation becomes more confusing than it is for Sachenstein armed forces, they should take the opportunity to attack Asvarre, right?."

"It makes sense to say that."

Sofy nodded understandingly. Asvarre and Sachenstein have had feuds and have been in conflict since ancient times. Had it not been for Tigre, Sofy would have completely forgotten about it. Roland appeared in the Brune army, and the impact on her was so great.

"Furthermore, there is Duke Thenardier in the south of Brune. I said before that he can control flying dragons."

Mila interrupted. Sachenstein should know this too. If that is true, unless a way to deal with flying dragons is figured out, Sachenstein should not attack Brune at will.

With that said, what should they do in the future? The three groaned.

"Just leave Elliott to Princess Guinevere. As long as she is willing to agree to fulfill certain items of the conditions that our country has agreed with Elliott."
Mila said in a bored tone. "There's this trick too!"

Tigre suddenly slapped his thigh. If Elliot’s attitude is very cooperative, Tigre might hesitate a bit, but Elliot set fire on the Dragon Flame and wanted to treat Tigre as the bastard who escaped as a hostage. Even if he was handed over, Tigre will not feel guilty at all.

As far as Guinevere is concerned, she can not only dominate Elliot's life and death, but also avoid conflicts with Zhcted, which is a two-eyed thing.

"I know your mood, but this trick doesn't work."

Sofy shook her head regretfully.

"If I were Princess Guinevere, after taking Elliot, I would definitely order all ports to deny the Zhcted troops into the port, and forbid the people to sell water and food to the Zhcted troops. If we are hungry enough to plunder the village, she can call us an aggressor and fight it; if we leave Asvarre directly, it would be better."

"That's right. I think too little..."

Mila was annoyed. Guinevere and the Brune army have the Rade base, but the Zhcted army has nothing but wandering in the sea.

"We must first find a port that is enough to serve as a stronghold. There are only two days left for food and water on board. Although Your Excellency Bonner has been soothing the crew, but seeing the storage volume is declining, it cannot be refilled. The crew should also It's very uncomfortable."

Sofy looked at the nautical chart on the table, with a haze in her beryl eyes. Tigre and Mila also looked at the nautical chart together sadly.

Don't even mention Duris, even Rade can't use it. Even Bonner didn't expect this to happen. Despite this, Bonner helped the fleet
save two days' worth of food and water, and he should be thanked for it.

"Go talk to Elliot,"

Tigre said helplessly. Mila and Sofy also nodded in agreement.

Since his escape failed and he was attacked by an assassin, Elliot has stayed peacefully in the cabin. His new room was much narrower than before, only allowing Sofy and Tigre to enter.

Hearing that Guinevere won Brune as a backer, and after taking Rade, Elliot was so surprised that he could not speak. Then he played with the nut necklace around his neck and shook his head:

"This joke is too funny."

"We have no time to joke with you. Your Highness, can tell us about Princess Guinevere?"

Sofy looked very cold, to say very sharp. Elliot said:

"I did not mention it before, but she is a woman who is obsessed with the Knights of the Round Table."

"If it is really only to that degree, I think the troop's wont promise to assist her."

"They must be adapting a policy of wait and see."

"that's for sure. But she did succeed in persuading the armed forces. For now, let's not focus on Her Royal Highness Princess Guinevere and look ahead."

Was Sofy's words hit the mark, and Elliot shut up dissatisfied. After a few seconds, Tigre asked,

"Are there are other things about Princess Guinevere—"

"I don't know anything."

Elliot interrupted Tigre and said quickly:
"As far as I know, that girl has been roaming everywhere. Not only does he have no support from the islanders and people, but he also has no friendship with the princes and nobles. She will only imitate the Knights of the Round Table, and wander around with retired old people and eccentric craftsmen. A girl who doesn't give birth."

After speaking, the Asvarre Prince let out a big sigh. It seems that he does not want to admit that this sister who has always been despised by herself is actually quite capable. Tigre and Sofy exchanged their sights, and Sofy spoke again:

"Then, can you tell us which port can be called? If Duris and Rad can't work..."

"In that case..." Elliot was thinking. As if depicting a map in the middle, his eyes patrolled in mid-air.

"One day further north, there is a small town named Ovisgat. Although it is not big, the port is well organized to accommodate this fleet. Most importantly, the mayor Dunstan is a trustworthy person."

Elliot said, his expression relaxed, his face oozing a little nostalgia.

†

Guinevere Colchicum Ophelia Bedivere Asvarre is currently sitting in the mansion that Mayor Rad gave her to live in. She likes this house built near the port. As long as she looks out the window, she can see the entire ocean.

Guinevere is twenty years old this year. She had a beautiful appearance that not only men, but even women can't help but sigh at. Her face has a calm temperament, and the white hair accessories make the black hair more gorgeous. The white dress on her body sets off the graceful female curves. The bright red eyes
were full of calm emotions, and there was a gentle smile on his face. Seeing that look, who can detect the ambition in her heart?

She was drinking black tea in her room when she received the news from the Zhcted fleet. In addition to her, there is a tall and burly old man in a formal dress. The old man was named Will. He was originally a knight, and he served in the palace until King Zechariah fell ill this spring.

"This is really incredible."

With a calm attitude that couldn't feel the feeling at all, Guinevere steadily held the silver cup, drank the lipstick tea, and glanced at the Navarre knight who came to report. :

"Your Excellency Roland, do you have any thoughts?"

"The leader said, first report the matter to your Royal Highness. He wants to know what your Royal Highness thinks."

Speaking to the Princess of One Country, he seemed very nervous. The knight straightened his back and replied in a high-pitched voice. Guinevere smiled slightly and said,

"I understand. Lord Roland, please come to me at sunset."

After Guinevere said, let the knight leave the room. When the footsteps were gone, she put the silver cup on the table and sighed. The red eyes are full of anxiety.

"I thought he had been beheaded by Zhcted to show it to the public, and he actually let him come back alive...I underestimated the greed of that country."

It is impossible for Zhcted to agree to help Elliot take the throne out of good intentions. Since even the warships have been sent out, it is impossible to retreat unless they get a certain degree of benefit. It's really troublesome.

"Will the Brune army help me fight the Zhcted?"

This sentence was addressed to the old entourage standing by the wall.
"Compared to Lord Guinevere, they are more likely to bet on Elliott who has the support of the islanders."

Will said calmly. Guinevere puffed up her cheeks in dissatisfaction. She couldn't refute Will, but she couldn't reconcile herself. Compared with Jermaine, who is supported by Lumin, and Elliott, who is supported by the islanders, Guinevere has no backing and no sufficient funds.

The nearly ten confidantes headed by Will, the waiters and maids who have followed her since before, and a handful of soldiers, this is all her combat power. Although Brune lent her 4,000 soldiers and 25 warships, and made Roland the commander, these were just mercenaries in exchange for preferential Brune merchants and lower tariffs.

"That's what..."

Guinevere frowned and thought. Taking advantage of the loss of Elliott on Asvarre Island and falling into chaos, using the power of the Brune army to master Asvarre Island's plan in one fell swoop has now failed.

_I don't have time to feel down, and I must think about the next step as soon as possible._

Seems to fight Elliot, or negotiate with him. And this matter can only be decided by her herself.

"You have to figure out what Zhcted's army thinks. Before that, let's put how to capture Duris first."

"And you must completely control the city. If you are Elliot's supporters pull their hind legs, which is equivalent to catching fire at their feet."

After Will finished speaking, Guinevere pouted,

“Are you asking me to ask the Brune army?”

The importance of trying to win Rade Characters, there are not a few ways. One is to succumb by force, and the other is to buy people's hearts with money. In any case, they must rely on the power of the Brune army.
"His Royal Highness." Will said,

"Have you heard the story of Gareth of the Knights of the Round Table and Boss defeating the Viper?"

"...That's it."

Guinevere sighed. That is one of Asvarre's legends of the Knights of the Round Table.

Gareth, the Knight of the round table, must kill the giant viper for some reason. But he alone can hardly defeat the poisonous snake. So the day before he set off, he made a bet with Bowes, who is also a Knight of the Round Table, and deliberately lost the bet, telling Bowes that he had no cash on hand and that he had to fight the viper tomorrow. If he died, there would be no way to pay it back. Bowes and Gareth defeated the Viper together. Bose is not a greedy person, but there is a quirk in his personality. If you don't collect all the money you owe, you will feel unhappy.

"The Brune army has taken the city by force. Even if they do not want to go to war with the Zhcteds, if it is to consolidate their power in the city, they should agree to pay. I don't think it should be for this. Little things are wasting time here."

"It's also... what you said makes sense."

With Will's guidance, Guinevere finally cheered up again. That's right, you can't stand still here. She is a flat-leaf boat in the ocean. She must work hard to paddle forward until she reaches the land, otherwise she will sink sooner or later.

Although the Brune army should not immediately abandon themselves and leave Asvarre. But the point is: they must continue to invest in themselves until they can't pull their hands.

"Have you figured out who you want to win?"

"Yeah." Guinevere nodded with a smile.

Although collectively referred to as important people, the total number is still quite large. She intends to win over those who are in the lower position, because she can be kind to them. Besides,
among such people, people with amazing strengths can sometimes be discovered. Guinevere likes this kind of person best.

The same is true for Will. Although he can display amazing strength in naval battles, he is a man with many problems. When leading troops to fight on the ground, they will definitely commit careless mistakes and put the troops into crisis. When you take up a weapon to fight, you will be too tired to breathe in less than a few blows.

However, Guinevere liked this sense of imbalance, so she lobbied him very enthusiastically. This is the reason why even Jermaine and Elliott can't recruit the veteran to leave Guinevere.

Suddenly, Guinevere turned her eyes and stared at the sword hanging on the wall.

That is a strangely shaped sword.

A twisted sword body composed of pitch black and gold, a semi-circular guard and hilt are integrally formed, with a gold chain attached to it. Although it is not like a weapon used in actual combat, it has a wonderful charm that makes people unable to remove the eye.

"If you can let everyone see this sword, I don't know how good it would be."

Guinevere murmured, and Will quietly warned:

"His Royal Highness has not done any meritorious service yet. Although it is said to protect yourself, use it. It does not matter, but beyond that, we are not at liberty to make people see it."

"I did not approach it."

Guinevere sigh, look to the veteran, smiled and said:

"you have to drink tea with me right?"

Making tea and thinking while making tea is the habit of Guinevere. If there is leeway, she will even order the maid to prepare snacks. But now, just making tea is enough.
Duris was originally a harbor city surrounded by vibrant noise from sunrise to sunset.

From the outside, it is an ordinary city with endless buildings with white exterior walls. However, because trading ships from various countries come here, the port also gathers many merchant ships from all over Asvarre Island to buy foreigners. Goods brought by the trade ship. In addition, because it is very close to Brune, nobles with territories in the north of Brune often appear here, which is a feature that other harbor cities do not have.

Next to the open-air street vendors selling silver products are a large group of lambs waiting to be sold; next to the fishmongers selling large pieces of fish to the housewives, there are wine merchants who put wine barrels and measure retail. Until the sky was dark, the whole city was very lively. However, these are all past tense.

It all started from a few days ago when a man named Lester appeared outside the city with a thousand soldiers.

"I am Lester, Prince Elliot's subordinate. Although the prince is currently captured by Zhcted, I believe he will return. I want to live in this city and wait for the prince to return."

Lester was right. The mayor shouted so and asked the mayor to let himself into the city. The mayor, who has heard of various brutal acts of Lester, is unwilling in his heart, but he is also a supporter of Elliot. From a standpoint, it is inconvenient to reject him. However, no matter what the reason is, the mayor should close the city gate.

Lester is a man of medium build and average appearance, but his eyes are shining crazy. He appears to be around thirty-five years old, but no one knows his true age. All that is known is that he joined the army more than ten years ago as a small soldier.
The danger and madness of Lester began to be widely known seven years ago. At that time, Lester was ordered to take a hundred soldiers to the northern part of Asvarre Island to fight against the bandits.

He quickly headed to the north and wiped out the bandit group in a blink of an eye. However, the next thing is the problem.

Lester attacked villages in the north one after another on the grounds of "possibly hiding the remaining bandit parties." He not only robbed money and food, but also set fire to the village, kidnapped young girls, killed old people and children, and hanged the resisting villagers as bandits. "Killing like a dead bug," a soldier recalled afterwards. The soldiers who opposed Lester's actions were described as traitors who had colluded with the bandits and were pierced and stood on the side of the road.

By the time Lester returned to the capital, there were no more than sixty soldiers. Although there were only five soldiers who died in the bandit operations.

Although King Zechariah wanted to punish him, he finally accepted the opinions of several ministers and exiled Lester to the border, allowing him to show his brutal nature to the Brune or Sachenstein army. King Zechariah has always been troubled by the confrontation between Asvarre Island and courtiers from the mainland. Such punishment is also the result of compromise.

In the years after that, Lester didn't do anything overly compelling. Although he would take his men and attack the border villages in the name of battle, because of his many military exploits, everyone pretended not to see them. Or maybe it was because a general once severely reprimanded him for his evil deeds, and it turned out to be a brainstorming corpse the next day.

Back to the subject, the Mayor of Duris, with a smile on his face, greeted Lester into the city.

Lester looked at the mayor arrogantly and stretched out his hand towards him. But not to shake hands. Seeing him put his hand on the mayor's forehead and squeezed it lightly, the mayor's
brain was squashed and he died on the spot. The extraordinary grip strength and unexpected brutal behavior made everyone present scream in fright. The only one who can remain calm is Lester himself.

In this way, Lester occupied the port city of Duris and began a reign of terror with both destruction.

He first ordered his soldiers to suppress the port and the city wall. As long as anyone wanted to resist, he would arrest them, cut off the heads of those people, line them up on the city wall, and throw their bodies into the sea to feed fish.

"In a while, you should be able to catch a lot of plump fish," he said.

After that, Lester began to ransack the rebels. Take away all property, kill men and old people, and rape women. If there are young girls in the family, Lester will torture them more carefully.

Someone plotted against Lester for this. Lester first smashed the bones of the caller and threw him into the hungry pigs. Then he inserted knives with the blade facing upwards on the road, and ordered the people involved in the project to walk on them with their companions on their backs. If you want to protect your companion and fall forward, you will die. If you lose your balance and fall backward, your companion will die.

Someone avoided the eyes and ears of the guards, planning to escape by boat. But when the ship was about to leave the port, Hailong suddenly appeared and sank all those people to the bottom of the sea. The vast majority of Duris citizens did not know that the sea dragon really existed until this moment. Moreover, the sea dragon would not attack the pirates under Lester, the whole situation could only be described as despair.

Lester's brutality did not end. After a period of abuse in the city, he began to attack nearby towns and villages. It is like acting on instinct, indulging desire and gnawing on the prey in front of you, a beast that is never satisfied.
When people were in Duris, Lester basically stayed on the top floor of the big lighthouse.

The top floor, also known as the lamp room, is a space composed of eight pillars. There is a mirror between the bottom of the roof and the pillars, and the center is a large stove for raising fire. Whenever it is sunset, the lighthouse keeper will ignite with a special kind of fire. The fire light is reflected by the mirror and becomes a red light that can shine into the distance.

Today, the stove has been removed and replaced by objects that can only be described as "a huge pink ball of flesh." The flesh ball exudes a strange red light, and its surface pulsates continuously. Just looking at that ugly appearance makes people feel sick.

Lester turned his back to the meatball and was raping a woman. The armor and his weapons, the wooden sticks wrapped in chains, were all thrown aside. Although the woman had long lost consciousness, Lester still pumped his waist into her unconscious body. While he was moving, he looked at the sky and the sea outside with satisfaction. The sun has slanted to the west, and in another hour, the sky will turn orange-red, and the sea will turn golden yellow.

Suddenly, Lester stopped. Because the breath of other people appeared behind him. Since Lester became the ruler of the city, no one can enter the top floor except for himself and the women he brought.

Lester said in a rude tone toward the direction of the breath:

"After a while, your interest has changed?"

As if responding to his words, a black figure appeared beside the meat ball. Not coming up from downstairs, but as if pushed out by the darkness.

It was a woman wearing a black mask. The black hair is waist-length, and he wears a black dress that highlights the curve of his
The masked woman asked Lester in an unsentimental tone without even saying hello.

"Not yet."

The woman glanced at the meatball next to her, and then at Lester's stick.

"This is not for free."

"I know, Zmei." Lester said with a bored expression.

"You gave me fun things, so I will finish what I should do. But I have searched all the places where Caliburn may be hidden. If I want to expand my search, I have to spend more Time. And maybe someone has taken it away."

Maybe it's because she is not satisfied with this answer, the woman, Zmei said sarcastically, "It's because you only take care of unnecessary things that you spend so much time, Right?"

"That is for pleasure, It’s not unnecessary."

Lester immediately denied with a tone of "this is more important than anything."

"Speaking of which, isn't Caliburn a failure? Now, why are you looking for it?"

Lester asked dissatisfiedly, and Zmei said quietly:

"It was a failure, but it was right. Although I don't know when it was. It's something, but it has been greatly improved by humans, and its current power is no less than the invincible sword (Durandal)."

Durandal is the sword of the Brune Kingdom, currently used by Roland.

"Oh!" Lester's eyes flashed red, and he said happily,
"I won't say it earlier. Really. In that case, I will find it. Don't worry."

The reaction was completely different from the previous moment. Zmei sighed lightly. As if to say, so she didn't want to say it.

"Zmei, you should also understand what pleasure is. You are too boring to live——"

Although only half of the words were said, Lester did not continue. Because Zmei's breath has disappeared. Known as a demon, she can move freely without being restricted by space.

"Really, I really can't get along with her..."

Lester sighed, looking at the woman under him, starting to feel hungry.

The woman woke up just then.

The last thing she saw was a big mouth enough to swallow her own mouth, as well as the countless fangs in her mouth.

†

Elliott was right. Although Ovisgat is not big, the port is well organized. Zhcted's army departed from Rad and arrived here at noon the next day. The weather was fine, there was no dense fog along the way, and the sailing went smoothly.

Although it was a normal reaction, Ovisgart's guards showed a clear warning look when they saw the Zhcted army suddenly appeared. In no way, Tigre and others had to sacrifice Elliot.

Tigre and others picked a ship and took Elliott to the port. In addition to the black dragon flag, the red dragon flag symbolizing Asvarre was also hung on board.

"Well, the red and black dragons stand side by side. It's really spectacular."
Elliott stood on the bow, looking up at the two flags, and smiling with satisfaction.

When the ship was close enough that people on the shore could hear the voice, Elliot shouted to the people standing on the dock:

"My name is Elliot! My father is Zacharias! As long as it is Asvarre, you should know who I am when you hear these two names! Tell the mayor Dunstan and ask him to come and see me!"

The noise suddenly boiled. As a citizen of Asvarre, of course everyone knows the names of the king and prince of his country. Several guards hurriedly left the port.

Tigre and others got off the pier. After waiting for about thirty minutes, the mayor appeared with two entourages. It was a middle-aged man with a strong build. He should be Dunstan. When the mayor saw Elliot, he knelt down.

"His Royal Highness...! I heard that you have gone to Zhcted, and I am glad you can come back safely."

The mayor sighed deeply, seeming to feel relieved from the bottom of his heart. Tigre glanced at Mila and Sofy. Even for a man like Elliot, there are still people who are loyal to him and worry about him from the bottom of their hearts.

"Of course. How could Zhcted treat the royal family of Asvarre badly?"

Elliott said proudly. Although he understood that this was to bluff in front of his supporters, Mila really wanted to ridicule him on the spot.

Then, Elliot introduced Mila and Sofy to Dunstan.

"You should know that I went to Zhcted to pursue my merits. What happened over there shouldn’t be passed back here. Zhcted has agreed to join forces with me. They are all Zhcteds forces. In other words, Zhcted admits that I am the righteous party."

Elliott clenched his fists and said powerfully.
"That's so happy. As long as Zhcted's help, Jermaine will crawl to beg you for mercy. Of course I will do my best for Your Highness."

Tigre looked dumbfounded at Elliot’s back, even to the point that he forgot to be angry. The guy who broke into Leitmeritz was ashamed to be so arrogant. Although he wanted to shout out loud, Tigre kept telling himself that he was just a guest and he shouldn't just stand out.

At this moment, Mila patted her sweetheart on the back: "Now let him say whatever you want. Let's get ready first."

Replenish food and water, and collect information. If possible, expand base areas outside of Ovisgat. It is best not to use force, but to invite those cities to join. There are so many things to do.
Chapter 4 - Joint Fight

When he recovered, the second prince Elliot of Asvarre was standing in the small atrium.

White flowers such as lily of the valley and white clover, and blue flowers such as rosemary and forget-me-not are blooming in the nearby flowerbed. These are all spring flowers and plants, which made Elliot understand that he was dreaming.

"His Royal Highness Elliot, are you here!"

Elliot turned his head when he heard the sound, and a teenager ran towards him.

The boy was about fourteen or fifteen years old, with neutral features, a slender figure, long black hair and a back. People who don't know might mistake him for a girl. A dim anger surged from Elliot's chest, and he nodded heartily to the boy.

"I'm here to play with you, Heath."

The dreamer Elliot smiled at the boy. The young man named Heath showed an innocent smile and bowed to Elliot.

This is the residence of Viscount Beckford on Asvarre Island. The Viscount's territory is not large, and there is a small town named Ovisgat in the territory.

Elliot first visited the Viscount's house when he was twelve years old. After that, he often came to this mansion just to see Heath.

As the second son of the Viscount family, this young man is simply poor.

There are two parenting concepts in the Kingdom of Asvarre. One is to spend all resources on the eldest son; the other is to give the main resources to the eldest son, but after the birth of the second and third sons, some resources are also allocated to them.

The former is mainly the concept of Lu people, and the latter is mainly the concept of islanders. The Kingdom of Cadiz, which was destroyed by the overlord Sephyria, had the habit of focusing solely
on the eldest man. Even if the country disappeared, this thought remained. As for Asvarre Island, it is customary for the whole family to work together.

King Zechariah was the one who accepted the minister's opinion as fairly as possible, but in terms of childcare, he preferred the former. Although Elliot has no worries about food and clothing, he felt that his older brother Jermaine had a better life than himself.

Heath, standing in front of Elliot, did the same.

Although Viscount Beckford’s territory was on Asvarre Island, he was extremely eccentric and the eldest son, Heath had no pocket money, so he could only plant flowers in the corner of the atrium, and ask the waiter and maid to help sell them for meager money.

After knowing this, Elliot often came to this mansion to look for Heath. As long as Viscount Beckford knows that the prince likes Heath, he should be better to the second man. Even if the other party is just the second prince.

Elliot also knows that this method treats the symptoms but not the root cause. It's like feeding a wild cat with one meal and no meal. Despite this, Elliot is still satisfied with this and has not thought of changing the situation.

"His Royal Highness, please accept this--"

Heath was stunned for a long time, and finally handed something to Elliot as if he was willing. I saw a necklace made of nuts in his little hand. Although the work is not bad, Elliot has no thoughts. He asked dumbfounded:

"Do you want me to wear this?"

"That...I did it very carefully..."

Maybe he was ashamed of Elliot's reaction, and Heath lowered his head blushing.

About five seconds later, Elliot grabbed the necklace and put it on his neck. The nuts were washed clean beforehand, without the smell of earth.
"Heath." Elliott bent down and said to Heath:

"I want gold or silver jewelry. One day, you will give me such a gift. Until then, I will always wear this."

Heath's expression lit up, this time flushed with joy. "Thank you, your lord!" Elliott smiled satisfied looking at Heath who kept bowing and thanking him.

However, Elliot never received the jewelry from Heath again.

Because Heath was killed. Killed by Jermaine.

Viscount Beckford embezzled the taxes that had to be paid to the king. After the incident, King Zechariah just cursed the Viscount and ordered him to pay a small fine.

Two years later, the Viscount embezzled taxes again and was discovered again.

Jermaine came to the Viscount's house in person, arrested the Viscount, and beheaded all his family members in front of him. Heath is also one of them.

Jermaine moved very fast, and when Elliot learned of it, the matter had already ended.

According to subsequent investigations, the eldest son of the Viscount is inseparable from the embezzlement of taxes. But Heath, who was not valued by his father, had nothing to do with this matter.

Before this incident, although Elliot hated Jermaine, he also had a feeling of resignation. Not only in Asvarre, the eldest son of pure blood inherits the throne, but it is also the norm in neighboring countries. It is understandable that his father is partial to Jermaine.

But this incident caused him to hate Jermaine, and he was also angry at the unique and eldest manner in his brother. Why does the innocent Heath have to die? Damn it, there are only the Viscount and the eldest man who Elliot doesn't remember his looks.
Whether it's Jermaine or the eldest son of the viscount, if raised in the way of an islander would be different, Elliot didn't know. But no matter what, he was very dissatisfied with his brother and the way of raising children in mainland Home.

Elliot woke up from his dream in Heath's repeated "thank you".

The sunlight coming in from outside the window tells that morning has arrived. This is a room in Dunstan's house in Ovisgart. Yesterday, Elliot arrived here with Zhcted's fleet.

Elliot got up and played with the nut necklace around his neck with his fingers.

After breakfast, Elliot put on his cloak, pulled up his hood, and went to the cemetery outside the town. Although Dunstan asked him to take his entourage, Elliot said that he would be back soon and rejected Dunstan's kindness.

-Although I will be busy from now on, I still have a little time to see the grave.

The town is quite lively, listen attentively, everyone is talking about Elliot. After all, it is of course that he came back in such a big battle yesterday and caused a topic.

Elliot walked into the cemetery and came to an inconspicuous corner where Heath's body was buried. After Heath was killed by Jermaine, he heard about it, and Dunstan, who thought Heath was very poor, secretly transported his body back to Ovisgart and buried it again. The surrounding cemetery, which has not been seen for two years, is very clean. Only Elliot and Dunstan knew the tomb. So Dunstan should sort it out.

Elliot stood in front of the tomb, puffed out his chest, and said proudly,

"I will kill Jermaine."
Not for Heath, but for himself. However, Heath should wonder what he did. Elliot thinks so.

"Wait until after killing him--"

At this point, Elliot thought for a while.

"To celebrate the victory, I will give you jewelry. Jewelry made of gold and silver."

Elliot grabbed the nut necklace, sighed, and left the cemetery.

As soon as he left the cemetery, Elliot felt a sight and frowned. He looked around and there was a man staring at him. The man was about forty years old, and his facial features were familiar.

---I just Remembered. It is the Zhcted soldier who is monitoring him.---

Since Elliot failed to escape and was imprisoned again, the man has been watching him. The man was very wary of Elliot, and would regularly observe the situation in the room from the crack of the door. No matter how unwilling he was, Elliot could not remember that face.

The Zhcted army of about two thousand men came ashore in Ovisgat yesterday. After discussing with Mila, Sofy, and Bonner, Dunstan decided to borrow the town’s hotel and empty warehouse as the dormitory for the Zhcted soldiers. It is not surprising that Zhcted soldiers are here.

---Are you ordered to continue to monitor me? It's really hard for you.---

Although Elliot was unhappy, he ignored the man and walked away.

In the future, the Zhcteds must be allowed to serve for themselves. No time to pay attention to a small soldier in the district. Whether it's Mila or Sofy, Elliot will make full use of them.

†
Zhcted has been stationed in Ovisgat for three days.

In the past few days, Elliott has displayed a vitality that surprised Mila and Sofy.

