

## Earths GMagus 431

### Chapter 431: Fey Witch!

"We are too late, aren't we?"

Emery concentrated and cast his spirit sense, from the place he stood on, he could tell the fight still raged on even in the Lioness' main hall.

"No, this cannot be- No, not yet!"

He concentrated again and focused on the Lioness castle hall, before opening a [Spatial Gate].

"Let's go, Morgana!"

A black circle appeared on the corner of the hall.

He came in right in the middle of a crucial fight. The Lioness was losing, badly. He could only spot around 20 knights fighting against a hundred and more are coming inside the hall

When the knights noticed his sudden arrival through the weird black portal, the fight quickly stopped and everyone who survived stared at him in shock.

"Lanzo! How did you-" Lucas, one of the surviving young knights, broke the silence.

Emery ignored him, looked to the throne room and saw her.

The princess' formerly beautiful clothes were stained with blood and mud and the edges were torn. She knelt next to the dying king, her father, with her eyes glimmering with tears, but when their eyes met, she stared at him in shock, unable to say anything in this reunion.

Emery quickly dashed, landing next to the king. Unfortunately, his recent cultivation problem made him unable to cast his healing spell [Nature Blessing]. He quickly tore a hole in the air, reached in, and gave Gwen a jar of his new enhanced [Healing Paste], hoping it would be enough to stop the bleeding.

He took the jar so instantly that even the princess was still unable to understand what he just did.

"Put it on his wound. It will stop the bleeding"

The princess, still in confusion, accepted the paste. She was still staring at him for a second, before breaking out of her reverie and quickly attended to her father's wound.

All of a sudden, Fantumar shouted.

"Magic! How?... Who... Who are... No, you are that boy!"

Emery stood calmly and walked towards the hundreds of knights surrounding the throne. Fantumar and the Dread Knight stood in front of them.

"Lanzelot! Yes, you are that new silver knight champion, Lanzelot!"

Fantumar and his knight took a step forward, prompting the surviving king's knights to step back reforming their defensive line in front of their King

Seeing the threat, Morgana unconsciously opened her palm and created a fireball ready to attack. Fantumar looked at her in shock, before finally connecting the dots.

"You! You brought a witch, a fey witch!"

Hearing Fantumar's claim, it appears he thought Morgana was the one casting all of the magic.

"A knight and a fey witch! Hahaha! boy! Did you get possessed? Those witches are known to be able to do such a thing, after all!"

Emery's eyebrows twitched. Quite some time had passed since he last saw the pig. It seemed he became even more despicable. Though he was annoyed, he kept his calm, he just kept walking forward, until he stood a few meters away from the noble.

With a sudden grin on his face, Emery thought that it's a good time to take revenge for his family. Thinking about the burning Ambrose estate and the graves, unconsciously a rage started building up in him.

The Dread Knight seemed to have deemed him too close, deciding to point his massive broadsword at him.

The golden knight in black armor spoke to him, his voice was heavy with a condescending tone.

"Get lost, kid! Your silver champion title doesn't mean shit! Come back when you become a golden knight!"

Hearing the dread knight's threat only made Emery let out a mocking smile. He ignored the soon-to-die moron and looked towards all the opposing knights in front of him. He calmly drew his sword, pointed it at them and said.

"If you want to leave with your lives, Now is the time!"

Many knights had heard about Lancelot's strength, but none had really seen it for themselves. However, despite the probability Lancelot was stronger than them, they were more concerned with the presence of the witch.

Fantumar pointed at Emery and shouted to his men. "There is just one witch and we have a hundred knights along with our Black knight here! Attack!"

The black-armored knight swung his huge sword towards Emery. The size of the sword and his strength made the attack heavy, yet fast.

Clank!

Unfortunately for him, Emery didn't seem perturbed at all. He easily parried it with a sword on one hand. From the corner of his eyes, he saw another knight, a silver knight, jumping to attack him from the side. He stayed calm, stared at Fantumar and said.

"Two... There are two, not one."

It took Fantumar a few seconds before he understood what the young knight meant.

Shadows started to gather on Emery's other hand before forming into some kind of crescent-shaped blade.

[Enfeeble Blade]

He swung the blade so quickly, none of the other knights could follow its movement.

Splat!

"Aaaarrggghhh! My armmm!"

A shrill, pained scream could be heard from the black knight and Fantumar stared in shock as his strongest knight's arm was cleanly cut and fell to the floor. The arm twitched in vain, still holding the massive sword.

At the same time, he realized the black magic also flew through the silver knight. Blood gushed all around his body as he fell down, dying instantly before reaching the floor.

Emery one spell killed a silver knight and made the arrogant knight lose his arm.

"Magic! A wizard!"

Fantumar's face paled. Still in shock, he moved a few steps back and hastily ordered his knights to attack!

At this moment, no one realized what exactly Emery did, but they were bound by orders to attack. Hastily, they pulled out their weapons and rushed towards him.

Emery still didn't react, his eyes still focused towards Fantumar. It was as if whatever he would do next was a performance, just for him.

First, Emery thrust his sword forward and finished the dread knight with a clean stab through his chest.

The strongest knight of the Lioness kingdom could only stare in utter shock, losing his life to a young knight.

Emery kicked down the knight's lifeless body and leaned down to pick up the dread knight's sword. He started to swing the massive weapon and his blade together with an intricate footwork reminiscent of a beautiful dance.

Swish! Splat!

His battle power had greatly increased since 6 months ago. Now, even without his battle art, no one here was even able to follow his speed and strength.

A group of knights tried to rush him from his side, only to be stopped with a ball of fire charging towards them. Caught off guard, two of the frontmost knights were roasted in their armor, while the rest stepped back in fear.

Within minutes, with only the two of them, dozens of knights fell.

All the remaining knights, along with Gwen were shocked to see such an unbelievable carnage unfolding in front of them.

After 50 knights fell, to their death or just laying in pain around him, none the other dare to approach. Until a shout was heard...

"Archers!" Fantumar called.

The knights quickly formed a line and pulled the string of their bows, with the arrows pointed to the front. They did not seem to care whether the surviving frontline knights might get hit.

Before they could release the arrows, Emery disappeared and instantly reappeared next to the archer lines. He threw two [Enfeeble Blades] before any of them could react, quickly breaking the lines and causing the unlucky knights to fall down like dominoes.

Screams and shouts of fear resounded throughout the area as people realized Emery could easily cut down his enemies with his magic.

All attacks were stopped and Emery walked towards Fantumar, a hint of anger swirling behind his gaze.

"Who... What... are you?"

"Why you confuse? You guessed right the first time. I am a fey witch!"

### **Chapter 432: No Hope**

In front of all the knights there, Emery demonstrated his ability to slash his opponents without using his sword, his opponents could only look at each other with fear etched all over their faces. Even Fantumar couldn't hide his expression, as he stumbled a few steps back in fear.

