

## Earths GMagus 331

### Chapter 331: Announcements

The history of the Knights of Divine Order could be traced to more than a thousand years ago. Its existence was as old as the 7 kingdoms themselves.

For many generations, the Order had been the guardian of the 7 kingdoms.

Every year, a hundred of the Briton talented fighters would receive their title as proof of membership to the order. The member would then receive access to training, facilities and, most importantly, honor.

The main purpose of the Order was to consolidate the voices between the kingdoms, in order to protect themselves from any outside threat. But they would also in limited capacity involve in internal problems that occurred within the 7 kingdoms.

When there was a dispute or even a war between the kingdoms or individual knights, the Order would give their best to act as a mediator between the two parties, but strictly restricted itself in the involvement with one or the other.

Despite the neutral stance the Order adopted, the royalty and nobles knew it was never that simple in reality. Hence, it was always favorable to have a good relationship with the Order. Or even better, to have someone on their side seated among the top echelons of the Order.

Over the years the Order had existed, it had happened quite often that a member of a royal family managed to enter the higher echelons of the Order. But for the king of a kingdom to receive such a title? It was very rare.

The reason for that was because, in order to be bestowed the title of knight commander, one had to have high merits, reputation, and most importantly, ability. That's why almost no royal family ever reached such a position.

But of course, there would always be exceptions in life and the Pendragon family was such an exception.

Since its inception, the Pendragon family line had never fallen far from the Order. With each generation, there would always be someone from the family that managed to enter and reach the high echelon of the Order, either as a golden knight or as a knight commander.

Therefore, the Pendragon family commanded tremendous respect in the Order.

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After honoring the knight oath, the gathering started with an announcement. First, it was about the yearly Tournament that would start in a few day's time. It was a reminder that the tournaments were created for the purpose of creating friendly competition.

Then, it was followed by announcements of matters related to the kingdoms, such as the increasing number of attacks from the northern barbarians. This matter caused great social and economic unrest, which forced the kingdoms into the recruitment of more knights to the north.

Another matter was the news about the potential threat of the warriors from the islands located east and west of Briton. The said barbarians had raided the villages near shores multiple times, bringing enormous loss to the kingdoms.

Next, there was an announcement of a quest, which was planned to be launched down to the south. It was an expedition that aimed to open communication with the Ghauls and the Romans.

Emery found all these information to be very interesting. In fact, he was very much interested to join the south expedition. He really wanted to visit and see the places told by his Roman and Thracian friend and, if possible, he also wanted to go as far as Egypt, or even East China.

Thinking about the prospect of visiting his friends, Emery immediately became excited. He wondered if his blue stone formation could send him that far. If that was the case, that would be very exciting.

While he was lost in his thoughts, he suddenly realized that Princess Gwen had raised her hand. It seemed the knight commander held a question session and she had a question to ask.

"Yes, Princess Gwenneth?"

"Knight Commander Uther, I hope you can share the progress of the investigation into Sir Badgemagus' death."

Princess Gwenneth's unexpected and straightforward question instantly caught Emery's full attention. The king and knight commander, on the other hand, looked a little bit annoyed by it.

"My dear princess, I can only say that this matter is still under investigation."

King Uther's answer made Emery very curious. Did this have anything to do with Morgana's disappearance? Emery really wished he could ask some questions as well, but he knew better than to do that.

Fortunately, the princess seemed to hear his wish as she pushes the question once more.

"My apologies, dear your majesty. But it has been 4 months since the knight's death and there is still no news about the investigation. I hope to learn something to bring to my king back home."

Emery and many others in the room were quite surprised that the young princess would be so bold as to speak like that to the Logress king. After all, what she did now - doubting the king - could be considered an insult to the latter.

It was clear King Uther was annoyed by the princess. Luckily, someone interrupted when he was about to lash out.

"Princess Gwen, what my father, the king, means is that this is merely not the time nor the place to discuss this matter. I am sure that we can have our personal discussion afterwards." said Arthur Pendragon with a smile.

It looked like the prince charming came to save both of them.

Realizing Arthur's answer had extinguished any possibility of bringing the matter up again, Gwen relented.

"That's all I ask, Your Majesty. I apologize for the inconvenience and look forward to our discussion" replied Gwen, also with her own charming smile.

After that, the feast finally began.

Accompanied by the orchestra music, the hundreds of people in the hall started to enjoy the food and drinks made by the royal chefs. Countless lavish and extravagant cuisines as well as refreshments had already been prepared and set on multiple tables in the hall.

People began approaching and talking with each other, as this was the best time to get to know and get acquainted with other knights from other kingdoms before the tournament began.

As for Emery, he simply stood by the buffet quietly eating, while his mind was focused on princess Gwen and the Logress prince.

When the feast was over, Emery saw the princess leaving the hall with the Logress knights.

Seeing that, he also decided to leave the crowd, as he merged into the shadows of night.

### **Chapter 332: In Shadow**

In Emery's mind, the Knight Tournament was a secondary matter. His priority was always about Morgana and all the matters related to her.

The death of Sir Badgemagus, the capture of Morgana... All of this had some sort of connection to the Knights of Divine Order.

Hence, as soon as he saw the princess leaving the hall with the knights from the Logress Kingdom, Emery knew he had to follow them.

Emery quickly sneaked through the sea of people and made his way outside the hall. When no one was looking, his figure started to blend with the shadow of night as the spell he had, [Hide in Shadow], was being cast.

Thanks to his spirit reading ability, Emery could clearly tell where the group was heading to without the need to follow them too close. He only had to pinpoint and lock Gwen's unique energy and focused his attention on it.

Still, to be completely safe in his endeavor, Emery opened his [Spatial Storage] and took out a pair of completely black clothes with a hood. Then, he changed his Lioness attire to it.

After making sure there was nothing that could reveal his identity, Emery proceeded to follow the group while maintaining his highest vigilance. After all, his [Hide in Shadow] spell was not an invisibility spell.

With the help of the darkness and his black clothes, it was almost impossible for someone to notice Emery, unless someone managed to stand right in front of him. But with his spirit reading, Emery always wary of any life force in the radius of 100 meters around him.

The group walked for around 15 minutes until they arrived in front of a massive wall with a heavily guarded gate.

At first glance, Emery could see several fully-equipped guards stationed outside the gate, not even counting those who had hidden themselves. Through his ability, he sensed there were dozens of guards in the area.

Still, it wasn't a difficult case for Emery to go through.

