

Earths GMagus 321

Chapter 321: Lanzo

The first batch of squires was halted just like that. Four participants fought against four chosen knights and all four lost the challenge.

Lucas said to him "Lanzo, this is... amazing! This... this must be the princess' doing!"

The next four squires came and the knights fighting them were replaced with a different group. They gave everything they could and fought hard with their blade and shield, but yet again, though they fought valiantly, all four of them lost.

The group of veteran squires was standing next to Emery and watched the fight go on with elation, including Mark, who smiled with each squire's defeat. It seemed that for them, this was a usual occurrence. For them, the assessments were not used to be this strict but most importantly the knight fights without differentiating the squires.

The group laughed hard when they saw a young thin looking noble squire screaming to his father for help during the fight.

Though it was fun to watch the fight, still none of the squires succeeded. Another batch of squires was called and all defeated.

Emery heard the sound of hurried footsteps and he saw a veteran squire running towards the group. He took a moment to catch his breath before saying. "Guys, it is confirmed. All 20 knights prepared for the assessment test are all from Knight Yvain's own personal forces."

Some of the group cheered, some whistled and the others smirked. It was certainly a strange sight, considering the information would mean their chances of winning would decrease. A difficult fight awaited them, but they talked and laughed merrily.

"This year will be interesting, Lanzo!" Mark said. "Probably we'll only need to win one time and there'll be a high chance we get selected! With this kind of test, we will really be chosen for our skills, not because of our status."

They watched another fight, then another, then another. Time passed quickly, the squires falling down one after another and before they realized it, they went through ten batches without a squire winning. 40 squires and none of them managed to defeat the knights.

The audience who were invited to watch all turned rowdy. No one liked the way the assessment was going and some protested when their favorite squires just dropped to the ground like flies and lost.

In contrast to the rage and denial shaking from the audience seats, the veteran squires smiled with each defeat.

After a moment Emery realized what's happening. There were 123 squires participating four times. While there were only 20 knights prepared. Therefore in the long term, the squires would tire out the knights and be able to win a fight or two... eventually at least.

Come to think about it, this is actually a very good practice prepared by the assessors. With this, the talented squires could use this chance to get used to fighting knight level opponents and become more prepared for the real tournaments in Camelot later.

While he was busy thinking, cheers erupted from the audience seats. One squire was finally able to defeat a knight.

The veteran squires and the king looked at the first lucky candidate. Everyone could recognize the young man as Abe, the son of the Fantumar family. The win made him smirk.

"That Abe has really improved since the Dread Knight took him as one of his personal squires..." One veteran squire mumbled.

Emery stared at the boy. Of course, he remembered Abe, he's the boy who used to mock him, But though he still felt hate, his hatred didn't burn as it used to.

"Lanzelot Dulat!"

The call broke Emery away from his reverie. It was time for him to show what he was capable of.

Emery grabbed the set prepared for the assessment. A thick leather armor, a long sword, and a wooden shield.

With confidence, he walked towards his assigned knight opponent. No cheers could be heard, no one even paid attention to him, all busy discussing the next candidates or talking down about him. Emery was aware, no one expected anything from him.

But he wasn't here to put on a show, anyways.

The referee signaled the start of the fight and the knight in front of Emery immediately drew his sword and dashed towards him. Emery took one step to the side and dodged just out of the knight's range and struck his back with the flat end of his sword.

The knight fell to the ground just like that and awake to see Emery's sword welcoming him. Emery wins his first fight easily and the crowd immediately roared in excitement.

"Who is this kid?"

"How can this be possible? He made it seem so easy!"

"This must be a mistake by the knight."

"Either that, or he has quite some luck."

Emery took off his equipment and stacked them neatly before going back to his bench. As he arrived, all the lower-ranked squires stared at him, unsure what to say.

"Lanzo, what was freaking going on there?!" Mark shouted.

Unsure on how to answer, Emery scratched the back of his head and laughed. "I'm just lucky, I guess..."

"No way! There's no fucking way I can just accept that as an answer."

Emery racked his brain, trying to come up with something general enough to appease them while still sounding helpful. "Okay, uh, I think you just watch the opponent's movements carefully and strike back without hesitation when you see an opening. That's it, really."

He didn't expect anything from that general answer, but to his surprise, the veteran squires followed his advice literally. In the next few rounds, the veteran squires all moved carefully and watched their opponent and thanks to that, during the second round two other squires managed to defeat their assigned knight.

The victories encouraged other squires to try harder and eventually, more people managed to defeat a knight at least once.

Meanwhile, Emery and Abe managed to win all four rounds.

All the audience was captivated by this turn of events. A previously unknown young man managed to win the challenges alongside a well-known candidate that was expected to win. Of course, such a thing would attract discussion and rapt attention.

"Who is this Lancelot?"

"He was either really, really lucky or he cheated."

Fantumar, who watched the stage from up above, seated in his seat right alongside the king, gripped the handles of his seat in irritation.

"My king, there was no clear winner and we should not leave it as it is, it would leave a sour aftertaste to the event... To settle this, shall we let them both fight?"

Chapter 322: Final Assessment

Fantumar was confident his son would be the chosen one among the squires, as he had made sure of it by making him the disciple of the strongest knight in the kingdom. His son's recent rapid improvement had made him so sure of his victory. He was so confident he let the princess manage this year's event. Therefore the current result was something he could not accept.

Apparently, King Richard himself was interested to know. He was quite happy that not one, but two, talented young squires had appeared this year and, knowing who the best among two would be interesting for him.

"What do you think, daughter? You are the one in charge of this event, the final decision is in your hands." The King said.

The princess furrowed her brows and said. "Personally, I think letting them duel will only create enmity, both between the audience and the two of them. It will be detrimental for the upcoming tournaments, but," the princess gave a confident smile. "For this scenario, I have prepared a solution, I just never thought we would need to use it."

"What is it, daughter?"

"A silver knight, they will fight a silver knight. We can decide the winner this way."

"Hahaha, that is outrageous." Fantumar interjected. "No squire has ever managed to defeat a silver knight before."

The princess smiled teasingly and said. "Pardon me, minister. Actually, I'm curious how much Abe has improved during his time under the tutelage of the strongest knight in our kingdom. Don't you want to see how he would fare against a silver knight now?"

Princess Gwenneth's words made the cunning Fantumar at a loss for words.

