魔弾の王と凜凜の雪姫

Lord Marksman and Michelia

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Lord Marksman and Michelia

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Illustrations
今夜中にここから抜けださないと......
二人は間合いをはかって、正面から槍と剣をまじえ、
互いに位置を入れ替え、すぐにまた剣突と剣突を試す。
梢手の呼吸を読み、視線を観察し、わずかな動きにも注意を払う。
リュドミラ = ルリエ
ジスタート王国のオルミュッツを治める戦姫で「凍結の雪姫」の異名を持つ。18歳。愛称はミラ。ティグルとは相思相愛の仲。

ティグルルムド = ヴォルン
ブリューヌ王国のアルサスを治めるヴォルン家の嫡男。18歳。ナヴァーレ城砦から火の手があがったと聞いて、ブリューヌへ向かう。

オルガ = タム
ジスタート王国の戦姫で「破壊の月姫」の異名を持つ。15歳。ティグルたちと行動をともにしている。

ソフィーヤ = オベルタス
ジスタート王国のポリーシャを治める戦姫で「光華の剣姫」の異名を持つ。22歳。愛称はソフィー。現在はアスヴァール王国に滞在中。
リュディエーヌ＝ベルジュラック
プルーン王国の名家ベルジュラック公爵家の娘で、レナース王子の護衛を務める騎士。18歳。ティグルと幼い頃に出会い、友情を育んでいる。

エルザヴェータ＝フォミナ
ジャスタの王国のルヴーシュを治める戦姫で「雷轟の閃姫」の異名を持つ。18歳。愛称はリーナ。ギネヴィア王女との戦いで右腕を失う。

バジュール
プルーン王国の庶子の王子。20歳。ファーロン王に正式に王子として認められたのは昨年で、ガヌロン公爵が後見役となった。

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

With the winter night sky as the background, which is about to end, a certain fortress turns into a dark figure and stands in it.

Navarre Fortress, located on the western border of the Kingdom of Brune, is not only a city trusted by the Brune people but also the most taboo existence of Asvarre and Sachenstein.

In addition, the leader of the Knights of Navarre guarding here is Roland, who has the nickname "Black Knight". His superb martial arts and courage far surpass humans. Even a general of the Kingdom of Sachenstein gives him a reputation of "An iron wall beside the city wall"

And this Captain Roland was standing on the city wall now.

The black armor envelops his hardened and weathered body, and the blade of the "Invincible Sword (Durandal)" that King Faron gave him is stuck on the floor of the city wall. Roland watched the situation under the city wall with his sharp gaze. Even if the cold night wind passed by, his face remained unchanged, and he didn't even frown.

There are countless camps set up around the fortress, and there are bonfires everywhere. The soldiers on patrol can also see that the Navarre Fortress is in a crisis of being surrounded.

Unexpectedly, it was the Brune army that surrounded the Navarre fortress. No, to be precise, it is the combined army of the lords with the northern territory. Its number is about two thousand five hundred or so. And now, the number of knights staying in this fortress is only about 1,000, which means that the opponent has twice the combat power of our army.
They demanded the surrender of the Knights of Navarre and handed over Prince Regnas who was in the fortress next to them.

—*they said that I conspired with His Highness to assassinate Prince Bachelard?*

What a joke! Roland roared in his heart.

This even made Roland angry to the point of "I want to rush down to attack these camps right now". Forget it alone, the coalition dared to frame and frame Prince Regnas for unrighteousness. Only on this, he could never forgive.

However, he couldn't act rashly at this time. Because if you accidentally let the enemy attack in during the battle, Prince Regnas in the fortress would be in danger.

—*Olivier, are they okay?*

Olivier, who served as the deputy commander of the Knights, is not here at the moment. A few days ago, he was entrusted to arbitrate the suspicion between the northern lords and led a thousand knights out of the fortress. Looking back now, this should be one of the strategies they set up.

—Olivier is very cautious. He shouldn't fall into the enemy's trap, but...

At this moment, the corner of his field of vision suddenly lit up.

Roland turned his gaze to the inside of the fortress and found that the stables were igniting crimson light like flames.

That is by no means his companion. Roland made such a judgment and rushed back with his sword. Almost at the same time, shouts came from all corners of the fortress. There were roars and screams.

—*Has it been in!*

Roland ran down the stairs quickly. One of the knights who noticed Roland's arrival immediately ran to his side.
"Colonel, the enemy struck our position in the stables near us!!"

He already knew, Roland after the underground passage in mind, briefly say one thing:

"Where is the enemy intruder?"

However, the answer of the members was unexpected.

"It seems that someone broke in from the city hall..."

Roland's face stiffened after hearing this. Although it was only a short moment, he still couldn't hide his wavering.

There is an underground passage in the fortress of Navarre. The tunnel and the outside of the city are connected, and there are exquisite shelters at the entrance, but only a few people including Roland and Olivier should know this. Therefore, the fact that the enemy army will attack from the city hall means that they know the existence of the tunnel from other channels.

At this moment, a tragic sound came from a distance. Looking around, a flaming pillar of fire rushed straight into the night sky. The location is near the training ground outside the house.

"Calm down!"

Roland drank the knights who avoided the fire like headless flies.

"The Fire is just a diversion! The enemy's goal is the city gate! Hurry up to the city gate! Don't let them open the city gate!"

The knights looked at Roland nervously. Finally, remembering their responsibilities, they immediately took their weapons and ran to the gate of the city without hesitation.

Roland also ran out, but not in the direction of the city gate, but the direction of the city hall.
The enemy troops who broke in through the underground passage may have been divided into three teams.

Chaos troops set on fire in stables and training grounds. While they were in chaos, they opened the city gates, the forces that united inside and outside, and explored the forces of Prince Regnas.

Judging from the scale of the commotion, the number of enemy troops is small. At most, there are about thirty or forty people.

It must be confirmed and protected as soon as possible.

After running under the city hall, a large number of lords and soldiers ran out from the open gate. The number is about ten people. The moment they saw Roland, they raised their swords and rushed towards Roland.

Roland stopped, and after staring at the two enemy soldiers fighting the forward, he used Durandal to swing across from right to left. Durandal's thick, wide, long, heavy blade reflected the light of the stars, cutting away the night breeze and making a whistling sound.

Two heads flew out in response, and the blood sprayed from them drew two distorted curves in the air. Let alone dodge, the two of them didn't even react at all.

Before he could tell, Roland slapped another slash from left to right, and three new heads rolled to the ground in response.

"Go away!"

Roland yelled, the remnants were so scared that they backed away several steps quickly. This made them remember again, the overwhelmingly powerful strength of this black knight.

Although there were still three enemy soldiers shouting and rushing towards Roland, they were instantly beheaded by Roland. The other soldiers who witnessed this scene fled here while screaming. Roland didn't care about them and rushed directly into the gate.
in the dim corridor, Roland saw three figures running over.

"Lord Roland!"

After hearing the female voice, Roland put down the sword on his shoulders.

He immediately recognized the identity of the figure. They are Prince Regnas and the two women who are his escorts. The names of the two women were Jeanne and Ludiene. The swords in their hands were impregnated with blood, and the uniforms were sprayed with blood everywhere.

"It seems that you are all right."

After seeing Roland's relieved smile, the 17-year-old prince also squeezed out a smile and replied:

"Yes. Both of them protect me well. Of course, Navarre's knights are too."

In the second half of Prince Regnas's words, Roland and the others don't blame themselves too much.

Unlike his age, Regnas has a slender body and a neutral face. To put it nicely, he looks kind, and when he speaks badly, he looks unreliable at all. However, he was able to show a face that is not chaotic in this situation, enough to show that he has a strong heart.

"Can you tell me the current situation?"

Roland replied succinctly and forcefully under Ludiene's inquiry:

"The fortress has been invaded. They seem to know about the underground passage."

The three of Regnas’ companions stared at each other in surprise. Because if things were as Roland said, the three of them would not be able to escape outside the fortress through the underground passage.
"It seems that Prince Bachelard is well prepared this time." Regnas muttered nervously.

About half a year ago, Bachelard came to the palace of Brune and was recognized by the king as the prince of his country.

Although he could not have the right to inherit the throne because of his concubine mother, he was not dissatisfied with it, and he did not even intend to be hostile to Regnas. Although he stayed in the palace for a while at the beginning, with the assistance of Duke Ganelon, he has carried out several times against bandits and obtained considerable achievements.

And at noon today, Bachelard led the soldiers of the lords to appear in front of the fortress.

He yelled in front of the fortress, "Regnas and Roland attempted to assassinate themselves", and several lords joined together to "testify" for Bachelard's claims. Immediately afterward, they surrounded the fortress and set up camps, requesting Roland to surrender and extradite Regnas.

Regnas led a small number of guards to the fortress of Navarre just yesterday. If nothing happened, he had planned to set off directly to the Kingdom early tomorrow morning. If there is no detailed investigation beforehand, Prince Bachelard can't execute such a combat plan.

"His Royal Highness. We currently have only two choices left." While thinking about what happened on the way, Roland suggested:

"Either go to the top of the tower at the corner of the fortress or... just open a city gate. Break through the enemy line and rush out."

The reason why Roland paused in the middle was that the second plan was quite dangerous. Because even if they succeed in breaking through the enemy’s encirclement, there is a risk of getting lost in the action at night.

"Let's break through the enemy line and rush out Your Highness!"
Ludiene, who served as the guard, bravely suggested. Although her figure is shorter than other seventeen-year-old girls, she has the characteristic curve of a woman's figure and a toned body that she has obtained through years of exercise.

The silver ponytail tied to the back of her head even hangs behind her knees. She has an awe-inspiring and lovely face, as well as a pair of blue pupils on the right and red on the left. People with this kind of eyes are called different rainbow pupils in the Zhcted and Brune regions. Some regions regard this as a good omen, while others regard it as a bad omen.

"Ludie, don't you always make decisions casually..."

Another guard, Jeanne, said with a sigh. After casting a gentle and comforting gaze at the two, Regnas turned his head to face Roland. His blue pupils, which were the same as those of King Faron, flashed with no confusion.

"Let's rush out from here together."

"Your subordinates understand."

Burying the sigh in his heart, Roland lowered his head and said.

After passing the prince's back to two guards, Roland walked forward and set off toward the vestibule. Although they had encountered soldiers from the lords’ army twice on the way, no one could hurt a shabby hair on Roland.

After walking out of the vestibule, the knights ran over to report one after another. The knights reported that although the city gate was under a fierce offensive, there seemed to be no place to fall.

"The fire in the stables and the training ground has no signs of spreading. However, because of the heavy smoke, it will take a long time to completely extinguish the fire."
Roland muttered. He immediately understood that the enemy's purpose was not the same as he had previously judged.

—*The fires in the stables and training grounds were not set to cause our army to fall into chaos.*

The real purpose of the enemy is to fill the entire wall with thick smoke. In this way, the enemy can fight Roland and the others with sore eyes and choking, and they can also seize this place without burning the fortress.

It seems that I have to make up my mind too.

"Go and set the fire. We are going to evacuate this fortress."

Roland's order shocked everyone present.

"Evacuate, evacuate this fortress...?"

One of the knights confirmed in shock. The black knight nodded with a serious expression.

The other knight who was the first to calm down said with a sneer:

"In this case, we have to put a great fire to entertain them!"

He understood Roland's intentions accurately.

To prevent the fire from spreading, the enemy only set off a moderate amount of fire. In other words, if they take the initiative to set the fire, the enemy will have to put out the fire, so that Roland and the others can act better.

"But, is it all you need to set a fire? If you want to make the enemy more troublesome, poisoning directly in the well is also..."

Another knight explained his opinion. However, Roland shook his head and denied:
"You don't have to do that. Because, sooner or later, we will retake this fortress."

The knights' eyes sparkled with joy and hope. Roland will keep his promise and retake this fortress. These words rekindled their confidence.

Roland did not rely solely on personal martial arts to climb to the position of the head of the Knights. Because Roland has always used actions to show that he has the strength in line with his status, so his subordinates will always follow him.

Roland continued:

"After setting the fire, everyone evacuated from the North Gate. I will go to the East Gate to help you buy some time."

"Captain, do you want to be handsome by yourself? At least take me and the queen with you."

One of the knights made such a request. This is not just him, but also the thoughts of all the knights. However, Roland smiled and refused.

"If you want to be handsome, do a good job of protecting Your Highness from leaving here. The more people protecting Your Highness, the better. Don't mess it up. The bait only needs one person. If you understand, go quickly."

After saluting the captain, the Knights raced to convey the captain's order.

Only Roland, Regnas, and two guards remained at the scene.

"— Lord Roland"

With her swaying silver hair, Ludie stepped forward and said:

"Let me stay in your place as the bait. You should stay by the side of His Royal Highness."

This unexpected request caused Roland to stare at Ludiene for a while.
"Thank you for your kindness, but please forgive me for refusing."

Roland smiled bitterly and looked back at the city wall behind him.

"This fortress is like "our home" to us. It is only natural for my leadership to sanction the gangster who broke into our home. I don't think other people can complete this task for me..."

This is his true word. However, he has other reasons.

Ludiene's real name is Ludiene Bergerac. She was the daughter of Duke Bergerac, whom King Faron trusted. If she died unfortunately, the king would be hit hard.

Moreover, her father was the former head of the Knights of Navarre. He had practiced swordsmanship with Roland many times and also taught Roland how to treat his subordinates. He is a man worthy of respect.

"His Royal Highness. Please protect Your Highness the Prince with my part."

Let the Black Knight talk about this, I'm afraid no one will continue to insist on his proposition. Ludiene opened her eyes wide as if trying to conceal her high emotions, raising her sword high.

"I understand. I swear by the sword in my hand and Bergerac's name, that I will protect Your Highness."

Roland also raised Durandal and touched her sword.

After the two put down their swords together, Regnas said with a smile: "Lord Roland, to prevent Ludiene from getting overwhelmed, I hope you can be stricter with her."

"You, you say that. What the hell is it, Your Highness?"

Ludiene made a protest. However, she was not discouraged by this. It is not difficult to see from the expressions of the two interacting with each other
that they have an intimate bond that is different from the general master and servant.

Roland turned his head to look at Regnas again, and bowed his head deeply, and said:

"His Royal Highness, this time this happened, the subordinates can hardly escape the blame and are willing to accept any punishment. But please escape safely."

"Lord Roland, raise your head."

After hearing this resolute voice, Roland raised his head. He saw Regnas looking at him with a serious face.

"Please survive anyway and come to meet us. I hope you can swear to me with the sword in your hand and the pride in your heart."

The deeply moved black knight couldn't help but tremble in his shoulders. "Subordinates obey," he replied concisely and powerfully.

A knight helped Roland lead his beloved horse. When Roland saw it, he gently stroked the nose of his love horse.

About a hundred seconds later, a fire broke out in every corner of the fortress. Needless to say, these fires are all masterpieces of the Navarre knights. As they expected, the enemy began to show panic. Perceived that the situation has changed, they even interrupted the offensive from outside the fortress.

The knights left their posts and rushed to the north gate as they faced heavy losses caused by the slow-moving enemy. And Regnas, accompanied by two guards, ran towards the north gate.

Only Roland and the four knights remained at the east gate. After opening the east gate, the four people also prepared to rush to the north gate to meet.

"It's time."
After Roland mounted his horse, he suddenly remembered the enemy general Bachelard.

It is said that he came to the palace of Brune at the beginning of this autumn.

Under the arrangement of the great noble Duke Ganelon, he successfully met with King Faron, and after claiming that he was the son of the king, he took out a short sword with the hilt and scabbard inlaid with gorgeous ornaments.

And this dagger was an item given to a woman by Faron, who was still a prince at the time. Under the witness of Ganelon and Prime Minister Badoin, Faron had a conversation with Bachelard for half an hour.

After the conversation, Faron admitted that Bachelard was his own flesh and blood.

‘Why haven't you come to me all the time?’, When asked by the king, Bachelard replied with a gloomy expression.

He said that he didn't know about this until his mother passed away due to illness six months ago.

Until his mother's death, he had been working as a mercenary and moved around the world. He returned home after earning huge sums of money, and only then did he hear about it from his mother.

After that, the palace conducted a rigorous investigation of Bachelard’s origins. It was not until the arrival of autumn that he was finally officially recognized as the prince. Then, Ganelon, who brought him over, took over the guardianship.

Roland, who didn't return from the Kingdom of Asvarre until the end of the autumn, had no intention of actively communicating with him even though he was interested in the character of Bachelard.
After all, he had to leave the Navarre fortress for a long time to inspect the situation of the western borders, and after hearing that Ganelon was in charge of guarding him, Roland was more alert than curious. Ganelon was a ruthless careerist, Roland couldn't be too clear about it.

—Has Prince Bachelard been instigated by Ganelon, or has his ambition been hidden all the time?

Roland thinks these two situations are possible.

Judging from the two incidents of meeting with King Faron and the fact that Prime Minister Badoin had done a wealth investigation on him, he is undoubtedly the king's son. However, Ganelon would never introduce a character like Bachelard to the king out of good intentions. Maybe there was a secret agreement between the two.

—In any case, Bachelard's attempt to take the life of His Royal Highness Regnas is the reality at the moment. This is enough for me.

The knights opened the gates of the city and said to Roland, "I wish you good luck in your martial arts," and they all ran into the darkness with no eyesight.

After Roland passed the city gate leisurely, hundreds of enemy troops holding weapons and Song Ming came into view. And the blades of their swords, armors, and spear blades all emit dim reflections from the loose flames.

The soldiers of the lords looked at Roland with nervous and suspicious eyes. They were still wondering why the city gate suddenly opened, but they didn't expect the commander of the enemy army to run out single-handedly. This makes them have to be more vigilant.

"The villains who raised their swords to the prince and endangered the peace of the kingdom!"

Roland raised Durandal high and yelled at them angrily.
"At this point, I won't persuade you to surrender or tell you to go away. The only thing I can give you is a chance to fight me to death. If you are still a little bit ashamed, give it I will fight to the death like a warrior!"

There is no crueler and merciless death declaration than this. After hearing Roland's angry rebuke, half of the soldiers froze in the carnival joy of going to the battlefield, and the rest of the soldiers were trembling and unable to move.

The war horse galloped out panting, and Roland broke through the enemy line from the front.

The tornado that destroyed everything involved all the soldiers of the lords. The head was chopped off together with the helmet, the sternum and shoulders were chopped together with the armor, and the arms were chopped off together with the spear and sword. Amid the tragic screams, four or five people's blood sprayed all over and turned into a crimson rain, dripping on the downed soldiers.

While the soldiers shouted desperately, they stabbed Roland with spears and swords. But Roland only swung the big sword lightly, and cut off all the spears and swords in their hands, turning them into useless ordinary clubs.

Whenever Roland swung a huge sword with a flash, a new silver trajectory was drawn, blood-splattered, and the soldiers turned into a bunch of horrifying corpses. The skull, hands, feet, and damaged equipment that fell to the ground disturbed the night atmosphere. The dense gathering of soldiers in front of the city gate brought about counterproductive effects. Within ten seconds, nearly 30 dead people fell to the ground.

The black knight went one step further, spreading death mercilessly. For Regnas to escape smoothly, he had to attract the attention of the enemy as much as possible, and he had to plant fear in their minds.

——It's almost time for someone with a little ability to come.

The surrounding enemy soldiers have lost their intent to fight. If they also affected other soldiers after their defeat, the joint army of the lords might
even be defeated. The lords should also want to avoid this ending.

As Roland expected, the soldiers began to retreat to the left and right, letting a knight walk up to Roland.

"Hurry up, all of you. Only I can be the opponent of this man."

Visually, his age is only around twenty years old. The man had the same physique as Roland. Although he was slightly thinner, he could tell from his sturdy arms that he was a fighter who had fought on the battlefield for a long time. Under his short white hair, he has a beautiful face, and there are traces of scars left near his right eye.

"Prince Bachelard...!"

Even as strong as Roland is, it was hard to conceal the surprise in his heart. He never expected that he could see this man who framed himself and served as the commander of the coalition army.

But after thinking about it, this might be a good opportunity. As long as he kills this person here, he can make everything stop.

Although Roland planned to rush forward immediately, he suddenly tightened the rein in his hand. Because he discovered from Bachelard's movements that the opponent also has extraordinary strength.

"What's the matter? If you don't come, I'll go up!"

With the fighting spirit in his blue eyes, Bachelard kicked the horse in the abdomen after smiling proudly.

In the next instant, a fierce murderous aura turned into a blade and approached Roland.

The two great swords that fought fiercely, sparks flew everywhere like thunder. Roland, who was riding on the horse, was staggered. Although he successfully bounced the slash away, he was suppressed by the opponent's sword and lost his balance.
—What is this speed and power...!

Roland felt bad. However, Bachelard did not give him time to breathe, and once again narrowed the distance between him.

Sparks burst out again, and the atmosphere screamed. Although barely able to survive the blow, Roland's sword completely lost its dominance.

Bachelard seemed to want to take advantage of this point of victory and raised the big sword in her hand high. Roland, who saw this scene in his eyes, immediately launched an action. He controlled his beloved horse to directly hit the opponent's horse.

Bachelard, who was caught off guard, shifted her consciousness to manipulating horses. Although it only took him less than two seconds to regroup, it was enough for Roland to launch a counterattack.

Roland quickly pierced his back with a stab, but Bachelard twisted his body and avoided it. The blade wiped the armor on the way, and as an unpleasant sound rang, the fragments of the armor flew out.

Bachelard tilted her upper body further and swung a horizontal slash to Roland's waist. If Roland avoided it, the slashing trajectory would point straight to the horse's head, but he had no time to block the blow with the sword's body.

However, Roland kept his face back with Durandal's hilt to block Bachelard's sword. If the angle at which Roland swings the hilt of the sword deviates by a feather, he will probably be cut in half by his waist.

After staring at each other, the two fought hand-to-hand at very close range. This offensive and defensive battle, which was like two storms clashing, ultimately failed to easily distinguish the victory or defeat.

The soldiers of the lords left the range of the two men and stood in the distance watching the battle. Because if they get too close, they may even be implicated in slashing at will and end up in a different place. And Roland and Bachelard didn't realize their existence at all.
After releasing a full blow at the same time and being blocked by the opponent's sword, the two of them retreated while adjusting their breathing.

"Sure enough,"

Bachelard said with a grin.

"Although I have traveled all over the world when I was a mercenary, I have never seen a knight as strong as you."

Roland felt the same way. Bachelard's bravery is clearly above him. Roland had fought against a berserker who had traveled across the South Seas, and Bachelard was another strong enemy he had encountered since then.

However, there was one thing that made Roland a little concerned.

"Where did your sword come from?"

After being asked calmly by Roland, Bachelard raised her eyebrows slightly.

"What do you mean by this?"

"The sword that has been able to withstand my vigorous blows while confronting Durandal many times has not been broken is one of the few finest pieces in the world, right?" Roland said from Bachelard. A wonderful atmosphere was felt on his sword.

This is Durandal in his hand, the dragon gear in the hands of the warriors of the Kingdom of Zhcted, the sword of the king in the hands of Princess Guinevere of Asvarre, and the black bow in the hands of Tigrevurmud Vorn, one thing in common with each other. And this is also proof that these weapons are far superior to human intelligence.

"I got this from your guardian. I don't know where it came from."

After answering in an uninteresting, nonchalant tone, Bachelard rushed forward to narrow the distance between Roland and Roland.
Roland raised the sword while expressing gratitude to the God of War Triglav in his heart. He must not allow such a dangerous man to pursue Prince Regnas. It's great to have stayed to stop him, Roland felt that way from the bottom of his heart.

—-However, I still have a mission that I must accomplish.

Please survive anyway and come to meet us. Regnas once said this to himself.

After buying time here, he had to find a way to escape. Although this is much more difficult than simply beheading the enemy general, it is his mission as a knight to complete the lord's command.

Immediately afterward, the black knight met the white-haired prince who rushed forward from the front.
Chapter 1 - Strong Enemy

The wind with the breath of spring blows the flower buds protruding from the grass.

Under the cloudless blue sky, the figure of a traveler riding a horse into the street is impressed.

There are five of them in total. Two of them are youths of the Brune nobles and their cronies, and the other three are two Vanadis of Zhcted and a knight of the Principality of Olmutz. The colorful appearance of the members is really surprising.

The young man walking at the forefront was named Tigrevurmud Vorn, the eldest son of the Vorn family who ruled Alsace, and anyone who had a friendship with him would call him Tigre. With the coming of the new year, he is eighteen years old this year.

On the left side of the saddle, Tigre hangs a black bow, which is an heirloom, and a quiver on the right. Although the Brune nobles all call those who use bows and arrows cowards, this is his handiest weapon.

After seeing the fortress and a black shadow from a distance, Tigre tightened the reins and stopped.

The Vanadis Ludmila Lourie, who has the nickname "Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave", ran to his side and asked,

"Is that the Navarre Fortress?"

"Yes. We’re finally here... …"
Tigre sighed deeply. Anxious and anxious emotions appeared on his face stained with dust when he traveled.

"Let's take a break first, Tigre."

Ludmila —— Mila suggested to Tigre in a gentle voice. However, this gave Tigre a somewhat confused expression.

"I agree."

Olga Tamm, who has the nickname "Moon Princess of the Roaring Demon", also agreed to Mila's proposal. While gently stroking the horses she was riding in, she continued:

"The horses are already very tired. Now that they are almost here, let them rest."

Olga is a horse tamer that lives as a nomad. Although she is the youngest of the five at fifteen, she knows more about horses than anyone else. She was the one who helped everyone choose horses.

Tigre glanced at the horse he was riding. After finishing his thoughts, he thanked the two war maidens.

"Thank you. I seem to be a little too impatient."

Mila smiled kindly after hearing it, and Olga lowered her head in embarrassment.

"Last year, when I went to Asvarre, I never thought I would come back here in this form."

Raffinac, who is a confidant of Tigre, said with deep emotion. In this regard, he served as Mila's adjutant.

Goruin just smiled amiably and replied: "Except for the neighboring countries except for Muozinel, we have just circled the mainland."
Tigre took Raffinac away from Alsace and came to Olmutz. It just happened last summer. And the two of them will go to Olmutz because King Faron of Brune issued a secret order to search for the traitor to Tigre.

However, they only stayed in Olmutz until the end of summer. Because Zhcted decided to intervene in Asvarre's civil strife at the time, he wanted to be with Tigre who was assisted by Mila, so he took advantage of the situation and joined Zhcted's army.

When the end of the civil strife was about to enter the winter, Tigre, Mila, Raffinac, and Goruin decided to go to the Kingdom of Sachenstein.

Although their initial purpose was only to find relevant clues about the character "Lord of Marksmen", Tigre and the others met Olga, who wandered between the continents, participated in the battle between the royal family and the local tyrants, and even it was also related to the "Man-wolf Incident" that threatened mankind, which caused them to spend the whole winter in Sachenstein.

There are definite sightings of the fire in Fort Navarre. It was eleven days ago that they heard this heavy news from the powerful and powerful local tyrant, their new friend Valtrotti.

Roland, the leader of the Knights of Navarre, is not only one of the few who understand Tigre, but also his very important comrade in arms. Tigre, who was scorned by the Brune lords and mocked his archery skills, received Roland's heartfelt appreciation. Moreover, they also fought side by side in the civil strife in Asvarre.

What happened to the fortress guarded by Roland?

Tigre and the others packed up their bags in a panic and left the small town of Hanor the next morning. They drove swiftly through the snowy forests and mountains, and it took only ten days to finish the journey that would normally take 13 or 4 days to complete.

Today, they finally arrived at the western border of Brune.
Tigre and his group took turns patrolling and resting on the grassland some distance from the street.

After finishing the patrol, Tigre lay on the lawn looking up at the blue sky and fell asleep without knowing it. It wasn't until half a quarter of an hour passed that Mila pokes his cheek and yelled at him.

"You are really tired."

Facing Mila who smiled with a sigh, Tigre just smiled bitterly while propping up his body:

"I had a strange dream. In the dream, I went to Kingdom to participate in the sun festival."

The sun festival is a festival where Brune celebrates the beginning of the new year. According to legend, the origin of this name is that on the day when the founding father Charles ascended the throne, the relationship of radiant contours appeared around the sun.

"Tigre, don’t you mean that you haven’t seen the light wheel festival in the capital?"

"Yes. I only visited the capital once when I was ten years old. It should be the one I met yesterday. The influence of a Brune traveler, after all, I talked to him a lot of things at the time, and the events at that time made me have such a strange dream, right?"

Although Tigre learned from the traveler. He heard a lot about Brune's recent events, but the one that impressed him the most was the light wheel festival held in the royal capital.

When he left Sachenstein, Tigre already knew that this new year would be spent on the journey. Although he tried his best to keep himself out of this matter, he still felt a little regretful somewhere in his heart.

—Speaking of which, it's a really nostalgic face.
In the dream, a young girl held Tigre's hand all the way through the noisy festival.

She has always been like this. Although she was the same age, she always pretended to be an adult and played Tigre around. Despite being dumbfounded by her attitude; Tigre did not feel any discomfort for some reason. The last time we met was four years ago, right? Is she doing well now?

—Speaking of which.

She seems to have said that one day she will take me to the Festival in the royal capital.

She will appear in the dream, maybe because of this relationship.

"In your hometown, it seems that you use wine to worship the Ten Pillar Gods."

After being called by Mila, Tigre returned to God in a flash.

"Yes. We will pile up a hill to symbolize Alsace, pray that mountain disasters and floods will be far away from our hometown, pray that this year will be a bumper year, pray that we can catch a lot of prey this year, and chant to every god. While pouring wine on the hill, we will sing and dance to celebrate."

“Although I’m afraid I won’t see it this year, I really want to see it next year.”

“We welcome you anytime."

After Tigre smiled and answered, Mila whispered, "I'm looking forward to it," and then gently kissed Tigre on the cheek from an angle that no one could see. Then, pretending to be an okay person, he left Tigre.

After Tigre stood up and shook the dust off his body, he found that the others were already ready to set off. Tigre also saddled his horse. Looking
closely at him, he discovered that the horse's condition is indeed much more energetic than before.

"There is only a little distance left. Please."

In this way, Tigre and the others set off toward the fortress of Navarre.

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At a distance of five hundred Alshins (approximately five hundred meters) away from the Navarre Fortress, the group stopped their progress.

"It doesn't look like it was invaded by an enemy country."

Mila tilted her head with a puzzled look. She had wondered if the army of a certain country attacked this fortress, so she wanted to talk about it first by observing the situation here, but she did not find any army hovering around here.

Although there are traces of burnt on the walls, many people can be seen busy walking on it, and the red horse flag of Brune is hung in every corner of the fortress. Not even the city gate was closed.

—What the hell is going on? Although it is difficult to say clearly in a few words, I always have a strange feeling.

Although this was the first time Tigre saw the Fortress of Navarre, he always felt that something was weird.

"Did you find anything? I don't think Lavias has had any reaction until now."

The spear in Mila's hand is studded with cyan and gold ornate decorations, and the tip of the spear is a sharp crystal without impurities. It's like a work of art, but this spear is not just a display. It is a dragon tool that only a Vanadis can use, and it can manipulate the cold air arbitrarily with the will of the manipulator.
Olga's small ax tied around her waist is the same, possessing the power to interfere with the earth.

In addition, dragon gear also has the power to perceive the existence of demons and convey it to users. This is what Mila just said.

"Do you want to come closer to see the situation?"

This time it was Olga's turn to question.

"No," Tigre replied briefly, then looked back at his companions.

"Let's wait here, everyone. Let me find the information by myself."

"Although I don't know what you found, Young Master, if you want to go, I'll take it."

Although Raffinac got out of the line, he was rejected by Tigre shook his head.

"If you come with me, what should they do if they meet a traveler or traveling merchant?"

Among them, only Tigre and Raffinac are Brunes.

Travelers might find it strange if only the three of Zhcted. And Mila and Olga are such pretty and lovely beauties. On the way to Sachenstein, they met a lot of men who came up to strike up a conversation. Of course, the three of them drove such people away.

Although understandably, they would be interested, it wouldn't be good if the identity of the two of them were exposed. So when someone strikes up a conversation, there must be a Brune present.

Raffinac sighed deeply.

"I understand. But, I hope you can minimize unnecessary actions as much as possible, Young Master. If you make any trouble, this time I really want to ban you from hunting all day."
Tigre looked at the older confidant with an unbelievable expression, and reconfirmed:

"As long as it doesn't cause trouble, it's all right?"

"It's not for you, it's for me and Goruin to make the decision."

Raffinac spoke ruthlessly to Tigre. Goruin added kindly:

"If you worry Lord Ludmila, I will immediately judge that something is in trouble."

"I will act cautiously..."

After answering without confidence, Tigre drove away from here.

After staring intently at the fortress that gradually increased with the distance, he finally understood the true face of this sense of violation.

——*It is not a knight standing on the wall.*

Although they have a uniform armament, the shape of their helmets, armor, and shields are different from those worn by the Navarre knights.

In retrospect, it is strange that only the Red Horse flag is hung on the wall. Why isn't there a banner of the Knights of Navarre with a helmeted horse head painted on it?

——*Anyway, let’s ask about the situation first. Even if I go back now, I still don't know anything.*

Since the red horse flag is hung on it, it means that they are at least the Brune army. There may be some reasons why Roland gave them the responsibility of guarding the fortress.

Until now, Tigre has not considered the possibility that the Knights of Navarre would be seized by others for the fortress. He thinks this kind of thing is impossible.
After witnessing it with his own eyes, he was convinced that Asvarre and Sachenstein now have no time to conquer other countries.

Those Brune nobles who were jealous of Roland's reputation were unlikely to attack this fortress.

If they want to fight against the Navarre Knights and the Black Knights, who are known for their brilliance and toughness, they will have to have the consciousness of painful losses. And doing so will not only cause dissatisfaction from the king but also make them hostile to the lords whose territories are in the western borders. Under such circumstances, would anyone dare to be an enemy of the Knights of Navarre?

When he was about to reach the city gate, Tigre suddenly shifted his eyes. Because on the lawn not far away, someone is taking a nap there. Judging from the way he was humming his nose song, he probably didn't really fall asleep. Is he also a related person in the fortress? Because he couldn't see the other's face from here, Tigre only knew that he was a tall man with white hair.

Although he was a little concerned, Tigre didn't want to disturb the rest of the family, so he hurried to the city gate. After getting off the horse, he greeted the two soldiers guarding the gate.

"Excuse me. I am Tigrevurmud from the house of Count Vorn who rules Alsace. I have come to see Lord Roland. Can you please convey it to him?"

"—You said Roland?"

The voice came from behind.

After turning his head in surprise, he found that the white-haired man was looking down at him enthusiastically.

His height about the same as Roland. He was wearing a military uniform based on white, and he carried a large white sword full of gold ornaments
on his shoulders. Although he has good facial features, there is a scar on his right eye.

After learning that the other party was the man lying on the lawn just now, Tigre couldn't help being a little surprised. Because he hadn't noticed the approaching breath of the opponent at all, he didn't even hear the sound of stepping on the grass.

"What's your name?"

After being held by the big sword against his throat, Tigre looked at the blunt brilliance and experienced the opponent's superb martial arts. At the same time, he also noticed another thing, that is, there was no murderous aura coming from this man.

After pressing down the big sword directly with his hand, Tigre replied in a provocative tone:

"Even if you have heard of Roland's name, you must have never heard of my name. I am Tigrevurmud from the house of. Then, which savage from the countryside are you who you drew your sword directly to the person you met for the first time?"

The smile disappeared from the man's face. With a serious expression, he confirmed again:

"Your real name is Tigrevurmud Vorn...? Isn't it a pseudonym?"

Tigre frowned in confusion. He's not the kind of celebrity who needs to use someone else's name, why does he ask?

"No. But I don't have anything to prove my identity."

After the man nodded in admiration, the next moment, he traced the arc with the big sword and pressed it against Tigre's jaw again. His speed was even fast enough to make Tigre dumbfounded.

"Speaking of it, I haven't reported my name yet."
The man let out a murderous look with the tip of his sword, and then said with a smile:

"My name is Bachelard. Bachelard Gonyi Philippe de Charles."
Tigre's eyes widened after hearing this. In the Brune area, being named "De Charles", the surname of the founding father Charles, also means that the opponent is recognized as a royal family. Moreover, he had heard on the journey that a young man who claimed to be the illegitimate son of King Faron had just been recognized as a prince.

"Prince Bachelard...?"

Tigre looked at the white-haired prince in front of him in surprise. Bachelard nodded to him.

"You saying that I was born in the country is not wrong. Vorn, I must be guided by the gods to meet you in such a place. ——I seriously suspect that you are suspected of collaborating with the enemy."

After understanding clearly After the meaning behind this sentence, Tigre was speechless.

"What are you talking about?"

"You have a deep friendship with the Vanadis of Zhcted, and there are even rumors that you will sell Alsace to the enemy country. I heard that you are also going to clean up the mountain road because of this relationship. Please explain this to me honestly."

"Wait, it's not right, please wait for me. What is the basis for you...!"

Although Tigre hurriedly tried to explain, Bachelard would hit Tigre's jaw straight. Moreover, even the soldiers guarding the city gate would shoot him from behind.

"Honestly, I have no plans to take your life. Just as I said just now, you just need to be honest and clear to me."

Bachelard showed a cold and merciless smile. Tigre, who was forced to move, could only do things like grit his teeth and stare straight at the opponent.
Under the transfer of the soldiers, Tigre was put into a cell under the fortress.

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In a dark cell with a rough workmanship and a musty smell everywhere. Tigre, with his hands clasped by wooden shackles, was sitting on a chair.

In the corner of the cell was a toilet bowl for relief, and the black bow and quiver fell beside it. Although the horses and luggage were taken away, they seemed to feel that it was not necessary to take them away.

For the first time since his birth, Tigre is grateful for the Brune region's contempt for bows and arrows. Although it also contains a worthy heart for the ancestors, but more importantly, this black bow, which has helped him through the crisis several times, is already an incomparable important partner for him...

At this time, Bachelard was standing opposite the table in front of him. The small candlelight from the candlestick illuminates the faces of the two.

——It's nice not to let Raffinac follow.

After finally regaining his composure, Tigre could even begin to think about such things. Although there is still a raging anger in his heart, he can already suppress his emotions well.

——Mila and the others will definitely come to save me. Until then I will be honest.

While he comforted himself in this way, Bachelard gently tapped the floor with the blade of the big sword, and said,

"Okay, let's get started. The first thing you came into contact with was the Principality of Olmutz. Isn’t that with the Vanadis? The report says that the other party took the initiative to communicate with you?"

"Yes."
After Tigre nodded, he briefly explained what happened four years ago. After hearing this, Bachelard tilted his head and wondered:

"How far can you shoot the arrow?"

After he answered the number of three hundred Alshins, Bachelard suddenly showed an expression of displeasure.

"Are you planning to make up a number to bluff me? I have been a mercenary until last year. Not only the neighboring countries, I even traveled to Ifrikia across the South Sea. I can shoot arrows. I have not even heard of the archers three hundred years away."

(TN/Ifrikia is a region in medieval history, including today’s eastern Algeria, Tunisia, and Tripolitania, these regions used to belong to the African provinces of the Roman Empire.)

Tigre was a little shocked after hearing this. He remembered the past, and King Faron once asked him the same question. The king, who was not familiar with bows and arrows, didn't make any response even if he heard 300 Alshins. It seems that the fact that Bachelard traveled to various countries is not a lie.

"Would you like to see it with your own eyes?"

At the suggestion of Tigre, Bachelard's mouth raised with a smile.

"You have a good idea in terms of bluffing. When we return to the capital, I will allow you to show your bow and arrow skills. By the way, I can help you find a large audience, how about it?"

‘He planned to let me be embarrassed in the capital city under all eyes?’ Tigre, who thought he was not joking, squeezed his fists tightly and suppressed his emotions.

"However, you and Her Royal Highness, the Vanadis of Olmutz--- are really close. I heard that you were led by His Royal Highness during the battle with Muozinel. With the help of her army, she even served as her
guest general during the expedition to Asvarre. Why does Her Royal Highness Lourie take care of you so much?"

Bachelard's gaze gradually became cold. In this regard, Tigre is still acceptable.

―He felt that I was treated inconsistently with my status.

Indeed, Vorn's family and Vanadis have a vastly different identity gap. There is nothing wrong with being regarded as a suspicious element by outsiders. However, if he doesn't solve the misunderstanding here, not only Mila and the others, he will even cause trouble to his father in his hometown. So Tigre answered cautiously:

"Regarding the battle with Muozinel, His Royal Highness Lourie didn't come to rescue me specifically. At that time, Her Highness Lourie sent a reconnaissance unit to detect the intelligence of the Brune army. It was just that they happened to meet me."

"Are you trying to say that this is purely accidental? What about the expedition to Asvarre?"

"As a member of Alsace who had made friends with Olmutz, I offered to propose it. I wanted to help them. The reason why we did not send troops to help is that we did not have that kind of spare capacity. His Royal Highness Lourie took into account my position as the son of the lord, and specially prepared a guest general for me."

"Consider it? Considering the disparity in strength between Olmutz and Alsace, it seems to me that it has been over-conceived."

Bachelard smiled softly, seeming to think that Tigre is trying desperately to hide something.

"I do not deny that I have been taken care of by Her Royal Highness Lourie in every aspect, but that is because she is a broad-minded lord. If you suspect that I am in private collusion with Zhcted for this reason, Then I really have nothing to say."
Tigre also has a handle. If Bachelard finds out that he is in love with Mila, this will definitely be taken as ironclad evidence of his private collusion with Zhcted. He had to find a way to conceal this matter.

"Let’s stop here for your Royal Highness. But, I heard that you are walking very close to the other three war maidens. It seems that they are Leitmeritz, Polesia, and Osterode’s war maidens, right?"

He was talking about "Wind Princess of the Silver Flash" Eleonora Viltaria, "Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower" Sofya Obertas, and "Illusory Princess of the Hollow Shadow" Militsa Glinka's business.

——If he still knew that I had a good relationship with Olga, things wouldn't be good.

While Tigre was so secretive in his heart, Bachelard walked around the chair and came to his eyes.

"Even first-class aristocrats like Ganelon or Duke Thenardier only communicated with two or three war maidens. You are just the son of a small frontier lord, why on earth are you fighting with those four? What kind of benefits have you promised to the Vanadis?"

His Bi-color pupils let out a threatening sharp gaze. Tigre was under the pressure, and on the other hand, he explained his encounter with the four of them. Of course, to conceal things about demons, he made up part of the story.

"Polesia and Osterode...Her Royal Highness Obertas and Glinka, and Her Royal Highness Lourie have been good friends from the past. Their relationship is so good that they will visit each other personally. It was at that time that I met the two of them through the introduction of Her Royal Highness."

"Well, what about Her Royal Highness Viltaria of Leitmeritz?"

"The relationship between her and His Royal Highness is absolutely nothing.”
Tigre controlled his emotions as much as possible, and then said:

“The first time I met with His Royal Highness Viltaria was when she came to Olmutz to talk about territorial issues. Looking back now, she probably came to talk to me to contain Olmutz, because Alsace and Leitmeritz are separated only by the Vosges Mountains. They are close neighbors."

"Oh. You mean there is no benefit. In terms of relationship, she won't come to talk to you at all, will she?"

"The only people who can benefit from the exchange with Alsace are Olmutz and the Principality of Leitmeritz, right?"

"The other two people. What?"

"It's because His Royal Highness Lourie treats me as a friend, so they are honored to befriend me."

He didn't lie. This is indeed one of the reasons why they met. Although Sofy and Militsa might be a little angry when they heard it, they would definitely forgive themselves as long as they explained the situation clearly.

"Save your life on the battlefield, specially prepare you for an important position, and introduce you to the key members of the kingdom one after another... Obviously, the benefits that she can get from Alsace are minimal, but she is willing to help you to this kind of place, it seems that for you, Her Royal Highness Lourie should be a very convenient lord, right? You want to continue to be a little white face in the future, don't you?"

The emotions that have been suppressed for a long time vented immediately came out.

Tigre twisted his head and stared at Bachelard with murderous and angry eyes. After two seconds, he lowered his voice as much as possible and said angrily:

"Can you please don't insult my friend like this in front of me!"
Bachelard became expressionless after hearing this. But in a blink of an eye, he immediately smiled again. He put his right hand on Tigre’s head, scratched Tigre’s dark red hair, and apologized to him:

"Sorry. I have been a mercenary for too long, and sometimes I will say something vulgar like this."

Tigre did not respond. Because he knew that he couldn't suppress his anger that was about to gush out as soon as he opened his mouth.

Although he was provoked by the enemy, he did not regret it. Even if the other party asks him the same question again, he will definitely react the same. Even if this makes the other person suspicious, he will never remain silent. Because this is the insurmountable bottom line in his heart.

After moving his hand on Tigre's head, Bachelard continued to ask without changing his expression.

"Asvarre's civil strife is over in autumn, right. Where did you go after winter?"

"I went to the Kingdom of Sachenstein."

Tigre replied briefly after finishing his emotions. Bachelard looked at him happily after listening.

"Why are you going to Sachenstein?"

"My father taught me to go to places I haven't seen before to increase my knowledge. I think that is a rare and good opportunity to go to Sachenstein."

He didn't tell the truth about this matter. Because if he tells that he is looking for clues to the "Lord of Marksmen" and that he is involved in the dispute between the local tyrant and the royal family, he will only increase his suspicion.

"Are you going alone?"
"I only brought one attendant. After he got his lover there, he decided to stay in Sachenstein, so he parted ways with me."

Although these words made Raffinac He would be dumbfounded to hear it, but it would be better to make up some random things here.

"What did you see in Sachenstein?"

On this question, Tigre answered fluently. Thanks to Prince Adris, he has learned a lot along the way. He only needs to hide the prince's name and he's done.

"It seems that you didn't lie about going to Sachenstein..."

Bachelard snorted, seeming to find it a little boring.

"The interrogation ends here. When I return to the royal capital, I will come to interrogate again."

"Please wait a moment, Your Royal Highness. I have two things I want to ask you."

Tigre stopped preparing to turn his back.

To be honest, he didn't want to communicate with this man too much, but he had to ask one or two things. Fortunately, Bachelard stopped after hearing this and turned to look at him.

"The first thing is about my father. My father, has anyone suspected him of colluding with Zhcted in private?"

"You can't protect yourself, and you are still in the mood to worry about him?"

Bachelard smiled. He said:

"Earl Vorn is currently in the palace of Capital Nice. His Majesty the King personally asked him to stay. If you want to meet your father, please be honest with me."
Tigre sighed in relief. After hearing that King Faron had left his father in the palace, he finally felt relieved. As a result, those guys who suspected that they were colluding with the enemy should not be able to make a big turmoil.

"Why, don't you worry about your mother's safety?"

Somehow, Bachelard suddenly asked this question. This unexpected question made Tigre blink a bit puzzled.

"My mother died of illness when I was nine years old."

Bachelard cast a shadow on her face. "Did she really die due to illness?"

Although the young man who whispered something in a whisper once showed an expression that matches his age, it only lasted for a moment, and then he returned to his original confident smile.

Urged by his eyes, Tigre asked the second question.

"My second question is about Lord Roland and the Knights of Navarre. Where did they go?"

"Speaking of which, you stayed in Sachenstein a few days ago. I don't know if this is excusable." Bachelard laughed maliciously.

"They are a group of bandits who are trying to murder me with Prince Regnas."

Tigre's eyes widened. Although Bachelard's explanation is quite concise and powerful, his words have brought Tigre a considerable shock and vacillation. He couldn't believe that this kind of thing would really happen.

"After I asked them about their crimes, the Knights of Navarre closed the gates and resisted. After a few setbacks, they fled. Although we have mastered the movements of the Knights, Roland's traces have not been there until now... …"

After saying what should be said, Bachelard looked down at Tigre in a happy mood.
"Why don't you help us find Roland. In this way, I can write off your suspicion."

With perseverance, Tigre withstood the strong sight from the bi-colored pupils and kept silent to express his rejection.

After Bachelard shrugged, he blew out the candlestick's fire and left the cell with a large sword.

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After Bachelard left, Tigre thought about things silently in the dimly closed cell.

"What is his plan?"

Could it be that he really planned to kill Roland and Regnas?

—Although he said that Roland and Regnas planned to plot to kill themselves... But I don't believe this at all.

There is no other man in the world who is less qualified for the word murder than Roland and Regnas.

At the age of ten, Tigre had met Regnas. In his impression, Regnas was a gentle and amiable prince. Last year, when Tigre reunited with Roland in Asvarre, they chatted about Regnas. Judging from the description in Roland's mouth, his personality should be the same as before.

—After escaping from here, you must first go to Lord Roland to confirm the situation.

It's not just Roland and the others, he has to find a way to clear himself of suspicion.

—Who the hell said that I colluded with Zhcted privately?

At this moment, three men opened the cell door and walked in. One of them also carried a lit kerosene lamp. According to Tigre's inference, one of them
was around 30 years old, while the other two were around 25 years old.

"Are you Tigrevurmud Vorn?"

The three sneered contemptuously as they surrounded Tigre. Tigre glared at them when he saw this.

"Who are you again?"

"What are the sinners clamoring for me here, huh?"