With a simple [Blink] spell, Emery appeared on top of the wall and passed through without alarming a single person.

Right behind the fortified walls was a strange-looking keep, one that Emery didn't expect to see here of all places. Unlike the other keep Emery had seen, it was very tall.

The princess together with the golden knight went inside the keep through another gate that was made of steel.

Emery could feel there were at least a half dozen men inside of that keep. He could use [Spatial Gate] to get into the keep, but he wouldn't do that, as he didn't know the situation inside. Things would definitely go awry if he appeared in the wrong place.

Therefore, Emery had to look the other way. As logical sense declared, if one couldn't go through the main entrance, one should find another entrance, or a window. Thus, Emery did exactly so.

Emery casted [Blink] repeatedly, as he teleported around until his eyes spotted a window. He finally found one that was located on what appeared to be the second floor of the keep. After checking that there was no one inside, he immediately went in.

Next, he just had to carefully make his way towards the first floor, where the princess and the knight should be.

The moment he started hearing sounds, Emery slowed down his approach and began to creep closer to the source. Moments later, he arrived at a unique assembly room with decoration and atmosphere almost rivalled that of throne room.

The room was furnished with dozens of sculpted chairs that were positioned throughout the room in two layers of circles and a large round table in the middle of them. Twelve of them in the inner layer, while fifty in the outer layer.

Then, Emery's attention was caught by a painting that was strangely painted on the ceiling. It was a painting of a knight holding a golden sword. And when he scrutinized it closer, he was startled.

Emery realized that the sword in the painting was exactly the same as the one that appeared in his vision. The unique gems on the handle, the same shape, the striking appearance. That was the Sword.

'It was a painting of the Sword of Divine. The Excalibur.'

...

Emery quickly teleported to a place inside the room that was covered in shadows. When he peeked from his hiding place, trying to get a good look at the people talking. Emery found there were only 4 people there.

Princess Gwenneth, Prince Arthur Pendragon and the two golden knights from of their respective kingdoms, Sir Yvain and Sir Gawain.

"Greetings, my prince." Gwen said in a very formal and polite manner.

Seeing that, Arthur quickly waved his hand, "Princess Gwen, we have met a couple times, therefore I hope we can stop the formalities. I know you can't stand it as much as I do."

"Yes, prince. You are right, but I prefer to keep my manners." replied Gwen, while taking her seat.

"You were really born to be a queen, weren't you, princess?" asked Arthur with a smile.

"I hope I am, my prince. How about you? Do you think you are born to be a king?" Gwen asked with a smile as well.

Hearing Gwen throwing his own question back, Arthur let out a small chuckle,

"Yes i am" Artur said confidently.? He stare at Gwen from top to bottom and said. "It appear your reputation precede you princess"

Gwen showed a curious expression when she heard that.

"May I know what reputation you hear about me, my prince?"

Arthur chuckled as he opened his mouth, "Well, they say you are not just beautiful... you are smart, caring, and..."

"And what?"

"Fearless. They say you are fearless, just like a real lioness. Is that true?"

Instead of answering the question, Gwen threw another question of hers.

"People say that Prince Arthur is the most talented knight the 7 kingdoms have ever seen, not only strong, he's wise and charming.... Unfortunately, he has a very bad reputation as a ...ladies man..."

Upon hearing that, Arthur sees the knight next to him sir Gawain who also has the same reputation and they both explode into laughter together.

"Hahaha! Princess Gwen! Why didn't I ever really get the chance to know you more before?"

"I don't know, my prince. Maybe... we should" replied Gwen with a smile. "I mean I am sure as neighbor kingdom there's many that we can help each other with"

In the corner, hearing this, Emery realized Gwen was currently speaking in a flirting manner. It was very rare for her to act that way.

"Please, Prince Arthur. Is your father, the king, not going to come?"

Realizing Gwen was getting impatient, Arthur placed his hands together and said, "Actually princess, it was me."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said, princess. I am the one in charge of the investigation."

"Aah... I see. So, is there any progress in it, my prince?"

"I am afraid not, princess." answered Arthur, causing Gwen's face to change. "However, I do have a lead you might be able to help with the investigation."

Hearing that, Gwen immediately said, "What is it? I will do anything I can to help."

"It's about a certain figure in your kingdom."

Gwen was surprised when she heard that.

"A figure in my kingdom? Who is it?"

"Someone named Merlin. It appeared that he went missing 4 months ago around the time of Sir Badgemagus's death, before he could be seen again recently in Venta Town of Lioness."

Hearing this, Gwen's face quickly revealed disappointment. Seeing that, Arthur immediately asked, "What is it, princess?"

"Honestly, my prince, I thought the death of Sir Badgemagus was related to my minister, not to a certain rumoured wizard."

"Aahh... so you have heard of him. Then, here's my request. I hope you can help me speak to him."

"I'm sorry, my prince. But why don't you go to Venta Town to meet him yourself?"

"I would actually, but I still have something that I cannot leave behind in Camelot. Moreover, this wizard thing is a delicate matter."

Princess Gwen seemed unconvinced as she said, "Is he really a wizard though? I mean they are very rare"

"I have many reasons to believe so. Actually, I already asked someone to explain more about this matter, so you would understand more"

A moment later, a figure walked into the room. It was an old man with a cloak covering his body. The moment the man went inside, Emery instantly felt something different with this figure.

Through his spirit reading, Emery could tell that there was strong spirit energy within this old man. Which can only mean one thing. The old man is similar to himself, a wizard

To his surprise, the old man jerked his head towards his position.

"There is someone else here, Your Majesty!"

The two golden knights, Yvain and Gwain, were immediately alarmed.

### **Chapter 333: Clues**

Upon hearing the frantic shouts of the old man, the two golden knights stationed there went on full alert, their hands not even leaving the sword scabbards tied around their waist.

"Yvain, you stay here!" Sir Gawain, the golden knight of Logress Kingdom, said before leaving him to go to the place pointed by the old man.

Unconsciously, Arthur stepped in front of the princess in an attempt to shield her from any further trouble.

Sir Gawain reached the shaded area and looked around, trying to find any signs of someone being there. But nothing happened. There was no one, not even a trace of anyone having been there.

"There is no one here, my prince." Sir Gawain bowed and said.

To make sure everything was fine, Gawain ran towards the room next door and continued his search. Just like the first room, he searched the place from top to bottom, only to have the same result.

Prince Arthur looked at Princess Gwen one more time, before running towards the room and searching around for a bit. He looked around before asking the old man.