She seized her chance and added during the minister's silence. "After all, we hope that one of our squires manages to reach top 10 in the tournament so they can be awarded the title of Silver Knight, don't we? Why aim low, then? We should let them start practice against one. They don't need to win against one, but we can judge through them"

"Hahaha!" The king let out a hearty laugh. "Nicely said, dear daughter. You can proceed as per your plan."

Princess Gwen gave a small smile, delighted that her plan worked. This way, she could knock the Annoying Abe down a peg. For the other squire, she could just order the silver knight to take it easy.

Unfortunately, before the princess could call out to Yvain to send his silver knight, Fantumar suddenly said.

"Your Majesty, if I may voice my concern, having the same silver knight fighting twice would only give an unfair advantage to the one fighting later. I am thinking of letting Sir Breunor send in his silver knight. That would be only fair."

The princess panicked and racked her brain trying to find a counterpoint. But the king had already said his agreement.

"I trust there will be no objection. Let us watch this interesting battle!" Fantumar said and glanced at the princess with a wicked smile.

Gwen was trapped between a rock and a hard place. On one hand, she was happy that Fantumar's son would receive a lesson, but on the other hand, Fantumar would just use his chance to beat down the other young man without remorse to get even at her."

Fantumar whispered towards the Dread Knight standing next to him and within moments a silver knight was chosen. The knight was clad with the same dark armor.

"Let the final assessment begin!" The King declared.

For this final match, the central arena was divided into two. On one side, Abe stood facing the silver knight Yvain sent, while on the other Emery stood facing the dark-armored Silver Knight.

Clank! Clank!!

Right after Emery glanced at them, Abe took an aggressive stance against the silver knight and quickly dashed forward, the clang of their blades attracting everyone's attention right away.

Meanwhile, though his opponent had overwhelming strength, Emery did not feel threatened at all. Even before he was taken to the Magus Academy for his second year education, his abilities were already on par with a silver knight. In fact, he was already able to go toe to toe against a silver knight such as Kastan or Bagdemagus' men.

The dark-armored silver knight looked at Emery who stood still and said.

"Don't be scared, kid. Just take this as a lesson for you."

Emery didn't answer. He did not care what his opponent thought, let alone say, about him.

The knight took Emery's silence as a challenge and decided to dash forward with his sword ready. He moved so fast, his footsteps scattered dust around the arena and created winds all around him.

Swoooooosh!

Clank!

The silver knight moved quickly, but it was still not enough to catch him. With slow, deliberate movements, Emery dodged and parried the knight's every strike.

While dodging, Emery watched the ongoing fight on the other side and did not attack back, while waiting for his turn. Not long after he started, Abe's strikes slowed down, the silver knight forcing him to go on the defensive. The wooden shield on Abe's hand started to splinter before finally breaking into pieces under the relentless strikes.

Seeing his chance, Abe's opponent slashed to the side and Abe lost his grip on his blade. The blade spun around on the ground and landed far away from him and the silver knight pointed his sword at Abe's neck, cementing his defeat.

This was Emery's cue to start showing off his skills.

The silver knight in front of him was no stronger than a level 4 combat institute puppet, while Emery was already capable of fighting on par with a level 6 puppets. This would be an easy fight for him. But he still tried to restrain himself so he wouldn't create too much of a shock.

Emery slowly increased his speed, with a few steps and a slight trick with the sword, Emery was able to disarm the silver knight sword and throw it in the air. All eyes stared at the sky as if mesmerized at the blade glinting under the sunlight, with just that one split second, Emery's sword already on the silver's knight throat.

The flying blade landed into the ground, marking the defeat of the silver knight.

There was suddenly an uproar among the audience and the royalty.

A young unknown kid who came from a low rank noble family was able to defeat an experienced silver knight. Everyone clapped and cheered in a standing ovation.

Amidst the admiration, some eyes stared at Emery with jealousy and rage.

Chapter 323: Invited by the King

The squire assessment took a whole day to finish. In accordance with the results of the tournament, 25 squires were chosen.

Out of the 25, two squires stood up on top for winning all four fights. As for the rest, three of them managed to win two fights and the remaining got one win each.

The fact that Abe, the son of the most influential minister in the kingdom, managed to win all four fights had given quite an impression to the crowds. However, the achievement was overshadowed by the one squire who was able to defeat a silver knight, something that had never happened in the previous tournaments.

The twenty-five squire lined up in front of the stage where the king and all the nobles sat watching the battles.

As congratulations, the king held a simple ceremony to let the names of the kingdom representatives be known to the public. Though everyone received the same amount of attention from the king, all eyes were focused on one young man, while whispers of his name were passed amongst nobles and commoners alike.

To close the ceremony, the king gave a simple speech and with that, the celebrations ended.

As expected, Emery was invited to see the King inside the throne room.

Emery was escorted into the palace. He arrived in front of the massive double doors to the throne room and two knights walked forward to open them for him. The door was made of smooth wood decorated with carved symbols of the kingdom's past admirable deeds.

After so long, he had finally gotten his chance to be invited into the Lioness Palace. Although there was a grandiose can be seen from the palace, but during his journey to reach this point, he had already seen too many magnificent things in the Magus Academy.

Fortunately, there was a certain feeling that made his presence still feel special. After all, in a way, one of his childhood wishes had been granted. Emery walked up the steps, relishing the moment.

Inside the room, beside the knights, Emery saw the king sitting on the throne with the princess next to him. Right on the king's side, his aide stood vigilant, while the famous Knight of The Lion, Yvain, stood next to the princess.

Emery approached them, kneeled with one foot and said. "Your Majesty," with his head bowed down, just like what he learned from the proper etiquette lessons with his family.

"You may rise."

"Thank you, Your Majesty."

Emery looked at the king's face, but even so, he could still feel the princess' stare on him, making him a little uncomfortable.

Right as the king was about to speak, a knight kneeled and reported from behind Emery.

"Your Majesty, Minister Fantumar has come to see you."

Right after the report, a series of hurried footsteps could be heard approaching. A group of knights in dark-colored armor marched right in, led by the Dread Knight, Minister Fantumar and Abe.

"Your Majesty, we came to congratulate this young man and to get to know him. My son was also impressed and he would like to know more about such a talented squire."

Emery was disgusted hearing that. Every word was trash, filled with falsehood. But he kept his calm.

The king nodded and said.

"You came at the right time, Fantumar. We were just going to ask more about this young man."

As Emery had foreseen before the assessment, he was asked to explain the circumstances that led him here along with his identity. For now, he was Lanzo of the Dunlat Family, the minor noble family. Surprisingly, upon hearing the name, the princess spoke up.