One of them pressed Tigre's shoulder from behind. After confirming that he could not move, the oldest man stretched out his hand and pulled Tigre's lips apart with his fingers.

"This is the mouth. You use this mouth to deceive the war maidens of neighboring countries, to show your courtesy to the black knight, and let your majesty reuse you? You, the country nobleman who can't even use spears and swords, in the final analysis. It's just a matter of lip service."

While suppressing the anger in his heart, Tigre twisted his body to prepare to escape. However, he had nowhere to escape when he was pressed on his shoulders.

"How, have you figured out your current position a little bit? You rude and filthy noble!"

The man mocked him and moved his lips apart. This time, the man directly punched Tigre in the abdomen with his fist. After seeing Tigre being beaten, the men shouted that Tigre was a wasteful coward, lacked chivalry, and is a despicable person who sold his body and mind to a neighboring country, etc., while beating him.

"I, as a glorious Brune noble, find the most intolerable person is just like you, a scum who has nothing but a mouth."

Tigre shrank his body into a ball, gritted his teeth, and endured... If he resisted here, they would call their companions up, and they might even convey reports that were not conducive to him to Bachelard.
Indeed, I have nothing but bows and arrows.

However, people who are willing to accept me like this are by my side.

Furthermore, I have no attempt to collude with the enemy at all.

He and Vanadis are mutually recognized existences.

Because of this, he doesn't care about severe injuries and violence of this degree, he just needs to endure it.

Seeing that Tigre hadn't uttered any screams and was a little impatient, the older man grabbed Tigre's hair. Smiled wryly:

"Let's talk about it. What kind of rhetoric did you use to get to the war maidens? Or, did you put them in bed directly after getting them drunk?"

After casting a cold gaze at the three of them, Tigre directly yelled:

"Unilaterally beating people who can't resist, is this the glory in you speak of?"

The man heard red ears from behind. While cursing, he slapped Tigre in the face.

After being knocked off the chair, Tigre lost his balance and fell to the ground. The man was panting while looking down at Tigre, and after yelling at him twice, he turned his back and called his two companions to leave. One of the men who found a black bow in the corner of the cell did not forget to taunt him before leaving.

After the cell was covered by darkness again, Tigre stood up slowly, feeling the unpleasant hardness and coldness of the stone floor while confirming the condition of his hands, heels, and fingers. Fortunately, he did not break any bones.

"You have to escape here tonight..."
After a few mutters, Tigre frowned in pain. In order to let his body rest well now, he decided to curl up.

—*They are the lords of the north, right?*

While Tigre was being beaten, he also paid attention to listening to their conversation, in which he heard several familiar place names and the names of lords. But for what exactly did they submit to Bachelard?

No matter how you think about it, there won't be an answer. Not long after, Tigre fell asleep with snoring.

❄

The faint sound of unlocking made Tigre wake up.

After the cell door was quietly opened, someone walked into the cell. Although he could not see his appearance because of the lack of light, he neither spoke nor made any footsteps, but walked up cautiously.

—*Has Mila come to save me?*

If the opponent is Bachelard or his soldiers, they should choose to walk in upright. Although he thought so in his heart, the other party's behavior was a little strange. It's almost like observing him.

Tigre lowered his voice and asked cautiously,

"Is it you Mila?"

The intruder stopped. Immediately afterward, a soft voice from a woman was heard in his ear.

"So it was there."

The breath of the invader gradually approached. Then, a huge and soft unknown thing directly hit Tigre's face. He didn't even have time to be surprised, so he fell straight back, and the back of his head was hit
hard. Had it not been for this soft thing to press on his face, he would have wailed twice.

"Are you okay?"

Someone who was pressing on him moved away in a panic. A sweet smell went straight into his nose.

Only then did Tigre realize that she had hit him because she had fallen, and he couldn't help feeling embarrassed at the thought of what had been pressing on his face just now. The other party seemed to have the same thoughts, and the awkward atmosphere overwhelmed the two of them.

However, continuing this silence is not a solution. And he also wanted to know who the other party was.

"Who are you?"

"Before answering your question, I want to ask one thing first. Are you Tigrevurmu Vorn?"

Tigre frowned. Could it be that this woman is here to save him?

"Yes."

"Just in case I have to reconfirm. ...... right. Can you tell me your father and mother's name, please, and then briefly explain who are Bertrand and Tita?"

Tigre opened his eyes. This woman can be said to know her roots.

——I do have an impression of this voice. However, it is not recent, but a voice that has been heard years ago.

Tigre was completely puzzled. Let's answer her question first.

"My father was Urs mother is Diana. Bertrand is my father’s friend, Tita is our family's maid. Most mansions will give them two things to deal with."
"I have one more question. Do you remember a girl named Ludiene? The last time you met her was four years ago."

This name is the same as the girl from four years ago. The appearance of a young girl was recalled in the memory cabinet.

She had long silver hair, different eyesight on the left and right, an upright attitude, and a lively expression.

"You are Ludie...?"

Tigre couldn't help blurting out her nickname. And she──Ludie smiled and said, "It's great."

"If you didn’t remember me, I was going to turn around and leave. It looks like you've got your life back, Tigre."

"You're not kidding me."

"Of course. Thoughtlessly forgetting me in four years… am I obligated to help such a person? Okay, let’s talk about it later, let’s leave."

In his heart, imagining her smiling and saying this ruthless appearance, Tigre couldn’t help smiling bitterly. As soon as they met, she, Ludiene Bergerac, has always been such a person.

"I'm relieved to see that you are still the same. By the way, although I don't think it's possible, did you bring an ax? I am handcuffed with wooden shackles."

"Understand."

Her outstretched hand pinched Tigre's nose.

Just as Tigre was confused, Ludie began to touch Tigre's body arbitrarily. Tigre thought that Ludie was going to pry the lock open in the dark, but then, a sharp wind passed by his left hand, and a dull sound immediately sounded.
The so-called shackles are the products made by stacking two wooden boards together, using hinges on one side and locking on the other. And Ludie used something similar to a sword to directly cut off the lock and part of the wooden board.

"I Successfully untied it."

"Thank you..."

There is no injury to his fingers or arms, so he didn’t ask about it here.

"Wait for a moment."

After finishing the words, Tigre walked to the corner of the cell with the memory of the previous time when the light was bright. While enduring the stench, he picked up the black bow and quiver. He tried to play the slingshot string without any problems. The number of arrows is also abundant.

——Fortunately, they are fine.

The surging emotions rushed into his heart immediately, and Tigre firmly hugged the black bow that regarded him as a companion and heirloom. However, it didn't take him long to sort out his emotions, tie the quiver around his waist, and re-tighten the black bow.

"Let you wait a long time. Let's go."

After exiting the cell, there is a corridor extending left and right. A handful of Songming cocktails hung on the wall at intervals, because the light did not shine here, so Tigre still couldn't see Ludie's figure clearly.

"Isn't there a guard watching, how about others?"

Although he didn't see anyone, he could feel his breath.

"I just cut him down while he was going to the bathroom. He won't be found for the time being."
Tigre stared at Ludie in astonishment, who answered his question nonchalantly. It seems that during the time they haven't met, she has grown into a fighter with considerable abilities.

"Come here. We are going to escape from the underground passage."

As soon as the voice fell, Ludie turned and walked forward. When Tigre saw this, he followed her in a panic.

"Why are you here? I can see that you and Prince Bachelard are not in the same faction."

"I currently work under Prince Regnas. I have been hiding in underground passages from time to time for two days. I investigated Bachelard's movements and circumstances, and just then, I heard the rumor that you were arrested..."

Seeing her directly address Bachelard by name, Tigre couldn't help being a little shocked. Although it can be known from the fact that she served Prince Regnas that she is currently in a hostile relationship with Prince Bachelard, her hostility towards Bachelard surpassed Tigre's imagination.

——Although why she knows about the underground passage is also very interesting, the reason why she went to serve His Highness is even more concerning.

Although there are countless questions he wants to ask her, he decided to keep it in my heart for now. After all, now they have to find a way to escape this fortress.

❄

Tigre and Ludie first met eight years ago. They were only ten years old at the time.

One morning on the eve of summer, after Tigre left the small town of Celesta, he rode out to the nearby forest. Of course, he mainly came to hunt,
but because many people who came to gather herbs would get lost in the forest during this period, he was also responsible for patrolling.

It wasn't until this day that Tigre finally felt relieved.

About a month ago, Tigre followed his father to participate in the hunting festival organized by King Faron. At the hunting festival, Tigre, who met Prince Regnas, shot the birds in front of the prince. In front of him, he dismembered, barbecued, and fed the prey that the prince had hunted. And the prince ate the bird meat sprinkled with coarse salt with a face of contentment.

After the hunting ceremony, Tigre suddenly became a little scared.

He found that he was so brave enough to let the prince of a country eat the kind of bird meat that is not safe. Although he had tasted it before inviting the prince to eat it, he would be able to argue that he was responsible for testing whether it was poisonous, but if Regnas mentioned this to others, Vorn’s family would really take it from here. Their piece of land could completely disappear.

Tigre spent the last day with anxiety in this way, but after a month, the fear gradually subsided. Since nothing has happened so far, it means that the prince did not feel unwell due to eating bird meat, nor did he mention it to others. He could finally have such an optimistic idea.

Therefore, he can be said to be in a good mood today.

Tigre, who walked into the forest and rode a horse to search for prey. He immediately heard the cry of a young girl. While he wondered who was attacked by the beast, he hurried back and forth with the sound of a bow.

After that, what caught his eye was a young girl in a glamorous white dress and a wild wolf threatening her. Although the girl had been holding the short sword for self-defense, her feet could not move because of the shock. If Tigre did not arrive, the girl would undoubtedly become the wolf's dinner today in less than three seconds.
After seeing this, Tigre shot an arrow without saying a word.

The arrow passed through the gap between the woods and directly hit the wolf's head. Immediately afterward, the wild wolf uttered an extremely sharp scream.

But at this moment, the girl made an action that Tigre did not expect.

She rushed straight to the wolf and slashed directly at the wolf with a short sword. Although the wolf would die sooner or later even if she didn't do this, this decisive blow completely killed the wolf.

The girl gasped and looked at the fallen wolf. After confirming that it was motionless, she turned her head to look at Tigre's side. She said with a cheerful smile:

"Your good support was commendable."

This shouldn't be the line that the girl who was scared to face the wolf just now should say. Tigre will inevitably be bluffed for a while.

The girl walked over triumphantly and looked up at Tigre who was riding on the horse.

Tigre didn't notice until then that the girl had a pair of different rainbow pupils. Once upon a time, his father's friend Mashas Rodant had shown him a cat with different rainbow pupils. If he had no experience at the time, he would show a more surprised expression.

"My name is Ludie, and I'm a traveler. How about you?"

Tigre couldn't help but feel a little confused, should he just ignore the girl and leave. Because no traveler would wear such a gorgeous dress. Tigre speculated that she might be a certain eldest from a wealthy family.

—Occasionally I meet this kind of person.......  

Once or twice a year, Urs, as the lord, would encounter such aristocrats and lords that he did not know where they came from or he didn’t know in
Alsace. Either they intend to come to see the Vosges Mountains, or they want to go to Zhcted through the mountain trail. And almost all of them will come in their suits.

The reason why they want to see the Vosges Mountains is because of this kind of anecdote. There are anecdotes of dragons deep in the mountains, and anecdotes of an ancient temple standing at the bottom of the valley. There are even rumors that there is a cave where the ancestor Charles spent the night with a beautiful fairy.

After hearing these rumors, they came to this land, imagining the magnificent mountain scenery here, and telling their friends what they felt.

Urs had instructed Tigre to treat these travelers who accidentally lost their way. Because they may bring intelligence outside of Alsace. And the importance of this information, Urs naturally knows better than anyone.

Tigre also understood his father's painstaking efforts. So even though it was troublesome, he still responded to the girl. "Tigre," he greeted rudely. Since the other party called himself a traveler, he didn't need to report that he was the lord's son.

"Are you familiar with this forest?"

"It's no different from my backyard. I generally know where there is something."

After Tigre finished speaking, Ludie nodded very contentedly.

"Okay Tigre, I’ll let you introduce this forest to me."

Although Tigre was extremely dissatisfied, he didn't mean to go against his father's policy.

Moreover, if he left the girl just like that, something would happen to her afterward.

Tigre had no choice but to agree to her.
After that, Tigre wanted to say that at least the wolf skin should be cut off first, but after seeing this, Ludie fainted completely.

❄

Ludie stayed in Alsace for ten days.

Every day before noon, she would go to the forest to wait for Tigre, play with him, and not leave until the sun went down. Although not in Celesta, they seem to have a villa elsewhere in their home.

Although she screamed when she saw insects and snakes at first, she would cry and scream when she fell into the river and even believed that someone would help her to deal with such a small matter as a fire, but it took less than five days. Here, she learned to catch snakes and insects with her bare hands, jumped into the river to swim, and even learned the skill of making fire by herself.

Even Tigre, who taught her these things, has become familiar with these skills through constant practice. However, whenever he praised her so much, Ludie always raised her chest triumphantly and said, "I'm my sister, this kind of thing is a piece of cake." Since then, Tigre hasn't been there anymore.

After that, Tigre and Ludie had a complete relationship, and they also became good friends who talked about everything.

Tigre also inquired about her real reason for coming to Alsace. Although she was brought by her father who wanted to see the beauty of the Vosges Mountains, she couldn't be interested in the mountains, so she sneaked into the forest.

Although Tigre saw through her lying immediately, he didn't tell the truth immediately.

Ludie is his good friend. If she didn't want to tell him the reason, he wouldn't ask about it.
"I will come again, I promise!"

On the day of parting, the two held each other's hands tightly in the forest where they first met.

"At that time, let me take you to visit other places. There are still many places I haven't taken you to."

"Is it really okay to teach me so many things? I will chase you right away."

Ludie was joking, looking at the bow and arrow in Tigre's hand, and shook her head and said,

"But in that respect, I am afraid I will never be able to surpass you."

She did not agree with Tigre. He only said these words with his bow and arrow skills. It is better to say the opposite.

She was taught to be an aristocratic eldest lady who had both good manners and education, and of course, she despised the existence of bows and arrows.

Tigre just shrugged after hearing this. He understands that even when friends have disagreements. Take tamagoyaki as an example. (TN/ Tamagoyaki (卵焼き or 玉子焼き, literally "grilled egg") is a type of Japanese omelet, which is made by rolling together several layers of fried egg.) Although Ludie advocates that tamagoyaki with cheese in the middle is the most delicious delicacy, Tigre believes that tamagoyaki with crispy roasted meat in the middle is the real delicacy in the world. In one matter, they did not plan to compromise with each other.

Until Ludie ran to a place he couldn't see with great energy, Tigre had been watching her leaving.

After the end of these pleasant and incredible ten days, Tigre returned to daily life again.

During the seasons of migration, although Tigre would recall things about Ludie from time to time, he felt that Ludie would never visit Alsace
again. After all, she has no reason to come here again.

However, at the end of spring a year after they met for the first time, Ludie reappeared in front of Tigre. While Tigre was resting on the hill near the forest, Ludie appeared in front of him without warning.

"Oh, you are very energetic. Have you grown taller?"

Ludie, with long silver hair flowing in the wind, said this in the first sentence. In this years’ time, Ludie has of course grown a lot taller, and the curves of her hands, feet, and body began to look like a woman.

Although Tigre was happy with this reunion, he had never expected that Ludie was completely juggling around.

While Ludie said that she wanted to do this and that, while letting Tigre teach her these things and those things, Tigre had no choice but to accompany her. Since that day, what they are going to do has been decided by Ludie, and Tigre basically has no control over it.

However, this did not make Tigre feel even the slightest dissatisfaction. This year Tigre taught her how to use daggers, how to set traps, and how to fish. And Ludie, as always, made it through at one point.

Moreover, Ludie also brought a small bag of cheese. Whenever it was time to rest, she would cut open the cheese and share it with Tigre. What surprised Tigre most was that Ludie had thorough research on cheese. She brought different kinds of cheese every day and enthusiastically introduced where this cheese is made.

Ten days passed in a blink of an eye. Ludie left Alsace again.

The following year, Ludie appeared in front of Tigre at the same time.

Like the year before and last year, Ludie spent ten days in Alsace, and the two ran around the mountains and plains. Although it was only one day, Tigre once took Ludie to visit Celesta.
Ludie, who became more and more lively, dragged Tigre to wander around like last year. The two chased wild deer, hunted wild boars together, climbed a tall tree, and sat together looking at the distant scenery.

Although she also brought cheese over this year, the kind of preparations did not repeat the same as last year, which made Tigre even more admired.

One day, Tigre inadvertently asked something he had been curious about:

"Who are you anyway?"

Ludie smiled and replied,

"I'm Ludie the traveler. This is. It's enough for both of us, right?"

Tigre looked at Ludie with a dumbfounded expression.

To this day, Tigre has also heard many things from Ludie, and most of those things are related to the movements and scandals of the king's capital knights and the nobles.

Although Tigre, who was not interested in these things, has always turned a deaf ear to it, it can be inferred from this information that she is either the daughter of a nobleman who has a mansion in the king's residence, or the daughter of a lord whose territory is quite close to the king.

Tigre thought she had no intention of concealing it before telling him, but now it seems that this is not the case at all.

"Huh? What kind of look are you showing? My sister should have taught you that you are not allowed to look at a mature lady with this kind of look."

While Ludie poked Tigre in the abdomen with a branch in her hand, he faced her. She always likes to be a little immature like this. Tigre replied in a speechless voice:

"You and I were born in the same year."
"I was born in the spring. It's a few months earlier than you, and I have been alive for a longer period, so I know this. There are so many things I’ve known."

"Aren't the things you know are just trivial things..."

"There are no things in the world that would be better if you don't know."

Once they started the theory, Tigre would not be able to say that about her. He can only surrender as soon as possible.

"—I said it."

Suddenly, Ludie changed his tone of voice. There was a little sadness on her face that she had never had before, which made Tigre nervous.

"I might have to come again in two years next time. There are a lot of things to be busy recently..."

This is also a helpless situation. At this age, Tigre also has a lot to learn as the son of a lord, and there is also a lot of work that must be done by him. Although these problems often make him brainstorming, he believes that these are his obligations as the lord's son.

After all, Ludie is the eldest lady of the noble family, so it should be in a similar situation. She undoubtedly carried a burden she didn't know about.

"You can come back when you have time. I welcome you at any time."

Tigre smiled and stretched out his hand. Ludie opened her eyes wide, nodded lightly, and then shook his hand. Her left eye with red pupils even leaked some tears from it.

At the end of spring two years later, on the hill where the two often came to talk, the two met each other again. Although Tigre has also grown up during this period, Ludie, with long silver hair, is much more feminine, dignified, and elegant, both in figure and in words.
But even so, what the two have to do remains unchanged. The two raced horseback riding, sipped nectar together, looked at the butterflies flying in the garden under the shade of the trees, and ate the cheese she brought together.

However, not everything is set in stone. For example, when they go to the lake to take a bath together, Ludie will shyly pull the distance from Tigre. Because a certain part of the body has a strong reaction no matter what the situation is, Tigre also quite agrees with Ludie's approach.

Go there today, go there tomorrow, before you know it, the time of parting comes again. Arriving in the forest where the two met for the first time, Ludie turned to face Tigre.

With an embarrassed expression, as if to make a significant statement, she whispered:

"Although so far I have been telling you otherwise, I'm not a traveler."

"I knew it"

As Tigre nonchalantly said this, Ludie showed a look of sorrow.

After ten seconds of silence passed, she asked Tigre with a stiff face:

"Since this is the case, I can tell you what my full name is!"

This is too difficult. Tigre was dumbfounded by her reaction and then surrendered. Immediately afterward, after finishing her emotions, Ludie raised her chest triumphantly and said, "My name is Ludiene Bergerac."

This frightened Tigre. The Bergerac family is a famous family that has existed since the time of the ancestor Charles, and there is a lot of karmic relationship with the royal family. Although the Bergerac family is not as powerful as Thenardier and Ganelon because of their small territories, the Bergerac family is no less inferior to their two major families in terms of authority.
"So, why does the eldest lady from Bergerac's family come here every year?"

"I can't say that."

Ludie relentlessly refused to answer Tigre's question.

"But, I don't mean anything bad to your family. I hope you can believe me."

"Of course I know that."

Tigre nodded. Although it is not clear what Ludie's purpose is, she does enjoy the feeling of running through the mountains of Alsace. Even Tigre could not feel any bad malice from her actions. Rather, he began to worry about whether he had taught the noble lady too much useless knowledge, and whether the Bergerac family would come to him to complain.

After turning his gaze away from Tigre, Ludie looked into the distance and said,

"This is probably the last time I will be here. As the daughter of the Bergerac family, it is time for me to decide on the future, and blind dates and marriage have to be considered..."

"Blind date? Marriage?"

Seeing Tigre's confusion, Ludie was a little surprised.

"We are both fourteen years old. Isn't that a matter of course? There are as many as six alternate fiancés now, although I should be able to stay at the Duke’s house, in the end, one day I have to choose a husband to marry. — — If I have a chance to meet someone with a good character, I might choose to marry that person."

Because the lines in the first half of the paragraph gave Tigre quite a bit of shock, it caused him to fail to hear the second half of the sentence.

Blind date and marriage, although this is a problem he will have to face someday, but Tigre felt that it has nothing to do with his current self. From
this point of view, Ludie, who regarded this matter as the problem she was about to face, looked so much like a real adult in his eyes.

"You don't have a good time," Tigre could only say this to comfort her at the time.

After this, the two began endless small talk, remembering what each other had encountered during this time.

When the sky darkened, the two men stretched out their hands together.

"Then take care. (Au revoir)"

"You too, pay attention to your health. (Au revoir)"

Since she said that this was the last time she would come here, this was probably the last time the two of them shook hands.

Tigre squeezed out a smile as much as possible and took Ludie's hand. The same is true for Ludie.

❄

Tigre and Ludie, who escaped from the cell, lurked in the dark shadow of the building and slipped away under the eyelids of the guards several times. The two of them climbed the stairs, crossed the atrium, and ran down the corridor.

Although the soldiers were indeed slack, if Ludie hadn't grasped the structure of the fort so clearly, they would probably not go so well that they weren't found even once. She knew which houses had multiple entrances and exits, and chose to avoid the soldiers' eyes and ears from those places, and escaped the fortress from the shortest route.

After walking down the stairs, they came to a basement.

"You can feel relieved for a while when you come here."
After Ludie quickly started a fire, he transferred the flame to the candle prepared in advance. The light gradually brightened, illuminating the ancient bookcases, barrels, and wooden boxes around. This seems to be what a warehouse looks like.

Until now, Tigre finally saw Ludie's figure clearly.

With her long silver hair tied to the back of her head, she was one head lower than Tigre.

She was wearing the ubiquitous military uniform composed of white and black fabrics sewn with gold thread. She was covered with a thin black cloth on her right foot and an orange cloth on her left foot. In her left hand, she held a sword with a recurve curve.

Among her intoxicating beauty, the most eye-catching are her blue and red pupils. Only at this point, there was no discrepancy between her and Tigre's memories.

"You are too miserable..."

Ludie placed the candlestick on the wooden box, stretched out his right hand, and gently stroked Tigre's cheek.

Although there was still some pain, Tigre smiled pretentiously and said:

"It's not a big deal."

After Tigre finished speaking with a wry smile, Ludie raised his head again to look at him.

"You have grown taller."

Just when Tigre didn't know how to answer the conversation, Ludie pursed his lips in dissatisfaction.

"I was born earlier than you. This is too unfair. As a result, my height has not grown much since the last time I saw you."
"You are only two to three months older than me. By the way, I forgot to ask, why would you go to serve His Royal Highness Regnas? I thought you would have been married a long time ago and become a Duchess."

At Tigre’s question, Ludie tilted her head and asked, "Marriage?"

"What are you talking about?"
"Didn't you tell me four years ago?"

Tigre couldn't help but feel a little confused. Is there something wrong with his memory?

After exploring her memory, Ludie wandered her gaze and nodded vigorously, and said,

"Speaking of, I seem to have told you about it. I did say that I was thinking about getting married, but I didn't say I was going to either. I'm not going to get married right now, I'm currently serving as the guard knight of His Royal Highness Regnas."

This is too much different from the original plan to be a Duchess. Although somewhat at a loss, Tigre cautiously asked,

"Although I don't know the cause and effect, but... You are on the path you want to go, right?"

"Of course."

Ludie smiled, waving his sword lightly with his left hand.

"After all, I have been very close to His Highness since I was a child, and my brother was born three years ago. Although he was appointed, this job is more compatible with me. Of course, I have not forgotten that I am Bergerac. The duty of the daughter of the Duke of Luck."

"Congratulations, Ludie."

Tigre blessed her from the bottom of his heart. She grinned and said,

"Thank you. I had expected you to say that."

After that, she turned her attention to the black bow in Tigre's hand.

"I heard from Lord Roland, you seem to be using bows and arrows"
all the time huh?"

"After all, I only have this strength."

This was not Tigre's self-deprecating, but his confident answer. With a serious face, Ludie put her palm on the back of Tigre's hand, and bowed her head down to apologize to him:

"Although it's a bit late, let me apologize to you. I'm sorry."

"What do you mean?"

Just as he was puzzled by the sudden apology, Ludie lowered his head and said,

"the thing is I didn't like your bow and arrow at first. It was not until I became the guard of your Highness that I saw various investigations have been conducted on the weapons used by various countries."

Bows and arrows are not only weapons used by cowards, but they are also very good weapons. Those archers with excellent skills should be recognized as well as excellent swordsmen and spearmen. Ludie acknowledged this.

After hearing her say this, Tigre could feel that the little lump that had been buried in his heart was quietly dissolving the feeling of dissolution.

Tigre lightly patted Ludie on the shoulder, and smiled and said to her who raised her head:

"I’ll Let you see my archery skills next time."

After hearing Tigre's disregarding words, Ludie showed a smile and nodded deeply.

❄

After removing the wooden box placed in the corner of the warehouse, a cave appeared on the floor in front of them. The cave extends vertically and
handles instead of ladders hang on the walls.

"This is the secret path I mentioned. Take the lamp and follow me down."

The two walked into the cave one by one.

After reaching the bottom, the chilly air hits them head-on. There is a stone passage at one end.

Ludie took the candlestick and walked forward. Tigre walked side by side with her.

"This secret passages should be only a few people know it, where did you hear that?"

"My dad is friends with the head of the Knights of Navarre."

Ludie’s words reminded Tigre of Roland and the Cavaliers. The question in his heart came out like a flood. And now he has time to ask her about this matter.

At this moment, a stone wall appeared in front of the two of them. However, the stone wall did not completely block the passage, leaving a square cave near the waist that can be drilled through.

Ludie bent down and illuminated the cave with the light of the candlestick.

"It should be fine."

After Ludie handed the candlestick to Tigre, he went into the cave. However, her upper body just came in but stopped again. Seeing her kicking indiscriminately at a loss, Tigre thought "No..." in his heart, and then he heard her weak voice.

"Tigre, um... can you push me from behind?"

Tigre looked at Ludie with a look of embarrassment and stared at Ludie--to be precise, at her wrapped in military uniform covering her firm butt and plump thighs.
—Speaking of which, she stumbled when she first came to rescue me.

Although Tigre felt that it was no big deal to fall in the dark operation until just now, looking back carefully, it seems that Ludie was not so rash the first day. She couldn't get down after climbing to a tree, her feet cramped when she was swimming, and Tigre had to help her every time this happened.

"Can't you take out your body?"

"No. It's okay..."

Tigre sighed and put the candlestick on the ground. Can't be spent in such a place. They have run out of time to dillydally.

"I want to push," after a brief reminder, he put his hands on Ludie's ass. "hey!" Accompanied by a lovely cry, Ludie raised her foot and hit Tigre directly in the crotch, making him almost faint.

"Yes, I'm sorry! I was shocked..."

After noticing what she had kicked, Ludie hurriedly apologized to Tigre.

Enduring the pain, Tigre leaned on the wall and said in a hoarse voice: "It's okay...". He raised his head again and saw that Ludie's military uniform was being lifted high.

Although the orange cloth covering the left foot was wrapped to the waist, covering Ludie's underwear, because the fabric was too thin, he could clearly see the curve of Ludie's hips. In desperation, Tigre could only help her pull down the skirt again.

After the pain subsided, he shouted again, and then pushed her hips again.

Although he wanted to end this errand as soon as possible, when he actually did it, the elasticity and softness on his hands made him blush before he knew it. Even if he wanted to close his eyes to dispel distracting thoughts, Ludie's round buttocks would still appear in his mind.
After a brief battle between heaven and man, Ludie's ass was finally pushed into the hole by him. Although there were only less than ten seconds, Tigre let out a big breath of exhaustion.

Suddenly, he looked down at his enthusiastic part.

*-Can I really make it by myself.......-

If he got stuck in the hole, for this reason, it would not be a matter of shame.

He told Ludie that the part she kicked was still hurting, and he gained a little time to recover. Although she felt a little guilty for staying on the other side of the stone wall, he couldn't possibly say such things.

After his body calmed down completely, he immediately went through the cave. Immediately afterward, there was an extending road in front of him.

"Isn't this the secret road connecting the inside and outside of the fortress? What does this stone wall do?"

"This secret road has two entrances inside the fortress, and it won't merge into a direct path to the outside until halfway. This is an older one. The old entrance seemed to be used to lure the enemy to encircle and suppress them. The cave we just drilled into was said to be specially designed to assassinate the enemy."

"It's a secret tunnel, but it was leaked to the enemy, do you know?"

Seeing Tigre’s puzzled appearance, Ludie let out a laugh.

"I had the same idea as you when I first heard about it, but it has the effect of attracting the enemy's attention. And ah, when the enemy's offensive is not blocked, just put the sack full of soil. Putting it into the hole can stop the enemy’s attack, can’t it? You have to keep the things I just said a secret."

After Ludie walked forward, keeping his back to Tigre, He asked,
"By the way, you just... did you see it?"

"I didn't see it."

"I haven't said what it is, why can you answer immediately..."

"Haven't you asked me before? You had the same problem before when climbing a tree halfway down and falling."

That happened when she was eleven.

At that time, Ludie, who asked Tigre about tree climbing skills, got excited and tried to climb various trees. Because she didn't prepare other clothes, she wore a silk dress.

For girls dressed as aristocratic girls go climbing trees, if they change to the town, it will cause a lot of commotion. However, because Ludie didn't care about it, Tigre didn't remind her.

Then, when Tigre advised her: "This tree is too difficult for you to climb", she still chose to challenge the tree. As expected, she fell halfway through the climb. If Tigre hadn't caught her in time, she would have fallen to the ground like that.

While worrying about Tigre's safety, Ludie asked if he had seen the inside of her skirt. While Tigre was thinking about how to answer her, she was so angry that she complained to him: "When a lady asks you this kind of question, even if you’re lying, you must immediately answer that you didn’t see it. it's polite in this way."

"Speaking of it."

Ludie smiled nostalgically.

"Well, this time I won't pursue it. Moreover, being a knight should be innocent."

After that, the two of them walked forward less than thirty steps again, and a new line appeared in front of them. However, there was no hole to go
through this time.

"This is a fake wall that is too thin. It is different from the stone wall just now. It was just finished recently. I heard that it was to hide the existence of this secret road and induce the enemy to go to another secret road. It was specially built."

"That is to say, the other secret road has more insidious traps than here, right?"

"Although I haven't seen it with my own eyes, you are right. But in the end, the secret road was broken by the enemy..."

After walking to the wall, Ludie rudely kicked the place where the wall and the floor were connected. Immediately afterward, a part of the wall fell apart immediately, revealing a hole for adults to pass through while shrinking their bodies.

After crouching through the hole, the two carefully filled the hole back. The two who completed the filling work looked around, and two extended roads appeared in front of them and on the right.

"The road ahead is the road to the outside of the fortress, and the road on the right is the road to another entrance. ——Speaking of which,"

Ludie asked Tigre with a candlestick in his hand:

"I have something to ask you too. When did you return to Brune? I heard that you, as a guest general of the Zhcted army, showed off in Asvarre, and followed the beautiful Royalty. You had a nice winter there."

Her voice was full of sarcasm. Tigre had no choice but to make corrections while explaining.

"I only stayed in Asvarre from autumn to winter. When I left the Zhcted army, I went to Sachenstein"

"Sachsenstein? Why do you go there?"
After giving the same explanation, Ludie was still not relieved, showing a suspicious expression. Although Ludie didn't seem to doubt Tigre's meaning, he didn't seem to be able to approve his words.

"But, it should be a dangerous journey? Isn't the royal family and the local tyrants facing each other in the Kingdom of Sachenstein, and there is even a strange event called "Man Wolf"...?"

"You are quite clear."

"Because three years ago, when I went to Sachenstein to practice knighthood, I lived in Solmani for four months. After that, I would regularly check the situation in that country. By the way, my swordsmanship was also taught by the Jaffa warriors I met in Solmani."

(TN/Jaffa is a city located in Israel and one of the oldest port cities in the world.)

That was the case, Tigre whispered. The single-edged sword in Ludie's hands was indeed completely different from the broad swords used by Brune's knights. This should be the answer she found when she was searching for a fighting style that suits her physique and strength.

"The man-wolf incident is over. The opposition between the royal family and the local tyrants will disappear sooner or later."

"You said it as if you were helping to solve it."

"Well, I also helped a little bit."

Because Ludie was so surprised that he couldn't do it, Tigre answered as constrained as possible. Before being further questioned by her, she had to continue the topic first.

"I heard about the fire in the Navarre Fortress in Sachenstein. When I got here quickly, I was caught by Prince Bachelard and accepted his questioning."

"The wound on your face… It was also given by Bachelard...?"
"This is a good deed by the northern lords under the prince. Compared with such trivial matters, I want to ask you about the matter of His Royal Highness Regnas and Lord Roland first, okay? Although Prince Bachelard insisted that His Royal Highness and Lord Roland planned to plot to kill him, I don’t believe his statement at all."

"Of course. That kind of baseless accusation can't be true at all."

After swearing in anger, Ludie began to explain to Tigre: "Fourteen days ago, His Royal Highness Regnas came to inspect this fortress. And I came together as the guard of His Royal Highness. At that time, Bachelard led the soldiers to appear, and also said nonsense about asking us to surrender, handing over His Royal Highness, etc. He even said that His Royal Highness and Lord Roland plan to plot to kill themselves such a vain thing."

The enemy invaded the fortress. Roland ordered the abandonment of this fortress, and he followed the other knights to flee to the north, and Lucky lightly said about this.

"After a five-day schedule of going north from here, we will arrive at a fortress called Lannion. We successfully rendezvous with the deputy commander Olivier and settled down there. After that, I asked for reinforcements. Supporting and collecting information and leaving His Highness, he has been hiding here since two days ago."

Tigre was dumbfounded. This is not something a person who protects a prince should do. "Should ..." Tigre, who had an idea in his heart, asked tremulously: "If you are acting alone on this matter, you should have informed His Royal Highness Regnas in advance ... right?"

"I have prior notice. It’s okay to put the note. And your Royal Highness also knows my temper."

If something goes wrong afterward, I have to find a way to help her, Tigre thought.
"However, why did His Majesty King Faron not take any action? If what you said is true, the attack on Fort Navarre has already happened fourteen days ago, and the situation should have been passed to His Majesty's ears."

Ludie shook his head with embarrassment.

"I think, your Majesty, he still doesn't know about it. I heard that some streets have become impassable due to avalanches and floods caused by avalanches."

"The spring flood..."

Tigre muttered to himself. The ice, snow, and glaciers accumulated in winter can easily cause avalanches and flooding when the weather warms and melts. Muddy streets and bridges washed away by floods can cause roads to become impassable.

"However, the major arterial roads have flood diversion works and fixed bridges in advance? After all, big floods occur every year. Can't it be predicted in advance where conditions will occur?"

"The neighborhoods that are still passable, Bachelard and Ganelon have sent heavy soldiers to guard. The purpose is to prevent the people around His Royal Highness from going to the capital to report. Ganelon is the guardian of Bachelard."

"...Duke Ganelon,"

Tigre naturally lowered his voice. Ganelon, like Duke Thenardier, is a great nobleman who can represent the Brune region. He governed Lutetia in the northern part of Brune and had a considerable right to speak among the lords in the north. The lords of the north will be put under Bachelard's command, presumably, it is also from his handwriting.

The reason why Tigre felt nervous when he heard Ganelon’s name was not because Ganelon had a powerful relationship. It was because he had heard before that Ganelon was a cruel ruler.
According to rumors, if a resident did not pay taxes on time, Ganelon would grab the young girl from that resident’s house and return to his mansion. If he couldn’t catch the young girl, he would set them on fire.
Family. Moreover, the captured girl will not only suffer humiliation, but Ganelon will even torture her and torture her slowly, humiliating her to death and taking pleasure in it.

Ludie frowned when she thought of something unpleasant, and then said to Tigre: "According to His Royal Highness Regnas speculation... Ganelon is probably trying to put Bachelard on the throne of the next generation and act as his guardian in power."

If the two of them are allowed to succeed, the entire territory of Brune will be severely tortured by Ganelon, and it will surely be a bloody storm. Moreover, even his most beloved Alsace will be affected by this.

"Never let them succeed!"

When Tigre made up his mind, another wall appeared in front of them. Unlike before, this time there is a ladder that can be climbed up. It seems that this is the exit.

Tigre took the lead on the ladder. After arriving at the top floor, he pushed aside the ceiling forcefully. After a loud "click", he pushed a small part of the ceiling away, and the night breeze of spring blew in immediately. He reached out and grabbed the edge of the ceiling and pulled his whole body up.

The night, which was different from the darkness in the passage, immediately caught his eye.

In the night sky, countless stars twinkled near the bright silver moon shining on the earth. This made him immediately understand the fact that it was already midnight.

After helping Ludie ascending the ladder, Tigre took the candlestick in her hand and patrolled the surroundings.
It seemed that the two of them came to the back door exit of a hunter's hut.

"Which direction is the Navarre Fortress?"

"There...what are you asking about this?"

While pointing to the location of the fortress, Ludie frowned at Tigre.

"I just forgot to say that I have a group of travel companions who are traveling with me. They should be heading towards the fortress to save me back."

"But, if you go back now, you will be found by the soldiers, right?"

Seeing Ludie really worried about their appearance, Tigre just smiled and replied:

"I know, however, it is now merging with companions for me the most important thing and, in the night I also quite good Action isn't it?"

For Tigre, who is used to running and hunting in the dark, he can easily find his way back with the moonlight.

"Ludie, thank you for coming to save me. This kindness will surely be returned one day—"

"I want to go too."

Ludie interrupted Tigre on his own. She straightened her chest and smiled, with bravery and fearless spirit in her pupils at different left and right sides.

"I'm very interested in what kind of companion you have. And, if you are caught back, wouldn't it make sense for me to risk my life to save you?"

thinking over what she said, Tigre changed his mind immediately. Whenever he wanted Ludie to do something, Tigre would have to spend a lot of time convincing her. But now is the time when every second counts.
"Okay. Then I have to ask you for your help."

"Is that's right? When you have trouble, please be honest with your big sister."

"You and I were born in the same year."

"If you are like you If you keep your mouth hard like a bad boy, I won't give you this."

Ludie took out something from the small leather bag tied around his waist.

It’s a piece of cheese. She cleverly cut off the end with the hilt and handed a piece of cheese the size of a thumb. After Tigre took it, he swallowed the cheese in one bite.

He couldn't help sighing. The strong flavor and strong salty taste directly touch the tip of the tongue, and the unique cheese flavor spreads in the mouth. Although Ludie only gave him a small piece of cheese, the amount was just right. If this piece of cheese were a little bigger, he might be so thirsty that he wanted to drink.

Looking back now, he has never eaten since he was arrested. Eating this kind of small piece of cheese can help him lift his spirits.

"Does it still suit your appetite?"

Ludie asked while eating the cheese, and Tigre nodded vigorously and said,

"Speaking of which, I haven't eaten the cheese you brought for a long time. Eating it suddenly lifts the spirit, even if the way through the night should not have any problems."

At the same time the two of them ran to the fortress, Ludie casually asked one:

"You have plenty of companions huh?"

"Four. I think you will be surprised when you meet them."
After all, his four companions included two war maidens. "I'm looking forward to it," Ludie said to Tigre with a smile.

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After arriving around the Navarre Fortress, Tigre and Ludie slowed down. Songming Cocktail flames swayed inside and outside the city wall. It seems that a large-scale raid is underway.

"Does it cost so much manpower to find me alone..."

After a little questioning, Tigre immediately changed his mind. It's not just themselves who they are looking for. Maybe Mila and the others were discovered by the soldiers guarding the city after they tried to sneak into the fortress.

"Tigre, let's get rid of those soldiers first."

Ludie locked his eyes on the swaying flame not far away.

"No problem."

For Mila and the others to find the location of the two of them, a proper commotion is necessary. Tigre put the arrow on the black bow, and Ludie raised the sword in her hand and rushed straight to the place where the Songming Cocktail spread flames.

After catching a few figures in his sight, Ludie speeded up and dared to rush into the arms of the enemy soldiers, without a word, and swung his sword. After a brief scream, the soldier was chopped to the ground, and Songming cocktails also rolled to the ground.

Ludie ignored the enemy who had been defeated by her and cut the second person's throat directly with a slight twist of his wrist. Then, she pierced the sword into the chest of the third person again, and springs of blood gushed out immediately.
Both her footwork and the way of wielding the sword are different from the Brune knights that Tigre has seen so far. They are quite rare moves.

Two enemy soldiers attacked at the same time from the left and right. However, Ludie was not afraid at all. After avoiding the lancet on the right, she directly blocked the slash approaching from the left. He even counterattacked, beheading the enemy soldiers on the left.

—It's amazing. This is almost on par with Mila…

Tigre sighed in his heart and shot an arrow. The arrow immediately pierced the throat of the enemy soldier on the right who was about to swing a spear.

While being careful not to be illuminated by Song Ming on the ground, Ludie returned to Tigre's side.

"Shocked, right? After all, this should be the first time you have seen me using sword skills, right?"

Although there was a hint of pride in her whisper, her gaze kept staring at the darkness in front of her. The reason is that there were several people at the same time.

"I'm going to go straight in, so I'll ask you to help cover me, Tigre."

"No, let me shoot a few arrows to make them chaotic first."

While Tigre replied, he spread from the darkness. There was the sound of armor approach. It seems that the other party has also noticed the existence of the two of them.

Under the light of Songming cocktails fire, a man poked his head out. Not only Tigre, but even Ludie couldn't help being surprised after seeing the man's face. It was Bachelard who came, and five soldiers followed him.

Bachelard carried the big sword and said with a high spirited smile:

"Vorn, I don't know why you ran back, but, unfortunately, you ran into me when you came back. Even if you can escape from the cell, you won't be
able to live the cruel truth under my sword."

"I will return this sentence to you as it is!"

Ludie yelled at Bachelard fiercely. Before being stopped by Tigre, Ludie rushed out and slashed towards Bachelard. Her speed and fierceness are like a snow leopard inhabiting the Vosges Mountains.

The two swords collided violently, and sparks scattered all at once.

After blocking Ludie's sword with a big sword, Bachelard raised the corner of his mouth and said,

"That was a good blow. Not only the weapon, but the sword skills are also very different from those of the Brune knights."

Bachelard pushed her away with his big sword. After noticing his different arm strength from ordinary people, although Ludie temporarily retreated, he was approaching him in the blink of an eye.

Ludie easily avoided Bachelard's top-down slash. However, Bachelard suddenly changed his trajectory in the middle, slashing directly towards Ludie from below.

The sound of blade clashing sounded, and Ludie's entire body was hit in the air. He fell to the ground and landed on his back. However, she was able to get up and put on the stand immediately. From this point of view, she should have judged that she couldn't stop the blow just now, so while using the sword as a shield, she jumped back to avoid the impact of the shock wave.

"Hey. I feel as if I have seen you somewhere... aren't you the guard of Regnas?"

After noticing that his opponent is Ludie, Bachelard laughed happily.

"I remember you are the eldest lady of Bergerac's family? Unexpectedly, you are not a vase knight."
"Let me tell you that if you are a scum who arbitrarily frame your Royal Highness and Lord Roland, the only way to go is to be sentenced to death!"

The burning anger kept flickering in Ludie's eyes. Bachelard, who silently endured these, sneered contemptuously.

"What a little girl who speaks crazy words, I would like to see how long can my mouth be stiff after I throw you on the soldiers a few times. If you lower your head to admit your mistakes now, I might still spare you compassionately?"

"Look at me cutting your dirty tongue in half first!"

"Hmph, wait until you grow up to talk about your dreams!"

Bachelard yelled and stepped out. Before the sound of the first strike fell, the sound of the next strike followed. Bachelard's slash was both heavy and fierce, and Ludie was forced to defend blindly.

Tigre couldn't help but feel a chill in his back. Ludie's strength is not weak. It can be seen from her lack of confusion and sharp swords that she is not much inferior to Mila and Elen. Rather, it was Bachelard who was too strong.

The soldiers who followed Bachelard walked around to get a side bun. However, Tigre would not give them this opportunity. He shot two or three arrows in one breath, killing these soldiers one by one.

"You bluff me? Why are you so dark...?"

Bachelard said with admiration. For him, chasing Ludie while distracting Tigre is nothing more than a trivial matter.

Accompanied by an extremely sharp metal sound, the night air was torn apart. Ludie, who was beaten by Bachelard's slash, rolled a few laps on the ground and widened the distance between himself and him.

Tigre raised his bow and arrow again. Although he just failed to shoot an arrow because he was afraid of hurting Ludie, it was different now. He
pulled the bowstring to the limit.

But at this moment, a strong murderous aura suddenly penetrated Tigre's body.

On the other side of the darkness, someone is aiming at himself.

Tigre immediately twisted his body and aimed his bow and arrow at the location of the murderous intent. Tigre, who watched and listened to all directions, adjusted the angle of the bow and arrow and let go of the bowstring in less than a moment.

There was a dull tearing sound. Tigre, as he expected, shot an arrow aimed at him.

—*This sound is, bow and arrow?*

And to analyze it from the perspective of the flying object, it doesn't seem like throwing a rock over. If his guess is correct, the opponent should shoot a second arrow immediately. Tigre took two arrows out of the quiver without saying a word. One is sandwiched between the little finger and the ring finger, and the other arrow hits the black bow directly.

The enemy's second arrow shot over. Tigre first knocked down the enemy's bow and arrow, and then immediately counterattacked. He tensed the bowstring that was still in vibration, put the bowstring between the two fingers on the bowstring, and shot it immediately.

From the other side of the darkness, there was the sound of an arrow hitting a hard solid object.

Tigre tensed the bowstring to observe the situation. After a long while, there was still no arrow flying.

—*Have you stopped?*

He looked at Ludie while thinking so. However, the scene before him made him take a breath.
During the period when she was fighting with someone, although Ludie tried a few tricks with Bachelard again, she was already so tired that she was kneeling on one knee and panting. Her face, which was distorted by pain, was already soaked in sweat.

"You’re pretty good, but it's over."

Bachelard walked towards Ludie. Although Tigre shot an arrow immediately to cover it, Bachelard took the arrow directly with his left hand.

"Unexpectedly, you could aim at my eyes accurately and shoot it over."

While breaking the arrow, Bachelard smiled at Tigre.

"I heard that you are more difficult to deal with than Roland. I think, let's get rid of you first."

As if thinking that Ludie is no longer able to fight, Bachelard rushed out without saying anything to cut Tigre down. His speed and ferocity made Tigre's hair horrified. Although Tigre leaped to the right and rolled to the ground just before Bachelard was about to rush up, when he was about to get up, there was a tingling pain in his left arm.

—The wound is very shallow. It's not the feeling of being cut.

Tigre couldn't help feeling fearful in such a judgment. Is it possible that the hurricane brought by the slash scratched him?

Bachelard shortened the distance even further. If there was another blow, Tigre would not be able to avoid it.

However, Bachelard suddenly stopped moving forward. Of course, Tigre also noticed.

On the other side of the darkness, a group of people was rushing over desperately. A dark figure running in the front broke directly between Tigre and Bachelard.
Bachelard swung down the big sword in her hand. But after the metal sound rang, Tigre saw the scene where his slash was blocked.

The cyan hair swaying in the night wind, standing in front of him, has a spear-shaped dragon gear of the same name as "Evil-Breaking Piercing Horn".

"Mila!"

At Tigre's cry, Mila said "Um" with her back to him.

"Today is really interesting."

On the other hand, Bachelard stared at Mila with an expression of emotion and excitement.

"I didn't expect to meet two women who can take my sword from the front at the same time."

"I see, it's just that you have lived too narrowly so far, right?"

Although Mila was ridiculing Bachelard, her expression was very solemn and not relaxed at all. The match in that round just now made Mila immediately learn the fact that Bachelard was a terrible fighter. She knew very well in her heart that if there was a moment of care, she would immediately be killed to the ground in the next instant.

After shortening the distance, Mila shot Bachelard's face and shoulders one after another. However, Bachelard withstood Mila's offensive, some of them flashed past, and some of them fended off with a big sword.