Emery would be lying if he said he did not enjoy looking at the fat nobleman squirm and run for his life. Without regard for his image, Fantumar turned tail and ran towards the crowd of knights.

"Protect me!! Protect me! Kill him!"

His voice was loud and shrill, Emery couldn't help but compare it to the noises made by animals bound for slaughter. More knights entered the room in response to his pleas.

The new knights did not really know what happened. Upon entering, all they could see was their leader running away in fear and the bodies piled all over the palace hall.

The knights pulled out their swords and dashed at Emery, but none of them could stop him. With each slash of his blade, one or two knights would die. Emery kept walking towards the terrified fat noble step by step, even as Fantumar's body began to shine with sweat.

"Arghh! Kill him! Kill him!!!"

With the help of his spirit sense, Emery could tell there were still around a few hundred knights waiting outside. They had surrounded the palace.

He didn't mind killing them, as they were stupid enough to be manipulated by the fat noble, but on the other hand, he was not a fan of creating pointless bloodbaths.

The fat noble kept running, while barking orders for his knights to attack. He ran towards the entrance, but as he reached out to open it, Emery appeared in front of him just before he could step out of the door.

Emery grabbed the fat noble by the nape of his neck before casting [Blink] to reappear back on the far end of the room, right next to the throne.

He forced Fantumar to look at him and glared.

"Tell them to stop, or I will kill you now!"

The noble was afraid and the fact Emery took him back to the end of the room only made him even more terrified. With trembling lips, he shouted at the knights who were ready to attack.

"Stop! Stop! Do not attack!"

With his order, all the few hundred knights stopped at once.

At the same time, Emery's friends, Marc and Lucas walked closer to him and said.

"Lancelot, you... You are a wizard?"

Emery only nodded. There was no time to explain and, even if time was on their side, he had no wish to explain any of this to the two knights. He tossed Fantumar towards the floor in front of them and said.

"Hold this man, will you?"

The two pulled out their sword and pointed the tip to the terrified noble's neck.

"Not so mighty now, aren't you?!" Marc exclaimed, unable to hide the anger in his voice.

Emery quickly walked towards the dying king. Gwen had applied the paste he gave her, but it seemed the old king's wounds were not closing fast enough to save his life. Gwen held onto his father's hand and whispered her wishes, keeping the futile hope in her heart for her father's survival.

"How is he?" Emery asked.

Gwen shook her head and Emery instantly understood. The king was on his last throes.

As he walked closer, the king stared at him and said.

"Young man... please... save my daughter, take her away..."

Emery was a little conflicted. In his heart, he had never liked the king.

But at this moment, his hatred felt distant. All he saw in front of him right now was a loving father who wished for nothing but his daughter's safety. Faced with such a request, Emery decided to nod.

"Yvain approached them, faced the opposing knights and said.

"With sir Lancelot's strength, we might be able to hold out until reinforcements arrive."

All of a sudden, the previously terrified noble gathered the courage to shout back in defiance.

"Reinforcement! No one is coming! All of you will die right here! Die!"

Emery gave the man a slight annoyed glance and, in an instant, the fat noble stopped talking.

Then, his attention was pulled back, as the king coughed up blood. Once more, Gwen cried and held her father's hand tightly, her tears flowing and dripping onto the palace hall's floor. Everyone there could see the king was at his end.

"My dear daughter... He is right... The nobles have betrayed us... There is no hope for Lioness, for we... have... lost..." The old king said in-between breaths.

"No, father! I... I..."

Gwen felt helpless. There was so much she wanted to say, but no words came out of her mouth.

With the last of his strength, the king tried to grab Gwen's face. "My... My poor daughter, now you are free... Promise... me... Only do... whatever makes you happy...."

Gwen nodded and opened her mouth to speak, but she stopped as she saw the gentle light of his father's eyes fade. The king had breathed his last and with it the Lioness kingdom welcomed its end.

The Lioness' sole princess, who always tried to hold on and be tough, instantly lost her calm. All the facade, the walls she built all around her heart to survive the hardship within the kingdom, broke apart in seconds and she held the king's hand tightly, while crying out his name. Her sorrow made Emery's heart tremble slightly.

Yvain, along with all the remaining knights, quickly kneeled and gave their last respect to the king.

"Long live the king!"

There was a total, palpable silence for a few seconds,

Afterward, with his enhanced sense, Emery could tell more enemy troops were moving towards the castle.

He kneeled next to Gwen, touched the crying princess' shoulders

"We need to go now."

### **Chapter 433: Surrender**

"We need to go now!" said Emery, this time louder, as Gwen seemed to not hear his words.

Gwen forced herself to stand. She gradually got on her feet again, wiped the tears streaked across her face, turning to face him, "I am ready."

Looking at her expression, Emery didn't say anything but nod his head. Then he called upon Morgana with a gesture of his hand.

"I need you to take her to Venta Town and wait for me there."

Normally, Morgana would object, but she couldn't bring herself to do so at the moment, as she could vividly sense Emery's seriousness on the matter. Therefore, she nodded her head agreeing.

Receiving the needed confirmation from Morgana, Emery quickly casted [Spatial Gate] that opened a gate heading to the Forbidden Forest, or more precisely, the clearing where stone formation was. The reason he sent Gwen there was because he thought that was the safest place for her right now.

The moment the gate fully opened, Morgana immediately grabbed Gwen's arm, intending to take her away. Unexpectedly, the princess resisted her action.

"What about you? What about the others?!" asked Gwen worriedly.

"We still have other things to do." replied Emery, before Morgana tugged Gwen hard and the two went inside the gate. When Gwen's body completely passed through the gate, it swiftly closed.

Afterwards, Emery turned around and faced the others. All the knights standing in front of him, including Sir Yvain, Marc and Lucas, were looking at him with a confused look on their faces. However, none of them dared to question Emery's decision, as they knew he was doing it for the princess' safety.

Other than himself, Emery was sure he wouldn't be able to take the entire 20 knights through his [Spatial Gate]. He believed he would collapse before even half of them passed through. But fret not, he had another plan for them.

"Knights of Lioness, listen up!" said Emery loudly, attracting all their attention. "You don't have to worry about the princess anymore, she's safe. However, the princess's life will always be in danger because they won't stop looking for her. Now come with me to settle this matter."

Sir Yvain stepped forward and asked, "What's your plan?"

Upon hearing the question, Emery let out a smile.

"We are going to make a grand exit!"

Immediately after, Emery sent out a series of orders. He ordered 6 knights to carry the Lioness King's deceased body, which the latter swiftly did by putting the body on an improvised casket and placing it on their shoulders. On the other hand, the others would make a line in front of the casket carriers to protect it.

Next, Emery grabbed the terrified and petrified Fantumar and dragged him over to the front of the group. He forced the latter to stand there, as he intended to use him to open the way to exit the palace.

As the group moved out from where they were, Yvain would shout a phrase.