"Master Gaious, what was it?"

The old man named Gaious looked around in confusion and said. "It's... It's gone, sire."

"What do you mean it's gone?"

"A few moments ago, I could feel someone's presence, but now it's gone without a trace." The old man shook his head.

"How could someone be instantly gone just like that?" One of the knights asked in doubt.

"I... I am not sure about that..."

"Was it magic?" Yvain joined in.

"I can't say for sure, sir. I have never seen magic that can instantly make someone disappear without leaving a trace. Don't get me wrong, I know the existence of things such as invisibility spells, if it's such a spell, I would still be able to feel his presence."

A moment later, Sir Gawain returned back and reported he didn't find anyone nearby, but he had told the guards outside to search the area around them and report to him the moment they spotted anything suspicious.

There were a few moments of tense silence, before a laugh suddenly filled the room.

"Hahaha, my Prince, was this your idea of a joke? I am sure some girls would love to be protected by you, the charming prince and the famous knight of the Logress Kingdom... I wonder, how many girls did you manage to ensnare this way?"

"This... No..." The previously talkative prince was suddenly at a loss for words.

"Don't worry, Prince. I will help you find more information about this Merlin guy. If I come across any clue, I'll remember to tell you."

Princess Gwen paid her respects and left, followed by Yvain. The Knight of the Lion was silent throughout the whole ordeal.

Right after the princess left, Prince Arthur stared at old Gaious with a look full of disbelief. "Master Gaious, are you sure of what you saw?"

"I... I was, sire, but now, I am not so sure anymore..."

The prince let out a long, tired sigh, before ordering Gawain to put extra guards around the palace next time.

"Master Gaious, if there really was a person that could disappear without a trace, how frightening do you think that would be?"

"That would be very frightening, sire..." The old man answered while keeping his head down.

"I see you realize that already. I need you to find out about the possibility of such spells existing. Go and ask your wizard friend for counsel. We can't afford to be lax about this situation."

The young prince looked at Gaious one last time, before walking towards the door. Right as Gawain was about to open it for him, the prince stopped and whispered.

"Gawain, I need you to pay more attention to Princess Gwenneth."

Hearing the order, Gawain the Maiden's Knight could only give a wry smile in response.

"No, the situation isn't what you're thinking. If there was really a threat there, it might not be targeting us but her, which means she could possibly be in danger without her realizing it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my prince." Gawain gave a quick bow. "It shall be done."

Prince Arthur nodded and left the place.

Outside of the fort, a figure could vaguely be seen, blending right into the dark of night.

"That was close." Emery allowed himself to stop holding his breath and sighed. "That was close, if I was found out, it would have been very troublesome."

When he was found, he quickly [blink] away from the assembly room. Although his eavesdropping was cut short, it was not all bad for Emery, as he managed to get a few morsels of information from the short time he listened to their conversation.

First, he now knew that Prince Arthur was the one in charge of the investigation of Sir Bagdemagus' untimely death.

The prince's knowledge about Merlin's presence made Emery sure the prince knew more than what he told the princess. From what he had gathered so far, he was confident the prince would most likely lead him to clues about Keane, Bagdemagus' silver knight, or even Morgana.

In addition, something seemed to be going on within the fort. Considering the amount of guards and knights posted there. It was very highly guarded. Emery would dare say it was probably more secure than a palace. In addition, there was the matter of that painting depicting the sword of Excalibur.

He decided to return at a better time to search up the place, preferably when there were less guards walking around. Perhaps during the tournament?



For now, he had obtained all the clues he needed, including the most important clue: Arthur's involvement in this mess. He decided to keep in mind what he saw today and find out more about the prince through other means.

For now, he had the tournament to prepare for. Considering his circumstances, it was important he made sure victory was within his grasp.

### **Chapter 334: Knight Tournament**

The sun had risen over the horizon, sharing its brilliance to the people of Briton. The blue sky was slowly being painted by the clumps of white cotton, revealing a sight worthy of remembrance.

The day everyone had been waiting for, the day of the Tournament had finally come.

At the moment, Emery and the other 24 squires from Lioness Kingdom had gathered in a massive arena.

It was a rectangular green field, over 600 feet in length and 200 feet in width. Its two sides were occupied by extensive platforms made to accommodate a large audience. Each of these platforms had the capacity to contain up to three thousand people.

Even though its scale was not even one tenth of the Magus Academy's arena, it was still impressive enough to awe those who saw it for the first time. After all, standing in this field used to be Emery's greatest dream.

Originally, the arena was supposed to be filled by the nobles in the front rows, while the common people stood at the back. But since this yearly Tournament was a special occasion, there was no place for commoners at all, because all the seats were completely taken by countless nobles and important people from the 7 kingdoms.

Emery noticed the platforms were so packed with people, he couldn't even see a blank spot on them. It was apparent that there was not enough space for everyone who wanted to watch the Tournament.

But then again, the Knight Tournament could be said to be the competition of the nobles. Most commoners would not understand much about it. Most of them were simply curious about the occasion and wanted to see it with their own eyes.

Toooooeeettt!!!

The trumpets were playing out their tunes, signaling the first day of the Tournament was about to begin. Following their sounds, groups of participants began to make their way to the arena for the opening ceremony.

This year, a total of 300 young squires from 7 kingdoms were participating in the Tournament.

All of them would compete against each other in order to gain the title of knight. After all, just like the previous years, only 100 people would receive the honor to be knighted by the Order.

Hundreds of people walked into the arena, all wearing uniforms of different colors that showed the kingdom they represented. From the sea of colors before him, Emery could see the Lioness' red and gold uniform had the smallest number in the arena. Their number would lose too much when compared to the other kingdoms.

Well, it was to be expected, as the Lioness Kingdom could only send 25 squires this year, while the other kingdoms had much bigger quota. For example, the Logress Kingdom and the Noragles Kingdom had the highest number of quotas this year, which was 50.

Emery didn't really want to know how and why the Lioness had the smallest quota, nor did he care at the first place. Though it didn't stop him from making assumptions.

He was sure it all depended on the strength of the kingdom, or more precisely, the performance of the squires sent to the Tournament. Considering the Lioness' squires rarely succeeding in the event, it was understandable that the quota they had had was the least.

The logic was understandable, but for all 25 Lioness squires who were currently the smallest group, it created some sort of intimidation on them.

'Was our kingdom not good enough? Could I really do well today?'