Mila lowered her body and rushed out, seeming to be waiting for the moment of counterattack. A stab from the bottom up directly hit Bachelard. Bachelard leaned forward and avoided the blow that penetrated the atmosphere. Then he held up the big sword in his hand.

However, at this moment, the soldiers not far away let out a scream.

"Giant, giant!"
After hearing this voice, Tigre and Bachelard both glanced there from the corner of their eyes.

Under the night, a huge dark figure stood tall. Although Bachelard was a little surprised, she did not stop her movements. It was too late and it was fast, Lavias in Mila's hand let out a chill.
This unexpected blow struck Bachelard staggeringly. Mila didn't let go of this opportunity and directly swung the spear in her hand. Her Sweeping Bachelard's right leg directly caused him to fall.

"Tigre, run!"

Mila shouted as she ran.

While helping Ludie, Tigre noticed it.

That is the earth giant made by Olga using the power of her dragon gear.

"What the hell is that?"

Tigre ran forward while supporting Ludie, who was looking dumbfounded at this scene.

After walking side by side with Mila, Mila asked in a questioning tone:

"Who is this?"

"She is the benefactor who rescued me from the cell, my former good friend."

Mila frowned and stared at Tigre. An expression of "Why are you involved in trouble again?"

"Why were you imprisoned? By the way, who was the white-haired man just now?"

"He is Prince Bachelard. I'll talk about the details later."

After reaching the feet of the giant, Tigre saw Olga, Raffinac, and Goruin. He saw Raffinac supporting Olga, and Goruin holding the reins of five horses.

Unsurprisingly, the giant was made by Olga. After taking a closer look, Tigre discovered that the outline of the giant was very similar to the one
they encountered in the mines of Sachenstein.

"Young Master, you are all right!"

Raffinac leaped for joy. He smiled and replied Tigre:

"I'm sorry, let you worry about it."

"Also okay, the thought of the little master this year will not run out of old hunting but I wish for it."

"This year has only just begun, right?"

Tigre refuted what Raffinac said half-jokingly and half-seriously. Just as Tigre was about to let Ludie mount, he saw a horse that he hadn't seen before, so he asked Goruin about it.

"What's this horse?"

"I snatched it from the enemy cavalry just in case. Now it seems that my idea is correct."

"It's a big help."

After letting Ludie mount the horse, Tigre rode behind her. Mila and the others quickly rode on.

The sound of horse hooves was heard, and the enemy cavalry was chasing them. It was not until Tigre shot down three people in succession that the actions of the other soldiers slowed down.

"Don't be afraid! There are only a few enemies!"

Behind the soldiers, Bachelard gave the command. Under this circumstance, he could calmly analyze the number of Tigre and the others, and boost the morale of the soldiers. It can be seen that he is by no means a half-hearted commander.
But as far as the result is concerned, the timing of Bachelard's order was a bit too anxious.

Immediately after Olga waved the dragon gear, the earth giant fell over. Watched by the scared soldiers, the earth giant hit the ground directly.

The earth giant, who dissipated with the roar, directly rolled up the dust in the sky. When the soldiers' horses heard the loud noise, they raised their legs and ran around in different places, preventing them from pursuing them further.

During this period, Tigre and the others hurriedly increased their whip, and immediately shook off the pursuit of Bachelard and the soldiers.

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Bachelard, who gave up on chasing Tigre and his party, confirmed the disaster situation.

This happened in the middle of the night and the investigation took a lot of time, and it was not until four and a half minutes later that soldiers came to report. There were more than 20 dead, and more than double the number of injured. Although it can only be said to be minimal damage from the overall point of view, Bachelard will inevitably be a little unhappy with the fact that a few people have made such a jump.

"That giant seems to be a pillar of soil made of clay. There shouldn't be a magician in the enemy army..."

The soldier's face illuminated by the light of the fire from the songming cocktails looked quite pale. After witnessing the unreasonable scene with their own eyes, their morale plummeted into the valley.

—*That's not a magic technique, it's just a dragon technique used by the Vanadis.*

Bachelard has never seen a Vanadis, nor dragon equipment.
However, he could clearly perceive the breath of dragon gear and even learned about dragon gear and dragon skills from the guardian Ganelon.

There were two different breaths at the scene. One of the breath came from the spear on the blue-haired girl who was in a stalemate with him. And the other breath is probably from the guy who created the giant.

However, Bachelard did not blurt out the information.

"Don't worry. I've also had experience with magic before. If he reappears, I will take care of it. However, I didn’t expect that Tigrevurmud Vorn could be so crafty. His teacher is following him; this kind of person must not be left alone. At present, it seems that he has to find a way to catch him."

Listening to Bachelard's words, the soldier was finally relieved. After ordering him to convey the words he had just said, Bachelard turned and went back to the fortress.

After returning to the lord's room, a man stood to welcome Bachelard's return. Under his short blond hair are a pair of sharp eyes, and his blue pupils are revealing a domineering spirit.

"Did he escape?"

The man said with an accent of Asvarre. "Yes." After Bachelard sighed and answered him, she pulled a chair beside her and sat down.

"Tallard, you saved my life. If you didn't contain Vorn, I should have hit a few arrows by now."

"No, it was just my mistake. I originally planned to suppress it all the time."

The man called Tallard shook his head.

"I didn't expect that he could shoot two arrows with the same speed and height in a row."

"It seems that he can shoot the arrow to three hundred Alshins away. It doesn't need to be confirmed. It's a good skill. Unexpectedly, my confidants
were all taken down lightly by him. They are very good."

Bachelard was referring to the soldiers who appeared in front of Tigre and Ludie with him.

Bachelard grabbed the wine bottle on the table and poured it directly into two glasses. He put one of them in front of Tallard and drank the other on the spot.

"Tallard, haven't the reinforcements come yet? I don't want to take the mere three thousand soldiers to attack the Lannion fortress where Regnas is located. And there is no point in staying there."

"You said it. "It doesn't mean anything"...what does it mean?"

It seemed that he couldn't understand this way of expression in the Brune language, and Tallard couldn't help tilting his head in wonder.

"Didn't Roland, Regnas, and the Knights of Navarre all escape? Tonight we also let Vorn and Bergerac go. Staying in such a place for a long time will only end up fleeing. And it's been half a month. The king should almost feel that something is wrong."

"The king and the officials of the royal capital, Ganelon should find a way to help us hide it. And just in case, we also secretly. I sent out a few false information, but if it does continue like this...Speaking of which, who is this Bergerac you just mentioned?"

"It's the little silver-haired girl who just became my opponent. Her family is telling the royal family. They are a loyal Duke family, although the strength of less than Thenardier or Ganelon, but one with no small authority nonetheless."

"ah ...... why would she act together with Vorn?"

"God knows."

Bachelard put the glass back on the table and murmured to herself with embarrassment:
"Furthermore, Vorn's companions are not only Bergerac but are also even two war maidens."

"One of them I recognized. That's the blue-haired spearman who tripped you right?"

Seeing Tallard laughing and mocking herself, Bachelard made a pretense of beating him. After holding back his laughter, Tallard continued:

"I met her on the battlefield in Asvarre. She used her slender wrist to ruin the cavalry of the Sachenstein army one after another. Even I was afraid of her. However, except for the woman. Are there other war heroes here?"

"According to my inference, it should be another war hero who created the giant unearthed. Although from the current intelligence, Vorn’s collusion with Zhcted is a certainty. But... If this is the case, shouldn't Bergerac kill Vorn directly?"

Seeing Bachelard's puzzled look, Tallard expressed his opinion.

"Perhaps, Regnas is through Vorn's relationship, with the help of Zhcted's power?"

"It is indeed possible. If so, Vorn and the others should also go to Lannion Fortress? Although It’s good to be able to serve them in one go, no matter how many people have gathered. Moreover, the Black Knight should be almost at Lannion..."

"Although I have to say this, you may be a little unhappy. We may have to stay in this fortress for some time. Because of the relationship between the avalanche and the flood, it will take some time for the soldiers to get here."

"It's not worth it. If you want to fight, you have to have the capital first. If you want to make money, you have to prepare relative funds. Wanting to make a lot of money with a copper coin is just dumb."

After seeing Bachelard say this, Tallard understood that he was going to stay in this fortress.
After drunk the wine in the glass, Tallard stood up, bowed a big gift to Bachelard, and left the room.

When no one interrupted anymore, Bachelard's right hand clenched her fist. He slowly brought his fist in front of him, as if he was praying for something. As for the content of the prayer only he knows.

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Tallard leaves the room, going to the uninhabited end of the corridor, and stopped. He looked up at the starry spring night sky outside the window.

"Although I thought I would meet you again, I didn't expect that I would meet you so soon."

Tallard could feel from Tigrevurmud Vorn, that there is a kind of weirdness between himself and him.

Until last fall, Tallard has served Prince Jermaine of the Kingdom of Asvarre.

Tallard had led three ships to make contact with the Zhcteds. It was at that time that Tallard met Tigre for the first time and admired his bow and arrow skills.

The next time Tallard met Tigre, he was still at sea.

Tallard, who was assigned a major duty in the army, eagerly searched for soldiers and formed a special fleet of archers.

However, it was only after the victory or defeat had been divided that he showed the strength that the fleet should have. The reason is that Tigre caused an indelible blow to his fleet.

Although he hadn't seen Tigre since then, he had heard people say that Tigre and Roland captured the town of Valverde.

After the civil strife in Asvarre ended, Tallard spent some time in the capital of Kerchester. Because he was very interested in what actions Guinevere
would do when he became the winner.

Will she treat the people of the island and the people of the mainland equally as she declared? Or would she let Zhcted or Brune interfere in our country's internal affairs?

A few days after Guinevere completed the ceremony of inheriting the sword "King's Sword", Tallard, who came to the palace to visit her acquaintance, was shocked when she saw Guinevere with a bunch of civil servants behind her. Because at that time, Guinevere's pupils exuded domineering and ambition.

At this time, Tallard finally made up his mind to leave Asvarre.

If he wants to be a general for the rest of his life, serving Guinevere might also be a good choice. Because Guinevere will undoubtedly exert her power to the extreme.

However, Tallard is an ambitious person. He wants to rely on his talents to become the leader of a country, and this is his ambition.

If he wants to achieve this ambition in Asvarre, there are only two ways to go.

Either he established battle exploits to become Guinevere's husband, or he won the throne from her hands.

However, Guinevere might only give some real power to her husband. Because she didn't want to be a lord, but a queen. Therefore, the first plan need not be said, it can only be abandoned.

Tallard also gave up the second plan. Although he is very prestigious among soldiers and has military talents, Tallard is only a civilian born in a fishing village. In terms of the legitimacy of ascending to the throne, he is in no way comparable to Guinevere, who has royal blood and found and inherited the lost "Sword of the King".

Therefore, Tallard put his vision abroad.
Of course, going to another country to realize the dream also requires corresponding hard work.

However, since he had understood that his ambitions could not be achieved in Asvarre, there was only one way left to go to other countries.

Ever since this happened, Tallard left Asvarre in the winter.

The reason why he chose Brune was not only because he knew a few northern lords, but Tigre's existence also accounted for a big factor.

In the Brune region that despised archers, how was he judged? Tallard couldn't help being interested in this young man who was only two or three years old from him.

However, when Tallard came to Brune to ask for information about Tigre, almost no one knew who Tigre was. And those who knew Tigre only regarded him as an object of teasing.

Tallard, who was dumbfounded by this situation, found his way out instead.

Tallard is not only a master archer not inferior to Tigre, but also very good at using weapons such as swords and spears. He can really grasp the opportunity when he is against the Brune nobles and knights who don't know how to use bows and arrows at all.

If someone who can recognize this is allowed to be his companion and get funding and manpower, he might be able to achieve considerable success in the Brune region.

Tallard, who followed this belief and started to act, met a man in power after a while.

This person is the Duke of Ganelon who has considerable say in the northern part of Brune. After all, Tallard often went to meet the lords who owned the northern territories, so it wasn't a strange thing that this matter would reach Ganelon.

However, Ganelon's proposal still surprised him.
"I am the guardian of Prince Bachelard. I’m currently looking for young talent. If possible, I hope you can post as the prince's aide."

"Why, this great responsibility that I am looking for a foreigner in a foreign country What?"

Of course, Tallard would doubt what trap this is.

There are no few lords who support Ganelon. Among them, there are even quite active followers. A position like the prince’s adjutant can be as many as you need to find.

"Although this is not something that should be said, Prince Bachelard is just a bastard. I heard that he even worked as a mercenary before. If someone who has learned aristocratic etiquette from his childhood becomes his adjutant, something will inevitably happen. And, in order to shorten the gap between Prince Bachelard and Prince Regnas, I have to help him build as many military achievements as quickly as possible."

"I am just a defeated soldier, and I still lost to Brune Army."

"That's why I chose you."

Ganelon showed a satisfied smile.

"If you find an adjutant with outstanding merits, it will make the prince feel jealous. Moreover, the prince may also worry about whether he will seize power because he despises himself. Even if he has good talents, he is not proud of them and can support them along the way. The person with the prince is the talent I want to find, and this candidate is yours."

Although Tallard was a little confused, he accepted Ganelon's proposal. After all, as an Asvarre, if he wants to gain prestige in the Brune region, this can be said to be a great opportunity that can be met but not sought.

After this, Tallard went to see Bachelard.
Although he has an arbitrary character as a mercenary, Bachelard is a man who can listen to the opinions of others. Although he did not obtain the right to succeed to the throne, he had the ambition to seize the throne, and he did not despise himself using bows and arrows. These personal qualities made Tallard quite pleased.

In this way, with the assistance of Ganelon, Tallard and Bachelard received military assistance from the northern lords.

Bachelard served as the commander-in-chief, and Tallard was responsible for assisting him in the formation of this force. Before the end of the winter, a total of three bands of one hundred people were eliminated. Therefore, not only Bachelard was famous, but Tallard was recognized by the soldiers and some lords.

Then, more than ten days ago, Ganelon requested them.

After receiving the information that Roland and Prince Regnas were preparing to assassinate Bachelard, Ganelon hoped that they would go to the Fortress of Navarre and punish Roland.

Although it was just a request from a standpoint, Ganelon's request was equivalent to an order. If he didn't do it, not only will Tallard suffer, but no one can tell what will happen to Bachelard when he arrives...

After they inquired about the detailed situation on the road, they used the reason "hope to help arbitrate disputes between the lords" to first lead some members of the Knight Order out of the fortress. Then he proposed to the Knights that Prince Regnas should be inspecting the Fortress of Navarre, hoping that they could hand him over this "request."

However, Tallard and the others failed.

Although they had obtained this fortress, they let Roland and Regnas escape. Moreover, Roland also launched two surprise attacks while fleeing, causing the lords and soldiers who wanted to pursue Regnas to be destroyed.
Although Tallard found out that they had hidden in the fortress of Lannion, they had to have enough soldiers and horses to capture the fortress.

And just as they were waiting for reinforcements to arrive, Tigre appeared in front of them.

"I heard that Tigre has a good relationship with Roland. Sooner or later, I can fight him again."

Just as Tallard was whispering happily by himself, a sight from an unknown source made him put away Smile. He put his hand to his waist, his eyes staring sharply.

A soldier was standing ten steps before him. After the soldier saluted him silently, he turned and left.

"It's Ganelon's subordinate?"

Tallard smiled sadly. To prevent any small actions between himself and Bachelard, he had expected Ganelon to plant a watcher in the soldier.

"It doesn't matter if you come to monitor us, but what exactly is he going to do?"

Tallard always had a question in his heart.

Ganelon's purpose should be to let Bachelard, his concubine, who has no succession to the throne, ascend to the throne, to gain power beyond imagination. But is it really that simple?

Does this man have any other attempts?

"——I have to help Prince Bachelard as much as possible to build more military exploits." Because when he heard this from Ganelon's mouth, he didn't feel even the slightest ambition and domineering of Guinevere or Bachelard.
Chapter 2 - Bergerac Partisans (fartas)

Bathed in the sun of dawn, the dark sea exudes brilliant golden light.

After confirming the weather conditions again and again, the ships left the port one by one from Kerchester, the capital of the Asvarre Kingdom.

Although there are different types of boats, such as paddle boats and sailing boats, each boat is undoubtedly a merchant ship sailing for trade. Hundreds of oars cut through the sea at the same time, riding the wind and waves towards the sea outside the port. It can only be described by the term magnificent waves.

Sofya Obertas, who has the synonym of "Brilliant Princess of the Light Flower", is now riding on one of the ships. She stood at the stern, looking at the port that was gradually going away.

She was wearing an unremarkable brown coat and a headscarf covering her eyelashes, and she placed the dragon gear in the cabin.

A young girl standing next to Sofy is also looking at the harbor like her. The girl wore a coat and a dome hat. There are a pair of different colored pupils with left green and right gold. People with this kind of pupil color are called rainbow pupils by the world.

Her name is Elizavetta Fomina. Like Sofy, she is a Vanadis of Zhcted.

However, she recently lost her memory.
Not only was her memory of her Vanadis's affairs gone, but she couldn't even remember her name and growth experience. And her saviors, from her peculiar pupil color, gave her the name of ‘Rainbow Eyes’ (Farris).

The hat worn by Elizavetta was a gift from her friend Carla. Although Sofy wanted to find a hooded jacket for Elizavetta at first, when Sofy saw that she cherished the hat so much, she immediately denied the idea.

Just when the harbor shrank to a minimum, Elizavetta suddenly raised her head and glanced at Sofy. While she pressed the hat with her left hand to prevent it from flying away, her bright red hair was dancing with the wind.

"Where are we going next?"

"The Kingdom of Brune… If nothing happens, we can arrive there tomorrow afternoon."

"Why there?"

Now Elizavetta is like a child who has just learned to ask questions. Whenever she encountered something she didn't understand, she would ask directly. Although that was the case, Sofy, who would answer her questions one by one, was probably one of the culprits that caused her to keep asking questions.

"Didn’t we just talk about losing your memory before? I think seeing all kinds of things will help you get your memory back."

Apart from this reason, Sofy thinks that if you let the residents of the Principality of Lebus saw her now, it would inevitably arouse their anger. If their angry spear is directed at themselves, if they direct the spear at Asvarre, the results of the Zhcted's intervention in this civil strife may not be of any significance.

"I have to get my memory back?"
Elizavetta said bitterly as if she had taken a very bitter pill, "I used to have a bad relationship with you, right?"

"It's not that we have a bad relationship, it's that I have almost no chance to communicate with you."

To cover up the complicated emotions in her heart, Sofy answered her with a smile.

She did not lie on this matter. However, the two of them did not actively engage in any decent exchanges.

Polesia, ruled by Sofy, is located in the southeast of Zhcted, while Lebus, ruled by Elizavetta, is located in the northwest of Zhcted. Even if they wanted to communicate, their territories are too far apart.

In addition, before she lost her memory, Elizavetta was opposed to Eleonora Viltaria for some reasons, and even kept a distance from Sasha — Alexandra Alshavin. Coincidentally, Sofy has a very close relationship with Elen and Sasha.

Moreover, the former Elizavetta was a person with super self-esteem and stubborn opinions. Although she may be so strong because of Vanadis's position, it is precisely because of this that Sofy did not want to communicate with her too much.

However, the current Elizavetta is different.

Sofy met her at the winter solstice last year. After trying to communicate with her, Sofy found out that she really didn't remember anything. It's not just the proof of being a Vanadis-Valitsaif-is not by her side. The part after her right elbow was even cut off.

‘I have to put aside my past prejudices and do my best to protect the weak girl in front of me’, Sofy thought.

A sea breeze blew past, and the hull shook. Sofy subconsciously hugged Elizavetta and supported her. Although Elizavetta was a little surprised, she
did not resist and honestly accepted Sofy's kindness.

Looking back, the port of Kerchester had long since disappeared. Sofy let out a sigh of relief and took off the turban on her head. The golden hair fluttered with the sea breeze.

"Can I touch it...?" Elizavetta asked aloud. Sofy nodded in agreement, and she reached out to touch Sofy's hair. She smiled and stroked her golden hair like a comb. She seemed quite fond of the touch.

"Let's change the bandage by the way now."

Sofy carefully removed the bandage wrapped around Elizavetta's right arm.

There is no sign of blockage on the incision surface, and the blood color is quite good. Depending on the situation, the meat near the incision will grow back sooner or later.

"Can't the bandage be removed yet?"

"Um...you may have to wait for half a year."

To calm the dissatisfied Elizavetta, Sofy answered her. After taking out the ointment and the new bandage from the bag, Sofy put the plaster on her and re-rolled the bandage.

She replied that there is a reason for this half-year period. Elizavetta sometimes does some elbow movements, causing her right arm to hit the table or wall. And this bandage was used to protect her right arm.

"Can you roll more bandages for me?"

"Yes, but what are you going to do with it?"

To Sofy, who tilted her head in wonder, Elizavetta replied innocently:

"Yesterday I had a dream, I like the way waving bandages, brought down those bad people all kinds of evil..."
Sofy gaped at her menacingly waving her right hand. Elizavetta's dragon gear, "The Flash of the Thunder Vortex", also known as Valitsaif, is a whip that can stretch freely and be entangled with thunder and lightning.

It seems that the memories of her as Vanadis reappeared in her mind in the form of dreams.

"...No. What should you do if the bandage accidentally entangles something?"

After being tactfully rejected, Elizavetta pouted but did not continue to say anything. However, she curled Sofy's hair with her fingers, as if she wanted to vent her emotions.

After retiring the bandage, Sofy suddenly remembered something.

The reason she went to Brune was not just for the amnesia Elizavetta.

Because she wants to get on land as soon as possible and get the freedom of movement.

Sofy, who participated in the Asvarre civil strife as the commander of the Zhcted army, knew very well that if the ship suddenly became unable to move due to something wrong, she would be so isolated at sea.

For example, if the Asvarre Army encircled the ship with a fleet, even if Sofy had the power of the Vanadis, she would not be able to easily escape their encirclement net. After all, she cannot cross the sea.

From this point of view, it is too risky to stay at sea for too long.

Although as usual, Asvarre can't be so unreasonable. And now that the civil strife has just ended, Asvarre has no spare time to do this kind of thing. But Sofy has always had a question.

It was the matter of Elizavetta. According to Hamish, the longbow envoy who saved her life, Elizavetta fell by the stream in the west of the capital. When he found Elizavetta, she not only lost her right arm, but even the clothes on her body were already in tatters.
The war maiden, who is known to be a strong as a thousand cavalries, not only lost her right arm but also suffered serious injuries that could cause her to lose her memory. This is by no means normal. And in Sofy's impression, Elizavetta should have the strength that a normal warrior should have. What defeated her was in Asvarre territory, and it was quite close to the king's capital.

At first, Sofy thought this was a good thing the demon did. Because she had fought with Torbalan in the port city of Donis with Tigre. Even if the demon's companions come out to take revenge, it is not surprising.

But if you think about it this way, what is the reason why the demon didn't give Elizavetta the final blow and didn't attack him.

Her next thought was, could some human do it? Although as a Vanadis, she is an excellent fighter, she is by no means invincible. As long as they have the strength that is not inferior to Vanadis, and with weapons that can withstand the dragon gear, other fighters have the possibility of defeating a Vanadis.

When thinking about whether there are such characters, Sofy's mind came to the face of two people.

One of them is Roland, the black knight of Brune. The other is Guinevere, the Princess of Asvarre.

Elizavetta may have fought with either of them.

But before she started thinking about who among them was fighting her, Sofy had another question that she hadn't solved.

After all, why did Elizavetta come to Asvarre?

If she is here to assist herself and Mila, she should first come to the Zhcted, right? Just like Militsa Glinka. However, she did not choose to do so.

Maybe, she had a purpose in her heart that she couldn't make clear to herself and Mila.
Among the lords of Zhcted, some lords were opposed to participating in the civil strife in Asvarre until the end. Did Elizavetta receive their entrustment before coming to meet Lord Guinevere alone? Then he fought her for some reason and finally lost the battle.

This is just speculation anyway. However, this way of thinking has a lot to make sense.

If her speculation is not wrong, if Lord Guinevere knew about Elizavetta's life, she would never just sit back and watch.

Sofy went to Brune without the Prophet from Asvarre because of this reason.

By the way, the Zhcted troops stranded in Kerchester had already left yesterday. Just in case, Sofy even pretended that she followed them away.

"—You worked so hard for me, Sofya."

Suddenly, Elizavetta whispered to herself while looking at the sea.

This made Sofy stare at her involuntarily for a while. However, Elizavetta seemed to have just noticed her gaze, only showing a somewhat unbelievable expression.

—Although I have heard that she sometimes speaks in this mature tone like others, but this...

The same is true of the dream of waving the bandage. I am afraid that the day when she retrieves her memory is not far away.

Sofy had such a premonition in her heart.

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In the open field in the forest, Tigre and the others are sitting on the ground in a circle.
The warm spring light from the branches and leaves is dotted with tiny beads of light on the grass. Although it is not yet midday, the sun has long been hanging high in the sky.

Last night, Tigre and the others rushed desperately. Although they succeeded in getting rid of the pursuit of the lords and soldiers, they were blocked by a stream.

However, they did not look back because of this. Mila used Lavias' power to create an ice raft. In order to completely get rid of the chasing soldiers, they did not choose to cross the stream but chose to advance downstream.

The stream headed towards the center of the forest, and when they entered the forest, Tigre and the others immediately left the stream. After that, they took alternate rests and finally returned to a state where everyone could speak.

By the way, Tigre, who was the first to rest, caught a pheasant while patrolling the surrounding area.

He just wanted to replenish the arrow feathers. After plucking the pheasant, he buried its body. If it weren't for this situation, he wanted to raise the fire and enjoy the taste of roasted pheasant. But if he did so, the enemy might find that they were raising smoke, so he finally gave up the idea.

After eating hard bread with a long shelf life and cheese filling his stomach, he took a sip of the water in the stream.

Because the cheese is provided by Ludie, it is well received by everyone. Not only was the type of cheese different from the cheese that Tigre had eaten last night, she even prepared a variety of different types of cheese.

"Oh. Not only the flavor but also the saltiness is perfectly prepared. If this is the case, it should be able to restore physical strength very well."

"This cheese is really good. It makes the bread that has no flavor at all become delicious."
The cheese she brought not only made Goruin smile, but Raffinac was also full of praise.

After finishing the meal, Ludie took the correct posture and officially thanked Tigre and the others:

"Thank you for your life-saving grace."

"It should be me who should be thanking me. If you didn't come to save me, I am afraid I wouldn't be here anymore."

After hearing Tigre's reply, Ludie shook her head and said in denial:

"Yesterday Didn’t I have been rescued by you several times that night? I wanted to take the opportunity to sell your love, but now I owe you a favor."

"You should almost introduce us too. Isn't she right now, Tigre?"

Mila said stingingly while watching the conversation between the two.

During the time that Tigre did not return from the fortress, she was completely panicked. Moreover, when she first wanted to save him, Tigre escaped with her strength and even brought such a young and beautiful girl back. On top of this, they still looked quite intimate, and it was inevitable that she would be a little unhappy.

"I just heard about the name. Speaking of Bergerac, isn't it the famous family that is as famous as Ganelon and Thenardier? When did you make this friend? You never seem to talk about her."

"I didn't want to hide this..."

Tigre defended in a panic. He felt that Mila would be angry because of the relationship that worried her. If Tigre said it, Mila would say that he only answered half of it correctly, and coldly scored a failing score.

"Speaking of it, our relationship is not good enough to say something..."
After hearing Tigre's words, this time it was replaced by Ludie and protested with dissatisfaction.

"What do you mean by this is, is our relationship not good? We went to the forest and the mountains for an adventure."

"The one with me at the time was the traveler Ludie, not you."

Tigre gave a brief explanation while enduring the tense atmosphere of the sword:

"The first time I met Ludie was when we were two ten years old. In a certain forest in Alsace, I saw that she was being attacked by a wolf before I went to help her."

"Just as it was. Then one thing is all right. It was indeed because of the arrow shot by Tigre that I was able to give the wolf the final blow."

"I remember before I ran to find you, but I heard a scream."

Seeing Tigre teasing her, Ludie just shot back flatly:

"I remember you did a lot of rude actions that were not in line with the noble etiquette."

"You hung around because of curiosity. ‘The beehive on the branch was down already’, is it that noble etiquette to you?"

"The Bergerac family should always have a curiosity to explore all things... No, even I did that. Introspective? Tigre, you were really so angry at the time."

In such an atmosphere, Tigre chatted with Ludie about what happened at that time.

After personally feeling the close distance between the two, Mila showed a mixed expression. However, she did not forget what she wanted to ask.

"Why did you go to Alsace at the time?"
She looked at Ludie with suspicion. There was even a little hostility in it.

"Because I want to know Tigre's character."

Ludie replied dignifiedly without being questioned at all.

"So it's for this reason?"

Tigre showed a somewhat surprised expression. Mila looked at her sweetheart with a confused look.

"Why, I didn't even know you?"

"Because she didn't tell me the reason until the end. Although she told a lie that can be seen at a glance like "Come with her parents to admire the beauty of the Vosges Mountains", she did not cause us any trouble. I just wanted to ask if she had any reason why she couldn't say it, so she didn't continue to ask. After all, she only went with me once in the town of Celesta."

"So that's the case. I just wanted to say it. Why haven't I seen her?"

Raffinac nodded in agreement.

Olga weaved a small grass crown with the grass at her feet, and asked her,

"Why do you want to explore Tigre's character?"

"Hmm... Now it should be okay to say it."

After thinking a little bit, Ludie replied:

"Because His Royal Highness Regnas is very interested in Tigre."

Tigre and Mila became pale all at once.

When it comes to the intersection of Regnas and Tigre, there is only one. Moreover, the time when Ludie came to Alsace was exactly the year that King Faron held the hunting festival.
Seeing Tigre like this, Raffinac couldn't help but be a little surprised.

"What have you done to His Royal Highness, Young Master?"

"Eh, this..."

Seeing Tigre's hesitant expression, Ludie seemed to find it funny, and said with a smile:

"Oh, so you did not tell them ah. indeed, if found, you might be cursed of it. However, as big sister of Tigre, I—"

"Tigre let His Royal Highness eat the bird meat that he hunted after trying it by himself."

Mila interrupted Ludie and said the truth lightly. Seeing that Tigre was a little surprised, Mila said to him boredly:

"It's okay to tell these three people present? Even if I or Olga tell this to a certain Brune prince, it will only make them laugh. —— And, there shouldn't be anyone here who wants to rely on it. Threatening Tigre with this incident, don't you think?"

The second half of Mila's words were sarcastic. Ludie pursed his lips and replied:

"I didn't mean that. I can't do things like using the precious memories of His Royal Highness and Tigre. Although he has only said this to a few tight-lipped cronies like me, his Highness Until now, I still like to talk about the things at the time. He also said that no one else has done this to him."

Of course, if there is one, it will be fine.

"But according to what you said, you should be quite trusted by His Highness. Considering your family background, it's not surprising that you are a candidate for being your Highness's fiancée."

Mila had said this to Ludie all of a sudden, stunning her.
"Fiancée...?"

Seeing her reaction, Mila couldn't help feeling a little uneasy. Because it was the eldest lady of the famous family who was serving as the guardian of the prince, she thought that this kind of thing was possible, but now it seems that she may be a little bit gagged.

"It's nothing like that! And if you really want to say it, Your Highness is...!"

Ludie's face was red, and she waved her hand and said loudly in denial. But when she was about to say something, she suddenly closed her mouth. It seems that she probably knows some secret Regnas can't disclose to the public.

After she coughed and sorted her thoughts, she turned around and inspected Tigre and they said,

"I have really been very close to His Royal Highness since I was a child. But that's because the late Royal Highness---The Prince's mother is from Bergerac. The children of the Luck family are also my aunt’s relatives. So, the kind of situation you just said about your Royal Highness is unlikely to happen."

"It turns out to be like this. Sorry, my indiscretion made you feel uncomfortable."

Mila bowed her head honestly to apologize. Although Mila said this to mock Ludie, she did have some negligence.

To adjust the awkward atmosphere between the two of them, Goruin spoke in a calm voice: "Let's get back to the subject, Ms. Ludiene, according to your statement, you are to confirm with Lord Tigrevurmud that you visited Alsace without the intention of harming Prince Regnas? Although I can understand your feelings, you shouldn’t have to go to Alsace for several years, right?"

"I only have the first one. This was an idea I had that year. At that time, I had already confirmed Tigre's character."
"In that case, why did you go to Alsace again and again later?"

"Because Tigre can share a lot of knowledge that I don't know, and he makes me have a lot of fun."

Ludie didn't seem to want to continue speaking and insisted on her opinion with a smile. Goruin bowed his head deeply, thanking her for her cooperation.

Raffinac seemed to have given up and looked at Tigre with helpless eyes.

"Young Master, if this incident was accidentally discovered by others and caused dissatisfaction with His Majesty the King, I hope you can run away directly for Vorn’s family, abandoning your family name. Don’t worry, I will also be on the road with you then..."

"Don’t joke around. His Highness should have no problem with it."

Tigre’s statement was not so much meant to comfort Raffinac, but more like talking to himself.

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The chirping of birds came from a distance. The five horses tied to the tree stood on the spot after eating the surrounding weeds. The scenery is quite peaceful and pleasant.

By the way, although Ludie rode a horse from Lannion to Navarre fortress, she fostered her horse to a nearby tribe for lurking. If she does not go for recycling, the horse will either be kept by the tribe or be sold directly by the villagers.

"You don't have to take a special trip to bring it back. We don't have this idle time, do we?"

After decisively giving up her horse, Ludie immediately changed the subject.

"Hey, Tigre. As a Big sister, I want to ask you something."
Although her expression was quite amiable, Ludie cast a suspicious look at Mila and Olga, her voice containing light anger.

"Although you reminded me in advance, it still surprised me. I didn't expect that there are two war maidens here as your traveling companions, and your relationship is even close enough to call each other by nicknames. Although you said before that you went to Sachenstein to broaden your horizons, was this trip dangerous enough for you to take the Vanadis with you?"

Tigre took the correct posture and looked straight at Ludie.

"It was my fault for not telling you clearly at the time. Because I think this is not something that can be said clearly in a few words. Because it is a long story, I hope you can ask me again next time...but You’re right, I would never have accomplished the purpose of my travel without Mila by my side. Then, Olga and I met in Sachenstein."

A small bag hanging from Tigre’s waist contains two arrowheads wrapped in silk.

One of them was given to him by Princess Guinevere in Asvarre, and the other one was obtained by him during the battle in Sachenstein. This kind of arrowhead with magical power is probably the key to helping them find clues to the "Lord of Marksmen".

"Tigre didn't lie."

Olga plunged into the subject while making the second straw crown.

"If you have any doubts about this, go and inquire about Prince Adris of Sacrament and the family of local tyrants, Lawrence."

After Ludie glanced at Olga, she immediately turned her attention back to Tigre. She finally smiled and said:

"Since you have all said so, I can't continue to ask questions. But Tigre, I hope you can pay attention to your words and deeds. If you continue to do things rashly like this, you will really be arrested as a traitor."
"Traitor!?” Mila and Raffinac exclaimed in unison.

"What's the trouble? What is the basis for them to make this judgment...?"

"Oh, the young master is really promising. The term "traitor" shouldn't be a prince with considerable wealth and status. Or is it something high-ranking officials can get involved?"

Compared to Mila's indignation from the bottom of his heart, Raffinac just dumbfounded and satirized his master. Although Olga and Goruin didn't interrupt, their expressions seemed to agree with Mila and the others.

"According to Prince Bachelard, I seem to be planning a plan to sell Alsace to the Zhcteds."

After explaining the cause of the matter to Mila and the others with a stinky face, Tigre asked Ludie:

"Compared to me who only knows this, you should know more about the situation, right?"

"Of course."

After nodding solemnly, Ludie looked around the crowd and said,

"Rumors about you were introduced to the palace in the early winter of last year. The eldest son of Count Vorn's family communicated with Zhcted’s Vanadis one after another and even participated in Asvarre’s as a member of the Zhcted’s army. Civil strife... At first, it was just such a small rumor."

"Why do you think there’s such a rumor that I want to sell my territory?"

"That's because the rumor has developed in the direction of doubting you. Why on earth are they going to be with you? The Vanadis are communicating with you, do you have any bad intentions? Such speculation can be said to be flying all over. And unfortunately, Earl Vorn came to the palace at that time and reported to your majesty that you and the Vanadis exchange of things made the rumors out of control all at once."
"Someone did it deliberately."

Mila angrily crossed her arms. Ludie nodded in agreement with her thoughts.

"I think so too. Moreover, even when His Majesty and His Royal Highness Regnas heard about this, they laughed and said that Tigre had no such intentions at all."

"Why?"

Olga woke up, holding her small head. As a ruler, she simply wanted to ask what basis they had.

"One of the reasons is the character of Tigre and his father. Not only your majesty, but I also know how much the two of them cherish the territory of Alsace. The other reason is that the two of them cherish the territory of Alsace. It's not at all suitable for a relationship with an insider."

"This is indeed the truth."

Mila agreed with Ludie's point of view. Under Olga’s eager sight, Mila gave her a simple explanation:

"To be a traitor, you must at least have a wide network of contacts or be able to contact the center of the kingdom. In my impression, Earl Vorn did not communicate with the lords very often. In this way, it would be difficult for him to find excuses for frequent visits to the palace or sending envoys, right?"

"Yes. Earl Vorn lived quite a life. The land is plain. In addition, the other lords who have territories besides the border of Zhcted did not suddenly deepen their exchanges with the warriors. If Zhcted wants to do this, it must be done for It is only right to cover up the truth and say hello to the lords outside Earl Vorn."

After a light sigh, Ludie turned his attention to Tigre.
"Furthermore, Tigre's recent behavior is too risky. I have heard about your battle in Asvarre from Lord Roland. If you, unfortunately, died on the battlefield at that time, whether you inherited the title of Earl Vorn. The matter, or the connection you have established with the war maidens so far, will be directly vanished. Even if it is to gain trust, this kind of action is too brave and intrepid."

"Since you have said so, why on earth would they suspect that Young Master is collaborating with the enemy?"

Raffinac knocked on the ground with an angry look.

"The Marquis Greast did a good job. He brought all the evidence to his Majesty. He accused his Majesty. If a powerful nobleman makes an accusation, even if the evidence is suspicious, his Majesty cannot do anything. Let’s dismiss the investigation."

"I don’t think I’ve heard of this name."

Seeing Tigre tilted his head in wonder, Ludie made no secret of the disgust in her heart, and couldn’t help cursing,

"If I didn’t get involved with him. In terms of relationships, I don’t want to know who he is for the rest of my life. He is a guy who regards burning, killing, and looting as commonplace and likes to torture others. I heard that he even framed a certain village for harboring gangsters and burned the village directly. They used all kinds of strange and weird methods to slaughter the villagers."

After listening to her righteous words, not only Tigre but other people also expressed considerable dissatisfaction and shock. After a breath of time, Ludie finally calmed down and continued: "Although the accuser is the Marquis of Greast, I think the master of the scene is the Duke of Ganelon. After all, Marquis Greast is a confidant of Duke Ganelon."

Tigre looked at Ludie with some confusion. Leaving aside Greast, who just knew his surname, he doesn't remember that he was targeted by Ganelon.
At this moment, Goruin, who was in deep thought next to him, asked a question with his beard: "Since someone believes this accusation, someone has to support it, right? For example, Duke Thenardier, who is called a great nobleman, do you have anything to say about him?"

"From what I have heard, Duke Thenardier is indifferent to this matter. He just treats it as if he hasn't believed it until now. But as long as the situation is different, I think he might also change his position."

"That's it. So, who believes it?"

"First of all, Bachelard. There are also the northern lords who supported and surrendered to Duke Ganelon. In addition to this, there are only a few people who are jealous of Tigre's active performance in recent days."

"Yes. Would you please tell us something about Bachelard? As long as it is the part you know, it's okay."

Mila asked with an expression of displeasure when she seemed to think of the battle last night.

"Take it as if we didn't know what happened in Brune last fall."

Ludie explained briefly. Bachelard appeared in the palace in the early autumn of last year. After that, he was officially recognized as a prince, Ganelon was responsible for being his guardian, and Bachelard made great contributions after the northern lords were brought under his command and the series of events in which the fortress of Navarre was captured by him.

"Although he has no right to the throne, Bachelard does have His Majesty's blood in him. I am afraid Ganelon wanted to take this opportunity to push that man to the throne. For this reason, he tried to kill His Royal Highness and Lord Roland who would become obstacles to them. He even pours dirt on Tigre’s name."

"Why me?"

Tigre didn't have a clue about it.
In the eyes of others, he has always been a coward who can only shoot arrows, but he can understand why he is jealous because of his close relationship with the war maidens. Just like the men who beat him up in prison. However, how could a nobleman like Ganelon frame him as a traitor just for this reason?

"Duke Ganelon might be trying to eradicate your future threat. That's what His Highness said to me. Although I felt that His Highness was a bit exaggerated at first, now it seems that he does have his reason for doing this... Like you, with the four...No, they are the Brune nobles who have a close relationship with the five war maidens. I have never heard of it. Your potential strength may be enough to match those great nobles."

Under Ludie's sarcastic gaze, Tigre shrugged and said,

"It seems that I have also become a big red flag."

If he didn't meet with Mila and communicate with each other, he would never have any intersection with other war heroes. Of course, Tigre also cherishes his feelings with Sofy and the others, but for him, Mila is the special one among them.

"Young Master, what's going to be right now? If you are an enemy of this kind of nobleman, it would be..."

Raffinac said with a look of poverty. Tigre did not immediately answer his words but fell into contemplation.

The opponent is a great aristocrat who is surrounded by the northern lords and can mobilize tens of thousands of troops. With such a small territory like Alsace in front of him, it could be wiped out with just the click of a finger. If you want to avoid war, bowing to him may be the best choice. Otherwise, just abandon the family name and abscond overnight.

This is not a question that can be concluded immediately. However, Tigre was not confused and made up his mind secretly.

—Although my dream is to get married to Mila...
However, Tigre was not unfeeling enough to forsake other important people and things for Mila. Alsace, Count Vorn's family, his father, half-brother Tian, Tita, Bertrand, and the citizens... His father’s relatives and friends, many friends he met through Mila. He has many existences that are so important that he cannot be easily given up.

The suspicion of treason will undoubtedly make Tigre lose all of this.

To protect everything that he cherished, he had to stand up and challenge.

Even if the opponent is a great noble with overwhelming strength, he will never back down.

"Ludie, I want to ask you what you plan to do next, okay?"

Tigre showed a grin of fighting spirit and unafraid of difficulties.

"Our enemies seem to be the same."

"Tigre and I are really good partners of the same heart."

The bright and cheerful Ludie put away her smile, and her expression instantly became solemn.

She explained the situation again. Although she had spoken to Tigre before, Mila and the others hadn't heard of it yet. After listening to the cause and effect, Mila first raised the question about Roland.

"Lord Roland, have you arrived at the Lannion fortress that you said so far?"

Ludie shook his head regretfully.

"On seven days, no, I didn't see him eight days ago. The soldiers who stayed in the Navarre fortress did not seem to have found Lord Roland's trace yet."

"So you came out just to find Lord Roland?"
"of course not"

with a confident smile, Ludie clenched her left fist and placed it on her chest.

"His Royal Highness visited the country and seek the assistance of the Knights and lords who collect enemy Intelligence, let Bachelard fall into the water. If you really want to name it, call it "Fartas"!

Hetero-colored pupils are full of passion and a sense of mission, as Ludie made a confident declaration.

Tigre, Mila, Raffinac, and Goruin looked at each other speechlessly. Everyone put on an expression of "Someone is here to answer the conversation." Olga was the only one who admired.

"Although your fighting spirit is very admirable, may I ask, how many people are there in this guerrilla group?"

Under Mila's question, Ludie pointed to himself and Tigre in turn.

"For now, only the two of us."

"Wait. Why am I also in the team?" Tigre protested.

"Didn't you just say that we have a common enemy?"

Ludie replied with an incredulous expression on her face.

"As long as you are willing to help Your Majesty, we are also willing to help you. After all, there are so many people. I feel more at ease with you. Your Majesty will be very happy too."

Although everything she said is reasonable, Tigre just felt that he couldn't just nod his head in agreement with this matter.

"We shouldn't have to act with you?"

Mila crossed her arms and stared at Ludie with some dissatisfaction.
"Aren’t His Royal Highness and the Knights of Navarre in Lannion Fortress? According to your statement, it takes only five days from here to Lannion Fortress. We will go there and meet them directly. Is it better?"

"Eh, this, this, although you make sense..."

Anyone with a discerning eye can see how much Ludie panicked. Under her earnest little eyes, Tigre reluctantly murmured a few words. Ever since he was a child, he just couldn't leave her alone.

"Well, Ludie. Let's go to the head office with you."

Before Tigre's words were over, Ludie raised his chest with a satisfied smile.

"Very good judgment, Tigre. Your Big sister is very reliable."

Under Mila's rather dissatisfied gaze, Tigre suddenly felt that his decision seemed a bit too hasty.

❄

After sharing the information, Mila, Olga, and Ludie decided to take a bath first.

From the fight last night to now, they have no time to tidy up their appearance. This also caused them to maintain their unkempt and unkempt looks during this period of time.

They walked to a place a hundred Alshins (about one hundred meters) away from Tigre and theirs, undressed and bathed in the river.

Although the river water is extremely cold, the depth is not deep, just under the thigh, and even the water flow is quite gentle and pleasant.

Seeing Ludie naked, Olga sighed with envy. Although Ludie is not much taller than herself, she has a pair of plump double peaks and buttocks.
On the other hand, Olga's body contours are quite barren even when compared with the girls of her generation. Although she has smooth skin, it is not so much a sensual beauty, but a healthy beauty.
"What did you usually grow up eating?"

Olga asked aloud while stroking Ludie's thighs and lower abdomen without scruple.

"I Eat everything, but cheese is my favorite."

"As long as I eat cheese every day, can I become like you?"

"Yes. And the cheese in our country can even be different flavors depending on the place of production. If you want to eat some, I suggest you try more. High-quality cheese not only moisturizes your skin but also strengthens your body and strengthens your legs..."

"Can you please not talk nonsense in there? That child is easy to cheat."

Because she really could not stand it, Mila inserted into their conversation. Olga glanced at her with a prank-like look and said,

"It sounds like it does have more basis than liking someone."

Mila blushed. This is the secret of breast enhancement that he and Olga taught her when they were having a bath in Sachenstein. Just when Mila was about to say something, Olga kicked the river and dived into the water as if to escape. After a distance from the two of them, she resurfaced.

After sighing, Mila dipped her long hair into the water for washing, and said to Ludie:

"You have a pair of very strange eyes."

Mila has been paying attention to this matter since the morning. Ludie replied with a smile:

"Yeah. My pair of different rainbow pupils (Farris) is a symbol of auspiciousness in my hometown."

"Isn't that good? In our Zhcted, some areas have different rainbows."
Mila recalled the Vanadis with different rainbow pupils.

Elizaveta Fomina has a synonym of "Princess of Thunder Swirl". Mila didn't have much chance to communicate with her and didn't know her character, let alone have a good relationship with her. However, Mila didn't hate her image of a war maiden with strong self-esteem. If she wanted to say it, only her strange attitude towards Elen made Mila a little concerned.

"There's something I want to ask you."

Cleaning up the dust on the head and body, Ludie suddenly asked:

"Between the two of you, what do you like about Tigre?"

"His bow and arrow skills and horse riding skills, right?"

As soon as Ludie's voice fell, Olga, who had been swimming freely until just now, answered immediately.

"Besides, he is good at hunting, he is clean and tidy, I like places where he can drink horse milk wine and eat lamb pot. Speaking of which, he seems to be playing the grass flute."

"Ha..."

see Ludie's confusion, Olga and Mila gave a supplementary explanation.

"Olga is a member of the horse tribe that lives east of Zhcted. To summarize her briefly, she likes to play with Tigre."

"Well, we have a very good relationship. Even to the point where we can be naked."

Ludie looked at Olga with a surprised look. Mila kicked the water and swam to Olga's side, and whispered to her,

"Don't keep talking about things like this that will cause misunderstandings. If it's just to make her feel that Tigre is lustful, it's okay to say, but what if she misunderstands that you have a thing with Tigre?"
"However, Valtrotti once told me that in the women's meeting, you have to speak boldly to take the lead..."

In her heart, Mila scolded the local tyrant in Saxony. Valtrotti must have been honest with Olga and taught her this kind of nonsense for fun.

"This kind of thing depends on the person. Don't tell her this kind of joke."

"Ludmila, do you have nothing to say?"

Olga raised her head and looked up at Mila who was frowning. She continued to roar:

"I think she seems to be interested in Tigre. Wouldn't it be better to let her give up as soon as possible?"

"This is what you learned in Sachenstein...?"

"No, this is my grandmother's teachings. "Although it is possible to share lamb with others, good men and good horses have to do their best to fight for it." Grandma told me this."

It's one of the first two. The fact that this statement cannot be directly denied is also what makes Mila very hot.

"Anyway, take care of your big mouth first. It's not suitable to talk about it now, and I don't want to make it a big deal."