"The King is dead!"

The sight of these 20 knights walking carrying the king's deceased body brought sympathy and respect to the rest of Fantumar's men. After all, Richard the Lioness had been their king for as long as most could remember.

The group swiftly moved through the palace hallway, as Fantumar's men opened the way. They managed to walk smoothly from where they initially were all the way to the castle courtyard.

There, Emery and the others could see there were many who knelt seeing the Lioness King's body being carried out. They didn't know who started it first, but chants suddenly resounded through the air, lauding the deceased king.

From the way these people reacted, it seemed there were some among them who were forced to betray their kingdom.

A few minutes later, the group finally managed to reach outside of the castle unscathed. However, Emery's plan did not simply end here. It wasn't his purpose to just get away.

Emery kept leading the group, maintaining their advance. As a result, the Lioness King's body continued to travel until they approached the area where the Cantiaci camp was situated.

Some of the Cantiaci knights, who were in charge of guarding, recognized who Fantumar was and subsequently realized it was the group delivering the Lioness King's body. Therefore, they didn't stop the group and instead slowly created a straight path heading to the camp for them.

The thousand of Cantiaci knights with black banners and white bird insignia were surrounding Emery and the others with their weapons completely drawn, as they walked through the outer periphery of the camp into the main camp.

Even being surrounded by an ocean of enemies, the knights didn't tremble.

They eventually arrived in front of the distinct commander tent, where Emery saw the queen of Cantiaci along with the four golden knights of Cantiaci standing beside her.

"What is this, Lord Fantumar?! Is that the Lioness King's body? Is he dead?!"

Fantumar wiped the sweat on his face and quickly straightened his shaking body as he said, "Yes, My Queen. It's indeed the case."

"Then, who are they?" asked the Cantiaci Queen, clearly confused about the situation.

"My Queen, these are the Lioness King's last loyal knights. They have come here to have an audience with you!"

Emery then took two steps forward, As expected, the four golden knights immediately pointed their weapons at him. However, he ignored their actions and looked straight at the Cantiaci Queen.

"I came here to negotiate the terms of surrender on the Lioness Princess' behalf."

By bringing the kings' body, Emery hoped it would satisfy the enemy that they had won. Now, he wanted to bargain and reach an agreement for Gwen's safety.

In the meantime, the Cantiaci Queen certainly couldn't hold her smile when hearing such wonderful news. She nodded her head and said, "Two of you may enter."

After being stripped of their weapons, Emery and Yvain swiftly entered the commander tent following the Cantiaci Queen. Inside, they could see the queen, the 4 golden knights and the Prince of Cantiaci, Edward, who had just escaped from where he was imprisoned.



Immediately, Fantumar introduced Emery and Yvain to the others. But most of the people inside, more precisely the golden knights, already knew Yvain and Lanzelot, the newly-knighted silver knight from the recent Yearly Tournament.

"It's you?! Why is it you again?!!" the Cantiaci Prince shouted as soon as he saw Emery.

Emery looked over to Edward, his gaze extremely calm.

It was normal for Edward to act like this, as the silver knight who stood before him was that damnable Lanzelot, the one who embarrassed him in the Tournament;

the last person he saw before he fell unconscious and woke up in the Lioness Kingdom's prison.

"Kill him! KILL HIM!" Edward frantically shouted.

Fantumar's face instantly became pale when he heard Edward, but for an entirely different reason from what the Cantiacis thought.

### **Chapter 434: A Deal**

"Mother, this man is the one who killed Sir Afton and Sir Rendi!"

Upon hearing this, the four golden Cantiaci knights were taken aback. Unconsciously, they stepped back and among them was their senior, Sir Malcolm.

"Is it true?!" He exclaimed, genuinely shocked.

Apparently, these golden knights had maintained rather good relationships with one another, hence the reason why they became quickly agitated at the moment. They grasped the hilts of the swords that were resting on the side of their hips.

The queen acknowledged this motion, though, so she shot them a glare that immediately stopped them in their tracks.

The queen then shifted her glance towards Fantumar. She then asked,

"How did the princess manage to escape? I thought they were fully surrounded."

The usually confident Fantumar was now rendered speechless, unable to answer the question. Not only was he not able to explain the magic gate, but he was also still tense about the current situation he was in. He was absolutely sure if he didn't mediate this properly, there would be a fight soon and it wouldn't end well for him.

"I apologize, my queen, but I think it is best to hear what he has to say about it first," he replied with his best diplomatic tone.

The queen was a little confused and stared at Emery, brows furrowed. "State your purpose! Speak!"

The expression on Emery's face was serious and stern. He began to ask, "Your majesty, what would it take for you to let the princess go?"

The queen broke out into incredulous laughter, throwing her head back. This request was simply out of the question. "Hahaha! We cannot allow that. She will always be a threat to the Cantiaci."

Emery took a deep breath, asking her again one more time. "Your majesty, you already won. You can take the kingdom for all I care, but please, let the princess go."

At this statement, the queen began to feel annoyed. When she refused a request, her no was final. This young man was persistent.

"Young knight, you seem to be a determined individual, so I'll be lenient and give you a good offer. These knights are itching for you to pay for what you did to their friend. But I will be generous and let you out of this camp, you and all of your friends. I will guarantee that no one will hurt you as long as you give us the princess."

Emery let out an exasperated sigh. He then looked the queen straight in the eye before calmly answering.

"Then, your majesty, I will offer you the same thing. Let the princess go and I will let you all out of this tent completely safe and unharmed." He then bowed his head slightly, a gesture of respect that was so contradictory to his previous statement.

Except for Fantumar, everyone in the room chuckled upon hearing this.

After all, the two of them were currently unarmed. Meanwhile, there were currently 4 golden knights plus a thousand Army just outside of the tent. It would only take a single word and a few seconds for the hordes outside to kill them both.

The queen and her men, however, were still laughing at what they thought was an absurd statement from Emery.

"I guess we should just take that information by force," the queen said with a sneer.

At this moment, Fantumar shouted in an attempt to stop them. "Wait! Wait!"

It was Prince Edward who was the first to draw his sword, pointing it towards the fat noble in an accusatory motion.

"You are being so suspicious! Why are you helping them? Your... Your son also snuck out of the camp like a spy! What are you planning, really?!"

At the same time the four golden knights started to take their offensive positions as they surrounded themselves around Emery and Yvain.

"Please, wait!" Fantumar pleaded again, eyes growing wide. "Listen to him, he's a wizard!"

A tense silence followed his statement. For a moment, no one said anything, but suddenly the stillness was broken, as more of the knights in the room started to chuckle again. Fantumar's whole life, the entire basis of his success, had always been about persuasion. It was killing him that, when it came to this life or death matter, none of them believed him.

"But it's true! It's true!"

"So what if he is?" Said Edward, right before gesturing for the rest of the knights to attack them.