"Ah the Dunlat Family... I am sorry, I heard of the misfortune that fell upon them, it was a disease wasn't it?"

"Yes, princess, it happened three years ago and unfortunately I'm the only one that survived."

From where he stood, Emery could see the princess' sincere condolences from her gaze. Lanzo's family tragedy was enough to move her. The way the princess cared about her subjects was something Emery used to admire about her.

The main topic shifted to who taught him, who he learned the sword skills from. As much as they tried to make everything sound as normal, it was clear as day this was just a poorly disguised attempt at interrogation.

Emery had no choice but to lie. Well, to be fair, even if he wanted to tell the truth, he could not.

[Restriction Spell activated. You are now allowed to speak any information regarding the academy to those who are not part of it.]

Whenever he tried to talk about Lord Izta or Magus Xion, the restriction spell activated and made him lose his voice. He had no choice but to use his other option as an answer.

"My father taught me."

Unfortunately, as he knew from the beginning, the Dunlat Family had never accomplished anything notable. Although they have had a few knights who served the kingdom, they had nothing else. That answer was not quite enough.

Emery was forced to add-on everything else he learned during the journey he went through in the last three years.

Fortunately, Emery's made-up credentials passed scrutiny and there was no mistake. In fact, it had the opposite effect. The king and even Fantumar were now too busy trying to get on Emery's best side and didn't even think to question him further.

After learning Emery no longer had a home, the king even offered Emery one of the castle guest rooms to stay in until the day of the tournament, but Emery politely rejected it.

He would need to go in and out from here, be it to the Khaos space or somewhere else, and if he stayed in the palace, he would be under more scrutiny.

Surprising the king was not offended, he even offers that the room will always be available for him if he chooses to use it in the future. It can be seen how much the kingdom really desperate for talent.

The king wished for Emery's success in the tournament before letting him leave the palace, followed by Fantumar and his forces.

Before they could leave the throne room, Princess Gwenneth walked closer to Emery. She stared at him curiously, making him look away.

"I heard you were called Lanzo?"

"Yes, princess." Emery nodded.

"Tell me, Lanzo. Is it strange that I find you rather familiar...?"

Emery thought for a second before answering. "No, princess. I think it was because we have met before."

"Did we?"

Emery told the story when Yvain rescued them by capturing the marauders who held them hostage and the knight confirmed his story.

"Ah, I see..." For a moment, Emery could feel the princess' disappointment. "I hope you will succeed in the tournament, Lanzo." The princess added before leaving him.

Although she had gotten her answer, somehow, the nagging feeling did not disappear she felt something familiar about this particular squire.

Chapter 324: Choice

The fresh breeze of the night caressed the princess' face and made her beautiful blonde hair flutter softly. From the tall balcony she stood on, she looked at the sea below, each gentle wave sending up foam that quickly disappeared from the shore.

The winds from the southern seas made the edges of her white gown dance in time with the twinkling stars above.

The sea of stars shining in myriad colors, accompanied by the song of the waves, used to calm her nerves. But on this particular night, she did not find the serenity she sought.

In her hands, she held a wooden box with such a delicate grip. Even with a glance, it was clear the box was made with great craftsmanship, with beautiful, carved vines and leaf patterns.

"It's... It has been more than a year, why do I suddenly remember you again...?"

The princess held the box as if it was a treasure. It was a memento she kept since the incident that night, the incident that cost her a friend and chained her with regret ever since.

That boy had been her friend for so long, and that night, she threw it all with an unthinkably painful deed that plagued the back of her mind even now.

The princess let her fingers touch the wooden box, feeling each bump and ridge before pressing down on a certain spot. The box popped open, showing a figurine of a girl who looked just like her.

The wooden box was just a little toy, but it was enough to turn around the princess' frown into a small chuckle. It was a reminder of the good were the times they spent together.

It was said you would only realize how important someone was when they were no longer in your life, and now, the princess felt the words rang truer than ever.

"Emery..." She touched the figurine, feeling the care that was put into each detail. "Why are you haunting my memories now? Was it because of your unjust death?"

The moment was suddenly interrupted by a noise from outside her room. She placed the box in her room's bedside table and stopped a maid walking down the halls to ask what just happened.

The maid explained the court physician was just visiting the king's room and the round of medications for the day had just been administered. She closed the door to her room and ran towards her father's room.

She opened the door to the king's royal chamber and found her father sitting down propped up by pillows. His expression was one of peaceful half-slumber.

The princess walked closer and sat next to him before asking in a whisper.

"Is it your chest again, father?"

The king's eyes fluttered open and he smiled at his daughter. "It's nothing of concern, my dear... this is just what being old is."

King Richard the Lioness, he was a great knight who led the kingdom to so many victories back when he was young. But now just like everyone else, age had ravaged his body and his battles continued in the form of fighting the myriad sicknesses that periodically ravaged his body.

Gwen pulled the blanket over her father's body. It was a chilly night, and some warmth would provide comfort.

"Ah, my beautiful daughter, you are so perfect... The man who will marry you one day will become the luckiest man on Earth..."

Gwen shook her head slowly. "Maybe not that lucky, considering he will have you as a father in law and you can't even listen to your own daughter. This is not the first time the court physician told you to rest and it's certainly not the first time I told you to rest, either."

"Ahahaha, my dear daughter... Yes, yes, you are always right..."

The two enjoyed their bonding moment in silence. Gwen, not knowing what to do, simply caressed her father's hand. After a few minutes, the king slowly spoke up.

"I like what you have done in the event, daughter, and I can see what you are trying to do... But, though those squires are important, it's more important to appease the nobles..."

Gwen's expression turned sour for a bit, but she decided to settle with a long sigh.

"Father, you know I will disagree, but please, we should not debate about this again."

"Yes, I understand, my daughter, but we should do what we must. I am afraid they will come for you like hungry wolves when I am not here."

Gwen could understand what her father meant clearly. The moment the king passed away, all of those false, power-hungry nobles would bicker and tear each other out for a little more taste of the addicting power.

"If only our kingdom had its own strong forces, we would never need to worry about those nobles and about our borders... The death of Sir Bagdemagus only made everything even worse."

Thinking about strong forces, Gwen reminded about the certain rumor she heard

"Father, I heard you have been trying to recruit a wizard for the court, is there any pro- "

"Hah!" The king shouted, his anger made him gasp for breath, forcing Gwen to calm him down. "That was all Fantumar's work! You know how I feel about magic, and that said wizard even has the nerve to reject my invite! Huh! never ask me about it again!"