He gathered the important figures of Ovisgat and introduced Mila and Sofy to them; he sent messengers to nearby villages and towns and asked them to provide soldiers or funds; he wrote to the princes and nobles on Asvarre Island and told them Promote the cruelty of Lester, the cruelty of Jermaine, and the stupidity of Guinevere.

Of course, Elliot did not forget to collect information. There are so many things to know about the strength of Lester, the condition of the Brune army, the appearance of Jermaine, the movement of the capital Kirchester, the movements of his supporters, and so on.

Sofy also helped Elliot gather news. She has been to Asvarre several times as a diplomat and has met many people. Besides, it is necessary to make effective use of the title of Vanadis of Zhcted.

Mila also met with important people that Elliot had brought and told them that Zhcted would assist Elliot. Although Mila did this to relieve Sofy's burden, the fact that the two war maidens were on Elliot's side was quite useful to win people's hearts. Goruin stayed with Mila, preventing the strange guy from getting close to her.

Bonner and the sailors were busy replenishing food and water, and repairing the ship.

In addition to training arrows on the ship, Tigre will also patrol the town with Raffinac and Zhcted soldiers.

Suddenly two thousand foreigners appeared, living in hotels or empty warehouses. It is impossible not to conflict with local residents. As a guest general, Tigre has little to do, but after finishing the day's exercise, he will still take some soldiers to patrol Ovisgat to avoid conflicts between soldiers and residents, or persuade the troubled soldiers.
By the way, Tigre and Mila both live in a hotel arranged by the mayor. Although living in a private room, other than that, the treatment is no different from that of ordinary soldiers.

"Master, when are we going to patrol until?"

On the afternoon of the fourth day, Raffinac walked next to Tigre, and asked while eating skewers of eel bought from a roadside stall. Just like in Zhcted, potato dishes are everywhere, in Asvarre, eel is a very common ingredient. In addition to skewers, there are dishes soaked in fish sauce after grilling, and eel jelly.

"I think there should be some action tomorrow, the day after tomorrow."

Tigre replied while chewing on the eel marinated in fish sauce. This is the thank you gift he received after persuading him. The eel itself has no taste, so it goes well with seasonings like fish sauce.

"Time drags on too long, Princess Guinever and Lester will become tricky beings. So even if they are reluctant, they must consolidate their forces and do something at the same time."

Mila and Sofy will both get it. The news told Tigre.

The force of the Brune army was about 4,000, twice that of the Zhcted army. They stayed quietly in Rad, without much movement. "It should be busy gathering information and finding supporters," Mila said.

The Lester Army has about two thousand men. Originally there were only a thousand people, but Duris's guards and pirate bandits were added later to become the current number. Just looking at the strength of this force, it seems that there is a chance of winning, but there is a sea dragon in Port Duris, "You can't act rashly," Sofy said.

Having said that, Elliott's side is not just the Zhcted's army. In response to Elliot's call, the princes of Asvarre brought his private soldiers to join him. When the number of vassals reaches a certain level, it should be able to act.

"Is going to take a boat again?" Raffinac said bitterly.
"After landing, I wanted to say that I could finally stand on a hard ground and sleep on a bed that wouldn't shake. I didn't expect that I was used to shaking my body, but I couldn't get used to the land that wouldn't shake, which made me very troubled. I finally got used to it, and I have to take a boat again..."

"Give up. I'm just like you."

Tigre was half comforting, half talking to himself, and patted the older entourage on the shoulder.

The next morning, Tigre was found to Elliot's place with Mila and Sofy.

Elliot welcomed the three of Tigre in his office. He was wearing a white silk dress and navy blue shirt, a gold forehead crown on his head, and gold rings on his fingers.

On the desk separating Elliott and Tigre, there is a map of Asvarre Island, and a mountain of documents is on the side.

"The reason why we are looking for a few people here today is because there are a few things, and I hope you all will help me."

He asked the three of them again, which is nothing like Elliott's style. The trio of Tigre watched in their hearts, and Mila nodded and asked Elliot to continue. Elliot looked down at the map and said,

"There are enemies on both sides of this town of Ovisgat. There are pirates on the east sea, and the Barham Fortress on the west. The pirates bear the name of Lester, Coastal chaos. Until we entered the port, Ovisgat was often harassed by pirates. Although it is said that this is only a small town, there are not many pirate ships, about three or four. But we can't just sit back and watch. You must show the strength of the Zhcted army to the townspeople."

"Just show your strength, don't you have to completely eliminate the pirates?"
Mila asked while looking at Ovisgat on the map. Although she hates Elliott very much, if the pirates are allowed to make trouble, Tigre should be unhappy. Considering the feelings of your sweetheart, it's better to help Elliot. Because Mila just liked the kind part of Tigre.

Besides, it is a good move to defeat the pirates by the Zhcteds and to promote the matter to the Asvarre people. In this way, Zhcted's army can get the support of the people of Asvarre. One day, when Zhcted must confront Elliot, he will be able to secure a city where he can get food and clean water.

"Yes. It takes too much time to completely eliminate the pirates. Just repel them temporarily."

"I see. For peace between Your Highness and the town, we will do our best."

Seeing Sofy did not object to it, Mila smiled and accepted the task of crusade against pirates.

"Thank you for the two war heroes. Then--" Elliott placed his finger on the map and moved to the left.

"This is Barham Fortress, about three days away from Orvisgat, and the number of guards is about a thousand. It was originally loyal to me, but I heard that the guard seems to be going to Lester. I hope Your Excellency Tigrevurmud can help capture this fortress."

"...Me?"

Surprise and alert made Tigre frowned. This request should not be told to him, but to Mila or Sofy. I saw that they also showed dissatisfaction.

"Do you know the reason?"

Elliot's eyes flashed with provocation and mockery. Even though he felt angry, Tigre started thinking. Judging from his attitude, this is not specifically Tigre looking for trouble, but one of the layouts made to fight Jermaine and Guinevere.
Tigre observes the map of Asvarre Island. What is the reason for him to attack the fortress?

"...The nobles of Brune joined His Highness. Do you want to promote this?"

Tigre said. Elliot lifted his mouth and gave a mocking smile.

"Yes. Really. If Guinevere didn't bring the Brune army, I wouldn't have to do this specially."

Elliot tweeted, tapping the Palem Fortress on the map with his finger.

"You must quickly conquer the traitors and contain other two-minded guys. Besides, the road near the Palem Fortress leads to the northern part of Asvarre Island and the capital Kirchester, and also connects the ports of Rad and Duris. So I can't let Guinevere or Lester take over."

Tigre understood. Judging from the scale of the fortress, it shouldn't be a traffic rush. However, it is the same for Guinevere or Lester. It must be occupied before being occupied by others. Tigre looked up and asked:

"Your Highness lend me how many soldiers responsible for it since Zhcted's military crusades against piracy, it should be quite ok here to help the Asvarre crusade soldiers, right?"

Tigre said in his heart.

Although uncomfortable, Elliot's idea makes sense. Although I felt sorry for Roland who led the Brune army, since Tigre decided to become Mila and the others, he couldn't hesitate about it. Besides, the Brune army probably wouldn't believe that, how could there be a Brune who is good at archery.

"One thousand and five hundred people. To say, Barham is very small, this kind of force should be enough."

"Besides, please give me weapons, food and siege weapons. And Barham Fortress. A map of the surrounding area."
Tigre asked briefly. Elliot shouldn't deliberately prepare less for him, but he still needs to be confirmed. "I will prepare these too," the second Prince Asvarre replied.

"I understand, then I will leave before dark."

"Well, this must be resolved as soon as possible. Please."

So and so, the three left the office.

†

The three of Tigre walked out of Elliot's residence, and Raffinac and Goruin, who were waiting outside, showed a relieved expression. Five people bought juice from the roadside stand and headed to the empty square. They can't discuss things on a crowded road.

"So the young master agreed to take this job?"

Raffinac asked with a frown, holding a pottery cup filled with juice in one hand, leaning against the tree trunk. Tigre nodded.

"Yes. Let's leave before dark today."

"But, even if the fortress is successfully captured, if the identity and name of the young master are known to everyone..."

"Princess Guinevere would therefore suspect that Brune and Elliott were colluding. Is it? Even if she asks the Brune army, I am only the son of an unknown little nobleman on the frontier. It is impossible for her to suspect that Brune has any intentions just because I joined Zhcted. At this point, Elliot seems I don't know the situation."

"People from other countries, if they have seen your archery with their own eyes, it is natural to think so."

Mila laughed. Sofy also chuckled.
"In addition, you are a guest of a Vanadis, you look to be very close to the Vanadis. I think you are an important person, this is not surprising."

Goruin smiled reluctantly while Raffinac shrugged helplessly. Tigre coughed and continued:

"The problem is when the fortress can't be captured. That way, Elliot can not only laugh at me, but my failure will hurt the reputation of the Vanadis, and Elliot can. I took the opportunity to get the dominance."

"With 1,500 soldiers attacking the fortress guarded by 1,000 soldiers, the situation is very delicate."

Mila yelled anxiously.

"Even if we or Tigre win the battle, it cannot be counted in Elliot's merits. It should be said that he hopes that we will make irreparable mistakes. He really loves to play tricks."

"But he is not attacking the chin. Rum Fortress is not possible, isn't it?"

Raffinac asked puzzledly, and Goruin explained:

"It doesn't matter if it's not His Excellency Tigrevermud who has taken the fortress. The ideal situation for that prince is that when His Excellency Tigrevermud is helpless, he will lead the soldiers of the second formation himself to conquer the fortress."

Raffinac showed a fierce expression. Sofy looked at Tigre.

"Knowing what his plan is, deliberately promised to attack the fortress, indicating that you have a chance of winning?"

"I'll think about it later."

Tigre gave a mischievous childish smile.

"I just thought about it, I want to frustrate that guy's spirit."

Except for Mila, the other three laughed. Mila looked at Tigre with a worried expression. The first to discover her reaction was Goruin.
"Sorry, I think of something else, forgive me to say goodbye."

The overly obvious attitude made Sofy and Raffinac aware of what was going on.

"Oh, I also forgot something-Mila, see you later."

Sofy shook her skirt and jogged away. Raffinac didn't even say anything, turned around and left.

The two were dumfounded as they watched the three leave.

"It can be done without leaving a trace..."

Mila understood their kindness and complained extravagantly.

Tigre quickly looked around. After making sure no one noticed them, he walked to Mila. They have deliberately created opportunities, and they don't take it well, but they will be angry.

Mila tilted her head slightly, staring at Tigre, then snuggled against him, closing her eyes.

Tigre held Mila tightly and pressed his lips to hers.

†

Mila, who took over the task of crusade against pirates, led Zhcted’s warships out of the harbor the next morning, and none of them remained.

"Only in Ovisgat, there are several pirate lairs. Our Zhcteds will wipe out all the lairs, and we will never let any pirates escape!"

Before leaving, Ludmila Lourie stood on the warship and called to the townspeople gathered at the pier. Since the arrival of the Zhcted Special Forces, the people began to gather in the harbor with confidence. Mila’s speech was very effective.

Before the sun fully rose, Zhcted’s fleet disappeared from the sea.
The day after the Zhcted fleet left, four pirate ships appeared off the coast of Ovisgat, heading towards the port like a bamboo. It is the usual practice of pirates to ignite the ships docked at the pier with rockets, throw the pier into chaos, disembark the ship to search for property, and take the people away.

People abducted by pirates have two outcomes: they are sold as slaves, or they remain as oarsmen on pirate ships and are enslaved to death. If there are young girls among the captives, the pirates will play with them before selling them.

The pirates looked at Orvisgat with wild, greedy eyes. Now that the Zhcteds have left, no one can stop them.

Unexpectedly, as soon as the pirates entered the port, they were immediately accused. Many soldiers emerged from the boats on the dock and shot arrows at the pirates. The rain of arrows covered the sky and fell on the pirates, throwing them into chaos. The soldiers lay on the bottom of the boat, protecting themselves from the rockets with thick wooden boards soaked with leather.

But the arrow rain could not stop the pirates from advancing, and saw four pirate ships getting closer and closer to the dock.

At this moment, something grabbed the hull and prevented the pirate ship from moving forward. The pirates looked down and found dozens of small boats frozen together on the sea. It is these small boats that hinder the approach of the pirate ship.

"What's the matter? If you are here to rob, you should be closer?"

Mila took Lavias and appeared from the trading ship docked at the dock.

Until this time, the pirates finally understood that they were caught in a trap. Although they wanted to escape, other trading ships moved one after another and surrounded the pirate ships. Sofy stood on one of the trading ships and said,

"Although the strategy is simple, you are still hooked."
There were no soldiers on the Zhcted fleet that left the port yesterday, only sailors and oarsmen posing as soldiers. After Mila also came to the offshore, she took a small boat and made a big circle, returning to Ovisgat. The reason for this was all to make the pirates mistakenly believe that the Zhcted army had left Orvisgat.

Although every pirate ship is equipped with a collision angle, as long as the ship moves, it can crash a trading ship. But the rows of frozen boats jammed the hull and prevented the pirates from doing that.

As a last resort, the pirates had to retreat, intending to escape. But it was too late. Mila had already jumped onto the frozen small boat while they were in chaos and slid towards them.

"—Cross the sky and freeze it!"
The mortal dragon skill freezes a pirate ship and knocks it into the air.

At this time, the trading ship carrying the soldiers and the trading ship that Sofy boarded cleverly cooperated to surround the front of the pirate ship, and hooked the side of the pirate ship with a hooked ladder.

"Mila, you rest first. Leave it to me here."

Sofy took the golden staff and walked gently across the ladder to the pirate ship. When the pirates saw Sofy, they laughed loudly. Sofy's temperament is not like a soldier, and she wears a dress. Even with a staff as a weapon, 80% is not that strong.

However, they soon knew that they were wrong. When Sofy waved the staff, the pirates lay on the deck one after another. Zhcted soldiers also climbed from the ladder to the pirate ship, beheading the pirates. Some pirates threw a hatchet or shot arrows at Sofy, but while Sofy defeated the pirates around him, he knocked down all the weapons that were flying towards him on the deck.
In a blink of an eye, Sofy and Zhcted soldiers suppressed a pirate ship. The enemy's combat power is only half left.

Next is the sweeping war. No pirate can stop Sofy who is holding ZAHT. The Zhcted soldiers who followed her also fought bravely and proudly. Before long, the other two ships were also suppressed.

The battle ended before noon.

Fewer than 150 pirates survived the surrender, and most of them were injured. After this, they will be tied up by the Big Five and handed over to Dunstan to accept sanctions. The end is either to be executed, or to be treated as a slave and sold to Muozinel merchants.

But before that, Sofy interrogated the pirates first and understood two things.

The first thing is that they are not making trouble under the name of Lester, but are really under the command of Lester. The second thing, the pirates who also belonged to Lester, was heading towards Rade.

"This may be a good opportunity for us to negotiate with the Brune Army."

Sofy murmured as he watched the wreckage of the ship floating on the sea. Lester's expansion of the sphere of influence is surprisingly fast, and even Orvisgat, who is two days away from Duris, has already taken action.

If you are not prepared enough as a reason to watch Rade's battle with nothing, it may not be worth the loss.

†

Barham is a fortress in the valley.
There are watchtowers in the north and south, plus the city walls. Although they are not large in scale, they feel solid. There are two roads nearby, but no towns or villages.

The 1,500 Asvarre army under Tigre's command in chief arrived at the fortress three days later after setting off from Ovisgat. As soon as the guard soldiers saw the ensigns of Brune and Asvarre, they roared and insulted loudly.

"The morale of the enemy army seems to be very high."

It was a man riding a horse standing side by side with Tigre. He is Hamish who commanded the Asvarre army. Hamish's body is quite strong, and the biggest feature is that his right arm is twice as thick as his left arm. The longbow on his back is his usual weapon.

The longbow is larger than Tigre's family heirloom bow, and requires a strong arm to pull it, but it can hit a target of four hundred alshins away. For people who use long bows, the right arm will naturally become thicker than the left arm. However, from the perspective of an onlooker, this body shape is unnatural.

"Your Excellency Tigrevurmud, how do you plan to conquer that fortress?"

Hamish was very polite, respectful not only to Tigre, but even Raffinac. Elliot said he was his playmate, and Tigre couldn't believe it.

"It's fine to see the situation today,"

Tigre said, and Hamish frowned solemnly.

"I don't know what your plan is? I heard His Highness Elliot say that we don't have much time to attack the city."

"I know. I don't intend to use procrastination tactics. In short, camp today and let the soldiers rest. Of course. Watch out for the enemy's sneak attacks."

Tigre handed over the command of the camp to Hamish, and Raffinac rode on horses, slowly approaching the fortress. But he stopped at a distance of five hundred Alshins visually. On the way
to Barham, Hamish showed the power of the longbow, and the flying distance was indeed amazing.

If there are people in the enemy who can make longbows, and they are within four hundred arcs, it is tantamount to looking for death. As an archer, Tigre is naturally quite cautious.

"Olmutz's war maidens seem to be very good at defensive battles."

Tigre looked at the fortress from a distance, casually speaking.

"Mila and Lana-sama have taught me a lot about things. I heard that siege is actually a kind of psychological warfare."

"What does this mean?"

"The point is, how does the offensive party frustrate the defense? The morale of one party. For example, with a violent attack by a large army, the defender could not breathe, or to buy the other party...There are many ways."

Tigre looked up at the sky, looked at the white clouds in the sky, and frowned.

"But, master..." Raffinac said in confusion,

"Even if you come to observe the enemy, but if you are so far away, you can't see everything clearly?...No, if it's a master, maybe you can be so far away. See something in the distance."

"You look up to me too much." Tigre shrugged.

"Even if I am so far away, I can't see anything. At best, I can only know how many soldiers are on the wall. But the other party is the same, I can't see our faces."

The two were walking around the fortress, and Tigre grasped the nearby terrain while thinking about offensive strategies.

At noon, Tigre and Raffinac returned to the camp. While taking Tigre to the camp dedicated to the commander, Hamish asked,

"How is the condition of the fortress?"

"Because of our presence, morale is quite high."
As soon as he entered the camp, Tigre with a nervous and distressed expression said.

"I want to launch an attack tomorrow morning."

After two shots, he added:

"Divide the soldiers into three teams, each with 500 people, with full force... Although it will cause some Sacrifice, attack with all strength."

Tigre's voice was bitter. If he is not leading the Asvarre Army, but the Alsace soldiers in his hometown, he would not use this strategy.

But the words have been spoken, so a complete explanation must be given. After listening to Tigre's strategy, Hamish sighed in admiration:

"Indeed, this should be successful. Just do it."

"Thank you. I'll take the lead, the second and third rounds, please help Han Your Excellency Mish has commanded it.” For the Asvarre soldiers, although Elliot ordered the attack, they should feel dissatisfied and uneasy when they were commanded by an unknown Brune. However, if it is directed by Hamish, they should be at ease. As far as Tigre is concerned, he also has to do some face-off to Hamish. The reason why I took the lead was purely to maintain the fighting spirit of the soldiers.

Before it was all light, Tigre began to attack.

"Go!"

Tigre rode on the horse, holding the black bow, and advancing ahead of the curve. Raffinac followed desperately behind him, holding huge shields in both hands to protect himself and Tigre.
The commander all took the lead, and of course the soldiers underneath had to follow. The soldiers of Asvarre roared, rushed to the wall, and set up siege ladders one after another.

The commander of Barham Fortress is named Kenneth, thirty-three this year. The personality is straightforward. The reason why he followed Elliot was because he was born in Zhcted; the reason why he betrayed Elliot was because he heard that Elliot had lost the battle in Zhcted.

"I didn't expect Elliott to be such an unreliable man. Now that I see his strength, I should jump off the ship as soon as possible."

Kenneth, with this idea, learned that the Asvarre Army had attacked from Ovisgat, Decided to stay in the city. Since Elliot is so weak, of course all his men are shrimp soldiers and crabs—he is so inspiring the guards who guard the city.

The soldiers of Barham either shot arrows at the assaulting Asvarre soldiers from the wall, or poured hot water or oil under the wall, and drove the Asvarre soldiers who had climbed off the wall. Wield weapons to destroy the siege ladder.

Under the protection of Raffinac, Tigre shot arrows at the top of the city wall, knocking down the soldiers of Barham one after another. The Barham army quarreled, slowly becoming slower. Despite this, they still fought desperately to keep the Asvarre soldiers from approaching. Finally, Tigre ordered to retreat and shot all the arrows at hand to help the soldiers retreat.

As soon as Tigre and others retreated, the second battle immediately stepped forward, but the Barham soldiers also immediately changed a group of people to defend, and those with spare capacity lined up on the wall to launch the second wave of offense and defense.

At this moment, Tigre saw the power of Hamish's long bow and was amazed. Hamish's arrow fired with a strong arm shot into the face of a Barham soldier from a distance and flew out from the back of his head. The power is so strong, extraordinary.

—This country has very powerful archers.
While directing the soldiers to attack, Hamish shot and killed more than ten Barham soldiers with a long bow. Nevertheless, the Barham Army survived the attack, even the third wave of attacks.

Near noon, Asvarre's forces were exhausted and began to retreat. The Barham soldiers cheered the victory with sweat and blood-stained faces.

"Dare to come and try again! I will let you all become corpses at that time!" The Asvarre army ridiculed patiently, dragging the fallen comrades back to the camp.

That night, Kenneth sent people out for reconnaissance to confirm the damage and morale of the enemy.

The returning soldier's eyes were bright, and he reported in high spirits: "There are not many campfires and camps. The enemy seems to have been hit to a considerable extent."

Kenneth nodded in satisfaction. In this way, until the supporting enemy forces arrive, they should not be as aggressive as they are today. We can prepare for the next move in time.

"Teach them how rash actions have endless troubles."

At this time, Kenneth hadn't realized that he had stepped into the trap set by the enemy.

The next morning, there was heavy fog around.

Soldiers in Barham are used to fogging. And he was full of vigilance that the enemy would use the dense fog to attack. The soldiers prepared more torches than at night, and patrolled the walls busy.

At this moment, an arrow tied with parchment fell on the wall. The arrow was immediately sent to the fortress commander Kenneth.
Kenneth opened the parchment. It was a letter from Lester who occupied Duris.

The letter said that Lester's troops would come soon, and Elliot's troops would retreat tonight. Ask Barham's army and Lester's army to attack Elliot's soldiers in the dark.

Kenneth sent out spies to investigate the situation of Asvarre Army. According to the report, the Asvarre Army has indeed begun preparations for retreat.

Kenneth summoned the main generals, let them look at the parchment, and asked everyone for their opinions.

"Did the Duris army really come over? This letter shouldn’t be someone’s conspiracy?"

"But Elliott’s troops are indeed preparing to withdraw their troops. Isn’t this unnatural? They attacked so aggressively yesterday, the reason is to withdraw immediately. It must be because of the news that the Duris army is coming."

"If the Duris army really comes and we don't send troops to help, I don't know what will happen..." A knight said, and several people turned pale.

They certainly knew that Lester's madness was like a demon. If you stay at the city gate and don't send troops to join Lester's army and attack Asvarre's army, you will definitely be regarded as an enemy by Lester.

"Even if you don't join the Duris army, we alone are enough to chase the escaped Elliott troops from behind."

At this time, Kenneth said:

"Look back on the enemy's attack yesterday. Why did they attack so persistently?"

"Because you want to take this place before Lord Lester?"

A knight replied, but Kenneth shook his head.

"The number of the enemy army is at most 1,500. If I were the commander of the enemy army, I would directly lead my troops to
attack Lord Lester's troops. Compared to siege the city, fighting on flat ground is more likely to win. The reason why the enemy do not do that because Lord Lester's troops are not nearby at all."

"You mean, is this letter fake?"

The knights asked in shock. Kenneth nodded.

"The enemy intends to lure us out of the fortress. If we are lucky, we might be able to occupy this place while we are out of the city. They should now be divided into two troops, one of which pretends to withdraw troops, and the other pretends to be a Duris army."

"So, we almost got fooled."

"Then tear up this letter and see on the wall that they are upset that we were not fooled."

The knights nodded and agreed. Kenneth smiled and said:

"It should be the other way around, pretending to be the bait."

Kenneth began to explain his thoughts. The enemy wanted Kenneth to go out of the city and attack the Asvarre army. If Kenneth really went out of the city to pursue it, the detachment pretending to be the Duris Army would take the opportunity to attack the fortress. At this time, the main force of the Asvarre Army would cooperate with the detachment and attack Kenneth's troops back.

"So we are going to attack those guys who pretend to be the Duris army. They must have never thought that they would be attacked, let us catch them by surprise."

The reason why Kenneth was so positive was because he believed he had seen through the enemy's tactics. Also, he was worried that he had not done enough work.

Lester originally supported Elliot, but easily betrayed Elliot. For that man, betrayal is almost commonplace. If this is the case, they can only make more merits and wait for the Lester Army to officially arrive here.
Other knights should have this idea, no one opposed Kenneth's proposal, and the combat plan was finalized.

In less than an hour, the fog cleared and the weather cleared. But neither armies saw any actions.

After dark, the Asvarre Army finished its camp and began to retreat.

As if waiting for a long time, hundreds of soldiers appeared from the south. That was the Duris Army, no, it was the Asvarre detachment pretending to be the Duris Army.

The detachment roared and attacked the Asvarre army, and the main Asvarre troops gave up and fled, formed a formation on the spot, ready to meet the enemy.

Kenneth watched the crappy show of the enemy's military exercise on the wall and laughed in satisfaction. Everything was as he expected. Kenneth ordered the men to open the gates and lead the soldiers to attack.

"As long as there are five hundred people, it should be enough. To be on the safe side, the rest of the soldiers stay to defend the city."

The Barham Army led by Kenneth, pretending to be the Duris Army, attacked bravely. The enemy should be panicked, Kenneth just thought about it, and he immediately appeared in shock. The detachment changed direction and charged towards the Barham Army.

—This can’t be...

The enemy had expected that he would do this? Did he hit the enemy's scheming?

Although he knew he had miscalculated, Kenneth could not order the soldiers to stop or withdraw their troops. In that way, the team will only become more chaotic, leaving gaps for the enemy.
As a result, he had to give the enemy a fierce blow and then take the opportunity to escape, or force a breakthrough in the enemy's formation.

The two armies clashed head-on, spears and shields violently collided, the screams of people and the wailing of horses intertwined, blooming flowers of blood on the ground. Asvarre's detachment blocked the attack of the Barham Army, and the main Asvarre troops pretending to be retreating took the opportunity to go around to the side of the Barham Army.

"Back!"

Kenneth swung his sword while desperately commanding the troops.

As long as they return to the vicinity of the fortress, our army can help them.

"Don't worry!"

Kenneth's throat was pierced by a flying arrow just after shouting this sentence. The archer is Tigre.

The Asvarre Army began to violently attack the Barham Army that had lost its commander. Hamish didn't stop them. The Barham army must accept sanctions for betrayal. If you don't do this, you can't be wary of other princes and knights. Accepting the enemy's surrender is something later. In addition, it is to use the present momentum to break through the city gate in one go.

Barham soldiers were unable to escape in the chaos, and were pierced by spears or beheaded by swords. The grass turned into a pool of blood.

Seeing this, the Barham soldiers who remained behind the fort hurriedly closed the gate. But the Asvarre soldiers who were ambushed by the side raided. Although the number of Asvarre soldiers was not large, they were enough to suppress the city gate until our army arrived.

In this way, the Asvarre army completely suppressed the city gate, and at this time a cry of surrender came from the darkness.
Although Hamish ordered the soldiers to stop the attack, the excitement and frenzy caused by the fighting, coupled with the darkness, made it difficult to control the soldiers' actions. After another thirty minutes, the sound of swords intersecting finally subsided completely.