Emery shouted at Yvain to duck while he quickly cast [Black Smoke].

Everyone was shocked by the sudden smoke cloud. A second later within total darkness, there was a slight scream before suddenly it was quickly stopped and followed by a thudding sound, making the presence of the smoke even more terrifying than before.

Less than 10 seconds after, though, the smoke had started to fade. As it cleared, the queen was terrified to see that the four golden knights had already fallen to the ground, not moving a muscle.

She also surprises to see that the edge of her son's blade was bloody, but it was not blood that belonged to the enemy, it was Fantumar's.

During the dark, the fat noble had been stabbed in the chest and he had been knocked onto the ground. As he crawled through the floor, his wounds left a bloody trail behind him. He was slowly dragging himself in the direction of the door, hands grabbing at nothing.

Yvain on the other hand was astonished, finding it amazing that in just a few seconds, Emery was immediately able to disable the four knights.

The queen was about to shout more orders at the remaining men, but Emery quickly cast [Blink] and in an instant he was restraining Edward from the back, holding a black dagger to his throat. It was as if he came out of nowhere, nobody could anticipate his movements.

Just as the prince was about to open his mouth, Emery muffled his mouth with his other arm and stabbed the blade deep into his thigh.

The prince screamed in agony. Once more, Emery stabbed his other thigh. With that, both his legs began to gush with blood. The prince's knees buckled and dropped to the ground and still restraining him, Emery began to whisper.

"The next one will be your neck!" He hissed. He then shifted his gaze to the queen's direction, his glare was dripping with venom.

"Your majesty, how is that deal now? My princess' life for your prince's, I think that's a fair trade."

Emery didn't need to wait for her answer. Her expression said it all. He then released the prince, making him fall face first onto the floor.

"The princess is under my protection. If you even try to harm her, trust me when I say that I can find you any time."

It had finally dawned on the queen: the person standing in front of her really was a wizard. A very strong one, at that. She gave him a quick, wordless nod.

Emery turned and was just about to leave when he suddenly noticed the fat noble who was bleeding out on the ground.

"Please..." He choked. "Please... Save me.."

Emery stared down at the man. It was a pity he did not get an opportunity to land a blow on him, but seeing him crawling helplessly on the floor in a pool of his own blood, he wasn't sure if he even wanted to finish him. But then again, even if he didn't want to, it didn't mean he should save him either.

He suddenly remembered Abe who warned him about the attack and a strange feeling started to brew within him. He decided he would show the noble a little mercy. He squatted next to his body, which was drenched in cold sweat and took out a jar of [Healing Paste]. He waved it in front of Fantumar's face before responding to him.

"I will save you, but only if you can answer my question."

"Yes," he gasped. "Anything."

"Do you know Geoffrey Ambrose?"

Fantumar was startled for a second before he quickly nodded.

"You see... I am Geoffrey's son..."

The fat noble was in excruciating pain, but Emery could see he looked more terrified than ever.

"My question is simple... What is my name?"

The fat noble was almost completely out of breath. With pale lips, he tried to mutter out the words, but none came out.

"I thought so... Your crimes are so numerous you can't even remember any of them."

With the last of his strength, Fantumar grabbed Emery by the collar before murmuring out a sentence unintelligibly. "If... I die... the nobles... Chaos..."

Emery smiled and whispered back. "With or without you, there will still be chaos."

He didn't even need to do anything. He just waited and watched the fat noble Fantumar breathe his last.

He stood up, looking the queen in the eyes one more time. "Remember our deal !" Emery then left the tent as if nothing had happened and told the men to start walking out of the camp.

20 men walked out the enemy camp completely unscratched, while still carrying the king's lifeless body on their shoulders.

### **Chapter 435: Conviction**

Five days had passed since the fall of the Lioness Kingdom.

Inside a simple, yet beautiful estate standing near the edge of Venta town, a blonde girl was sitting at the edge of a long table, facing around a dozen knights divided into two neat rows.

The knights kept talking amongst themselves all day, while the girl could only listen in silence.

"Princess Gwenneth, here are all the reports we received regarding each of the nobles." The knight who sat the closest to her spoke.

From the 359 noble families of the Lioness Kingdom, 70% had accepted Cantiaci as the ruler of their land and only a few dozen families dared to speak of their loyalty to the Lioness. The rest was nowhere to be heard.

"Princess, I think we should act as soon as possible." A knight with a calm expression stood up before speaking. "For now, the best course of action is to gather up your supporters. Many have received false rumors about your death. Allow me to accompany you in your visit to them. With time, I am sure we could-"

Another knight stood up quickly and interrupted him.

"Marc, how do you expect us to do that?! Did you really just suggest to the princess to ride with minimal protection and meet all these nobles? That's incredibly dangerous!"

"Lucas, what do you think it will be?" Marc glared at him and said. "Of course it is dangerous and every one of us knows how dangerous this situation is... But, this is the right thing to do!"

"Right thing to do? Even if you manage to convince all those 30% remaining nobles, they are all mostly low-ranked nobles without many knights to lend, besides, are you telling us to face the might of Cantiaci and 70% of our own families?!" Lucas yelled.

"Our own? What do you mean by our own! Those nobles can no longer be called our own!"

"Marc, listen," Lucas took a deep breath and sighed. "Everyone in this room has at least one distant cousin or uncle who chose to be part of that 70%, so of course, they are still our own."

"We... But, we still have the people on our side-"

"Seriously Marc? Do you want to involve the civilians to rise and join the fight?!"

"Yes, what else are we supposed to do?! They have the right to defend their kingdom and so do we!"

"Marc, your rash decisions will only lead to more people dying!"

"That is the cost we must take, so-"

"Ahem!"

The golden knight Yvain fake-coughed, with that gesture the heated argument instantly stopped.

After making sure the noises had died down to hushed whispers, Yvain looked towards the end of the table and asked.

"Are you feeling unwell, Princess? It's pretty late already, should we adjourn the meeting and perhaps continue tomorrow?"

Even though she was silent the entire time, witnessing her knights falling apart tired the princess out. She nodded and the golden knight announced the end of the meeting. Everyone quickly left the room, leaving the princess alone.

Since the loss of her kingdom and the death of her father, the princess hasn't been herself. Her eyes looked tired and sunken and every time she was spoken to, she did not wear her usual beautiful smile. It seems her glow was lost on that fateful night.

After everyone left, Gwenneth walked with tired steps out of the estate. She closed the gate slowly, ensuring no one heard her leave and stared at the mansion that stood behind her with mixed feelings. Since that night, she had been staying here for five days.

Under the cover of darkness, she walked further away, towards the outskirts of the town. The night felt chilly and lonely. Only the crackling of torches and the distinctive walking noise of the people as most of the citizens had closed their business for the day. Unconsciously, she pulled her clothes tighter onto her body.

In the darkness, no one could discern her identity, leaving her to her thoughts. Several days had passed, but the event kept replaying in her mind, haunting her dreams and keeping her awake.