Instantly, Gwen felt guilty and she quickly apologized.

The king gasped for breath, in, out, in, out, until he finally calmed down.

"My daughter... All I wish for is someone suitable you can marry, so I can feel at peace sooner. As long as you are safe, I want nothing else."

"Father, please do not worry about that." Gwen shook her head. "You don't need to look for anyone or anything, I have a plan for that."

Gwen's words made the king smile with joy in spite of the pain, as if he just heard the news of a rare event. So far, in the last few years, the princess had been rejecting all the suitors he attempted to set up with her.

"Who was it that you chose, daughter? Was it Prince Edward of the Cantiaci?"

"No, father, I have a plan, let me deal with it. For now, please just rest. Nothing would make me happier than your health, father." Gwen turned away.

That was not enough to dissuade the king out of his joy and he kept on questioning her.

"Don't tell me you are choosing that Fantumar boy? I thought you hated him-... Ah, no, that can't be it. You must be looking for someone within Lioness, but not him... Ha!" The king's eyes glinted with mischief. "Was it the young man from today? He's very talented, and definitely much good looking compare to that Abe boy... I can see why you want him"

Gwen gave a small smile and asked in exasperation. "Father, you sure really are too excited about this."

"Don't keep this poor old man guessing, my dear daughter... Tell me."

She looked away. Though she had said she had a plan, she herself was not sure and she only said that in an attempt to make her father worry a little bit less. "Father, I'm still not sure of my choice. Let me see what happens when I see him next week."

The king realized who she was talking about and smiled. "Next week? Don't tell me You mean him? you agree then daughter? You are full of surprises, just like your mother."

"No, no... Father, my mother chose a simple squire, as for me... I have to think about what is best for my people, and for that, he will be the best choice... The prince of Logress himself, Arthur Pendragon."

Chapter 325: Wealth

The prestigious yearly Tournament would be held next week in the capital of Logress Kingdom, the place where the royal family resided, Camelot City.

Normally, it would take three to four days of traveling by horse to reach the place from Lionarch City. Therefore, all the selected squires would leave and head together with the kingdom's entourage in two days.

The other squires took the 2 days time available for them to train, polishing and perfecting any deficiency they noticed in their swordsmanship in order to perform beautifully later in the Tournament.

Meanwhile, Emery spent the next two days cultivating in the Khaos space, while also making more Cleansing Potions for him to sell.

With his current proficiency in apothecary, Emery managed to concoct 50 potions within these two days. He then proceeded to sell all of them with the price tag of 20 silver coins per bottle. That meant they just gave Emery 10 gold coins, just like that.

Allistair senior requested a bulk order of 500 potions. But looking at the situation he was currently in, Emery could only promise the man the order would be completed in a month at the earliest.

As much as he liked to have more coins in his pocket, Emery still had many other priorities than making potions.

Of course, with a bulk order, a deposit also came with it. With this transaction alone, Emery currently could be counted as a wealthy person in the Lioness Kingdom. His net worth was on par with a rank 5 or even rank 4 noble family.

This amount of money was enough for him to buy a piece of land and a small estate in the countryside. Thus, it also meant Emery would not have any financial problems in the near future.

On the night of the second day, right after he finished his potion transaction, Emery noticed someone was watching him just outside the inn he stayed at.

Emery was about to ignore it when he realized the latter was approaching him. Turning his head, he saw a bearded middle-aged man with a noticeable scar on his face. Moreover, the man apparently came with a few other people who had weapons on them.

The suspicious man was making his way over to Emery, who stood right in front of the inn entrance.

"You! Squire, a noble is looking for you. Come with us."

Hearing the order-like words, Emery calmly looked at the man and said, "May I know who and why?"

"It's Minister Fantumar. As for why, you can ask him yourself after you come with us."

Seeing the people that bastard Fantumar sent to him were not too friendly-looking. It was apparent the man didn't expect a no for the answer.

"I see... Well, lead the way."

Obviously, Emery could deal with these few people within seconds, but he was actually interested to know more about what Fantumar wanted from him. Maybe, he would be lucky and find a secret he could use against him later.

The group brought Emery to a luxury estate located not far from Lionarch City, but still within its boundary.

Then, Emery was forced to give up his weapon before he could be allowed to come in.

"Really? With dozens of guards in this estate, he still worried about one young squire with a sword? This was just sad." Emery thought to himself as he gave the sword hoisted on his waist.

From that point on, only the bearded man continued to lead Emery, while the rest dispersed, probably returning back to their post. Emery walked through a long hall that was brimming with antiques, before the man stopped in front of a large door.

The door was enclosed with a golden frame and decorated with elegant carvings. It was made with a kind of wood that gave off a faint yet fragrant aroma.

He walked inside and found a long table completely filled with sumptuous cuisine. Emery could see two figures eating and talking with each other. Fantumar and Abe.

The father and son duo had been eating, while they waited for the expected guest and when Emery walked in, the fat man quickly invited him to enjoy the food.

The truth was, Emery felt extremely disgusted to be within the same room with them, much less eating together. Especially so with the one who was currently tearing a large piece of chicken thigh.

The man who was currently chewing in front of him was the one who was responsible for his father's death, the perpetrator of his family's end.

At this moment, there was a voice inside Emery who told him to take out the dagger stored inside the spatial storage and kill the two in a cold blooded fashion.

But Emery restrained himself. No, he believed this was not the time. Not yet.

There was still the Tournament that he had to complete smoothly and also the fact he needed to force out some information from them. Hence, he quelled the fury in his heart and maintained his patience for now.

"Come, Lanzo. Take a seat and join us for dinner."

At the moment, Emery really wishes to just confront the minister's intention with him. Strangely Emery remembered one of the old knight Bagdemagus teaching before he met his end.

'Do not let others know your real feelings, especially your enemy.'

Emery decided to calmly take a seat and began eating in a nonchalant manner.

The waitress served him a plate of meat but he barely touched it as he really has no appetite to eat among these people. On the other end of the table, he realized Abe was giving him a look suffused with unfriendly intent. It looked like the boy still couldn't accept yesterday's defeat.

"Is the food not to your liking?" Asked Fantumar.

Before Emery could answer the boy interrupted "Father... I am sure it's because he never ate any of that before" Abe said with a mocking manner.

Although Abe looked so much different now, inside he was still exactly the same as when he last met him.

Emery had no intentions to care about such childish behaviour anymore, but fortunately he didn't need to answer anything as he realized Fantumar gave a glare to the boy that made him suddenly close his mouth and give an apology.