If the affair between her and Tigre is discovered, Tigre would be framed. If it is an insider, it becomes quite convincing. It is absolutely necessary to avoid this happening.

On the other hand, Mila didn't want to behave in a concealed manner. She and Tigre have already confirmed each other's minds, even in the days spent with Tigre, Mila is confident that she will not be beaten by Ludie.

──Yes, I really don't understand what Tigre was like in the past, but on this point, she is no different from me.
Even if she seeks her assistance in this matter, she only needs to announce her and Tigre's affairs in front of her upright afterward, so that she can retreat.

"That one……?"

Ludie took the lead to speak up. Mila hurried to look to her room and said:

"I'm sorry she just said you do not mind the wrong place because the Tigre, only strayed into the bathroom Olga taking a bath."

Ludie puffed out a laugh.

"No matter how long it has passed; Tigre still has so few roots. I feel a little relieved. Tigre was described by Lord Roland as a young man who is galloping on the battlefield with a bow and arrow. Known for bravery, he is not like the one in my impression."

"Although I don't know how Lord Roland evaluates him..."

Mila reflexively said her opinion.

"However, the term brave on the battlefield is suitable to describe Tigre. I have seen it many times."

As soon as Mila's voice fell, she showed the expression of "accidentally leaking". This caused Ludie to stare at her in astonishment. Immediately afterward, Ludie walked to Mila's side with a serious face.

"Speaking of it, it seems that Her Highness Ludmila hasn't said it yet? May I ask, what do you like about Tigre? From what you just said, you two seem to be very close."

The sincere brilliance that emerged from the heterochromatic pupils aroused Mila's fighting spirit bit by bit. Mila raised the corner of her mouth and smiled softly at her.

"Why are you asking this? If I say that I love him, do you plan to use this as evidence that he is a traitor?"
"I, I don't do this kind of thing, okay!"

Ludie said. Waving her hands, she stepped back. Immediately afterward, she slipped. After a wave of panic passed, she sank into the river. After wiping off the water splash on her face, Mila pulled her up.

"I'm sorry... But I really want to know. What exactly did Tigre do to establish this kind of friendship that transcends the relationship of interest with you? He has really become different from the one in my mind."

Under Ludie's sincere gaze, Mila sighed and said,

"Alright."

Seeing Ludie's stunned expression, Mila said with a stern face,

"Whether it's him. The gentle place, the brave place, his advantages, the place where he likes to play pranks like a child, the place where he will try to fool the past when doing bad things, or his helpless shortcomings, I like them all. If not in this case, who can spend so long with him."

This is the answer that Mila racked his brains to come up with. Although she did not lie, these words are not so much the comments of a happy man and a woman about lovers, but more like a pair of bad friends' evaluation of each other.

"What about you?"

After being spotted by Mila, Ludie said, wandering his gaze,

"I am similar. Whether it is his heroic running horse, the appearance of eating cheese happily, even if he leaves first waiting for my past thoughtfulness, I like it all, I can't finish what I want to say..."

Although they came to the same conclusion, Mila had a mixed expression. Ludie is not imitating what she just said. As long as you have considerable love and liking for Tigre, you will answer that way. Although Mila couldn't be happy about it from the bottom of her heart, she was indeed a little happy.
"But looking like this, I still have to do some remedial measures first? After the matter is satisfactorily resolved, I want the prince to ask your Majesty to let Tigre stay in Brune for a few years. And I think. He also added a lot of trouble to you Vanadis..."

While Mila was still immersed in sentimentality, Ludie suddenly made such a proposal that she could not easily ignore. If this matter becomes true, she can't easily meet Tigre.

"I really can't agree with this. If you adopt this plan, some people may think that Tigre is really a traitor, so you force him to isolate him, right? Moreover, Tigre also knows some of the kingdoms of Asvarre and Sachenstein’s important people. I think you should use this point instead, right?"

Mila directly refuted the proposal without saying a word, trying to make Ludie change his mind. After hearing this, Ludie looked at Mila with admiration, and couldn’t help asking:

"That is to say, His Royal Highness is also willing to assist Tigre and me?"

Although this statement somehow made people feel a little bit The fire was big, but Mila nodded with a smile.

"Olmutz will never refuse to help its allies. Not to mention, he has been framed. Moreover, Lord Roland was once military comrades with Zhcted."

"Please allow me to thank you on behalf of his Highness."

As soon as Ludie grasped Mila's hand, she lowered her head again.

"By the way, although my request may be a bit arrogant, can I use Mila and Olga to call you two? You can also call me Ludie directly."

Looking at the other person offered a kind smile, Mila Can't help but feel a little confused.

On the other hand, she might refuse this request, but Ludie exudes an indescribable sense of intimacy. Moreover, the fact that Ludie has a good
impression of Tigre also caused Mila to have a feeling of guilt unknowingly.

"Okay, after all, we have to act together this time. — Please give me your advice, Ludie."

After Olga also came, the three of them folded their hands together.

❄

While Mila and company were bathing, Tigre is with Raffinac helping him make arrows. And Goruin is also sharpening the sword in his hand.

"Young Master, what's the matter? I think you seem to be more tired than usual."

Raffinac talked to Tigre, who was moving his hands silently. Tigre, who was cutting out the arrow with a short sword, showed a surprised expression and looked at Raffinac who was sitting next to him.

"Have I put on that expression...?"

"The movements on your hands are also very dangerous. Several times, I thought you were going to cut your fingers."

After pondering for a while, Tigre sighed.

"Do you remember Dunis, the port city of the Kingdom of Asvarre? Don't many residents in that small town are familiar with Brune?"

"I haven't been demented enough to forget about half a year ago." and then, how this thing yet?"

"I did not ask a lot of things about the residents in northern Brune, since then, I've been thinking about one thing ...... "

While handing the finished arrow to Raffinac, he continued:

"I have always been indifferent to the Kingdom of Brune."
To be born in Alsace, to be the son of a lord, undoubtedly It's all the pride in Tigre's heart.

However, although he was dissatisfied with the Brune Kingdom, which despised bows and arrows, he did not show any concern.

Of course, this does not mean that he does not want to swear allegiance to the royal family. Here, there are also people like Lord Roland or his father’s best friend Mashas Rodant, whom he respects from the bottom of his heart.

However, Tigre never thought of finding his own place here. He never thought about creating one himself. Because he was not in a hurry at the time. Until the age of fourteen, his father had protected him. After that, he went straight to a place where he could identify with himself.

"Although I did learn a lot in Olmutz, at the same time, am I not overly indifferent to the impact I have caused in the country. It is because of this that I have caused such a big trouble for my father and the territory."

Facing this serious topic, Raffinac just replied wittily:

"It's okay to say that, but you're not just useless at all, right?"

"Although what you said makes sense, but..."

"Your Excellency Raffinac is right, Lord Tigrevurmud." Goruin advised Tigre in a gentle voice:

"It is impossible for a person to move forward in both directions at the same time. If you want to gain the things that you might get, I will never stop you. But from another perspective, can't you also use the knowledge you have already acquired to face the current predicament?"

Tigre's gaze was fixed straight at the elderly knight. Goruin's words carry a kind of magic that can make people immersed in it. After Tigre shook his head, he finally sorted his thoughts.

"Thank you for your suggestion, Lord Goruin. Regarding Brune, I will wait until this incident is over before thinking about it."
"That's right, although you have decided to be hostile to Ganelon. Do you have any chance of winning? Only with this matter, we of Olmutz can't provide you with any assistance."

Goruin's tone was much tougher than usual. The battle between Tigre and Ganelon was, to put it bluntly, a dispute between the Brune lords. Even if Olmutz only commented, he would be held accountable for interfering in internal affairs. At that time, no matter what the outcome of this battle is, it will have a very bad influence on the relationship between Brune and Zhcted.

"I know. — — I will find a way."

Tigre replied with a smile. This is not because he is overly optimistic about this matter, but because he understands how important it is to maintain a normal mind. Neither over-tension nor over-seriousness will help this matter.

At this moment, several footsteps heard in their ears, and it was Mila and the others who came back from the shower.

❄

The six people sat around the ground again.

Olga spread out the map. This is an item she got when she traveled in Brune in the past.

"Ludie, I want to ask what you plan to do next."

"No problem. Our guerrillas have three things to do first."

Ludie looked around everyone. Somehow, her expression and attitude faintly exuded the majesty of a commander.

"First of all, we have to go to Lord Vartan for assistance."

From here, you can reach Vitra by three days to the southeast, and Lord Vartan is the lord who rules there, and he does not support Ganelon. His
family has had a deep friendship with the Bergerac family since before, and he can be said to be an old acquaintance.

(TN/Vitra (French: Vitra) is an old town in Allier, France, belonging to Cérilly, Montluçon.)

"Vitra is very close to the Fortress of Loizen. The local knights will maintain law and order around them, and sometimes intervene in arbitration among the lords. The reason why the earl has been able to maintain a neutral position is largely due to this factor. Moreover, our Bergerac family will also assist him within our ability."

"That's a good idea. What about the second thing?"

"After finding the earl, we went to the Fortress of Loizen for assistance. It should be only two days away. Then the third thing is that we are going to Dunis to inform His Majesty the current situation, and let His Majesty try to attack Ganelon and Bachelard who attacked the royal family without permission."

"Isn't it more than ten days since the fortress was attacked? The news must have been in the ears of King Faron?"

After hearing this question from Olga, Ludie shook her head and explained how the spring floods that hit the streets in this season were from avalanches.

"Because the road was blocked, I didn't go to the capital, but went to the fortress of Navarre..."

"Presumably Bachelard and the others will spread false information everywhere, even if the king is informed of the information, he will need time to think about countermeasures. Because if this matter is not handled properly, it may even be an enemy of all the northern lords."

At this point, Mila suddenly remembered something, so she suggested to Ludie:
"Should you go to Duke Thenardier for help?"

Tigre's expression changed immediately after hearing this.

Thenardier was quite disliked by Tigre, who could only use bows and arrows. In the battle against Muozinzel, he even used Tigre as an abandoned son without mercy. Moreover, as a lord, he had no good rumors. He was a cruel and ruthless guy who imposed harsh punishments on the leaders in the territory. In addition, Tigre didn't like his eldest son Zion either.

However, if you put aside your preference for this kind of thing, Mila's proposal is actually not bad. Thenardier, who has a lot of power to speak to the lords of southern Brune, is undoubtedly an existence that can contend with Ganelon.

"Letting Duke Ganelon grow his power and position arbitrarily is definitely not what Thenardier would like to see. He will definitely want to find an opportunity to disrupt Duke Ganelon's plan. If you need it, I am willing to help you negotiate."

"Although it is an eternal principle to let powerful chess pieces’ kill each other, there are three problems at the moment."

With a silver hair swaying, Ludie frowned and said,

"For our country, let’s be on guard. The Muozinzel’s army is the top priority. Although this may be a bit of a digression, His Royal Highness is not only here to inspect the fortress of Navarre. We finally came after inspecting the southern fortress group. Arrived at the Fortress of Navarre."

"So that's the case."

Tigre and Mila understood the meaning behind her words.

Last spring, Brune and Zhcted joined forces to attack Muozinzel. Then, after suffering a huge failure, they finally chose to retreat.

Although Muozinzel was not without loss of soldiers and generals in that battle, when the attacking party retreated without achieving decent results,
it meant that they had already lost the battle.

Judging from this result, the priority that King Faron should think about is naturally to prevent the opponent's retaliation and counterattack.

In the two seasons of summer and autumn, Muozinel did not attack. They would usually send troops to trouble the Malay border, but they did nothing uncharacteristically.

The Muozinels, who are not good at dealing with the severe cold, cannot attack in the winter.

They are bound to rise in the spring and even summer, and King Faron and the Duke of Thenardier, who have considerable say in the southern lords, have come to such a conclusion.

In order to boost the morale of the lords and soldiers, and work together to defend against foreign enemies, Prince Regnas volunteered to go to inspect the situation in the south.

"Because the northern lords won the victory after the expedition to Asvarre, the main purpose of this inspection was to boost the morale of the southern lords who failed to achieve the results of the invasion of Muozinel. At the same time, it is also to contain the famous Prince Bachelard who wiped out a few thieves' dens before being officially recognized..."

Ludie did not continue. If Thenardier and Ganelon are allowed to formally break, it will give the Muozinel army an opportunity. This will only lead to further spread of domestic chaos.

"This really doesn't work. Anyway, what are the other two problems you just said?"

Mila asked calmly.

"Another reason is that you, as a Vanadis, owe a great kindness to the Duke. Although I am personally grateful for your willingness to actively exercise the authority of Vanadis for us, this kindness is unacceptable.”
“What’s the last reason?”

“The last reason is that I just think that Thenardier might laugh out loud because you owe others a favor.”

Unexpectedly, it was purely selfish. Although Tigre could agree with Ludie's idea, on the other hand, he still couldn't help thinking about whether it was really okay to decide this kind of thing out of selfishness. After hearing this, Goruin nodded with a gentle smile.

"Personally, I think it’s too early to ask Thenardier about it. If you ask him at this stage, he will likely be able to take the lead in this matter. —— Is there anything else you want to add?"

"Can I say something?"

Tigre patrolled the people seriously, and then asked:

"I want to make sure first, how to deal with them in the end. Ludie, you Have you ever asked Her Royal Highness Regnas for his opinion? If you have already decided, then treat it as if I haven't mentioned it."

After Ludie adjusted her seated posture, she shook her head.

"When we arrived at Lannion fortress, we didn’t have time to think about all these things.... The only thing I can be sure of about is that Bachelard framed His Highness, and Ganelon gave him military power."

“What about the northern lords and their soldiers? Because they are only acting under the orders of Ganelon and Bachelard, do they have to let them go?"

"Indeed... it can only be done like this. Right..."

Ludie bit her lip unwillingly. If they were punished one by one, not only would the northern part of Brune be deserted, but there would also be people who resisted desperately. In the end, they can only choose to let them go.
"Then let's decide."

Tigre smiled confidently. Seemingly unexpected that he would react this way, Ludie widened her eyes in confusion.

"I never think we can defeat all the enemies, and I don't want to do it at all. The most effective way to keep our strength after the chaos is eliminated is what we should think about, isn't it? Whether it's Princess Guinevere from Asvarre, or Prince Adris of Sachenstein, they chose to do this in the first place."

Just as Guinevere treats the people of the island and the mainland the same. Adris did not choose to suppress the local tyrants, but wanted to incorporate them under the royal family.

"So, under the premise of crusade against Bachelard and Ganelon, I hope to declare to others that as long as they surrender, they will not be blamed, and they will even be able to maintain a declaration of territory. Ludie, this matter can be entrusted to you."

Ludie's face was full of surprise.

What Tigre said is undoubtedly ultra vires. If they decide on their own policies and issue a declaration without permission from Regnas, it means that Regnas must also abide by the meaning of this declaration.

However, it was not this incident that really surprised Ludie.

What really surprised Ludie was that Tigre being able to forgive the enemy even when he was framed, deprived of his liberty, or even subjected to violence. Moreover, he did not come up with this plan because he had no desire or tolerance, but because he set his sights on the future after the war.

"Bachelard and Ganelon will certainly confiscate the territories of their opponents ruthlessly, and distribute them directly to the lords who follow them."

Ludie murmured to himself.
The right to divide the territories with the courtiers was originally the king's ability to enforce. But it is precisely because of this that Ganelon hopes that Bachelard will exercise this right to let the impression that Bachelard is the next king is deeply buried in everyone's mind.

Then, those lords who want to expand their territory will join Bachelard's camp. Because even if they could get any rewards after assisting Regnas, it would never be a new territory.

Ludie smiled confidently and glanced at Tigre.

"Are you dare, Tigre. Do you want to come and see your big sister?"

It is a test of whether she dares to embark on this difficult and dangerous road.

"Although I don't think His Majesty and His Majesty will object to it, but if they are really guilty at that time, I will gamble on the reputation of the Bergerac family to convince them both. Well, leave it to me."

"Thank you. Do not hesitate."

Ludie smile back to his sentence:

"Do not tell me you just put it politely necessary… Isn’t that the plan? But then again, I didn’t expect to hear this from your mouth one day. It seems that I don’t need to worry about Alsace’s affairs."

"I hope so. "

Maybe he is shy, Tigre scratched his dark red hair. However, he sorted out his emotions in a short while.

"I have two proposals. One, I want to seek the assistance of Lord Mashas of House Rodant, who governs the Otto area. He is a close friend of my father."

Mashas Rodant used to help when Tigre had always been hurt. And Tigre has a good relationship with his two sons. As long as the situation is clearly
explained, Mashas must be able to assist to some extent.

"What is the other one?"

"Go and seek help from Asvarre."

Ludie took a deep breath. Asvarre, like Sachenstein, will invade the west of the border from time to time. Can you really tell a country like this about the current dilemma of Roland and the Knights of Navarre?

"It is indeed worth a try."

A smile appeared on Mila's face and nodded in agreement.

"Asvarre has no spare energy to attack Brune now. Moreover, Princess Guinevere has a good impression of Lord Roland. She will definitely come to be our companion and take the opportunity to sell Brune some favors. And if so, we can borrow a ship and move faster too."

"Mila is right. The fortress of Lannion is a fortress built on a peninsula called "Bayard's Tail". If you go by sea, you don't even need half a day. If you can go to If they borrow a few boats, our marching speed can be increased a lot."

(TN/Bayard is a magical bay red horse, which is derived from chansons de geste in the legend. He is known for his spirit and possesses supernatural abilities, allowing him to adjust his figure according to the rider.)

Seeing Tigre and Mila saying this, Ludie looked at them both in a bit of trouble, and said,

"Although it may be just a rumor, I still want to ask both of you. About Lord Roland and Princess Guinevere, it’s not a good rumor, do you both know this?"

The two looked at each other silently. At least, the two of them knew about the fact that Guinevere had a strong affection for Roland. Guinevere liked Roland even to the point where she used him as a guard to go shopping in the town of Marie.
"I personally think that no matter what happens, Lord Roland’s loyalty will never be shaken. But I don’t know what Princess Guinevere is. For example, as a price for helping us this time, she might even ask Lord Roland to live in Asvarre for a few years."

Because he could easily imagine the relationship between that scene, Tigre couldn't help showing a bitter look.

"Although this possibility is not unavailable, in my opinion, Princess Guinevere is not such a wayward person."

"I have the same opinion as Tigre. By the way, even Guinevere I'm really here to help us. The support she can provide now is not enough to make her make such exaggerated requests."

After hearing Mila say this, Ludie just thought for a while and nodded in agreement.

"That's right. As for the character of Princess Guinevere, the two of you really know better than me, and it's not the time to disagree. Just ask Asvarre for help."

"But in this way, are we doing a lot more?"

Goruin muttered to himself with a bitter face while looking at the map. Olga didn’t think there was any problem, and said directly:

“Should we divide into two groups and act? Write a letter of introduction for me. I will come and go as the king’s capital.”

Because it was too sudden and it was there. Everyone looked at Olga in surprise.

"Are you okay?"

Mila asked with some worry, but Olga didn't feel nervous at all, nodded and said,

"I've been used to acting alone, and I've seen King Faron before… "
Ludie after mentally building, look straight Olga. The enemy is quite treacherous and cunning. If this is not achieved, I am afraid it will be impossible to win the opportunity.

"Then I beg you. But, I hope you can put your own safety first."

"Leave it to me."

The clear blue pupils were filled with strong determination. That is the look that only people who want to accomplish their mission wholeheartedly will have. Ludie reached out and took Olga's hand.

"Then, I will also leave the young master and go to the Otto area."

Raffinac said without hesitation. Goruin also spoke his thoughts in a gentle tone as always.

"I'll go with Your Excellency Raffinac."

Tigre and Mila looked at them in surprise. There is a considerable distance between Vitra, the realm of Earl Vartan and Otto, the realm of Mashas. Splitting up is indeed the best choice.

However, why did the cronies and lieutenants who would stay with them as much as possible at ordinary times put forward the plan of separate operations? Moreover, Goruin had been paying attention to Mila's physical condition after leaving Sachenstein.

"Don't be so surprised. Although you are a warrior, even Lord Olga has said that we have to work hard alone. Then how can we adults do not work hard."

While looking at Olga, Raffinac said with a smile while showing his teeth:

"When we arrive at Otto and tell Master Mashas the truth of the matter, we will drop by to Asvarre. After all, compared to the method of sending an envoy, it should be better to talk to them directly. Let us clean up all the suspects of treason in the young master."
"Sorry. I made you bother."

The only thing Tigre can do is bowed his head to express gratitude to both of them.

Although Mila was also a little confused, she finally said to Goruin: "Be careful." Because she believed that the elderly knight had never asked for an apology or gratitude from the beginning.

"Lady Ludmila. Although I won't tell you not to force yourself, please pay attention to your health."

There was a smile on Goruin's face, and he spoke sincerely.

"In other words, the destination of Mila, Ludie and me is right where Earl Vartan is."

Tigre confirmed again and again. Immediately afterwards, Ludie stood up and bowed his head to thank everyone.

"Everyone, thank you for your help. I swear by Bergerac's family name that I will repay you for this kindness one day."

Tears ooze out from the corners of her eyes with a pair of heterochromatic pupils.

❄

Just after noon, Tigre, Mila and Ludie left the forest on an ice raft made by Lavias.

The reason why they rushed to start before Olga and Raffinac was because they were worried that the soldiers of the lords might pursue their relationship all the way to the neighborhood. They want to bring the enemy's attention to themselves as much as possible.

Because they only brought two horses, Tigre and Ludie rode on the same horse.
"Then, I will be the captain of the guerrillas, and Tigre will be the deputy commander. Will it be okay for Mila to be a guest?"

Ludie riding on the horse was in a good mood. Her personality that can suddenly open up no matter what situation she is in, can be said to be the most precious treasure in her body. At the very least, Tigre did calm down and face the current situation because he thought of all the past.

"By the way, Mila's spear is really convenient. Can't it be used by me?"

"No, Lavias will only listen to me."

"It means only being loyal to the user. Is it?"

Mila shrugged as an answer. This incident can't be told casually to people from other countries, and it is quite troublesome to talk about it.

"Tigre. Speaking of it, the two of us used to ride horses like this very often before."

"You said it nicely. It's not because you don't know how to ride a horse, so I have to take you to ride with you? And wait for you until After I learned how to ride a horse, I didn't even prepare my own horses."

“I can’t blame you. For me at the time, horses were just a tool for pulling carriages. I never thought of having a day when I would ride it myself. Let me tell you, once, I tried a ride in front of the mansion, but it caused a big riot."

Ludie deliberately leaned her body and stuck her colorful hair and hair accessories to Tigre's face. This makes Tigre quite confused.

"I can't see the front."

"As long as I can see, it's okay? Or else, why don't you just put your chin directly on my shoulder?"

Mila stared dumbfounded at the two talking.
Although Mila didn’t want to see the two of them riding a horse together, whenever the sight of the two of them was in front of their faces, they would not feel that they were holding Lavias firmly in her hand, but even if Ludie was deliberately showing the close relationship between the two of them, and she couldn’t completely ignore them.

Rather, the other party spoke to her naturally.

"By the way, Mila, what do you like to eat? Let me tell you first, I'm a cheese lover."

Since the other party took the initiative to talk about cheese, they couldn't just deal with this matter.

"Although it's not for food, I like to drink black tea. At Zhcted's place, we will add jam to black tea to drink."

"Ah, I know this. Then, when this matter comes to an end, it's better to How about having a tea party? I can prepare for you several cheeses that are worthy of black tea."

She is such a virtuous person Mila thought. Even Mila didn't have any interest in scolding the two of them for being too close, and could only reluctantly replied: "I will consider it."

About four and a half minutes after leaving the forest, Tigre and the others encountered the soldiers of the lords as expected.

It is a unit of twenty infantrymen. Although they were armed with spears and wearing leather armor, they were not wearing helmets or equipped with shields. Judging from the way they wear light on the road, they can only be a reconnaissance unit or a messenger unit.

It’s unclear if it is because Tigre and the others are few people, and even have a relationship between two women, they walked straight toward here.

"It's a pity. If you have a cavalry, you can grab a horse and ride it..."
Although Mila was a bit regretful, she settled her emotions in a short while and threw her bags to the ground.

"It's enough for me to go on it alone. Tigre, you step back first."

Mila might be trying to reduce the consumption of arrows as much as possible. Tigre had planned to retreat honestly. However, Ludie grasped the reins and said:

"I want to fight too. Compared to one person, it would be more advantageous for two people to fight together."

Although it would be a bit embarrassing to have only two of them fight, even if Tigre says he wants to fight, he will only give them two. Cause trouble. So he got off the horse and picked up Mila's suitcase.

"You two have to be careful."

The Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave and the eldest lady from the Duke Bergerac's house galloped immediately.

Seeing that they had the intention to fight, the soldiers of the lords also raised their spears and rushed at them. Half of them chose to fight head-on, while the other half went around to the left and right sides for pincers. Judging from the fact that they were aiming at the horses, they probably wanted to catch Mila and the others alive. And their movements are quite orderly.

In this two-on-twenty battle, the blood foam made several rainbow-like trajectories, and the result was one-sided.

After being stabbed in the body by Mila, the two soldiers fell forever. At the side, Ludie cut down the other two soldiers without saying a word. The red-black ground was covered with traces of leather shoes and horseshoes, and the screams gradually dissipated in the sound of knives and halberds.

The two cleverly protected each other's backs, preventing the enemy's intention to besiege the two of them in one go. On top of this, they also
fended off the lances one by one, and even knocked off the handle of the spear directly.

The enemy soldiers were beaten steadily and retreated, leaving a distance from the two. However, Mila and Ludie did not let go of this great opportunity. Together with their leather armor, they pierced and cut the enemy's body, and then three more infantry fell in a pool of blood.

When the friendly forces standing on the field were only half of what they had originally been, the soldiers' fighting spirit had already disappeared like ice and snow melted by the sun. They turned their heads and turned their backs to Ludie and Mila, fleeing in fright.

The two stood in place and did not catch up. Because they have to let these people go to Bachelard to inform them.

"Now, Olga and the others can relax."

"I hope so."

Seeing Ludie answering herself solemnly, Mila couldn't help laughing.

"Aren't you great? To be honest, it's out of my expectation."

This is not a polite remark, but a genuine truth from Mila. What Ludie has just shown is the swordsmanship that can only be displayed after countless training and actual combat. After all, last night, Mila only saw the side of her being forced by Bachelard to get rid of her way, and did not figure out her true strength.

—Compared with Eleonora, who is better?

Although Mila has extremely strict criteria for judging Elen, this does not mean that she does not agree with the strength of the silver-haired Vanadis. Ludie's strength as a fighter is probably not much weaker than Elen.

"Mila, you are, you are indeed a war maiden who is known to be as strong as a thousand horses. Although I knew it when you rescued me from
Bachelard's sword, it was really reassuring."

At this moment, Tigre came over with Mila’s suitcase.

"Thanks for your hard work. Sorry, I will only let you two contribute."

"Sooner or later, you will be sent on the court. Before that, you can rest well."

Mila picked up her suitcase and said witty words. Then, she wanted to pretend to be as nonchalant as possible, and ask Tigre if she would ride the same horse with her. She even thought of a reason for doing so to keep the horse as strong as possible.

"Okay, Tigre. Come on up quickly. You don't come up again, what do you do if the enemy's army is coming!"

But before Mila spoke, Ludie immediately pulled Tigre's hair and urged him.

"If the enemy's army is really nearby, at least some clues can be seen from here..."

Tigre replied rudely, while sitting behind Ludie. Immediately afterwards, Ludie curled up in a panic as if suddenly remembering something.

"Then, that, Tigre, can you not smell my body? There may be a very stinky sweat..."

"I can only smell the smell of blood."

He replied with extreme indifference. Later, Tigre looked down at the corpse on the ground and prayed a short prayer to the god. Mila stared at both of them with complicated expressions.

When the three of them were in the grasslands, Tigre suddenly asked:

"Ludie, which road do we go from here?"
"This ah, although I think there are a few routes it .......

While riding a horse, Tigre moved his gaze away from Ludie.

"I said in the forest. Several roads have become impassable due to avalanches and floods. Other roads have the possibility of encountering lords and soldiers. I think we are going to walk the ancestor Charles. How is the trail going? I think this can at least avoid the enemy's sightlines."

"It's also when you find a hidden passage in the fortress. It's really bad for you to know this information..."

See Tigre being concerned for her sincerely., Ludie raised her chest triumphantly.

"Because I’m a big sister, I know everything. By the way, Mila, you also treat me as your elder sister—"

"I was born in spring just like you."

Mila said calmly. She had heard from Tigre a long time ago that Ludie was born in the same year as her, and her reason for posing as an elderly person. Although Mila was actually born in the summer just like Tigre, she deliberately lied.

"It turns out to be the same as me. Then, Mila, you have to put a little elder's pose to Tigre, right."

Mila glanced at Ludie and recalled Ludie’s attitude towards Tigre so far. It turns out that all of her unusual behaviors were specially to give off the vibe of an elder

"Wait until I feel that way," Mila responded and immediately changed the subject.

"But I really didn't expect that such a big event would happen when I came to Brune."
In fact, Mila didn't feel any dissatisfaction with the current situation. Although the same was true when traveling to Sachenstein, Vanadis going to another country without any reason was actually a very unfavorable matter in terms of diplomacy.

Therefore, Mila regarded the current situation as a great opportunity. As long as she can help Regnas, Tigre's popularity in Brune can be raised, and even the Bergerac family can owe her a favor.

In this way, not only can the suspicion of collusion between Vorn's family and Zhcted be erased, but the distance between Tigre and himself can even be shortened in one breath.

❄

At the same time that Tigre decided on their division of labor and put them into action, Roland was walking in a forest in the northwestern part of Brune.

Leaning on the tree trunk, he rested with a sword as a staff. Although he did not take off his armor, his face was full of exhaustion.

Beside Roland, there was a horse he had been riding all the way. The saddled horse is eating the weeds on the road.

"It's not good. I didn't want to get lost."

He bit the dried meat rudely and sighed slightly.

On the night that Navarre’s fortress was abandoned, Roland broke through the enemy’s encirclement in the process of singles against Bachelard. After beheading the chasing soldiers one by one, he successfully threw off the pursuit of the lords' coalition army. Moreover, he also planned two waves of surprise attacks, and successfully delayed the lords who wanted to pursue the prince and the Knights of Regnas.

Things went well until then, but Roland encountered a series of sufferings next.
Although he wanted to rendezvous with Prince Regnas as soon as possible, he had to avoid the reconnaissance troops sent by the lords and the flooded rivers.

If the number of enemy troops is less than ten, he can choose to kill them all, but if the number is more than twenty, he will choose to avoid their eyes and ears and leave there.

Knowing that the opponent is the black knight, the enemy army will definitely flee in all directions. Then, they will inform the team of Roland's existence, and in some cases even bring reinforcements to him. Therefore, avoiding war is the first choice here.

Then, while riding a horse to avoid the river and advancing with the enemy forces, he came to a place where he did not know the north, south, east, and west.

To make matters worse, Roland had been aware of someone's sight a few days ago.

On the vast grassland, in the dim forest, by the river in the cool breeze, he always felt that someone was looking at him. But when he looked around, he couldn't find anyone at all.

He initially thought this was an illusion caused by his over-sensitivity, but whenever he noticed this line of sight, he found that he would definitely deviate from the original route. This gave him an idea. Is anyone deliberately tempting himself to get lost? After all, Roland had had experience fighting with mages.

"If this continues, when will I be able to reunite with them?"

While Roland whispered, the breath of living creatures came from the depths of the darkness. Roland immediately jumped away from the spot, raised his sword, and hid behind the tree trunk.

—It's not a beast.
Sweat gradually oozes from his forehead. If it was just a wild wolf, a boar or a bear, it would be impossible for Roland to increase his vigilance to this level. Looking at the things here from the depths of darkness, they are obviously more dangerous than them.

A footstep came into the ear. Who is walking here slowly. Then, his figure gradually appeared under the sunlight.

He is a short man. Although he has a child-like physique, he has a face that only a 40-year-old adult has. He was bald, with big eyes, and looked quite peculiar. He was wearing silk clothes and a small hat on his head.

"Duke Ganelon..."

Roland whispered softly. That's right, this man is Maximilian Benusa Ganelon who represents the status of the great nobleman of Brune. Moreover, Roland was also the man that Roland hated most in the Brune region.

And a nobleman like Ganelon appeared in this place without any guards, and Roland only had the feeling of incomprehension and bad things.

"It's been a long time, Lord Roland."

Ganelon spoke to Roland affectionately with a smile. Roland, who couldn't understand his attitude, continued to step back a few steps, adjusted his breathing, and asked,

"Duke Ganelon, why are you here?"

"When I saw Lord Roland, you seemed to be lost. I came here to take you there."

Although he seemed to be answering Lord Roland's question, this statement was so suspicious that it did not work.

"So, does Duke Ganelon know where I am going now?"

"I don't know this. But—— "
A strong sense of pressure emanated from Ganelon's petite body. After Roland squeezed Durandal in his hand, he barely managed to survive.

"I will take you to the world over there."

With white light in his eyes, Ganelon raised the corners of his mouth and laughed.

"Speaking of Lord Roland. Have you never felt that you are not worthy of the sword in your hand?"

"What the hell are you trying to say."

Some doubts appeared on Roland's face. Because he never thought that Ganelon would ask such questions.

"You don't understand this."

Ganelon's eyes and voice revealed a faint irritation and said:

"In my eyes, the reason why the sword is in your hand is because of that faint lord who doesn't know anything about the world, wanted to tie you, an insatiable and talented fellow, to give you a special reward, right?"

"Are you planning to slander your Majesty!"

Anger spurted from Roland's body. Although he had known that Ganelon did not respect King Faron a long time ago, he was all talked to this point. No matter how he said it, he couldn't take this matter to his ears, and just listened to it.

"Are your eyes just decorations! You who have stayed by your Majesty's side longer than me, have you seen something so far!"

Ganelon doesn't care about the murderous spirit that can scare ordinary people directly to the weak legs...

"I have encountered the kind of bright light that can burn my soul to death. Three hundred years since Charles died, I have witnessed all kinds of kings,
and King Faron was in it, but It's a bad horse not worthy of my dedication and loyalty. It can't be compared with that at all."

Roland frowned. The fortune of the Duke of Ganelon can be traced back to the time of the first ancestor Charles. It is a famous family. Ganelon can naturally know the character and achievements of the kings of the past dynasties. However, Ganelon just spoke as if he had seen these kings with his own eyes.

——*However, there is no need to continue to ask.*

Roland carried the big sword on his shoulders with both hands, ready for the assault.

However, Roland did not directly rush over. Because his instinct tells himself that he can't rush over now.

It would be dangerous to get closer to him, and a warning bell sounded in the corner of his consciousness. As long as you are not careful for a while, your life may be ruined. This terrible pressure that ordinary people cannot have is gradually emerging from the current Ganelon.

——*This kind of feeling has also been experienced in Asvarre.*

When fighting against non-human beings called Torbalan, I felt this way. And now, the atmosphere in Ganelon was quite close to that demon.

"What's the matter, boy. Come and play with me."

Ganelon beckoned. But at this moment, the smile on his face suddenly disappeared. He moved his gaze away from Roland and turned to other directions. While alerting Ganelon, Roland also turned his attention.

Ganelon frowned, while Roland was dumbfounded.

In front of the two of them, a short old man in a black cloak was standing. Roland didn't even know when he appeared here. Because Roland didn't hear the footsteps at all, nor did he notice his breath.
Furthermore, the atmosphere from this old man....... 

Roland's forehead gradually oozes sweat. Because of this atmosphere, it is obviously the same as Ganelon and Torbalan.

Just as Torbalan disguised himself as a human being, did the two men hide their true colors?

"Isn't this Drekavok? You also came to see Lord Roland and play?"

Ganelon seemed to have sorted his thoughts, and spoke to him happily.

The old man, known as Drekavok, remained unmoved, maintaining a gloomy expression on his face hidden under the cloak, and threw what he was holding at Ganelon's feet.

Roland, who finally saw it after the thing rolled on the ground two times, couldn't hide his surprise at all.

It was a somewhat dirty human head. Charon Anquetil Greast is the owner of this head and one of Ganelon's henchmen.

"Oh."

Although Ganelon showed a little surprise, he didn't mean to mourn the deceased in the slightest. He picked up his head and played with it carefully, as if he was a child who felt sorry for the broken toy. After thinking about the ins and outs, Ganelon nodded and smiled at Roland.

"Lord Roland, you seem to be used as a bait to seduce me to show up. Really, if you want to fight, come directly to my mansion to find me, why make it so complicated."

Ganelon threw the head of the Marquis of Greast to the ground, stomping it rudely. Although he didn't seem to use any strength, his head immediately turned into dust and disappeared. Ganelon's interest has completely shifted from Roland to Drekavok, he first mocked the old man with a pretense.
"Why are you angry Drekavok? It seems that the incident that I took Bachelard really made you very angry. Don't you want to rely on him to welcome the coming of the goddess as soon as possible? I’m better at this kind of thing than you, right? I’ll do this for you. You should thank me instead, right?"

Drekavok didn’t reply, just with drowsy eyes. While looking at Ganelon, he raised an arm.

Roland swallowed his saliva, witnessing the confrontation between the two, and then, a whistling sound came from his ears. In the bushes that surrounded the three of them, dozens of breaths suddenly appeared. And there are no signs.

——It’s not a regular beast. Each creature is bigger than a bear.

Roland thought it was a war elephant that the Muozinel Army had manipulated, but because they had a different relationship with the aura emitted by the war elephant, he denied this idea in his heart. After exploring the memory again and again, he finally remembered this feeling.

——Is it a dragon...!

This is very similar to the atmosphere exuded by the flying dragon riding Zion Thenardier.

They are probably already surrounded by dozens of dragons.

Although Ganelon should have sensed the breath of the dragon, he put on an indifferent attitude and said,

"I didn't expect that you guys would have such a human side. You can live long enough to do anything you can come across. But, don’t think that quantity alone can do me anything! Just let me tell you, beast trainers like you are a joke in my eyes, and at best they’re just incapable of getting close."
Although Roland was not interested in the relationship between the two, it was indeed a good opportunity.

Roland turned his back to Ganelon and ran out. Horses and bags can only stay here. But when he had just walked ten steps, several fierce murderous auras came straight at him.

He waved Durandal in his hand. Accompanied by the feel of cutting something, like the scream of a wild beast, blood stained the entire woods.

Fierce golden eyes, sharp and thick fangs and khaki scales imprinted in the eyes.

It really was a dragon. And it's not just one or two ends.

——*But Durandal can indeed cut them.*

Now it is enough to know this.

Thinking of how to escape here, Roland ran in the forest alone.

❄

In the southeast of the Kingdom of Brune, there is an area called Yanis.

Although a large part of this area is reduced to cliffs and hills full of sandstone due to lack of water resources, it is a barren land, but because of the relationship between the two borders of Zhcted and Muozinel, Brune built a fortress here, and even sent three thousand knights to station here to guard the border.

Right above the fortress, there is a dark shadow that depicts a huge arc.

With a huge body that birds can’t compare, it is actually a dragon. A flying dragon with a pair of huge wings.

A young man is riding on the back of a flying dragon is about twenty years old. Wearing a thick leather armor and a leather cap that can cover the
ears. Holding a spear in his hand, he tied several belts around his waist and feet to the dragon saddle of the flying dragon.

The young man's name was Zion Thenardier. He is the eldest son of the Duke of Thenardier.

"It's such a boring place. There is nothing at all, right..."

Zion was riding on the back of the flying dragon and looking at the ground, and couldn't help but complain.

His hometown, Nemetaku, blooms with colorful colors every spring. The grassland is not only green in color, but also the shade difference between different vegetation. White and yellow flowers also bloom in it. Leaders are working hard in the farmland, sheep and buffaloes strutting in the pastures, rivers and lakes are overflowing with clear water.

This is the spring scenery that Zion is familiar with.

In contrast, the current landscape can be described as monotonous to the extreme. Not only the ground is gray, but even the sandstone and the fortress have the same hue. Although the wooden stables have a bit of tea-brown, they are also not pleasing to the eye.

Although there are several villages and small towns near the fortress, the scenery there is not much different from here. Not only are there few buildings with brighter tones, but even the shrine is also a bit dirty.

"Father is too harsh on me. And there is no sign of the Muozinel Army here. I have to patrol the place where birds do not shit for a few days..."

Zion came to Yanis on the order from his father, Duke Thenardier himself. Because the Muozinel army may launch an offensive at any time, you should take the flying dragon to visit Yanis and monitor the enemy's movements. This is what his father said.

"As long as you give me an order, I will ride a flying dragon at any corner of the world. But may I ask, how long must I stay in Yanis?"
At the Duke's House in Nemetaku in the mansion, when Zion asked this question, his father answered him this way:

"Until we can be sure that the Muozinel Army will not attack."

After a breath, the Duke of Thenardier continued:

"After the battle in the past spring, the Muozinel people are afraid of the existence of the dragon. As long as you see you riding a dragon to the border, they will definitely not rush closer to the border. So, you don't need to worry about it. Your own life is in danger. Since you can stay in Asvarre for dozens of days, there is no problem going to Yanis for dozens of days, right? Don't you agree, Zion?"

Zion had to be silent. Accept the sentence that was said to him in the second half.

Last fall, Zion participated in the civil unrest in Asvarre. But he did not tell his father and left Nemetaku privately.

Although somewhat different from his ideal situation, he did build a military exploit and was also appreciated by Princess Guinevere. Things were fine up to here, but when Zion returned here on the winter solstice, what awaited him was the cold eyes of his furious father and his confidant, Stade.

As it means literally, Zion, who has been trained by the two for a whole night, even feels like his soul is flying away. Although they were finally liberated at dawn, they confined themselves for the next three days.

In this case, his father used Asvarre's incident as a reason, and Zion naturally couldn't say anything. And even if there is no such thing, Zion is quite afraid of his father's existence. He never dared to have any idea of going against his father.

Zion raised his head and looked up at the sky, confirming the current position of the sun. At the same time, the flying dragon uttered low whispers. This is a sign that it is hungry.
"Okay, that's it for today."

Zion patted The Flying Dragon's head gently. After several big rounds, the flying dragon successfully landed on the ground and came to a rough dragon stable a little far away from the fortress. But the gusts of smoke rolled up by the landing gusts choked Zion into sneezing.

This dragon stable was built temporarily by the knights of the fortress on the day they arrived in Yanis. Because the knights and horses were too scared to see the flying dragon, they couldn't stay in the fortress either.

Next to the dragon stable, there is a hunter's hut that Zion despised. Like the dragon stable, it was built temporarily, and only Zion and the three attendants who followed him lived in it.

A little girl who was staying in the dragon stable saw Zion landed on the ground and immediately jogged over. She is the maid named Alouette. With long blond hair, her face was dirty from the dust.

"You're back."

"The cleaning of the dragon stable is over, right?"

Zion asked Alouette while spitting out the sand in the mouth. Seeing her nodded, Zion immediately took off the belts on his waist and feet and jumped off the dragon's back.

"Couldn't you sleep on the ground indifferently when you were in Asvarre..."

Zion poked The Flying Dragon's foot and looked at Alouette with full eyes.

When Zion heard that Alouette had cleaned the dragon stables on time during his trip to Asvarre, he was quite moved, but it only lasted for a short period of time.

Because the flying dragon has been used to living in a cleaned-up dragon stable, it will show dissatisfaction blatantly as long as it is a slightly dirty
Although it hasn't reached the point where it will demonstrate with its mouth wide open, it will deliberately not enter the dragon stable and spit out saliva. Zion also had the experience of getting wet from head to toe by his saliva. At that time, it took him several days to wipe off the stench from his body.

—As long as she didn't send her to clean the dragon stable, The Flying Dragon would definitely not slap her nose like this.

Although with a little bit of resentment for virtue, Zion really thinks so. Unfortunately, no one else is willing to replace Alouette to clean the dragon's lair. When his father ordered him to go to Yanis and asked who he needed to take with him, Zion immediately replied that he wanted to bring her with him.

"What's wrong?"

Probably noticing his own gaze, Alouette took a few steps and then glanced back. From the look in her eyes, there is no respect or fear for Zion at all.

If it was the former Zion, he would never show such an attitude lightly. If it's a man, beat him up, if it's a woman, defile her body so that they understand what it means to be disrespectful.

But if Alouette were really hurt, no one can clean the dragon stable.

What's more, she is different from the other two attendants. The other two attendants would definitely give their father some small reports about him, but Alouette would not do such a thing.

"It's okay. I just think that the people here don't pay attention to color at all."

Although Zion intended to end this topic, unexpectedly, Alouette returned his words.

"The reason why they don't work hard on the appearance of the building is because the sand and dust will stain the relationship there in a short while."
The interior decorations are all very magnificent."

"Interior decorations? You will not enter the fortress, right?"

He felt that Alouette would never go to Zion in villages or small towns, and asked. Regarding this, Alouette naturally replied:

"Food and water are all essential supplies. Can I go there and get it?"

Zion frowned. Although he knew that the knights in the fortress didn't welcome their own at all, they didn't have the guts to provoke the talents of the Thenardier family. However, he just cared a little, did the guys in the fortress say anything to Alouette.

"Did those guys in the fortress say anything cool?"

"When I said that I was responsible for cleaning the Flying Dragon and Dragon Stables, everyone was taken aback."

Zion couldn't help laughing, and even burst into laughter.

Those knights must not understand it. Because a fifteen or sixteen-year-old girl was able to approach the dragon they didn't dare to approach without changing their faces. Just imagining their facial expressions at that time, Zion felt that it was too much for him.

"Good job. When I return to Nemetaku, I will ask my father to give you some rewards."

Zion responded, thinking of his father at the same time.

—My father doesn't want to fight with Muozinel either.

Until we can be sure that the Muozinel army will not attack. That's what the Duke of Thenardier said at the time.

Father did not make this statement because he was afraid of them. Because on a certain winter day, Zion had seen his father discussing the quality of
weapons with Stade. his father's mentality probably already has an enemy other than Muozinel.

—*Unsurprisingly, it would be Prince Bachelard and Duke Ganelon.*

Zion knew almost nothing about Bachelard because he was a prince who suddenly appeared from nowhere during his journey to Asvarre.

However, when Zion heard that Ganelon was in charge of the custody of Prince Bachelard, he immediately concluded that Prince Bachelard was his leader. Because Ganelon is a man who can find the unknown prince, and treat him as his marionette.

If the situation is allowed to continue to develop, Ganelon, who supported Bachelard's throne, will gain an indispensable position of power. In order to prevent this from happening, his father would definitely use some means to stop it.

—*But how will you fight it? Do you want to promote Prince Regnas to the top?*

Although Zion is different from his father and has considerable loyalty to the royal family, Regnas is an unreliable image of a weak youth in his impression. Even with the help of their family, he didn't think Regnas could compete with Ganelon.

"Although the work of containing the Muozinel Army is also very important..."

But if there is a battle to fight, he wants to ride the dragon back immediately.

After swallowing these words back to his heart, Zion grabbed the reins of the flying dragon while heading to the dragon stable with Alouette.

*
while in Zion and his dragon went to the stables, his father was in the palace of Nice alone.

In the narrow and plainly decorated hospitality room, Thenardier was facing a man across the table.

And this man is the king of this country, Faron Suleyulu Branville de Charles. He is forty-three this year, just one year older than Thenardier.

On this day, Thenardier came to the palace by reporting the situation in the southern Brune region, including his territory, Nemetaku, and the movement of the Muozinel Army.

He did not lie. However, this is just a deceptive reason. The real purpose of his coming here is not for these reasons.

"──In other words, is Prince Bachelard really your son?"

When asked by Thenardier, Faron nodded silently. Although his expression was slightly tired, and his bi-colored pupils were a little bitter. However, he was not disheveled as a result. It can be seen that he has not forgotten his will to fulfill the obligations of a country's monarch.

"Why can you be so sure? Can you tell me the reason?"

Although the words used are quite grand, Thenardier's tone revealed an indiscriminate sense of oppression.

Thenardier has his own ambitions. After removing the obstacle of Regnas, if necessary, he will use force to force Faron to abdicate and ascend the Throne of Brune himself.

His wife is Faron's niece, and because of this, Zion has royal blood. Although some people have purer royal blood than him, Thenardier is confident to push them away with his own strength.

The biggest obstacle in this matter was Ganelon, who had been opposed to him for many years and had fought openly and secretly for many years. Not only did he have a position of power equal to himself, but he also welcomed
Faron's nephew as his brother-in-law. But even so, Thenardier firmly believes that the final winner will be himself.

However, Bachelard was officially recognized as the prince and Ganelon as his guardian, which really gave Thenardier a sense of crisis.

Although he was not far behind Ganelon, Thenardier knew very well that he was gradually being pushed into a bottomless quagmire. He had to get rid of one of the talents of Bachelard or Ganelon as soon as possible.

"Duke Thenardier, do you know of a country called Ifrikia?"

The king's sudden words made Thenardier show a serious expression. Of course he knows. It was a kingdom that could be reached after ten days of traveling by boat from the South Sea. In the neighboring countries, they only have trade relations with Asvarre and Muozinel, and have little to do with Brune.