She finally arrived in a beautiful yet simple garden, with a carved block of stone in its center, surrounded by colorful flowers.

The princess knelt in front of the stone and traced the carving on it.

'Here lies our beloved King, Richard the Lioness'

Gwenneth stared at the stone for a few moments. Tears started to dot the block of stone, but she had not yet gathered up her courage to say just a word.

With trembling lips, she finally said.

"I miss you. Father.."

Like a dam had burst open, tears flowed down on her cheek. She then gradually starts to spur words, talking to the stone about the things that have happened the last five days. What the kingdom has become and what she has become.

"Father, how did you do it...? I... I don't think I can."

She wiped her tears with the back of her hand and continued.

"I... I can't,... I do not want to see these people kill each other... Father, I am not strong enough to give them that order..."

She cried and cried, with nothing but the noises of night wildlife and the cold winds to keep her company. In the dead of the night, she let out everything she had been holding.

After a while, she stopped talking and merely sat to stare at the name of her father.

Time passed and Gwen spent it alone with her thoughts. At last, she finally remembered her father's last words.

"Father, I am sorry for what I have decided" Gwen stood up and said. "But, I will keep my promise... From now on, I will only do what makes me happy."

Gwenneth tightened up her clothes once more and braved the chilly night. She returned to the estate with a new conviction ablaze in her heart.

The next day, she gathered all her knights and told them the Princess of Lioness was no more. They were told to return back to their family, to their own land, and stop thinking about her or the Lioness kingdom.

It was such a shocking decision, some taking it very hard but in the end seeing the princess' condition, the knights accepted it.

She bowed to the knights, showing her gratitude for their service to the kingdom. Afterward, she took a small leather bag she had prepared the night before and left the estate.

### **Chapter 436: Alone**

After everything that had happened in the Lioness Kingdom, Emery let the Lioness group, the surviving 20 knights and the princess, stay in his estate.

Not wanting to make things more awkward than it already was, after the Lioness King's funeral ceremony, he decided to immediately leave and give the matters to Luna.

He returned to the Forbidden Forest to continue on with his training.

Emery swiftly went to his usual spot inside the forest, and casted [Nature Grasp] as he went deep into his cultivation training.

As his mind dove into his body as usual, Emery directed the energy of Gaia that his body absorbed from the surroundings and channeled it into the seed sitting silently beside his dark core.

Just like what he had always experienced, Emery felt a refreshing sensation throughout his body. However, after several days of continuous cultivation,? nothing had changed for him.

The truth was, Emery couldn't fully concentrate on his training because every hour or so, the young acolyte would stop his training to use his [Spirit Reading] ability.

He kept checking if there were any sort of troops making their way to Venta Town.

He was still worried about the possibility that the enemies were still trying to find Gwen's whereabouts, despite the 'agreement' he reached with the Cantiaci Queen.

fortunately the last few days, his worries were still unproven.

In this particular morning, when Emery once again used his [Spirit Reading] ability, he perceived a figure walking into the Forbidden Forest. He only sensed one person, and after observing it, he realized that the latter was walking around in a circle. The behavior of this unknown figure made him suspicious as in general people are still scared of the forest.

It only took a few seconds of spirit reading before the face of someone familiar popped into his mind. He took a deep breath before he stood up from his cross-legged position and rushed towards the location where the figure was.

The moment he arrived, Emery heaved a deep sigh at his correct conjecture. The figure, who was walking around was none other than the Lioness Princess, Gwen, herself.

"What are you doing here?!"

Emery's voice that suddenly appeared out of nowhere startled the princess.

Gwen's body was slightly jolted due to the surprise and she quickly turned around to see Emery's face.  
"Huh?! You scared me!"

Emery ignored her remark and asked the previous question again, this time in a condescending tone.

"What are you doing here, princess?"

Gwen didn't reply right away when she noticed the tone that Emery used. As a result, the two were staring at each other for a few seconds before she finally decided to open her mouth. "I heard from Luna that I can find you around here, that's why."

Emery was about to scold Luna in his mind. But then He was confused and suspicious of Gwen because the place that Luna knew was actually way far off from their current location.

"Why are you looking for me, princess?" Emery decided to ask directly because Gwen didn't give the proper answer to his previous question.

"Emery... Lioness is no more. I am no longer a princess. So, you should call me Gwen."

From what Gwen just said, Emery could have guessed what she decided but it still somewhat surprised him.

After a few moments of silence, he finally spoke.

"Good for you, then. But this place is still not for any girl. You should return to Venta, and don't worry, you can use the place for as long as you need."

Upon hearing Emery's words, Gwen was silent. Then, she took a deep breath, and with a determined expression on her face, she said,

"I don't need it anymore, Emery. I have asked everyone to go... Now, I am on my own."

Hearing this, Emery was really confused as he couldn't figure out what the girl wanted.

"You still haven't told me why you are here.."

Gwen struggled to contain her emotions that were trying to break through. She quickly adjusted her condition before finding the courage to say what she had in mind and wanted to say to Emery.

"I came here to say thank you. Thank you, for saving me and my knights.." She stopped for a moment before continuing, "I've also come here to apologize."

"Sorry for doubting you.. You were right... about Fantumar.. and, it's not my place to force you to do things that you don't want."

Emery stood there silently as he didn't really know how to respond to this sudden apology.

Gwen noticed the silence, and decided to continue. He could clearly see her body trembling as she said,

"Will you forgive me, Emery..?"



Seeing the girl who kept haunting his mind said this, especially when he saw her current situation; it's quite hard not to forgive her.

Realizing Emery's silence, Gwen decided to lay down what she has been planning to say

"Emery... I... have no other place to go. ...I was hoping to stay with you for a while.."

After she said those words, there was complete silence between the two until Gwen decided to add,

"What I mean... I hope you give me the chance to stay in the Fey village. I want to... get to know them better.. You know... I want to prove to you, and myself, that I don't hate them."

Emery took another sigh, he wasn't sure if this was a good idea the place was not really a palace, and there was also the language problem

Then, it came to him that this girl probably didn't think clearly because of the shock of losing the kingdom and the sadness of losing her father... and maybe, living in the village, being away from all those things...? could be a good thing and help her better...

The Fey village was also probably the safest place for her. What's more, if Gwen did live in the village, Emery could stop worrying about her and could focus wholeheartedly on his training.

"Alright, I don't mind. However, there's nothing I can do to help you if they decide not to accept you."

Gwen forced herself to smile as she said,

"Yes, thank you, Emery, I am sure they will like a pretty girl like me"

Emery was in no mood to joke with her at the moment.

He then brought her to the Fey village, but as soon as the two arrived at the village, Gwen was really surprised when she discovered five girls staring at her with suspicious looks on their faces.