Emery thought he had the patience to listen to all this, but apparently, he didn't.

"Lord Fantumar, may I please know why you invited me here today?"

"Ah yes Lancelot, of course, we are here to appreciate such a talent like yourself and to make you feel welcome to the family"

Emery definitely felt there was a lot to say to such a simple sentence, especially when added to the wicked smile on the face of the minister.

Chapter 326: Nobles

"Family...? What do you mean by that?"

The fat man stopped his eating streak and proceeded to look at Emery in a serious manner.

"It's exactly what it implies, Lancelot. We are all under one family, the family of the Lioness Kingdom, aren't we?"

"Yes, Lord. Of course we are." Emery replied with an unsure tone.

Until this moment, Emery still had a hard time understanding what the fat noble was implying.

Fantumar put on a dejected expression and said, "I am saddened to see the king only offers you an unused room in his palace. But fret not, I can assure you that our kingdom is rich. I can give you anything you desire and for that, I hope you will stay loyal to the kingdom."

Now Emery began to understand what the fat-ass meant to convey.

Within all the 7 kingdoms, the map of power was generally divided between its king and nobles, whereas the king would govern the land and the nobles would serve the kingdom, or more precisely, the royal family. This meant the king held the authority, while the nobles held the management.

In return, the nobles would be given land and title for their contribution to the kingdom as whole. The highest rank would receive the largest and best piece of land the kingdom had, while the lowest would receive the opposite treatment.

The nobles would then rule over the land that had been given to them and receive prosperity from it. Naturally, they would still have to give some tribute to the royal family, either by money or the land specialities. Even so, the wealth the bestowed land earned them was enough for generations to spend.

As for how one could be granted land and title, it was usually decided by merit. The more merits one had, the greater land and title one would be given.

The only other way one would be able to receive a title was when they received their knighthood.

The yearly Tournament was such an event.

It wasn't rare seeing a noble getting an increase in their noble rank if a member of their family received a knighthood. Even more when the said person received the silver knight title or even the revered gold knight title.

There were around 50 gold knights in the whole 7 kingdoms. Their numbers showed the strength of a kingdom and these holy knights had always been nurtured wholly by the kingdom since early times.

Because of this matter, when a talented squire showed up in the Tournament, a better offer of land and title would come from another kingdom. To put it simply, the act of poaching was the norm.

This practice was bluntly carried out especially to those squires, who had no proper ties to the kingdom, such as Emery, or more precisely, Lanzelot Dulat. A young man who came out of nowhere and brought immense talent with him.

After all, if Abe changed sides and jumped away from the ship called the Lioness Kingdom, with his relationship to Fantumar and the kingdom, there would definitely be a huge trouble manifesting.

To discourage such poaching activity, the tournament forces required a squire to dedicate himself to a certain kingdom first. It was established to make sure the squire would be indebted to said kingdom and would return to serve after they received their knighthood.

With the ability he showcased and Lanzelot's background, Emery would surely receive several offers from other kingdoms the moment he received his knighthood. Hence, the reason for the buttering Fantumar was doing right now.

"Lanzelot, you must know that, even though our king cannot offer you much, I, Fantumar, will definitely make sure you feel appreciated. Hence, I will say this to you. If you manage to receive a silver knight title, rest assured, because lands and the highest title will be waiting for you here."

At this moment, Emery was annoyed with the fat noble words. It sounded as if everything in the Lioness Kingdom was his to give, not the king's. Even though it seemed arrogant at first glance, it also showed how influential he was in the kingdom.

Unfortunately for him, Emery didn't need any of those things. Neither coins, land nor titles could make Emery do the things he wanted.

For Emery, the only thing the fat pig could give to satisfy him was justice for his father's death.

Now that everything has been said, when Emery was about to leave, Fantumar tried to give him a bag of coins.

No string attached, he said.

Just something for the trip, he said.

Emery could see why people were easily drawn to this man: having money and power could indeed buy a person over, eventually. There was a little voice inside him, telling to just take the money and give it to people who needed it. But when he saw the person who gave it, he couldn't do it. Therefore, No. Emery firmly refused the bag of coins.

Afterward, Emery swiftly left the place, while still trying hard to appear respectful for the fat nobles.

When Emery left the estate, Fantumar went to another room to see the figure in black armor. Breunor the Dreaded Knight who had been waiting for him.

"Sir Breunor, are you sure the kid's skills are genuine?"

"Yes, they are. It was a short fight, but my knight didn't make a mistake. This kid is probably the best squire I have ever seen."

Those words were such a great compliment, one that came from such a notorious knight at that. It should be good news, but Fantumar, instead of being happy, seemed concerned.

Seeing the man's expression, the Dread Knight asked, "What is it?"

"I never saw a lower noble that doesn't flinch when money and titles are mentioned. There is something very suspicious about this boy. He is not as simple as meets the eye. Adding his sword skills, this doesn't make sense."

"I need you to check the kid's background one more time."

Recalling the sight of Emery, who remained calm and didn't even react once during the previous conversation, Fantumar became even more anxious.

"Will the kid be a problem for our plans?" asked the Dreaded knight.

"If he really is, then we just have to kill him before he can become a bigger problem in the future."

The Dread Knight turned around and walked out of the room after Fantumar said that.

"I understand."

Chapter 327: Journey

A figure was seen riding a horse entering the Lioness Palace.

A few days ago, the castle courtyard was packed to the brim, both participants and spectators alike. Now, instead, the place was filled with dozens of knights all poised and ready for a task.

They were all busy preparing for a journey to the Logress Kingdom capital, the city of Camelot.

Emery looked around and saw a corner where the group of squires selected for the tournament had gathered.

Among them, he could spot Lucas and Mark talking with each other. They were the two senior squires who managed to successfully pass the assessment.

Emery decided to use his spare time to get acquainted with the other selected squires. From their conversations, Emery discovered that among the 25 who were selected, most came from lower-ranked noble families.

But all the squires gathered there, be it the lower-ranked ones or high-ranked ones. They were all selected because of their strength. Thanks to this, they each had mutual respect for each other's skills, and the two groups could get along better than expected, in spite of their different social status. To some extent at least.

Emery was pleased as more friends were always better. The only problem he had was Abe, who kept on giving him such cold glares he could feel them piercing his back.

"At this point, all the staring is beyond creepy..." Emery muttered to himself.

The noise suddenly quieted down and all eyes darted towards the direction of the massive double doors leading to the palace. With a command from one of the knights, the door was opened, revealing the king walking right in front of the princess.