Those kinds of thoughts were floating in the squires' mind, slowly affecting them in a variety of ways. Those with a high fortitude would be more fired up, while those with weak minds would start doubting themselves.

The centermost of the right side platform was a special area, reserved only for the royalties, kingdom's representatives and knight commanders.

After all the squires had gathered and lined up in the arena, a knight commander swiftly came up to open the Tournament.

The first day of the Tournament was opened by Knight Commander Oswain, the one known as the Aegis Knight.

The man delivered a short speech about perseverance and determination. Afterwards, the man walked back to his seat. Then, a loud sound of a bell was heard through the air.

The 300 squires swiftly made their return to the empty space at the sides of the arena. Immediately after, groups of aides brought out today's tournament object.

Bow and arrows.

Every year, the content of the Tournament was pretty much the same. This 5-day Tournament would always start with archery on its first day, cavalry on its second day and close combats on its last three days.

10 squires were quickly called upon and they began to take the bow and arrows provided.

After each of them took a longbow and a quiver of arrows, they immediately lined up and began shooting arrows at the targets placed at the other end of the field when the signal was given.

There were two kinds of targets and only 10 arrows to shoot. The first target was located 300 feet away, which would give them one point when hit. As for the other, it was positioned 400 feet away and gave two points for each successful hit.

Most squires would just focus their attention on hitting all ten arrows to the first target in order to be safe. But of course, there would always be a few who wished to receive the top 10 archery recognition. Hence, they would try their ability on the second target.

As for Emery, archery was part of the training his father prepared for him to be a knight, this particular weapon doesn't need much strength hence he never really have any problems with it, but then he never really good at it as well. Still, the moment he picked up the bow, he was fully confident he could do well.

"It's probably better to be low profile here." Emery thought to himself. "I should just focus on hitting all ten on the first target. Yeah, let's do that."

Emery raised the longbow, took out an arrow from his quiver, pulled the string before releasing it.

Phhiuu..!

Sound of air being sliced was heard and Emery's arrow completely missed the target by a large margin. When he looked at the bow in his hand, Emery saw the string was snapped.

"Damn it! I should have done it gently."

Emery noticed that the squires standing beside him were laughing at him.

"Hahaha! Classic Lioness... What did I expect... Hahaha..."

Hearing the mockery, Emery changed his mind, as he threw the low profile plan to the garbage.

"Top in archery, huh? Why not..."

### **Chapter 335: Archery**

It was important for a knight to know certain skills set in order to stay on top in a battlefield and archery was one of them. Although it was considered one of the least needed talents for a knight, this still a requirement to be part of the Knights of Divine Order. 8 was the minimum archery score a squire needed to achieve to pass. That meant 8 out of 10 arrows needed to hit the mark.

Unfortunately, Emery had missed one and that meant he lost one point. It was quite an embarrassing mistake as well – he was sure that right now, not only the participants were mocking him, but the audience too, as well.

"Is that a Lioness squire? What a joke!"

"That squire is an embarrassment to the Tournament..."

"Why do they even let Lioness participate in this?"

At literally any other time, Emery would be grateful for his enhanced senses, but not this time. He was surprised to feel a little affected by the audience's comments about him. He never really cared what the audience said in the much bigger arena of? Magus Academy., but when it's closer to home though, it seemed to matter to him.

"Let's see if I can win this," Emery muttered and gave himself a wry smile.

[Emery Ambrose]

[Battle power: 49 (34)]

The name 'battle power' was a bit misleading, considering how it was never only just about muscle strength or body endurance. With each point increase in it, Emery also gained an increased control of his physical body. Control, in this case, included body balance and perception, a quality sorely needed in disciplines like archery.

He just needed to practice for a bit to get used to the arrow weight and bow strength.

He eyed the target, pulled the string and gently released the arrow. This action took him back to when his father taught him archery in the Ambrose Estate courtyard.

Phhiiiiuuuu!

This time, indeed, the arrow hit the target, but it was outside the red mark, which meant another zero.

"Hahahaha, do you guys even see this kid? He was so serious, but the result... Kid, just go home before you embarrass yourself!"

Emery did not answer, he merely smiled at the guy's direction.

After practicing twice, he finally got used to the bow and arrow he held tight in his hands, becoming more confident to pull this off.

Phiiiiuuuuuu!

This time, he hit the red mark. It was not a perfect center, but it was his first point.

"Finally! Keep it up, Lioness kid, and you may actually have a shot here! Don't even think about missing one or you'll be out of the tournament on your first day, hahaha!"

Emery closed his eyes and let himself feel his surroundings. In this tranquil state, he was able to feel the minuscule movements of each blade of grass, each leaf on the trees and the gentle breeze of the wind.

He took a deep breath and held the bow and arrow tight, connecting what he felt with the bow and arrow in his hand.

Phiiiiuuuuuu!

The audience instantly went quiet, the whispers of insults dispersing like dust in the wind, to be replaced with gasps of awe and disbelief.

The jeers were replaced with admiring woos, as the Lioness kid they considered inferior and undeserving to compete in this tournament managed to hit dead center of the target this time.

The squire standing next to Emery looked at him in silent bewilderment. He himself was rarely able to hit dead center, but Emery accomplished it, either by sheer luck or by his hidden skills.

Now that Emery managed to get his bearings, this time he raised the bow higher, pulled the string taut, releasing it gently.

Phhhiiiiuuuu!

He attempted another shot toward the 400-foot range target, and managed to hit the mark

"Two points!" The aide in charge of marking the squires' results announced.

The audience started whispering again, but this time, it was gossip about where his sudden skills came from. Some seemed to think the feat he pulled was just a result of incredible luck.

Thanks to his spirit force, Emery could feel the minute changes in wind direction and how it affected the arrow, enabling him to make small adjustments to account for that. The higher he shot, the stronger the wind would be, that meant the disruption would be stronger.

Emery took a deep breath and spread out his spirit force once more. Now, he had full control over his body and the elements around him.

Just like before, he pulled the string and gently released the arrow.

Phiuuuu!

Again, he manages to hit the mark on the 400-foot range target but this time he hit the perfect center.

The squire standing next to Emery was unable to hide his shock. His mouth kept on opening and closing like a fish. Meanwhile, the audience did a complete turn-around, as they started standing up and cheering. It was like the insults they shouted at him before never existed.

A dead center on a 400-foot range target rarely happened and hitting it was a testament of one's archery skills.