However, for Thenardier, who has considerable right to speak in southern Brune, and can collect information on other countries from several port cities along the coast, Ifrikia reminds him of something that happened in the past.

"Twenty or thirty years ago, there was a coup in that country. The three brothers of the king gathered forces to defeat the king, and the courtiers who had a close relationship with the king fled abroad in time."

While holding the ambition to usurp the throne, the other was in front of it. The king said this kind of thing openly, showing that Thenardier's courage was beyond reach.

"In other words, was the mother of Prince Bachelard a certain nobleman who was exiled by Ifrikia?"

"Yes. Although she said that most of the people fled to Asvarre and Muozinel, there are a few people who choose to take refuge in our country and Sachenstein."
"I remember, the nobles who fled to Asvarre and Muozinel were caught one by one and shipped back to Ifrikia. What about the others who fled to our country?"

"The people who came to the capital city, after persuading their father, that is, His Majesty the first king, went into hiding in private. However, they came to a foreign country living in a foreign country where not only did not have diplomatic relations, but even had a different language and language system. They, I'm afraid it will be more difficult than I thought. People who committed suicide and fleeing here keep popping up."

As Thenardier listened, he had different comments on the king in front of him.

Faron came to the throne twenty years ago, when he was twenty-three years old. In such a period when the regime was still unstable, it was really because of him that he could do this kind of thing.

"Then, you fell in love with the aristocrat who stayed, right?"

"After learning that she was pregnant, she said that she wanted to leave the capital, and hoped that we would never be together again in this life. We exchanged each other's daggers and left marks on their hilts. Only when the two swords were placed side by side would a paragraph be formed. Then, I never saw her again. Of course, I did not deliberately go to her."

"Because he brought the dagger, do you recognize his identity?"

"Of course not just because of this. That kid knows things that only she knows. After that, I also asked the prime minister to investigate his age, his hometown where he grew up, and... his mother's affairs."

Thenardier sighed softly in his heart. In this way, he can only recognize his identity. Is there any flaw in the fact that Bachelard was recognized as a prince? He wanted to do something about it, but now it seems unlikely.

"So, what will your Majesty do next to Prince Bachelard?"
On this question, Faron replied directly without saying a word: "I am not going to let him ascend to the throne. There must be no bias in this matter."

"I feel relieved to hear your words. However, my subjects felt that the crown was a bit too heavy for His Highness Regnas."

Thenardier knew the secret that the royal family had concealed for Regnas. Although Faron knew what he was suggesting in his heart, he still only replied with a wry smile.

"After all, Regnas, he is not as lively as your son who runs around on a flying dragon."

"...I Thank your majesty for the praise."

Because of the mention of Zion, Thenardier could only answer that way.

After a while, Faron suddenly changed the subject.

"Speaking of which, there is a wonderful rumor about Ganelon's sister in the interview. Have you ever heard of it?"

Thenardier shook his head. The King chats with the tone and said:

"Yes, Ms. Dominique...... she does not seem to be Ganelon’s sister..."

"You mean that she was a foster child?"

Thenardier Deliberately pretended to be confused. Adopted children are not uncommon among the nobles. Although it can be divided into reasons such as wanting to pull the pleasing civilians up, or the first wife who can't give birth to children and making this bad decision, it is not difficult as long as the people around him understand and agree.

"No, in the record, she is indeed the biological child of the previous generation of Ganelon."

"In other words, this is just a rumor after all?"
"It is indeed possible. However, I collected Ms. Dominic's advice after the information disclosed by my friends and the intelligence of the people who frequented the Ganelon family, they gradually had different ideas. Although it is not a commendable thing to go into the secrets of the people around, the Ganelon family is after all a famous family that has been passed down from generation to generation since the time of the ancestors..."

He seems to want to say that this matter can't be left alone.

After being aware of Faron's intention to suddenly mention this matter, Thenardier smiled softly.

—*He wants me and Ganelon to kill each other.*

The thing is that Thenardier wanting to hit Bachelard or Ganelon had already been seen through by Faron. Therefore, he would bring up this kind of rumors that may damage Ganelon's reputation.

The fact that Dominic’s husband is King Faron’s nephew is undoubtedly one of Ganelon’s reliance. If this can be subverted, he may even be hit hard.

Moreover, why did the previous generation of Ganelon raise Dominic as his own child? Depending on the reason, Thenardier may even obtain a powerful weapon for this.

However, this matter always makes him feel a little uncomfortable. The reason why Faron would leak this kind of information was that he concluded that Thenardier and Ganelon couldn't join forces.

—*After all, until last year, we still have the possibility of joining forces.*

Just work with Ganelon to kill Regnas and Faron, and then defeat Ganelon. Thenardier had such a choice.

—*That's it. Enough has been gained from this trip.*

Being able to get the information that Faron also wanted to fight against Ganelon was the biggest gain of his trip.
"Your Majesty, I have an unrelenting request."

Thenardier bowed his head sincerely.

"When our country is in a huge change, I hope you can give me the right to dispatch soldiers in your territory and coordinate with neighboring lords to deal with the situation."

As long as they are in their own territory, the lords can arbitrarily deploy troops. In contrast, sending troops out of the territory requires prior permission from the royal family. Because if you didn't do this, the lords would definitely fight every other way.

This level of demand is just a matter of course for Thenardier. If you really want to fight Ganelon, Faron should take the initiative to put forward this opinion.

"When our country is in huge changes? This definition may be a bit too vague."

Faron made several corrections, and Thenardier also retreated a few steps as far as possible where he should retreat. The two of them agreed on the matter at once.

——*Well, how can the royal family and Ganelon kill each other?*

After bowing to Faron and leaving, Thenardier began to think about the next strategy.

Although he got permission to send troops, it didn't mean that he was going to use it immediately. It was his wishful thinking to kill Bachelard and Ganelon at the same time, to also get rid of Regnas and Faron by the way. He has to think of a way to let the royal family and Ganelon fight for life and death.

When he was thinking about these while walking down the corridor, the corner of his eye suddenly shone on a man standing by the window. In
terms of clothing, he is as expensive as himself as a prince. The other party also saluted himself after noticing himself.

Thenardier narrowed his eyes. Although the man's etiquette is not a problem, his attitude of not flattering and not hostile to himself makes Thenardier cares a little bit.

—Who else do I want to be? Earl Vorn.

Three seconds after paying respect to him, Thenardier finally remembered who he was.

He is a little lord who governs the border of Alsace, a country noble who can't even hook his toes. As long as Thenardier had that meaning, he could be completely defeated by raising his hands and feet.

—His hopeless son seems to be making a lot of noise recently.

When he heard that Tigre was suspected of being a traitor because he was so close to Zhcted's Vanadis, Thenardier didn't take it seriously, and just wanted to laugh it off. If you could be suspected of being a traitor just because you were close, wouldn't the Thenardier family, which has contacts with neighboring countries, be suspected of being traitors long ago?

Thenardier wanted to pass by Count Vorn —— Urs silently, but a question suddenly came to his mind, and he couldn't help but stop.

"——Earl Vorn."

As if unexpectedly that the other party would take the initiative to speak to him, Urs showed a confused expression. But Thenardier didn’t care about it at all. He then asked,

"Four years ago, why did you send your son to Olmutz in Zhcted? Is the decision made unilaterally by your side?"

This kind of question is no longer something that Thenardier, who is strange to him, can ask. Although Urs was a little confused, he was not angry. Instead, he replied calmly and calmly:
"Although this opinion was indeed proposed by Olmutz, it is my son's own idea to go to Olmutz. He said that he wants to see this vast world, and come back to report to me what he saw on the road."

Thenardier, with deep frowning brows, continued to stare at Urs. After a while, he nodded and said that he had nothing to ask before he left with his head swaggered.

And Urs, looking at his back with a little puzzled.
Chapter 3 - Demon

Two days have passed since Tigre and Olga, Raffinac and the others split up.

When they left the grassland and came to the wilderness area, the sun just went down, so the three decided to camp. Tigre caught a wild bird and a hare. After the meat is cut to the appropriate size, it is skewered with small wooden sticks and grilled.

"I've always wanted to ask you something. Did you grill the wild birds you caught for your Royal Highness as you do now?"

At the question of Ludie, Tigre couldn't help but smile wryly.

"I did it more casually. I didn't even use twigs to skewer the meat. However, I don't think His Royal Highness remembers such a detailed matter."

To be honest, Tigre hoped that he could not tell anything. In the current situation, he forgot about this matter, but Tigre was not stupid enough to say this kind of thing.

"After seeing Your Highness, please hunt another wild bird for him. Remember to secretly. Please also remember to notify me."

"You are too good at budgeting... Okay, let's bake it. Top The salt sprinkled is high-quality."

Tigre smiled and handed out the skewers. Ludie carefully bit the skewers to avoid being burned, and then showed a satisfied expression.

"This is the rock salt of Sachenstein, right? I have eaten it."
Seeing Ludie's answer directly, Tigre and Mila were shocked. She was right. This kind of salt was a gift from Prince Adris when they left Sachenstein.

"Because their country's rock salt is much saltier than our country's salt, I also think it's compatible with game..."

Ludie stopped halfway through, and gave Tigre a glance.

"Tigre, you're very unsophisticated like this."

This sudden reprimand not only made Tigre an inexplicable expression, even Mila seemed a little confused. Ludie sighed pretendingly.

"You just licked your finger, didn't you? You can't do this kind of thing while eating."

After the breath time passed, Tigre finally figured out what she wanted to say. He did just bite the bird meat and licked the grease sticking to his fingers.

"Although I don't know what's wrong with doing this, but... I remember you licked your fingers before."

After hearing what Tigre said, Ludie said "Huh?" and she was shaken...

"I, I haven't done anything like that..."

Although she denied it, her voice was too small and she didn't have any confidence at all.

"I think you should have forgotten your past habits after you learned the etiquette? Indeed, if you are eating in a mansion, I would also think that Tigre's habit is not good, but in such a wild country don't worry about that anymore, alright?"

Mila helped Tigre speak. And Tigre also tried to persuade Ludie:

"Ludie, that is delicious."
"It's not a question of taste or not!"

"You don't have to deny it right away. Just treat it as if you were cheated by me, try licking it, right?"

With Tigre's persuasion, Ludie held the fingers of his left hand with embarrassment.

Tigre did not overlook the subtle changes in her expression.

"How is it?"

"I said it's not a question of whether it's good or not!"

Annoyed, Ludie repeated what she had just said. However, her tone was not as strong as she had just come. Moreover, her eyes were still staring at her left hand.

"Although I know very well that I cannot remember all the things that happened before, but I actually want to keep the memories of the time in my heart... Unexpectedly, I would forget this before I knew it. thing."

"There is no way. I also have a lot of things that I can't remember."

Tigre said so, trying to comfort Ludie.

Not only the memories with Ludie, but also the various memories after the encounter with Mila, there are some details that Tigre has long been unable to remember. The same goes for the memories of living in Alsace with his father and mother.

Ludie put the fingers of her right hand into her mouth and quietly licked the grease. Suddenly, she kept staring at her fingers as if thinking of something. Immediately afterwards, she raised her head abruptly and stretched her fingers in front of Tigre.

"Tigre, lick my finger!"

"What nonsense are you talking about?"
"You always licked my finger before! Maybe you can think of it!"

Because she had almost inserted her finger into her mouth, Tigre had to hold it down. Although a little confused, Tigre licked it with his tongue, taking care not to bite her fingers. Because everything happened so suddenly, Mila was speechless and didn't even have time to stop this atrocity.

After Tigre's tongue licked her, Ludie was so shy that she almost made a noise. Tigre drained the saliva sticking to her fingers and let go of her.

"Do you think before doing anything?"

"Hmm... Maybe you licked my wound when I injured my finger..."

After thinking about it, Ludie answered that, suddenly staring straight at him Tigre.

"Tigre, it's my turn to lick it this time."

Ludie said with a serious expression that could not be held back. Although he could feel Mila staring at her behind her back, Tigre still held out her finger. Ludie only hesitated for a while, then pressed her lips to the tips of his fingers, opened his mouth slowly, and put the whole finger in his mouth. The soft touch from her fingertips somehow made him feel a little excited inexplicably.

However, in the next moment, the whole finger suddenly hurt.

Tigre quickly pulled his finger out of her mouth. The fingers were covered with blood.
"Yes, I'm sorry. Because I've never done anything like this before, I accidentally..."

Tigre said with a stiff smile to the panicked Ludie: "It's okay, it's just a small injury." Mila immediately came to his side. She lifted Tigre's finger and looked at the wound carefully.

"The wound is really not deep. At this level, it should be healed by a lick,"

Mila said, pulling Tigre 's finger to her mouth, sticking out her tongue and licking the blood carefully. "Stupid", when Mila got up and left him, Tigre vaguely heard her cursing him like that.

After finishing her emotions, Mila made a pot of black tea. Ludie's eyes widened as soon as he took a sip.

"It's delicious! So Mila, you don't just like black tea, but you can also make tea so well. To make such a delicious black tea, you must have considerable skills."

"Practice makes perfect."

Although Mila behaves very well. Modest, but really happy in my heart. Moreover, Ludie is a nobleman born in Bergerac's family. From the conversation just now, she thinks she must understand black tea better than ordinary people.

"I wish I could have a cup every day. Those who can drink the black tea brewed by Mila personally are really happy."

"It's not as exaggerated as you said."

Despite the words, Mila doesn't actually hate Ludie. Di's compliment even became a little shy. What a troublesome guy, Mila said in her heart.

Although she might be enemies with Ludie in many things, she just can't hate her.
Across the hills, came to the desolate valley. The soil is exposed on the ground, the flowers and trees are nowhere to be seen, and there is no breath of spring. The dim environment and strong gusts added a cold and lonely atmosphere.

"This is the path that Charles once walked."

The oncoming valley wind made her hair dance. Ludie said,

"According to the legend, Charles, who was defeated in a certain battle, quietly escaped from the battlefield and came to this gorge with a close friend. Then, the two of them fled under the guidance of the fairies. We arrived in a safe area. Some people said that the confidant at that time was actually the first Duke of Ganelon."

Under the boring sound of horseshoes, Tigre and the others moved forward cautiously.

It is worth mentioning that, because they have never grabbed a horse, Tigre will take turns to ride on Mila or Ludie's horse. And now, it's just time to ride with Ludie.

Seeing Ludie’s nervous look, Tigre asked her,

"Have you ever been to this valley?"

"Yes, I walked with my father three years ago. So I also know this valley. There are no villages or settlements in it. ——It's definitely okay, Tigre."

After looking back at Tigre, Ludie smiled at him.

"Although I think that Bachelard might take advantage of this time to gather soldiers and march towards Lei... Lannion Fortress where His Royal Highness is located, I feel a sense of calmness in my heart. But my father once taught me that It's this kind of time, the less you can panic."

"It's okay if you're fine..."
While answering, Tigre couldn't help but wonder. Ludie just wanted to talk about Regnas, but suddenly changed to His Royal Highness. It's obviously not a strange thing, but why did she suddenly change her mouth?

—-she may be tired.

On the spiritual level, her consumption is by no means comparable to that of herself or Mila. After a little thought, so the bank Siegel said to her:

"Ludie, if you can, can you tell me something Bergerac family?"

"It can be possible, but why do you ask?"

A curious light appeared in her heterochromatic pupils.

"Although you know a lot about Vorn's family, I don't know the origin of your family at all. Considering the future contacts, I think it would be better to find out first."

"That's true. After all, the chances of seeing you in public have also increased."

"Don't talk about some confidential matters that can't be told to me."

Mila, who was in line with the two, chuckled softly. After comprehending Tigre's intention to help Ludie change his mood, she decided to help him as well.

"Well...what should I say.... You should know that the Bergerac family will marry the royal family to preserve the pure royal blood, right? In this matter, our family really has to beat Thenardier or Ganelon are right. But because of this, our family must not have too much power."

Because when they have too much power, the royal family will definitely doubt whether they have the intention of rebellion. This will only It made their family ruined.

"According to my mother, after becoming a lords, my aunt began to pay attention to her own words and deeds. Although it was said that King Faron
and her were just a political marriage, they did love each other deeply, in order not to humiliate the Bergerac family. At the same time, in order not to pull your Majesty’s hind legs, she pays great attention to these small details. I heard that the reason why her aunt died unfortunately after giving birth to His Majesty was also because of physical and mental exhaustion.”

Ludie said this lightly, and Tigre didn't know what to say for a while, so he closed his mouth.

"Well..."

Ludie said with a smile. Because he didn't understand what this meant, Tigre looked at her with a confused expression.

"This level of dialogue, you have to take it calmly. As I said just now, I didn't want to praise my dead aunt, nor did I deliberately create a sentimental atmosphere. I was talking to some lords with historical origins. At that time, this level of dialogue is quite common."

"The story of relatives becoming a royal family is not so common, right..."

Although his tone was weak, Tigre tried to refute Ludie.

"So, how about this story? Because you became the wife of a certain nobleman, and you determined to abandon your hometown to serve the gods, and finally became a priest in a certain metropolis, do you come to communicate with him in a leisurely manner?"

This new round of questions asked Ludie, naturally, that made Tigre surrender with his hands.

"Although I think it's very rigid, the so-called etiquette education is born to be able to not hurt the other person in this kind of situation. Don't you say that you have friends in various countries? I will be you. You should take this opportunity to study hard."

"What if you accidentally hurt the other party with a word?"

"Apologize." Ludie replied without hesitation.
"Of course, sometimes the situation may have developed into a situation that can't be solved by a mere apology. Whether it is the Bergerac family or me, I have lost my stance several times. It is not clear that I have regretted it until now. But because of this, we should communicate with all kinds of people and learn more coping methods."

"This is really advanced knowledge."

Tigre shrugged exaggeratedly. Although he likes to talk with others, he feels a little depressed when he thinks of studying. Ludie leaned her upper body backwards, leaned her body on Tigre, and looked up at him with brightly shining heterochromatic pupils.

"Don't be indifferent to yourself. If you are so nervous that you can't say anything when you save your Highness, you will be laughed at."

"That's a shame."

"It's not something. It's very embarrassing, okay!"

After being corrected immediately, Tigre couldn't help but smile. Suddenly, Mila looked at the two of them with a smile. Four years ago, Tigre actively went to talk to her in order to be friends with Mila. Maybe she was also unknowingly, maybe she hurt her.

Presumably in the future, Mila will continue to be a Vanadis and actively communicate with the lords.

If you can't be with Mila just because of position issues, Tigre can still accept it. However, if it is because of his etiquette and upbringing that he can't stay with Mila, he will probably regret that his intestines are blue.

The eldest lady of the duke's family said that she would like to be his practice object. There won't be a second time for such a good opportunity.

"Okay. I will try my best."

"That's the spirit. You are welcome to ask your big sister at any time like this!"
Ludie smiled, as if to encourage him.

"By the way, Tigre. Are you planning to get married or go on a blind date?"

Because the question came so suddenly, Tigre and Mila were choked at the same time.

"Why, why are you asking this all of a sudden...?"

"It's not all right at all. When it comes to etiquette education, the first thing to think of is the blind date that attaches the most importance to this aspect."

That said, it is indeed a little bit. reason.

"Moreover, if you had a target for Tigre in advance, even if you were suspicious like this time, people around you would react differently, wouldn't it?"

Tigre and Mila looked at each other without speaking. Because in that case, things will only go bad.

"You are also eighteen years old. After returning to Brune, you should seriously consider setting up a home and business."

"If you really want to say that, you and I are also the same age."

Although Tigre also tried to fight back, but Ludie smiled and took it.

"Today I am just guarding the sword of His Highness. Even if we really want to get married, it will be a long time later."

"Marriage. Although that is correct, the Vorn family and other families are not in communication."

Tigre was about to end the topic. Although he can't say it, it doesn't make any sense to continue to discuss this topic for him who has already decided on his future target. However, at this moment, Ludie seemed to think his attitude was very interesting, so she laughed out loud.
"So, do you want to get engaged with me first? Although it may take a while before we get married."

Her tone was relaxed and cheerful, as if she was asking herself if she would like to go for a walk together. Tigre and Mila could only stare at her dumbly.

After scratching his crimson hair, Tigre cautiously asked,

"Can this kind of thing be decided so casually?"

"Of course not. I just thought about it and said that, okay?!"

Ludie deliberately pouted her mouth and stared at Tigre with condemning eyes.

"From the time of the ancestor Charles, Bergerac’s ambition has always been to establish profound communication with others. As long as he possesses a trustworthy character, or an aptitude worthy of appreciation, even if the opponent is a civilian or another country. Bergerac will take the initiative to communicate and establish contact with him."

"Although I am really happy to get such a high evaluation from you, let me reject your good intentions this time."

Tigre tactfully rejected Ludie. Ludie asked with a smile,

"May I ask you the reason?"

"I don't hate you. But, just like you once said, I am also a little confused about my future."

This is not a lie. Although Tigre's idea of wanting to marry Mila has never changed, he has always had a question in his heart. After he and Mila are officially together, will he still be Vorn? Where is the head of the earl's house?

"Didn’t I say that I have a half-brother? He is now two years old, no, three years old, right? Although doing so may go against his father’s
expectations, but if Tian can grow up safely If you don’t, I think it’s a choice to leave my father’s mantle to him."

"Because you can only show off your bow and arrow skills in other countries?"

Tigre couldn’t help laughing wryly. Indeed, if Tigre requested to be active on the battlefield as an archer, all countries other than Brune would be willing to accept him.

"If I can, I want to stay in Brune and show off my bow and arrow skills. And it's not just about bows and arrows... Although I don't know how to express it in words, I want to shoot arrows that belong to me only to the blue stars."

Shoot at the Blue star that was no longer in the starry sky.

"I didn't expect to hear such poetic words from your mouth. Is this what you learned from Zhcted?"

Ludie looked at Mila with interest. The Mila is gravely replied:

"Although I have taught him better, he was good enough to be considered a good student."

"But you did not give me a pass often."

At Tigre’s refutation, Mila replied nonchalantly:

"After all, if I don't let you live with at least that, I feel like you would cry."

"I feel relieved to hear this. As your good friend, I would like to ask you a lot of advice from now on."

Ludie smiled at Tigre. "Let's go to each other," Tigre nodded and responded to her before noticing that Mila was watching herself teasingly.

It seems that he has to prepare beforehand the consciousness of being teased at a later time.
Tigre and the others rest from time to time, and sometimes move towards the interior of the two steep gorge. Soon, half a quarter of an hour passed.

Even if you look up, you can only see the sky that is cut into a slender shape. Sunlight can only illuminate the road within dozens of steps ahead. Not only was the light dim, but the air was also quite cold.

"It's almost here. Work harder!"

Just as Ludie said so, Tigre and Mila simultaneously pulled the reins in their hands and stopped the horses.

Because in the dim shadow ahead, nearly thirty figures appeared.

—*Is there even an ambush in such a place?*

Tigre stretched out his hand to the black bow tied to the saddle and watched the movements of the figures. Then, he immediately noticed what was wrong.

They should have heard our hoofs long ago. However, no one has set up a challenge. Everyone swayed as if they were drunk, just standing still.

Blowing by the wind, a peculiar warm wind that does not belong to this world swept across the skin. Tigre's hairs were straight up. Mila said nervously,

"Tigre, these guys are weird."

After moving his eyes, Tigre realized that the tip of Lavias in Mila's hand was emitting a gleam of white light.

"I don't think they are like thieves, so what is it?"

Ludie murmured as he stretched his hand to the hilt of the sword. Unsurprisingly, she had never thought about the other person's non-
human direction. After entrusting her with the rein in his hand, Tigre put his hand into the quiver on his waist.

"Ludie, you can help me look at the horse temporarily."

The figures came over slowly. After seeing their true colors, Ludie let out a scream from deep in his throat.

Holding rusty spears and swords in their hands, some of them were bones, and some were corpses with their skin rotted to discoloration. Not only that, but there are also nearly ten black mists with human bodies, which are drifting over like the wind.

"Is there a demon near here...?"

"I'll talk about this later!"

After reprimanding Tigre, Mila immediately rode out. She rushed in front of the demons in an instant, and she was a blow if nothing else. As if to cut through the darkness, the white light drew a sharp trajectory. One of the bones, from the head to the chest, was directly cut in half by Lavias.

With this momentum, Mila jumped to the center of the demons and waved her spear in a crisscross. She wiped out the corpses that had rushed forward to scuffle, and directed the cold air through the black mist. She reversed the pierced sword and spear one by one, and counterattacked in a short time, using Lavias' spear. The head directly smashed the heads of the skeletons.

Tigre also put the arrows on the black bow and shot them one by one. After being shot through by arrows containing Lavias's power on the arrowhead, the demons never got up again.

—-Fortunately, I have made a few arrows in advance. But I didn't expect it to be used on this occasion.

After a sigh of relief, Tigre knocked Ludie's arm, who was in a daze.

"Are you okay?"
Ludie nodded in a panic and kicked the horse in the abdomen. After noticing her trembling hand, Tigre placed his right hand on the back of her hand. Whispered to her:

"Me and Mila are here. You don't have to worry so much."

"Hmm...!"

The fighting spirit in his eyes rekindled, and Ludie put on a serious expression. And Tigre continued to put the arrow on the black bow to support Mila. After Tigre and Mila succeeded in destroying five or six demons, the three finally successfully reunited. Mila swayed her cyan hair and said forcefully:

"It's not difficult to break through their encirclement net. Just rush out like this!"

Mila took the lead, and Tigre and Ludie followed her. The demons from the front, the left and right sides, and even the demons that fell from the sky, were shot by Tigre and Mila with arrows or defeated by Lavias. The bones turned into tiny pieces were flying in the air like blowing snow, and rotten flesh stuck to the ground like mud.

After a while, the three of them rushed through the circle of demons. In the dim darkness, horses galloped wildly. It won't be good if you are caught up by demons. They have to leave this creepy canyon as soon as possible.

However, less than twenty seconds after they left, a tomb that the three of them could not believe appeared in front of them. A swarm of demons appeared again in front. Skeletons, decayed corpses, and black fog are everywhere.

"There is also the second tier?"

Mila complained a little uncomfortably. "Wait," said Ludie.

"There seems to be a trace of the demon being knocked down here...?"
Tigre and Mila carefully observed the scene in front of them. As Ludie said, the ground was full of broken bones and corpses that had been severed.

"Could it be that besides us, is there anyone else who is going to pass through this gorge?"

"No, that's not the case."

Mila, who responded to Tigre's question, said with a trembling voice,

"These are the ones we just defeated."

After hearing this answer, Ludie was so frightened that he pulled the rein in his hand. The horse stopped amidst the roar.

"What do you mean by this? Didn't we keep walking straight forward..."

"I can clearly feel a strong idea that we are only allowed to come in and we are not allowed to go out."

Mila said sarcastically. Ludie, who felt a little unhappy, couldn't help but glared at her.

"Ludie, calm down. Mila is not blaming you."

Tigre patted her shoulder gently. Ludie looked back and forth at Tigre and Mila, and angrily leaned his body against Tigre.

"It's too cunning for the two of you to be so calm."

"It's not the first time that Mila and I have encountered this situation."

"We were also forced into this. Under normal circumstances, who wants to meet? It's this kind of thing."

Mila snorted a little dissatisfiedly, and carried Lavias on her shoulders.

"Is there anything I can do..."
Just as Ludie said that, she shook her head and planned to take back what she had just said. Because she figured it out right away, the best thing she should do now is not to disturb the two of them. "You just stay aside and watch," Tigre replied with a smile.

"Then, what should we do? I can't feel the breath of demons."

Mila looked around. Her dragon gear only told her about the existence of these demons in front of her. After hearing her answer, Tigre couldn't help falling into contemplation.

---This is undoubtedly a thing only the demons can do, but...

Only demons can indeed do things like manipulating bones and corpses to attack them.

But, is this demon's target really the three of them?

Tigre remembered the fight with Leshy in Zhcted. That demon built a world of its own deep in the forest, and abducted all the humans who had broken into the forest. This may be somewhat similar to the situation they are experiencing now.

---The current black bow might have the ability to break this barrier.

Tigre reached into the bag tied around his waist and took out a black arrowhead. This is the arrow he got in Asvarre. With this alone, Mila, who understood her sweetheart's intentions, ordered Lavias to cooperate with him.

The white cold air released from the spear head of the dragon gear drew directly onto the palm of Tigre's hand. After the chill dissipated silently, an ice arrow with a black arrowhead suddenly appeared in Tigre's hand.

"Well, do you really want to...?"

Ludie stared at Tigre and Mila, her thoughts unavoidably confused. Although she was not at the level of chaos, she really couldn't
understand exactly what was happening before her. Mila answered her calmly:

" Anyway, just watch it quietly."

Tigre turned his body and raised his black bow.

He stared at the sky in front of him, and firmly tightened the bowstring loaded with ice arrows. With the black arrowhead as the center, the atmosphere tossed up and down, and a gust of wind rolled around Tigre and them. On the dry ground, dust flew up for a while.

Here, it seems to be a trap area in this canyon. As long as you shoot through a hole, you can uproot the trap.

Tigre shot an arrow. Accompanied by a slight bowstring sound, the arrow was shot into the darkness at an astonishing speed. After a blink of an eye, a strong hurricane blew from the direction where the arrow disappeared.

Under the sweep of the hurricane, the bones and corpses immediately fell apart and turned into a pile of dirt. The black mists were also torn into countless fragments by the hurricane and melted into the air.

When the hurricane disappeared completely, only silence was left over Tigre and them. The warm air surrounding them has dissipated, leaving only the cold atmosphere blowing on their skin.

"It's solved."

Mila relaxed her body and let out a sigh of relief. After finishing his hair tossed by the wind, Tigre glanced at the palm of his right hand, which was a little uncomfortable. The black arrow he had just shot was in his hand.

—-This thing has returned to my hands as expected......."

When Sachenstein forces fought the demon, it also returned to its own hands unknowingly. Although this ability is quite convenient when fighting demons that do not conform to common sense, it also makes Tigre feel a little creepy.
What is the reason for this power? Was it really created just to fight the demons?

"—Tigre!"

There was a loud noise in his ears, and he was so frightened that Tigre immediately recovered. A pair of red eyes and blue pupils full of curiosity stared straight at themselves.

"What the hell is that just now? Where are you sacred?"

It is natural to have this question. Tigre put on an expression that he didn't know what to do and asked for Mila's help.

Although Mila kept her face straight, she knew that she couldn't just die, so she put the spear of the dragon gear directly on the back of Ludie's head. Because Ludie was sitting on the horse and was approaching Tigre's relationship bit by bit, she didn't notice this incident.

Lavias let out a chill, and then, Ludie let out a lovely cry and covered her hair. Mila looked dumbfounded at her who turned her head back in fright.

"Calm down a little bit."

Since they have all been seen, it is impossible to hide this from her. Moreover, the strength of Lavias of Mila and Muma of Olga have already given her the simplest explanation. Now she can only tell her some necessary information, and ask her not to go out and talk about it.

"I should have said it earlier? We fought such demons in other countries."

When the horse finally calmed down, Mila rode on the horse and explained to Ludie: "It's happened in Muozinel, Asvarre, and Sachenstein. We even encountered this kind of demon in Zhcted. Although it has not been made public, I, Tigre, Lord Roland, Princess Guinevere and another war maiden have fought against that kind of demon in a small town."

Another one in her mouth. The Vanadis refers to Sofy, and the demon refers to Torbalan.
Ludie's gaze immediately turned to Lavias in Mila's hand.

"Lord Roland told me the story of defeating the enchanter before. He said that if there was no Durandal at the time, he might not be able to crack the enchantment performed by the other party. The spear in your hand is in addition to the ability to release coldness… Also possesses this ability, right?"

"Perhaps. The sword of the king in the hands of Princess Guinevere is almost like this."

After receiving a positive answer from Mila, Ludie turned her attention away. It Arrived on the black bow in Tigre's hand.

"What about your bow?"

"I don't know why this bow has such power."

"According to your previous statement, this bow is your family's heirloom... Has your family ever had a family motto like "The owner must learn to shoot arrows"?"

"No," Tigre shook his head.

"It's because the first generation of the Patriarch was a hunter, so our family would enshrine this black bow as a family heirloom... In my impression, no Patriarch has learned archery since the second generation. My grandfather and father The same is true. When I told my father that I wanted to learn archery, he was taken aback."

"It's incredible. Durandal is the sword used by the ancestor Charles. Mila's... No, it should be said that the weapons of the Vanadis are also related to the myth of Zhcted, which is not incomprehensible. But what is the sacred first Earl Vorn who owns this black bow..."

"We are investigating this matter. In fact, this is the real reason for our trip to Sachenstein."
Tigre began to tell Ludie about the "Lord of Marksmen". Although he expected that Ludie, who grew up in the Duke’s house, might know some inside stories, Ludie replied with a little embarrassment:

"I'm sorry. The term Lord of Marksmen... it’s the first time I have heard of it."

"It’s okay, you don’t have to mind it. This matter was originally the fault of the ancestors who didn’t make their words clear."

Although Tigre said these words in the second half because he wanted to comfort Ludie’s thoughts, but I have to say that this is indeed what he really said is not wrong. Although he knew in his heart that this kind of thing could not be passed down casually or recorded in books, but it was precisely because of this that they had to painstakingly search for clues everywhere. Even if he complains a little bit, he shouldn't be condemned by the Gods.

"You don't need to tell me, you know. Don't tell anyone about me and Mila. The things you have fought with demons here must be kept secret. But even if you say it, others probably won't believe it...."

"No problem."

Ludie nodded with a serious expression and raised his sword high.

"After all, there are many secrets in Bergerac’s house that cannot be explained to outsiders or relatives. Moreover, the things we just saw and the facts that the two just told me are not things that can be spread. The sword in my hand and the name of the Bergerac family swear that I will never tell anyone these things."

After some eye contact, Tigre raised his black bow, Mila raised Lavias, and touched the sword held high by Ludie.

"You don't need to be so serious, but thank you."

After releasing Lavias, Mila let out a sigh of relief.
"By the way, when you passed through this canyon three years ago, did you encounter the kind of demon just now?"

"No. I mean, if I have encountered something like that, I can't remember it."

Ludie shook his head vigorously. Mila continued to ask:

"Does Regnas know about this path?"

"Of course. After all, this area including this canyon is directly governed by the royal family, and it's far away from the main road. There are very few people passing by in the area. So we will use this path as a messenger..."

As soon as Ludie's voice fell, he took a breath. Because she finally realized what Mila was trying to say.

"Are you trying to say that these demons are traps specially prepared by someone who thinks that your Royal Highness will pass here?"

"If you think about it this way, there are many things that can be explained. Once you enter the jurisdiction of the royal family, the lords can't send troops here easily. Therefore, they hired a mage..."

"If things are as you said, then this can’t be a trap that Bachelard prepared. Because of me. I haven't seen such a demon in the fortress of Navarre. But Ganelon might have helped him behind the scenes."

After nodding, Ludie smiled and thanked Mila.

"Mila, thank you. I feel relieved a lot by having you."

Because they couldn't understand what Ludie meant, both Tigre and Mila stared at her in surprise.

"Although I didn't use it just now, even if the other party can use some terrible magic, you can deal with it, can't you? It relieves me a lot. The thought that even if there are smart knights around to protect I, I couldn't escape from the trap just now. I suddenly felt that it was really nice that the person who just passed there was us."
"It's really a good thing that you can think about this thing like this."

Mila gave a wry smile. The enemy must have never thought that those who can defeat these demons will pass here. Although it was only accidental, the thought of the enemy's plan being disrupted by myself was indeed quite relieved.

Tigre and Mila continued on their horses. Suddenly, Tigre glanced back.

He did not feel the breath of demons, nor did he perceive the sight of other people.

——*This kind of thing might happen again somewhere.*

Although it is not clear whether this is a demon or a trap prepared by a mage, there must be someone behind the scenes manipulating these demons. And that person will definitely be able to detect the fact that the demons have been eliminated soon, and start investigating the identity of the person who has walked through this demon way during this period of time.

——*I hope that person can stop here.*

After discussing with Mila, the two decided to stay with Ludie as much as possible to protect her.

After about a quarter of an hour, the three successfully crossed the gorge.

In the afterglow of the sunset, Tigre's slender shadows were printed on the ground.

❄

The moon is high in the sky.

Tigre and the others started camping around the bonfire. Now it was Tigre's turn to watch the night, and Mila and Ludie lay on the ground wrapped in their coats.
Tigre watched the surroundings while staring at Mila's hair and back that was illuminated by the campfire.

——*Take you to Brune, huh?*

A smile appeared on the corners of Tigre's mouth. Before dinner, Tigre once apologized to her for "involving Mila in this incident." However, Mila smiled and said to herself:

"Last year, did I not take you to Asvarre? This time you take me to Brune. Then you won’t feel uncomfortable."

"But, you took me to Sachenstein not long ago? It was because of me personally. The factor is..."

"That's right. Then, when this matter is over, where can you take me?"

Seeing Mila's carefree smile, Tigre even thought about it immediately. The urge to hold her tight. However, because Ludie was not far away at the time, he desperately endured it.

If it is now, can he hug her a little? Tigre looked at Mila's back and thought to himself.

However, he failed to act until the end. Because when he was about to get up, Ludie turned around. When Tigre stopped and looked at her, Ludie suddenly opened her eyes and sat up.

"What's the matter...?"

Ludie looked at the bonfire absent-mindedly, and did not immediately answer Tigre's question. After turning her gaze to Tigre, she crawled over here. She walked around behind the bewildered Tigre, and stuck to him. Being pressed by the two soft fruits, Tigre froze in place and couldn't move.

As if she hadn't noticed Tigre's physical reaction, Ludie said softly:

"It's all right at once, can you keep this position and don't move?"
"It's okay..."

Ludie said with a smile. Arrived on the body.

"I had a dream before."

"The old one?"

"I was running around on the forest hills, sometimes because I was so tired that I couldn't move, so you carried me, didn't you?"

"Yeah, this kind of thing happens often."

Tigre also remembered the situation at the time, feeling a little nostalgic.

"It's incredible that Tigre's back looks the way it does now."

Maybe she's really lost in sleep, Ludie put the whole face on her own. Although they had never done anything close to this level in the past, it was difficult to pull her away.

Ludie reached out and held Tigre's hand, and said,

"Your palm is still this big. This time it's your sister's turn to take you away..."

At the age of twelve, Ludie often takes his hand and go out on an outing like a child. The expression that Ludie was surprised by his big palm at the time also came to mind.

Tigre squeezed her hand tightly again. Although it looks a little slender at first glance, it is indeed a hand that fighters have.

Before he knew it, the snort came into his ears. Ludie seemed to fall asleep directly in this position.

Although helpless, he could only sleep in her arms.

In the campfire, the sound of wood burning sounded.
When they arrived at the town of Victor Lai, town residents just finished breakfast. It took the three of them a whole day to pass Charles’s path.

"Okay, let's go."

Ludie took Tigre's hand very naturally and stepped forward.

"Hey, Ludie!"

Seeing Tigre's expression flustered, she finally let go of his hand. However, instead of feeling ashamed, she asked Tigre with a worried tone:

"Do you really need to hold hands? Are you sure you won't get lost?"

Although Mila, who had witnessed this situation, said nothing. What, but of course, her mood is not much better.

Since yesterday, Ludie has taken the initiative to shorten the distance between herself and Tigre. Leaning on Tigre, holding Tigre’s hand, and stroking Tigre’s head. Although her joking action didn’t start now, it seemed obviously different from the previous one.

——Although I can understand, the previous battle with the demons had a big impact on her......

If you are from the position of Ludie, you will probably have all kinds of curiosities about Tigre.

Moreover, Ludie, who was very positive in this regard, was no longer as indifferent to Mila as before.

When Mila talks about the current situation of Zhcted’s capital, Silegia, Ludie listened carefully. In exchange, Ludie will also talk about the current situation of Brune’s capital, Nice, and the big and small things happening in the palace. To be honest, Mila even found it interesting because Tigre could not discuss this with himself.
However, whenever Mila was about to talk to Tigre, or when he was about to walk next to him, Ludie seemed to see through this, always taking a step ahead of him. Although it might just be that she thought too much, Mila did feel a little depressed.

Of course, as soon as Ludie leaves, Mila and Tigre will stare at each other, clasp their palms, and hug each other, but this opportunity is indeed reduced a lot.

"Although it's a hurried journey, let's rest in this small town today and tomorrow. And I want to ask you about something."

As she walked along the bank of the river that stretched in the town, Ludie responded.

"What do you want to ask me? What's the matter?"

"I'll say it tonight. I want to observe the town before making a decision."

At Mila's question, Ludie replied.

"It's good to be able to sleep in bed. If you are camping at this time, there will be a pile of sand in your ears and nose when you wake up."

Tigre said half-jokingly. However, it is also true that the sand will run into the ears and nose. The earth is quite soft in spring, and the sand is easily rolled up. Not to mention, travelers who travel with horses like Tigre and others.

"I think you should just come and be our attendant. That way, no matter how much sand we drop when we walk, you can see clearly."

After Mila made a joke, Ludie posed. With a serious face, he said:

"By the way, we should almost decide, how should we explain our identity to Lord Vartan? Because Mila is a Vanadis, we must never let him know, so..."

"Let Me and Mila be your attendant and maid?"
Although Tigre doesn't know Count Vartan, the other party may have heard his name because of his notoriety as an archer. Although Mila had never seen Earl Vartan, she might have been seen by him as a heroic warrior when she fought. The best policy is not to meet.

Ludie stopped and solemnly observed Mila and Tigre.

"Let’s not say if you can be a good attendant. It’s impossible to lie about Mila as a maid. The maid has a set of etiquette rules for a maid. Even if we can hide the dragon gear as we do now... …"

Lavias was tightly wrapped in cloth on Mila’s shoulder before the few of them entered the town.

"But, isn't it weird that you, born in a family of dukes, come alone without any maid? Isn't it good to leave an impression of isolation and helplessness?"

Mila’s words made Ludie frown deep. Now that they are all here, no failure is allowed. Seeing Ludie's troubled look, Mila patted her on the shoulder to encourage her.

"You don't need to think about this matter so seriously. Moreover, after hearing the reason, Earl Vartan has no time to worry about the matter between me and Tigre? Think about the rest of the matter while eating.

The trio of Tigre first found a hotel. They chose a large hotel with stables and let the two horses rest.

"It should be easy to buy another horse in this small town. Let's just stop by and buy other things."

After walking down the street, various roadside stalls were listed beside the street. The noise is endless. Although the streets mainly sell food and drink, there are some shops selling leather, glass products, and musical instruments. Most of the guests are residents of small towns, and few travelers like Tigre and others arrive.
"There are a lot of shops that only sell wine and cheese."

Mila showed an expression of admiration, and Ludie's eyes immediately became piercing when she was standing next to her.

"This is really eye-catching. There are quite a few types of cheese made in the north. If you are driving in a carriage, I'm afraid I will buy every type of cheese."

Why are you buying so much cheese?"

Seeing Tigre's expression on an incredible face, Ludie just replied naturally,

"Because you can taste a different taste every day, right?!"

"I understand your mood."

Mila agreed with a wry smile. Because as long as the situation permits, she will often prepare several kinds of black tea and jam to taste.

"Can you come and accompany me? A rare opportunity, I want to buy cheese that suits our appetite."

Ludie took Tigre's hand and ran to the roadside stall that specializes in cheese. Mila had no choice but to keep up with the two of them. After handing a copper coin to the shopkeeper, Ludie accepted a small piece of cheese that was on sale. After a closer look, he discovered that Ludie took out a small box containing only a small piece of cheese.

"Is this for tasting?"

"Yes. Let's try this one first."

After taking a bite of the cheese that Ludie handed out, Tigre said with embarrassment,

"This is a bit too salty for me..."
Mila frowned, seeming to feel the same way. However, Ludie still had a smile on her face. "Then, put the cheese on top this time and eat it," she said as she handed out the bread.

After looking at each other, Tigre and Mila opened their eyes wide as they meant it literally. The bread alleviated the overly salty taste, creating a moderately salty taste.

"Where did you learn this way of eating?"

"Of course, after tasting all kinds of cheese, I wrote it down bit by bit."

After Tigre asked, Ludie solemnly replied in an incidental manner.

"Didn’t you say that when you taught me about hunting? "As long as you often visit the forest, you can naturally tell the difference between flowers and trees.""

-This is the same as that?

Tigre put a question mark in his heart. Remember that the big and small things in the forest do not cost money, but the preparation of cheese in each region requires a lot of money. At least, it is impossible to do this kind of thing in Alsace.

"It can be said that it is the same in terms of the importance of accumulation over time."

After Mila said her thoughts with a wry smile, Tigre also agreed with this view instead.

"Speaking of which, if you roast this cheese for a while and then pair it with meat, it should be delicious, too."

Tigre said while biting on the bread. But this caused Ludie to frown.

"Grilled cheese is really good to eat right, but not accompanied by meat oh what a wise choice. Cheese is cheese, meat is meat, I feel that this should not take the two things together."
"Haven't you eaten cheese with meat?"

Under Tigre's question, Ludie shook his head with an expression of disbelief. Tigre laughed happily after seeing this.

"Okay, let you taste it right away. If it doesn't suit your appetite, I will eat the rest."

In the roadside stall that just passed by, there is a shop that sells familiar cheese types. He took Mila and Ludie to the shop and bought a good-sized piece of cheese.

Immediately afterwards, he found a store selling lamb skewers. After buying the skewers, he asked the store to help roast this piece of cheese.

Not long after leaving the shop, Tigre poured the cheese on the skewers. This scene made Ludie look bitter. She frowned and asked Mila,

"Can you accept it?"

"Well, I've eaten it before."

Mila shrugged. Then she remembered. There was a similar situation four years ago.

In the town of Olmutz, Tigre once persuaded himself to order a bowl of fish soup with fire wine and drink together. Then, Mila, who was drunk, fell on Tigre's back and was carried back to the palace without being noticed by the soldiers.

Ludie put the cheese-dipped skewers in his mouth, and his expression immediately changed. "How is it?" Ludie ignored Tigre, instead chewing the skewers slowly to taste the taste. It wasn't until she swallowed the whole barbecue that she finally opened her mouth:

"I am afraid that only a few people can get used to this taste..."

After speaking, she took another bite of the skewers. Similarly, after swallowing the whole piece of barbecue, she glanced at Tigre.
"Sure enough, Tigre, you can always open the door to unknown possibilities for me."

"It's not as exaggerated as you said. After all, this way of eating is already commonplace for me."

After hearing Tigre's answer, Ludie fell into a period of contemplation, and then she firmly grasped the remaining skewers.

❄

The morning after a night of rest in the hotel.

In a small forest outside the town, Mila and Ludie are facing each other with their dragon gear and sword.

Both looks quite nervous. Both of them are first-class fighters, if you accidentally hit the wrong place, let alone get injured, you may even take the other's life directly.

This battle of real swords and spears was initiated by Ludie.

"What do you think after the battle with Bachelard?"

Last night, after dinner, Ludie asked Mila.

"He is not an opponent that can be defeated from the front."

Mila shook her head. Bachelard's power is far beyond reach. If you use a dragon gear to strike from the front, you may still have a chance of winning, but your own strength as a fighter is obviously not as good as him.

"I think so too. But for me, he is an opponent that I have to face and have to defeat. In order to find a way to defeat him, I hope you can help me."

Ludie said. And this is exactly what she said yesterday morning that she wanted to ask Mila.

"Real swords and spears.... Do you mean, can I use Lavias against you?"
After Mila was shocked, Ludie nodded in agreement without saying a word. Firm consciousness overflowed from her eyes.

"If it were you, even the use of ordinary sticks would pose a great threat to me. But, after all, it cannot compare to the threat posed by a real spear. In order to successfully kill that man, I must have While exercising, you can also sharpen your combat intuition by the way. That’s what I think."

Ludie said before that she wanted to observe the town before deciding because she had to confirm first whether she could buy herbs such as hemostatic, antipyretic, and trauma medicine in this town.

"Okay, I see."

Although Mila sighed, she immediately agreed. And Tigre stared at her worriedly.

"Are you okay...?"

"Although this is not something that should be done during the journey, and considering that I will have to discuss with the Earl of Vartan next, it is almost like a foolishness——"

Mila exaggeratedly After shrugging, the cyan pupils were full of fighting spirit and said,

"However, I have the same idea as her about having to face Bachelard. After all, they have framed you and made you suspected of being a traitor. Isn’t it? Although she’s doing this a bit desperately, if this can slightly increase the possibility of victory, I’d like to try it with her."

"Thank you for your cooperation. And, if it’s just a little bit injured. We can also lie that we were injured by the soldiers of the lords. In fact, we did repel the chasers they sent once."

Ludie laughed happily.

Then time went back to the present, and the two soldiers were facing each other.
As the referee, Tigre watched Mila and the others not far away. Under his feet were black bows, arrows, and a wooden barrel filled with cloth, herbs and other items that could treat them when they were injured.

"Start!" At the order of Tigre, Mila and Ludie began to act at the same time.

The cool breeze shook, and Mila stabbed her spear. The blow she pierced into the opponent's face was completely meaningless. Ludie escaped the blow by twisting her upper body, and pierced the long sword the moment Mila stretched out his arm. As Mila twisted her body to avoid it, she jumped to the back and stretched her distance. Upon seeing this, Ludie directly lowered his body and rushed up.