### **Chapter 437: New Beginning**

Emery told chief Brennus about who she was. The possibilities her enemies might come to find her and endanger the village, and also the fact that Gwen's mother died by the hands of a Fey. Despite knowing what happened in her past, the chief still agreed to accept her.

The chief gave her a hut of her own. The place was a small, simple wooden hut with a roof made of straw. Emery noticed how tiny it was, as the hut was not even comparable to the room of the Lioness palace maid.

Seeing the condition of the hut did make him a little concerned.

"Well, it's pretty much all like this here... Gwen."

Gwen was smiling, but this time, Emery wasn't sure whether it was forced or not.

"It's fine, Emery and thank you... This is... the first time you called me by name."

Emery merely nodded. He had nothing else to say to her.

Thinking that Gwen probably wouldn't stay for long, he then stopped worrying about the hut. But that was not really his business. He decided to leave her in the village to the mercy of the fey sisters.

Well, he did ask them to take good care of her before he had to leave and return to his training.

Gwen stared at Emery, who had turned back and walked towards the woods. From deep within her heart, something stirred.

Right as Emery walked out, a girl approached her. It was Morgana, the fey girl who came to her rescue last time.

"He spends most of his time training. If you need anything from him, let me know and I can call him for you."

"Thank you." Gwen smiled and shook her head. "Let him train, I came here to know more about all of you."

Morgana escorted the princess around and took her to the biggest hut, where the other four sisters were waiting. As she was the only one among the siblings who could speak in the common tongue, Morgana helped translate and facilitate communication between them.

The siblings looked at Gwen with a strange expression. The youngest one even frowned before asking.

"Tkara ludo nila, Emery?"

"What was that?" Gwen asked Morgana.

"She is asking who you are to her brother, Emery."

Right after she finished speaking, Morgana stared at Gwen together with all four of her sisters. It was no secret that all of them were curious about her answer.

Their curiosity kind of unsettled her, but she still managed to answer calmly in spite of that.

"I am... Emery's friend."

Morgana translated her answer and the other four nodded in satisfaction, before whispering amongst themselves. Gwen stared at them and whispered at Morgana, asking what they were talking about.

"I told them you are just Emery's friend and they are happy. That's it." She answered curtly.

Gwen stared at the red-haired beauty in front of her. Something seemed to be amiss.

"Well, we are... Okay, we might be a bit more than friends. We have known each other for 10 years."

Hearing this, Morgana didn't react. She just stared at her with a blank expression.

"Will you tell them that?" Gwen asked

"No, they will be fine."

"..."

Gwen was stunned into silence.

After some minutes of talking, the sisters brought her to a tour around the village, to ensure she knew her way around and to introduce her to the locals. Learning the language would be difficult for her, but deep in her heart, she was happy to have taken her first step to explore this world. Their clothes, their food and their tradition, everything was new, and she took the sight eagerly.

There was no shortage of natural wonders all around her. During her short tour with the sisters, she saw a lot of plants and animals she had never seen before. She spotted tiny, colorful birds flying overhead and, from the bushes, a group of quick-moving rabbits with gleaming fur.

Here, she could find everything she asked for. Safety, beautiful scenery and adventure.

She was only here for a short time, but Gwen realized nothing about the fey people was as scary as she was told back in the kingdom. In fact, she found them easy to get along.

More than anything, she was grateful that none of them treated her as a princess. She was left alone by herself most of the time and she spent her time doing everything the sisters did. Chores were split evenly between them and she got a portion of it every day.

Without realizing it, Five days have passed.

Morgana came to tell Gwen that today, she and her sisters would go see Emery. She asked the former princess if she would like to come.

Gwen quickly nodded, finished up her chores and entered the woods together with the sisters. Right as they reached the woods, the five sisters transformed into large wolves, shocking Gwen at first.

Each of them were twice the size of an adult man, with intimidating claws and fangs. She stared at them for a few seconds, but eventually, she gathered the courage to touch the white wolf's fur.

"You have such a beautiful fur, Glitta."

Surprisingly, Gwen spoke in the fey language. She was only here for a few days, but she had already managed to pick up a few simple words.

The white wolf was so happy she let Gwen ride on her back. They dashed through the forest. Gwen enjoyed the feel of wind on her face, the distinctive smell of leaves and the occasional chirps from the birds flying overhead.

The place they were heading to wasn't too far from the village; they slowed down to a stop after reaching a small hut. This was the place Emery sometimes used to continue his experiments on the fey.

From the moment she saw the hut, Gwen could smell the scent of various herbs mixed with smoke, likely from something brewing inside.

The sisters knocked on the door and Emery welcomed them. However, just like their previous meeting, Emery was still unable to find anything to talk with her about.

Afterward, Gwen and the sisters went inside the hut, where then Emery took out a few bottles of golden liquids on the table.

Gwen looked at Emery when he gave each sister a potion, from the few words she could catch from them, it seemed the potions could make them stronger. She was definitely intrigued.

"What about me, Emery? I wish to become stronger, too."

### **Chapter 438: Teach**

Helping Gwen to become stronger wouldn't be such a bad idea. Being heir to the Lioness throne, her life would always be in danger.

Emery couldn't always be beside her or come to her aide whenever needed. Especially when he went away for his third year in the academy, which meant he was going to be preoccupied with other things for an entire year. With all these things in mind, helping Gwen to become stronger was the most logical thing to do.

But then again, Emery could only help her if she had an innate talent in magic. Just like the others, he started by checking her blood to analyze her current skill set.

Gwen walked over to sit by his side before offering her hand. When Emery touched it, he could feel her heart beat a little bit faster.

He held the blade of his knife to the base of her palm, slicing it slowly. He tried his best to be cautious so he wouldn't hurt her.

"Ahhh!!!" Her sudden scream quickly alarmed him and he immediately wondered if he had cut too deep.

Upon seeing his worried expression, though, she burst into laughter. "Hahaha! Don't be too serious, Emery. I am just kidding."

Emery breathed out a long sigh. The girl was a little too cheerful for someone who had lost so much only a week ago. But then again, Emery couldn't complain. It was far better seeing her like this instead of seeing her depressed and sad.

He took some of the blood into his droplet before analyzing it with the symbol on his palm.

[Human - Female]

[Battle Power - 14]

[Spirit Force - 12]

[Element Affinity - Water]

[Spirit Aptitude D]

"D?" Gwen asked. "Is that bad?" The other 5 girls seemed to chuckle after she said it.

"D is the category for the lowest talent, but it's still better than no talent at all." As he said this, he shot the other girls a slight glare and his words immediately made them all turn quiet.

He then gave each of them a vial of [Gaia Serum]. Unfortunately, as he was still unable to cast the [Fragmentation] spell, he couldn't make any [Fey Booster] serum for them. Even so, giving them this serum would gradually make them stronger over time.

"All done," Emery said.

Seeing he had a limited amount of [Gaia Essence] to dilute into the potion, he asked the girls about the high priestess. But apparently, the lady of the lake was still refusing to see anyone but the chief.