The Barham soldiers laid down their weapons one after another and assembled in the atrium in accordance with the instructions of the Asvarre Army. Hamish told the Barham soldiers that they could be spared.

"But in the next battle, you must confront the enemy on the front line. Recover the reputation that was smashed by the mutiny."

After speaking, Hamish ordered his men to treat the wounded and bury the dead. The Asvarre Army also suffered casualties, and soldiers buried their fellow soldiers on the road near the fortress.

After giving these instructions, Hamish and Tigre rendezvous.

"It's a wonderful strategy, Lord Tigrevurmud."

"No, Lord Hamish commanded well."

Tigre didn't say this because of humility. Without Hamish as the commander, it is hard to say whether his strategy will succeed. The most important thing is to let the city gate open. Just spreading the news of Duris's army coming, Kenneth would definitely suspect that the news was false, but would stick to the fortress even more. Besides, as long as someone in the Barham Army recognizes Lester's handwriting, Tigre's plan will be dismantled.

Therefore, Tigre deliberately used this tricky tactic, aggressively attacked on the first day, and then threw the letter into the city to make Kenneth suspicious, so as to induce him to attack. Everything went as planned, it can be said to be lucky.

"It's not just a strategy." Hamish shook his head and said,

"Your strangely shaped bow...not only allows the arrow to fly more than 250 arcs, it can also accurately hit the target. I finally understand why. Your Highness said you are a terrible archer."
Hamish said intermittently to the end, reaching out to Tigre. Tigre smiled bitterly and shook his hand back.

In this way, Barham Fortress was included in Elliot's sphere of influence.

Among the soldiers guarding the Barham Fortress, fewer than a hundred died. Including those with minor injuries, there are about 900 soldiers who can continue fighting. On the other hand, the Asvarre Army killed about fifty people.

"What about Duris? Or Rad?"

Hamish said after dawn, standing on the wall and looking at the distant scenery. He has sent someone to inform Elliot of the successful takedown of the fortress. Then, until Elliot himself came here, or ordered someone to issue new orders, the Asvarre army only had to stay in the fortress. The food and grass in the fortress are quite sufficient, so there is no need to worry too much.

Tigre, who was standing next to him, took the opportunity to ask what he had been caring about.

"His Excellency Hamish, do you think Prince Elliot and Princess Guinevere can work together?"

Before Tigre could finish his words, Hamish's face looked ugly.

"If you ask a question that shouldn't be asked, I apologize."

Isn't it right? Tigre apologized quickly, but Hamish shook his head.

"That's not the case. But please don't ask this question in front of the hall. Although you can't say it out loud, it's hard to say that the relationship between the two Highnesses can be harmonious."

Tigre's face was covered with a haze. Elliot hates the eldest son so much, and maybe she doesn't like Guinevere, who is the eldest daughter. He changed the question:
"Your Excellency Hamish, what do you think Prince Elliot will do next?"

"Rather than waiting for the time to come, Your Royal Highness will take the initiative to break the situation. I think he should attack Lester. It's a priority."

Being hostile to Guinevere is tantamount to being hostile to the Brune army. As for Lester, no matter how strong he is, he is still easier to deal with than the Brune army. Besides, as long as the Port of Durres is taken back, Elliot will be able to isolate the Brune army on Asvarre Island. Although there should be no way to simply seal the Brune army, it can still make the opponent think that way and create opportunities for negotiation.

That being the case, the next question is how to win Duris.

"Although this question is very strange..."

Hamish started with this, and asked cautiously:

"Have you ever heard of sea dragons in Duris’ port?"

"That's not a rumor."

Tigre shook his head. He has seen one with his own eyes. Jermaine's five warships resisted and were sunk by the sea dragon in just a few seconds.

"So, going south from here to attack Duris should be the most appropriate way. No, it should be said that there is no other way..."

The two discussed how to act in the future, and finally made the conclusion that "Everything depends on Elliot's idea." they smiled at each other's conclusion.

At this moment Raffinac also came, and the three chatted. Since the wounded soldiers have been treated and the dead are buried, there is time to talk and laugh.

"I have always wanted to know, why do the Asvarre people like to eat eels so much?"

Raffinac asked, and Hamish replied with his sturdy neck tilted,
"I think it’s because it’s easy to capture? Don’t the Brunes also like grapes?"

It’s hard to be sure that Hamish is serious.

“I’m kidding.”

The relaxed atmosphere was over before noon. As a precaution, one of the scouts sent to various places returned to the fortress and reported:

"The Lester Army is approaching here from the south. The number is about five hundred... and Lester himself are here!"

Tigre, Raffinac and Hamish looked at each other.

The fortress was built in the valley, even if it climbed onto the wall, there is still no Duris army in sight. But if there are as many as five hundred, the scouts cannot be mistaken.

"Why Lester came here..."

Hamish groaned, and Tigre said his own speculation:

"Maybe I heard that the Barham Fortress intends to submit to him, so come and see the situation. I always think he’s a man with strong mobility... No wonder he brought only five hundred people."

Lester has about two thousand troops. It is not unreasonable to leave one thousand and five hundred people in Duris' defense and bring the remaining five hundred people over. Maybe Lester actually cares about not having enough troops.

—*In this way, you won't be able to return to Ovisgat.*

Tigre sighed softly. Since the enemy is coming here, he cannot leave this fortress. That said, but the fortress now has more than two thousand soldiers and its morale is high. And the Barham soldiers who surrendered should also fight to restore their reputation.

"...This may be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity."

Hamish thought for a while, then said suddenly.

"If we can defeat Lester here, we can directly take back Duris."
There was a light of war in Hamish's eyes. There was a sense of anxiety in Tigre's heart, but because he didn't know Lester, it was difficult to oppose Hamish's decision. Besides, they couldn't leave the fortress anyway. Only cautiously corresponding, Tigre and Raffinac looked at each other and nodded to each other.

Near noon, the Duris army appeared from the south of the Barham Fortress. As the scout said, there were about five hundred people. It was a combination of knights and infantry. Everyone had different equipment, and there was no sense of unity. Even if it is a group of robbers and bandits, those who don't know it might believe it.

Tigre stood on the wall, staring at the Duris Army in a daze. Then, his eyes rested on a man riding a horse, his expression tense.

The man is about thirty-five years old, of medium build and bald. Just looking at his appearance, he wouldn't think he was threatening, but the smile on his face was very dangerous, and his whole body exuded crazy breath.

"That guy, who is he..."

Tigre could not help groaning with cold sweat on his head. Because he is a fierce fighter? Raffinac and Hamish on the side turned pale, and they might have felt fear from the man.

At this moment, Hamish got up and took up the longbow.

"He is Lester. I didn't expect him to be here..."

Hamish ordered the soldiers to open the city gate, and Barham soldiers filed out. The total is about three hundred. Depending on the number of enemy troops, this force is enough to fight them.

—is it really okay?

Seeing Lester, who was riding leisurely on his horse, uneasy feelings rolled in Tigre's chest. Lester's attitude is not like a knight on the battlefield, there may be some traps.
Hamish raised his longbow, hit the arrow, and tightened the bowstring. At this moment, Lester suddenly raised his head to look at Tigre and others. See the twisted smile on his face. Tigre's hair stood upright.

"Raffinac, get down!"

While Tigre warned his subordinates, he pounced on Hamish. The moment the arrow left Hamish, he threw him to the ground. In the next instant, an object flew over the two heads at an astonishing speed.

It is a stone as big as a child's fist. I saw the stone flying over the city wall, drawing a curve in the air, and falling into the vestibule of the fortress. Tigre, Raffinac, and Hamish were frightened. If Tigre hadn't threw down Hamish just now, the rock would have broken Hamish's head.

"How could it be...?"

Hamish groaned. The walls of this fortress are eighty cuts high (about eight meters). No matter how strong the arm is, just throwing a stone on the wall is already the limit. Even if the stone is successfully thrown on the city wall, the stone must be exhausted.

However, the stone flying towards Hamish was fast and fierce.

Tigre was hidden behind the city wall and probed carefully. I saw Lester playing with the stones in his hands and looking here triumphantly.

—*Yes, he lost it.*

When he fell on Hamish, Tigre saw it. Lester threw the stones with no effort. The stone smashed Hamish's arrow first, and then flew toward Hamish's face with unstoppable momentum.

—*That's not an archer at all.*

Tigre gasped. Lester threw stones at a speed much faster than his own arrows. Unless you shoot an arrow at a far distance, you must be killed first.
Suddenly, the wild beast howl shook the atmosphere. It was Lester's roar. I saw Lester galloping on his horse, holding wooden sticks with many knots on it, entangled in chains, and rushed towards the Barham Army.

Lester approached Barham's army while throwing stones. Two Barham soldiers were stained with blood and fell to the ground. Then, Lester jumped into the Barham Army.

In the next instant, blood spurted from where Lester was. It was a one-sided killing, a ruthless ravaged.

Whenever Lester waved a stick, the Barham soldiers would fall to the ground one after another. The person who was hit by his stick was either crushed to his skull with his helmet or his body crushed with his armor. Although someone tried to counterattack, no matter the sword or the spear, they were all shattered by Lester's wooden stick, and he couldn't even touch him with a single hair.

The Duris army led by Lester also followed with a fierce attack. The victory or defeat was decided in a blink of an eye, and Barham's soldiers were crushed. Seeing that their legs were weak, they dropped their weapons, cried loudly, and fled.

Tigre and Hamish matched each other's breathing, and at the same time they got up and quickly shot arrows at Lester, but to no avail. While Lester was chasing the fleeing Barham soldiers, he didn't even look at the top of the city wall. With a wave of his hand, he shot the arrows shot by the two.

The total number of three hundred Barham soldiers was annihilated by Lester alone rather than by the Duris army. Although there were some brave people who surrounded Lester and rushed towards him. But Lester's sticks were faster, and the ones who fell to the ground were all Barham soldiers.

—What the hell is that guy?

Tigre didn't know what to do. Can only hold the black bow and stand stupidly in place.
At this moment, a sound of horseshoes came from far away. Upon closer inspection, the Black Dragon Banner appeared from the eastern grassland with strong wind. It's Zhcted. The total number is about four or five hundred people.

The one who took the lead was Ludmila Lourie, "The Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave".

—Have they defeated the pirates!

Tigre was surprised, but at the same time he was delighted that Mila was so worried about herself.

"A Vanadis? She really came."

Lester looked at Mila and laughed. Mila on the other side looked at Lavias in her hand with a surprised expression, as if something had changed in her dragon gear.

Lester roared and rushed towards Mila. The horse under the crotch seemed to have been infected with Lester's madness, galloping frantically, and forced it in front of Mila. Mila suppressed her anxiety, raised her weapon and gritted her teeth. Tigre couldn't help shooting an arrow at Lester.

There was a harsh metal crash. Mila's Lavias then attacked Lester's chain-wrapped stick. But her horse could not withstand the impact, fractured her leg bone, lost her balance, and fell to the ground. Mila jumped aside before the horse fell to the ground.

Mila landed, looking up at Lester, her blue eyes shuddering and confused, her expression very nervous.

"... Then I understand."

Lester seemed to be satisfied with the fight just now, and turned his horse's head. Although his subordinates were still fighting the Barham soldiers, he didn't give any instructions. The road headed south. Mila looked at Lester's back blankly, standing still.

Tigre also looked at Lester's back with an expression of unspeakable anxiety. When Mila faced Lester, Tigre shot an arrow at Lester's head.
However, the mortal arrow was thrown to the ground by Lester casually raised his left hand and waved it.

Until this time, the Duris Army finally found the commander who disappeared. Despite their superiority, they turned around and fled once they were spotted. The Zhcteds came forward and pursued, and the commander seemed to be Goruin.

Mila still stood there dumbfounded.

"Mila!" Tigre yelled, and rushed down the wall, through the gate, and hurried to Mila. Seeing the sweetheart running profusely and panting, Mila finally regained her energy.

"Tigre, are you okay? By the way, this is the Barham Fortress? You did a good job?"

She praised her sweetheart's merits without hesitation, but Tigre looked at her seriously and asked:

"Compared to this, what's the matter just now?"

Tigre did not miss any changes in Mila's expression. Mila was speechless for a moment, and then whispered at a volume that only Tigre could hear, "Lavias became weird when he stood in front of the man..."

Mila's voice trembling. For her, this is something she has never experienced before and is directly connected to fear.

"Suddenly it became an ordinary spear...it didn't return to its original state until the man left. And Lavias didn't know why..."

Tigre listened, and gently hugged Mila's shoulders like cheering. From the explanation just now, Tigre could not understand the reason. In that case, there is only this he can do. The battle was over, and the Duris army unilaterally defeated and fled.

—*What is that guy? What is his purpose...?*

He suddenly appeared and left after making a lot of noise. Tigre can't understand his intentions. Tigre only knew that it was absolutely impossible for Lester to retreat because he discovered
that the fortress that should have become his own power fell into
the hands of the enemy.

Raffinac and Hamish also rushed over, and the four of them
confirmed the status quo. There were more than fifty Barham
soldiers killed in the battle. Other than that, there were no serious
problems. The other soldiers said that Lester was terrible and
didn't want to fight him. Tigre and Hamish could only nod their
heads in agreement with their plea.

After about thirty minutes, Tigre asked Mila who had finally
recovered her composure:

"Why are you here?"

"I persuaded Elliot."

Mila was okay with a volume that Hamish could not hear.
Apparently:

"I told him that if fighting broke out in Barham, maybe
someone would take the opportunity to take advantage of the
fishermen. On the other hand, Sofy would have to stay and guard
Ovisgat."

Sofy is in Ovisgat. They seemed to have something to deal
with, so he readily agreed to it. But Mila owed her favors after all
and had to pay her back one day.

"Thanks to you, we can be saved."

If you hadn't come, I might have died long ago-Tigre
suppressed this sentence and smiled at Mila.

†

Tigre and others guarded the Barham Fortress from the enemy.

Roland, the commander of the Brune Army, was standing at
the pier in the port of Lad, quietly looking at the shining sea water
bathed in the noon sun. He was completely clothed in black,
wearing black armor, and carrying the sword Durandal on his back. The outfit looked very stuffy, but I looked as if nothing had happened and seemed to be thinking about something.

About a month ago, he was summoned to the capital, Nice, and received an order from King Faron that surprised him—to assist Princess Guinevere ascend to the throne of Asvarre.

Asvarre is different from Brune in that women can also become kings. Guinevere is the daughter of Zechariah and the eldest daughter, so there is no problem with her qualifications.

"I will do my best to fulfill your majesty's instructions."

Roland suppressed the dissatisfaction in his heart and said.

—Is it to offset the failure of the attack on Muozinel?

Prepared an army of more than 20,000, formed an alliance with Zhcted, and asked Zhcted to send 10,000 soldiers, plus the dragon that can be said to be the trump card. Such a large-scale war of aggression failed due to several reasons. The Brunes could not even join the Zhcteds, and they could only retreat.

Needless to say, the commander Duke Thenardier, the majesty of King Faron who agreed to this expedition was of course greatly damaged. The king was supposed to restore his prestige, so he agreed to help Guinevere.

Roland originally thought so, but then he was summoned by the king again and heard the real reason.

The ostensible reason for this expedition was "by assisting Guinevere to ascend the throne, to strengthen Brune's influence in Asvarre". In this regard, it is no different from Zhcted who helped Elliot ascend to the throne. However, King Faron had another reason.

"I heard that the merchants of Asvarre often visit the Duke Ganelon's mansion."

"You mean, did the Duke have affairs with Asvarre?"

"No."
King Faron shook his head and said, "Duke Ganelon. He is a wise man. Even if he incites others to do that kind of thing, he will not go down to play with fire himself. At most it is someone who uses Asvarre. That's why I want to ask you."

"Intervene in civil strife?"

Roland asked briefly. King Faron nodded.

"This civil strife took place in the northern country in Brune. Logically speaking, the preparation should be centered on the Duke of Ganelon in the north. But this time, I want to appoint you as the commander to test the Duke of Ganelon's reaction."

"I made to test it?"

"no, I will give this job to the Duke of Thenardier. He will try to do it."

I see. Roland understood. As we all know, the relationship between the Duke of Thenardier and the Duke of Ganelon is very bad. As long as the king acquiesced, Thenardier will desperately find out Ganelon's plans.

As far as Roland is concerned, although his mentality is very negative, he also agrees to do so. Ganelon and Thenardier also looked down on the king, and letting the two bite each other was something Roland could not ask for. Although Brune's national power may temporarily weaken because of this, as long as he works harder, there is no problem.

"There is..."

King Faron continued with a smile. It seems there are other reasons. Roland listened carefully to the king's words.

"You haven't seen the sea yet?"

"...Yes."

Roland answered after a pause.

"Go see what it looks like. It must be helpful to you."
A month after that, King Faron and Duke Ganelon began to form a fleet to prepare for the dispatch of troops. The Brune army has about 4,000 men. Among them, the Knights of Navarre, although there are only 500 men, are exceptional troops in terms of fighting will and strength.

—**However, it is difficult to say whether or not it can be used in this situation.**

First of all, there is no horse. Including spare horses, only fifty horses can be used to ship. Most knights can only march and fight on foot.

The second point was that during the voyage of just a few days, Roland found that the hull was shaking more than he thought.

For a knight accustomed to riding, shaking is no big deal. But this refers to not getting seasick. Whether or not you can fight with swords on the ship is another matter.

Roland found out after inquiring that when he was on board, the Asvarre army was fighting with a crossbow or longbow. This is indeed a good way. Although the hull will still be approached in the end, close combat on the ship, but that is the last part.

—**What if the sea is not the battlefield?**

If they were on land that would not shake, Brune's knights would be able to fight with their original strength.

Kelchester, the capital where King Zacharias was located, or the mainland territory where Jermaine was located, were not floating on the sea. Just think of the ocean as a passing place.

—**However, no matter how much I think about it, the decision rests with Princess Guinevere.**

At the thought of this, Roland felt a headache and felt empty.

Since taking this Rade Harbor as a base, Guinevere no longer moves. According to Olivier, a close friend and deputy head of the regiment, "She has been writing to nearby princes and nobles, asking them to turn to her side, or to collect information from various places. It feels very busy."
She doesn't seem to be indifferent to Lester's brutality.

Although Roland tried not to think about Lester, he still felt quite annoyed. Lester is the type that Roland hates most. Thinking of the kind of people who abuse the people every day in a place that is only a day away from here, but he can only stand still here... Roland shook his head and swept these thoughts into the corner of his consciousness.

The enemy is not only Jermaine and Lester, but also Zhcted and Elliot. Before taking action, you must really consolidate your own power. Although I can understand this, I still feel tired because I have to wait until I am old.

Many knights and soldiers use swimming or go to the tavern to relax, but Roland is not good at doing those things. The reason for standing on the beach like this is on the one hand based on the sense of responsibility as the commander, and also easy to think, and on the other hand, based on a secret that even King Faron does not know.

—After the sun goes down, I'll go to Princess Guinevere and ask her about her vision for the future.

Just as Roland planned to do this, several ships appeared offshore.

Take a closer look, one of the ships is smoking, and there are also flames from time to time.

The pirate ship is coming.

Roland's actions were quite rapid. Or it should be said that fortunately, someone else happened to be in the port.

He took a handful of his men and boarded a ship in the port, and ordered the crew to move on to the pirate ship. The oarsmen were of course embarrassed, but after seeing the few gold coins that Roland had taken out without changing his face, they nodded.
The ship Roland boarded was moving straight toward the pirate ship. There were two pirate ships, which were sandwiching the trading ship on the left and right, making it immobile. The pirates took the opportunity to climb onto the trading ship from the side of the ship.

—*There are nearly twenty Brune warships moored in the port, and it is just past noon. Why only two ships came?*

Using rational thinking as a soldier, Roland came to the conclusion that "the other party is deliberately provoking and testing our reaction." They probably want to know how fast the Brune army can respond and what countermeasures they will use.

—*It seems that they have confidence in their escape speed. However, I will not let you escape.*

He wants to completely destroy these two ships and let them know how powerful his forces are.

Of course the pirates found Roland's ship approaching. But after seeing less than ten people on the boat, he laughed loudly and launched an attack.

"Okay, what should I do next?"

Roland wondered how to move to the pirate ship. Perhaps it was thought that the trading ship had lost the strength to escape. The two pirate ships changed their targets, and then doubled Roland's ship left and right, hung a vertical ladder toward the ship's side, or hooked the ship's side with a claw rope.

"Thanks, I saved a lot of things."

Roland held the sword of invincibility (Durandal) tightly, feeling that the blood in his body was boiling. He has been bored for too long. Even if he was regarded as a militant because of this, there was no alternative.

"You deal with the guy from the left, I'll take on the one on the right."
Hearing Roland's words, the knights laughed bitterly. Although Roland planned to single out dozens of pirates, it would be too brave, but no one planned to advise him like this.

Roland swung his big sword on the starboard side, cutting off the rope tied to the anchor one after another. The pirates who were about to climb the rope to this side of the ship yelled with anger.

A pirate threw a hatchet at Roland. Roland leaned forward, avoiding the hatchet, and then jumped onto the straight ladder. While cutting over the pirate who was climbing the ladder, he rushed towards the pirate ship. When the pirates sprayed blood and hit the surface of the sea, Roland was already on the deck of the pirate ship.

"Oh, it seems a bit okay."

The pirates showed fierce smiles, holding a machete or hatchet, and a club in their hands, surrounding Roland. Although I have seen Roland's powerful swordsmanship, he still seems to think that there are too many enemies to fear.

Roland glanced around silently.

—More than thirty people. The commander is...

Roland observed the expression and physique of the pirate, found out the commander of the ship, kicked it, and jumped towards that person. The long and large sword cut through the sea breeze, and a head dragged a bloody tail, flying in the air. Let alone counterattack, the Black Knight didn't even give the opponent time to react.

With the heavy sound, the head rolled on the deck. The pirates were frightened and angry, and roared at Roland. At this time, the black knight has adjusted his center of gravity and stabilized. He swung his big sword horizontally from left to right, and the three pirates with half of their faces or arms missing, fell on the deck with blood splashing. The other pirates gasped and stopped subconsciously, with a look of horror on their faces.
Roland took the opportunity to move forward and swung his sword from right to left. The red deck was stained with blood, and a little blood blossomed on the mast.

"If it is this level of shaking, it won't be a problem."

In less than ten seconds, ten pirates became bloody flesh. Half of the remaining pirates began to tremble, and the other half attacked Roland in desperation.

Roland dodges to avoid the attack of the club, rushing towards a pirate, hitting the opponent's face with an iron fist, grabbing the back of the neck when the pirate was beaten and throwing it at the other pirates. Then he bounced the machete from the side with his big sword and knocked the opponent down with his backhand. A pirate took the opportunity to throw a fishing net at Roland. The fishing net covered Roland's body face-to-face, blocking his movements.

The pirates cheered loudly. Roland twisted his body in the fishing net, but this level of struggle could not get rid of the fishing net. The pirates once again surrounded Roland.

At this moment, the roar full of momentum, and the sound of the armor pressing hard on the deck, stung their eardrums.

When Roland was covered by a fishing net, he held the big sword at his waist and rushed towards the pirate in front. The action that seemed to be struggling just now was actually adjusting the posture. Durandal's blade pierced the fishing net without hindrance, pierced the pirate's abdomen, and penetrated from the back.

Roland rotated his body and drew the big sword diagonally from the pirate. The pirate fell to the ground, and the other pirates looked at the black knight with pale faces and could not make any sound. For them, Roland has become a humanoid nightmare.

Roland grabbed the hole, cut the fishing net with Durandal, and walked out. Having regained his freedom, he looked at the pirates who were still alive, and said briefly:
"Go down."

He didn't say so based on compassion. There is also a pirate ship, you can't waste all your time here. The pirates looked at each other in confusion, and after one or two of them climbed over the ship's side and jumped into the sea, all the rest jumped into the sea eagerly.

In a blink of an eye, the deck became extremely empty. After confirming that there was no one on board, Roland turned and looked at the other pirate ship. The pirates who met his eyes began to tremble.

Roland ran up the ladder and returned to his ship, rushing to the pirate ship on the other side unabated. The knights who were confronting the pirates cheered loudly, and the pirates shouted.

—*The number of people here is similar. These are all the pirates.*

Since he came to rob, he must have come out in full force.

At this moment, several arrows or crossbow arrows flew towards this side. The knights raised their shields, and Roland blocked the attack with Durandal.

"Retreat! Take back the ladder!"

A pirate shouted, and they seemed to finally understand that they could no longer fight. Unfortunately, it was too late. I saw Roland jump on the ladder closest to him and ran towards the pirate ship. A particularly burly pirate, swinging an axe in both hands, cut off the ladder forcefully. With the cracking sound, the ladder on one side broke. But Roland a moment earlier, jumped up from the ladder.

Roland swung the big sword condescendingly, cutting the pirate holding the axe in half from head to belly. Blood spurted out like a burst, splashing on Roland's face and armor. The corpse grumbled and fell backward.

Roland drew the big sword from the corpse and looked at the rest of the pirates. The three pirates standing in the front dropped
their weapons, their legs softened, and knelt on the deck, begging for mercy.

Roland said coldly,

"I want to hand you over to Rade. The people you begged for were the citizens there."

"Wait, wait...! They will definitely not let us go! They will all put us to death. Yes!"

"Evil is rewarded, isn't it?"

At this moment, Roland felt that someone was looking at him. Not the knight under his men, but the sight shot from the sea.

Roland turned his head and found that Guinevere was riding a boat, looking up here. There was no fear or disgust on her face. Instead, her eyes shone like a child fascinated by the legend of the knight.

"She really is a princess who is full of blood."

Roland couldn't help frowning. He had just ordered a dozen pirates to jump off the ship. Although it is said that there is not only Guinevere on the boat, but also two males, the oarsman and Will, nicknamed "Red Mist". Nevertheless, it is too dangerous. He looked back at the knights, with gestures and eyes, he asked them to protect the princess.

The pirates on the ship suddenly roared and rushed towards Roland. If handed over to Rad, there is only one dead end. In this case, it is better to bet on whether you can escape.

Roland carried the blood-stained Durandal and turned to look at the pirate. The big sword brought a strong wind, and in a blink of an eye, three pirates fell in a pool of blood. After Roland killed five more people, the rest of the pirates all lost their fighting spirit, threw down their weapons, turned and jumped into the sea. Not good! Roland shouted in his heart.

He ran to the side of the ship, leaned out and looked down. Sure enough, the pirates who discovered the existence of Guinevere
began to swim towards her boat. She should be taken hostage to escape.

"It's really going to cause people trouble..."

Roland mumbled, and shouted at the knights:

"Get down the boat! Quick!"

With Roland's personality, he couldn't sit back and watch Guinevere being attacked. And in terms of strategy, Brune would be very troubled if something happened to Guinevere.

The knights hurriedly put their boats and the dinghy on the pirate ship into the sea. Roland stepped on the side of the boat and jumped directly into the boat. A huge column of water splashed on the sea. The boat shook more than expected, and Roland reflexively lowered his center of gravity.

—The level of shaking is unmatched by rivers or lakes.

Roland's face was slightly nervous. This is of course, because he has not rowed a boat at sea. But now there is no time to hesitate. Roland looked up at his boat and asked the knights to bring the oars. As soon as he caught the dropped oar, he immediately began to paddle.

When they saw Roland's figure, the pirates who fell into the sea immediately swam away in panic. Roland didn't even look at them, and walked straight toward Guinevere.