The king gave a warm welcome and a little congratulations in light of what the squires achieved on the assessments, before announcing that the princess would represent the kingdom at the event due to his poor health.

Right as the words left the king's lips, all eyes landed on the fair princess. She wore a predominantly white gown, trimmed with golden edges and decorated with few pieces of jewelry. The princess greeted the squires and the knights with a smile before going inside the horse-drawn carriage accompanied by one of her aides.

The carriage doors were closed and Yvain, the Knight of the Lion, gave everyone the orders to move right away.

The group of 30 knights in silver armor, followed by the 25 squires, all retrieved their horses from the stables. The knights formed a protective formation around the princess, while the 25 squires followed close behind. Without breaking their formation, they headed out of the Lioness Palace.

According to the other squires, the journey would take either three or four days depending on the weather. For Emery, personally, he viewed the journey as a waste of time. Being around these people, with eyes staring all the time, Emery would not be able to return to the Khaos Space the whole journey. He also had to spend his nights taking turns with the other squires for night watch alongside the knights.

Fortunately, Emery did not forget to prepare a blue stone formation deep in the woods right near Lionarch City. If the situation called for it, he would be able to return instantly next time.

The journey was overall quite boring. All the other squires were busy talking about the matters going on within the kingdom and Emery wanted no part of it. He knew that everything going on in the Magus Academy would overtake his life and for the present, he preferred to focus on his chances to find Morgana and how he could try finding information about the sword of destiny.

Night quickly came and the group stopped to set up camp and rest for the day. While the squires were busy building the place, Emery could see that some of them kept trying to find a way to interact with the princess or at least get her attention for a few moments. Mark and Lucas were also part of those squires.

Meanwhile, Abe was the boldest of them all, but it was clear his every attempt only annoyed the princess. At one point, the Golden Knight Yvain had to get involved.

Emery was really not interested in interacting with the princess at all. The next day came, and, as usual, they continued their journey before setting up tents.

This time, on the second night, unexpectedly he was called upon to meet the princess. This surely raises a few jealous glares from the other squire

The tent she resided in was surrounded by knights and Emery walked close towards the torches burning close to it. Underneath the torches and right outside the tent, the princess stood waiting for him.

Emery was startled to see the glint of a shiny blade underneath the light. The princess was wearing her combat gear. She looked at him and said,

"Draw your sword."

He didn't have a chance to process her words, as she quickly dashed forward and charged at him while preparing to strike. He didn't expect the attack to be that fast, nor did he expect it to take her challenge a little seriously.

But of course, Emery could easily dodge it by a simple sidestepping.

The princess did not stop her attack there. Her skillful footwork really came into play and she quickly spun around, using the momentum of the movement to enhance the strength to her side swing. Were she facing anyone else, the attack would surely catch them off-guard, but as of now, her strength wasn't even close enough to try touching him.

With the power of his spirit reading, Emery was able to sense that the Golden Knight was waiting nearby in the shadow, observing their fight.

It seemed this was one of those times where a bored princess forced herself to train her sword skills with her subordinate.

He was unwilling to drag on this farce of a fight a moment longer. He pulled the sword sheathed on his belt and simply hit the princess' sword near its base, making her lose the grip on her blade and let it clatter on the ground uselessly. Right as she reached for it, Emery pointed the tip towards her neck.

Everything happened so quickly, to the point that the Golden Knight unconsciously charged forward to protect the princess.

Seeing the princess's astound expression, Emery quickly sheathed his sword and turned to leave. "Good night, Princess."

Before he even took his first steps out of there, the princess shouted, stopping him in his tracks. "Stop right there!"

Chapter 328: The Princess Knight

"The princess told you to stop!" the golden knight added, with an even louder voice.

Emery finally stopped in his steps when he heard that. He turned around, looked at the princess for a moment and bowed his head while saying, "Anything else that I can do for you, my Royal Highness?"

Even though his tone was normal, after seeing him being ignorant earlier and hearing him saying things like this, the princess was smart enough to tell that Emery was being sarcastic. But unexpectedly, instead of being angry due to the sarcasm, the princess took Emery's words rather calmly.

She slowly sheathed the blade in her hand and said, "Raise, squire. Let me see your face."

Emery raised his head and this time, locked gaze with the princess. The two were standing face to face, looking directly at each other.

At this moment, as if there was a section of void separating him and her, Emery was silent, unable to say anything. No, rather than that, it was more accurate to say that he currently did not want to think or have anything to do with her. Hence, his silence and earlier actions.

Alas, the girl standing in front of him was the princess of the Lioness Kingdom and, as a squire of her kingdom, he swore to obey and protect her.

The princess stared at him for a few seconds before she opened her mouth.

"You... You don't like me very much, do you? ... May I ask why?"

Emery was quite startled by her straightforward question. This character of her was one of the qualities he used to like about her.

"No, of course not, my lady. I sincerely apologize if I somehow have offended you." said Emery, bowing his head again.

The young girl walked closer to the bowing Emery and said, "Lancelot, do you know you aren't a very good liar?"

While Emery was still keeping his head down, the princess proceeded to walk around him while saying, "Was it just me? Or do you dislike most nobles?"

Emery was silent, the girl was too perceptive. Therefore, it was probably safer for him to just say less, or nothing if possible.

After doing her round of circling, the princess returned back in front of Emery. Looking at the sight of Emery still maintaining his posture, she said, "I am sorry for suddenly attacking you earlier."

"I and my teacher here, Sir Yvain, have been practicing with swords and we were talking about you just now. Hence, the reason for our invitation."

Emery still kept his mouth shut as he heard the princess apologize to him.

Not many royalties would apologize to their subject, not even casually. But here, the princess swiftly delivered her apology and was aware she was the wrong one. Another of her admirable qualities.

Emery was annoyed, the memories of their childhood together kept coming back at him. He tried to think of the reason why they came back at this moment, but he couldn't put his finger on it.

Seeing Emery was adamant on keeping his silence, the princess said, "Anyway Lancelot, we were just hoping you could achieve the silver knight title this year."

Upon hearing this, Emery smirked a little, while derision began to appear in his eyes. Fantumar or the princess. As he expected, their agenda should be pretty much the same.

But then, what she said next startled him, as it did not go as he had thought.

"Honestly, I think you are amazing, knowing what you have been through. Therefore, now that you have the opportunity to have a new future, Lancelot, I really wish you success. The knight tournament could be a life-changing event for you.

Hearing these words, that he didn't expect coming, Emery got curious and decided to ask a question.