The tip of the spear and the blade of the sword collided with each other. Ludie's boldness really amazed Mila.

—Unexpectedly, she dared to rush directly into my arms who used the spear.

Mila changed the combat strategy. She stopped and continued to make quick and shallow thrusts. This made Ludie had to keep a distance, but Ludie immediately began to circle Mila, trying to find the blind spot of Mila.

—Most people will indeed choose to do this.

Deliberately reveal flaws. Ludie slowed down.

Mila, who felt she could give a fatal blow, immediately kicked off the ground. And Ludie jumped to the right and raised the sword in her hand.

The chopped hair was dancing with the wind, and a few drops of blood spattered out. Mila's spear passed Ludie's left ear, and Ludie's sword brushed Mila's left cheek. The three pupils of green, green and red intertwined, and the opposing sides felt the high fighting spirit of each other at the same time.
Seeing Mila aiming to take a stab at her foot, Ludie immediately put the sword down and prepared to kick it away.

She thought that Mila immediately drew back the spear to avoid her sword, but she didn’t expect Mila to turn around and hit the handle directly. After receiving the handle of the spear with her free right hand, Ludie rushed into Mila's arms while shouting. There was a sharp stab at Mila's chest.

Mila dropped her spear and lay on the ground, avoiding Ludie's stab. Then, there was a sweeping leg directly. Seeing Ludie hiding in a panic, Mila picked up the spear that had just been lost with a nonchalant expression.

"That trick just now was too despicable, right?"

Pulling away the hair sticking to her forehead, Ludie made a few complaints while adjusting his breathing. Mila wiped off the sweat with her hand, smiled and responded,

"Didn't you say you wanted a real shot with a real sword? Bachelard was a mercenary before, right?"

Ludie was blushing after being trained. "That's right," she lowered her head and raised the sword again.

The two of them calculated the attack distance, confronted from the front with their swords and spears, and after changing their positions, they immediately shot and slashed. Observing the other's breathing, changes in sight, and any subtle movements, I dare not slack off.

Blood gushed out from Mila's forehead and Ludie's shoulder. As the referee, Tigre stared at them with a grim expression. After judging that they could all continue fighting, he did not speak to stop them.

Stab. Bludgeoning. Sweep. Slash. Rebound. Provoke. The two used all their skills to drive spears and swords. In order to find out even a little possibility of winning, they even made hits and kicks. Even the butt of the rifle and the hilt of the sword are used by them as props for attack and defense.
Bit by bit, they began to read each other's movements through. Eliminate distracting thoughts and only consider how to defeat the opponent in front of you. Anticipate attacks, come up with countermeasures, and predict how the opponent will respond, brandishing weapons. Under the low sound of the atmosphere, grasp the trajectory of the opponent's attack.

After the spear and the sword crossed each other, both sides took a step back. At this moment, Tigre's voice came:

"That's it!"

Tigre put the arrow on the black bow in his hand. If anyone wanted to continue fighting, he planned to shoot arrows at the feet of both of them to stop them.

Both of them put down their weapons at the same time to release the combat mode. Mila smiled at Ludie and asked,

"Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"I don't know..."

After she said her thoughts honestly, Ludie smiled. "However," she continued:

"I suddenly thought that if the two of us can get together, maybe we can beat him."

"You are too optimistic."

Mila shrugged. Tigre ran over and wiped Mila's wound with the soaked cloth.

"Fortunately, I didn't get any serious injuries. As a bystander, I was scared into cold sweats."

"Sorry, I worried you."
Mila apologized, and when she faced Tigre, he showed that only he could see. The smile that came.

"If I know that you will help me deal with the wound, I will fight her for a while."

"I personally hope that you can spare me like this..."

Tigre applied the herb to the wound, showing a troubled expression on one side. Because he is also a habitual offender of taking risks, he is not easy to say anything.

After the herb soaked into the wound, Mila couldn't help but frown. Although the wounds are very shallow, the number is more than expected. In this contest, she used all her strengths as a fighter to challenge, and Ludie really, as she thought, was a master of superior strength.

— Have you ever played?

Mila had to rethink this matter. If two people go together, can they really beat Bachelard?

The man is so powerful that it makes people shudder. In Mila's memory, only Roland can compare with her, no, maybe even more terrifying than Roland. This kind of opponent can only be defeated by himself, Ludie and Roland.

— After all, anything can happen on the battlefield.

You cannot expect that luck will be on your side before the battle begins. After he and Ludie had attracted Bachelard's attention to the maximum, Tigre's plan to shoot him was probably more constructive than this.

"Okay, so there will be no problem for the time being."

During the period that Mila was thinking about, the bandaging of the wound had ended smoothly. After patted Mila's shoulder lightly, Tigre rushed to Ludie to help her bandage the wound. And Ludie smiled and greeted him
like "I have been waiting for you for a long time". It seemed that she was so
tired that she didn't even have the strength to walk over.

Seeing Ludie accepting Tigre's bandage with a gentle smile, Mila's mood
suddenly became depressed again as expected.

❄

The town had no baths. However, the hotel where Tigre and the others
stayed had a bathroom attached, so you could just pay the usage fee.

Although it is called a bathroom, it is not a high-class bathroom. There are
only two tanks filled with hot water that can fit an adult's body. The user
can get soap made of animal fat and a wooden bucket, and can enter the
bathroom after taking off his clothes in the dressing room in front of the
bathroom.

The bathroom has a stone floor, the floor is slightly inclined, and there are
holes in all four corners. I heard from the boss that this is a design used to
drain stagnant water when the water in the tank overflows.

There is no window in the bathroom, and there is a latch on the inside of the
doors to the dressing room.

Mila and Ludie, who had just returned to the hotel, were about to take a hot
bath immediately. The two of them handed their clothes to the owner of the
hotel for cleaning. The clothes to be changed have already been bought in
advance.

In the steamy bathroom, the two of them soaked in their respective water
tanks, let the hot water flood their shoulders, and combed their hair with
their hands. Although hot water would soak into the wound, judging from
the pain of the wound, none of the injuries were serious.

For a while, there was only the sound of hot water splashing out and hot
water dripping onto the ground in the bathroom.
When Mila walked out of the water tank and cleaned her body a bit, a voice calling her came from the steam.

"Mila, are you free now?"

"What's wrong?"

"I want to ask about Tigre, don't you think he has been weird lately?"

Because this question is too abrupt and asks about an overly vague relationship, "What do you mean?" Mila also had to react to this degree.

"Maybe it's my illusion, I always think that Tigre has been staring at you at Mila. When he was living in Zhcted, did he do anything rude to you?"

It turned out to be talk about this. Mila let out a sigh of relief. All in all, first find a way to get through.

"Is there such a thing? I personally don't care much about this kind of thing."

"Eh, even if he looks at you that way, is it okay for you?"

Ludie asked Mila again. Mila suppressed the feeling of saying, "It's okay because he is Tigre," and instead chose another answer that would not offend anyone.

"I still have some worries about other people's words, but I know the roots of Tigre. At best, I feel a little bit fierce and dumbfounded. How about you?"

After a period of silence, Ludie smiled bitterly. One side replied:

"Although I have noticed that Tigre’s eyes sometimes stare at my chest and thighs, but he just feels a little bit shy and doesn’t hate him. After all, he is also a boy. There's no way."

Secretly decided to ask my sweetheart about Mila later, and didn't forget to follow Ludie's words to continue.
"You should scold him well when you find out. Otherwise, his person will definitely be overwhelmed."

"That's right. I'll pay attention next time."

After about five seconds, Ludie again. I asked Mila aloud:

"Sorry. I actually have one more thing I want to talk to you."

This is what she really wants to ask. "What's the matter?" Mila responded, letting her continue.

"Can the power of the bow in Tigre's hand be used on the battlefield?"

"I suggest not to be better."

Mila replied decisively. Sure enough, ordinary people would think of this after seeing that kind of power, she thought.

"Why? Say, you have not used the power of the Dragon gear with ...... Subordinates,"

"Bachelard and helpful when I hit it. But that just want to beat him by surprise nothing."

In After a bitter smile, Mila immediately retracted the smile on her face and said solemnly:

"When a person shows too strong power, people will continue to seek shelter from that power. After that, every Individuals will rely on the help of that kind of power. I only see the power itself and don’t care who the user is. Although it sounds so nice, it’s actually my mother who taught me these things."

Mila soaked her body. Washing in the water tank, he continued:

"In this case, Tigre will probably only be used as an item that can inspire the power of the bow and arrow, and he himself, even beyond that Everything about this will disappear from people’s sight."
After a brief silence, Ludie asked distressed, “Is this the lesson that Zhcted learned from its long history?”

“Without you He made it so exaggerated it. Also, if overly rely on the power of words, when one-day share of power because of what unknown reasons disappear, that person so far to establish everything will vanish immediately. you always know the truth, right? "

"Hmm...", a faint voice reached his ears. Not long after, Ludie sighed and said his thoughts.

"Actually, I'm already thinking about how to repay Tigre afterwards."

"You think too far, too."

"I know that. It seems that after witnessing that power with my own eyes, I have lost my sense a little. Even if this civil strife is ended in this way, the trend of treating archers as cowards in our country must not be true. It will change. However, in the case of Tigre, would it be better to show the true power of the bow..."

‘Fortunately, I heard this beforehand’, Mila thought.

If Ludie propagates such a thing without having discussed it with other people, it will not end well at that time.

"Tigre can definitely set up a brilliant record that makes people speechless. It will only be easy to clear your own suspicions at that time. So, don't worry about this kind of thing."

Mila categorically asserted. It's like saying that I came here for this.

——*After all, if you couldn't even pass this kind of difficulty, there would be no day when the arrow was shot to Blue Star.*

Although it is impossible to expect Brune to give him a proper evaluation, there will still be a certain degree of reward.
"Thank you."

Ludie said in a relieved tone.

"I also want to be the power of Tigre. Tigre, he always pushes me from behind. In the past, the experience of running in the mountains with him opened up my world completely. Because with him, I want to learn horse riding and swordsmanship, and because of this, I can become the guardian of His Royal Highness."

- Me too.

Mila didn't say a word, and murmured in her mouth.

After meeting Tigre, the two wandered together on the grounds of the Castle Town and Olmutz.

Since then, Mila's world has become very colorful and magnificent. Those happy thoughts, memories of joy, sadness, and anger were all turned into irreplaceable treasures and engraved on her heart.

However, Mila didn't say these things, but got up and left the water tank. There were waves on the water, and hot water was sprayed onto the ground.

"I want to go out first, how about you?"

"I want to soak again."

"Be careful not to soak your head."

Mila walked out of the bathroom and closed the bathroom door. Ludie was soaked in the water tank, lost in thought.

* *

About a thousand seconds later, Tigre came to the bathroom.
When he was maintaining the bow and arrow in his guest room, he heard the sound of closing and opening the door in the next room. Because of this, he felt that Mila and the others had finished soaking the soup and returned to the room.

Because the boss had told him that there was a latch on the bathroom door, he pushed the door gently to see if it was locked.

Judging from the way the door bolt is not locked, there should be no one bathing inside. So he took off his clothes.

Ludie, who had been soaking in the water tank, didn't notice until this time that someone was coming outside the bathroom. She didn't remember until then that Mila did not lock the latch after she went out.

When Ludie jumped out of the water tank and hurried to the door to close it, Tigre had already entered the bathroom.

When the eyes of the two met, Tigre was immediately taken aback.

Ludie also seemed to be frightened, unable to speak for a while. Although she immediately covered her body with the towel on her hand, she flicked the towel up and down meaninglessly because of the confusion of her thoughts.

Tigre didn't know how to react for a while, but just kept staring at Ludie's white naked body, standing still. Ludie's body has a mature curve characteristic of women, which is not what he has seen in the past. The past scenes merged with the current situation in his mind, making his body become irritable and unbearable without knowing it.

"No, no, don't...!"

Ludie turned her head back to Tigre and galloped toward the tank. But when she first took the first step, she stepped on soap made of animal fat and slipped. The towel in her hand was also thrown into the air.
Tigre stretched out his hands and grabbed her by the waist. Tigre had planned to pull her up like this, but instead let her white buttocks hit his waist. A certain part of the body that was emitting heat passed over her inner thigh.

"Hey!?" Under this lovely cry, Ludie twisted her body. The towel that had just been thrown into the air fell straight to her ass. Knowing that she was putting her ass on Tigre's waist, and seeing Tigre's body up and down, she immediately blushed with shame.

"Quickly, quickly let go, quickly..."

Although Ludie tried to say "let me go!", but she knotted her tongue and became confused because of her anxiety. Tigre's hand has been holding her waist and did not let go. Although he wanted to calm himself down quickly, but because of the confusion of his thoughts, he had not figured out the situation.

At this moment, Mila's voice came from the locker room.

"Ludie, haven't you come out yet?"

Mila seemed to be out of concern and came to look for her specially. Tigre subconsciously let go of the hand holding Ludie, and Ludie flew up on the floor and jumped into the water tank.

"I'm sorry..."

After apologizing, Tigre returned to the dressing room.

Ludie soaked nearly half of her face in the hot water without making a sound. The heat radiating from her faintly hot face still cannot dissipate until now.

❄

Just as the sun reached the western end and the sky was stained with red clouds, a young knight was dragging his body and strolling on the
The helmet of the young knight is long gone, his hair is messy, his face is covered with dust and sweat. He seems to be so tired that he doesn't even have the energy to wipe the dirt. Holding a broken sword in his hand, his armor was covered with traces of battle.

Although the young knight would stop and sigh, frustrated from time to time, after the sigh, he could regain his energy and continue on the road desperately.

This young man is actually a knight belonging to the Knights of Navarre. And in the night when Roland abandoned the fortress, he protected one of the people who went to the north to protect Prince Regnas. However, after losing with his companions in the dark, he went through many twists and turns in order to avoid the eyes and ears of the enemy, but finally came to an unseen grassland.

What is even more unfortunate is that the village he first arrived after was already under the control of the coalition army led by Bachelard.

He escaped from the hunt at the very moment, and since then, except to obtain food, he has stayed away from those villages and settlements as much as possible.

When he saw soldiers in the distance, he would immediately hide, or avoid them, or even sleep in a place like a tree to avoid their eyes and ears.

Because of this, he hasn't arrived at Lannion fortress until now, and has been walking on this grassland.

Suddenly, he stopped. Ten figures were walking towards him.

He felt that the person who came might be a thief, although he wanted to hold the sword in his hand, but he seemed powerless. Even if he wanted to escape, there was nowhere to hide on the grassland with such a wide field of view. In addition, his body has long been too tired to listen to his brain. Losing his balance, he eventually fell to the grassland.
He immediately noticed that the true face of the figure was the soldiers of the lords. They showed the wicked smile that they would only have when they found their prey, and they walked straight to the knight and looked down at him. The ferocious gaze came from their eyes.

One of them kicked him directly in the face. He didn't even plan to interrogate him per the procedure. The knight curled up and hugged his head unconsciously.

But strangely, the second kick he expected did not come. The brisk footsteps running on the grassland got closer and closer, and finally stopped beside him.

"You are not allowed to bully him in partnership!"

It was the voice of a young woman like a child.

Immediately afterwards, the crisp sound of metal friction came into the ears.

"Although I don't know the cause and effect, this is really not a situation that can be left alone. If you are willing to go back obediently, it is not impossible to let you go."

A calm and stern voice came from above. Immediately afterwards, vulgar laughter resounded all around. This should be the laughter of the lords and soldiers surrounding them.

When he looked up, he realized that two women were standing in front of him, protecting himself.

One of them has long golden hair that reaches the waist, wearing a green and white-based gown, and holding a gold staff in his hand. As a weapon for body protection, this staff seems a bit too delicate.

The other was a young girl with bright red hair and wearing a suit. The sleeve of her right hand was swaying in the wind. No matter which one of them is, there is a beauty that makes others salivate.
Could it be said that they want to fight against ten soldiers only by their own strength? In any case, this is too brave.

"Quick, run away..."

He tried his best to squeeze out his voice, telling them both of the danger. It is impossible to think of two to ten. If the two of them were caught by the soldiers, there would definitely be an unspoken tragedy.

"You don't need to worry."

The red-haired woman turned her head and knelt to the ground. The colors of her eyes that are different on the left and right are really impressive.

Immediately afterwards, the sound of the iron being squashed and the bones shattered came to the ear. The knight raised his head, disbelieving the situation in front of him. Two of the soldiers were actually knocked to the ground by a blonde woman with a staff.

The soldiers who were knocked to the ground had severely shattered nasal bones and jaw bones, and their whole bodies were convulsed.

The blonde woman glanced back at this place. Her emerald-like eyes were shining with a gentle brilliance at this time.

"Well, it shouldn't be a big problem. Wait for a while. Lisa, he will ask you to take care of it."

The red-haired woman named Lisa nodded obediently.

The soldiers were in a daze for a while, and then they raised their swords in a panic. However, the blonde woman did not waver because of this, but instead calmly waved the staff. Whenever she waved down the staff, two to three soldiers would be knocked to the ground, and the group of soldiers was wiped out by her alone in an instant. It can't be called a battle at all.

This scene can only be described by the word incredible. She defeated ten soldiers, but the blonde woman was able to breathe without fatigue, as if
she was saying that the battle just now was just a trivial matter like tidying up her hair.

"We are Meeting for the first time. My name is Sofya. What is your name?"

Although the knight wanted to answer, he couldn't speak for a while because of the peace of mind he had escaped from the desperation of death. At this moment, the fatigue that had been pressing on his heart completely made him lose consciousness.

❄

Sofy looked down at the unconscious knight, and couldn't help feeling that he was a bit pitiful. Although it is not clear what happened here, judging from his bruised and exhausted look, he probably hasn't rested much along the way.

"However, when this person wakes up, he should be willing to tell us the current situation."

After arriving at Brune, although the two of them were planning to head south to the capital, the journey did not go as smoothly as expected. In addition to several major arterial roads that were submerged by the floods, the Brune army also appeared on the arterial roads.

They were spotted by the Brune army on the way, and they were almost taken to the unmanned woods. Of course, before these scumbags tried to touch themselves, Sofy used the dragon tool Zaht to knock them all down.

In any case, if others know that as a war maiden, she and Elizavetta are in Brune at this time, there will be a big problem. Although knowing that doing so would greatly increase the chances of encountering thieves or beasts, the two still left the main road. These are all things that just happened yesterday.

Although it was purely accidental that they passed here, Lisa — Elizavetta did rescue the knight by her own will. On the way to travel together, Sofy
learned one thing, that is, as long as Liza sees someone being besieged, she will desperately stop the atrocities of the other person.

Although there are cases where the besieged party is indeed the bad guy, and they have had many disputes with others because of this relationship, but I have to say that Sofy personally likes her so kind.

"Sofy, what's next?"

Lisa looked at the knight and asked with some worry. During this time, the two of them have become good friends who can use nicknames to call each other.

"Let's leave here first. Sorry, can you bring your luggage?"

After hearing Sofy's suggestion, Lisa said honestly, "Okay."

—*The road ahead is long.*

Sofy now wants to help Lisa retrieve her memory no matter what, and have a serious exchange with her as a Vanadis.

In the past, the Lisa that Sofy met in Zhcted was a girl who didn't want to communicate with others.

Perhaps, she actually had such a side when she was Vanadis, but she didn't know her. Thinking of this, Sofy's face naturally smiled.

After removing the armor that the knight was wearing, Sofy carried him on his back.

Lisa is responsible for carrying their luggage. Although Sofy actually didn't want Lisa, who had lost her right hand, to do this kind of rough work, Lisa was unexpectedly powerful and easily lifted two bags of luggage with her left hand.

Appreciating the afterglow of the setting sun, the two moved forward.

At the same time Lisa was humming her nose, Sofy was lost in thought.
—Judging from the information gathered so far, the net they have laid is really big enough.

Soldiers were patrolled on all major arterial roads, and it was almost as if someone was arresting. The soldiers just met are one example.

—Although it is not easy to make a jump to a conclusion, the situation that Brune is facing right now is probably more serious than I thought.

Sofy glanced at Lisa beside her. She is the only one who has to protect herself anyway.

It's not just that the person who brought her here is himself. It was also because, if something happened to her accidentally, Lebus would definitely fall into chaos as a result. At that time, there will inevitably be some rifts in the relationship between Brune and Zhcted.

—More importantly, I don't want Lisa to be harmed at all.

Sofy gave a wry smile. I really didn't expect that I would be so emotional. It seems that the words that the world is unpredictable are indeed correct.

Lisa stared at herself blankly. She probably didn't know why Sofy suddenly laughed. "Fortunately, I have you by my side." After thanking her, Lisa smiled.

Under the gradually dimming sky, two war maidens and a knight were walking on the grassland.
Chapter 4 - Betrayal and Trust

If you ride a horse from the town of Elene, you can reach the mansion of the Earl of Vartan in a quarter of an hour.

After buying a new horse in Elene, Tigre and the others rode to the earl’s mansion. However, when she came to the place where she could see the mansion, Mila, who was about to dress up as a maid, jumped off the horse. Because the scene of the maid riding a horse alone is too unnatural. They are going to lie that this horse is Ludie's preparation.

Then Mila and Tigre shared a horse.

Although only for a while, Mila did enjoy a short and happy time.

Although the Earl’s mansion is rather simple, there are heavy walls around the mansion, the vestibule has signs of frequent repairs, and the soldiers’ movements are quite simple and powerful.

Ludie, who wanted to visit Earl Vartan immediately, unexpectedly got permission to let Mila sit with him.

"You have specially prepared spare horses. I think there must be something important to discuss. It should be more convenient to have a waiter by your side?"

This is the permission of the earl to make an exception after he noticed that something was wrong.

Although Tigre, who was a waiter, had to stay in the hospitality room and wait for them, this gave him complete peace of mind. As long as Mila is by her side, Ludie's worth will never be a problem. The black bow has the
ability to explore the location of Lavias. Even if something really goes wrong, as long as you are not detained, it will not be difficult to rendezvous.

In this way, Mila and Ludie came to the reception room to have an interview with Vartan.

Vartan is exactly forty years old this year. Although his well-behaved figure, appearance and clothes gave people a kind of old-fashioned image, judging from the fact that he gave an exception to the permission, he should be an honest and kind person.

After Ludie simply greeted him, he immediately got to the point.

She briefly described the attack on the Navarre fortress where Prince Regnas and Roland were staying, and then asked the Earl of Vartan to conquer Bachelard and Ganelon together.

Although it was still true up to this point, she then began to lie.

Ludie first listed the names of several lords, saying that he had negotiated with them and obtained their assistance, and then said that several knights had assembled in Lannion fortress and had already sent them. After the messenger went to the royal capital, the king would know all the lies of the ins and outs within a few days.

Moreover, she also specifically concealed the unknown where Roland was going.

"His Royal Highness, he is now acting with the Knights of Navarre. After all, there is no other place in this country that is safer than staying with Lord Roland."

Although Mila felt dumbfounded, she still showed up. With a serious expression, the earl could not see any strange places.

—–She really deserves to be raised in the Duke’s family. Let alone her usual performance, she was able to say this kind of thing without blushing or breathing in a critical moment.
After listening to the ins and outs of the matter, Earl Vartan became more cautious after he became normal.

"If what Your Excellency Ludiene said is true, Duke Ganelon, as a courtier, did indeed do things that are rebellious to the kingdom. However, I cannot immediately respond to such major events..."

They have one night to consider, and Vartan suggested to Ludie to stay here for one night.

"Thank you for your kindness. However, I will have to negotiate with someone else..."

"I understand. However, you must have been tired after a long journey. If you are not right from afar with a little landlord's friendship, I can face your mother speechlessly."

Since the other party has said this, it is difficult for Ludie to refuse. She thanked Vartan and accepted his kindness.

Tigre and Mila were divided into a room, located next to the room where the attendants of the mansion lived.

The other party even prepared dinner for the two of them. Bread, small pieces of roasted meat, a little wild vegetables and soybean soup, these are already very good food for their sudden waiters.

After another quarter of an hour after dinner, Tigre and Mila were called out by Ludie, and they came to her room together. Ludie didn't put on the pajamas prepared by the earl, but instead wore the clothes he usually wore.

"Let's leave this mansion."

Ludie smiled a little regretfully when he spoke. She bowed her head to Tigre and apologized.

"I'm sorry. I failed to convince the count."

"Has he already refused?"
At the voice of Tigre's question, Ludie shook his head.

"I haven't got an official answer from him. However, since he hasn't agreed to this matter until now, I am afraid he will refuse. Although this is also a correct judgment."

"You are negotiating. Is it too exaggerated?"

Mila smiled and comforted Ludie. And Ludie raised her chest confidently, as always.

"Speaking of that level, it's normal. After all, I have to see how the earl will react. Although I personally want to accept the earl’s kindness, eating and staying here for one night, but it’s almost time to leave."

"well, then want to go to the Loizen fortress, right?"

Tigre deliberately raised his voice, trying to encourage Ludie. And Ludie also sorted out her emotions, swaying her silver hair and nodded. Rather than having time to sink here, it's better to spend time thinking about what to do next.

"From here to the northeast, you can reach the Fortress of Loizen in two days. The Knights of Loizen have as many as 800 people. If you can become a companion, you can definitely be a help."

"Then, we will. let’s go."

The three quietly left the room. In order to pack up their luggage, Tigre and Mila made a special trip back to the guest room dedicated to the attendant. After quickly packing up his luggage, there was a sound of footsteps outside the room.

The three exchanged their eyes and did not speak. Tigre and the others immediately understood the situation.

Ludie drew out the sword from her waist with a distressed look. Mila lifted Lavias, while Tigre stood behind the two, putting the arrow on the bowstring.
After the door was kicked open, the soldiers with sharp swords rushed forward.

When they noticed the strangeness and stopped, it was too late.

The arrow shot by Tigre pierced the throat of the leading soldier, and immediately after that, Ludie and Mila immediately kicked out and knocked down one of the soldiers. Ludie even rushed into the corridor directly with the soldier as a shield.

With a burst of anger, the two soldiers rushed towards Ludie.

After Ludie threw the soldier he was holding onto the two of them, he swung down the sharp blade directly. One of the soldiers was hit directly by the thrown soldier, while the other soldier was beheaded by Ludie. After confirming that there was no ambush, Tigre and Mila also came to the corridor.

"Count! What the hell is going on!"

Loudi yelled into the corridor shrouded in darkness. In the corridor, a few loose flames are swaying with the wind. One of them stepped forward and stopped ten steps away from Tigre and them. After a closer look, the person who came was the Earl of Vartan wearing armor and holding a sharp sword.

"It's a pity, Lord Ludiene. If you could be honest, I would have liked to treat you well."

"Don't you believe what I just said!"

Pure anger overflowed from the different colored pupils. After coming out, Ludie roared at the earl. In response, Vartan just smiled.

"No, of course I believe what you just said. But because of this, I can't let go of this great opportunity. Even if we accept your offer to be a companion of Prince Regnas, we will never take it lightly. In one fell swoop, I brought down Prince Bachelard and Duke Ganelon. If you want to see Duke Ganelon, there is no better souvenir than you, right?"
"You mean, you have done it right, right? Has the royal family been awakened with swords facing each other?"

"Look at what you said, isn't Prince Bachelard also a member of the royal family? This is a battle between two lords for the throne. Even children know that this is the time. Should I choose the nameless Earl Bergerac as his family partner, or the Duke Ganelon who dominates the entire northern region as his partner?"

After hearing Vartan's ridicule, Ludie looked at him with disappointment.

"Count, I'm quite disappointed in you."

After a deep sigh, Ludie continued with a scornful look:

"While treating us as guests, he secretly planned this kind of trap for the despicableness and didn't know how to judge the situation. Ignorance, calling Bergerac the ugliness of a nameless family. As the saying goes, you can only see a person’s true face in extraordinary times."

"Your family is without real power; why do I have to treat you well?"

"As soon as Vartan finished speaking, he raised his arm. From the depths of the darkness came the sound of armor rubbing.

At the same time, the arrow shot by Tigre pierced Vartan's arm. Tigre put other arrows on the black bow, and at the same time screamed at Vartan, who was holding his arm, and declared coldly:

"Next time I will shoot directly through your forehead. Don't even think about hiding. My arrows are faster than you can run away."

There was noise behind Vartan. With a distorted expression, Vartan glared at Tigre angrily.

"Who are you...?"

"I'm just an archer boy who works at Bergerac's house."
There is no need to tell such people who they really are.

Tigre continued indifferently: "You are completely wrong about the objects and things you should dedicate. You should not sell Bergerac to Ganelon, but dedicate your heroic side to Bergerac."

"You boy, you are telling me these big things!"

A man walked out from the soldier behind Vartan.

He is sturdy, holding a round hammer spear with a thorn in one hand, and holding a round shield in his hands. The armor on his body is also quite advanced, covering his entire head and underarms.

"What's so great about bows and arrows, come and shoot me if you have one?"

He couldn't ask for it, but when Tigre thought so, Mila rushed out before him.

Just as she rushed out of the ground, she immediately shortened the distance and made several sharp stabbings. The first blow was directed at the shield to make the opponent lose his balance, the second was aimed at the thigh of the gap in the armor, and the third was aimed at the man's right hand to knock down the weapon. He had to fight back. He didn't even have time to escape.

"Aren't we the only things we can do with bows and arrows?"

Mila glared at the soldiers before letting out wild words condescendingly. Vartan was shaking with fright.

And Tigre aimed at him again as a target, tightening the bowstring in his hand.

"—Let’s do this."

Ludie stepped up and said while stopping Tigre,
"My mother has a very high opinion of you. This time, it’s because of my mother that I let you go for the time being. The horse is ready."

After a moment of hesitation, Tigre lowered his bow. Since he claimed to be Ludie's waiter, he should follow her instructions honestly. Ludie glared at Count Vartan and said:

"Earl, you are not a person who doesn't know how to advance and retreat. Rather than let the soldiers die here in vain, it is better to let us go quietly like this. Can you please let us go?"

Vartan's gaze was in Ludie, Mila and Tigre went back and forth. The soldier who was beaten by Mila had long lost his fighting spirit and sat on the ground. The other soldiers also appeared quite shaken.

"I understand. However, I hope you don't tell me about your visit to this mansion. This is my condition."

"This is really a selfish request."

Although Mila's gaze and tone of voice quite cold, but Ludie nodded and agreed to this condition.

After Vartan asked the soldiers to clear the way, Ludie and Tigre, who were walking in front, walked straight out of the corridor and came to the outside of the mansion. They came to the stables, pulled out their horses, and saddled them.

Three horses galloped on the grassland in the middle of the night. After they confirmed that Vartan had not sent chasing soldiers, they slowly slowed down the horse's speed.

"I'm sorry. I didn't expect him to be that kind of person."

Ludie said weakly. Although she just sternly reprimanded the earl, she was actually very hurt inside.

Tigre wanted to find something to comfort her, but he knew immediately that it was just unnecessary worry.
"It would be nice if all human beings were cheese, so that I could see their character more thoroughly..."

Judging from the fact that Ludie is still in the mood to make a joke, she should be fine. Tigre rode over and patted her on the shoulder.

"It's not a small gain to know that he is this kind of person. Moreover, the three of us survived this crisis without injury. All this is thanks to Ludie. When you are in the middle of the night, call us over."

"Thank you, Tigre."

After sorting out his emotions, Ludie smiled firmly.

"That's right. Let's look ahead. This negotiation with the earl also made me figure out one thing."

"What do you mean?"

Tigre looked at Ludie curiously. Mila watched the two silently.

"First of all, the fact that the earl is against us is a conclusion he reached after several thoughts. This means that he did not swear allegiance to Ganelon. If we have the advantage, he will keep his distance from Ganelon."

“Speaking of this, he does seem to have said such things, but do you really believe what the earl said?”

“I think the earl should have hesitated for a long time. Well. If he wants to kill us from the beginning or take us back alive, he only needs to poison us at dinner or stun us in the room. Then, I learned from his actions. Something happened."

"Oh, I understand."

Seeing Tigre nodded, Ludie was a little pleased, winking let him go on.
"When Ludie persuaded the earl, she had exaggerated and said some lies, but the earl could not see through these lies. Because if he sees through these lies, he will directly act on us without saying anything. In fact, he also vaguely felt that what Ludie said may be true. This is enough to show that the lords in the north are not united."

As long as the situation changes, the lords in the north may be Nu Long all betrayed their relatives.

Although this idea may be a little optimistic. However, this is indeed strong evidence for Tigre and the others to believe that this group can be dismantled from it.

"That’s Really noble of you, Tigre."

Ludie reached out and touched Tigre's head. Then after a while, she pulled her hand back in a panic. After reorganizing her emotions, she said:

"Thank you, Tigre. It gave me the courage to continue to fight."

"I just said what I thought of. If you really muster the courage because of this, it must be your own credit."

After hearing Tigre say so, Ludie shook her head.

"Although you may be right, it is you who made me notice this, Tigre."

Ludie wrapped Tigre's hands with both hands. The light with thousands of emotions gleamed in her heterochromatic pupils.

"Tigre, I swear to you. I will definitely bring His Royal Highness back to the palace without incident, until all the enemies threatening His Highness’s life are knocked down. I will never give up lightly. Well, I must succeed to show you."

"That's the boldness."

Tigre also shook Ludie's hand back. Ludie smiled blushingly, but after noticing Mila's gaze, she drew out her hand in a panic.
"Then, let's go to the fortress where the Loizen Knights are."

Putting her right hand on her chest, holding the rein with her left hand, Ludie ran out on his horse. After looking at each other, Tigre and Mila followed in her footsteps.

Looking at Ludie's back, Mila felt a little unhappy for no reason. The gaze that Ludie showed when she held Tigre's hand made Mila fluster a little bit. ‘Don’t overthink it’, Mila thought.

❄

In the morning after two days, they reached the Loizen fortress according to the original plan.

Although there are only 800 knights stationed here, and the fortress is quite small in size, and the city walls are also very low. However, there is a river flowing through the fortress to the southeast and an earthen fortress to the northwest, which gives people an impression of solidity and indestructibility.

After Ludie reported herself to the guard at the gate, Bressol, the commander of the Knights, rushed over.

He is a thin middle-aged man with a messy beard on his lower jaw. Judging from his listless face, he is not so much like a knight as he is like an official in a small town. However, his posture with weeds dangling in his mouth gave people a sense of closeness unknowingly.

"I'm still thinking about which beautiful eldest lady came here. Isn't this Lord Ludiene?"

"Lord Bressol, it's been a long time since I saw you."

After a long greeting, Bressol said The three people led to the reception room. Although the reception room has been carefully cleaned, there are only a few tables and chairs, and it looks quite simple and
unpretentious. However, due to the large windows installed in the room, the lighting is quite good.

Bressol handed Tigre their bronze cup full of wine, but he only drank water.

Ludie introduced Tigre to Bressol, saying that he was the eldest son of Vorn's family. However, when introducing Mila, she only made a brief introduction like "She is my good friend Mila." Sure enough, she didn't intend to expose Mila's identity as a Vanadis.

Asked Bressol to disperse the miscellaneous people, and after only four of them were left on the scene, Ludie immediately explained to him that the Fortress of Navarre had been beaten by Bachelard and Regnas fled with the Knights of Navarre. Going to Lannion fortress, Roland is currently missing a series of things. It seemed that Ludie seemed to trust his appearance quite a bit.

After hearing the ins and outs of the matter, Bressol mumbled to himself.

"Prince Bachelard is really a lively person. Speaking of which, I also had a relationship with him in winter."

"Did he say anything?"

Ludie frowned upon hearing this. Bressol replied while stroking his rough beard:

"Your Excellency Ludiene must also know the meaning of the existence of this fortress?"

"I remember you told me that it was to maintain public order in the surrounding area. Right?"

"Yes. We have three specific tasks. One is to prevent thieves and beasts from flying and domineering here. Second, when the river in the southeast is flooded, we have to help with disaster relief. Finally, we have to arbitrate disputes. After all, this fortress is surrounded by the territories of the three lords. This is the main job content of our knights."
"Father often told me that compared to the kind of knights who can defeat ten warriors in one go. The knight who can resolve disputes by speaking skills is the ideal knight posture in his mind."

"It's really like what he would say."

Bressol seemed to know Ludie's father, although he laughed first. After a while, but immediately put away his smile.

"However, Prince Bachelard told me that. The mission of this fortress will probably only last until next winter. He said that because of the marriage policy, the eldest Viscount of the three lords will gain strength."

"At first glance, it doesn't seem to be a problem, right?"

Ludie tilted her head and wondered. When two or three lords are opposed to each other, it is not uncommon to give full authority to one of them and allow the children of the three families to marry and reconcile. At the Duke's house, Ludie has heard of such things.

However, Bressol shook his head.

"It would be nice to say if we were the only one here, but I heard that other fortresses have similar situations. It seems that Prince Bachelard...No, it should be Duke Ganelon. He seems to want to let him go. The lords took over the work of the Knights and came to completely eliminate us."

"How come..."

Ludie's face was pale, and she couldn't speak for a while. Tigre and Mila stared at each other because they didn't know the situation.

"What does this mean?" Tigre asked.

"Unlike the Knights of Navarre, which guards the border, the reason why small knights like ours exist sporadically in the country is to arbitrate disputes between the lords. To be ugly, they are sent to monitor them."
Brune's knights accept commissions from the royal family to work in the kingdom. Their salaries are also paid by the kingdom alone.

Then, they will be sent to the palace or the fortresses of various domestic strongholds to guard the area.

Although the fortresses built near the border are very large, and there are quite a lot of knights under them, the number of knights responsible for guarding the main roads and the fortresses sandwiched between multiple realms will have different numbers due to different responsibilities. Then, in the name of maintaining domestic security, they will prevent disputes between the lords.

Although the lords would argue, "We can solve our problems by ourselves, without the intervention of you royal agents", the knights received the order "to avoid unnecessary wars as much as possible."

However, this does not mean that the relationship between the lords and the knights will be very poor. Because those knights who admire the character of the lords and the temperament of the people, and those lords who clearly understand the responsibilities of the knights, they will deal with these things in the face of each other. Of course, there are a few dissatisfied people.

"If the Knights are gone, two things will happen. First, the conflicts between the lords will increase day by day. In this matter, you can ask the more powerful lords to mediate. And the other thing is the royal family. His influence will gradually diminish. ——I think this should be the real purpose of Ganelon."

"He did this to completely control the northern part in his own hands. But even if he wants to take you all If the Knights are excluded, your Majesty will probably not allow it. Of course, Duke Thenardier will also oppose it."

When Ludie said this, "wait," Mila interrupted. She asked Bressol with a dilemma:

"Did Prince Bachelard tell you about your next mission?"
As if to say why you would know this, Bressol's face immediately turned green.

"How did you know?"

"Like the Lord Ludiene just said, even if Duke Ganelon wanted to exclude the Knights, King Faron would definitely oppose it, wouldn't he? Then, you only need to give you a new mission and drive you out. The northern part is fine. So I was wondering if this was the reason they specially laid down the fortress of Navarre."

"In other words, they want to send the knights of the fortress to the fort after they have annihilated the Knights of Navarre. Guard there, right?"

Tigre couldn't hide his face and looked at Mila in surprise.

Although Bachelard advocated that Prince Regnas attempted to assassinate himself, in this case, the Knights of Navarre should not be left alone. As for the Knights of Navarre, it must be due to the leader's relationship with Bachelard to fight to the death.

"You only guessed half of it. I'll give you a passing grade."

Mila accidentally replied in her usual tone. Mila, who noticed the sight of Ludie and Bressol, immediately tightened her expression. Looking directly at the two of them, he continued,

"Presumably depending on the situation, they will also take more active actions. For example, they may use the Navarre Fortress as a stronghold and directly attack Sachenstein or Asvarre. These countries, come to further expand their territories. After all, Sachenstein and Asvarre have just resolved the chaos in their own countries, so if you want to win the chance."

"...So that's the case. Prince Bachelard and Duke Ganelon have already thought about what happened after they won the royal battle? When Prince Bachelard gave us such an order, he must have successfully defeated Regina. Prince Si has settled the matter of succession to the throne and is ready to ascend the throne by himself."
Seeing Bressol sighed, Mila asked in a cautious tone:

"Does my guess make you feel a little crazy?? "

"No such thing, I think this speculation is quite likely to occur."

Bressol looked at Mila with admiration, then put his fingers dangling from grass with crushed.

"Although Your Excellency Ludiene just said that you are her friend... But now, it seems that your identity can not be summed up by the word friend, right?"

Mila told Tigre and Ludie separately. After Ludie winked, she looked at Bressol in a straight posture and said,

"I hope you can keep this secret for me. I am Ludmila Lourie. I’m a Vanadis of Zhcted and the ruler of the Principality of Olmutz. For some reasons, I am currently planning to help her Excellency Ludiene."

As the commander of a knight order, Bressol, this man can be said to have seen all kinds of big winds and waves. However, the scene before him not only left him speechless, but also made him nervous enough to stroke his rough beard meaninglessly.

"It's a shame that you can't publicize your existence... By the way, I just remembered hearing what you said. Isn't Lord Tigrevurmud the person who is colluding with Zhcted?"

"I can assure you, it is no matter."

Ludie pedicle categorically asserts. Mila also nodded and agreed to this matter.

Under the sight of Bressol's scrutiny, Tigre opened his mouth to defend:

"I am indeed very close to the fighters of Zhcted. But that doesn't mean that there is no hometown in my heart. The existence of. Although it is true that
I will not act for the benefit of Brune, I have always taken Vorn’s affairs to heart. Moreover, my father has also declared allegiance to the royal family."

"Although you are this. The answer is indeed quite like a prince’s son, but you are a bit too honest. I advise you to learn more about the wording and use of words."

The cold vision from Bressol has disappeared. He smiled and said,

"Although I cannot trust you two people I met for the first time, I believe what your Excellency Ludiene just said. After all, your Excellency, she has a good eye for seeing people. Then, you plan to let what I do?"

After Ludie smiled, she lowered his head deeply and said, "Thank you." Then, she began to explain to him what her party was going to do next. Bressol nodded after listening.

"I see. I will send an envoy to the neighboring lords and knights. I must also guard Earl Vartan. Really, Earl is not stupid, but he is a man of interest..."

Bray Sol's somewhat helpless tone attracted Tigre's attention. The territory of Lord Vartan and the Fortress of Loizen border each other. In order to arbitrate disputes between the lords, the two of them must meet frequently to discuss matters.

"By the way, Lord Tigrevurmud and His Royal Highness Vanadis. Although it may be a bit rude to ask, but I want to ask, do you have any specialties?"

"I am very confident in archery. There is also... …Rich hunting and fighting experience.”

“Oh, good at hunting. That’s right.”

Bressol’s face showed the hearty smiles that the three of them had seen so far.

"I know it's a bit rude to say that, but I hope you can prove to us that you have the character and ability that we can trust. To be more specific, I hope you can come and help us."
"As long as it's me. If I can help, of course I am willing to help."

Tigre nodded and agreed. This is a matter of course for those who want their help.

"We just received the three links, complaints that wild animals appeared in the village and messed up the farmland. This kind of thing often happened during this period. Originally, we had the lords send soldiers to deal with it, but we are currently dealing with the floods that occurred this year, so say..."

Bressol was unable to finish the rest of the story. Because Tigre, with piercing eyes, had already stood up and approached the relationship in front of him.

"I do! Please let me handle it! I can set off today!"

After silently glanced at each other, Mila and Ludie each laughed bitterly.

In this way, the Bergerac guerrillas finally got their first partner.

❄

As with the Declaration on the day of departure Tigre left the Loizen fortress.

He is not alone. In addition to himself, there are ten knights sent by Bressol as his guards and guides.

"It will take at least nine to ten days to handle all these three things. Please don't force yourself."

Although Bressol had said this when seeing off, Tigre and the others came back in the afternoon five days later. Moreover, it is still in the case of completing these three complaints in one go.

After listening to the report of Tigre and the knights, Bressol was so dumbfounded that he even got the weeds in his mouth to the ground. That's what one of the knights said of Tigre.
"This young man is simply the scarlet wolf in the legend. Whether on a steep slope or deep in the forest without road guidance, he can accurately find the prey and shoot it, and then he is unharmed. The land returns safely."

Red wolves are wolf-shaped goblins that appear in Brune’s fairy tales. According to legend, they run freely between the mountains and the wild. And this is the highest level of praise the knight can say.

In addition to him, another knight shrunk his head quite dumbfounded and said,

"The bow and arrow are weapons that can be shot as far as I imagined? This is a bit...wrong with the bow and arrow in my impression. It’s totally different...”

Although Bressol has heard a lot about Tigre’s archery skills from Mila and Ludie to this day, he is a Brune knight because he had some prejudice against bows and arrows, so he didn't really believe what the two of them said, but now that Tigre had already shown the results, he had to be convinced.

"I'm also a bit dogmatic. I would like to ask you for your advice from now on." Bressol took the initiative to shook his hand to Tigre in front of the knights. This means that Bressol no longer treats Tigre as a fellow of Ludie, but instead treats him as a formal guest.

With a bashful smile on his face, Tigre returned to hold Bressol's outstretched hand.

❄

later assigned to his room to rest for a quarter of an hour, Bressol Tigre called the reception room inside. In this room that was as boring as before, not only the cheerful-faced knight leader, but also Mila and Ludie were present. After he sat down on the chair, Mila beside him smiled at him.

"I heard about it. You seem to have shown your skills a lot, right?"
"I feel very proud, too. I really deserve to be the deputy commander of our guerrilla team."

Ludie was sandwiched between them. At this time, there was a smile all over her face.

According to Mila and Ludie, both of them seem to have been helping Bressol for the past five days.

Mila not only made suggestions to the Knights to deal with the petitions sent to them, but also participated in the training of the knights, showing her brave side. In order to conceal her true identity, Mila accepted that the knights regarded her as a mysterious female knight who had something to do with the Bergerac family, and she was highly respected by them.

"Fortunately, Ludie is also an excellent swordsman. Thanks to her, I have not been suspected in this matter."

On the other hand, in addition to writing to neighboring lords and knights, Ludie also interacted with others. The knights visited neighboring villages and small towns and asked whether they should be their companions.

"As a result, two knights and seven lords agreed to provide assistance. They will arrive in this fortress tonight. If we can successfully rendezvous with the Loizen Knights, we will be able to gather five thousands of troops."

"Isn't this great? It's a shame that you can recruit so many companions in just five days."

To be honest, Tigre was really taken aback. After Ludie put out her tongue and pretended to be cute, he took the initiative to reveal the secret behind the incident.

"Actually, Secretary Bressol made contact with other knights and lords during the winter. According to Secretary Bressol, if Bachelard takes dangerous actions, he intends to unite everyone to deal with it. Bachelard. I just pushed them at the end. All of this is actually the credit of Lord Bressol."
"This last push is also very important, in terms of negotiation."

Bressol was holding the weeds in his mouth, a mocking smile appeared on his face.

"If they didn't have the name of the Bergerac family, they wouldn't have nodded obediently and agreed to this matter. If there is no guarantee, the sense of crisis will not drive them to join hands."

At this moment, a knight called Bressol from outside the door.

Although Bressol left immediately, he returned after a short while.

"Something happened."

Bressol's face was pale, and he touched the beard of his chin with his hand.

"Prince Bachelard sent an envoy to inform us that we should immediately hand over Her Excellency Ludiene and Lord Tigrevurmud. If they refuse, they will send troops to attack this fortress. I'm afraid the army they sent is already on the road."

Tigre and the others took a breath. And Mila also raised her own question.

"How did Bachelard learn about the whereabouts of the two of them?"

A shadow was cast on Bressol's face.

"I heard that the prince led an army to attack the house of Earl Vartan yesterday. After beheading the Earl, his family and all the soldiers and attendants under his command, he set aside the fire and burned the house... It was at that time that they found out the news that the two were here. However, this kind of thing can only be figured out with a little investigation."

It's unclear if Bressol wants to be strong. Pretending to be calm, he changed back to the original wailing tone in the second half of the speech, but his expression was obviously with a horrible feeling.
"There is probably more than one reason why they burned down the mansion of Earl Vartan, but it must contain a reason for threatening us. They probably want to say something like this: "If you don't want to be like this, just obey us." After all, we haven't shown any good feelings towards Prince Bachelard and Duke Ganelon since before."

“What reason does Bachelard intend to capture the two of us?”

Ludie asked with a straight brow,

"Prince Bachelard advocated that His Excellency Ludiene is going to rebel against herself and plan with Lord Roland. This matter. And Lord Tigrevurmud here is a collusion with Zhcted."

"I caught up with him all at once."

Mila showed a regretful expression. Although she knew very well in her heart, the incident of the three of them visiting Earl Vartan and coming to this fortress would soon be known by the enemy. However, she never thought that this matter would come so soon.

"But, isn't Bachelard going to attack Lannion fortress?"

Tigre tilted his head and wondered. He didn't think Lannion had fallen. If it really has fallen, Bachelard will definitely shake their military's mind with this big piece of writing. Then why would he send troops here suddenly?

"Maybe he thought it was difficult to attack directly, so he planned to give priority to the dominance of the north?"

"Maybe..."

After echoing Mila, Tigre turned his head and asked Bressol.