Guinevere's boat is surrounded by pirates, and Will is desperately swinging his sword to repel them.

Will's victories is quite strong. Although his knees are on the bottom of the boat and his posture is very unstable, he can still sink a pirate into the sea with a single sword. The surrounding area of the boat is stained red with pirate blood. But after all he was getting older, and soon after, Will began to gasp.

Just when Roland was only about thirty arcs (about thirty meters) away from Guinevere's boat, Roland suddenly felt something was wrong, and looked down at his feet, widening his eyes.
Sea water is pouring in from the bottom of the ship. I don't know if I hit the bottom of the ship when I jumped down, or there was a hole in the bottom of the ship. Roland became nervous, gritted his teeth and rowed desperately. Nevertheless, the speed of advance of the small boat infused with seawater has become very slow.

When there were only ten years away from Guinevere and the others, Roland's boat had already sunk halfway into the water. Roland let out a big breath and dropped the paddle.

Wearing full armor and carrying Durandal, there should be no way to jump onto Guinevere's boat at this distance. And the other party was busy fighting off the pirates, and had no time to row the boat over.

Roland's decision was simple and clear. He backed two or three steps backwards, using this distance as a run-up, using the bow as a springboard, swinging a big sword, and slashing towards the pirate who was about to climb onto the Guinevere boat. The pirate was unavoidable, and a deep and long wound was cut out on the back of his head and the entire back. After a short cry, he sank into the sea.

Roland also splashed a lot of water and fell into the sea.

Roland's face wrinkled in the dark and cold water.

—No, it will sink...

Since childhood, Roland was not good at swimming. No matter what, his body just can't float on the water. No matter how hard you stroke your hands and feet, you just can't move forward. Only Olivier knew about this. Even King Faron didn't know this secret. One of the reasons why Roland looked at the sea every day was to overcome his fear of water.

Because Roland can change his breath, if it is a stream shallow enough to stand on his legs, he doesn't have to worry about sinking
to the bottom. Moreover, there are many flat grasslands in Brune. When crossing the river, you can ride a horse or hold a horse to move forward without worrying about this secret being exposed. Besides, he does not have to fight on rivers or lakes.

So far, Roland has challenged countless swims, but he has always been unable to swim well. Even Olivier, who helped him practice, didn't know how to help him.

—I thought that as long as I didn't get off the ship, I would be fine.

Thanks to his usual diligent exercise, Roland's lung capacity is quite large, and his current Qi is still long enough. Most importantly, he did not lose his calmness. Roland held Durandal with his left hand, and carefully unbuckled the armor with his right hand.

—Even if I become food for fish and shrimp, I can't hurt the sword that your Majesty lent me. But what should be done?

The armor with all the buckles untied sank silently to the bottom of the sea. The same goes for metal handguards.

However, Roland’s body did not float upwards, even sinking gradually. And he was almost out of breath.

—I have to hold on. As long as I don't surface, the knights will come to me.

Don't panic. Roland told himself so. He closed his eyes and waited quietly for rescue.

He was unsure how long it took. It felt more than twenty seconds, or actually less than fifteen seconds. Unlike standing on the ground, he cannot correctly grasp the passage of time. Or is it because he was too nervous and fell into panic?

The consciousness is gradually blurred, and perhaps the rescue cannot catch up.

—Olivier, please.

Roland pleaded with his best friend in his heart.
At least to pick up this Durandal. You must protect the sword...

At this moment, Roland's skin felt the flow of water. Has anyone come to save yourself?

The golden light penetrated into the eyes from the closed eyelids, and something was against the back. Someone seemed to hug himself tightly from behind.

What is shining? Roland opened his eyes curiously and saw a chain glowing golden light. Have you been delirious enough to see hallucinations? In that case, he does feel entangled in chains.

The body is pulled up. Roland thought vaguely, his consciousness gradually disappearing.

†

When Roland woke up, he was already lying in bed. The dim ceiling was familiar, and the yellow light from the oil lamp hanging from the ceiling was shaking slightly.

The forehead is hot and the body is very tired. And the right half of the body also has a wonderful sense of weight and softness.

Roland turned his neck and looked to the right. A woman with long black hair is cuddling herself onto him. The unexpected situation surprised him, and he twisted his body subconsciously. The female seemed to wake up because of his actions, slightly opened her eyes, raised her head in Roland's direction, and met Roland's gaze.

"Are you awake? Lord Roland."

Roland finally found that the female name was Guinevere.

"His Royal Highness Guinevere? You, what are you doing?"

Roland tremblingly asked. Known as the loyal and brave black knight, he was as embarrassed as a young boy. The body and head were hot and it was hard to understand what was going on.

"What?"
Guinevere got up, her long black hair covering her white skin. She was only wearing thin underwear, although she was not naked, but it was no different from being naked.

"I'm helping you keep warm. This is one of the ways that the fisherman of Asvarre Island can save his life when he falls into the sea and catches a cold."

"Lost in the sea..."

Hearing these words, Roland finally remembered what happened before passing out.

"Did Her Royal Highness Guinevere saved me?"

"Yes. Because you refused to let go of the sword, it made me very hard to save."

Guinevere said while looking at the wall. Roland followed her sight and saw Durandal standing by the wall. He was moved again and let out a sigh of relief.

After recovering his calm, Roland looked down at his body. His upper body was naked and he was wearing only a pair of pants. Roland pulled the blanket by her feet, turned her face away, and stuffed the blanket to Guinevere.

"Thank you Lord Guinevere for your rescue. But why did you do such a mess of jumping into the sea? And this, this..."

The reason why he didn't go on was because he couldn't explain the current situation properly. He was not a person who could speak good words, and he had no literary talent at all.

"For you, doing this kind of thing, that shouldn't be so good..."

Roland said with an expression on his face. Unexpectedly, that appearance stimulated Guinevere's self-esteem.

"—Your Excellency Roland."

A cold voice. Roland turned his head reflexively and found that Guinevere, who was covering her body with a blanket, was staring at herself sullenly.
"I always thought that you could understand my situation. But it seems to be my wishful thinking."

"...What does this mean?"

Roland frowned. He could not understand why Guinevere was angry. Guinevere's eyes shone brightly like lightning.

"I don't even have a bit of force in my hand. If I want to win this throne battle, I can only rely on Brune. If something happens to you as the commander, the Brune army will probably withdraw directly, or action to stop it even possible to change the object of cooperation, think of me as a bargaining chip in political deals, no longer bother me. If you'll be gone, it's tantamount to death. For this reason bet on the life and dignity, what is wrong with you!"

After thinking about this, Roland finally woke up. Even if he doesn't understand politics anymore, he understands what Guinevere wants to express and the passion in her heart.

Of course, these are not necessarily all her true words, but they are certainly part of her true words. Roland straightened up, sat up straight, and bowed his head deeply to apologize to Guinevere. If it was someone he hated, even a nobleman, he would never bow his head. But he is not an unreasonable person.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door. Guinevere reflexively warned. Roland reached out to stop Guinevere, walked to the door, and opened the door slightly. It is Olivier, his best friend.

"You didn't die?"

When seeing Roland, Olivier smiled in relief. Roland also smiled and replied:

"Because that way of death is too ugly."

After speaking, Roland asked Olivier how long he was in a coma and what happened to the pirates.

"You slept all night. It's dawn outside now. We caught twelve or thirteen pirates, and the rest were escaped by them - and, they said, they are under Lester's."
Roland revealed. A nervous look. The other party must have come to test. However, it was more like a test of the strength of the Brune army than to test Guinevere.

"By the way, where is Princess Guinevere?"

Olivier lowered his voice and asked. Roland paused, thinking about how to answer.

"She just woke up, and I was being scolded by her."

"Oh, unlike her appearance, she is a hero of the female middle school."

Olivier deliberately widened his eyes exaggeratedly and smiled:

"You should already know. It was Her Royal Highness Guinevere who saved you. Not only did she jump into the sea herself, she also helped you keep warm."

Roland nodded. Olivier's voice said with a sarcasm:

"That's hard to handle."

What does this mean? Roland was about to ask a question, but Olivier had already continued:

"Is there anything needed? Ask your Highness by the way."

Roland turned his head helplessly, repeating Olivier's question to Guinevere

"Alternative clothes and black tea. Has your Lord Roland ever drank Asvarre's black tea?"

"I don't know anything about this."

Roland wanted to decline, but Guinevere clapped happily,

"Then I will make it for you. I am the first person to make black tea for the black knight to drink, ha ha."

"I'm honored..."
Roland bowed his head hard to thank. He relayed Guinevere's request to Olivier, and when his best friend left, he closed the door and looked at Guinevere again.

"Although it's up to the present time, has your Highness been injured?"

"Thanks to Lord Roland's protection, I didn't get any harm. So are Will and the oarsman."

"That's great."

Guinevere squinted

She raised her eyes and said with a chuckle: "By the way, I didn't expect the invincible Black Knight Lord to have the weakness of not being able to swim. It's really surprising."

"...have you discovered it?"

He was teased by his savior. Roland could only smile bitterly.

"I've never been good at swimming since I was a kid. Although there is nothing wrong with shallow rivers."

"While you are in Asvarre, May I teach you?"

"This is too shameful, please forgive me..."

Roland solemnly refused, and then looked at Guinevere with a serious expression:

"Your Royal Highness, thank you for saving me and letting me understand what you think. But I still ask you not to do anything like that again. As a knight of Brune, even if I want to repay you, there is a limit."

Guinevere showed dissatisfaction. She was about to speak, but Olivier just came back. He walked into the room, and when he saw Guinevere's expression, he knew it was time to complete the game.

"His Royal Highness, we knights are vulgar people, we don't understand the knowledge of nobles' words and words. And Roland has just woke up, his head is definitely not very clear, if he said
something unpleasant to you, it is all because of worry about you. That's why. Please be forgiving and don't care about him."

Guinevere pouted, looking at Olivier with suspicion.

"To say that I am a vulgar person is very articulate. No matter, I will not pursue this this time. Because Lord Roland has to work for me to help me ascend to the throne of Asvarre. I will go outside first. Go."

Guinevere changed her clothes and walked out of the room. As soon as the door closed, Olivier shrugged to Roland. Roland bowed his head to his best friend and said,

"I'm sorry, I made her angry again."

Although it is only a few days away from Brune, it is undoubtedly a foreign country. Considering that his words and deeds may affect the lives of the knights, he really should be more cautious when speaking.

"No, you are right."

Oliver smiled and shook his head.

"The captain must maintain correct thinking at all times, otherwise the knight below will feel uneasy. I heard other people say that the princess rushed into the battlefield in a small boat without a guard. She was the one who was reckless. If only your nagging can work..."

"Depending on the situation, go directly back to Brune?"

Roland confirmed what Olivier wanted to say. A light flashed in the eyes of the blond deputy head.

"Or put the princess in the room...Why don't you let her out until you capture Duris."

Roland frowned. This is indeed one of the methods, as long as you are worried about Guinevere's safety, you can do it violently. Brune only needs to concentrate on pursuing his interests. But Roland didn't want to do that, and he didn't think that King Faron would be willing to do that.
Although Guinevere said that she saved Roland for herself, even if that was true, she jumped into the sea on the battlefield and pulled up a drowning brawny like her, she should still admit her bravery.

"It's almost time to decide what action should be taken in the future..."

Olivier handed the pottery cup filled with water to Roland, and continued:

"While you were asleep, Zhcted's envoy also came. The messenger said,"

"Where are they now?"

"I heard that they are in the harbor town called Ovisgat, from here to the north. A place for a day's voyage. Although I got a base, I think it's difficult to capture Duris by myself. So I want to use us."

"If you refuse, you must be with Duris's Lester and Zhcted at the same time. Is the army an enemy?"

Roland pondered. He asked people in the Brune army who knew Sofy about her character and knew that she was not the kind of person who would abuse the people. He felt this way the last time he had a conversation with Sofy.

As for Lester, who occupied Duris, according to the return of the scouts sent by the Brune Army, since Lester occupied Duris, they have been doing the same thing as the bandits every day, and there has not been a day without bloodshed in the city.

Let's not discuss whether the cruel part is true, but Lester has indeed betrayed the original lord. Between Sofy and Lester, who is worthy of trust, speaks for itself.

"Olivier, if we must, and who together, I want to choose Zhcted."

"Is said. No one looked too Lester, and his cooperation, will only make enemies increases it."

Ovisgat Levy also agreed with Roland's opinion.
The fleet with the Black Dragon Banner of Zhcted appeared in the sea near Rad, just shortly after noon that day. After receiving the report, the Brune army quickly assembled at the dock.

Roland was wearing armor and carrying a sword. The knights also wear leather armor, holding a hatchet or short sword in their right hand, and a round shield in their left hand. As far as the current situation is concerned, the other party may launch a surprise attack, so you must not be careless.

Zhcted's fleet stayed offshore, with only one ship approaching the port. Although Roland did not relax his vigilance because of this, he frowned after seeing the two figures standing on the bow. One of them was Sofya Obertas who had met before, and the other was Tigrevermud Vorn.

Roland called Olivier and asked him to lift the alert.

"The red-haired young man was an archer who helped me in Muozinel. Although I don't know why he was in the Zhcted army, he should show up to show that Zhcted is not hostile."

After the ship into the territory, set up ladders between the ship and the pier. Tigre took Sofy's hand and walked down. The two handed the black bow and staff to the knight and came to Roland.

"It's been a long time, Lord Roland."

Tigre said with a smile. Roland's expression also relaxed.

"Every time we meet, it is in other countries. Before it was in the spring at Muozinel, this time in Asvarre. So to say, then you also act together with the Vanadis of Zhcted."

"I'm also surprised. I didn't expect to see you again so soon. If possible, I hope I can fight with the common enemy with you this time as well."
Hearing the answer from the young man, the black knight stared at his face. At first glance, it looks the same as in spring, but it can be felt that Tigre has grown a lot. There is no hostility in his eyes, and his attitude is very sincere.

"You can't just stand here and talk, go to a room with tables and chairs to talk. At least there is wine to drink."

"If it's Brune wine, I would drink it with pleasure,"

Sofy replied. Tigre smiled wryly.

"It's because Asvarre's wine is spicier. Beer or mead is good."

"Distilled wine is also good. If the talk goes well, I will introduce it to both of you to taste."

Roland said. Tigre and Sofy thanked him.

Roland and Oliver took Sofy and Tigre to the hotel near the port. There is a small team of knights guarding the hotel. On the one hand, it was to protect the two of Tigre, on the other hand, to prevent them from escaping.

Tigre and Sofy sat face to face with Roland across the oak table. Olivier poured wine into everyone's silver glasses.

"Excuse me again, what are you doing with us?" Roland asked.

"Speak straightforwardly--" Sofy looked directly at Roland.

"We hope that the Brune Army can cooperate with us to defeat the Duris Army together."

Roland frowned. The proposal itself is not bad. As long as the Zhcteds are willing to exert all their strength, the burden on the Brunels can be relatively reduced.

"Is this Prince Elliott's proposal? Or is it the idea of Lord Vanadis?"

Olivier confirmed. Sofy smiled and said:
"I proposed this idea, but Her Royal Highness Elliot also agreed."

"Let's listen to the specific content first."

"A few days ago, the Ovisgat army where our Zhcted's army is located. Ovisgat, was attacked by four pirate ships. The arrested pirates said they were under Lester."

Roland and Olivier were secretly surprised, but still nodded quietly.

"Those pirates said that they have another group of comrades preparing to attack Rade..."

"We were indeed attacked. But two ships came."

Sofy said while looking at Roland with tentative eyes. Roland replied honestly:

"That's it. Lester let the pirates in this area take orders from him, while investigating our situation, while rapidly expanding their power?"

"Yes. It's early to cut the grass and roots. This is my opinion."
Sofy nodded affirmatively.

"I already understand what you think. Is this why you want the two militaries to cooperate? There is nothing else?"

It can't be that way? Olivier asked. It was not Sofy who answered him, but Tigre. There was uncontrollable anger in the young man's eyes.

"Have you heard of what Lester did? The man not only tortured the people of Duris, but also attacked nearby towns and villages, taking the pirates as his men, and doing mischief."

"Of course we know. But... only because of Lester. It's a wicked person, so you think you have to fight him?"

Olivier asked, and Tigre was silent for a moment, and answered quietly.

"I can't say the details, but Zhcted also has Zhcted's ideas. Princess Guinevere should also have her ideas. Just, I want to ask her: "What are you doing to be on the throne? As long as you can be on the throne, you don't care if you allow Lester to behave like evil?"

Roland nodded. Olivier beside him was a little dumbfounded and moved. From Tigre's expression and words, we can feel that he is an honest person. If this young man only said those things because he didn't need to be responsible, it would be fine. Since he is a guest of Vanadis, to some extent, this speech is commendable.

"Justice must be enforced, good and evil must be enforced. Is the throne worthwhile?"

Olivier asked happily, and Tigre smiled bitterly:

"If you think I'm too arrogant, I apologize. Just say nice things. It's impossible to govern a territory by doing clean things. Just look at my father and my important people to understand this. But Zhcted is willing to understand that I don't want to spare that kind of man's thoughts."

Olivier's mouth turned into a sarcastic smile, but there was warmth in the eyes of the young man.
“Maybe Zhcted is just using your sense of justice grandiosely?”

“Maybe.”

Tigre nodded, closing his mouth as if he had finished saying what he had to say.

“That’s it. We understand. This matter must be decided by Her Royal Highness Guinevere, so I can’t say so please look forward to the good news. However, I am very happy to meet you.”

Oliver said this while thinking on how to persuade Guinevere.

Relying on his own strength to win, let the princes of Asvarre understand that he has the strength to be worthy of the throne. This is Guinevere's idea.

However, she must also let everyone know what kind of ruler she will become.

The only combat power that Guinevere could rely on was the Brune army. If she knew that the Brune Army had the willingness to cooperate with each other, she wouldn't have said "No".

"Your Excellency Tigrevurmud, can I ask you something?"

Roland said. The eyes of the black knight looked directly at Tigre.

"Why did you act with the Zhcteds?"

Although this matter has nothing to do with the topic, Olivier was also curious in his heart. Tigre was a little surprised, but he was still calm, and generously said:

"For some reason, I have been living in the Principality of Olmutz since this summer. I don't mean to borrow your majesty's prestige, but your majesty also Know this."

It was King Faron himself who ordered Tigre to go to Olmutz. But Tigre did not speak out. Because he didn't know to what extent Roland and others understood. And he thought that even if Roland and the others knew the truth afterwards, they shouldn't blame Tigre for not telling them earlier.
"While living in Olmutz, I fought against the Asvarre army that invaded the Duchy of Leitmeritz, and was invited to participate in this expedition."

"The one who captured His Highness Elliot in Leitmeritz was Your Excellency Tigrevurmud."

Sofy interjected. "Oh!" Roland exclaimed.

"Can Zhcted really admit your merits? Isn't that great?"

"It turned out that Lord Roland was right. I am really ashamed."

Tigre scratched his dark red hair, a little embarrassed. Roland had asked him before, "Do you plan to develop in other countries?" At that time, Tigre replied that because he loved his hometown and wanted to make meritorious services in Brune, he had no such plan.

"Nothing. Nobody knows about the future. I never thought that I would stand on the land of Asvarre one day. From what I said earlier, you chose to join this expedition, right? No problem."

"Thank you."

Tigre flushed with emotion, leaned out, and eagerly said:

"You’re Excellency Roland, although it is very cheeky to say that, but I hope I can stand by your side—"

"Olivier As I said just now, the person who made the decision was Her Royal Highness Guinevere, not me."

Roland interrupted Tigre. Then he asked apologetically,

"If I invite you to our side, will it bother you?"

After three seconds of silence, Tigre nodded slightly. Roland felt very regretful. In the Brune Army, this young man's archery was not properly evaluated, and he could not change this situation. Nevertheless, he still said nosy.

"Sorry, forget what I said just now."

"...No, I am very happy to be invited by Lord Roland."
Tigre shook his head and smiled.

†

Hearing the suggestion of the Zhcted forces, Guinevere showed obvious disgust.

"I don't want it."

Roland and Olivier looked at each other silently. Guinevere continued:

"If I and the Brune army take down Duris, not only will the second brother lose power, but other princes will also turn to cooperate with me. Didn't you say that before? Why? Until now..."

"Simply put, things have changed."

Olivier explained in a calm tone. Zhcted's army obtained the base of Orvisgat and took back the Barham Fortress from the betrayers, showing their presence to the princes. As for Lester, he actively expanded his influence by subduing the pirates.

Guinevere certainly understands these principles. Because she will personally collect information from all over the world. Olivier thought that she should be able to change her mind as long as she was given some time to adjust her mood.

At this moment, he handed over the explanation to Olivier, and Roland, who had been silent all the time, said:

"What does your Royal Highness Guinevere think about the people of Duris?"

The black knight's eyes shot sharply at Guinevere as if he was testing her aptitude.

"They are living a dire life because of the man named Lester."

"In order to restore the peace and tranquility of Duris as soon as possible, so should I cooperate with my second brother?"
"There are people in Elliot's camp like this. I think. And I agree with this kind of thinking."

Roland sullenly continued,

"I understand that you have your own considerations. If you decide to stand still based on those considerations, I can't say anything. After all, Asvarre is not mine. The country is your country. But——"

"I see."

Guinevere interrupted Roland, and sighed helplessly.

"I don't want to be regarded by you as someone who only wants to get the city of Duris, but does not care about the life and death of the people. But before cooperating, you must first confirm the second brother's thoughts. Although I don't want to see that face at all, but time is not Long words, I will bear it for the time being."

Guinevere tweeted, without concealing her disgust for her brother.

At this time, Elliott was staying in the Zhcted fleet staying off the coast of Rad. The reason why he did not stay in Orvisgat was because he was more secure with the Zhcted army.

When Sofy made a proposal to cooperate with the Brune Army, Elliot readily agreed. On the one hand, he was relieved a lot after mastering Orvisgart and Barham Fortress. Furthermore, he did feel the necessity of crusade against Lester as soon as possible. Otherwise, Asvarre Island will be devoured by Lester sooner or later.

That night, the envoys of the two armies rushed back and forth between the two camps. When the dawn fell on the deck of the Dragon Flame, the second prince of Asvarre and the princess met. This is the result of Guinevere's concession.
Elliott was followed by Tigre and Mila, Sofy, Guinevere was followed by Roland and Olivier, and Will.

Elliott looked at her sister arrogantly, while Guinevere looked at her brother with cold eyes.

"You really love to be nosy, Guinevere. If you obediently walk around the place related to the Knights of the Round Table, wouldn't it be okay?"

"Second brother is really... you have the face to continue to live in this world. Since you lost the battle tragically in Zhcted, I would think of you better had you committed suicide. And you still like gold so much, and you are tacky."

"I'm sorry to say so arrogantly. Obviously no one supports you at Home. I didn't have to cry and go to Brune for help."

"Those who survived by Zhcted's charity are not qualified to call me weak."

When the brother and sister met, they didn't even have to say a word of greetings, and they immediately began to talk. There was a quarrel. Tigre and Roland were dumbfounded as they exchanged their sighs, and had no way for them to intervene.

"His Royal Highness, the more you quarrel with Princess Guinevere, the happier Prince Jermaine will be."

"His Royal Highness, did you meet your brother specifically to do this kind of thing?"

Tigre and Roland persuaded Elliot and Guinevere respectively. Hearing what they said, the prince and princess had no choice but to stop confronting each other temporarily.

After a while, Guinevere spoke first. She looked at her second brother earnestly and asked,

"Can you let me listen to your vision for this country?"

"I have already thought about that kind of thing."

Elliot subconsciously played with the nut necklace around his neck.
"The current Asvarre is too heavy on the land people. I want to bring my focus back to the islanders to make the country a little more normal..."

Elliot could not say to the end. Guinevere showed a visibly disappointed expression.

"I'm so stupid to ask you this question. I originally thought that if you can get assistance from the Zhcteds, you might have a better answer."

"...otherwise what do you think?"

Elliot asked with an angry face. Guinevere raised her chest and said,

"A new country completely different from now."

Elliot snorted.

"It's like what you can say when you only know that you are dreaming. I don't know how you flatter Brune with your body. If you don't, you can really behave yourself."

Roland and Will frowned. Even my sister, saying this is too vicious. But Guinevere was indifferent, as if she had expected Elliot to say that.

"Whatever. I'm tired of looking at your face, hurry up and get to the point."

The people on both sides were secretly relieved by this sentence.

The alliance was quickly negotiated.

Both sides must send troops together to attack Duris. After occupying Duris, both parties have control. In short, that's it. During the negotiation, Elliot and Guinevere did not insist on their own opinions. The quarrel just now was just like fake.

Of course, the two have their own plans.

As far as Elliot is concerned, he intends to take the defeat of Lester and the occupation of Duris as a contribution to self-
propaganda to the princes of Asvarre. But if Guinevere did the same thing, the effect would be greatly reduced. Therefore, it becomes very important to form an alliance as soon as possible and capture Duris as soon as possible.

On the other hand, Guinevere's worry is that Rade is too close to Duris.

Depending on the circumstances, Lester might attack himself or the Brune army in order to expand his power. Although it is not the best way, after the alliance, Guinevere can throw half of the problem of fighting Lester to the Zhcteds.

Witnessed by the six fellow travelers, the alliance between Elliott and Guinevere was formally established. Regarding the content of the alliance, Zhcted and Brune had no opinion.

"I have something to ask you."

After the alliance was over, Guinevere was about to leave, but was stopped by Elliot. Guinevere turned around and nodded her head to urge her brother to speak quickly. Elliott hesitated for a moment, and asked,

"Do you have any confidence in the person who killed our younger siblings?"

Guinevere frowned and asked,

"Isn't it Brother Jermaine? You don't advocate this? Even now, I still think so. That guy can definitely do that kind of maddening thing. But, I have a question. Why does he want to keep you and me alive?"

Guinevere frowned slightly. She quickly understood what the second brother wanted to say.

If Jermaine kills his younger brother and sister for the throne, he should give priority to assassinating Elliot or Guinevere. It makes no sense to kill the younger brothers and sisters who are behind in the inheritance right.
If he was trying to plant something to Elliot, he should deal with it so that Elliot could not argue with him, instead of letting his younger brother and sister die.

In other words, the person who killed his younger siblings was to allow Jermaine and Elliot to fight each other for power, so that Asvarre fell into chaos. The reason Guinevere is okay is because Elliot has already started to take action, and Asvarre has been torn in half.

"I don't know. Even if I know, I won't tell you."

Guinevere shook her head. Although surprised, I think this explanation is reasonable.

"But. I'll be more careful to protect myself. You have to take care of yourself until you kill Jermaine brother."

"You only know how to play tricks. Don't be used by Brune to cause me trouble."

The siblings broke up back to back without looking back.

†

After the alliance is over, Roland invites Tigre to drink again. Tigre happily agreed, but Mila and Sofy solemnly declined. Drinking with Zhcted's people requires careful choice of topics. This is their caring.

"Don't overdrink," "Relax," Mila and Sofy said separately, watching Tigre leave with Roland and Olivier.

Roland and Olivier took Tigre to the flagship of the Brune fleet, "The Joy". In a way, this should be the safest place.

It is still early before noon. There are tables and chairs for three people on the deck. After Tigre and Olivier were seated, they introduced themselves again. The three then toasted with silver cups filled with wine produced in Brune.
"Celebrate our reunion and alliance, and the merits of His Excellency Tigrevurmud."

"There are many things that can be celebrated. It is a good thing."