"My lady... pardon my bluntness, but wouldn't it bother you if other kingdoms took an interest in me?" asked Emery, as he lifted his head.

Once again, to his surprise, the princess was not angry. Instead, she strangely became a little excited.

"Aha! That's what has been on your mind, was it?"

The beautiful girl walked a few steps closer, until she reached a distance that made both Emery and Sir Yvain, who watched from the side, uncomfortable. Alas, the girl didn't seem to realize it as she said,

"Do you know what it really means to be a knight, Lancelot?"

The unexpected question threw Emery off guard. Of course he knew what being a knight was. It had always been his dream to be a knight, how could he didn't know what it represented?

But surprisingly, the moment he tried to answer the question, not one word came to his mind. He tried to remember what his father taught him, but thanks to myriads of things that had been happening the last two years, Emery couldn't seem to remember, as if a shroud of fog stood before him.

While Emery was still trying his best to find the correct answer, the princess opened her mouth again. And what came out of it surprised him.

"Lancelot, if you are thinking about land, title or power, then you are wrong. Those are just what come with it, but they aren't what being a knight is about."

The princess slowly drew her sword, raised it high in the air and said to Emery,

"When you succeed later, you will be reminded again during the accolade ceremony."

The princess then put the sword on his shoulder as she pretended to perform the knighthood ceremony that Emery knew too well.

She moved the sword from his left shoulder to the right while saying, "Justice... Truth... and Honor."

The princess then showed a genuine smile to Emery.

"You see, Lanzelot... Which kingdom you choose, how big the land you receive, and how much wealth you earn. All of those would only matter as long as you stay true to yourself. That's what it means to be a knight."

The words uttered by the princess were somehow able to remove the shroud on his mind, as Emery felt as if he could hear the voice of his father again, saying the exact same words the princess said.

"Yes, my lady. Thank you for reminding me." This time, Emery really spoke from his heart.

The princess chuckled a little bit seeing Emery's reaction.

"Still, Lanzelot, you shouldn't be too proud of yourself. You should focus on achieving success first before thinking about those offers you might receive."

"Yes, I understand."

A glint appeared in the princess's eyes as she said, "Then, will you help train with me now?"

Inwardly, Emery sighed deeply. It was clear he just got trapped by her words... again.

That night, the princess had earned herself a sparring partner. He was training with the princess, while the golden knight helped by showing a few examples. Emery, of course, hid his ability as much as he could during the spar.

From the chat that happened after the spar and the observations he did, it was apparent the girl was more skillful compared to the other 25 squires. This was also the reason why she chose him to be her practice partner as none the other are good enough for her, except that Abe that she despised.

The princess was so happy with Emery, that she summoned him again the next night. Without realizing it, Emery starts to feel comfortable being around her again. On the other hand, being the princess 'favorite' squire, made the hard-earned relationship Emery had built with the other 25 squires crumble instantly.

Chapter 329: Camelot

On the fourth day of their journey, the group finally entered the border of the Logress Kingdom. The unfamiliar yet alluring sight of the surroundings brought a feel of marvel within Emery, making him truly appreciate the beauty of Mother Earth.

Crossing through dozens of villages and several towns, Emery could clearly see the vicissitude of life, as people went about their day doing their activities.

During this trip that spanned over two kingdoms, Emery compared every village they passed through with the Mist Shore village, where he lived after the incident and he realized the people of Logress appeared to have a much better living condition.

Farms were much more flourishing and livestock were so hefty they crowded the fields. This made him wonder if this could represent a better ruling than in Lioness.

The moment they drew near the capital city of Logress Kingdom, the group quickly discovered a dozen knights were approaching them.

Through his enhanced senses, Emery could see that there was a distinct figure within the nearing group, a golden knight amidst the dozen knights.

That particular knight was leading the group and approaching the Lioness Kingdom's entourage with a cheerful manner.

"Yvain..?! Knight Yvain! Is that you, friend?"

Sir Yvain raised his hand and the whole entourage quickly came to a stop.

From within the cart, the princess asked the golden knight, "Who is it, Sir Yvain?"

"It's the Logress Knight, my lady. Gwain, the maiden's knight."

The group of Logress Kingdom's knights finally reached them. The golden knight called Gwain quickly went down from his horse and proceeded to kneel in front of the cart where the princess was.

"I'm Gwain, my lady. We came to welcome the eminent Princess Gwenneth of the Lioness and, of course, all the knights and squires of the Lioness Kingdom."

Hearing the golden knight's words, Princess Gwenneth walked out of the cart and paid her respect to the golden knight in the manner taught to the members of the royal family.

Sir Yvain, as the one in charge of Lioness Kingdom entourage, let the Logress knights lead the way. After all, they already made their effort to welcome the former in their territory.

Emery had also heard the tale of the knight called Gwain, who was one of the greatest young golden knights in the 7 kingdoms. The man was in the same generation as Sir Yvain.

Emery also realized that, among the 12 knights the Logress Kingdom sent, two of them were silver knights. This fact amazed him, as it showed the Logress Kingdom's capability to dispatch a golden knight and two silver knights just to welcome and escort the Lioness Kingdom's group.

After all, their group wasn't the only one who came to the Logress Kingdom to attend the Tournament.

Emery even assumed that the relationship between the two kingdoms was extremely good based on this treatment alone.

A few hours later, the group finally arrived at Logress Kingdom's capital city: Camelot.

Emery had never been to Camelot before, but he had heard about it from his father. So, he had some kind of image inside his mind on what to expect when he finally landed his eyes on it. But to his surprise, it completely exceeded the image he had.

The moment he arrived, Emery was startled when he realized he was unable to see the end of the city. It was several times bigger than Lionarch City and every corner of the city was as crowded as Lionarch Port.

There was a certain feel to the city, one of grandeur, as most of the buildings were made of polished stone. The display of the blue emblem with a shield and golden sword could be seen all around, as the symbol was raised high across the city, which made the city look like a large series of forts.

Though it was surely nothing compared to Golden City, it was still an exciting experience for Emery, as he previously only heard of the city from his father's story or books he read in childhood.

Emery wished to see more of the city, But, unfortunately, he needed to stay with the group. They were currently heading directly to the place where they should have gathered.

The group wasn't exactly being sent to the royal palace, but instead, to a piece of land not far from the palace.

This particular piece of land was not less important than the palace itself. It was the place where the knights of the 7 kingdoms would gather. It was in this land that the knights of the divine order were established.

This also would be the place where the knight tournament will be held.