"How many enemy troops are there?"

"Although the number of soldiers who attacked the earl’s mansion was only a thousand or so, if they plan to fight our army instead of retreating
immediately, I am afraid that there will be a total of four or five thousand soldiers."

Tigre noticed that fiery fighting spirit was overflowing from Bressol's eyes. This is probably not because his pride as a knight has been hurt. It was because he was very angry with Vartan's death. After all, unlike Tigre, Bressol has been with Vartan for a long time.

"Fight together. As a member of the Bergerac guerrillas."

Ludie stood up and stared straight at Bressol. "Tomorrow, there will be five thousand soldiers gathered here. If Bachelard intends to keep the main force to attack the Lannion fortress, he will definitely not be able to send a large army to attack us here. We definitely have a chance of winning."

"I agree with Ludie."

Tigre also stood up and walked to Bressol. He has recognized himself. No, before that, he had been taking special care of himself. The knights who walked with them did not underestimate the matter of Tigre's archery. From this incident, it can be seen that he is carefully selecting candidates.

Although the idea of wanting to take the opportunity to fight against Bachelard is not without, but the most important thing is that he wants to help this man.

"Of course, I will also provide assistance. As a mystery female knight, I will complete the work assigned to me."

Mila said witty words in a joking tone. Slightly eased the serious and tense atmosphere at the scene.

"I'll take this opportunity to speak out. In fact, besides me, there is another war maiden who can also provide assistance."
Mila continued. Because she felt that it would complicate things, she still concealed Olga's things.

"We have invited the Vanadis Olga Tamm. If as planned, then, she will arrive there."

"Sure enough, Arrange it well."

After throwing the dangling weeds to the ground, Bressol touched his rough beard and put on a serious expression.

"As the head of the Loizen Knights, I would like to express my gratitude to the three of you for today and for what happened at this moment."

Bressol lowered his head deeply, and shook hands with Tigre and the others one by one.

❄

A thin gray cloud covered the sun, casting a shadow over the colors on the ground. It's just past noon at the moment.

Someone is setting up a camp at twenty Belusta (about twenty kilometers) to the east of the burnt-out Vartan mansion. This is the camp of the northern vassal united army led by Bachelard and Tallard. There are several red horses and the flags of the lords in the camp, dancing with the breeze.

In the commander's luxurious camp tent sewn with gold silk, Bachelard was drinking wine. An angry Tallard sat beside him. Tallard did not reach for the glass full of wine, but stared at the blanket on the ground.

"How long are you going to keep putting on the look that can make the wine ugly?"

Bachelard turned the empty glass upside down, and said sternly,

"We didn't do it voluntarily. Tan’s house was completely burnt down."
"But the one who gave the soldiers the order to burn the house and kill all women and children is indeed us."

Tallard’s fist on his lap was just as furious, trembling with anger.

Until ten days ago, Bachelard and the others were still in the fortress of Navarre. When the requested reinforcements arrived, the total number of soldiers under his banner just exceeded 8,000.

Although Bachelard judged that this number might not be enough to attack the fortress of Lannion, this number could surround the fortress and isolate it, so he gave the order to send troops.

Then, at this moment, Ganelon's messenger came to them.

The gloomy messenger conveyed Ganelon's "request" in a gloomy tone.

First, Ganelon asked them to attack the mansion of Earl Vartan, and after killing all the people present, they took the contents and set the mansion on fire. Second, crusade against the knights guarding the Fortress of Loizen and their accomplices.

After the messenger left, Bachelard and Tallard complained bitterly: "It's finally here."

The two of them had actually heard about Ganelon's cruel, tyrannical and disgusting behavior. The man who was arrested for rebelling against Ganelon and drank a lot of sewage and died, or was found while preparing to escape from the mansion, was confined to an iron fence with wild dogs and was eaten alive. Women, such terrible rumors can be said to be endless.

But the most frightening thing is that Ganelon would force his subordinates to do these things.

Because of this, they have long been aware that one day they will receive such a "request".

The purpose is to confirm whether the two of them are loyal to his matchmaker.
Bachelard gathered the important lords together and informed them of the next attack on the Vartan mansion.

Then, he left about two thousand soldiers to guard the fortress, and led six thousand soldiers to leave the fortress of Navarre.

Soon after leaving the fortress, Bachelard divided the coalition army into six units, and led one of them directly to Vartan's mansion. This is not only because he wants to see the commanding ability of the lords, but also because there is no way for an army of six thousand troops to march in an orderly manner.

Then two days ago, Bachelard and Tallard arrived at Vartan's mansion.

"Earl, you have no plans to follow Duke Ganelon. If it were in a peaceful age, we could still open one eye and close one eye, but now that the political situation is turbulent, we judge that your attitude will threaten you. To the foundation of the country."

Bachelard conveyed the message brought by the messenger from Ganelon to the earl.

This is a battle that has been one-sided from beginning to end.

Bachelard not only killed Vartan and his soldiers, but also killed Vartan's family and those who surrendered. After robbing his property, he set a fire and burned down the mansion.

After this, Bachelard came to a place some distance from the mansion and set up a camp on the spot.

"Is it because you have set fire to other people's houses before?"

After removing his gaze from the blanket, Tallard looked straight at the concubine in front of him. Prince. Upon seeing this, Bachelard replied with a smile:

"So what? You know that I was a mercenary for a while, right?"
"You also know that I grew up in an anonymous fishing village, right? We? In addition to being plundered by pirates there, the officers and soldiers like gangsters will occasionally come to us to take the women away."

"That kind of thing is very common, right?"

Bachelard snorted coldly, then continued:

"If you really want me to say something, Vartan guy did something wrong, right? That guy obviously didn't intend to follow Ganelon, but he never made friends with whom he could fight him. Moreover, you've seen him too. What is that person like? Although he says he wants to follow Ganelon, as long as we show a flaw, he will definitely stab us in the back without hesitation."

"Although it is in Vartan. I have the same views as you on the matter, and I also understand that Ganelon did this to warn the lords who have remained neutral until now, but is it really necessary for us to cut the grass to this point?"

"You know, there are a lot of monitors sent by that guy in this army."

Bachelard lowered his voice. The light of ambition dangled like sun in his eyes.

"We don't have enough strength to bring him down. If we rebel right now, we will fall to the same fate as Vartan."

"...I know."

Tallard reached out and picked up the glass and put it inside. After drunk the wine, he said in a voice that was lower than the voice that Bachelard had just spoken:

"Getting Brune in hand is not our end. But we can’t be tripped in a place like this, that’s right. Right?"

After hearing Tallard say this, Bachelard smiled comfortably. Then, while pouring wine into the glass of Tallard, he changed the subject with a serious
"In other words, compared to this matter, another request is the key point. Originally, only the small scale needs to be defeated. It’s good to go to the bad knights and lords. I didn’t expect things to become so complicated."

Moments before they attacked Vartan’s mansion, Bachelard learned about Tigre and the others going to Loizen. When he sent a detective team and soldiers to the village and town to inquire about Loizen's intelligence, he accidentally inquired about this matter.

"You said, did Ganelon know about this a long time ago, so he specifically gave us that kind of order?"

"You think too much."

Tallard shook his head and denied Bachelard. Pull the idea.

"Have you heard about Vorn and the others from Vartan? If he hadn't lied, when we left the Navarre Fortress, they had just left Vartan's mansion and hadn't arrived in Luo yet. Ethan Fortress. And, I also heard a rumor."

After turning his gaze from Bachelard to the blanket, Tallard continued:

"The Marquis of Greast seems to be dead. I heard that whether it was the beheading of Vartan or the attack on the Fortress of Loizen, it was originally his job."

"Is it serious?"

Bachelard frowned somewhat exaggeratedly, and pushed her body out.

"I also had a relationship with that guy. Although he is a guy who is obsessed with Ganelon and likes to torture others, he is not weak enough to be dealt with so easily, right?"

"Marquis de Greast is not only Ganelon’s confidant has a very bad personality, and it’s no surprise that he will make enemies everywhere. It’s not surprising when a guy like him will die. Ganelon postponed his plan to
attack Prince Regnas and Lannion’s fortress. Also order us to come here, not only to test the loyalty of the two of us, but also to prevent Greast's death from causing chaos."

Bachelard snorted unhappily.

"Is it called two birds with one stone? How come there are such clever guys among the nobles? In other words, how do we fight the Lois Knights? I heard that Bergerac's name seems to help them recruit A lot of soldiers are here."

After grabbing the leather bag beside him, Bachelard poured the silver and copper coins in it onto the blanket. Pick up a few coins with your fingers and place them between yourself and Tallard.

"There are almost five thousand troops on the opposite side? We have a range of four to six thousand here." The reason for saying that the range of four to six thousand is used is because there are still two thousand cavalries who have not joined them.

Tallard knelt on one knee and took the map placed in the corner.

"I'm afraid there will be war on the Tierce Plain. The other side must think the same way."

Tierce is located in this camp and walked to the northeast for a day and a half, and the Fortress of Loizen walked to the south for about a day. The distance of the grassland. There is only one nearby that can command thousands of soldiers to act at the same time.

"It's uncomfortable to be equal in number. I really want to fight a battle that can be easily won."

Bachelard sighed deeply.

"The quantity is not a problem at all. The real problem is Vorn, Bergerac and the other two war maidens."
Tallard and Bachelard didn't know, Olga and them acted separately.

"I will definitely contain Vorn this time. Did you win?" After Tallard cast a sharp line of sight, Bachelard replied casually:

"If you can win, you can win. Although Bergerac and The strength of Vanadis really cannot be underestimated, but it is not as good as Roland. If you want to take down my first level, those two people must at least bring the Black Knight."

Bachelard's face was overflowing. With domineering and self-confidence.

"For me, the black knight plus those two people are simply a nightmare."

Tallard first looked at Bachelard dumbfounded for a while before reorganizing the expression on his face.

"You have to engrave your power in the eyes of the lords in this battle. Today, many lords have to follow you because they are afraid of Ganelon. We have to let them spontaneously follow you. I want to follow you."

"Leave it to me. Fortunately, this kind of thing is very simple everywhere."

Bachelard grabbed the wine bottle and drank it directly because of the trouble, and then forgot to glance at her side. The great sword that Ganelon gave him would not leave any gaps in the blade even after cutting off the iron armor. Although there is the official name of Hauteclaire, he doesn't care about this kind of thing.

(TN/Hauteclaire from the French epic "Roland Song", Roland's friend Oliver's sword.)

During the mercenary period, he had never seen such a sword.

──It even makes people think that this is not a sword that humans can forge at all.

Ganelon, where did he find this sword?
That man is not just a great nobleman, he is probably above that, a more terrifying existence, right?

Bachelard drank the wine in his hand in one gulp, suppressing the anxiety that had emerged from the bottom of his heart. Now only need to think about the things on the battlefield. Regarding Ganelon, wait until he has enough power to talk about it.

"Bachelard, lend me a messenger. I want it now."

Suddenly, Tallard said.

"I have an idea. Maybe it can be easier to win."

Seeing Tallard with a confident smile on his face, Bachelard nodded and agreed with his request with a smile.

❄

The sunlight from the setting sun shined through the window and dyed part of the bed vermilion.

Tigre is maintaining his bow and arrow in his room. He had just wiped his body with a towel soaked in hot water, and he had gradually calmed his mood.

Although the war is approaching, the fortress has become lively, but the organization of troops, the management of armor and food have nothing to do with Tigre. Therefore, he decided to spend all his time on himself.

Just as he had just finished maintaining his bow and arrow, there was a knock on the door. Because he thought it might be Mila, he responded casually: "I didn't lock the door." However, it was Ludie who opened the door.

"Tigre...no, Lord Tigrevurmud. I have something to discuss with you."

Ludie stared at Tigre with a serious face. Judging from the fact that Ludie is not using nicknames but honorifics to address herself, she is not only here
to make fun of herself.

After setting the bow aside, Tigre invited Ludie into the room. Because the space in the room was not so big, he let Ludie sit on the bed while he sat on the ground.

"What I want to discuss is to wait until this matter is over. Lord Tigrevurmud, if you want, I hope you can come to your Highness's direct attendant."

"You can't help but talk about it. A little far away, isn't it?"

Tigre looked up at Ludie with a dumbfounded expression. Even if they successfully defeated Ganelon and Bachelard, it does not mean that the matter is really over. It's not at all clear when this matter can be completely ended.

"I understand this. However, I think it is necessary to inform you of this kind of thing as soon as possible."

Ludie didn't change her face, and put on a serious attitude.

"In the true sense, there are not many people who can be called His Royal Highness's companions. Except for the Bergerac family and Lord Roland, only a few people follow His Royal Highness. Although His Royal Highness and His Majesty Faron have done a lot for this matter. Painstakingly, but the current situation cannot be said to be so optimistic."

Is that what happened? Tigre reflected on himself while clarifying the situation.

He only thought about his own business, and didn't think about Prince Regnas who was involved in this situation at all.

Perhaps Ludie wanted to establish a faction of Regnas in this battle. To get it is to contend with Thenardier and Ganelon. Regnas and Tigre are both eighteen years old. Even if this matter is resolved smoothly, he, as a prince, will have to continue to face these nobles in the future.
"But, as you know, I have no merit at all in addition to bows and arrows. If such a person to serve His Highness, then, it would Highness trouble is not it?"

"Absolutely not the kind of thing!"

Ludie shouted loudly. Enthusiasm overflowed from her pupils, which were different on the left and right.

"Your strength has long been shown in the battle with neighboring countries. And I have witnessed your true strength many times. Brune has to make a change, to keep someone like you by your Highness, it is necessary."

"I'm very happy for you to praise me so much, but..."

Engulfed by her enthusiasm, Tigre was a little bewildered. After being crossed so directly, it must be a lie to say that he is unhappy. However, he did not immediately agree.

"But, your Highness, does he have any other plans?"

"I'll persuade your Highness. Even if you have to use the name of the Duke's house, I will convince him."

Tigre blinked in disbelief. After Ludie organized his own words, he quietly continued:

"If you want your bow and arrow skills to be evaluated, of course it will take a lot of time. This is definitely not something that can be done overnight. However, I, Your Highness, and you are not even twenty years old. Even if it takes years, or even decades, to do something, we can fight for it together, right?"

The words that Ludie said today shakes Tigre the most.

Doesn't he think that because of this, if he can get the martial arts in this Brune, it will be very powerful?
In the past, Tigre had said this to Roland. He didn't say this in a joking mood at the time.

If he can do it, he will have the confidence to stay with Mila.

Relying on his bow and arrow skills, he obtained the martial arts that can make anyone speechless.

Tigre once believed that this was the only way he could be recognized in Brune.

However, he can also be recognized by the state by operating within Brune as Ludie just said. Of course, if Tigre wants talents to be used by him, he must get a minimum of martial arts, but this is obviously much better than fighting alone.

Moreover, if the things that Ludie just said can be realized, people who have their own bow and arrow talents but are not favored will also get the chance.

Although this matter may fail, they may still be unable to change the current trend of despising bows and arrows.

However, this kind of thing is something you should think about before doing it.

From an unknown time, Tigre noticed that he had clenched his fists.

There was a voice deep in his heart that had been persuading him, promise Ludie, and open up his own future by himself.

"—Please allow me to think about it."

However, Tigre did not immediately make a promise.

But even so, Ludie didn't show any regrets, but nodded with a smile.

"Yeah. I don't mean to ask you to make a decision right away. I just want to tell you what I think."
Ludie stood up and got out of the bed, bowed to Tigre, and then exited the room.

After the door was closed for three seconds, Tigre sighed quietly and looked at the black bow at hand.

❄

Mila stood in the dark corridor, looking up at the ceiling in a daze, as if relieved. It was only ten steps away from Tigre's room.

—Why am I eavesdropping...

Regret and anxiety are tumbling in her mind.

Not long ago, Mila had planned to come to Tigre's room, and had a long time to talk to him. However, when she walked nearby, she saw Ludie walk in.

Although Mila believed Tigre, she was curious as to what the two men were going to say. If it's a political topic of Brune, just leave it by yourself. After convincing herself this way, Mila pressed her ear to the door.

However, Mila heard something that shocked her even more.

The fact that Tigre was asked to serve Prince Regnas did not surprise Mila. Now Tigre has connections with the dignitaries of the three neighboring countries, and this alone is a rare talent.

In addition, Tigre's strength itself is also very strong. He has learned many things about becoming a lord in the future. Presumably he can achieve results no matter on the battlefield or in the management domain, Mila has such confidence.

For this reason, the fact that Ludie came to persuade Tigre is even a matter of course.

What really surprised Mila was actually the paragraph that Ludie said he wanted to change Brune.
Although Ludie may not have realized this, her remarks undoubtedly pierced Tigre's heart accurately.

—*How can people refuse this?*

If there is such a method that can be recognized in the country where you grew up and rise up step by step, then this method is definitely better. Presumably Tigre's father and the leaders of Alsace would also be very happy.

If you don't consider Mila's thoughts about Tigre, this is also a good proposal for Olmutz. If Tigre really becomes the king's confidant, it means that Mila will also be able to connect with Brune's political center in the future.

All the benefits that Tigre gained by serving Regnas were something that Mila and Olmutz could not give him. Mila should have happily pushed him from behind him.

‘Obviously, I know these things very well, but I still hope that he can decisively reject this proposal’, Mila thought.

If possible, she really wants to hear Tigre say that he would shoot an arrow at Blue Star.

When Ludie finished the conversation and left the room, Mila left the door in a panic and hid here. After this, this conversation has been lingering in her mind, making her sigh.

At this moment, she suddenly heard a loud noise coming from a distance. It may be that the nearby knights or vassals mentioned by Bressol have arrived.

Mila closed her eyes. After muttering: "smile, smile", the corners of his mouth were raised consciously. After maintaining this state for about five seconds, she opened her eyes, walked to Tigre's room, and knocked on the door to call him:
"Reinforcements seem to be here. Let's go and see together."

Tigre immediately opened the door and came out to see Mila. Immediately afterward, the two walked outside by side toward the corridor.

❄

They were eating dinner in a hall on the first floor of the fortress this day.

Bressol generously opened the granary to help the soldiers of the Knights and lords who had just arrived here. Not only did they prepare several plates of roasted whole lamb and roasted whole chicken, but they also put wine and ale barrels in the corner, and even moved a new barrel of wine after they had finished drinking. The salted fish soup and the stewed potatoes topped with cheese are even more popular.

However, Tigre has no chance to enjoy these delicacies, because he must go with Ludie and Bressol to greet important people.

Although Tigre’s unknown relationship so far made them almost stunned when they heard the name, when Bressol mentioned in a relaxed tone that he had hunted three prey, several people were all stunned. He showed an expression of admiration.

"The next time you fight, please let me see your skills."

Ludie smiled at Tigre. She is wearing a black and white military uniform.

"Shouldn’t you be in a dress? This kind of occasion is the same as a banquet, right?"

Tigre originally wanted to make a joke with her, but Ludie raised her eyebrows and joked:

"I didn't expect to hear this from you, Tigre. It seems that you have grown a lot. However, you have to wait until the celebration party to talk about this kind of thing. If you behave well enough, I can consider asking you to help choose the dress I will wear then."
At this moment, a man walked towards them from a distance. The man’s age was visually over 30 years old. With a sharp face, his body is also quite strong and reliable.

"Isn't this Luke? It's been a long time. How is Lord Mashas's life?"

"He is fine. He even has the energy to visit neighboring lords personally to recruit companions."

Luke is one of Mashas Rodant's men and also has a friendship with Tigre.

According to him, Raffinac and Goruin arrived at Mashas's house ten days ago. After learning that both of them were safe, Tigre finally let go of the stone in his heart.

It is said that after listening to what happened, Masha agreed to this matter without saying a word. After sending Luke as a commander and bringing fifty soldiers here, he went to help them recruit their companions as much as possible.

"Raffinac and the others rested with us for two days, and then set off for Asvarre."

"Luke, thank you for your willingness to come and help me, and thank you for coming and telling me the whereabouts of the two of Raffinac."

“I knew Lord Tigre you would say that. Now I can let go of the burden on my shoulders. When this battle is over, please come to Otter. Mashas-sama will surely be very happy.”

“Of course it’s okay. I’ll definitely go.”

Although Tigre still wants to say a little more with Luke, because Bressol and Ludie are already calling their past relationship, he had to temporarily end the topic. After patted each other's shoulders and made an agreement with him to "wait and drink together", Tigre left there.

At this moment, Tigre suddenly remembered Olga's affairs, and prayed to the gods for her peace in his heart. However, since Raffinac and the others
can reach Otto smoothly, she must have arrived in the royal capital safely at this time.

Mila leaned against the wall, sipping wine, and looked at Tigre in a daze. Because she couldn't express her identity as a warrior, she could only stand by and look at them in such humble clothes. She didn't speak to anyone, even if someone spoke to her, she ignored it.

As a Brune, Tigre was surrounded by groups of Brunes and deepened the exchanges with each other.

Although what happened in front of me was a fairly normal scene, it gave Mila a feeling that there was no place of her own.

-If I don't have to hide my identity as a warrior, can I stay by his side, talk and laugh with him, have dinner, walk hand in hand, even arm arms?

But from an objective point of view, this kind of appearance is a bit too intimate.

After a few sighs, Mila left the hall.

❄

This night, Mila suffered from insomnia.

She looked up at the dark ceiling and rolled several times. It's really nothing, she murmured in her mouth.

——Is it because you drank too much wine? Or is it because I'm going to be on the battlefield in a few days and I'm so nervous that I can't sleep?

Although she randomly found several reasons, she denied them one by one after a while. In fact, she knew very well in her heart that she didn't fall asleep because of these relationships.

Unspeakable anxiety and dissatisfaction is entrenched in the depths of her mind.
After a deep sigh, Mila stood up. Mila put a coat on her pajamas and walked out of the room. As the door closed, Lavias, who was leaning against the wall, caught his eye. Mila wanted to say that if something happened, she would call for help, so she didn't look back to get it.

The night breeze in spring is not cold. And because there are pine trees at intervals on the walls, the corridors are not completely painted. After saluting the soldiers in charge of guarding, Mila walked out to the corridor.

When Mila looked down at the atrium from the window, she saw several bonfires lit there. Because the size of the Loizen Fortress is not large enough to accommodate all the soldiers, there will be thousands of soldiers staying overnight in places like the atrium or outside the fortress.

Looking away from the atrium, Mila continued to walk down the corridor. But just before reaching the end of the corridor, Mila noticed the presence of a figure. When Mila ready to take a word to each other, and against the familiar dark eyes to capture its true face, she cannot help but be surprised to emit the sound:

"Ludie ......?"

"Yes ...... Mila right?"

Silhouette with a confused voice responded to her and walked towards her. The moonlight illuminates the true face of the figure from outside the window, and the person who came is really not who she thought.

"What's the matter? why come to this place at night?"

"I just couldn't sleep somehow. What about you?"

"Me too." Ludie replied with a wry smile.

"It’s been a long time since I couldn’t sleep because of my nervousness."

"Is it because of the fighting?"
At Mila’s question, Ludie replied, "That’s right." Then in a blink of an eye she looked out of the window.

"However, I don’t feel scared. As long as I think of Tigre behind me, I can look at the front and fight with peace of mind. Although I may not express it very clearly, this is my state of mind now. Let's go."

Ludie's sincere confession was like an extremely small spike, which pierced deeply into Mila's heart. Mila gently squeezed her right fist hidden under her coat, and leaned against the wall. And asked Ludie in a nonchalant tone:

"? ...... is how that you look at it Tigre?"

Ludie turned to look at the Mila and hand over her chest, her head down so replied:

"I think he is a very strange man."

Ludie's answer made Mila uneasy. Ludie continued in front of Mila, who was holding his breath and said:

"When I met him in the fortress of Navarre, I felt that I had to protect him. Although Tigre was cautious enough to do things, he was nevertheless cautious. this shortcoming has not taken care of themselves in. when the two of us escaped underground passage, said he heard the next step is to get back to his partner, I noticed that he did not correct this shortcoming come."

Mila can clearly feel the little enthusiasm in Ludie's words when she said these words.

"The reason why I formed this guerrilla is also because I want to use my reputation to protect Tigre's relationship. But now it seems that my idea is completely wrong. He is not the kind that needs me to protect him. Tigre has grown to a point where he can face straight forward even when he is suspected and pursued.”
The night breeze from outside the window was blowing with his silver hair. Ludie continued:

"Since we left Charles's path... Whenever I saw his face and heard his voice, I would immediately feel energetic. If he was by my side, I even feel that I can go to the ends of the world. It is no longer impossible to help His Royal Highness. This makes me feel a little strange."

Under the coat, Mila firmly squeezed her right fist. Even to the point where the nails pierce the palm. She didn't know why she was so restless. Is it because it's midnight in the middle of the night that she let herself be so bloody?

"I can give Tigre not much. But if he is willing to accept me, I even thought about the possibility of getting married with him."

Mila nearly shouted. The reason why she didn't make a sound was simply that she was too surprised. With her eyes wide open and her face stiff, Mila kept staring at Ludie intently.

Although Ludie couldn't clearly see Mila's expression at this time because of the dim light, she still noticed Mila's current reaction. Ludie covered her cheek with her hands, showing a shy look.

"Hug, sorry. I also think that I am a bit too self-talking about this matter. But I think as long as I marry him, even if the Vorn family communicates with several war maidens at the same time, no one will think that Isn’t that weird? And—I want to stay by his side forever."

Mila was speechless in every sense of the word.

This is an idea that only the lady of the duke's family can realize, and Mila is absolutely unable to realize it. Moreover, her approach did not deviate from the principles of the noble lords on the matter of political marriage.

If Ludie marries Tigre, there must be no objection between Brune and Zhcted. For Brune, Tigre, who had a lot of friendship with the Vanadis,
obeyed himself as his own country’s courtiers, and for Zhcted, they became a figure trusted by the kings and dukes with intimate friendships.

As far as Vorn's family is concerned, they married a lady from a high-ranking duke's family. It can even be said to be a very glorious thing.

Among them, Ludie said that she wanted to stay by Tigre's, which had an unprecedented impact on Mila. Although it was only a moment, she even felt like she was about to fall.

--- Has your arrow hit Blue Star?

Mila has been waiting for Tigre to come to her side so far.

Not only did she never take the initiative to go to Tigre's side, but also never thought of leaving all the baggage behind and becoming the wife of the Lord of Alsace.

Of course, she knew very well that there is a huge difference in status between herself and Tigre.

If Mila wants to get married to Tigre, she must overcome countless difficulties. Ludie's method is the simpler one.

There was so little that Mila could give Tigre. Compared with herself, Ludie can undoubtedly help Tigre in more things.

Although she would never lose to her for her longing for Tigre, what's the point?

"This idea is quite aristocratic."

Mila said with an ambiguous attitude mixed with surprise and admiration and an extremely restrained voice.

Mila could never say how she felt about Tigre. Doing so will not only deepen the suspicion of others about Tigre, in the worst case, it may even cause both Brune and Zhcted to tear their faces.
And more importantly, she didn't want to tell her about this.

"Right. I think so too."

After Ludie answered with a smile, then he said to Mila:

"Sorry, it took you a lot of time. But thanks to you, I am finally relieved. What should I say, I can organize my mood when you are there, and I can spit out the true thoughts in my heart quickly. Then... I wish you a good dream."

She quickly finished the last paragraph and paralleled it. After a salute, Ludie left here with her silver hair. Mila just stood there, watching her disappear into the darkness.

Thirty seconds after Mila couldn't see Ludie at all, she sighed deeply in the darkness. Obviously she didn't say much, but she felt exhausted physically and mentally.

——What should I do?

In the corner of the subconscious, a calm self was smiling and saying to himself, "Do you really plan to think about this kind of thing on the eve of the battle?"

At the same time, the other self said to herself, "This kind of thing waits. Wouldn't it be okay to ask Tigre tomorrow?"

The third one said something like this: "I have to act first before Tigre is taken away. No matter if he is physically or in any way, he has to be dealt with--"

Several things can't help but appear in her mind. They were holding Tigre tightly in an almost naked posture, and the self who was riding on Tigre who was sleeping. Mila blushed.

Mila shook her head hastily and canceled these thoughts. However, this also gave her some ideas.
If Ludie made the same actions as these, how would Tigre respond?

This reminded her of the strange dream she had had before. That dream of Tigre surrounded by multiple women headed by Elen and Sofy. Tigre's dream of getting along well with those women.

The scene where Tigre and Ludie watched each other silently came to mind. Although she doesn’t know who acted first, the two of them are trying to reach out and hug each other, and she can only watch this scene happen in silence.

"—Mila?"

The surprised voice pulled Mila back to reality.

After a closer look, she discovered that Tigre was standing in front of him. Although Mila's mouth was open and closed, it was not until after a breath that she finally spoke.

"You, why did you come here...?"

"I just woke up. After taking a short walk, I want to say that it's time to go back to the room. Mila, you?"

"I have some insomnia. "

As soon as Mila finished speaking, Tigre put his hand on her shoulder.

"Are you okay? Are you in good physical condition?"

Compared to being cared for by Tigre, being able to have ordinary conversations with him is the most reassuring to Mila. Tigre placed his hand gently on the palm of his hand.

"My body is fine. But thank you for your concern."

"It's fine.... However, a lot of things have happened since arriving at the Navarre Fortress to today. It must have caused you a lot of trouble."
"It's nothing like that."

Mila thought. The words that came to mind blurted out.

"Haven't you helped me several times so far? Do you think I have caused you trouble?"

As soon as Mila finished speaking, Tigre tilted his head and thought.

"It must be a lie to say that I haven't thought about it this way, but I also helped you do that out of my own accord. And I got a good pay."

"Pay...?"

Mila frowned. Under the slight disturbance of the night wind, Tigre took a step forward.

A pair of well-trained arms hugged Mila tightly. The two who put their faces together, slowly stretched their palms toward each other's back. Every heat in Tigre's body was transmitted directly.

"We couldn't do such a thing when we first met, right?"

The voice slowly melted into his heart. The heat gradually warmed the body.

"Yes."

Mila relaxed the strength of her body and leaned her body against Tigre.

Mila had a feeling that her stiff face was slowly relaxing, and her stiff heart was slowly melting. This kind of warm happiness that envelops her whole body, she wants to enjoy it forever.

"Go back to the topic just now." Tigre continued while holding Mila.

"I don't want to treat this kind of thing as a troublesome thing. It's my real idea. The view on this point is the same as yours, but it is because I did it voluntarily that I don't want to treat it as a hard thing."
"This is indeed like what you would say."

A bitter laugh came into my ears, and the hands surrounding me were touching me tenderly.

"The people who taught me hunting have taught me that even if I am doing something I like, sometimes I will inevitably come up with thoughts like "It's really troublesome and tired." This kind of thing is not strange at all. In fact, at such times, the best solution is to reach a conclusion as soon as possible, "Forget it, there is no other way.""

Mila nodded his head. Although she couldn't change her thinking mode immediately, she had already engrained this sentence deeply in her psychology.

Then, Mila took the evening breeze and uttered the words entrenched in her heart.

"Actually, what I've been worrying about is that you were suspected of being a treason."

Mila hugged Tigre's arm and naturally used force. Mila went on to say,

"Is the matter of marrying you really good for you?"

She did not say what Ludie had said to herself. Because that was originally what Ludie should have told Tigre himself.

"Why do you ask this?"

Tigre laughed. Mila was a little dissatisfied with his reaction.

"Is it weird? If this continues, you will always be suspected?"

After Mila frankly expressed her dissatisfaction, Tigre patted her on the back lightly and comforted:

"I have also thought about things. However, the first thing I thought of was actually what His Royal Highness Adris told me."
Mila showed an incredible expression. What did the prince of Sachenstein say to Tigre?

"The day before bidding farewell to His Highness. The two of us talked a lot about things, and I told him what I liked about you at the time. His Highness listened carefully to what I said and understood my thoughts."

Idris is in love with Valtrotti, the ruler of the Lawrence family, who is quite powerful in Sachenstein. However, the relationship between the royal family and the local tyrants has become increasingly fierce recently. If the two want to get married, they must overcome all kinds of difficulties next.

"At that time, His Highness told me a way. And this way is to accept "blessings"."

"Blessings...?"

Mila tilted her head. Isn’t this kind of blessing something that you will receive from others after you become a husband and wife?

"It means that we have to let the big figures with considerable say one by one say "I wish them a good relationship for a hundred years" to remove external obstacles. By the way, His Highness Adris has already said that if I have this intention, he can write a letter and send it over at any time."

Mila, who was speechless, couldn't help but let out a dazed voice.

She understands the truth. When a pair of people in love meets strong opposition from their parents, they can identify their relationship through friends in relatives, colleagues at work, celebrities in the town, or very influential people. To soften the parents' views on this matter.

"His Royal Highness also said that it is easier to say blessings than to persuade certain people, and the people who will agree to this kind of thing are actually much more than expected."

Mila admired. This is a political tactic that Tigre never thought of. Adris is worthy of being the prince of a country, a figure who will support the whole
of Sachenstein in the future.

Then, this is indeed a possible method. Tigre has established a lot of military exploits so far. He met many people and gained their trust.

"However, your Highness also said that this method has a drawback."

Tigre added jokingly:

"If we are not happy after we get married, it will put those who bless us to shame. This is the only thing you should pay attention to... That's what he said."

"This is indeed a problem."

Mila replied in a nonchalant tone, and after letting go of her hands, she stared at Tigre and said:

"The intimacy that can be blessed by everyone, I feel a little embarrassed after speaking out in person."

"However, I think this is a good way."

Tigre continued with a smile,

"Although I once felt that I had to shoot arrows to Blue Star with my own strength. But... If everyone's support can push me to a higher position..."

Mila nodded.

Although when it comes to shooting the arrow to Blue Star, she had to let Tigre do it himself after all. However, if it is to help Tigre raise support for such a trivial matter, he can do it himself. What she can do is more than just waiting for his arrival.

After looking at each other affectionately, the two overlapped their lips. The figures of the two also overlapped under the shining of moonlight.

Their overlapping shadows showed no sign of separation for a while.
early in the morning, Ludie and Bressol were at the Loizen fortress in front of all convene soldiers.

Countless flags headed by the Red Horse Flag are waving in the wind. Lottie stood on the wooden steps, watching the soldiers and knights.

"I am Ludiene of Bergerac's family, please allow me to repeat the current situation to you here."

Ludie said in a loud and calm voice that Bachelard and his team framed Regnas. They attacked the Navarre Fortress with Roland, and they later attacked Vartan's mansion and took many lives. This not only caused an uproar among the soldiers, but several people even started yelling.

"Surely one day, Bachelard will extend the clutches of his hands to us or our cherished family and friends. In order to regain the justice and peace of Brune, we must fight against him before this!"

The soldiers shouted together, raising their arms in response.

Tigre and Mila stayed some distance from the soldiers and knights, looking at them.

"The morale is good, but..."

Tigre's voice was mixed with a little anxiety for the soldiers and knights.

"This doesn't conceal the fact that this is a mixed army that hastily formed, right."

Mila made a harsh comment at a volume that only Tigre could hear. In the eyes of Mila, who had commanded tens of thousands of troops, the steps of the soldiers and knights after the entire line were obviously messy.

"However, the other party is no different from us at this point. Sure enough, the key to the victory or defeat in how far Ludie and I can suppress Bachelard."
"I beg you. I will do my best. I can do things well."

Although Tigre said so, he is not confident at all now.

—*It would be nice if you could give me some more time.*

Give me time to gain the trust of others, so that I can personally lead a troop.

"This is no way."

Mila poked Tigre's flanks lightly. Encouraging him with a smile:

"You don't need to be so worried, Tigre."

After nodding, Tigre quietly shook her hand.

In this way, the Bergerac guerrilla group, with a total number of five thousand as the commander-in-chief of Ludie, left the Loizen Fortress.

They Advance to the vast Tierce Plain in the south.
Chapter 5 - Midway

Thierse is a gentle grassland that can be reached within a day's journey from the south of the Loizen Fortress. The trees here are very sparse, with only one river flowing from the south. It is a place where the knight's mobility and assault power can be utilized to the fullest.

The next morning after leaving the Loizen fortress, the Bergerac guerrillas arrived in Thierse.

By the way, the knights and lords who joined the army had no objection to the term Bergerac. After all, only in the name of Bergerac’s family can it be possible to stand up against Ganelon and Bachelard in terms of identity. If the names of other lords are used as titles, it will inevitably make people feel dwarfed.

In addition, the news that the Bergerac family blatantly contradicted Bachelard has long been known. If you want to convey the message "We exist here" to Prince Regnas who is in the fortress of Lannion, you Can't find a better way than using this name.

Although doing so will increase the burden on Ludie, she herself behaves quite cheerfully, and she seems to be the same as usual.

On the other hand, the coalition army of lords led by Bachelard has already arrived here.

Before this battle started, they had already begun to call themselves the "Bachelard Army". Perhaps they wanted to make the name of Bachelard in the process of calming down the north. These are Mila's views on this matter.
Although there are countless flags flying here, the most eye-catching one is undoubtedly the Red Horse Flag, followed by the banner of the Duke of Ganelon with a golden unicorn painted on a green background.

There are no clouds in the blue sky. The sparse weeds covering the ground exude a bright light due to the injected sunlight.

Here, the base camp of the guerrillas, Tigre, Mila, Ludie and Bressol gathered together. They are discussing combat strategies around the map. Bressol stroked his rough beard and said,

"According to the report sent by the scouts sent yesterday, the enemy has a total of 4,000 troops, and there is no increase or decrease. Cavalry and infantry have 1,000 ounces each. Two thousand people."

Although the commander-in-chief of the guerrillas was Ludie, the person who actually commanded the battle was actually Bressol. After all, only Bressol, who has had several connections with these knights and lords, is the best candidate to command this mixed army.

"I heard that the enemy arrived here yesterday afternoon. What preparations are they doing?"

Bressol said bitterly under the inquiry of Ludie,

"They blocked the river in the south. The stagnant water makes the surrounding land quite muddy. It is a common method used by blockade cavalry."

Tigre glanced at the chess pieces placed on the map. The guerrillas and the Bachelard army were deployed on the east and west sides of Thierse, respectively. To put it simply, the left wing of our army and the right wing of the enemy can't do things like roundabout flanks.

"The number of knights and infantry in our army are two thousand and three thousand respectively. It is not bad to be able to lead the opponent in number."

Mila smiled. In order for the two to suppress Bachelard together, she is responsible for assisting Ludie. Mila carried Lavias on her shoulders, perhaps because it hadn't taken apart the fabric for a long time to breathe, and it was emitting a brighter light than usual.

"Is Prince Bachelard really strong?" When Bressol asked in a silly manner, Mila said in a serious tone:

"Very strong. Like Lord Roland, that man has the ability to change the battlefield situation on his own."

Mila recalled the battle with the Muozinel Army last year. Roland relied on single-handedly killing the elephant, which severely thwarted the morale of many Muozinel soldiers. You don't want to be an enemy of him. This was Mila's thoughts from the bottom of her heart at the time.

"It's up to me and Ludie to take care of him, and I'm up to you for other things."

After Bressol nodded to Mila, he looked at Tigre with apologetic expression.

"Sorry, Lord Tigrevurmud. Although I have mentioned that to them several times, but..."

"It's okay, you don't have to care so much."

Tigre shook his head. Before leaving the fortress, Tigre suggested something to Bressol.

He can lead a team of knights to carry out an assault to shoot and kill the commander of the enemy army. This is the method he used when he was at war with the Muozinel Army. Although Tigre once thought that this strategy could be achieved on this battlefield, because the knights who wanted to follow Tigre were dissatisfied with the relationship with bows, this plan was temporarily put aside.
"As long as I see how I am active on the battlefield; I believe someone will change his mind. I will wait for the next opportunity. Although that is the case, the best situation is still in this battle. Let this matter come to an end."

"Don't use too much force to grab credit."

Mila said witty words, and both Ludie and Bressol both smiled bitterly.

After confirming other related matters, the four people rode on their horses. After looking at each other, they set off for their respective battlefields.

Soon after, the sound of the horn sounded through the entire grassland, and the two armies began to organize their formations at the same time.

The Bergerac guerrillas have a thousand soldiers in the center, right and left flank respectively. There are 1,500 knights in the rear of the center unit. Then, further back, there are 500 knights as reserve forces. On standby.

And the person in charge of the whole army was Bressol, who stayed with 1,500 knights.

The Ultra soldiers led by Tigre and Luke are on the right flank, while Mila and Ludie are on the front line of the central army.

The formation of the Bachelard army is basically the same as that of the guerrillas. They deployed a thousand infantry on the two wings and the center, leaving a thousand cavalry on standby in the rear, and there was no reserve of troops.

"It seems that the ideas on both sides are the same."

After learning of the enemy's formation, Mila, who was standing next to Ludie, frowned.

To put it simply, this tactic is the strategy of letting the infantry meet each other in short order, and when any position of the center, the left or the right wing has an advantage, then send the cavalry to that battlefield to determine the victory and defeat in one fell swoop. Of course, this tactic is more
advantageous to the party with the numerical advantage. The reason why the enemy forces would use this tactic even when they are at a disadvantage in terms of numbers, is probably because they trust the strength of Bachelard.

"Mila," Ludie looked back at Mila. Her heterochromatic pupils are full of fighting spirit.

"It's up to us to achieve victory."

"Yeah," Mila agreed.

Waving the red horse flag, the two armies gradually narrowed the distance. Although the Brune warriors would not use bows and arrows, the infantry in the front row would each prepare a stone as big as a fist.

At this moment, a man rode out from the center of the Bachelor Army.

He has short, faded white hair, a tall slender body, wearing a white-based military uniform, and a white sword on his shoulders. And this person is Bachelard.

He rode up leisurely and yelled at the guerrillas:

"Stupid knights who raised spears to the royal family! I only give you guys one chance!"

The guerrilla soldiers chirped. What does he want to say?

"A chance to beg me for forgiveness! Abandon your weapon, take off your helmet, kneel on your feet, and speak out your sins and punishments loudly! You are a group of sinners. Not only did you try to assassinate me, but you also raised your sword at me, and even formed a party. Let's disturb the peace of the kingdom together. Nothing you have done is forgivable!"

"Stop talking to me!", Ludie acted in front of the dumbfounded Mila. She pushed away the infantry and went to the front. It seemed that she could no longer continue to listen in silence.
"There is no evidence at all. Treating the royal family and loyal officials as sinners is your method as a prince! If you believe that you are the righteous party, isn't it time to report the matter to your majesty in an upright manner? But, you recruited soldiers to attack the fortress. Who is the one who did the unforgivable thing!"

"Who else is it? I think this is not the Bergerac’s family who can only be seen by running speed."

Bachelard sneered.

"Your Majesty is also a father after all. Even if my men cry to him about this matter, it is impossible to be useful at all! It is precisely because of this that I have to raise the sword in my hand. However, this kind of thing is probably not yours. These guys who can live freely can understand it."

Bachelard said these words not to Ludie but to the soldiers. For most soldiers, a nobleman like the king or Bergerac was just a "big man" at best. In contrast, the concubine prince was closer to them. Not to mention, the prince was in the same position as them before.

"No matter what your position is, lying and atrocities are impossible to be allowed! I think you are the kind of drunk who would wave a bottle while talking big words in a wine shop in a remote area, right? Go to the river to the south and wash your face and then come back?"

After being harassed with such crude words, Bachelard looked dumbfounded. The guerrilla soldiers laughed one by one.

"It's really rude. It seems that I underestimated you. So, let's use the sword to divide the winners and losers!"

After quickly sorting out his mood, Bachelard raised the big sword straightly, and then swung it.

Under a roar of rage, Bachelard's soldiers marched forward.
Ludie also raised the sword in her hand. The sword body was shining in the sunlight, and the military flag fluttered and flew under the wind. The shouts of the soldiers of the guerrillas were no less inferior to the roar of the Bachelard army just now.

After hearing this roar that could shake the atmosphere, the soldiers on the left and right wings also roared and started to move. The two armies threw stones at each other, and collided head-on at the same time, causing dust to fly for a while.

Thus began the battle of Thierse.

The guerrilla infantry is holding a weapon in his right hand, a shield in his left hand, an iron helmet on his head, and a chain mail. The infantry of the Bachelard Army was lighter than them. Although they also had weapons and shields, they wore leather caps on their heads and leather armor reinforced with iron plates on their bodies.

When they came to the distance where they could see the other side's face clearly, they slashed at each other with their weapons without saying a word. In addition to slashing with a sword, stabbing with a spear, and slashing with an axe, some people choose to knock down the enemy directly with their bodies. Blood was flying, mourning, and the fallen people were trampled by enemy troops and partners.

Among them, one person showed overwhelming power, and he was Bachelard.

He bravely rushed into the guerrilla infantry and swung a cross with a big sword. The heads of the two soldiers immediately flew into the air with the blood stains. Immediately afterwards, he chopped the head and iron helmet of an infantry in half, and cut off the other infantry from the chest to the shoulders and the chain mail from top to bottom.

The miserable situation in front of him and his overwhelming power made the infantry look back ashen.
"What's the matter? The prince came here to be your opponent specially. Just let the horse come."

Ludie drove to the provocative Bachelard. Although she had planned to come and confront him as soon as possible, the soldiers of Bachelard came in groups to obstruct her way, which caused her to be late.

"Your opponent is me, Bachelard!"

"I'm coming so soon, Miss. You fought well just now. It's worth encouraging."

Bachelard played her lips, carrying a big sword on her shoulders. Move your foot out of the stirrup.

Ludie clenched the sword in her hand and rode her horse.

Bachelard kicked his horse hard and jumped up. Cut directly at Ludie from the head. Ludie, who wanted to block the blow with a sword, changed her mind at the last moment and jumped off her horse.

The scream of horses tore the atmosphere. Accompanied by the violent sound of crushing flesh and blood, blood spewed out like a jet of water. Bachelard's great sword chopped the horse and saddle on which Ludie was riding in half.

"Good judgment."

After landing, Bachelard briefly praised Ludie, who had just gotten up after rolling to the ground. Everyone except Ludie was restrained in place because of fear, unable to move. This is simply not something that humans can do.

With a shout, Ludie kicked the ground and rushed out. Bachelard picked up the great sword and prepared to meet.

The two swords collided with each other, and a piercing sound of swords rang. The Great Sword, which could make the flesh and blood fly out by just rubbing it, made a piercing sound and attacked Ludie. After Sacrificing
a few silver hairs, Ludie escaped the great sword that went with the storm. She aimed at Bachelard's chin, jumped up, and slashed.

However, Ludie's sword hit something, only cutting off the collar of Bachelard's uniform. It wasn't until she landed and retreated that Bachelard deliberately touched the hilt of the great sword.

"It's a shame that I played it just now. Not long ago, my sword was blocked by someone using this place. At that time, I thought I would try it someday. If I didn't think of that incident, I am afraid that his jaw has been cut open now."

Ludie gritted his teeth in surprise. This was supposed to give the opponent no time to withdraw the sword to block the killing blow. But such a blow was blocked by his small hilt.

"Your movements are much more refined than when you met in the Navarre Fortress. Then let's continue, Miss."

Bachelard provokes Ludie with both hands open.

You don't need to talk about this kind of thing. Ludie took a light breath, then spit it out, charging him from the front.

Bachelard slashed at Ludie with a big sword. After Ludie escaped this close proximity and even felt the slash of the wind, she took a quick step and raised the sword towards the opponent's head.

Bachelard leaned on her unusually soft body and let her upper body fall backward. After avoiding Ludie's sword, he quickly slashed with a big sword from bottom to top.

There was a flame between the sword and the sword. Ludie's body flew out as if it had been bounced, and finally rolled to the ground. Because her instinct told her that it was too late to avoid the blow in the usual way, Ludie slammed her sword into the big sword.
After finishing the posture, there was a fierce conflict between the two again. This time the two sides fought a fierce hand-to-hand battle. They kept swapping positions, flashes and sparks splashed out. The sharp and harsh metal banged. While the sword in Ludie's hand turned in the air, it flew out in a parabolic trajectory.

However, she was not timid at all, but proceeded to the next action without any surprise. She immediately picked up a spear that fell to the ground and stabbed a stab.

After a crisp sound, the big sword in Bachelard's hand was struck down.

"Enlightenment!"

Ludie pierced at Bachelard's throat for the second time.

However, the spear head stopped where it was about to pierce.

It was Bachelard who held the handle of the spear and blocked the blow. He had a creepy but strong arm strength. Even though the panicked Ludie wanted to withdraw the weapon, the spear seemed to be frozen in the slightest.

Bachelard smiled and raised his wrist. Ludie, who should have thrown down her weapon and retreated immediately, reflexively clasped the spear with his hands. This made her feet off the ground and into the air.

The soldiers could not help screaming. Because Bachelard actually raised the spear along with Ludie's body.

The handle of the spear was folded in half, and Ludie fell to the ground. Immediately afterwards, Bachelard threw the broken spear over. Because she couldn't escape the blow, Ludie's expression looked quite nervous.

The sound of metal hitting sounded. Another spear pierced in front of Ludie blocked the broken spear back.
The tip of the spear is sharp like a block of ice, ornaments that are the same as works of art, and a flow of cold air that cannot be observed with the naked eye. At the same time, this spear possesses these, and it is only the Snow Princess of the Frozen Wave, wielding The waving dragon gear Lavias.