"Yes!" Emery smiled and raised his fist high in the air. Somehow, even if this achievement was something in a much smaller scale than winning the Magus Games and defeating elite acolytes, he still felt a tremendous happiness from it.

Emery repeated what he did with his remaining arrows all to the 400 feet target. Out of those, he managed to get four more dead center shots.

Finally, he ran out of arrows and his turn ended. From his efforts, he managed to score 2 misses, 2 one-point shots, and 6 double-point shots, netting him a total of 14 points.

Thanks to this, he was now allowed to join the next archery round and compete amongst the 10 best squires in archery.

### **Chapter 336: Top Archer**

From the 300 squires participating in the tournament, 90% of them received the standard 8 to 10 points by hitting the 300-foot targets perfectly. That was the minimum requirement for them to be considered for the next stage.

Other than 8 squires who failed, there were 22 of them who managed to hit the 400 feet.

From his attempts, Emery could feel that the current longbow and arrows he held were not built to reach the 400-foot target in a straight line. Hence, to even have a shot at hitting said target, one had to have excellent archery skills and the capability to take account of the high shot trajectory and wind disruption.

Among the 22 squires, only the best ten were selected for the next round, Emery being one of them.

"Lanzelot Dulat!"

Emery smiled, his name was called as one of the ten chosen for the next round. Although he placed last due to the misses, he was not worried at all.

"Hey, Lanzo! I never thought you were that good!"

The other squires congratulated him and started to ask for tips in archery, except for Abe, who was still in disbelief over the depth of Lanzo's talents. From afar, he looked at the crowding squires around Emery, his eyes betraying his jealousy.

"Lanzo, you're so great! Now I'm sure the princess will favor you even more," said Mark, who has been jealous of Emery recent relationship with the princess

The mention of the princess made Emery unconsciously glance at the royal stage. Just his luck, their eyes met, the princess smiled and waved at him. Emery had no idea how to react, he could only look away and pretend he did not see it.

There was no time to think about the past. He had convinced himself he needed to focus for the next round.

After a few minutes, the arena preparations were finished and the 10 chosen squires were called to the open arena.

Among the squires, three bear the royal blue and bright gold colors of Logress, two the signature browns of Norgales, while the rest, unsurprisingly, were from Dementae. Those from Dementae wore an emblem shaped like a white tree with thousands of branches, while their attire was mostly green. In the other kingdoms, Dementae was known for their famous longbow fighters.

For the second and final round of the archery competition, all the targets were now placed on the 400-foot mark. Just like before, each participant was given 10 arrows.

All ten squires took their shots at the same time. The rules for this round were simple: after 10 shots, the scores were tallied and the one with highest points would obtain the title of archery champion. It sounded like an easy competition, but the distance required would make it to be anything but.

On one hand, Emery felt the title of archery champion would be too much and, to be honest, he didn't really care for the benefits of such a title. But on the other hand, being the brightest talent in this competition might open up a few doors and make it easier to infiltrate the Order of the Divine Knights.

In other words, being the best candidate here might benefit him in the long run.

It was the perfect reason for Emery to put all his skills to use and win the round.

Phiuuuuu!

Emery and the other squires shot their arrows at the same time, all of them managed to hit the target.

It was an amazing sight. All the 10 squires were truly masters of their craft.

Phiuuuuu!

Another ten arrows flew piercing the air and only one of them didn't hit the mark.

The same thing repeated for all ten shots. Five squires managed to hit 6 marks, two managed to hit 7 marks, and one managed to hit 8 marks. Thanks to Emery, this year needed a tiebreaker round.

It was truly a very rare occasion. Two squires able to hit all 10 marks perfectly, not something you see every day. The first squire with the perfect score was named Trystan, a young archery genius from the Dementae kingdom. While the other one was a very unexpected candidate. Lancelot Dulat, a squire from the Lioness Kingdom.

The crowd was abuzz with excitement and each of them shouted one of the two candidates' names. Almost every year, the archery champion was won by the Dementae kingdom hence the crowd already used to cheer for one, but this year having such squires to have a tiebreaker was an amazing surprise, even more from a kingdom from Lioness who never shine for many years.

The two of them were told to remain in the arena and were given another 10 arrows to shoot.

Aim.

Pull.

Release.

Phiuuuuuu!

Both arrows hit the dead center at the same time. The crowds went wild and the squires' names were shouted in a bizarre mix of excited screams.

Another two arrows were released at the same time. Yet again, both arrows hit dead center.

A dead center hit was not necessary, in general, the archery competition was not something that was too sought after by the knights, but the two of them were resolved to give this competition everything they had.

Emery decided to not even consider letting this competition go. The other young squire managed to pull these shots with talent and lots of experience under his belt. The only way Emery could keep up was by relying on his spirit force. Emery couldn't afford to lose his concentration if he wanted to win this.

All ten arrows were shot, none of them missed.

The crowds and royalty were all impressed. Some of those sitting in the royal families' room even stood to get a closer look. This year had such great young talents, and the audience got the rare chance to witness them in action.

Both of them are amazing archers, but this challenge would have to continue until there was one clear winner.

10 more arrows were given. Another two arrows were shot, but still, both hit the target perfectly.

The audience was cheering in excitement seeing something that had never happened before in the history of the 7 kingdoms.

Emery couldn't believe to have got so excited for the tournament, his competitive spirit burned fiercely. He really wanted to win, so much it even came to his mind to use his spirit force to disrupt his opponent's arrow. It only needed a simple sway of his finger at the right moment and he would win the title.

Emery shook his head, pushing aside such thoughts. No matter how much he wanted to win, resorting to dishonorable tactics was not an option for him.

Fortunately, he started to notice that Trystan's aim had started to veer off bit by bit.

Emery didn't realize before, but pulling an arrow for a 400 feet target was really taxing to the muscles. While it was no problem to him thanks to his tremendous battle power, his opponent didn't have the same advantage

Finally, on the eighth shot, Trystan's arrow veered off a bit too much, missing the target completely. The squire sighed disappointed, finally letting go of his bow. He approached Emery and congratulated him sincerely.

Afterward, the first-day tournament was over with the winner was announced to the audience

"After a series of amazing performances, we finally have a winner! Congratulations to Lancelot Dulat from the Lioness Kingdom for defeating Trystan from the Dementae Kingdom!"

The whole crowd cheered and stood up to give a standing ovation for the new unexpected archery champion.

### **Chapter 337: Ride**

The first day of the Knight Tournament ended with the Lioness squire emerging as the champion.