While drinking wine, Tigre added a little bit of his own reason. The reason in Zhcted. There is no mention of the rape, only the visit of Alsace by King Faron. Tigre believes that if it is Roland and the deputy commander who is deeply trusted by Roland, it is fine to say these.

"Thank you Lord Roland for speaking to me before your majesty."

Tigre bowed his head to Roland. He can finally thank him for this.

"This is too shameful to be taken. Although it seems like an excuse to say this, I didn't mention your matter to Your Majesty based on this kind of thinking."

Roland felt a little sad. Olivier smiled at Tigre:

"He, because he rarely praises others, and occasionally praises, even your Majesty will overreact. He is not malicious, you can forgive him."

Tigre could not help. Nodded with a smile.

"There is nothing unforgivable. I thank Your Excellency Roland from the bottom of my heart. Three years ago, I also lived in Olmutz for a while. After returning to Brune, I have always hoped to see them again. I thought of fulfilling my wish so early."

Tigre told Roland what he had seen and heard in Olmutz, and Roland also told Tigre of various rumors in the Western borders and Brune.

Roland showed a complicated expression when he heard Tigre honestly say that it was the first time he took a big boat and was not used to shaking. Olivier was holding back a smile.
The three were chatting happily when a beautiful woman with long black hair and a white silk dress appeared on the deck. It's Guinevere.

She was here to find Roland, but Tigre attracted attention.

"You are with Elliot..."

"This is His Excellency Tigrevurmud from Count Vorn's house. This spring, I fought with me in Muozinel."

Roland got up from his chair and said Guinevere introduces Tigre. Tigre thanked Roland for his kindness in his heart, and in order not to embarrass Roland and the others, he politely greeted Guinevere.

"Earl Vorn's house..."

Guinevere pressed the corner of her mouth, her eyes slightly surprised.

Tigre was puzzled. Where did Guinevere ever hear Vorn's name? But Vorn's family is not unheard of among the Brune nobles, and it should be impossible to communicate with the royal family of Asvarre.

Unexpectedly, Guinevere asked Tigre's surprising question.

"Is Your Father Urs your father?"

"Do you know my father...?"

"Three years ago, when I visited Brune, I met with Your Excellency Urs. Didn't he tell you?"

Tigre said "Ah!" He remembered that after living in Olmutz for a year, when he returned to Alsace, Tigre told his father a lot of his experience. Father also told Tigre what had happened to Alsace when Tigre was away. There was indeed mention of the princess of Asvarre at that time.

"No...My father did mention about you, but he only said that he had met with you and talked a few words..."
This is a fact. In Tigre's memory, when his father mentioned this incident, he said it in the tone of seeing a rare person, and he didn't seem to think he would make an impression in the other's heart.

"For Your Excellency Urs, this should be the case."

Guinevere pulled her long black hair and smiled brightly:

"Don't worry. Your Excellency Urs didn't say anything offensive. And he still let me understand a very important thing. Is he okay now?"

"Yes. My father is quite healthy. When I return to my hometown, he will definitely tell his Royal Highness."

Tigre replied with a sigh of relief. What happened between Dad and this princess?

†

In the evening, it was the old servant Will who came out to greet Guinevere back to her residence. He respectfully saluted Guinevere and found that the young master's expression was different from usual.

"Did something good happen?"

"Yeah, I met an unexpected person."

Guinevere finished speaking to Will and walked into her room.

"The eldest man? He does look very similar to Your Excellency Urs. But if you are younger than me, it's a bit..."

Guinevere commented on her own, and fell directly on the bed. As far as the identity of the princess is concerned, such actions are very rude, but for her accustomed to traveling, it is a very common behavior.

—Should it be called an adventure? You can actually meet the child of your Excellency in such a place.
Guinevere, who was born as the eldest princess, lived a carefree life in the palace since she was a child. Her father and mother treated her very well, although they hated her two brothers—because Jermaine and Elliott would trouble her—but Guinevere did not hate them for it.

Guinevere's favorite is the legend of the Knights of the Round Table and the overlord Sephyria. Especially the existence of the overlord makes Asvarre a special country different from other countries. Guinevere was very proud of the blood of Sephyria on her body.

Guinevere began to feel dissatisfied with her environment when she was seven years old.

She found that Jermaine had many entourages by her side, but there was only one person herself. Those entourages were recommended by powerful princes and nobles, and were surrounded by him in order to educate Crown Prince Jermaine.

But the only one who educates Guinevere is the mother.

"Why is it that my mother taught me knowledge?"

That was the case. Mother said with a smile.

Later, Guinevere realized that her mother was the daughter of a noble family from mainland Home, so she naturally had the notion that "the eldest man will inherit everything." And that kind of thinking is naturally applied to the princess, that is, his daughter.

"Our country clearly admits that women inherit the throne. Why do I and my brother are so far behind?"

Although she didn't say anything, Guinevere began to feel dissatisfied with this, and was angry that no one doubted it.

From then on, she began to observe the differences between herself and her brother. Many princes and nobles met Jermaine, gave him various gifts and told him useful knowledge. Even the second elder brother Elliot, there will be nobles from Asvarre Island to come to him.
However, apart from my mother, the only people I met with were the maids who worked in the palace.

Guinevere has the right to inherit the throne. But only in form. She had to have such consciousness.

It's useless to seek justice from the father. She also understood this.

Her father was a king who was very concerned about the feelings of various princes and nobles. He eliminated the opposition between the court bureaucracy and the domestic lords, calmed the hostility between the islanders and the land people, maintained good relations with other countries, but did not lose the ambition to expand his own power. Even if not from the perspective of her daughter's selfishness, he is a very good king. But precisely because of this, he will not disrupt the balance of power in the country for the sake of his daughter's request.

One day, Jermaine will inherit the throne of Asvarre. Even if something happened to Jermaine, Elliot is still on the bench, and it is impossible for him to take his turn. Because everyone thinks so, I have nothing. The mother was very good to Guinevere, but all she taught her was the etiquette and upbringing that would not make the King Asvarre ashamed when she married in the future.

She is completely powerless. Most importantly, no one supports her. The powerful princes either followed Jermaine or Elliot, and no one followed him.

After that, Guinevere began to escape. If you stay in the palace all the time, someone will come to propose marriage sooner or later. Even if Guinevere could reject the object she didn't like, she didn't have the freedom to actively choose the object. Besides, always rejecting marriage will eventually become a problem.

Therefore, Guinevere began to travel around the country with a small number of entourages under the pretext of wanting to go to places related to the Knights of the Round Table. On the one hand, it is also because she likes to listen to the story of the Knights of the Round Table told by her mother since she was a child. If you
haven't learned anything about the Knights of the Round Table during your trip, you will definitely be suspected of making excuses. Therefore, when Guinevere was traveling, she tried her best to absorb knowledge about the Knights of the Round Table, and actively inquired about various ancient legends from the local bards who were familiar with the story of the Knights of the Round Table.

She has time and no shortage of travel expenses. As long as you get used to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and the howling of mosquitoes and beasts at night, travel becomes unfettered and relaxed.

During long-term travel, the body is naturally exercised. Most of the places related to the Knights of the Round Table are places that cannot be reached by carriages. Although she had fallen ill several times, Guinevere's body gradually got used to the harsh environment in the process.

At the age of eighteen, the father called Guinevere to talk.
"Don't you want to get married?"

Father King asked with a wry smile, and Guinevere also replied with a wry smile:
"It's not that I don't want to, but I want to be able to choose a partner by myself. I don't want to be coveted by elder men. As far as the father is concerned, I don't want that kind of person to get involved with the royal family."

"Generally speaking, when girls reach your age, they are usually already anxious to find someone, so they won't be so picky anymore. If you continue like this, will you be able to marry anyone?"

"In that case, I will spend my whole life with the Knights of the Round Table and do patrols in relevant places. It doesn't matter if I am alone, right?"

"I thought you would get tired of the birds coming home sooner or later, so I didn’t interfere. That’s what I said, but you keep
reporting things from all over the country to me. It helped me a lot. So—Soon, Asvarre will send a delegation to Brune. Would you like to go together?” King Zechariah said with a smile.

—My father is also true...

Guinevere correctly understood her father's intentions.

Guinevere also heard about the mission. Since Asvarre may go to war with neighboring Sachenstein in the near future, it is necessary to take precautions now to avoid Brune's interference.

And in this way, it happened to give Guinevere the opportunity to find suitable nobles abroad.

Although there are no nobles in the country that Guinevere can see, if it is a lord of Brune, there may be someone who is worthy of the princess.

"I see. I have never been to Brune, so I will look forward to this trip."

Guinevere said, accepting King Zechariah's proposal.

The route from Asvarre to the envoys of Brune, in simple terms, is to depart from the capital city of Kirchester, take a boat in Duris, arrive at the port in the north of Brune, and pass through the territories of several princes. The highway goes south to the capital city of Nice. As there were several carriages in the envoy, it took them a full ten days to reach the capital of Brune.

On the way, the delegation spent the night at a place called Odder. The governor of Odder is the earl named Mashas Rodant. He was a good friend of Urs and loved Tigger a lot.

When the envoy arrived in Odder, Urs happened to be at Mashas's house. A few days ago, he came to Odder to visit his friends, as usual, to enjoy the wine. Envoys will pass by in a few days. Are you interested in seeing the Asvarre people? Mashas
asked, Urs was very interested on the one hand, and wanted to help his friends who were busy to entertain the envoy, so he agreed.

In this way, the two met with Guinevere.

After dinner, Guinevere wanted to hear about Brune, so Mashas and Urs accompanied her to chat.

Mashas drank the black tea made by Guinevere and chatted. The gossip of the capital, the ancient legends of the border, the rare food, the incredible creatures, etc. Mashas is rich in knowledge, and Guinevere is not bored at all. Urs, on the other hand, was a low-key foil from Mashas's friend.

After the topic was over, how did the princes of Brune educate their children? Guinevere suddenly thought of asking questions.

"If you feel offended, I apologize first. But I want to know if there is any difference between the education of our country and Brune, or what are the differences..."

Mashas and Urs exchanged sights quickly and make a kind interpretation. Judging from her age, many people should ask her to propose marriage. That's why she cares about what kind of education the children of the noble family receive.

Masha has two sons, and he has no reservations about his way of upbringing. After listening to her thanks, Guinevere asked Urs instead.

Urs simply explained, but inadvertently said, "My son is very good at hunting. Of course, hares can be easily hunted, even birds, deer, or boars." Guinevere reacted to this sentence.

"Is your son good at making bows? Obviously that's rare for a Brune?"

'That's bad' Urs thought. In the case of hares or boars, it can be said that they were hunted with long spears, but deer or birds can do nothing.

"Yes. The little one is very good at making bows."
An awkward silence filled the three of them, and Guinevere looked at Urs with a surprised and dumbfounded expression.

"That... won't that be non-ideal for a Brune to be making the bow?"

"Yes."

Urs said simply. Even if she denies it, as long as Guinevere asks other Brune nobles, she will immediately wear it. Because her destination is Nice, the capital.

"In that case, why don't you take the bow and arrows and let him change to spear or swordsmanship?"

As for the princess of the neighboring country, it is too nosy to ask these questions. Mashas frowned and was about to speak, but Urs tactfully stopped his friend and replied:

"As I said, the little one are good at making bows. Although it is rude to ask, His Highness can do it with your father Saga. Is your Majesty the same?"

"Can you?"

Guinevere reflexively excited, and asked back in a slightly provocative tone. Urs shook his head quietly.

"I don't mean that. It's better to say that it's normal if you can't do the same thing. And I don't use the same method as my father to govern the territory-to govern Alsace."

Urs took two seconds. After sorting out the thoughts in his mind, he continued:

"I think it must be educated according to everyone's personality. Dogs are good at bowing and love archery. If there are shortcomings, they must be corrected to some extent. But I think under the premise of understanding the shortcomings, let the child develop what he is good at. This is my education policy. Because my territory is very small, the talents cannot be said to be rich, there is no omnipotent all-rounder."

"... Unfortunately?"
"Honestly, I hesitated so much. But I recently realized that the result is not necessarily bad. Although I can't say that my education method is correct, but I want to continue this way."

Spetlana said that she wanted to take Tigre to Olmutz to meet the world. If Urs didn't let his son touch the bow and arrow, if Tigre did not show amazing archery skills, would Spetlana still say that?

Of course, Urs at this time could not know whether going to Olmutz was good or bad for Tigre, but he chose to believe in Lana and his son.

After returning from Brune, Guinevere stayed in her own room in the palace for a few days.

She met many people and saw many things that surprised or excited her.

However, what had the strongest impact on her was the brief conversation with Urs.

—I have always felt that I have no one to support me.

The powerful princes either took refuge in Jermaine or Elliot. Even if there are other people following him, with those people, they can't beat the brothers. Guinevere has always thought so.

However, this idea is probably wrong. There is no one without shortcomings in the world.

The same goes for the Knights of the Round Table. Those who become the Knights of the Round Table are not particularly good all-rounders. At the time, the founding monarch Artorius, who lacked supporters, would reuse people who were particularly talented in certain areas, but he would keep one eye open and close one eye for their shortcomings.

—I want to get strength in this Asvarre where I was born and raised.
It's not that I hate Jermaine and Elliot, so I want to squeeze them out. It was because they did not want to lose to them because "the two were surrounded by princes since they were young and have abundant resources." It would be best if she could become a queen. Even if she could not be a queen, she would like to be an existence that could be equal to those two.

After making up his mind, Guinevere began to secretly search for talents. Knowing that Will retired from the court this spring, she began to visit the veteran privately, hoping that Will could support herself.

The veteran who has always refused the offer of Jermaine and Elliot, on the grounds that he has made many mistakes in land battles due to his old age, and refuses the offer of Guinevere. But Guinevere blocked it all with one sentence.

"I'm optimistic about your ability to command warships. And this is the only part of your confidence, isn't it? Other than that, I have nothing to ask for. Although I hope you can chat with me."

Finally, Will finally agreed. But he made a condition.

"I went on the battlefield for the first time when I was fifteen years old. For forty years after that, I have been fighting for this country and fighting the enemy on the battlefield."

"I know."

"For this country, I've also beheaded many compatriots."

At this point, Will's eyes were bright.

"If your Highness does something harmful to this country, I will kill you too."

As long as you agree to this, I will follow you. Will said calmly. Guinevere looked at the veteran with a pale face. She had never thought that she would be so threatened.

"...Okay."

Guinevere took five seconds to adjust her breathing and agreed.
Since Will agreed to follow her, Guinevere has kept a low profile for a while. That's what Will suggested to her.

"I'm old, and I can't kill the enemy on the battlefield like I used to. And now there are many outstanding young generals. That said, if someone else knows that I'm following you, this will definitely spread. Rumors It will attract suspicion and make the enemy alert early. In the art of war, being alert by the enemy is the next step."

"But Gawain, among the Knights of the Round Table, is very good at deliberately doing conspicuous things to make the enemy alert. Come in while it's empty?"

Guinevere found examples of refutation in her knowledge. The veteran smiled bitterly:

"That's because Gawain has a trusted younger brother in terms of personality and ability. That's why he can deliberately do things that cause the enemy to alert. It doesn't matter if your Highness wants to become Gawain, but before that, please first find someone you can trust. I'm too conspicuous and not suitable for this job."

Will's words make sense. After the two discussed, they decided to visit Will's residence on a regular basis under the pretext of "Guinevere asked Will to listen to the story of the Knights of the Round Table".

The operation went smoothly. Guinevere succeeded in making the two brothers think that Will had also rejected her.

In this way, Will privately helped Guinevere to find suitable talent for her. Although they are all people whose shortcomings are more conspicuous than their strengths, these are the talents that Guinevere wants.

†

This evening, Mila and Tigre visited the Guinevere Mansion near Rade Harbor. "Please be sure to let me pay tribute to the two Lords of War," Guinevere said.
Since the two sides have formed an alliance, it is not convenient to refuse. And according to Tigre's description, Guinevere does not seem to be annoying. However, it was too dangerous to go with the two war maidens. So Sofy stayed, and Mila and Tigre went to the appointment.

"You two are welcome. The opportunity is rare. Don't be too restrictive. Let's talk about foreign affairs."

Guinevere came out to greet the two with a smile and took them to the reception room in person.

"Thanks to Her Royal Highness Guinevere for the invitation. I heard that His Royal Highness is quite familiar with the story of the Knights of the Round Table, so please let us listen to it. Besides, I also want to hear the story of Artorius and Sephyria..."

Mila smiled. It would be great if we could end the meeting in a chat and laugh. Tigre also cooperated with Mila and asked Guinevere,

"Do you and the Brune people rarely talk about foreign affairs?"

"Yes. Although it is also related to the position, they always say "We are ignorant people", don't talk to me. I heard that His Excellency Tigrevurmud is good at hunting, please let me hear about hunting."

The three of them sat across the table and sat on the sofa, talking in harmony. It's a pity that the harmonious atmosphere didn't last long, but the items brought by Guinevere's maid suddenly changed. The maid brought black tea and snacks.

"I am the host, so let me make tea."

"Thank you, your lord."

Mila thanked her with a slightly nervous expression. Tigre was puzzled in his heart. The other party is obviously black tea, why doesn't Mila look very happy?

Is there any problem with tea?

Tigre asked without a trace: "Is this the tea from Muozinel?"
"Yes. The tea used by Brune and Zhcted should also be from Muozinel, right? Our country also tried to plant tea trees, but it was quite difficult..."

Tigre knew this. Because Mila also tried to plant tea trees in Olmutz, but it was never successful. But since it has nothing to do with tea, what happened to Mila’s reaction?

Tigre quickly understood the reason. I saw Guinevere poured half a cup of black tea into the white porcelain teacup, picked up another bottle brought by the maid, and poured the white liquid into the cup. In an instant, the transparent orange-red tea soup turned into a turbid brown.

Mila's eyes widened, and she watched the tea soup change silently.

"Uh, this is...?"

Since Mila didn't speak, Tigre had to ask tremulously. Maybe I didn’t notice that Mila’s attitude was different. Guinevere smiled and replied:

"This is goat milk. Shouldn’t black tea be added to sheep milk or goat milk? I heard that the mainland will use cow milk. ."

"originally, that was so. Goat milk....."
Mila's voice seemed to tremble slightly. She looks pale, is it because of the light from the oil lamp hanging from the ceiling? However, Mila adjusted her mood and asked nonchalantly,

"Don't you use jam?"

Guinevere looked at Mila dumbfounded. It seemed as if she didn't understand what she was saying at all. However, the princess of Asvarre quickly showed understanding and smiled and said,

"Jam and honey are all things spread on bread, right? Adding to black tea will destroy the aroma and flavor of black tea?"

Tigre noticed that Mila's hands on her legs clenched into fists. Nevertheless, Mila did not show the feelings that violently reverberated in her chest, but just raised her mouth and said,

"I think jam can bring unknown joy to the aroma and flavor of black tea. And add it bit by bit, you can also enjoy different flavor changes. By the way, adding goat milk to the black tea is the way to completely spoil the black tea, right? And the color is also..."

"...deterioration?"

She was preparing to bring the white porcelain cup to my mouth. Guinevere stopped and looked at Mila.

"The method of adding sweetness and warm flavor to black tea is called metamorphism... Your Asvarre method seems to be not very clever."

"For the sweetness and warmth, it will destroy the deep flavor and flavor of the black tea itself. Isn't the fragrance? I care about this part, and I don't use difficult words to mean."

Mila retorted lightly, bearing the eyes of the princess. Tigre drank the black tea without adding anything in silence.

"With the smell and taste of people who want to add jam to black tea, it feels funny to talk about the aroma or flavor."
"Seeing the black tea turning into a muddy color. But indifferent. Is there any problem with vision? Is it because of it? Is it too foggy to cultivate an aesthetic vision?"

Suddenly, Mila and Guinevere looked at Tigre at the same time.

"Tigre, what do you think?"

"It's Alright. Come and listen to the opinions of people who are not from Asvarre or Zhcted."

You can drink as you please. Tigre murmured this in his heart but did not speak out. In terms of mood, of course he was on Mila's side, but since he must fight together in the future, he shouldn't make Guinevere unhappy, otherwise he would be disappointing Sofy and Roland.

"Years ago...I drank a drink made by boiling goat milk to a layer of condensation on the surface and adding honey. A traveler from Asvarre asked me to drink it. Can I drink such black tea?"

The jam Mila used to make black tea is similar to this honey. Although she didn't make it clear, Guinevere understood what Tigre meant. She sighed softly.

"I understand. Wait for a conclusion."

"Good." Mila agreed.

In this way, Tigre resolved the crisis of the alliance's break with wit.

†

Kelchester, the capital of Asvarre, is shrouded in anxiety and vacillation.

After the spring this year, nothing good has happened in this country. King Zechariah, known for his generosity, was ill in bed. Four princes and princesses passed away one after another. Jermaine and Elliot fought for the throne.
The struggle between the two princes for the throne has split the country. Pirates are rampant in the coastal area, and bandits are acting wildly near the mountains and forests. The knights and soldiers who were supposed to fight against these thieves were at a loss by the orders of the two princes. Nowadays there are noble lords who do not obey the court's orders. What will happen in the future? The panic among the people in the capital is a natural response.

But at present, security in the capital is still very good. This is because the ministers in the palace desperately to maintain political stability. And they also eliminated the bandits on several highways and worked hard to protect the caravan.

"What should I do?"

One day, the ministers gathered for a meeting.

"Not only Prince Jermaine and Prince Elliot, but even Princess Guinevere announced that they would fight for the throne. And she also looked for the Brune army as a backer."

"It can only be said to be shameless. The Princess is too, Ai. His Royal Highness, too, how much benefit did he promise to give to other countries? In this way, he can only support Prince Jermaine. Even on Asvarre Island, there are people who are disgusted with His Royal Highness Elliot. As for Her Royal Highness, she has no means to inherit the throne."

"However, it is the black knight who leads the Brune army."

A minister said in a tone of fear. Everyone quieted down instantly. These people have hardly been on the battlefield, but even they know how strong and terrifying Roland is.

No one mentioned Lester. On the one hand, it was because they regarded Duris's affairs as a distant local rebellion, and on the other hand, because they had to remember the bloody and cruel things he had done when he mentioned him. Besides, they all thought that Prince Jermaine would attack him sooner or later.
"The Zhcted's army is commanded by two Vanadis. One of them is Sofya Obertas."

Sofy has visited Asvarre several times as a diplomatic envoy, and there are many ministers. I have seen her and talked to her.

"Where is the other person?"

"It is said that it is called Ludmila Lourie. But it is not Legnica or Lebus' war maiden."

"That is, even if they lose, will they continue to attack in the second battle...?"

Haze appeared on the minister's face. They all know how strong Vanadis is. Although I don't know the intensity of Mila and Sofy, they should be equal to Legnica or Lebus's war maiden. In this case, they can't be won without making great sacrifices. And even if it wins tragically, there will still be new Vanadis who continue to attack.

"Where is Prince Jermaine's combat power?"

Everyone was silent. A nobleman whispered:

"There is a subordinate named Tallard. I heard that he is very capable."

"Is there a way for that person to fight the black knight or the Vanadis?"

Others asked maliciously. The nobleman stopped talking.

In the embarrassing atmosphere, someone inadvertently mentioned:

"Where's his Majesty?"

"It's still the same, sleeping longer than waking up. Even if you wake up, just move your body, you start to feel pain... the most important thing is this, do you have the heart to report this tragic situation in front of you to your majesty?"
King Zechariah is a generous king. Although his generosity has created Jermaine's overly cold personality, the ministers still respect the king and are extremely loyal to the king.

No one can say "yes" to this question.
Chapter 5 - Attack on Duris

The plan to attack Duris is as follows: two thousand Zhcted soldiers and one thousand Asvarre soldiers attack from the wall on the north side of Duris; four thousand Brune soldiers from the wall on the west side attack. Fifteen Asvarre warships are on standby near the port of Durres. On the one hand, it is to contain the enemy from the sea, and on the other hand, if the ground offensive goes well, when the enemy wants to escape from the sea, the fleet will be responsible for attacking these deserters. By the way, one thousand Asvarre soldiers and fifteen warships were provided by Elliot's supporters.

The commander of Zhcted's army is Mila, and the commander of Asvarre's army is Hamish. As for the commander of the Brune Army, it goes without saying that it is Roland of course. Tigre is acting with Mila.

The fifteen Asvarre fleet is commanded by Will, Guinevere's subordinate. On his flagship, in addition to Guinevere, there are Sofy, Bonner, and Elliot.

Sofy got on Asvarre's warship because of her voluntary request. She said that she wanted to observe the overall trend of the battle from the sea. Mila agreed without saying a word.

When the two war maidens broke up at Rade's dock, Sofy said with an apologetic face:

"I'm sorry, I will push the battle to your head."

"The war maidens are concentrated in the same place, but it is more dangerous. That is, you Is there anything you care about?"

"Actually, there is only one thing." Sofy nodded solemnly:

"It's the sea dragon. When I stayed in Orvisgart, I collected information from many sources..."

Sofy kept personally collecting the testimony of people who have seen ‘Hailong'. She asked merchants or mercenaries from
other places in the port for news, and Elliot also actively helped her collect all kinds of information.

"Many people say that when the sea dragon shows up, the top of the big lighthouse will emit a red light. Maybe Lester has moved something there."

If the sea dragon attacks the ships approaching Duris regardless of the target, Sofy will not be so concerned. However, Hailong obviously followed Lester's orders.

"Also, although this is only a rumor. It is said that because the scales of the sea dragon are red, it is the red dragon in the founding myth. Lester is the one who should be the king."

"Even if it's just a joke, it's very It's hard to laugh."

The two war maidens looked at each other and laughed weakly. In any case, if you want to win Duris, you must consider how to deal with Hailong. If you think more about it now, you are naturally prepared.

Five days after forming the alliance, the tri-power coalition consisting of Zhcted, Brune, and Asvarre appeared from the north and west of Duris. At the same time, there are fifteen Asvarre warships on standby in the south offshore.

The number of Duris' troops under Lester was the same as before, still about two thousand. Even if a siege is to be carried out, there is such a big gap between the numbers of the two sides, and the coalition forces are already ready for the siege ladder and the smasher, everyone thinks that victory is just around the corner.

Under the gloomy sky, a cold autumn wind blew across the earth.

From the west to the north of Duris, there is a large flat grassland originally used for grazing. In addition, there are only roads. A total of 7,000 soldiers are deployed here without any hindrance.
Mila rode a horse, standing in the forefront of the Zhcted's army, looking at the city wall hundreds of Alshins away, with a melancholy expression on her face. Tigre on the side tried to keep his mind calm and asked,

"Worrying about Lester?"

It should be the memory of the fight at the Barham Fortress. Tigre thought. Mila's shoulder trembles slightly. He seemed to have guessed it correctly. Tigre put his hand on her back and said,

"Don't worry, I am here."

Even so, Tigre didn't know what to do when he was really fighting against Lester. After all, his physique is really not like a human being.

But this sentence seemed to encourage Mila. She shook her blue hair and regained her spirit, "Then it's up to you," so smiled at Tigre.

The horn sounded and the coalition forces began to advance. When he was close enough to clearly see the guards on the wall, the soldier in front couldn't help groaning loudly.

Below the city wall, was a whole row of corpses that had been punctured. Under their feet are corpses that have been chopped into lumps. The grass that was originally dark green is now red and black contaminated by blood. Obviously, these were all people killed by Lester.

The Duris soldier on the wall laughed loudly at the coalition. If this is a provocation, it is indeed very successful. Mila, Hamish, and Roland all turned their anger into shouts, and the soldiers or knights under their opponents ordered:

"Go on the Offensive!"