Despite this, though, Morgana ensured Emery she would try asking again for him. With that matter momentarily out of the way, it was time for him to return to his training again.

The girl was about to leave, but Gwen, who after 5 days still had no way to communicate with Emery, suddenly burst out with a great idea.

"So that's it? Is the potion alone enough to make us stronger?" She asked curiously.

"What else are you thinking?"

"What about sword training?" Gwen said with a cheeky smile. She then looked in the direction of the other girls with a devious expression on her face. "This guy here was last year's knight champion in all three categories: sword, arrow and cavalry. It would be great if he could teach us at least one of those things."

Hearing this made the other girls follow suit in supporting her request.

"Yes, brother! How come you never teach us?!"

All the girls then scampered over to Emery's side demanding to teach them more combat skills.

The one who wanted this the most was Morgana, as Emery specifically promised to teach her. She definitely would not let this chance go. She once again turned on her murderous glare towards Emery, seething in the corner, while her sisters pestered the wizard.

Morgana stared at the four girls and their constant nagging, brought a genuine smile to Gwen. Something that had been missing from her since the incident.

"Alright, alright!"

Emery grabbed the six of them and took them to a clearing near the hut, while he himself goes with his spatial gate spell for a few minutes just to buy a simple sword for them all.

.

He then decided to teach them some techniques he had learnt from the puppets in the path of combat.

Emery started performing some basic level techniques and then asked the other 6 to try and partner up with one another.

Lelith quickly grabbed Lilith, her twin, and as Glita had always been slightly scared of Morgana and her intimidating energy, she quickly grabbed her oldest sibling Tyra.

That left Morgana alone, to be paired up with Gwen.

At first Emery thought Gwen would not be a good match with Morgana, but apparently, her years of training with Yvain the gold knight had paid off. She could not defeat Morgana for sure, as she was much more advanced in terms of strength, but in terms of pure refined skill, Morgana still had many things to learn from the princess.

Emery was surprised to see that their spar was a little more serious than he had anticipated and that they were opposing one another, as if they were fighting for real.

Clank! Clank!

The 6 trained for a few hours and from this single session alone, Emery could see some real improvement from them.

These 6 individuals definitely were not like any other girls, as they were able to absorb the skills he had taught them so quickly.

Emery still had his own training to focus on, but while he was helping out the girls, he was reminded of master Xion, who exerted so much effort into training him.

He decided to take his time in teaching them for a few hours every week, all while checking their improvement both in skills and spirit force.

"I will see you all again next week."

### **Chapter 439: Improvement**

It had been weeks since Emery's three elements were severed and he lost the ability to cast any of his nature spells. It also meant it had been weeks since he utilized the [Nature Grasp] spell to absorb Gaia's energy from nature and channeled it into the mysterious seed lying serenely next to his spirit core.

Emery knew what he had been doing for weeks was creating a certain effect on the seed, but since the result didn't show in his stats, he couldn't help but feel as though his last few weeks had been a complete waste of time.

On the other hand, the condition Emery was currently in had a positive effect on the improvement of his dark core. He was extremely elated when he found out his rate of absorption inside the Khaos space had increased twofold.

As a result, Emery decided to put off his [Nature Grasp]-based training and shifted his focus on his darkness cultivation.

...

[Spirit force has increased]

At the moment, Emery's figure could be seen sitting cross-legged inside the Khaos space. The sensation he felt while absorbing the Khaos energy was as if he had turned into a sponge that was thrown into the ocean. He swallowed the energy around him like crazy, as waves of raging spirit energy rushed throughout his entire body.

Notifications telling Emery an increase in his spirit energy had appeared in his mind almost every day, netting him 5 to 6 spirit forces increases a week. That was a tremendous improvement for him.

This result was comparable to if he consumed a Spirit Foundation Pill every day and enjoyed its effects all the time without its effects diminishing. It was simply unbelievable!

[Spirit force has increased]

[Spirit force has increased]

The notifications didn't stop coming as Emery continued cultivating. He kept on going relentlessly, every day and night, and only took a break once a week to rest for a few hours, while he trained the girls. In his mind, nothing else was more important than his training. It's just him and the Khaos space.

Time flew by and weeks passed in the blink of an eye, but Emery kept doing the same thing. Then, without him knowing it, 3 months passed, which meant he had gone through a total of 12 weeks of undisturbed training.

Emery slowly opened his eyes and checked the symbol on his hand.

[Emery Ambrose]

[Battle Power : 65 (49)]

[Spirit Force : 412 (318)]

[Spirit Core of Darkness – Stage 5]

[Fey Bloodline – Rank 3]

[Acolyte Rank: 8]

A smile gradually grew on his face when he saw such a high number of spirit force in his stats. Then,? However, a gurgling noise suddenly sounded nearby, sending him out of his excitement.

"Huh! Kid, what are you smiling about?! If you were a little bit more talented than you are now, you could be a magus already!" said Killgragah, while scoffing at his reaction.

Raising his eyebrow, Emery asked. "Can't you say something nice for once?"

"I'm just stating facts, boy! Oh Heavens, such a cruel fate for me, the Great Killgragah, ended up taking care of an untalented human like you."

Emery inwardly rolled his eyes, while outwardly putting a grateful look on his face. "Yes, oh great and superior being! I would never have gone this far if it weren't for you. Therefore, I am forever grateful to you!"

Hearing Emery's flattery, the dragon responded with a smug face. "That's more like it! Now, hurry up and form your foundation already! It's been too long!"

"Of course! But I still need my break."

After pacifying the dragon one more time, Emery exited the Khaos space. Today, like usual, was the time for Emery to meet the girls again.

In the last 3 months, Emery had trained each of the girls. Moreover, they had also consumed the [Gaia Serum] that he personally concocted.

When Emery arrived at the appointed place near the hut, he saw the girls were all already there, waiting for him.

After receiving Emery's guide and teachings for 3 months, they had mastered the second level of the sword arts. As if that wasn't impressive enough, Emery was dumbfounded when he discovered that two girls, Morgana and Gwen, had already begun setting their foot on the third level.

Emery had never doubted Morgana's prodigal talent, as she was the strongest Fey in her generation before he came.

What utterly astonished him was Gwen, who was able to match the other party's skill. The former princess was certainly an eye-opening sight for him. However, Gwen had never managed to beat Morgana. Not even once.

Afterward, it was time to check their cultivation progress.

When Emery tested the youngest of the Fey sisters, the notification that came out brought a smile to his face.

"Congratulations, Glita. You have successfully broken through to Rank 4 acolyte."

Glita

[Battle Power - 23]

[Spirit Force - 51]

[Element Affinity - Ice and Plant]

[Spirit Aptitude B]

Glita was so happy hearing it. "I knew it!! I knew it!! Hahaha!!"