That night, the estate that was assigned to the Lioness Kingdom's entourage was bustling with activity. The place was completely filled with people celebrating the champion of today's competition. All the 25 squires that were participating in the Tournament were invited by the princess to celebrate this matter.

The reason for this commemoration was because it had been too long since the Lioness Kingdom had someone emerge as a champion in any part of the Tournament. Even though it was only the first day, it was an extraordinary achievement nonetheless.

"Everyone cheers!!!"

"Let's toast for our kingdom and for Lancelot! The archery champion!!!"

"Cheeerrrrss!!!"

"Let's toast for the Lioness Kingdom victory!"

"Cheeerrrrss!!!"

"Let's toast that none of the Lioness' squires got disqualified on the first day!!!"



"Cheerrsss!!!"

"Let's toast for our beautiful princess!!!"

"Chee-"

"..."

"..."

"That's inappropriate, Marc! Shut it!!!"

Marc, a squire who was completely wasted, was quickly brought down by some squires. The others, on the other hand, swiftly bowed their heads toward the princess, who calmly sipped her drink.

"We sincerely apologize, princess. He's drunk!"

The young squires were happily celebrating the occasion. It seemed they drank so much that they forgot who they were seating with. Hence, the flippancy.

Fortunately, the princess wasn't offended by those words. She just smiled at the squires and said, "Well, what he said is not wrong..."

The hint of tease in her tone, coupled with the charming smile on her face, made all the squires instantly excited.

"Cheerrsss!!!"

Then, the princess who sat at the head of the table stood up and said, "Squires of the Lioness Kingdom, I congratulate all of you for successfully passing the first day of the Tournament. Cheers!"

"Cheerrsss!!!"

Taking a sip of her drink, the princess continued her words, "And of course, we have to give today's honor to our talented friend, Lancelot Dulat! Congratulations, Lancelot! You really made us all proud today!"

Emery raised his glass and said modestly as he accepted the honor, "It's my duty to do so. Princess."

This was part of his childhood dream - to achieve such a recognition, especially from her. But standing here with a different name and face caused Emery to feel conflicted feelings.

Immediately after, the feast began, as the servants started delivering cuisine after cuisine to the tables like a herd of sheep. Everyone was having a good time. Some of them dined to their heart's content, as many of the cuisines were exotic and unique. Some heartily drank the myriad kinds of beverages provided by the servants, while others talked and conversed with each other in great harmony.

In the middle of it, the princess turned her head toward Emery and said,

"I did not realize you were also so good at archery, Lanzo. It's hard to believe you had no instructor teaching you."

This was the part he disliked the most of fame, the reason he wanted to be low key in the first place: the unwanted attention and suspicion that came with it.

Emery calmly put the cutlery down, looked at the princess and said, "It's nothing, princess. I just spent a lot of time practicing. As for the rest, it's just luck I guess."

The princess' smile widened, "How could someone receive the champion title with just luck? Lanzo, you are being silly right now."

"..."

Emery should have just stayed quiet like he had planned. He really was a terrible liar.

Seeing that Emery was getting into his unresponsive mode, the princess continued, "So... you are good at dueling, as well as archery. I wonder if you are also good at cavalry... are you?"

Upon hearing that, Emery let out a smile of his own as he answered, "No, not at all, princess. I'm actually not good at cavalry, but don't worry. I will do my best tomorrow."

"I see..."

When Emery finally thought the session of questions and answers was over, the princess suddenly did something that baffled him.

"Alright, you will come with me now." she said, as she got up from her seat.

Seeing the young girl almost reaching the door, Emery shook his head helplessly and followed behind her.

The princess called Emery out in the middle of the feast and brought him out in the middle of the night. The sight brought countless murmurs to those who saw it.

The truth, however, was realistic.

The princess and Sir Yvain, who always accompanied her, took Emery to the stable located next to the estate.

"Let me see your horse." The princess said after they reached the stable.

The horse Emery owned was the one he bought using his own money at the market in Venta City. It was an ordinary horse, probably the most inferior when compared to all the horses in the stable.

The sight of the unassuming horse brought a deep sigh to the princess.

"I... I'm not trying to belittle you, Lanzo. But this horse..." she sighed again, "The quality of the horse will really matter in tomorrow's cavalry competition. You surely understand this, do you?"

Emery nodded his head at that. He certainly knew, as he had seen and read about the cavalry competition, that the nobles called jousting.

This activity was more into the higher ranked noble sports with its high cost of equipment. Hence, Emery's minimum, almost non-existent experience with it.

"Don't worry, Lanzo. I understand. Most squires face the same problem as you."

The princess was being nice by not saying the words low rank noble.

"Lanzo, I am here to lend you any of the knight horses for tomorrow's competition."

"..." Emery was silent.

Thinking Emery did not grasp what she meant, the princess spoke once more, in a clarifying and detailed manner.

"You can choose any of the Lioness knights' horses in this stable for tomorrow."

Emery mulled over the princess' offer. He did not accept it straightaway.

He walked through the stable, checking out all the horses. And then, reality hit him.

Each of them was definitely faster than stronger than his horse, especially the white beauty owned by the princess and the stunning brown owned by Sir Yvain. His ordinary horse was undoubtedly far inferior when placed among them.

Emery never cared much about horses, as he knew he would not ride them often. After all, why would one need a horse when their running speed might be faster than the latter. And this wasn't considering his crazy efficient teleportation magic.

However, not having much experience in cavalry might be helped by having a good horse. It seemed lending one was not a bad idea at all.

"Can I really choose any of them?"

The princess nodded at Emery's words.

"Yes, Lanzo. Think of this as us supporting you to make the kingdom proud."

Upon hearing the confirmation, Emery swiftly approached the one he eyed ever since his eyes landed on it.

"This one." Emery said with a faint smile, as he chose the brown horse with goldish hair, Yvain's horse.

The princess and Sir Yvain were both stunned. They looked hesitant for a moment.

"Lanzo, this..."

The princess glanced towards the golden knight and explained.

"Here's the thing. Master Yvain here is known to have an interesting relationship with wild animals and his horse here, Jewel, has never been ridden by anyone but him."

The golden knight finally decided to say his piece.

"You can take her, but only if you can convince her to let you ride."

The golden knight helped him put on the saddle and gave Emery a try to ride.

Just as he said the horse was very wild, she didn't even want to be touched by him, how would he be able to ride her.

Truth be told, Emery hadn't much experience with horses as well. However, he really wanted to try something.