The Duris strategy battle began.

The Zhcted soldiers on the north side of the city wall and the Asvarre soldiers shot arrows at the city wall. The Brune soldiers on the west side picked up a huge city-breaking mallet held by twenty people and slammed into the city gate.
Of course the Duris soldiers were not to be outdone. They fired a rain of arrows at the coalition forces, dropping dead bodies or pots filled with oil, lighted torches, and stones the size of children's heads. The reason for throwing oil and torches is to destroy the siege ladder and the city breaker.

The coalition forces are certainly prepared. They wrapped the leather drenched with water on the mallet to prevent burning. The people climbing on the siege ladder, holding the iron shield, climbed carefully.

The advantage was on the coalition side, and the Duris soldier was clearly overwhelmed.

A Zhcted soldier climbed up the city wall. In the next instant, someone grabbed his head and threw it down the city wall. The Duris soldiers cheered loudly, while some Asvarre soldiers exclaimed in fear. Mila gasped when she saw the man too.

Lester appeared on the city wall with a wooden stick wrapped in chains in his right hand.

Tigre glared at Lester, his face full of tension and anger, but he didn't straighten his bow and arrow. The man exudes a very strange atmosphere. Although I felt a little bit when I was in Barham, the feeling now is much stronger than it was then. It was the same feeling when confronted with Rusalka or Leshy.

—is that guy also a demon?

Lester let out a beastly roar and jumped. He thought he was going to jump directly to the ground, but he did not expect to jump on the siege ladder, stepping on the heads of the Zhcted soldiers while running down. The moment Lester stepped on the ground, everyone stared at him with mouths open.

Lester dashed forward with the agility of a hungry wolf that found its prey. He jumped into Asvarre's army alone, shuttled between the spears that the enemy soldiers pierced at him, while swinging the stick. A soldier was beaten to pieces above the neck and killed directly. This soldier was the first victim in a unilateral killing.
Lester waved the stick while walking forward. With every wave, every step, a new corpse was created. Although the Asvarre soldiers attacked him bravely, Lester's stick broke the sword, flew his spear, and attached a shield, and beat the soldier to pieces. Even the arrows fired with a longbow were also dropped by him.

It didn't take long before the fighting spirit of Asvarre soldiers was replaced by fear. They have all heard of Lester's rumors, and now they have seen his brutality with their own eyes, and their courage has been completely consumed.

Fear exaggerated in a blink of an eye. Just because of one person, the Asvarre army with more than a thousand people collapsed instantly. Despite Hamish's efforts to control the entire army, it was still in vain. Because when Asvarre soldiers began to turn around and flee, dozens of bodies were already stacked on the ground.

Lester's prowess boosted the morale of Duris's army and made the coalition fearful. The coalition soldiers who had originally climbed on the siege ladder were repelled one after another, and the siege ladder was also destroyed.

Lester moved forward while waving the blood-stained stick. Suddenly, he noticed that a breath was approaching, and stopped. Mila rode a horse and appeared before him. She handed over the army to Goruin's command and came here single-handedly.

"I wanted to save the fun for later and enjoy it. If you take the initiative to send it to the door, of course I am very welcome."

After less than a second hesitated in her heart, "Ice Vanadis" squeezed Lavias tightly and Jumped off the horse.

Lester drew closer to Mila, and Mila shook Lavias in lightning speed, sparks flying everywhere. Lester used the chain at the front of the stick to bounce off the spear.

"Sure enough?"
Mila's eyes widened in surprise. His fierce blow was lightly blocked by the opponent. More importantly, she couldn't feel Lavias again like last time.

—Lavias? What happened to you......!? 

Mila called in her heart, but the dragon gear known as the ‘Frozen Wave’ did not respond. It's like falling asleep. At this moment, Lester attacked fiercely. Knowing that there was no time to avoid the attack, Mila raised Lavias with both hands, trying to block Lester's stick.
Lester's attack was strong and fierce. An overwhelming blow almost shattered Mila's bones. If it wasn't Lavias in her hand, she must have been crushed. Mila's hands were numb, and her strength was almost exhausted, she involuntarily backed away a few steps.

—Although the movements look messy, they are actually quite precise.

Mila's demeanor was horrified. Lester laughed.

"It's pretty resistant."

Just then, an arrow flew from the side. It was an arrow shot by Tigre. Just now, Lester was too close to Mila, so he could not shoot arrows. Lester snorted and flicked the arrow away with his fingers. Mila took the opportunity to get away from him.

Lester did not step forward to pursue, but looked at the fleeing Asvarre army.

"I won today. Or do you want to continue the fight?"

Mila's face turned pale and could not say anything. The rout of friendly forces shook Zhcted's military heart. If Lester jumped into Zhcted's camp, Zhcted's army would most likely be scattered like birds and beasts literally.

At the same time, under Roland's brave command, the Brune army boarded several locations on the city wall. Unexpectedly, they heard the retreat horns and had to leave the city wall and give up the attack. If the friendly army retreats, our army that continues to fight will be isolated.

—What happened to the north?

Although Roland was surprised in his heart, he still retreated with the Brune army.

On the sea, the coalition fleet also suffered damage due to enemy attacks. They originally observed Duris' situation offshore, but they didn't expect two ships to appear from the port, and the ones standing on the deck were obviously pirates.
The two pirate ships kept approaching the fleet and provoked them. Although Commander Will ordered all ships not to dance with them, three ships did not obey the command. Maybe it's because Will is Guinevere's subordinate.

Three ships confronted the pirate ship, and the pirate ship quickly retreated. Before Will had time to stop, the three ships were led near the entrance of the port. The next moment, the sea dragon appeared on the sea. Including a pirate ship that was too late to escape, a total of four ships were shattered by the sea dragon.

Sofy stood on the bow of the flagship, quietly looking at the top floor of the big lighthouse. The moment the sea dragon appeared, the top floor really glowed red.

†

Allied forces camped at a location far away (about three kilometers) from Doris Sanbelista. When the sky was orange, Sofy and others on the ship rushed over to join the coalition forces.

"What an ugly thing is this!"

Hearing the result of the battle, Elliot angered Hamish. Although the victims of the Asvarre Army were dissatisfied with a hundred people, their morale was extremely low, and whether they could continue to fight became a serious problem. Hamish was scolded silently, on the one hand because he felt sorry for the lord, but more importantly, he could not think of a way to deal with Lester.

Zhcted's army also understood the terrible Lester in the daytime battle. Although the current morale is high, if Lester attacks the Zhcteds head-on, how can he fight him? Mila and Goruin couldn't think of any good way.

The Brune army was a relatively high morale force. Because Lester did not appear in front of them. Roland nodded
understandingly after hearing about Lester from Tigre who had visited Camp Brune.

"It is a correct judgment to attack the Asvarre army, which has the least force among the coalition forces, but...it's a bit unbelievable to repel a thousand troops alone."

"But..."

"No, I'm not suspicious of you. I went to the camp in Asvarre and it was really miserable."

Roland shook his head. Those soldiers should not be able to go to the battlefield again in the short term. Even he couldn't help but think so.

"From the rumors, the man named Lester is indeed a very peculiar fighter, and I will be careful."

After Tigre broke up with Roland, he returned to Zhcted's camp. Mila, Sofy, Raffinac, and Goruin were already waiting for him in the camp used by the commander.

Five people sat down in an oval shape. Goruin prepares wine for everyone. Mila opened Duris' map and talked about the daytime battle.

"The number of people killed in the battle on our side is not high. There were about fifty men in the Zhcted army, 100 men in the Asvarre army at most, and less than three ten in the Brune army. According to the Asvarre army, some He was trampled to death by his colleagues while fleeing."

Mila's tone was stiff. Because the problem is not the death toll.

Lester not only ruled Duris with terror, but also dominated the battlefield with terror. In the next battle, if the Zhcted or the Brunes were attacked by Lester head-on like the Asvarre army today. The coalition forces should disintegrate directly.

"It was the same in Barham, that man was too shameless." Raffinac sighed. Goruin also nodded with a bitter expression.
"By the way, Lavias of Lord Ludmila was suddenly silent. What is this...?"

"Lester is really a demon, right?"

Tigre looked around the crowd, unable to hide his nervousness.

"Although I can't explain it well, in today's battle, I have a feeling that I only had when confronted with other demons."

"If this is the case, it means that the guy has been pretending to be a human and has been lurking in the world for a long time?"

Mila frowned. However, if Lester is really a demon, Lavias's anomaly makes sense. Because there is a certain connection between Vanadis and the demon.

She shook her head and looked at Sofy.

"I'm sorry. It's very hard work on your side."

"Fortunately, at most only Elliott and Your Excellency Will stare at each other."

Sofy smiled bitterly. With regard to the sinking of three warships by the Sea Dragon, because Will's instructions were correct, Elliot could not lose his temper.

"By the way, I have something to tell everyone,"

She said, looking at the map seriously. She told everyone that when the sea dragon appeared, the top floor of the big lighthouse did glow red.

"In other words, what is manipulating the sea dragon, is it on the top floor..."

Tigre said with his arms folded. Sofy nodded.

"That's right. Since Lester occupied Duris, no one is allowed to walk up to the top of the big lighthouse. This is what Duris residents who fled to Rad told me."

The formation of the alliance gave Sofy a chance to find out more. More news.
"Then, find a way to get close to the big lighthouse and investigate the top floor..."

Mila suggested. But Sofy shook her head:

"I would also have this intention, however, to inquire if someone is aware of Lester control authorities of the Dragon, he will do another countermeasure I think before the other guard, pre-emptive..."

"Do you have any plans?"

Tigre asked, aware of what Sofy seemed to say. Sofy returned her gaze to the map and nodded slightly:

"Considering today's battle, don't you feel like you have been hit by the enemy's plan?"

"It feels like this."

Lester thwarted the Asvarre army. The morale of the army forced the Zhcted and Brune forces to withdraw their troops. On the sea, pirates were used to provoke the fleet and destroy three warships. Lester must be smiling from ear to ear now.

Sofy tilted her head, looking at Tigre with her beryl eyes:

"The reason turned out, it not because of the attack from the land because of it?"

"But there is the sea dragon ......."

Tigre wanted to refute, but stopped halfway through. He finally understood what Sofy wanted to say.

"You mean, Lester made the sea dragon lurking in the harbor for us to attack from land?"

"It's possible,"

Mila said.

"According to the two battles between Barham and today, I have an impression. That is, Lester did not have the willingness to lead soldiers. As for whether they have the ability to lead soldiers, it is another matter."
In Barham, he left alone regardless of whether the soldiers lived or died; today, he singled out the entire army.

"From the perspective of his fighting style, Duris's terrain is very suitable for him."

"But the west and north of Duris are not very suitable for the formation of the army?"

After finishing talking, Tigre finally realized what he said. He can’t help but cover his mouth.

Lester is a man who can make surrounding soldiers into fear with his own power. The battlefield is a place where fear is easy to exaggerate. Thinking about it this way, Tigre and the others attacked from the west and north, and they happened to be in Lester's arms.

"I understand what Sofya-sama meant. But if we can't deal with Sea Dragon, we can't change our current tactics either."

Goruin said with a headache. Tigre looked at the black bow leaning against the camp tent. I don't know if the black bow's power can defeat the sea dragon? However, if the sea dragon hides in the sea, it will not be able to target it. And Tigre didn't want to imagine what he would be like if the sea dragon came directly under his ship after hiding in the sea.

"I have an idea."

Sofy flicked her finger on the map to explain. After the explanation, the remaining four people fell into deep thought.

"Indeed, you can only do this,"

Mila whispered. Although Tigre had the same idea, he still couldn't eliminate his anxiety and couldn't help but look up at Sofy. Sofy showed a trusting smile.

— That guy may be a demon. Don't I think so too?

Tigre told himself so, squeezing the hand on his leg.

"I agree too. But how should I explain to the Zhcted and Asvarre Army?"
"Leave this part to me. I will take care of it and save everyone's troubles."

Sofy Smiled. The golden staff on the side also shone.

†

On this day, at the dawn of the day, Duris's offshore was constantly battered with strong winds.

It has been two days since the last defeat. Black waves were tossing on the surface of the sea, and the three-nation coalition fleet gathered in the sea swayed from side to side while moving away from each other so as not to collide. There are a total of five thousand soldiers on the fleet. Zhcted's army was 1,500, Brune's army was 2,800, and Asvarre's army was 700. The other soldiers waited in the north of Duris to make Duris think that the coalition would also attack from land.

There are more than thirty ships in total. The sails of every ship are closed.

Tigre, Mila and Sofy stood on the bow of the Dragon Flame, looking at Duris, a distance of Belusta (about one kilometer). To be correct, it is a large lighthouse at the end of the port. The trio's faces were slightly nervous and uneasy, and they clenched their weapons involuntarily.

"So far, I have shot all kinds of prey."

Tigre inhaled gently, breaking the silence. Then, he deliberately continued in a joking tone:

"But it's the first time to shoot the lighthouse."

Although this is not too funny, it still made Mila and Sofy laugh. It seems that these words at least have the effect of dispelling their anxiety.

"Sofy, we will be able to succeed. No, we will definitely make this battle successful."

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Mila smiled to her friend.

"Yeah."

Sofy also responded with a smile. Lavias and Zaht glowed faintly at the front end, as if encouraging their master. Upon seeing this, Tigre looked down at the black bow in his hand.

"You...no, you'd better keep it like this."

He originally wanted to complain to his Black Bow, but changed his mind. This bow is the heirloom of Vorn's family. If it suddenly shines when hanging on the wall of the hometown, father and maid Tita will definitely be shocked. Since the Black Bow can respond to Tigre based on his own will, he shouldn't have any more demanding requirements.

Bonner walked with the sailors on crutches.

"Your Excellency Will informed that they will act soon. We should start too."

"Thank you very much, Lord Bonner."

Sofy bowed deeply, thanking Bonner from the bottom of her heart. Tigre and Mila followed suit. Considering what they are going to do next, no matter how many words of gratitude are said, it is not enough to thank them.

"Nothing. The battlefield is originally a dangerous place. And after the matter is resolved, we can raise our heads and say that we have taken the ship that defeated the sea dragon. For the crew, there is nothing more proud of. Besides, there is also a statue of a mother sea dragon on the bow of this ship."

Bonner smiled heartily. The sailors also laughed, but their smiles were a little stiff. Of course, Tigre thought.

Next, Dragon Flame will move straight towards the Great Lighthouse. With Tigre's bow, destroy the top structure of the Great Lighthouse from the sea. This is Sofy's combat plan.

To be honest, this is not a war plan. Because even if the mechanism on the big lighthouse is destroyed, it may not be able to
subdue the sea dragon. Besides, no one can guarantee that Tigre's bow can destroy that mechanism.

If this battle fails, the sea dragon will attack the Dragon Flame, turn the ship into pieces, and eat all the people on it. Even if Mila and Sofy fought the sea dragon at sea, they didn't know how far they could fight.

But Tigre approves of the plan. Sofy had never seen the "power" of the black bow with her own eyes, but she still believed that if it were Tigre, she might be able to do it. "If it's your power, you can't customize it," Mila said too. Tigre wanted to respond to their trust in him.

Without a word, Bonner agreed to the dangerous mission of approaching the Great Lighthouse. Sailors and oarsmen are the same. The Dragon Flame was originally moored at Rade. After deciding on the battle plan, it came to the camp of the coalition forces and brought Tigre and others here.

"I wish you all good luck."

Bonner briefly encouraged the three and left with the sailors.

The oars on the left and right sides of the Dragon Flame moved, shaking the waves forcefully. The ship was bathed in the cross wind, slowly moving towards the big lighthouse.

With a short sword, Tigre made a light cut in his hand, staining the palm of his left hand with blood. This is a necessary ritual when using the "power" of the black bow. Although a little weird, with the blessing of this ritual, Tigre could not abuse this power anytime and anywhere.

Tigre clenched the black bow and closed his eyes. Mila and Sofy would definitely remind him when they were close to shooting arrows. Until that moment, Tigre wanted to concentrate on feeling the strength of the wind and the shaking of the hull.

At this moment, five ships in the Asvarre fleet that had been parked offshore began to move towards the port. Mila and Sofy watched the actions of the ships with breathlessness.
All five ships lowered their sails and shook wildly in the sea. Nevertheless, the ships still did not turn around, but rode the wind and headed straight toward the port. In the eyes of the sailor, this must be crazy behavior. In such a strong wind day, and in such a situation close to the port, why is it full of sails?

"Really worthy of "Red Mist"..."

Sofy sighed in admiration.

There was no one on the five ships heading towards the port. After the sailors lowered their sails, they all left. From the point of view of the sails, it should be the instruction of Will who is next to Guinevere.

Will knows that there are always strong winds offshore Duris. I also know how to set sail to make full use of those winds.

When the five ships were about to enter the port, a huge jet of water sprayed up from the sea. The sea dragon lurking in the sea began to attack those ships. The unmanned ship was originally tilted by the wind, and when it was hit by the sea dragon, it capsized one after another. One of the ships started to catch fire.

Although the sea dragon smashed the bow, smashed the hull, and shattered the stern, the flames still burned. Soon after, other ships also burned. This is also Will's strategy. He put wooden barrels full of whale oil in the cabin, and set up a mechanism that would only burn after a period of time. When the ship sailed near the port, it would automatically catch fire.

Maybe it was suspicious that there was no one on the ship, and the sea dragon slapped the sea anxiously in the flames and smoke.

The Dragon Flame took advantage of Hailong's attention and moved forward sharply, and only five hundred Alshins were left from the Great Lighthouse. As long as he advances two hundred arcs, he can enter Tigre's range.

"It really shines."
Sofy looked up at the top floor of the big lighthouse and muttered. The moment before the sea dragon appeared, the big lighthouse glowed red, as if calling the sea dragon.

Mila frowned suddenly. In theory, it should be straightforward, but it feels a bit west. She grasped the side of the ship and looked back. Although there is no evidence, there really is a feeling of being blown away.

She inadvertently looked at the port again, and among the flames and smoke, Hailong was raising her head to look here. They were spotted.

"Calm down, Mila."

Sofy patted Mila's shoulder gently, calmly. Mila looked at Sofy, then at Tigre. Tigre still closed his eyes and stood quietly on the spot.

"...That said. I'm sorry."

Mila took a deep breath and looked up at the big lighthouse. Even if you are anxious, you can't look back now. All she can do now is to believe in Bonner and believe in Tigre.

Hailong began to approach here, never looking at the wreckage of the ship again.

The oarsmen rowed desperately to make the Dragon Flame speed up. There are four hundred Alshins from the Great Lighthouse.

"—The dazzling fine sand, gather on my side."

Sofy raised the golden staff, and with the crisp sound of the golden ring, countless light spots fell from the front of the staff. The spot of light shrouded Sofy, Mila, and Tigre. This is to use the refraction of light to prevent others from seeing their dragon skills.

"Tigre!"

Mila called. Tigre opened his eyes, fixedly looking at the top floor of the big lighthouse, and put his arrow on the black bow.
He tensed the bowstring, and the front ends of Mila and Sofy's dragons glowed separately. Lavias is a white light reminiscent of the quiet and cold; Zaht is a golden light like dawn. The two rays of light intertwined in the air, concentrated on Tigre's arrow.

The huge pressure covers the whole body. Tigre gritted his teeth and endured.

Formidable power is gathering on his arrow. It is a dangerous force that human beings cannot handle properly.

Tigre called Lavias and Zaht in his heart.

—You shouldn't be willing to lend your power to anyone other than Vanadis? But Mila and Sofy came to this dangerous place for me. Because they believe me. So, please lend me your strength.

Tigre finished speaking in his heart, and the light on the arrowhead became stronger.

The strong wind blows, and the billowing waves hit the dragon-shaped statue on the bow of the ship, splashing a lot of water on the three of them like rain. But the three of them did not move, not even blinking their eyes. The sea dragon was advancing through the waves, and in less than ten seconds, it would be close to the boat.

A particularly strong wind shook the ship's hull. As if waiting for this moment, Tigre let go of his arrow.

The black flash penetrated the atmosphere, lasing towards the top floor of the big lighthouse. In the next instant, an astonishing situation appeared.

Red light shot out from the top floor of the big lighthouse, blocking Tigre's arrow. The black light and the red light stalemate in mid-air, not giving way to each other. The atmosphere was distorted and wailed. The "power" shaved off in the fierce collision became black and red spots of light, dissipating in the wind.

Mila and Sofy stared in surprise. Only Tigre showed a fearless smile.

"Isn't this the right bet?"
He drew a new arrow from his waist quiver and placed it on the black bow. Sweat oozes from his tired forehead, and his arms feel slightly sore. Despite this, Tigre still felt that vitality was still pouring from the deepest part of the body. Don't let this opportunity slip away. Must respond to Mila and Sofy, as well as Lavias and Zaht.

The two "strengths" once again gathered on the arrow.

Hailong has come to the very close. You can clearly see the horns of the head, the golden eyes, and the sharp teeth in the mouth.

The bowstring quivered. The arrow body drew in the air exactly the same trajectory as the arrow just now, and shot on the tail of the previous arrow. The black light suddenly increased, and the red light was forced to gradually retreat.

After a loud thunderous noise erupted, the top floor of the big lighthouse exploded. A part of the roof fragments drew a complete parabola in the air and fell into the city. The remaining black light spread horizontally in all directions, sweeping across the sky.

Mila and Sofy looked at the big lighthouse in a daze. Until the black light gradually shrank and disappeared, they turned their heads vigilantly and looked towards the western sea.

The sea dragon disappeared. They couldn't see its figure, and there was no breath lurking under the ship. It really disappeared.

The inside of the hull burst into cheers, and the countless wooden oars that had been still moved again. The Dragon Flame turned around and rode the wind towards the port.

The two war maidens stretched out their hands to support Tigre who was unstable.

"Let's take a break. Although there is no way to rest for too long."

Sofy smiled softly. If Tigre had no strength to fight, she would leave him on board. But from Tigre's profile, it can be seen that he has not lost his fighting spirit.
Mila also put her hand on Tigre’s arm and said, "Don’t leave me."

This sentence not only means that she will protect Tigre, but also that she hopes that Tigre can be closest to her. Watch yourself fight.

Seeing that the Dragon Flame began to move, the coalition fleet that had been parked offshore also moved.

The battlefield moved from sea to land.

†

Faced with the Dragon Flame who broke into the port, Duris’s soldiers and pirates had no time to react.

They were stunned by the black flash blowing up the top of the big lighthouse, and the fragments flying into the city. The face looking up at the big lighthouse has an unstoppable color. The series of scenes in front of me are too unrealistic.

"There are enemies!" It was this sentence that brought them back to reality. Take a closer look, the enemy warship with a dragon-shaped statue on its bow is entering the harbor at high speed.

"What's the matter with Hailong!?"

Someone asked. They still don't know that the sea dragon has disappeared.

In short, let's meet the enemy first. The crowd took up weapons and gathered at the dock. But immediately his face paled. Because of that ship, there is no sign of slowing down.
Entering the harbor, the Dragon Flame, marched forward bravely with the momentum of breaking the wind. Repelling the sea dragon resulted in an extraordinary excitement, causing the oarsmen to row their boats tirelessly. No one can stop them.

"Your Excellency Bonner really found a lot of brave people to be crew members."

Sofy said with a wry smile, and raised Zaht.

"—Brilliant waves, gather in front of me."

The golden light spreads around Sofy, forming a protective shield invisible to the naked eye. There are many enemies with bows and arrows on the shore, and their arrows must be blocked first.

Then, Tigre and others clenched the strings and gritted their teeth.

The Dragon flame locked onto a wooden pier and hit it head-on. The Duris soldiers released their arrows all at once, but the rain of arrows falling above the bow was bounced off by the invisible wall, and not even one of them greeted Tigre and the others.

Accompanied by an astonishing sound of cracking, the Dragon Flame knocked over the wooden dock. The wood broke and cracked, and countless fragments were flying in the air. The Dragon Flame hit several Duris soldiers and pirates who had not had time to escape, and forced a landing.

"Enough chaos," Mila whispered.

The Duris soldiers and pirates quickly stood up from the impact, "Come on with the ladder!" roared.

Tigre shot down the enemy two and three arrows at a time. Although there are so many enemies in front of him that even if he shoots arrows with his eyes closed, he will definitely be able to shoot people, but Tigre still specifically chooses to be tall, seemingly strong, or to attack like a commander. The enemy must be disrupted while now.

Mila and Sofy took the dragon gear and watched the enemy's situation on the ship. If the enemy were ordinary humans, they
would have jumped onto the dock long ago to clear the way for the soldiers on board.

However, the commander of the enemy has a wonderful power. Taking into account the possibility of the dragon's power being sealed off and the troops being isolated, it is obviously wise to wait for the friendly forces to disembark.

Several pirates surrounded the bow of the Dragon Flame, destroying the hull with hatchets or swords. The dragon-shaped statue on the bow of the Dragon Flame spewed flames, burning the pirates into fireballs. The pirates on fire rolled on the ground, screaming again and again.

"There is such a mechanism?"

Tigre stared at the statue with wide eyes. There was also a slight surprise in Sofy's eyes.

"Although I know there is this mechanism, this is the first time I have seen how it looks when used."

The battle also started in the middle of the ship. The enemy rowed a small boat, approaching the hull from the sea. Bonner and the sailors, and the oarsmen on the upper deck, either fired arrows at those people, or threw hatchets and wooden blocks down. Although Duris soldiers and pirates fought hard, the advantage was on Bonner's side.

The long ladder was erected on the ship, and the enemy scrambled to climb up the ladder. It's a pity that there are two war maidens in the bow who claim to be a thousand.

Mila stabbed the first pirate who climbed up the string in the throat with a shot, and the pirate fell straight back. Mila pulled her spear back and hit the Duris soldier who had just climbed up hard on the head, then swiped Lavias backhand from side to side, sweeping several enemies off the ground at once.

Some people do not get on the boat, but throw hatchets or lighted torches at the boat. While repelling the enemy soldiers who
wanted to climb onto the ship, Mila waved away the throwing weapons casually.

Sofy's bravery did not lose to Mila. She stood boldly beside the ship's string, waved ZAHT, broke the skull or shoulders of those who climbed up, and prevented the enemy soldiers from crossing the thunder pond. And also smashed the long ladder, making the enemy in a dilemma.

While repulsing the enemy, Sofy carefully observed the enemy's situation. Even if Lester appeared and the dragon lost his strength, the warrior strength she had trained for many years would not disappear. But in this way, the battle should become a lot harder.

Cheers came from the middle of the ship, and soon after, Raffinac and Goruin came to the bow, panting. There was sweat on their faces, and the hatchets and swords in their hands were stained with blood, but neither of them was tired, and their eyes were full of fighting spirit.

"Master! The friendly forces are here!"

Raffinac exclaimed, showing his protruding front teeth. The coalition fleet has entered the port.

The Brune Army's flagship 'Joy' is not as reckless as the Dragon Flame.

However, Roland, who stood at the bow of the ship, did something that even Vanadis couldn't do. As soon as the Joy approached the pier, Roland carried the sword and jumped from the deck, using the downward force to slash and kill the enemy soldiers gathered on the pier.

"That guy was too eager to get off the boat, right?" Olivier smiled wryly after the battle.

Roland, who fell to the ground with blood, stood up quietly. The reason why he glanced at his feet was because the feeling of
the hard ground from the soles of his feet made him feel at ease? At least, he didn't even look at the pirates who had been kicked to death by himself.