She then talked about how yesterday she believed her animal friends were making a party for her. The others could only smile helplessly at the youngest's behavior, while Emery continued on with the tests.

Tyra

[Battle power - 24]

[Spiritt force - 50]

[Element Affinity - Earth and Plant]

[Spirit Aptitude C]

Lilith



[Battle power - 23]

[Spirit force - 50]

[Element Affinity - Wind and Plant]

[Spirit Aptitude C]

Lelith

[Battle power - 23]

[Spirit force - 50]

[Element Affinity - Wind and Plant]

[Spirit Aptitude C]

The three C aptitude girls were all at the peak stage of Rank 3 acolyte, they still hadn't received a success on breakthrough yet. As for Morgana, she had reached the peak of Rank 4.

Morgana

[Battle power - 29]

[Spirit force - 60]

[Element Affinity - Fire, Plant and Darkness]

[Spirit Aptitude A]

And last but not least, Gwen. Even though she had the least talent, she once again surprised him as she managed to breakthrough to Rank 3 acolyte.

Gwen

[Battle Power - 19]

[Spirit Force - 41]

[Element Affinity - Water]

[Spirit Aptitude D]

Their results were all still under Emery's expectations. It had been proven that [Gaia Serum] would start losing its effectiveness at Rank 4. Therefore, from there, it would come back to each of their personal talents in cultivation.

Emery watched with a gentle smile as all the girls congratulated Gwen on her progress. It seemed she had managed to grow close to the Fey sisters and Fey's people in the past 3 months.

All of a sudden, Emery sensed a group of people entering the Forbidden Forest, heading directly in the direction of the Fey village. Hence, Emery and the girls swiftly went back to the village

**Chapter 440: Guest**

With his spirit sense, Emery could tell the crowd of people who came were led by the Quintins, but just to make sure, Emery still wished to see what they were coming here for this time.

Emery opened a [Spatial Gate], this time with his massive spirit force increase, he was able to send all six of them together and returned to the village.

For the last three months, Emery spent his time hole up in the Khaos space, and he had not returned to the fey village at all during that time. Within such a short period of time, he noticed many changes, some of which could be seen at a single glance.

Near the huts, he could see some tools made of iron and bronze, most of them damp cleaning utensils, implying they were about to start cooking. Some villagers started to wear colorful clothes and others carried rolls of colorful fabric.

It appeared the trading with Venta had been successfully established and was going well.

He leaned back on a tree to wait for them and observe his surroundings. Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw Gwen talking casually with the villagers. They circled around Gwen and watched her with interest.

Emery knew her since childhood, thus, he had seen how much of a fast learner she was. For her to speak fluently after three months seems something amazing but unusual, but he was surprised to see how it was the villagers who started speaking in slightly broken Briton.

Chief Brennus who notice this approached him and said.

"The girl has been teaching language to the villagers. They like her very much."

Gwen was interacting with the people just like any normal girl would. Both old and young villagers listened to her and occasionally smiled, a hint they were having a good time. Witnessing the scenes somehow warmed Emery's heart.

One of the village warriors came by and notified them of the Quintins' presence. The villagers thanked Gwen and stood up to start preparing for a welcoming party.

Not wanting to be left out, Gwen decided to help. She followed the villagers a bit deeper into the forest.

She came back alongside the fey sisters and each of them carried a bowl of fruits and vegetables. They sat near a flat rock and used the rock as a makeshift table to cut the fruits into bite-sized pieces.

The sight of them having fun together was unusual for Emery.

He was so engrossed in his thoughts, he didn't notice the girl had caught him staring.

"Hey! Don't just stand there, come here and help!"

Emery was a bit startled and he could only respond with a blank stare.

Gwen gave him a mischievous smile and asked. "Is this chore too far below, oh Great Wizard?"

"No, of course not, I'll help."

She gave him a knife and the two proceeded to cut fruits together. Overall, it was quite a weird experience for Emery.

Then It gets even weirder as Morgana suddenly approaches next to him and grabbed a few fruits herself. With her quick, deft hands, she managed to cut quite a few in a short time.

"... Morgana... I don't think it's supposed to be cut in a square shape..."

The red-haired girl was really talented when it came to fighting with daggers, but when it came to food, the best thing to describe her was... something else.

He heard a chuckle and stared at Gwen, who laughed so hard at him and Morgana both. Emery once again was captivated by the sight of her smile before he turned away and tried to think of something else.

An hour passed, filled with their laughter and jokes. The guests started to come into teh village. As Emery's spirit sense saw, they really were the Quintins, coming to bring trade as promised. In front of the group, Luna herself helped lead the workers and mercenaries.

But Emery was not concerned about that. He was more surprised to see that Luna came along with a golden knight. It was Sir Gawain, Arthur's trusted knight, and one of Logress' golden knights.

Emery tried to discreetly glance at Gwen. He thought she would try to run away and hide from the knight, but to his surprise, she stayed put.

"They will know sooner or later, won't they, Emery?"

"That's right." Emery answered matter-of-factly.

"Yeah, but with you here, I have nothing to worry about right?" Gwen smiled and teased him.

Emery decided not to humor her with a comment and stood up before walking towards the two.

Just as he predicted, the golden knight was quite shocked to see the princess of the Lioness kingdom standing amongst the fey villagers.

"Did you come here with news from Arthur?" Emery asked.

"I actually came by the command of the Divine Order."

"The Order is looking for me?" Emery looked at him, interested. "Why don't they just use the bird?"

"Actually, I was tasked to find the young silver knight, Lanzo."

Emery stared at him, a little bit startled, but he managed to keep his calm. Gawain didn't seem to notice and he continued.

"I have been tracking his lineage and I traced him back to Miss Quintin, and considering the rumors about Lanzo's involvement in the..." Gawain glanced towards Gwen for a moment before continuing.

"The incident in the Lioness palace, I came to the conclusion that you and Sir Lanzo are the same person. I wonder if I am right with this conclusion?"

Emery had figured out that it might come to this and he nodded calmly. "Yes, you are right: I am Lanzo. What do you need, Gawain?"

Gawain took out a scroll case sealed with a golden seal and gave it to Emery. Emery looked at the seal for a second before he opened and read the letter.

'Sir Lanzelot Dulat, with your impressive display at last year Tournament, along with your role to defend the king of Lioness at the battle against the Cantiaci Kingdom, we the Knights of Divine Order have agreed to welcome you to be part of the golden knight circle.'

'-Signed, Knight Commander Owain'

Gawain nodded at Emery. "Congratulations. Just like every year, next month another tournament will be held. You are requested to come and receive the honor."

Gwen, who has been listening in, quickly realized the purpose of Gawain's presence. She congratulated Emery for the achievement. After all, being chosen as a golden knight was a great honor.

Emery folded the parchment, gave it back to Gawain, and said.

"I am sorry Sir Gawain, I won't be coming next month, nor the years after, i am not interested with the title"