Emery slowly approached the horse and slowly used his spirit reading ability.

He was never as gifted as Klea or any of the other elite students in mind probing, but he had learned a trick or two during his elite class study.

He knew how one should try to tame a wild creature, and of course, horses were not even one of the high tier creatures to be worried about.

Emery started with a simple message, introducing himself to the horse, and with no time at all, he was already able to touch the horse and finally ride her.

The spirit reading ability did not only just let him to ride the horse, but Emery could easily communicate with the horse, which was a huge advantage for an amateur rider like him.

This surely gave a shock to both Yvain and the princess. The golden knight could only shake his head and let his horse be used by Emery tomorrow.

### **Chapter 338: Jousting**

The second day of the tournament had started and the arena was already full of nobles and royalty waiting to watch their favorite squires in action. The event started with cheering crowds, trumpet tunes and pillars of fire reaching up to the skies.

The arena had been separated with three long wooden rails spread all over the 300-foot width of the place.

Within the span of one day, the previous archery arena has turned into three jousting lines.

Jousting was, in a way, an early training for the squires to see how they would perform in a cavalry charge.

During a charge, knights must know how to control their rides, so it remains running straight in accordance with the formation. It necessitates riding skills, balance, dexterity to aim the lance, and courage under the unrelenting and high-pressure atmosphere of a battlefield.

After all, a cavalry charge was usually done to breach the enemy lines. In such a situation, riding at full speed was only for the braves. One second of hesitation and the knight would instantly lose his life.

Today's jousting tournament was opened with a speech from knight commander Sir Agrival the Wise. The knight congratulated yesterday's event winners and declared the beginning of today's event.

Before the squires' turn to perform, two silver knights went down for a demonstration.

Those two were not strangers to the audience. In fact, they were the previous cavalry champions of the Divine Knight Order.

On one side, stood a knight from the Gangani Kingdom accompanied by a fierce-looking brown horse. The kingdom was located in the north, side by side with the Norgales Kingdom. Hence, it is also in a constant war with the northern tribes for territory.

Though they were both located in the north, Gangani Kingdom's territory mostly consisted of green plains, hence it was known for exporting the best horses out of all the seven kingdoms. The grassy land allowed a lot of horse-riding fields to be built and the need for good horses in a battlefield ensured the constant demand for their horses.

The silver knight from Gangani Kingdom was also the winner of a cavalry tournament five years ago.

On the other side, stood a knight in a black cape with an impressive embroidered white bird emblem. The white bird was the symbol of the Cantiaci.

When he emerged, the crowd started to cheer wildly. Not only was he the winner three years ago, he was also the famous young prince of the Cantiaci Kingdom, Prince Edward. The prince with the curly hair looked regal standing next to his black horse.

Prince Edward was a handsome man, and as such, he was the favorite of many young female nobles.

The two knights quickly jumped onto their horses. After they sat, they took the long balsa lance strapped on their back.

The trumpets sounded, marking the start of the demonstration, amidst the crowd's cheering.

Both knights pulled their horses' reins and charged, each galloping from two different sides at high speeds. Their lance was pointed forward and each move was made with intent to defeat.

Brackkkk!

The prince was able to aim his lance to the opponent's arms, while the Gangani knight scored a direct hit to the shoulder. The hit broke the Gangani knight's lance to splinters,

The crowds cheered in awe from the sight. The first charge was won by the Gangani knight.

Prince Edward only managed to get one point for hitting his opponent's arm, while the opponent received three points. As the shoulder was a vital part for a knight to be able to keep fighting, the hit was worth one point, while the lance breaking meant one extra point.

In a joust, a properly executed charge had a high chance to destroy the wielder's lance, hence it was used as a sort of detector to see if a participant managed to get the perfect angle and attack with maximum strength.

The current points sit at 3 to 1, and the crowds started to cheer louder and encourage the black prince. When the trumpets resounded, the two were ready for a second charge. They each grabbed a new lance, jumped up to their horse and charged full speed to meet each other in the middle.

Braccckkkk!

This time, the prince managed to hit the Gangani knight in the head. The knight swayed off from his horse and fell without even managing to hit the prince. That hit resulted in a full-mark of five points, instantly making the prince the winner of the opening fight.

Everyone stood and cheered, admiring the handsome black prince.

After the prince finished, he did not return to his tent. Instead, he galloped towards the stage where the royalty sat and watched.

He opened his knight helmet, stared at a particular girl sitting amongst other nobles and shouted.

"Princess Gwenneth, I present today's honor in your name."

The declaration made the crowd stop. Everyone stared at him, including the princess herself.

Realizing that now all attention was focused on him, the prince looked up with confidence, smiled, and said.

"I am hoping this win will be a sufficient token of my affection, will you accept princess?"

The quiet audience exploded into murmurs of gossip and shouts of excitement. The black prince took his victory as his chance to show the seven kingdoms of his seriousness towards the Lioness princess.

Now that the declaration was out in the open, the princess was forced to give the prince an answer right away. There was no chance to think over her words.

Emery merely stared at everything unfolding in the arena. Though he was a low-ranked noble, the relationship between Edward and Gwenneth was a known gossip whispered amongst even the commoners. It was almost comical, really. From the first time they met, Edward had always tried to win her over and Gwenneth always rejected, no matter what he did.

This time it would be no different.

The princess stood confidently, though Emery was able to see the slight quiver on her lips, something that people without enhanced senses wouldn't have noticed. Though her posture was confident, it was clear, she was trapped between a rock and a hard place.

"Prince Edward, we have known each other for so long. I hope we can always respect each other just like how friends would."

All the audience was focused on them, and thus, they could see the prince's face pale with rejection. Though the prince tried to stay calm, he immediately snapped.

"You don't know what is good for you, young princess!" The prince shouted, before riding back to his spot in anger.

The act enraged some of the crowd, the knights and the squires from Lioness Kingdom. Though the act of riding towards the nobles' sitting place was already frowned upon, it could be excused as the prince trying to impress someone he loved. Unfortunately, there was no such justification for his insult towards the princess.

Every eye was focused on the princess, the squires and Emery included.

Princess Gwenneth smiled and sat down, and then she sighed. She released a tension that she tried to keep hidden from everyone in the crowd.

She knew that this rejection would ruin their friendship, but she would never like him in that way. From the beginning of their friendship, Gwen knew the prince was never a good suitor.

When she was deep in thought, she heard a voice from a few seats next to her.