Roland silently looked around at the enemy soldiers surrounding him and stepped on the ground. The advance and the chopping are linked together, producing a chain reaction of bloodshed. The heads of the pirates and the arms of the Duris soldiers all dragged their bloody tails, spinning in the air. Roland did not give the enemy soldiers a chance to react at all. A pirate uttered an unspeakable cry and attacked Roland. Roland didn't even look at him. With a sword stretched out, he shattered the pirate's face and killed him on the spot.

"Where is your commander?"

The sharp eyes and the fighting spirit erupting from the whole body overwhelmed the Duris soldier and the pirates. However, no one answered his question. The enemy soldiers rushed towards Roland instead of suppressing their fears as they gave up on themselves.

The big swordsman roared, smashing the head, cutting off the body, tearing the legs, and the Duris soldiers and the pirates sank into the blood mist one by one. Whether it's a helmet or armor, or a strong body trained in the sea, they all attacked Roland. And so far, no enemy soldier can hurt Roland a single hair.

Roland waved Durandal horizontally, the body gradually covered the dock, and the sea breeze also smelled of blood. The blood spurted from the enemy soldiers painted a red pattern on the black armor of the black knight.

Suddenly, Roland discovered that a pirate was aiming at him with a bow and arrow in the distance. He was about to use a big sword instead of a shield for defense, but he didn't expect someone to be faster. The pirate's neck was shot through by arrows flying from nowhere, and the whole person fell backwards and disappeared among the enemy soldiers.
Roland rolled his eyes slightly, and saw Tigre's figure on the bow of the Dragon Flame.

The crew of the Dragon Flame lowered the ladder, and Mila and Sofy got off the dock with the help of the sailors on the ship. Tigre, Raffinac, and Goruin also followed them.

On the other side, the Knights of Navarre also got onto the dock from the Joy, and followed Roland to destroy the enemy soldiers. The people on the two boats quickly merged together.

Tigre and Roland looked at each other silently and nodded to each other. For now, this is enough.

At this moment, other warships also arrived at the dock one after another, and the entire port entered a state of combat.

So far, the Duris soldiers and pirates still cannot recover the slow response of the Dragon Flame assault. And gathering in groups on the dock has also become a fatal flaw. The Zhcted and the Asvarre army shot arrows at Duris soldiers, and the Brune army threw spears and hatchets at the pirates, killing the enemy one after another.

Some enemy soldiers got on their own ships. But in a blink of an eye, they were surrounded by two or three coalition warships and were flanked by them.

On the dock, Roland marched side by side with Mila and Sofy. Under the sunlight, the Sword of Invincibility (Durandal), Frost Wave (Lavias), and Brilliant Light (Zaht) gleamed, killing the bleeding road, and creating hills of corpses on both sides of the road. The arrows fired from behind the three accelerated the enemy's chaos.

The Duris soldiers and pirates retreated in fear of the bravery of the black knights and war maidens. Although some people wanted to attack the three with bows and arrows from afar, or command soldiers to counterattack, they were all shot by black bows and fell to the ground.
"Just looking at the battle ahead, it turned out to be such an easy thing."

Roland slashed the enemy soldiers and exclaimed.

Raffinac, Goruin, Asvarre soldiers, and the knights of the Knights of Navarre also fought behind the four, and they did widen the path that they had opened.

When Tigre and others entered the city from the harbor, the pirates exhausted their last battle spirit, dropped their weapons, turned around, scrambled to escape, or jumped into the sea. Many Duris soldiers were angry about this, but more soldiers learned to escape or surrender.

It seems that the outcome is set.

†

The buildings built along the Port of Durres are mostly warehouses or mansions of wealthy merchants. The same goes for the main road leading to the central square.

At present, the main road is crowded with advancing coalition forces and retreating Duris forces. If the Duris army is still maintaining order, it might be able to retreat like a tide, abandon the road, or reorganize its formation and resist stubbornly. But now, their actions are chaotic, and the forward and defender collided when retreating, making the troops chaotic.

When the coalition forces advanced to half of the road, Roland, Mila, and Sofy who were walking at the forefront, and Tigre who was accompanying the three of them, all stopped automatically. A certain strange atmosphere came from the rear of the Duris Army, and it was like something composed of maliciousness.

— This feeling...
Tigre took a deep breath, stretched his hand to the quiver around his waist, and checked the number of arrows with his fingers.

Mila's blue eyes exuded tension, she squeezed Lavias, staring at the front, and said to Sofy and Roland next to him:

"Lester is right in front. By the way-Lord Roland."

Mila. Slightly apologetic continued:

"Although I can't explain it, Lester has a wonderful power. When fighting him, Sofy and I may not be useful."

She can't talk about the dragon gear at will. Important people in other countries listened, and now there is no time to explain so much. Roland raised his eyebrows slightly, but without further questioning, he just nodded and said,

"Unexpectedly, your excellency Vanadis would be willing to give up their great achievements--"

Roland was interrupted in the middle of the joke. An object flew over from above the Duris soldiers at an extremely violent speed. It is a small boat enough to take five or six people.

Roland waved Durandal urgently, and with the harsh noise, the boat split into two and landed far on the left and right sides of the road.

—How do I do this?

A cold sweat slipped from the black knight's cheek. Could it be that it was a large ballista used for siege to knock the boat over? He can only imagine that.

A commotion came from the rear of Duris's army. Tigre and others took a closer look, and the Duris soldiers and pirates retreated left and right, and a man appeared leisurely.

The man—Lester was of medium build, wearing armor but not a helmet. Except for a little hair behind the ears, the whole head is almost bald. There was a crazy color in his eyes with more white and less black. I saw him carrying a huge wooden stick wrapped
around the chain on his right shoulder and holding something with his left hand.

"Unexpectedly, you could blow up the big lighthouse and let the sea dragon run away. To be honest, I underestimated the "bow" and I didn't have time to eat properly."

Lester praised Tigre, casually. Biting an object on his left hand. Tigre and the others, who saw what it was, couldn't help but stare. It is a child's hand torn off from the elbow.

Seeing the sight of Tigre and others, Lester grinned bloody.

"This ah, originally ten, eleven-year-old little baby girl last night I have hurt her, but the pain seems too hard. At dawn, her waist full of blood, and finally died."

Speaking of which, Lester turned his gaze to look at the sword in Roland's hand.

"Oh! I was still thinking that besides the "gun", "stick", and "bow", there are other wonderful auras. It turns out that Durandal is here? So, you are the black of Brune Knight?"

Roland frowned. Durandal was the sword of the Brune Kingdom, and it remained on the wall of the Throne Hall until King Faron lent it to Roland. Although, if Lester had seen King Faron in the past, it would not be surprising to see this sword. But even so, his statement is still very curious.

Lester chewed on the child's hand and sneered at the surprised Roland:

"Black clothes, black armor. That's the way it is, the same as the rumor. Is it possible that even the intestines are black?"

Roland said nothing. He took a step forward like a sliding step. In addition to his disgust and anger about treating children as food, Pan was on his chest, as well as a sense of vigilance and a little sense of terror.

So far, Roland has fought various enemies. Although only once, he had fought deathly with people who seemed to be controlled by spells; he had also fought Vanadis called madmen. However, no
matter how disagreeable the opponents are, they are humans after all.

However, when confronting Lester, Roland felt as if he was confronting some alien.

The craziness in this man's eyes is indeed out-and-out craziness, but it does not belong to human beings. He must disappear from this world as soon as possible.

Lester took the child's hand, unfastened the chain around the stick, wrapped it around his waist, and walked towards Roland.

Mila and Sofy stood behind the black knight and looked at each other, with uneasy expressions on their faces. The dragons of the two of them were silent at the same time from the moment Lester appeared. No matter how they called in their hearts, Lavias and Zaht did not respond. It was the first time they encountered this situation after becoming a war maiden.

"You better step back,"

Tigre said to Mila and Sofy. Even if they lose the power of the dragon, they are still outstanding fighters. But considering that there may be any accidents, you should not stand in a place that is too conspicuous.

The two retreated with sad expressions, and Tigre, Raffinac, and Goruin stood forward as if protecting them.

Lester approached, and threw the child's severed hand at Roland. Roland was about to wave his severed hand away, when the wooden stick was forced to him.

Accompanied by a hard impact, the front half of the wooden stick turned into countless fragments, flying between the two. The warlike eyes of the Black Knight intertwined with Lester's happy eyes. Roland used Durandal to slash at Lester, an inevitable blow.

Lester neither avoided nor retreated. He showed a twisted smile, threw the remaining half of the wooden stick aside, and hit the blade of the big sword from the side with bare hands. So it was
Roland who lost his balance. As he jumped to the side, he didn't fall, but his face was still surprised.

What he used just now was an attack that was enough to cut the opponent in half with the armor. But Lester bounced the big sword with his fist. Even the onlookers couldn't help wondering if they were dazzled.

"Sure enough." This was not to Roland, but to Durandal. Lester smiled happily:

"Even if I can't interrupt, I thought I would be able to make you bend. It seems I'm still too tender."

Roland held Durandal again and asked Lester:

"Did you lose the boat just now?"

"Yes. Because there is a shipyard near the central square. And I can't find anything suitable for throwing."

"Sword!" Lester said casually. He turned his head and shouted backwards. A soldier hurried over and handed his sword. Lester took the sword, looked at it a few times, and involuntarily waved it to the side. The soldier's head rolled on the ground, his face still maintaining a surprised expression.

"Not bad."

Lester didn't even look at the soldier, but looked up at the black knight. He let out a roar like a beast, jumped upward, and slashed towards Roland from top to bottom.

Normally, Roland would swing his big sword from the bottom up, cutting the opponent in half. But this time, the black knight used a big sword to protect his body abnormally and retreated backwards.

Lester's sword struck the ground and made a big hole in the ground. Unable to withstand such a huge force, the sword body broke off from the hilt. There was silence around. This is no longer the so-called strength.

"Intuition is very keen."
Lester threw down the sword with only the hilt and guard, and laughed. At this moment, shouts came from the direction of the port. It was the coalition forces that completely suppressed the cheers of the port.

Hearing the voice, Lester pretended to sigh:

"Oh, I would have liked to enjoy the fun of this appearance."

"What does this mean?"

Roland asked with cold sweat on his back. Lester opened his mouth wide, not ordinary teeth, but countless sharp fangs arranged in the mouth.

Lester's eyes glowed red, and his skin became strangely pale. The muddy black wind hovered around him. This word flashed through Tigre's mind, standing some distance away.

In the black wind, Lester's body swelled like an inflated skin. The buckle of the armor was snapped open, and the chain around the waist was pulled to creak. Finally, two horns grew on the forehead.

Roland and Sofy watched the process of Lester's transformation into a demon in amazement, and the coalition forces and the Duris soldiers groaned in disarray.

The only two who can be regarded as calm are Tigre and Mila. But their faces were full of anxiety. Lavias of Mila lost his power, and Tigre's black bow became quite weak. Although the black bow will send a slight warmth when calling in his heart, but this is the only way.

The demon howled and waved his arms as strong as an adult to break the black wind. A huge demon with a height of more than thirty chets (about three meters) appeared in front of everyone.

"You--"

Tigre scolded himself, who was almost trembling in his heart, and asked the demon:

"Who are you?"
"Torbalan. You can also call me a ghost. You should have heard this name, right? "Bow "Ah." (Editor's note: Torbalan, a demon in Bulgarian folklore, can abduct children.)

The demon, Torbalan, raised the corners of his mouth, maybe he was smiling. Torbalan is a demon in Zhcted’s folklore who specializes in capturing little girls. It can be seen that he is indeed the same kind of Rusalka and Leshy.

"War maidens, what's the matter? Don't you attack my eternal enemy?"

The demon turned to look at Mila and Sofy, mocking.

"But I won't kill you right away. I will humiliate you until you have completely collapsed physically and mentally, and then eat you from the top of your head. You can also choose to be eaten in this way, or use human Eat like it."

Torbalan stepped heavily on the ground and approached them. The human beings screamed. The soldiers of the Allied Forces and the Duris Army threw down their swords and shields, turned around and ran, colliding with their companions in the rear. The scene was extremely chaotic. Only a handful of coalition soldiers remained in place.

Tigre put the arrow on the black bow and shot it at the demon. There is no "power" on the arrow, it is just an ordinary arrow. Torbalan waved his hand and the arrow immediately fell to the ground.

"What do you want?"

Tigre didn't reply. The arrow was not shot just to hurt Torbalan.

Roland clenched the big sword, and approached Torbalan. Tigre's arrow brought him back from a daze. That arrow made Roland understand that this demon does exist in reality, and Tigre did not lose his intent to fight. Roland glared at Torbalan sharply:

"Why do you want to eat people?"

"Of course it's for pleasure."
None of the people present could understand what the demon said. Torbalan continued:

"Cheating, burning, killing, destroying, encroaching, devouring. If you can't enjoy these things, is there any point in living?"

"—That's it. You demon."

Flame-like fighting spirit Erupted from the eyes of the black knight. As a human, this demon is an enemy that must be defeated. He did understand this.

Torbalan raised his thick arm and hit the black knight. Roland swiftly jumped to the side. After a loud noise, a large hole was punched in the ground where Roland was originally, and the ground vibrated endlessly.

The black knight sprang from the flying smoke and waved Durandal. The demon's thick right hand was chopped off shoulder-to-shoulder, and black blood spurted from the incision, staining the ground with dirt.

—*It works.*

Roland showed a relieved expression. But only for a moment. He quickly adjusted his posture and pulled away from Torbalan. Although Roland didn't relax his vigilance on the demon's left hand, in the next second, he knew that his thoughts were too naive.

The demon shook his head vigorously, and the double horns on his forehead stretched out, hitting Roland like a whip. Roland, who saw that this blow was unavoidable, raised his big sword to replace the shield for body protection.

Roland's body flew up, hit the wall of the roadside building heavily, and fell to the ground. Torbalan yelled, kicked his legs, jumped in the direction where Roland had fallen, and hit Roland with his left fist.

After the deafening noise disappeared, a large hole appeared in the wall of the building. The ghost's figure slowly appeared in the diffuse smoke.
Mila and Sofy stood blankly on the spot, Tigre's face faded with blood, and his unspeakable anxiety severely pinched his internal organs, making his breathing even more rapid.

No matter how strong Roland is, he is human after all. It is impossible to be safe when hit by a demon's fist.

Tigre bit his lip and ran. It's not for the courage of blood, but for the opposite calculation. Tigre ran and shot an arrow at Torbalan, but the demon did not even flash. Sure enough, as soon as the arrow hit Torbalan's body, it bounced off and fell to the ground.

—Look at me!

Mila and Sofy are now unable to use their strength to fight. As for Raffinac and the others, they should be beaten into flesh by the demon. However, it is precisely because of this situation that I have to fight hard. We must help everyone get time to escape.

—This guy is an unreasonably strong demon. A demon that makes people want to run away. But — I once defeated Rusalka and Leshy with Mila and other Vanadis.

In this case, there should be a way to defeat this demon.

—It must be observed carefully. Even if it's trivial, don't miss any of his wonderful actions!

Return to the basic mentality of the hunter. So far, this approach has saved Tigre many times.

It's a pity that Tigre didn't calculate one thing - Mila and Sofy also ran towards the demon with dragon gear. The pride of being a Vanadis makes them resolutely challenge Torbalan.

There was no time to stop them. Tigre put a new arrow on his bow and ran towards the demon. If the distance between himself and Torbalan is about the same as Mila and the others, at least it can draw the demon's attention.

Torbalan, who was walking towards this side like smoke, looked at the three of Tigre and smiled.
The demon roared. Tigre's body flew up, and his back fell heavily to the ground.

—What...?

Tigre was in pain all over, and his consciousness became blurred. What caught my eyes was a gray sky covered with clouds. It took a while for Tigre to understand that he was lying on his back.

—I was beaten off without seeing anything. It's like being blown away by a storm... No, he is indeed a storm-like demon.

Tigre sighed, maybe he broke his mouth, and there was a smell of blood in his mouth. He could move his hands and feet, and the black bow was still in his hands, which made him feel a little relieved. Tigre twisted on the ground, turning himself over and lying on the ground, trying to support the ground with his hands and feet, and got up.

Upon closer inspection, Mila and Sofy were not far away. They both held the dragon gear, but seemed to have lost consciousness.

Torbalan looked down at the three of them leisurely and laughed loudly.

"Let's start with the bow. It takes time for Vanadis to concoct it to have fun."

Tigre glared at the demon angrily, but frowned when he noticed something. At some point, someone climbed onto the roof behind Torbalan, who seemed to be a woman.

Tigre originally thought he was a resident of that house, but he immediately denied this idea. Why do residents climb onto the roof? The city became a battlefield, and the first floor wall of the house was punched with a big hole. If it were residents, it would have been scared away.

Tigre adjusted his breath and looked closely. He quickly understood who the woman was, and his eyes widened.

—Princess Guinevere?
Guinevere wore a white-based dress and held a sword-like object in her hand.

She yelled, jumped from the roof, waved her weapon, and slashed towards Torbalan.

Torbalan didn't even look at Guinevere, raised his head slightly, and waved the long horns of his forehead towards her. Tigre rushed towards Guinevere. Of course he knew he couldn't catch up, but he couldn't stand by.

There was a metal crash. Tigre saw a surprising scene—Guinevere cut off the horns that had hit her, kicked Torbalan in the head, and landed lightly. With black hair dancing in the wind, Guinevere chuckled softly:

"It's harder than expected."

The unexpected development caused Tigre to stop and look at Guinevere in a daze. Torbalan groaned painfully on his forehead, but quickly raised his head and glared at Guinevere. The red eyes showed a color of surprise.

"Caliburn...!"

The weapon in Guinevere's hand was indeed a sword. But the shape makes people hesitate whether to call it that way. Shan Feng, the sword body is a wonderful curve, the guard is semi-circular, and the gold chain is strung on the top.

However, what surprised Tigre more than the shape was the incredible wave of the sword named Caliburn. That is a different, heterogeneous power from dragons like Lavias or Zaht.

"Obviously it's a demon, but I know a lot."
Guinevere raised Caliburn, frowning vigilantly. Maybe it’s because it doesn’t hurt anymore. Torbalan’s hand left his forehead and laughed in a low voice,

"That’s it. It’s been taken away? No wonder I can’t find it everywhere. That guy also is accidentally casual yeah."

The demon showed a twisted and ugly smile.

"Durandal, Caliburn, "Spear", "Staff", and "Bow". What a good day is today? Although I am not like other guys, I am not interested in collecting treasures... But I want them all. !"

Torbalan jumped up. Perhaps thinking that he was going to punch from top to bottom, Guinevere looked up at the demon, standing still. Seeing this, Tigre ran forward again.

Torbalan's horn was regenerated when it jumped. The demon shook its head, and its horns slammed into Guinevere at a violent speed. The unexpected attack caused Guinevere's reaction to be slow. At this moment, Tigre rushed out from the side and threw her down.

Tigre hugged Guinevere and rolled on the ground. A deep hole was cut out by two horns where Guinevere was standing just now.

"Good hiding."

Torbalan returned to the ground and laughed happily. Tigre let go of Guinevere and ran again.

—Caliburn, a sword forged from lightning.

Sofy mentioned the sword in Asvarre's legend when she was sailing. Why did that sword fall into Guinevere's hands? Tigre didn't know. He only knew that Guinevere had the ability to fight demons. In that case, all she should do is to assist her from the side. And doing so can indirectly help Mila and Sofy.

Guinevere also quickly got up and confronted Torbalan.

Logically speaking, Guinevere should stay on the flagship of the Asvarre fleet now. According to the original plan, she should
wait until the siege was over and the coalition forces completely occupied Duris before leaving the flagship to land.

However, she felt very dissatisfied.

In terms of reason, this arrangement is correct. But Guinevere didn't want to get the throne in this way. You must act personally to get the important things. This is her creed. The reason why Will became her subordinate, and the reason why Brune supported her with the military, were all because of her own actions.

Therefore, Guinevere avoided the eyes and ears of everyone and sneaked into the warship scheduled to go ashore. When the top floor of the big lighthouse was blown up, the sea dragon disappeared, and after the warship came ashore, she took advantage of the chaos of the battlefield and came to the roof of the second-story building.

She didn't intend to take any feat of killing one or two pirates. Instead, I want to observe the battlefield condescendingly and grasp the details of the battle.

Then, she gambled on the process of Lester's transformation into Torbalan. The existence of the demon certainly surprised her, but after a little calm down, she started to feel angry.

Because she does not allow that kind of demons to wreak havoc on this land.

Torbalan sent shock waves from his body. Although Guinevere was defending with Caliburn, she was shocked.

Tigre tried to draw the demon's attention away. Although he succeeded many times, Torbalan still forced Guinevere into desperation. He walked to Guinevere who was kneeling on the ground, grabbed her by the left hand, and picked her up. Guinevere groaned with pain.

Mila and Sofy, who had fallen on the ground, took the opportunity to get up, holding the dragon gear and attacking. They
have been waiting for the moment Torbalan's attention is removed from them.

Heavy crashing sound. The demon leaned slightly and blocked the attacks of Mila and Sofy with his left hand.

"It's a pity."

Torbalan waved away the two. Mila and Sofy staggered back, but still tried to prevent themselves from falling, resolutely staring at the demon.

Tigre frowned and looked at Torbalan. The action just now made him feel that something was wrong.

—Why do you specifically block the attack?

Although it's not a particularly strange reaction, if the enemy is holding Durandal or Caliburn's weapons that can injure him, it's a different matter. Why do you have to reach out to block the blocked dragon gear? What about their attack? When Tigre shot an arrow at him, he obviously didn't react like this.

However, there is no time to think about this at present. You must first find a way to save Guinevere.

Even though the demon's face was forced in front of her, Guinevere stared at Torbalan without fear, and stab Caliburn forward. Unexpectedly, the demon grabbed Caliburn's sword.

"Next, what else do you want to do?"

Torbalan asked Guinevere who took a breath with a smile.

At this moment, a violent wind blew beside the demon and the princess. A black shadow broke into between the two with the keen speed of the eagle when it caught its prey. It's Roland.

Roland roared and waved Durandal. Torbalan challenged with double horns, but was smashed by Roland. The next second blow cut off his right hand.

Torbalan put down Caliburn, picked up his right hand that fell on the ground, and backed away in a panic.
"Are you still alive?"

Roland didn't reply, standing in front of him like protecting Guinevere who had fallen on the ground, facing the demon. Although his left half of his face was stained with blood, his armor was distorted, and his arms and legs were injured, his demeanor as a black knight remained unchanged. He clenched the sword with both hands and stood strong.

"I won't ask why you are here now."

Roland turned his back to Guinevere and said:

"But, I will protect you."

"No..."

Guinevere supported her body with Caliburn instead of crutches, got up and came to Roland's side.

"I want to fight too. This is my fight."

Roland frowned slightly after hearing this. At this moment, Tigre watched the demon and moved cautiously to Roland.

"Please, please,"

Tigre said briefly. Great, luckily you are fine. At present, even saying these words is a waste of time. Roland nodded in agreement.

"Could you please cut the chain around that guy's waist?"

Roland looked at Torbalan's waist. After Tigre mentioned it, he finally noticed the dark gray chains around the demon's waist.

Is there any problem with the chain? Roland was about to ask, and shook his head again. When he fainted, Tigre still fought with the demon. In fact, he can run away, no one will blame him. Thanks to Tigre's blessing, he can be saved. Roland wanted to respond to his courage.

"Princess Guinevere, please distract that guy's attention,"

Roland said. Compared to telling her not to mess around, causing her to be more messy, she is less likely to be messed up if she finds errands for her.
Torbalan pressed his broken right hand to the incision under the watchful eyes of the two. The incision healed in a blink of an eye, and the horns on the head were regenerated.

"What a difficult demon,"

Roland tweeted, and ran up at the same time as Guinevere. The two attacked Torbalan from the left and right. Tigre also ran around in big circles.

— *When Mila and Sofy attacked Torbalan, he should be protecting the chain.*

Think about it carefully, when Torbalan pretended to be a human, the chain was originally wrapped around a wooden stick. It wasn't until the confrontation with Roland that the chains were unlocked in advance.

At that time, I should feel that there was a problem. If it is done to increase the strength of the sticks, it makes no sense to untie the chains. So it should be solved for other reasons.

— *When fighting Mila outside the Barham Fortress, he didn't unlock the chains.*

It should be because the power of the dragon is sealed and cannot damage the chain.

— *This is the eighth achievement.*

If Roland or Guinevere finds that it is not an ordinary chain, they will definitely attack the chain. This is what Torbalan defended.

Guinevere strode forward, pretending to attack with a sword, and took the opportunity to go round to the side of the demon. Torbalan released a shock wave, and Tigre's arrow was also launched at the same time.

Guinevere fends off the shock wave with Caliburn. Roland seemed to understand something when he saw the arrow flying in the air.
Roland swung the big sword like a demon, and jumped up, avoiding Torbalan's horns, avoiding the demon's fist while backing. Guinevere took the opportunity to attack, as if she was the real attacker.

Torbalan's attention shifted to Guinevere. Roland did not miss this opportunity.

He kicked the ground forcefully, held the sword on his side, and rushed forward without hesitation. At the very moment, Torbalan's arm flashed, and the chain was attached, and Durandal pierced the demon's abdomen. The metal slamming sounded, Torbalan's chain broke and fell to the ground.

Torbalan sent a shock wave, shaking Roland away. But before Roland was shaken off, he hooked the chain with a sword and took it away. While rolling on the ground, Roland took advantage of the remaining momentum to get up and cleaved the chain around the front of the sword into pieces of iron.

"—That's how it is."

Mila, who was watching the battle in the distance, sighed. Her Lavias was exuding white chill and light.

"He knows everything about us war maidens."

Sofy also held the golden light of Zaht and looked at the demon. The light from the dragons of the two men gathered on the arrowheads of Tigre's black bow.

Tigre shot an arrow entangled in black light. Unexpectedly, Torbalan stretched his hands forward to block the arrow. Not only Tigre, but Mila and Sofy had their eyes widened. Because they know the destructive power of arrows borrowed from the "power" of two dragons.

Although Torbalan was forced to retreat by the arrow, he was still not destroyed.

The demon's right hand began to disintegrate, but he still smiled.

“I got it.” As if saying so.
At this moment, Roland and Guinevere moved. Caliburn cut off the demon's left arm, and Durandal split Torbalan's abdomen. Tigre's arrow finally continued to advance, smashing the demon's head, blasting away part of the building behind the demon, and disappearing into the void.

After losing his head, right hand, and left arm, the huge body of the demon remains standing erect. The body quickly faded, turned into clods, gradually disintegrated, and finally turned into dust. Same as Rusalka and Leshy.

Sofy, Roland, and Guinevere looked at the scene dumbfounded.

Roland finally answered a God, took a deep breath and exclaimed:

'!! Lester has been killed by Tigrevurmud Vorn. Lester's men ah, you lose.'

After yelling the same words twice, a lament came from the direction of the central square.

'It’s finally over...'

Sofy said halfway through, turning into an exclamation. There was black smoke and flames everywhere in the city. Tigre and others looked at each other. Tigre said:

'I die it is set on fire.'

'I did not say so, is that Demon do .......?'

If it is said to be the sadistic pleasure of Torbalan is indeed possible to do so.

'Let's split up.'

Sofy said firmly:

'Mila suppressed the fire as much as possible. Tigre and Mila together. I'll evacuate the people.'

Then, she looked at Roland and Guinevere.
"Can you please help me? I will clear the way for the people who have taken refuge, and ask Lord Roland to destroy the building to prevent the fire from spreading."