"I will be your opponent next."

Mila pushed the soldiers away and stepped forward. Although she was attacked by Bachelard, she still waved Lavias and rushed forward indefinitely. The reason why she didn't come here on horseback was because she anticipated that the horse might be afraid of Bachelard, so she abandoned the horse before she came.

Mila pulled the dragon gear from the ground and stared at Bachelard to protect Ludie's safety. At the same time, Bachelard picked up the great sword that had fallen to the ground.

"It seems that the soldiers of the lords are different from the mercenaries and lack a bit of fighting spirit. But I set up a thousand gold coins as a bounty for the two of you. I also told them the detailed characteristics of the two of you. Say yes. If you catch it alive, it will be handled by the person who caught it."

Like a teacher who was traumatized by a problem child, Bachelard sighed.

"It's because the amount of reward you offered is missing three zeros, right?"

Mila replied while remaining vigilant and set the frame. After seeing the tragic situation of several corpses lying in a pool of blood in front of her, Mila once again realized the horror of Bachelard.

"By the way, wasn't there another Vanadis who was present at the Navarre Fortress? Where is her?" Under Bachelard's question, Mila frowned.

Where did he learn that the two of them were about Vanadis?
It was at this moment that Mila noticed that the light from the ruby adorned on the head of Lavias's spear gradually became stronger. Lavias is alerting her of the figure of Bachelard.

"I don't understand what you are talking about."

"Don't pretend to be a fool. If she's here, do I have to cut you out to get her out?"

Bachelard immediately kicked off the ground as soon as she finished speaking. Come up. Came in front of Mila in an instant.

Mila immediately held Lavias with both hands on the ground. Prepare to take on this fierce offensive from the top-down attack.

In the next moment, a strong shock hit Mila. She failed to hold her body and fell backward.

If she hadn't fallen, her leg bones would undoubtedly be broken. If the weapon that took this heavy blow was not a dragon gear, she would undoubtedly have been chopped in half. His weird power is like Torbalan; the demon she had fought against in Asvarre.

—Lavias, this man is not a demon, but...!

Mila looked at Bachelard's gloved right hand. Although she doesn’t know the reason, his hand seems to throw Lavias into chaos.

Mila thought of the demons she had encountered on the Charles Trail. Speaking of it, there seemed to be a few demons possessing this kind of power among the enemies encountered at that time. So, even if Bachelard's right hand really has any power, it is not surprising at all.

Just when Bachelard was about to suppress it with a big sword, Ludie, who had already picked up her sword, slashed towards him. Bachelard immediately avoided the blow.

With the support of Ludie, Mila reluctantly stood up.
—How long can the two of us suppress him?

Despite the fear and anxiety in her heart, Mila's eyes have been fixed on the blood-stained prince.

❄

Just as Mila and Ludie were in a hard fight with Bachelard as their opponents, Tigre also appeared quite anxious on the right wing of the partisans.

After the fierce conflict in the prologue, the enemy's left flank raised its shield without any gaps, and began the defense. Even if our army threw stones at them or stabbed them with spears and swords, they hardly counterattacked, they just endured blindly.

Of course, the grass here is also full of blood-stained corpses of friendly and enemy troops, broken spears and shields dropped to the ground, but the number is obviously much smaller than that in the center.

Although Tigre also advanced and shot a few arrows with the Altman, none of them produced any significant effects. Although there was indeed a little chaos after shooting the enemy's commander, the left wing of the Bachelard army would retreat more than a dozen steps and immediately arrange the opposition, and there was no sign of collapse.

—If you have a certain number of cavalry, you can carry out an assault, and then you can shoot the arrow to the farther position.

Even if he led Otto's soldiers to implement this plan, they would only be pushed back by the enemy when they had only fifty soldiers. If it is not good, it may even receive a strong counterattack from the enemy.

—Are they waiting for Bachelard to breakthrough....

The bloody and earthy smell from the drifting made Tigre look bitter, and at the same time it made him gritted his teeth anxiously.
Maybe I should go to assist Mila and Ludie. Although he understood that when the two of them were intersecting with Bachelard's sword and halberd, he chose to come to the right wing on the basis that he had no chance to shoot arrows, but now it seems that this choice may have been miscalculated.

At this moment, Luke, who was in charge of liaising with other troops, returned to the team.

"No one in the other units seems to want to take active actions. They said they would block the enemy forces in front of them, and wait for changes in the center or left wing before they act."

"That's it. Thanks for your hard work..."

Tigre could not dispute this judgment. Because it was the right thing to do.

— _Would you like to try to launch another offensive?_

Maybe something will change this time. Or is it necessary to move troops directly to the central army or the left wing? If you just took the Soldiers, there shouldn't be any major problems.

— _Moreover, I always find it a bit strange to turn the surrounding rivers into muddy land._

The sense of disharmony caused by this incident made Tigre feel a little anxious.

Although Bressol once said that the enemy did this to block the actions of the cavalry. Mila and Ludie also agreed with this matter, and they could not find any other answer. However, this matter is true. Is it simple?

Just as Tigre was thinking about what to do next, a familiar knight asked the infantry to retreat to the left and right and walked over. He is one of Bressol's subordinates. He asked himself with a solemn expression:

"Lord Tigrevurmud, can you please leave here and go to the left wing?"
"What happened?"

From the face of the face, he noticed that things were not normal. Later, Tigre asked rhetorically.

"The left wing seems to have encountered a lot of trouble. I heard that a few arrows shot from a distance have killed the commanders of the small units one by one..."

Tigre's back was cold in consternation. Isn't this what I just planned to do?

It wasn't until the initial shock that a question emerged in Tigre's mind.

"...Please wait a minute. Did you just say that you were shot by a bow and arrow?"

Considered to be despised by the Brunes, at most only criminals would use the bow and arrow on the battlefield.

Obviously, every infantry on this battlefield used sling to attack the enemy.

"That's right," the knight replied with a grimace.

"The leader said, if it was you, maybe you could find out who did it."

Tigre already understood Bressol's surprise and confusion.

"I see. But, you have to bring the Soldiers."

The reason why Tigre asked so was that he hoped that some soldiers could act according to their requirements in a critical juncture.

After receiving the knight’s promise, Tigre looked back at Luke nervously and said,

"I'll take a step first. You will follow."

"I understand", after hearing Luke’s reply, Tigre and the knight rode away. The two of them left the right wing and galloped. Shuttle in the gap
The 1,500 knights were still standing in the same position they had before the battle began. After shifting his gaze, he realized that the front line of the team was fighting fiercely.

—Mila and Ludie have already started fighting with Bachelard.

The hand holding the rein was sweating. Tigre asked the knight about the current situation.

"In the center, although Bachelard took the lead in the offensive, they were all blocked by Bergerac and Lord Knight. The right wing, as you know, remained stalemate. The left wing was given the upper hand by the opponent."

Before reaching the left wing smoothly, Tigre wiped off the sweat from his palms twice with his clothes.

They let the infantry forming the left wing retreat and march forward on horseback. But the more they went forward, the queue became messier, and screams came from everywhere. Soldiers running around can be seen everywhere.

Tigre put three arrows on the bow and tightened the bowstring. The first and foremost imperative is to block back the group in charge of the enemy army. He rode his horse while shooting arrows from three different directions, and the three Bachelors fell down. This shocked both the enemy and us at the same time.

"I knew I would prepare more spare arrows."

After murmured like this, Tigre fired three more arrows, and accurately killed the lives of three enemy soldiers.
"Although I saw it during the hunting commission, it is still unbelievable..."

The knight who was standing next to Tigre on his horse seemed to be able to make such an impression.

While preparing an arrow, Tigre looked around. He found three dead bodies shot by bows and arrows. Two of the corpses were shot through the forehead, while the other was shot through the throat.

— The opponent's skill is superb. It's all a fatal blow.

Sweat broke out on Tigre's forehead. It was at this time that his body issued a warning to him. Perhaps it was his ears that helped him catch the small sound that tears through the sky. Tigre dropped the arrow in his right hand, pulled down the knight beside him, and hid it behind the horse's head.

Immediately afterwards, two arrows went straight through the heads of himself and the knight.

— It has been discovered.

What a terrible archery technique. Tigre drew the arrow from the quiver and hit it on the black bow. After getting up and pulling the bowstring to its limit, Tigre carefully observed the surroundings.

— It's coming!

When he saw an arrow flying towards him, he took his finger off the bowstring.

After the two arrows collided in the air, they split apart under the sound of hard objects colliding.

"Wh, what is going on...?"

The knight raised his head without understanding what was happening in front of him. The arrow went straight through his mouth as if waiting for him for a long time. Immediately afterwards, the knight's body slowly fell, and his head fell to the ground.
Tigre, who was resentful for not being able to save him, immediately drew a new arrow.

—Although I understand that this kind of thing is not the only thing I can do, but...

Shoot arrows from a distance of three hundred Alshins (about three hundred meters) and hit the target accurately.

No matter which country it is, the extraordinary bow and arrow technique will be admired in amazement.

Such a technique can actually be seen in Brune, who despise bows and arrows, and is still seen in the enemy.

—Speaking of which, someone actually shot an arrow at me when I was in the fortress of Navarre.

Tigre didn't recall the events of the time until now. Because he was shocked by the strength of Bachelard at the time, and after shooting the containment arrow, he was no longer hit by a counterattack, so he didn't continue to pay attention to this matter.

The arrow flew again. Tigre shot him after he shot it, staring intently at a corner of his vision. He had basically inferred the opponent's archery trajectory from the two arrows he had just shot.

—I'll take a look at who you are.

Tigre gritted his teeth to restrain his fear, and rode his horse forward. As the distance shortens, the time he can notice the arrow will of course also decrease. However, he had to know where the terrible archer was.

—I have to beat this guy, and in the worst case, I have to beat him at least.

Neither Mila nor Ludie knew about the existence of this archer. The two of them must not be his targets.
The attention of the archer in the enemy army seemed to be focused on him, and the surrounding infantry began to fight again.

The roar and howl fell one after another, the blade hit the shield, and the axe hit the arms and feet. Our soldier was stabbed by spears from three different directions and died. The enemy soldier, although dragging his battered right foot to escape from here, his head was cut off in the middle. After absorbing the blood of the dead, the grassland gradually became red-black.

During this, Tigre continued to take a step forward.

His eyes stopped on a man riding a horse. He is around twenty years old. He has blond hair and good facial features. Although he was wearing a cyan-based military uniform, he did not wear any armor.

However, he held a bow in his hand.

"Tallard...?"

Tigre thought of the name immediately. Tallard is the enemy of Asvarre, who shot Sofy with an arrow, and made them taste a lot of suffering in the Marieo’s sea battle.

—Why is this guy here?

After facing each other, he seemed to smile at himself. This may just be my own illusion. However, there is no doubt that there is nothing wrong with the fact that he raised his bow and aimed at himself.

After erasing the doubts in his mind, Tigre rallied his fighting spirit. You have to fight and defeat him. Just leave these things to think about later.

Tigre put two arrows on the black bow. Not at the same time, but shot one by one at a short interval. Even if the first arrow was shot by Tallard, the second arrow could hit him.

However, Tigre's intention was seen through by Tallard. Both his first and second were shot down.
It's not good, Tigre thought. Judging from the fact that Tallard specifically aimed at the commander of the small unit, it was very likely that he had prepared a lot of arrows in advance.

Tigre didn't notice until then that the person who was caught might be his side.

If he runs out of arrows, Tallard will again aim at our commander. Now that he knew this, Tigre had no choice but to knock down the arrows he shot one by one.

The chucking heartbeat made Tigre's face distorted, and then he heard a trumpet sound from a distance. It came from the right wing.

"What happened to the right wing...?"

At this moment, a voice yelled from behind.

"Master Tigre, are you okay?"

It was Luke who came. Before Tigre was about to say something, he breathed heavily and continued:

"On the way here, I saw the knights rushing to the right flank."

He was talking about the thousand who stayed in the center. Five hundred knights. Is Bressol planning a showdown? It is really annoying to not be able to observe the situation on the entire battlefield.

Tigre's speculation is correct. At this time, Bressol, prepared to put all the knights other than the reserve forces on the right-wing battlefield, and decided to die or die in one breath. He chose the right wing because of the least loss of troops there at this point in time.

"Luke, you stay behind with your shield. Let the soldiers retreat too. The arrow is coming."

Tigre gave this order immediately, and then began to face Tallard.
One, two, and two, the two shot arrows and competed against each other.

When Tigre became desperate because of the number of arrows left, something happened that made him show an unbelievable expression.

Tallard began to retreat. Although he had been holding a bow and arrow and posing a stance that could react to Tigre's actions at any time, he never shot another arrow.

—It's impossible that he has shot all the arrows. What does this mean?

Although this is a lucky thing for himself with only five arrows left, what is he thinking? While Tigre was in distress, several screams came from the left: "There are enemies!"

After a closer look, it was discovered that on the south side of the battlefield, a cavalry regiment galloping on top of the muddy zone appeared. The number is about two thousand. Each of them was armed with a spear and dressed in leather armor, holding aloft a flag with a golden unicorn painted on a green background.

"Bachelard Army...!"

Until this moment, Tigre truly understood the enemy's intentions.

❄

As Tallard joined the right-wing of the Bachelard army, he wipes the sweat on his forehead side exposed triumphant smile.

"—We won,"

Tallard whispered in a confident tone. After arriving at the rear of the central army, the knights noticed him, and hurriedly came to him to report on the situation.

"As you ordered, we sent all a thousand knights to the left flank to fight against the enemy knights. With the insistence of the infantry, we successfully blocked the enemy's offensive."
"The central side, His Royal Highness Bachelard is still fighting the two knights."

"The right wing is in line with the pace of the Rangers to launch an offensive."

Seemingly satisfied with these reports, Tallard nodded and gave new instructions.

——How is it, Tigre.

Tallard's strategy had to go back two days. He asked some soldiers to come here first, blocking the river and creating silt. He did this to make the enemy mistakenly believe that they were trying to prevent the cavalry from conducting roundabout operations.

On top of this, he also sent an order to the two thousand soldiers who would join together in the future, asking them to arrive at the battlefield later. In order not to be noticed by the enemy, he also specifically asked them not to come from the west, but from the southwest, because the river has been blocked, so they can get through the river without water.

Then yesterday, after confirming that the area had become quite muddy, they immediately laid a thick oak plank to make a passage, and covered it with muddy weeds to camouflage. I also did not forget to place a few iconic stones on the road to let the friendly forces confirm their positions.

Although this kind of mechanism may also be detected by the enemy, then it will only be necessary to rely on his commanding ability and Bachelard's bravery to fill this part of the shortcomings. After all, as long as two thousand friendly troops arrive, they will be in an advantageous position in terms of numbers.

However, this method has two things to worry about.

One is the possibility that the war maidens will crush Bachelard to death. The second is that Tigre might also think of the same tactics as himself.
What gave him no worries was what Bachelard said to herself.

"If it really doesn't work, then I can't retreat. I'll run away. I'm used to defeating the war."

Although he said something like a mercenary, it made Tallard determined.

"However, this battle is only on the way to victory after all. The road ahead is long..."

After sighing and muttering to himself, Tallard gently stroked the bowstring hanging on the saddle.

He now has at least the leeway to do this kind of thing.

❄

The sound of horses' hoofs roared like the ground, and the Bachelard's Ranger rushed straight to the left flank of the Bergerac guerrillas. They raised their spears high and launched a strong side attack.

The infantry who noticed that they were about to launch an assault, although they tried to defend together with their shields, none of them could stop their offensive. The infantrymen who were pierced by spears, squashed by horseshoes, and directly hit into flight fell to the ground. The rain of blood on the pool of blood gathered into a stream, and more corpses were stacked on top of them.

The left-wing troops, who had been thrown into chaos after several commanders were shot by Tallard, lost their lives because of this blow.

At this time, the right wing of the Bachelard army launched a fierce offensive.

If it is attacked by three times as many enemy forces from two directions at the same time, it is impossible to sustain it. Although the infantry of the guerrillas resisted desperately, they could only be reduced to being beheaded and assassinated by multiple enemy soldiers.
The space where friendly forces were knocked down was immediately filled by enemy soldiers. As long as a friendly army retreats in fright, the enemy army will continue to push forward with spears and swords.

The guerrilla soldiers began to throw down their weapons and shields, and one by one they fled back towards the enemy. The Bachelard soldiers chased them mercilessly and stabbed them to death.

Bressol, who was in charge of commanding the guerrillas, ordered the entire army to retreat while sending five hundred knights as a reserve force to the left wing to rescue.

"Although I also understand that doing this is very difficult..."

Bressol and the Twenty Cavalry were in the rear of the central unit. Tired and regretful, his expression at the moment looked rather haggard. It's really hard to retreat in a battle with the enemy.

However, in order to leave the battlefield in an orderly manner, he had to back here to organize the queue. Otherwise, the soldiers would be so rushed that they would collapse in one fell swoop.

"However, the current situation of our army may be said to be a blessing in misfortune."

Bressol called one of his subordinates and gave him a certain order.

❄

Here on the left flank of the guerrillas, Tigre is desperately commanding the soldiers to support the friendly forces.

However, there is ultimately a limit to what a fifty-man infantry group can do. There was only one arrow left on him, and he couldn't add it yet.

What's more terrible is that at this time there are still some lords who refuse to act together with Tigre.
"Are you telling me to follow the instructions of a young man who can only shoot arrows!"

He knew very well that not all the lords who participated in this battle were moved by Ludie and Bressol to join the army.

Whether it was the blood spewing out or the corpse lying on the ground, all were left behind by friendly forces.

When Bressol issued the retreat order, Tigre was already disgraced and devastated.

"—Luke."

Tigre spoke to the leader of this group of Ultra Soldiers. His sturdy facial features were already dyed red by the blood of himself and the enemy. There were also bruises on my shoulders and arms.

"Are the soldiers still there?"

Tigre asked him with a little hesitation. After all, Tigre felt that it was because of his own orders that they were trapped in this extremely harsh environment.

"It's all here at the moment."

Luke's answer was quite brief, because he was also tired. With a sorry and very good mood, Tigre told them:

"You have done your best. Go back and leave here. After you leave the left wing, just leave this battlefield like this. If someone asks you a crime, you just say it's me. Order yours like this."

Tigre accurately grasped Bressol's intentions. His order to retreat was to make preparations for our army to retreat. Since the left wing has been unable to make any decent actions here, they can only act on their own judgment.
"Where's Lord Tigre going?" Luke asked Tigre after rudely wiping the blood off his face. His shrewd face had obviously become more ferocious.

"I will also retreat and leave here. After all, I have to rush to the central army."

If he can't leave the battlefield with Mila and Ludie, there is no point at all. And he also cares about the situation of the two of them now.

Luke looked at Tigre dumbfounded.

"Don't you have only one arrow left?"

"Yes, I have to prepare more next time."


"Let us go with you. I don't have the courage to report to Master Mashas that the few of us left you alone in the defeat."

Tigre's eyes widened. Before he was about to say something, Luke went on to say:

"As expected, Lord Tigre. I can say "next time" so naturally. Following this kind of character is the way to survive on the battlefield. ——Let's have another fight!"

When Luke said the last sentence, he looked back at the Soldiers. The soldiers echoed him with shouts.

Tigre squeezed the black bow firmly, and then, a burst of heat that was about to gush into his body. If you can leave this battlefield smoothly, you must repay them. Of course, so is Mashas.

After regaining his composure in this way, Tigre put on the face of a commander and told Luke:

"Then please help me."
As soon as he turned his horse's head, the Otto soldiers surrounded Tigre to protect him.

He alone and fifty infantrymen pushed away the allied troops that were running around, repelled the enemy troops who were chasing them, and hurried to the central army. They kept their eyes on the front and never looked back.

❄

At the front line of the central army, Mila and Ludie are still facing each other with Bachelard.

The expressions of the two are quite tired. The hair stained with mud and sweat stuck to their faces. Because of the fact that they had rolled to the ground several times, their military uniforms were also covered with mud. The two panting, unable to distract and observe the others. Even the used spears and swords are heavier than usual.

"It surprised me. I didn't expect to last longer than the time when Navarre Fortress met."

Bachelard's face, who was stared at by the two, showed admiration. Smile. Not only was he unscathed, he didn't even show any fatigue.

——You are a demon.

Mila cursed secretly in her heart. She was too lazy to speak.

At the beginning of the battle, both Mila and Ludie attacked boldly. The training in the small town of Elene was not in vain. The two of them had already cultivated the tacit understanding of slashing and stabbling at the pace of each other without eye contact.

However, these attacks were all resolved by Bachelard with a big sword.

It might be a bit wrong to use the word "resolve" to describe it. If you really want to say, they were actually repelled by his terrible arm.
As soon as she received his slash, her entire body would fly out. Even if she dismissed his attack, she would be out of balance. As long as she touched his sword a little bit, her hands and feet would become disobedient. This is the personal experience of the two of them.

Moreover, it’s unclear if it's because of his previous career as a mercenary. There is no fixed genre of his tricks. Even from time to time, they deliberately exposed flaws to lure them both into fools.

—*But I can only take the shot.*

With the information coming from my ears and the movement of the surrounding enemy soldiers, Mila has concluded that our army was defeated.

If there are about a thousand soldiers who can follow her instructions, Mila will definitely change her course immediately, flee from Bachelard, and take command of the retreat. However, Mila now has no soldiers.

Although Ludie was the commander-in-chief, it was recognized because she was a member of the Bergerac family, not because of her commanding ability. Can those who follow her really act well in this situation?

—*But it is precisely because of this that this man's head must be taken down here.*

Perceiving Ludie's movement, Mila also kicked the ground and rushed forward. Both of them launched an assault from the left and right sides at the same time.

Mila aimed at Bachelard's ankle and used Lavias to slash from right to left. Ludie aimed at the opponent's head and jumped up.

Bachelard leaned back and swung a slash that cut across the ground with a big sword. After the Lavias of Mila was bounced away, the sword slashed straight at Ludie. Not only the reaction speed is amazing, but the sharpness of the slash is also extraordinary.
Ludie was forced to change the trajectory of swinging the sword and pick up the big sword of Bachelard. Although she was beaten out and lost her balance in the air, she finally landed at a distance from her opponent.

This time it was Mila's turn to initiate the action first. She approached Bachelard from the front and sent out stabbings one after another.

However, Bachelard used the side of the big sword as a shield to block all these attacks. He also immediately swung a top-down slash with a big sword, preparing to shoot down the spear in Mila's hand. Mila jumped back, avoiding the inevitable blow. At this moment, Ludie rushed towards Bachelard from the left.

No matter where Bachelard is looking, the other party can definitely hide in his blind spot.

However, Bachelard looked at Mila while piercing the big sword towards the back of the left armpit. Not only did he block Ludie's slash, he also twisted his body and swung a counterattack sword before Ludie was about to make the second attack. Ludie rolled to the ground and barely escaped the blow.

If it's a one-on-one, he would have been in a different place for a long time. Mila and Ludie couldn't help but think of these.

"By the way, did you find out? There are no companions around you anymore."

After hearing Bachelard's words, Mila and Ludie looked around for a while. As he said, the Bachelard army moved forward, leaving the corpse on the ground while pushing back the guerrilla central unit.

"Although taking the bounty from the soldiers would be hateful, but I almost deserve to be tied --" Bachelard said, swallowing the rest of the words back.

The sound of shouts and the rumbling of horseshoes was coming from somewhere. He looked to the south with a wicked smile at the corner of his
"You are still alive!"

His expression and lines did not seem to be facing an enemy at all. In front of his sight, there appeared the figure of Tigrevurmud Vorn, who was placing an arrow on a black bow and galloping forward.

Tigre, who appeared here under the follower of the Soldiers, tightened the bowstring strongly while aiming at Bachelard. Even if he shoots an arrow rashly, he will only be knocked down by the opponent with a big arrow. And he only has one arrow left to use. Because there is a risk of being surrounded by enemy troops when they stop, they can only move on, gradually shortening the distance.

Bachelard seemed to have lost interest in Mila and Ludie, and rushed straight towards Tigre. The infantry of the Bachelor army hurriedly gave way. Caused a lot of confusion.

Mila didn't let go of this change that hadn't happened until just now.

"Tigre!"

She called out the name of her sweetheart, and rushed out on the ground. After catching up with Bachelard, he stabbed a spear. Bachelard immediately turned to face Mila and waved the big sword in his hand.

Mila leaped back and knelt on her knees, calling her own dragon gear.

"―Lavias!"

Lavias responded to her will, freeing the cold air entangled in the spearhead. The cold air turned into ice, and the sharp-pointed icicle hit Bachelard's lower body.

This was a blow that Bachelard had expected, and he twisted his body and avoided it.

"It's a pity."
Faced with Bachelard's ridicule, Mila returned with a smile. It's like saying, "I will return this sentence to you intact."

At this moment, Tigre shot the arrow out.

The target is not Bachelard, but the block of ice.

The arrow that hit the ice cube made the sound of a hard object crashing and changed its orbit and fly straight towards Bachelard.

"Wha"

Even though he let out a short exclamation of shock, he still reacted. He deliberately balances himself. The arrow that should have shot through his head eventually only grazes his cheek.

Although Bachelard was in a daze for a short period of three seconds, this time was enough for Tigre to drive the horse to pick up Mila who was sitting on the ground.

Mila also reached out and grabbed Tigre's.

Pulled into the air, she finally sat in front of Tigre.

"Ludie!"

Tigre and Ludie reached out to her. At this moment, the Bachelor soldiers rushed up. To them, they are prey who can get a thousand gold coins as long as they kill them. It is impossible to let them escape easily.

Mila was waving a spear on the horse, and Ludie was also waving a sword on the ground.
A silver light gleamed around the two of them. Blood gushed from the throat and face, and the four Bachelard troops turned into tragic corpses. The other soldiers stopped involuntarily. After judging that the opponent still has the power to fight, they stabbed long spears to contain them.

The soldiers led by Luke bite them on their sides. Although the soldiers have long been exhausted, they are far higher than their opponents in momentum. The Bachelard soldiers were forced to retreat steadily by them.

Not to waste the time they were fighting for, Ludie took Tigre's hand this time and sat behind him. The horse groaned as a matter of course.

"I'll leave the reins to you."

Mila waved her spear at the left and right sides, knocking down the enemy soldiers and breaking out of her way. Ludie also cut down the enemy soldiers who were catching up. And the Alt soldiers led by Luke also broke through the enemy's encirclement net and followed Tigre behind them.

Tigre, who was riding his horse forward, felt the line of sight after he came, which made him look back.

Bachelard, who stood up, was staring at him with a cold expression. Fortunately, he didn't mean to chase. However, Tigre was afraid of this, and even had a sense of violation, and then looked back to the front.

After leaving the central army, he diverted his eyes. The left wing of our army has already begun to flee.

—I lost.

He didn't say a word, murmured in his heart. Mila seems to have the same idea, and Ludie, who was sitting behind her, pulled her collar. Her hand was trembling uncontrollably.
After quietly putting his hand on hers, Tigre asked the two in a nonchalant tone:

"Have you heard the order for the whole army to retreat?"

"Is there such a thing?", he answered this. The person in question is Mila. It seemed that they didn't even have room to listen to orders at the time.

Immediately afterwards, Tigre made his sense of consciousness and looked back at the Altman. There were three missing faces he had seen before. His expression was distorted by psychological pain, and he asked Luke aloud:

"How many people have died...?"

"Five people. Depending on the situation, there may be six people."

Tigre took a closer look. It was discovered that a soldier was being carried on his shoulders by three people.

"You will tell me their names later. And where they live in Otter."

At this moment, the roar of horseshoes reached their ears, and Tigre and the others reflexively put on a stand. However, they finally relaxed their expressions after learning that the incoming was a friendly army.

Nearly twenty knights rushed from the east. The person running at the forefront is Bressol. He stopped in front of Tigre and the others, and smiled bitterly,

"Fortunately, you are fine."

"I'm sorry. It's all because of my lack of strength..."

Ludie lowered his head with a sad expression. Because she would fall off her horse if this continued, Tigre pulled her up in a panic. Bressol shook his head and said,

"This battle doesn't mean everything. It's just halfway through. Afterwards, come to a reflection meeting while drinking wine. Compared to these, as
our commander-in-chief, you must get out of here as soon as possible Lord Tigrevurmud."

This also refers to Mila. The subordinates who stayed behind Bressol did not know that she was a war maiden.

"But, the soldiers still..."

Ludie looked back at the battlefield. The sound of anger, screams, and sword halberds is still lingering until now, and it is slowly approaching here. The figures of the soldiers running away are quite eye-catching among them.

"This is my duty. As long as I can let you escape from here, Commander-in-Chief, I will be satisfied."

Although Bressol's expression and tone did not contain any sense of tragic and solemnity, these few words had already shown his determination. Tigre saluted him like this.

"I wish you prosperous battles."

Mila also lowered her head. There is nothing they can do here. If you insist on staying here and cause you to be captured or killed by the enemy, it will deal a heavier blow to the friendly forces. They can only accept Bressol's kindness.

Even Ludie finally settled her mind and stared at Bressol and said,

"At the Retrospective meeting, we're making an appointment."

Bressol gave instructions and asked the two knights to lend their horses to Tigre. Although there is a question in my mind, "the one who stays needs more horses, right?", but now there is no time to ask these questions.

Tigre, Mila, and Ludie each rode on a horse and ran towards the east. However, they cannot ride fast. In addition to not being able to leave these forty-five Ultra Soldiers alone, Ludie and Mila were also quite exhausted. There is a risk of falling off the horse as soon as you accelerate.
The battlefield behind him faded away.

After looking up, it was still cloudless, and the sun had just passed the mid-heaven position. The warm sunshine looked particularly dull.

Running desperately on the grassland, after leaving the battlefield for about a thousand seconds, he thought that he would be all right here, but at this moment, there was a little horse hoof in his ear.

He looked west in amazement. There appeared a cavalry regiment that might have been sent by the Bachelard army.

The number is around fifty to sixty, and there is no doubt that they are chasing after them. Although there is still some distance, the opponent will catch up in a hundred seconds.

"Are you all chasing here...!"

After cursing a few words secretly, Tigre couldn't help but turn his gaze to the leather bag hanging on his waist. Inside are the arrowheads he got in Asvarre and Sachenstein that are related to the "Lord of Marksmen".

—As long as Mila makes the part other than the arrowhead, I can shoot it out.

He knew very well in his heart that this arrow had a power beyond common sense. The cavalry troops chasing them will undoubtedly be blown away along with the ground on which they are standing.

He couldn't help feeling a little scared when he thought of that situation. He didn't use this arrowhead on the battlefield because of this, even if he was the only one here, he still didn't want to use it.

However, there is no other way to protect Mila, Ludie, and Ultraman.

"—Tigre, look over there."

At this moment, Mila called out to herself in a hurry. After turning her gaze to the north where she was pointing, two figures appeared there.
Are you a traveler without weapons and armor?

Unlucky for these two men, Tigre gritted his teeth. However, I can't leave them alone either. Bachelor soldiers, surely they would attack these two travelers without saying a word.

"I'll talk to them. If they want, let them sit on my horse."

"Please. I'll take care of the obnoxious guys."

After saying this casually, Mila pulled away and turned the horse's head. Ludie followed immediately.

"I'm not so tired anymore. Let's use them as a vent for this defeat."

Tigre sighed deeply. Just half of the enemy forces can put them into a bitter battle now. However, when things develop like this, they will definitely not listen to whatever they say. First of all, you have to save the duo.

Tigre galloped in the direction of the traveler.

When he saw the other's face, Tigre's eyes widened in surprise. Both travelers are women, and one of them is his acquaintance.

One of them had long, supple and wavy golden hair that stretched to the waist, wearing a green and white-based dress, and holding a golden staff in his hand.

Another woman has bright red hair, a dome hat on her head, plain clothes, and a coat outside.

What Tigre knew was the blonde woman among them.

"Sofy...?"

"Oh. isn't this Tigre?"

The woman, Sofya Obertas, stood still and said slowly. The red-haired woman standing next to her looked up at Tigre with a blank face.
"Although I really want to celebrate our reunion now, it seems that it is not the time now."

Sofy twisted her body and looked in the direction where Tigre rode over. Although Sofy couldn't see the hundreds of Alshins far away, she could also see those soldiers who were like remnants and defeated generals.
"If you appear here, it means that Mila is there?"

"No, she's not there. Although it may be so sudden, I hope you can help us, Sofy!"

Tigre didn't dismount, and hurriedly bowed his head to request. Then briefly explained the fact that they lost the battle and were being pursued by enemy soldiers.

Sofy immediately agreed, the golden staff in her left hand rustling.

"I see. Take me over there."

Tigre firmly grasped Sofy's outstretched hand and pulled her up.

❄

The Thierry battle to defeat the guerrillas ended in Bergerac.

Although Bressol stayed on the battlefield to the last moment, trying to get more soldiers to flee the battlefield, the guerrillas still had more than 1,500 dead, and the number of wounded was more than double this number. It is said that the number of soldiers who fled the battlefield without injury in the end was even less than two hundred.

On the other hand, there were only about two hundred dead in the Bachelard army, and fewer than six hundred injured.

Bachelard inquired about the specific lineup of the guerrillas from the captured enemy soldiers, and made a declaration of war to attack these knights and the lords' territories.
Epilogue

The sun radiated golden light and sank below the western horizon.

On the deserted grassland. A group of about fifty people is resting here. And these people are Tigre and them.

After Sofy, Mila, and Ludie together repelled the cavalry unit of the Bachelard army who were chasing them, they marched north toward the Fortress of Loizen.

By the way, although it is said that the three people repelled the enemy force together, but in fact, almost all of them were solved by Sofy alone. Although it is hard to imagine from her usual kind and gentle behavior, she is really a real war maiden.

"This kind of thing happened..."

Sofy, who had heard about the cause and effect of the incident from Tigre and the others, sighed while shaking her long blond hair.

Tigre, Mila, Ludie, Sofy and Lisa sat in a circle, telling each other what happened during this time.

"You worked very hard in Sachenstein."

Sofy smiled kindly and touched Tigre's head.

Then Lisa glanced at Tigre quietly. Like Ludie, she has a pair of different rainbow pupils, her right eye is golden, and her left eye is blue. And, for some reason, the part after the elbow of the right arm was lost.
"You and Sofy have a good relationship, doesn't it mean that you are also a good person?"

Tigre stared at her with an expression that didn't know how to answer. Although Sofy said that Lisa would act like a child because she lost her memory, but he still couldn't tell whether he should treat her with a child or a peer.

In addition, just after a defeat, he was exposed to such an unexpected and strange atmosphere, making his head unable to function normally as usual.

"Well... at least I didn't plan to be a bad guy..."

"Have you ever partnered with others to bully others?"

"I hate that kind of thing,"

Tigre replied solemnly. Lisa's eyes sparkled after hearing it, she stretched out her hand and said,

"Let's be friends."

Tigre held her hand back while sending out a distress signal to Sofy with her eyes.

"You have to get along well."

After being replied with a kind smile, Tigre could only agree with a wry smile.

Mila kept staring at Lisa with a confused expression.

"Is this really the Elizavetta...?"

This is so much different from the "Flash Princes of Thunder Swirl" that Mila knows, even if I watch her and Tigre there. Laughing and playing, the first emotion that comes up is not anger but confusion.
"After trying to live with her for a while, I'm sure she is really a good child. Even so, I still want to help her regain her memory."

"Why? Let her keep it like this, isn't it better?"

Although Mila was only joking, Sofy shook her head solemnly.

"If she can't recover her memory anyway, I will give up, but I think it is necessary for her to recover her memory."

"Since you have said so, wait until we finish this matter. Help you. By the way, the timing of your coming is really bad."

"It seems that Prince Bachelard's character is really quite irritable."

Sofy nodded and agreed. She and Lisa had rescued a knight of the Knights of Navarre more than ten days ago and heard the general situation from him. Until a few days ago, the three of them were still traveling together. Then, after arriving in a small town that did not return to Bachelard and Ganelon, he bid farewell to the two of them.

After that, when they planned to avoid the soldiers of the lords and travel to the capital, they happened to reunite with Tigre and the others.

"We are going to go to the royal capital just like this, how about you?"

Sofy looked at Tigre and asked.

"We will continue to fight Bachelard and Ganelon. After all, I am the deputy commander of the Bergerac guerrillas, and the suspicion of treason in my body has not been cleared. You can't just leave the team behind."

Under the circumstance of understanding that this is a difficult and difficult road, Tigre replied with a rather calm expression as if he was not affected by it.

He really lost. After a tragic defeat, many friendly forces were lost. My heart is full of regret, and my spirit is already quite tired.
However, this is not over yet.

This battle does not mean everything, did Bressol say the same?

There is still a long way to go.

"It really looks like your style. I like it very much, yours."

The emerald-colored pupils exuded kindness, and Sofy smiled.

"But, actually lost a case, in order to fight another day could become extremely serious and difficult now. Bergerac family's reputation has been damaged, and most of the lords and knights will turn to wait and see it."

"Ludie, I don’t mean to say bad things about you, but the Bergerac family is the only one whose reputation is damaged. It does not include His Royal Highness Regnas. The Knights of Navarre are still alive, and Lord Roland must be safe. It's okay. It's just--"

Tigre stopped halfway through, and bowed his head deeply to request Sofy:

"To be honest, I think we still have many shortcomings. Please help us. Not as a war maiden, but as you personally."

"Me, me, too, please."

Seeing this attitude of Tigre, Ludie lowered her head in a panic.

"Originally, I, the captain, should come and ask you personally, but because I have seen too many amazing things, my thoughts are a little bit unable to keep up..."

The two war maidens suddenly appeared in Brune in this informal setting. One of them even lost her memory. It would be unusual to organize this information all at once.

Sofy smiled and stared at the back of Ludie's head, then turned her gaze to Mila.
"Oh, oh. What a powerful enemy."

"Yeah. Considering the existence of Bachelard, I can feel at ease if you are there."

"I didn't mean that."

He muttered a little troubled. After something, Sofy asked Tigre and the two of them to raise their heads quickly.

"After all, it was Mila and Tigre's request. Please come and help after I put Lisa in a safe place. I would like to ask you for your advice in the future, Your Excellency Ludiene."

"Thank you very much. Give a lot of help, Your Highness Sofya!"

Ludie held Sofy's hand tightly.

Looking at the scene in front of him, Tigre felt that he had found a little hope.

The faces of Bachelard and Tallard came to mind.

——I will win next time.

Looking at the black bow next to him, Tigre clenched his fist.

❄

Princess Guinevere is at the palace in her office while dealing with the government.

She was quite busy after quelling the civil strife last fall and winning.

Compared with the fact that there are too many things to do, she has very few people to trust. Guys with a more pleasing personality are always unsatisfactory in doing things. On the contrary, people with superior abilities have characters that are not worthy of her trust. There are so many things that she can hardly count.
However, no one refuted her decision in front of her. There are two reasons.

Among them, her father, Zechariah, who was sick again in bed, asked those who came to visit him to take good care of Guinevere. Being conscious of his physical and mental exhaustion, he seemed to have made a plan to entrust everything to the daughter who inherited the sword of the King.

The second is the existence of the sword of the king hanging on the wall of the office.

With a one-handed blade interlaced with pitch black and gold, this sword with a golden chain extending from a semicircular sword collar that seems to exist to protect the hands, seems to have a power that makes everyone feel timid.

"Then it's just a fake after all, right?" The people who said this also closed their mouths after seeing the real thing.

Due to this cause and effect, although Guinevere's rule was slow, it was recognized by the courtiers and the people.

Near noon, Guinevere took a little rest.

She called Will, her most trusted veteran, and ordered the maid to prepare snacks such as black tea, goat's milk and biscuits.

"I really want to go to Sachenstein."

The words she said suddenly while eating snacks really confused Will.

"That kind of country that is full of the smell of earth and only forests, mountains, and forests, there is nothing to see at all, right?"

As a native of Asvarre, Will rightfully gave Sachenstein a low level Evaluation.

"Then, I want to go to Brune."
She simply wanted to find a place to escape responsibility. Will sighed and said:

"Can't you go to the place where the Knights of the Round Table originated?"

"I have become too famous. I went there with heavy makeup before, but I was immediately recognized. It's not a good thing to become too famous."

"After all, you are the only one who will look at the stone statues and carvings with no one else and passionately."

Under Will's calm accusation, Guinevere looked a little unhappy and added a lot of goat’s milk to the black tea.

"You are in a bad mood. What happened?"

"Thanks to your highness, I have been very busy recently. Although there are such young and promising young people, the number is really too small."

"Okay, just run to Brune in order to find talent. Let's go for about 20 days."

"These are the jobs of ministers. By the way, Brune seems to be..."

Will eats the biscuit, she continued as if she had just remembered. Of course, the news that the Fortress of Navarre was on fire also reached this palace.

However, the cause of the fire was not accurately transmitted here. The version they heard was that Prince Bachelard and Prince Regnas had a fierce conflict, which eventually led Bachelard to attack the fortress.

"It is said that after escaping from the Navarre fortress, Prince Regnas found a stronghold in the northwest and prepared to fight to the end. Prince Bachelard also assembled soldiers to fight against Prince Regnas."
"I still think about our country. I finally settled down, but this time it was Brune’s turn to have a dispute. By the way, what about Lord Roland?"

Although Guinevere said these things in a transactional tone as much as possible, she was talking. The expressions in the first half and the second half of the words are obviously different. Will put the biscuit in his mouth and shook his head.

"I don't know the details. Maybe it's staying with Prince Regnas, right?"

"What the hell is King Faron doing? Isn't his body still very strong?"

"I think King Faron should not just stand by like this, but Duke Ganelon is the guardian of Prince Bachelard. I think that adult might also get into a bitter battle."

Will had an accurate understanding of how powerful Ganelon was in Brune. After all, Ganelon and the lords and nobles of Asvarre are maintaining in-depth exchanges.

"Ganelon… it seems that Elliot's brother went to attack Zhcted because of his assistance, right?"

Suddenly remembering this matter, Guinevere muttered to herself. Eliot is the second prince of Asvarre, who briefly joined forces with Guinevere during last year's civil strife. Guinevere heard that after liberating the port city of Dunis, he was killed by the assassin.

In any case, Guinevere didn't have a good impression of Ganelon. In the past, when I went to Brune to greet him, I only thought that he was a terrible man.

"How will your Highness answer when asked whose companion you are? Do you want to choose Prince Regnas?"

Will asked as if he was confirming, looking at the young master's expression. Guinevere looked confused and looked at the sword hanging on the wall.
"I can't make a judgment when I'm not sure who is right."

"In the future, there may be messengers who will come to seek our help. Just like last year, your Highness, when you visited Roland at the Fortress of Navarre."

"Then, send a knight army to Brune. Let them go to see King Faron and hear the truth of the matter."

Will looked at Guinevere who had made a decision in a surprise. Nivea. Although Guinevere’s judgment was qualified as a ruler, because she took this matter so seriously, Will felt that there was something hidden behind the matter.

However, he immediately changed his mind. Guinevere’s recent growth is obvious to all. The complaint like the one just now blurted out only because she was too tired.

"I understand. Then, I will prepare a candidate by tomorrow."

At this moment, there was a knock on the door. One of the bureaucrats walked in after a salute.

"Excuse me. Someone said that I wanted to meet your Highness. It was an old knight in Zhcted called Goruin. He said that he had served as the adjutant of the war maiden of the Principality of Olmutz last year. Your Majesty, you have had several fate."

"Well," Guinevere cried out.

"That knight, I know. You let him come here in four and a half minutes."

The last time I saw him was in the early winter of last year. Beside Mila and Tige, who were about to travel from the port city of Donis to Sachenstein, there were the figures of Raffinac and Goruin.

After the bureaucracy retreated, Guinevere deliberately or unintentionally raised her head and glanced aimlessly.
—His Royal Highness Ludmila didn't follow. Could it be that something happened to them in Sachenstein?

If Mila was present, even if Goruin didn't report his wealth, the bureaucrats would immediately come to notify him. In other words, something might have happened to Tigre or Mila.

There seemed to be something waiting for herself, Guinevere somehow had this premonition.
Afterword

Although this book was written after the rainy season, there is still a long way to go in the present world.

Basically, I only write manuscripts at home. Recently, the pace of life has changed a lot. It would be great if this game can relieve your stress or feel relieved.

Dear readers, it's been a long time. Hello, everyone who is meeting for the first time. I’m Kawaguchi. The sixth volume of "The Lord of Marksmen and the Snow Girl of Frozen" has finally been published. People who bought the previous volume published in February have been waiting for a long time.

The stage of this volume takes place in the Kingdom of Brune, where Tigre was born. However, the story begins in the west of Brune, which is located in the opposite direction of Alsace, the hometown of Tigre.

In the case of meeting old friends and encountering strong enemies, what connection will Tigre have with the future of this country? I hope you can enjoy these stories to your heart's content.

Well, there are a few things that need to be published this time.

The first thing is the first thing.

The seventh volume of "The Lord of Marksmen and the Snow Girl of Frozen", which is expected to be released this winter, has decided to release a special edition with a passcode that can download radio dramas!

Ms. Ise, who is responsible for acting as a war maiden from time to time, and from time to time confiding in his longings for Tigre and other rich
emotions, Ms. Ise Miriya. With Haruka Tomatsu who plays Mila's forever enemy.

Responsible for the interpretation of the new role in this volume, Ludie Na's Miss Ohashi.

By the way, the role of Mila’s sister, Militsa, will also appear in the radio drama, but let me keep it secret first.

Composed of such a luxurious lineup of voice actors, there is no story mentioned in this article. Please stay tuned.

Then comes the second thing.

Should it be the fourth magic bullet...? The new magic bullet story is also coming out.

Its name: "Youth·Masha Biography"—The Legend of the Lord of Marksmen—(assumed)

Although in the new magic bullet, he has not had a chance to play until now, but readers who have read the old magic bullet must be familiar with him. He is the horse who helped and encouraged Tigre at the critical moment. The story of Mashas Rodant when he was young. This is really thanks to Shueisha's generosity.

I was in charge of the original case,

Tachibana Pan, who once wrote "Beautiful Girl Grim Reaper, the Soul of My H" (Fujimi Fantasia Library), was responsible for the writing, and the illustration was by Shiratani Tanaka teacher. Interested readers must buy the adventure story of Mashas that began in the capital of the Kingdom of Brune!

Then there is the third thing.

The manga version "The Lord of Marksmen and the Prologue of Snow Hime of Frozen Ryan" drawn by Mr. Kakao has already been serialized in
Niconico's still picture "Watching Dash X manga leisurely on Wednesday."
The booklet is finally on sale!

The sale date is set in September. I hope you readers can enjoy it. Teacher Kakao painted with delicate and gorgeous touch, the battle between Tigre and Lusaluka, and the scene where the passion between Tigre and Mila burst out with each other. Although after a lot of unexpected things happened, the agreed time limit with Mr. Kakao has expired, but Mrs. Kakao, thank you for your continuous contribution.

Then there is the fourth thing.

"The Lord of Marksmen and the Snow Girl of Frozen", drawn by the teacher of Liang Milan, will be serialized on "Wednesday also leisurely watching Dash X comics" this autumn. The curtain kicked off with the appearance of Elen, who is Mila’s old enemy, and I hope you all can enjoy this part of the story.

A special advance story drawn by Mr. Yoshira, Iray and Mila’s one day is being serialized on "Watching Dash X comics leisurely on Wednesday", I hope you can read that story first, come slowly Slowly waiting for Mila and Aire who will fight on the stage of the comics.

Then comes the fifth thing.

The hero Tan of Tigre and Lim Yalixia rushed to Asvarre Island. The third volume of "The Lord of Marksmen and the Sacred Spring's Double-stripe Sword" written and drawn by Ms. Seo and Minato Yasaka will be in 8 On sale every month. Tigre and Lim will meet Sasha again, and Atreus and their mystery will be imminent. Readers who have bought the first and second volumes, I think this third volume will definitely satisfy you.

Then there is the sixth thing.

"The Lord of Marksmen and the Sacred Spring's Double-Stripe Sword", finally decided to be a comic!
Teacher bomi is responsible for portraying Tigre and them. I've seen Lim's character design first, and you painted her with a blank expression but rich emotions quite well. It is expected to be serialized in the early winter of this year, and I will publish this in detail at an appropriate time. Please stay tuned.

Next comes the words of thanks.

Mr. Miyue いつか, who drew the cheerful and lively Ludie and the dangerous enemy Bachelard, including Mila and Olga, thank you! Although there are a lot of illustrations about Ludie in the book, I think the gesture with the fingers stretched out has her most temperament.

Thank you, H-Sang, who is in charge of the editor, and T Ze-Sang, who helped me revise it this time. Although the world is overwhelmed by disasters as it is literally meant, and it is impossible to predict what will happen to the national conditions next time, I will have to help both of you next time.

Then, everyone responsible for making this book successful on the shelves, I am also here to express my gratitude to you.

Finally, the readers. Thank you for purchasing this book. Although the stage of the next scroll is still here at Brune, please look forward to their active performances.

In this season when electric fans are used more often than air-conditioners, Mr. Kawaguchi
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