The group entered the compound and was led to one particular area. It was an estate provided for the Lioness group.

As most of the squires came from the lower nobels, the luxurious estate made them gape, unfortunately for them, the estate was prepared only for the princess and the knights, while they would stay in the large tent the kingdom had prepared on the back of the estate.

Before leaving the entourage, the golden knight, Gwain, invited the princess and the squires to the welcoming feast that would be held at the Knight Order main hall tonight.

As the event was optional, Emery, unsurprisingly, decided not to attend it. It had been four days since he last visited and practiced in Khaos space and he didn't plan to prolong it any longer. He also really wanted to start finding clues about Morgana's whereabouts.

Unfortunately, as if the princess knew his intention, the princess sends his knight specifically to him insisted he had to come to the event. She proceeded to insist all the squires must attend the event.

...

Later that night.

Princess Gwenneth, Sir Yvain and two of his silver knights, as well as 25 squires, came together to the feast in their formal attire. All of them wore various kinds of formal wear, but with one similarity, the red cape with a lion on it, the symbol of the Lioness Kingdom.

The moment the group arrived and walked into the hall, the sonorous sound of trumpets resounded through the air, followed by the loud sound of the aide announcing their presence.

"Princess Gwenneth of the Lioness as well as the Lioness Kingdom's entourage have arrived!"

Here in this hall. Through his spirit force sense, Emery can feel many powerful individuals more than he expects.

Chapter 330: Knights of Divine Order

The place they were visiting was the grand hall of the knight order.

The place was already jam-packed with people with various different styles and colors of attire. From the insignia and symbols they bear, it could easily be assumed they were the representatives from other kingdoms.

Their arrival was followed with the sound of trumpets and a loud introduction. Thanks to that, hundreds of eyes all focused towards them.

The beautiful princess led the group with confidence, each step she took radiating gentleness yet still brimming with power. Her confidence made the knights and squires of Lioness Kingdom worry a bit less.

If their princess could walk here with pride, surely they could do the same.

Emery and the squires walked into a wide hall decorated with various banners and they were led to a different area, while the princess and the golden knight continued walking deeper into the hall.

He peered into the deepest room in the hall and saw five seats at the end of it. Three of them were empty, while two were filled with two older men.

The princess smiled and bowed, showing her utmost respect to them.

"Greetings to the knight commanders."

The two older men were two of the highest ranking knights from the seven kingdoms. Sir Owain, the Aegis knight and Sir Agrival the Wise.

They smiled back at the princess admiring her beauty. "Ah, Princess Gwenneth. Welcome. You have turned into such a fine lady, princess, and you have honored this hall with your presence."

The princess made some small talk with them before heading to the right side of the room.

The end of the hall was furnished with three tables and three sets of seats. The center seats were reserved for the greatest ranking knights, while the left and right sides had seats for representatives of the kingdoms. Princess Gwenneth sat next to the representative from Gangani Kingdom. Meanwhile, right across from where she sat, she could see the representatives from Damentae and Icen Kingdom.

Apparently, four of the seven kingdoms had arrived in this hall.

In such a crowded room packed with famous knights, Emery cast his spirit reading ability and could somehow tell some of the special ones.

He found out that there are several golden knights sitting near the front tables.

This came as a surprise as there were only two golden knights in the whole Lioness kingdom, but there were at least a dozen of them in this room.

He had heard that this event was the place where the greatest knights of the seven kingdoms gathered. Now, he had the chance to really experience such an event with his own two eyes.

A few moments later, he heard the sound of trumpets and, with a loud announcement, the newcomer was introduced.

"Prince Edward of the Cantiaci and the entourage of the Cantiaci Kingdom have arrived!"

Cantiaci Kingdom was Lioness' direct neighbor, their main territory starting just a few miles east from the Lioness Kingdom's capital city. They were known for their insignia representing a black fish, as well as their unique, shining silver armors coupled with inky black capes.

After giving his respects to the knight commander, the young prince with black curly hair chose to sit next to Princess Gwen.

Emery was actually quite familiar with this particular prince. As neighbors, the Cantiaci Kingdom often sent their ambassadors to the Lioness Kingdom for diplomatic and economic reasons.

From the few times Emery saw this black hair prince, he always radiated the impression of a courteous and friendly person despite his position. But of course, the prince would never notice a low rank noble like him.

All Emery knew aside from his behavior was rumors about how the king of Cantiaci had been trying to marry the young prince to Princess Gwen for quite a while.

Not long after the Cantiaci prince was seated, the trumpet sounded again, and everyone heard the name of the Norgales being mentioned.

Norgales was a kingdom from the cold north; their main territory was quite close to the barbarians' territory. On their shoulders, they bear the insignia of the White Bear. Both their knights and the representative wore a long, brown furry cape extending to just above their feet. All eyes were on them starting from their arrival.

The Norgales Kingdom was also known as the second strongest kingdom among the seven and probably as strong as the Logress itself. They had the biggest known army with the most veteran soldiers. Due to their location, they were forced to continue waging wars with the northern barbarians. Attacks, both on a small scale or otherwise, were almost a daily occurrence for them, forcing everyone, even the civilians, to arm themselves.

Their skills extended to their squires. Even with a glance, Emery could tell their squires were on a different level compared to the rest.

The Norgales Kingdom representative took his seat and the trumpet announced the last kingdom to arrive. Everyone, including Emery, knew who was coming.

"King Uther and Prince Arthur of the Logress Kingdom have arrived!"

The group arrived with the blue emblem of shield and a golden sword at the center. They were the most famous and prominent family of the seven kingdoms. As they walked through the hall Emery could see gazes of both admiration and intimidation.

The prince bowed and gave his respect to the two knight commanders, while the king walked to the central table and sat on one of the empty chairs.

King Uther Pendragon was not only the king of the Logress kingdom, but he was also one of the five knight commanders of the divine order.

With the arrival of the Logress kingdom and the king himself, the gathering was started.

Sir Agrival the Wise stood up and called out for the knight of the Divine Order oaths and quickly everyone else stood up together.

"We are the knights of the Divine Order. We are the protector of the realm, slayers of evil. We will always be brave and upright. Speak the truth even if it leads to our death. Safeguard the helpless and do no wrong. This is our oath!"

They recited the oath perfectly and without hesitation.

The end of their short speech was met with cheers. Right afterward, the blond-haired prince of Logress turned around to address the masses. His gaze was brimming with confidence and strength.

This was the first time Emery saw the young prince. When their eyes met for a second, he felt a familiar but curious feeling.