"I see."

Roland looked at the city, briefly and honestly. Even now, even if you go back to command the troops, it's just a waste of time. Besides, he believed in Olivier's ability. Olivier's words should be able to control the soldiers well. In this battle, until the end, I should act in this way.

"What about me? What should I do?" Guinevere asked.

"His Royal Highness, please evacuate the people with me. Lead the citizens to the port or near the city wall."

Guinevere nodded.

The situation was urgent, and Tigre and others immediately began to act.

By the time they extinguished the fire completely and arrested or knocked down all Duris soldiers, it was already dusk.

On the top floor of the big lighthouse in the last chapter, 30% of the floor remains. Apart from that, no matter it was the roof, the beams, the stoves used to illuminate the distance, etc., there was no trace. It was bombed by Tigre.

Tigre and Mila sat on the last remaining floor, looking at the city.

Can only be said to be shocking. According to Sofy, 30% of the buildings in the city were burned. More than 500 people died and as many as 3,000 were injured.

Nevertheless, the people of Duris still regarded Tigre and them as the People's Liberation Army, accepted them, and praised them. Because Torbalan is too tyrannical.

The coalition forces handed over the treatment of the wounded to the citizens, and they accelerated the speed of
repairing the city. Because I don't know when the Jermaine Army will appear. They should have been observing Duris' situation.

There is no better time to take Duris than now. Although the city walls and gates are fine, the port has been severely damaged and must be repaired as soon as possible. But the soldiers are tired, and so are the people. Depending on the circumstances, the citizens might surrender directly to Jermaine in order to avoid war. Only in this case, it must be avoided.

Tigre turned his gaze to look at the blue sea and the blue sky.

Suddenly, he remembered the sea he had seen for the first time on the hills near Lipno. Unlike the sea he saw at the time, there were many shipwrecks floating on the sea in front of me.

Everything is not over yet. The war is still going on.

"By the way, is it really okay for Sofy to do those things?"

Mila worriedly said. Sofy generously distributed the food, drinking water, and wounding medicine brought by the Zhcteds to the citizens of Duris, and they gave them away for free.

Although this is necessary to win the hearts and minds of the people, basically, the Zhcteds must rely on Elliott to supplement supplies. In this way, there may be gaps for Elliott. It is difficult to simply think that this approach is fine.

"Sofy should have her own ideas. Besides, in case, you can also ask the Brune Army for help. Moreover, there are also people in the Asvarre Army who are as knowledgeable as His Excellency Hamish."

Tigre comforted her. Mila nodded with a wry smile.

The two walked down the big lighthouse. There are too many things to do, no time to rest here.

As soon as I arrived on the flat ground, I saw Raffinac running towards this side breathlessly. He came to the two of them, trying to adjust his breathing. To calm him down, Tigre jokingly asked,

"What's wrong? Did the Jermaine army show up?"
"...Elliott is dead."

Tigre and Mila looked at Raffinac dumbfounded. They then looked at each other.

Raffinac repeated the same words again. Neither Tigre nor Mila knew what to say.

The man's name is Pranchi. Forty years old.

He was born in a small town south of Legnica and left his hometown when he was fifteen to work as a sailor in Lipno. After getting married, he returned to his hometown to live for five years and felt that he was still suitable to be a sailor, so he left his wife and children and returned to Lipno again. After that, he lived in Lipno in summer and autumn, and lived in his hometown in winter and spring.

During this expedition, Pranchi boarded the ship as a sailor. Until yesterday, he had done his duty to complete the sailor's mission.

It happened after Tigre and others defeated Torbalan and Duris was captured by the coalition forces. Elliot walked alone on the deserted road in the city without any entourage. Although he carried a saber, he didn't wear armor and was lightly dressed.

As for Pranchi, he is fully armed. Not only is he wearing armor, but he also has a spear in his hand and a short sword at his waist.

"I have a son."

Why kill Elliot? When being interrogated, Pranchi said so.

"My son is a traveling merchant. He mainly does business in the south of Legnica and the north of Leitmeritz. He was also there when the bastards of Asvarre attacked Leitmeritz."

Pranchi was from his wife. He learned from the letter that his son was killed by the Asvarre army. Because in summer, he works in Lipno.
Nevertheless, Pranchi still joined this expedition. Because he thought that the sailor should have been like this. In addition, he has had friendship with Bonner for many years, and it is based on the awe of Sasha and the governor of Legnica. He had thought that as long as he didn't get close to Elliot, he would be fine.

"I saw him once on Ovisgat's road. At that time, I controlled myself..."

Until yesterday, Pranchi had successfully restrained himself.

But today, when he saw Elliot walking alone in the ruined city, he lost control. The city devastated by war reminded him of his son.

When he recovered, his dagger had been inserted into Elliot's back.

After listening to Goruin's report, Mila looked at Tigre pale.

"Death in the hands of an assassin is still more enjoyable..."

"Pranchi is in the camp, do you want to bring him over?"

This also meant that Mila was going to punish Pranchi. Mila muttered. Punishment is a must, but if you don't take it properly, people who know the truth should blame Mila. Seeing Mila upset so much, Tigre made a proposal to her.

Thirty minutes later, Goruin brought Pranchi to Tigre and Mila.

"Planch, I want to punish you as a sailor in Legnica on behalf of Alexandra. Do you know?"

Planch nodded. Carrying the consciousness of accepting death calmly.

"First, from today, you must leave the army. Second, you are not allowed to use the name Pranchi. Within three or ten years, you are not allowed to return to your hometown. Fourth, admit that
Prince Elliot was killed by an assassin. Fifth, don't lie about killing Prince Elliot."

Pranchi looked at Mila in surprise. With a cold expression, Mila said ruthlessly:

"This is a punishment for you who "have failed to protect Prince Elliot from the assassins." Let's go."

After Pranchi left, Mila thanked Tigre.

"Thank you, Tigre."

It was Tigre's proposal to push the matter to the non-existent assassin. And in fact, Elliot has indeed been attacked by assassins. If you want to spare poor Pranchi, there is only this way. Besides, in this way, we can communicate with Elliot's supporters, and they should fight Jermaine with enmity and hatred.

"The point is, at the moment we have only suffered damage, and have not received any benefits. Moreover, Duris has become such a miserable situation and cannot just go back to Zhcted."

"But in this way, we can only be with Princess Guinevere. Cooperation."

If you want to fight Jermaine, someone must come out to lead the princes and nobles of Asvarre. It is best to be a royal family whose bloodline and status are one level higher than that of the nobility. If a candidate is selected from among the princes, disputes will certainly arise.

"Princess Guinevere should also wish to have Asvarre's soldiers on hand. As long as we propose, she should accept it. For the princes of Asvarre, they should be more willing to accept Guinevere than following my command."

The news of Elliot's death must be known to Guinevere. The person who had been okay until this morning suddenly died, and she would definitely be suspected of something strange. Maybe she would suspect Zhcted or put Zhcted in charge. For the sake of the future, such a situation must be avoided.
Guinevere borrowed a house near the port to live in. It was there that she learned of her brother's death.

The news was shocking. Even though Goruin, who came to explain the whole story, was gone, Guinevere remained silent until a hundred seconds later, she finally sighed.

"It's really like the way your elder brother will die. Father should be very sad."

Although she said so, she was already in a good mood.

Guinevere started to make tea, thinking about what to do in the future.

†

Zion Thenardier learned that the Kingdom of Brune was involved in the civil strife of the Kingdom of Asvarre. It was when the summer heat still left a little tail and the autumn wind began to blow over Nemetaku.

During this period, the wheat fields of Nemetaku will reflect the golden light in the sun. The leaders were busy harvesting, but in addition to fatigue on their faces, there was joy and comfort at the harvest. Zion heard about it from his father's soldier when he was resting after finishing the flying dragon riding practice.

"If the target is Asvarre, Duke Ganelon is leading this matter?"

Zion asked Ganelon's peculiar appearance, frowning. He has always disliked the Duke of Maximilian Benussa Ganelon, who had a strong influence on the northern part of Brune. To be precise, he was afraid of Ganelon.

It's not because Zion was treated by Ganelon. When Ganelon met Zion in the capital, Nice, 80% of them didn't pay attention to Zion at all.

However, whenever Zion saw Ganelon, there was a feeling of confrontation with something that was not human. Once, I even
thought I would be killed. Although Ganelon is shorter than Zion, and does not know how to victories.

"I heard that it is led by His Majesty the King and has nothing to do with Duke Ganelon. Moreover, the commander of the expeditionary army is Lord Roland of the Knights of Navarre."

"Roland..."

As soon as he heard the name of the black knight, Zion felt there is a sense of competition.

—*Can I now confront Roland to some extent?*

Zion looked at the dragon house dedicated to flying dragons. Although I still can't fully control the flying dragon, I finally have more leeway when flying recently. Even if the flying dragon suddenly fell or rolled in the air, he could quickly adjust his posture to respond. For Zion, it is considered a considerable improvement.

—*Want to know if my flying dragon can be active on the battlefield. But...*

Zion gritted his teeth hard. Even if he can stand firmly on the flying dragon, he still cannot use weapons. Most importantly, he couldn't think of a weapon that could be used while riding a flying dragon.

The sword is not good, it is too short to reach the enemy. It's better to order the flying dragon to hit the opponent faster and more directly.

The spear will not work either. Although it is longer than a sword, if you want to stab the opponent when you pass by, you must have superb skills to do it. Besides, if the spear gets stuck on the enemy, it can only be abandoned directly.

—*In that case, it's better to use a bow or a crossbow...*

Zion shook his head and drove the thought out of his mind. As the eldest son of the famous aristocratic Thenardier family, it was too embarrassing to want to fight with a bow. And having said that, shooting an arrow on a flying dragon that flies freely can’t aim at the target at all.
—Just go as a scout.

Of course Zion was reluctant to do that kind of work, but since he couldn't think of a weapon that could be used while riding a flying dragon, he could only do that kind of errand. Such a large creature flying in the sky will surely be spotted by the enemy, but as long as the enemy's location and number can be accurately grasped, there is no problem.

Zion wanted to test his strength in actual combat.

That night, Zion came to his father's room and expressed his intention to go to Asvarre. Duke Thenardier was surprised at his son's demands, but shook his head against.

"No matter what, can't I go?"

"Zion, think about it."

Thenardier said in a polite tone. Except for his son, he rarely speaks in such a kind manner.

"I know that you are already familiar with flying dragons, and I am very happy about this. But, you should also understand? No matter how fast a horse, you can't catch up with flying dragons, and that flying dragon, only you can Control."

"I know, my father." Zion clenched his fists and nodded:

"So I won't take any entourage, I'll be alone... No, I will fly to the battlefield with the flying dragon. Although it's not like what the people of Thenardier's would do, but—"

"Didn't I say no? You can't go for any high-sounding reasons. Although I approve of your courage, I can't let you do the work that you were forced to do."

Zion swallowed what he had originally wanted to say and looked at it with pleading eyes to his father. But Thenardier just shook his head speechlessly, which meant that Zion would retreat.
"I understand."

Zion looked unwilling, but he could only say that, and left his father's room.

Zion, who had nowhere to vent his anger, left the mansion and came to the dragon house where the flying dragon was.

He lit the torch placed at the entrance and walked into the dragon house.

Now he is very accustomed to walking in the dragon house without lighting. However, occasionally, he would hit wooden barrels and the like and make loud noises. Although the fire will make the flying dragon unhappy, it is better than making noises to make the flying dragon angry.

Maybe Fieron is not asleep yet, even if he sees the fire, he doesn't look particularly upset, he just looks at Zion in silence. I don't understand what Flying Dragon is thinking. Will the day of communion with Fieron really come?

"You should also be dissatisfied with Muozinel's non-contributory credit?"

Zion stood in front of the flying dragon and waved his fist vigorously.

"I must go to Asvarre and let everyone see my strength and yours."

Speaking of this, Zion noticed someone at the entrance. He turned around quickly, fearing that the servant in the house would follow him secretly. If my father heard what I said earlier, I don't know what will happen.

However, after seeing the person at the door clearly, Zion was relieved. That was Alouette, the maid who manages the dragon house.

"What are you doing here?"
Zion cursed without thinking to cover up his anxiety and vacillation. But Alouette's attitude was the same as usual, looking at Zion with an expressionless face without fear.

"I saw light in the dragon house. Just to be careful, I came and see the situation."

It seems to be the result of seeing the light of the torch.

Zion said angrily: "There is nothing that can be stolen here. Even if a stupid thief comes in and sees a flying dragon, he will immediately be scared away."

Alouette disappeared from the door without speaking. Although Zion wanted to scold her a few more words, but because of Alouette's blessing, the dragon house was relatively clean compared to before, so he couldn't be too harsh on Alouette. Fieron has become accustomed to such an environment recently. As long as the dragon's house gets dirty, he will be in a bad mood.

Zion sighed softly and looked at Flying Dragon again. "We are going to Asvarre!" shouted to Fieron.

A voice came from the door. Taking a closer look, Alouette approached Zion with a pottery cup in his hand. She silently handed the cup to Zion. It contains clean water.

"Do you treat me as a horse or something...?"

Zion tweeted. Alouette tilted his head and looked at him. Zion grabbed the pottery cup as if grabbing, and drank the water in one breath. The cold water made him feel unbelievably comfortable.

Thenardier's confidant Stede came to the room of Thenardier shortly after Zion left. The two watched their surroundings. After making sure that there was no one near the room,

Stead reported: "The Asvarre merchant who frequented the Duke Ganelon's house, there was no news after that. Maybe he was dead. But he was killed. Elliot, who was captured by the Kingdom
of Zhcted, said that he attacked Zhcted because he joined forces with the Duke of Ganelon. There really was collusion between them."

"Good job."

Thenardier did not Compliment the confidant with a bad face stingy. As long as it proves that Elliott and Ganelon are fornicating, Zhcted can be further involved. As long as Zhcted put his suspicious gaze on Ganelon, he might be able to catch Ganelon's pigtail.

"In addition, there is some wonderful news..."

"It doesn't matter if it is a trivial matter, let's talk about it."

Seeing Stade hesitated, Tenant asked him to continue.

"The first is the Kingdom of Muozinel... I heard that recently, a female fortuneteller was reused by the royal family of Muozinel. The female fortuneteller was named Azi Dahaka, she always wore a strange mask and never showed her Real face."

"For a fortuneteller, strangeness is normal. Isn't Drekavok like that?"

Drekavok has been a fortuneteller who has been working for Thenardier for years. But he is no ordinary fortune-teller. He was the one who helped Thenardier find the four-headed dragon during the expedition to Muozinel this spring. Although he was a short old man, he seemed to have the ability to make dragons obedient.

"What I want to say is not the weird part."

Stade gave a wry smile, then immediately reduced his expression and continued.

"Just report, Asvarre Prince Elliot and the Duke Ganelon things together, when the prince Elliot and Duke Ganelon were said to have communed, has been seen wearing a strange mask female diviner."

Stede's eyes gleamed:
"Is it the same person?"

"I don't know. But considering the distance between Muozinel and the Duke Ganelon's house, it should not be the same person."

Thenardier pondered. I thought I finally found a handle, but it didn't go as expected. However, he did not forget about it.

"Thanks for your hard work, Stade. Can you continue to investigate the fortune-teller? Even if they are not the same person, there may be a connection between the two. Or you can ask Drekavok."

"I understand. Now."

Then, Steed reported a few more things, finally bowed and left the room.

Thenardier stared at the sword hanging on the wall and thought.

—*Am I going to let Zion go?*

Just riding a flying dragon and flying straight north, you will be able to reach the Brune army soon before the end of the civil strife in Asvarre.

—*No, that would be too dangerous.*

Most of the Brune troops who expedition to Asvarre were the lords and nobles in the north, and there might be minions of Ganelon. Even if Ganelon himself stayed in the territory of Lutidia, he couldn't be relieved. Thenardier couldn't let the next heir of Thenardier's family go to such a place.

†

After Elliot died, a few days passed. At noon that day, Guinevere went to visit the residence of Tigre and others. Tigre and the others also learned from Guinevere and rented a house near the
port. The city of Duris is larger than Rad or Ovisgart, and despite being ravaged by the war, there are still many intact houses.

Tigre, Mila and Sofy entertain Guinevere in the reception room. Both parties sat down on the sofa arranged around the table. Guinevere smiled and said,

"Can you tell me about your future plans?"

"What does this mean?"

Sofy pretended to be stupid. Guinevere went straight into the tunnel: "Since Elliott is dead, it should be a good choice to follow me. In this way, I can provide you with food and water."

This should be the Zhcted's army. The biggest headache at the moment.

After Elliot's death, Zhcted's army became mercenaries without employers. Like Orvisgart, the towns that had treated the Zhcteds well because of Elliot, shouldn't continue to support them with water and food. The same is true for the Asvarre army that echoed Elliot's call.

"Thank your Highness for your concern, but there is no problem with this."

After hearing Sofy's words, Guinevere frowned suspiciously. At this moment, someone knocked on the door. Goruin opened the door and walked in.

"Master Sofya, Barnard has arrived."

Sofy nodded and asked nonchalantly:

"How many ships have come?"

"Three ships in total," Goruin said.

"Thank you. Please tell Barnard for me, saying that I will be there soon, and ask him to stay in another room for a while."

Goruin closed the door after he bowed.

Guinevere looked at Sofy suspiciously.
"Barnard, isn't it a supporter of Brother Jermaine..."

"Originally. It should be the right thing to say."

Sofy said.

"It's not just Barnard, Owen, Babbage, and Bligh. Nadu has already promised to assist our Zhcteds. They don't seem to want to follow Prince Jermaine, nor Prince Elliot, they plan to form the alliance of princes." Guinevere paled.

. The three mentioned by Sofy were either neutral or passive Jermaine or Elliot supporters. When did they contact Zhcted?

"How..."

"Because I have visited the Kingdom of Asvarre many times. Before I left Zhcted, I had written to the few mentioned earlier. I told them that Zhcted promised to protect the safety of their family members, so if the Zhcteds acquire Duris, are they willing to act together with the Zhcteds?"

Sofy said calmly.

Tigre and Mila couldn't help looking at Sofy in surprise. They didn't know about it until this time. Sofy continued:

"Those who serve as diplomatic envoys, of course, will make friends in various countries. Why did your Highness think that King Zhcted appoints me as the commander of the expedition?"

Guinevere was speechless and squeezed subconsciously. Clenched fists. Since the spring, Asvarre's political situation has been chaotic, even if there are people who want to seek refuge in other countries, it is not surprising. But unexpectedly, Sofy would actually use this trick.

"By the way, I have something to discuss with Your Highness."

Sofy said with a smile, winking at Tigre and Mila. It seems to be talking about the content that is not convenient for them to hear. The two therefore temporarily left the room.
Sofy and Guinevere didn't talk for too long, maybe less than fifteen minutes. When Tigre and Mila came back, they saw Guinevere look sad, while Sofy smiled contentedly.

A little bit away from the central square of Duris, there is a temple dedicated to the Knights of the Round Table Galahad. Although smaller than other temples and simple and inconspicuous, perhaps because of this, this temple miraculously escaped Torbalan's ravages and the spread of war.

Echoing Sofy, the princes of Asvarre who came to Duris are currently gathering in the temple. Sofy invited them over. What's the matter? They wondered in their hearts, and walked towards the inside of the temple, the hall used to pray to Galahad.

"—Welcome everyone to come here."

A crisp voice sounded.

On the pedestal at the back of the hall, there was a woman, but not Sofy. The woman had long black hair that was waist-length, dressed in a white-based dress, and held a strangely shaped single-edged sword in her hand.

Guinevere put the tip of the sword down on the floor, folded her hands on the head of the sword, and looked at everyone condescendingly. Seeing unexpected characters, the princes quickly stood at attention.

"I have something to tell you all."

It was like a battle-tested general giving a little soldier. These people were all overwhelmed by Guinevere's momentum.

"In order to restore the peace of Asvarre to the past, I decided to fight the Jermaine Army. The Zhcted Army understood my philosophy and offered to offer me assistance and mentioned your affairs to me."

Guinevere After a pause, we continued.
"Your Excellency Sofya told me that you want to form an alliance of princes. This idea is not bad, but I understand that you made this decision because you didn't want to follow Jermaine or Elliot. Here, I want to ask you all—would you like to follow me? Of course, I promise to protect your status and property."

This is Sofy's proposal.

After all, the royal lineage is noble. The people of Asvarre will not necessarily obey the alliance of princes, but if it is a princess, they will probably not object. And in this Duris strategy battle, Guinevere showed the citizens that she cared about the people.

The princes were lost for less than five seconds, and then they knelt down and became ministers.

Because, the princess who looked down upon them looked like the return of King Sephyria.
Afterword

I was defeated by pollen.

Hello, everyone who is meeting for the first time. Those of you who continued reading from the previous episode have been gone for three months.

I'm Kawaguchi. Here is the third episode of "The King of Magic Bullets and the Snow Girl of Frozen".

This time the story starts from the Kingdom of Zhcted, and crosses the sea to the Kingdom of Asvarre. Based on various ideas, Tigre and Mila, and Sofy, who appeared in the second episode, led the fleet to Asvarre. There, Tigre will reunite with unexpected people and meet foreign princesses. I hope you all enjoy the wonderful fate between them and the battle scenes.

In addition, this time the story is the first and second episode, and Asvarre's story will continue to the fourth episode. I think the fourth episode should be published in autumn, so stay tuned. (Editor's note: This is the situation of Japanese publication.) By the way

, this year's pollen is really annoying (it was not so serious last year). Not only did it make my body worse, it also affected the writing speed and caused trouble for many people. I'm really sorry.

Now think about it, in the second episode, Leshy's pollen attack can be a hundred times stronger...

Next is thanks.

Teacher Miyuki いつか, thank you for drawing all kinds of handsome or cute characters, and the Princess Guinevere of Asvarre in this appearance. Her look really feels like a rival. She, Sofy and Roland will continue to ask you.

The editor in charge, Mr. K, and Mr. T Ze who helped check the manuscript from the middle, I want to thank both of you! Although it is a serious situation that is not enough to describe,
thanks to the blessing of the two, I finally got through the difficult situation, thank you.

In addition, I would also like to thank all the people involved in the printing project of this book.

Finally, thank you readers. Please continue to look forward to the new journey of Tigre and others after crossing the ocean.

The manga version of Mr. Kakao is also going well, so please look forward to it.

Written in a period when I felt that I had to harvest winter clothes.

Kawaguchi
One day in summer.

After the meeting with the civil servants of the palace, Mila prepared to return to the office. The air in the corridor is hot, reminding people that it will be noon soon.

When passing by the atrium, a certain scene caught Mila's eyes.

— *Tigre*...

Mila couldn't help but stop. Her sweetheart is standing in the atrium. But he is not alone, but with a woman. The woman was about the same height as Tigre, with long legs and a thin waist, a full chest, and a bumpy figure. The waist-length hair is tied into a ponytail around the neck, with well-defined features, giving a feeling of heroism.

— *isn't she called Marsha?*

Marsha is a knight. For various reasons, although the number of female knights in Olmutz can be counted as small as one hand, it is not completely absent. Masha's words are because her father is a knight and has longed to be a knight since she was a child. Sharma asked the war maiden at the time, Mila's mother, Lana, to make her a knight, and she wonderfully completed several tests Lana gave her, so she was qualified as a knight. The job of the female knight is mainly to protect the maids who go out to buy, or to do some tasks that are not convenient for men.

Tigre seems to be teaching Marsha Archery.

A few days ago, Ellen, the Vanadis of Leitmeritz, visited the palace and asked Tigre to show off his archery skills. I heard that after that, many people ran to find Tigre to learn arrows. Marsha should be one of them.

Tigre stood beside Marsha, folding his hands on hers. The faces of the two were close to each other, and they were talking and laughing.
That's just teaching archery. He was like that when he learned arrows from Tigre before.

Although Mila told herself so in her heart, she couldn't keep watching. But she didn't want to make a sound, so she stepped up and left the scene.

The next day, Mila passed the atrium again near noon. Take a closer look, and Tigre is practicing arrow alone. He faced the wall and silently shot the arrow into the bullseye.

Mila pretended to be nonchalant and approached Tigre.

“How's the situation?”

Tigre let go of his bowstring and smiled at Mila:

“How is the situation today? Would you like to shoot a few arrows with your bow occasionally?”

“Okay.” Mila blurted out. She took the bow from Tigre and aimed at the target near the wall. The scene I saw yesterday flashed through her mind suddenly.

“...Tigre, is this posture correct?”

There might be a trace of anxiety in his own voice.

Tigre nodded and walked to Mila. Fold your hands on Mila's hands as you taught Marsha. He looked at the target with sharp eyes.

Looking at that profile, Mila couldn't help but be moved. This is how Tigre was when he made a bow. She knew it three years ago.

Suddenly, Tigre laughed.

“Well, that's okay. You can just pull the string apart.”

“...Just to be on the safe side, you can't let go.”

“Okay.” Tigre agreed with a smile. Mila felt Tigre's breath and body temperature, and tightened the bowstring.

The flying arrows hit the center of the target precisely.
Tigre’s Cave Special Short Story

The summer is coming to an end, and the refreshing wind blows through the public palace of Leitmeritz.

The two war maidens, Elen and Militsa, sat face-to-face in a well-ventilated room facing the atrium. Before that, the two only knew each other's name and appearance, so such a combination was quite rare.

But the two didn't have a special relationship with each other. This was because Militsa hadn't had a full year since she became a war maiden, and she had too much to learn and didn't have time to visit other war maidens.

This time, she came to Elen to learn about the Asvarre army's attack on Leitmeritz.

"In order to listen to those, it's really hard to come here from Osterode."

Elen said, pouring wine into two silver glasses herself.

"But it’s a long story, because it’s not only about Asvarre, but also about demons—Oh, yes, I've heard Tigre talk about what you fought with demons in Muozinel, so Don't care."

The reason why I added the second half is because Militsa's eyes widened when she heard the word demon. Militsa took a sip of wine, calmed herself down, and began to listen to Elen's memories of the time.

"—That's it. I wouldn't be able to be saved without Tigre. Although I don't deny the power of Ludmila, there should be no way to solve the demon by that guy alone."

At this point, Ellen Suddenly looked at Militsa with interest.

"You and Ludmila are very good, right? I know that Tigre is fascinated by Ludmila, but in fact, where are they going?"

Militsa secretly observed Ellen's expression. Finding that there was no admiration for Tigre on her face, she should have asked out
of curiosity. Indeed, talking about other people's love gossip is also a pleasure.

"As far as I know, Sister Ludmila has allowed His Excellency Tigrevurmud to hold her shoulders and was pushed down by him."

"Oh, always think of "As a war maiden~ ~" She's a mantra, she's actually quite boring... Then what? Do they kiss as soon as it's okay?"

"They can only kiss on the cheek. That's what the Lord Tigrevurmud said."

Hearing Militsa's reply, Elen folded her hands on her chest, showing an unexpected expression.

"It's ruthless. Does that guy treat hanging appetites as fun?"

"No, it's just because Sister Ludmila was too clumsy when they fell in love."

"Don't be too clumsy with Tigre. Other women can take him away."

"...Could it be that you intend to do this?"

Militsa asked jokingly. Elen laughed.

"I don't do that kind of despicable thing. But ah, that's fine. If they quarrel, I will definitely stand on Tigre's side and hide him."

As far as the tone is concerned, it is indeed a joke. But if it is heard by Mila, it will definitely become a new cause of dispute. After that, the two continued to talk about the love gossip between Tigre and Mila for a while.