"Wow, princess, you really are cold." The voice chuckled. "But don't worry, he was really asking for embarrassment himself. haha"

Princess Gwenneth turned to look at the golden prince, Arthur Pendragon.

While the crowds were busy whispering, all 290 squires from the seven kingdoms prepared themselves..? It was time for the squire jousting tournament to start.

### **C hapter 339: Clash**

"Who does that shitty prince think he is?!" said Lucas in rage

After the display of blatant disrespect, of course the Lioness knights and squires were unable to restrain their anger. The feeling of resentment was clear in their actions.

"Did he dared to do these because we are a weak kingdom...!"

"Our princess..." One squire glanced at her. "She looks so sad."

Emery himself was enraged and would love to get back at the prince somehow, but still, he thought the squires were being a little bit too gung-ho about this.

Lucas approached Emery, put his hands on Emery's shoulders and said.

"Lanzo! You... You must show them that we are not weak!"

Lucas' words attracted the attention of other squires. Everyone started to crowd and gather around Emery.

"Yes, Lanzo! We can't take this humiliation lying down!"

"Aren't you guys being a bit-" Emery shook his head. "Okay, listen, if you want everything to change, don't just dump your troubles on someone else. Take your lance and do it yourself! Don't just hope for others to do the job for you. Look at you all, aren't you the best Lioness has to offer? Then prove it! Show them we aren't to be trifled with!"

Emery's words surprisingly made them all pumped up. They started to shout and yell.

"None of you shall fail this one you hear me!!

"For Lioness!! For the Princess!!"

Unexpectedly, It seemed his words were way more effective than he expected.

The trumpet resounded, marking the beginning of the tournament. The names of the first three knights were called. They would go up against the divine order's chosen knights.

The squires will each do two rounds, back and forth of jousting against a knight and the passing score this round was 2 points in two charges. That meant, they would only need to achieve one good direct hit on the head or shoulder or two hits from other places for both charges.

It sounded so easy at first glance, but in reality, it wasn't. Keeping oneself steady in a fast-moving horse and still being able to hit accurately against an opponent riding an equally fast horse was already very hard, and they also had to use their skills to outmaneuver the veteran knight's lance attacks.

But though the odds were against them, Emery noticed all the Lioness squires seemed to be in high spirits.

Mark was called first. He took a deep breath, jumped up his horse and smiled at his teammates, before riding against the knight. From the two rounds, he was able to hit the knight twice for 2 points.

Lucas did even better. He managed to get a strong direct hit and received 3 points for his hard work.

As for Abe, it seemed the earlier talk wasn't lost on him. He managed to score five points by knocking down the opponent.

No matter how much Emery hated him, he had to admit Abe was skilled and he didn't shame the name of his Dread Knight teacher.

Finally, after watching most of his fellow Lioness squires go out there, Lancelot Dulat's name was called. He walked out while pulling 'Jewel, a brown horse with a golden mane, next to him. Each stride was full of confidence.

With the assistance of his spirit force, Emery wouldn't even need to control the horse at all. He believed the horse would not hesitate to run straight towards the enemy. There was no need to worry about velocity.

Unfortunately, his biggest problem was his lack of experience, leaving him unable to predict the opponents' moves at all? Will it be high? Low? To the side?

There was no time to learn during the two charge attempts he had. Therefore, there was no other way but to make sure each charge count.

"Lancelot Dulat!"

His name was called out and all spectators shouted in excitement. They recognized him as the squire who won yesterday's archery contest. Was it possible for the squire to make another surprise today?

Emery jumped up his horse and steadied himself just in time for the sound of the trumpet.

He pulled on his horse's reins and dashed quickly, his hand tightly holding the lance and boldly facing the oncoming knight.

Left? Right? He couldn't really tell.

Right before they collided, Emery seems to have found the answer. There was no need to think and dodge, he merely needed to just accept the opponent's hit, while trying to hit as strongly as he could.

Braccckkkk!!



As both parties charged with full power, the sound instantly attracted the attention of everyone there. Thanks to his high battle power, Emery managed to stay on his horse despite being hit, while the knight was thrown off from his horse and fell to the ground.

Now that he felt the hit, it didn't hurt all that much.

"Knock down! Five points!" The score keeper announced.

There were two things the audience loved to witness during a jousting game, a knock-down or a breaking lance. Emery was able to give them both and everyone cheered for him in response.

As he was up against an experienced knight, it was even better. Some of the audience started to look at him with interest. It really wasn't easy for a squire to receive points against these knights. And for this young squire managing to hit full points by knocking down an experienced knight was quite rare.

The poor fallen knight was even get knock out unconscious that they needed to replace him with a different knight.

Emery waited on the other end while a new knight took a lance and take the palace opposite him. The crowds start cheering following the trumpet's sound.

Both sides start to gallop and like before Emery doesn't worry about being hit at all, he's confident with his strength and just makes sure his lance would hit his opponent.

When the two clash, Emery manages to give what the audience wants one more time.

Brrraackkkk!! Another knight knocks down after a hard hit that broke both lances.

The audience cheers widely at such spectacular sight.

The jousting matches continued and within three hours, all squires had competed. More than 50 failed the test having less than the required 2 points.

As for Emery and the other Lioness squires, it seemed that their efforts did not end in vain, as all of them managed to pass the minimum requirement for the tournament. Emery even reaches the top score among all the squires, which means he would participate in the next jousting round to find this year's cavalry champion.

### **Chapter 340: Champion**

Bracckkkk!

Another charge, another knight dropped to the ground like a ragdoll after a full-power hit from Emery's lance. The sound of a lance breaking to pieces, splinters of wood flying off in all directions, coupled with the fallen knight, made the crowds cheer in excitement. Other than to witness the squires' skills, the audience mostly came here for this spectacle.

This was Emery's fourth charge in the jousting tournament. Each time he had to go, the crowd went wild. No matter what he did, he never seemed to disappoint the spectators.

Some of the crowd started to chant his name,

"Lanzelot! Lanzelot! Lanzelot!"

The second jousting round ended with 50 squires competing, after two more charges, the number dropped again to 10 top squires, with Emery being one among them.

When Emery returned to put his horse away and entered back into the Lioness squires' designated area, everyone gave him the welcome fitting of a hero. Of course, that treatment was to be expected. After all, he was the squire who might receive the title of champion in both archery and cavalry.

Everyone seemed happy, except Abe who placed last in the top 50. He threw his metal helmet to the wall in anger, but no one spared him any thought, including Emery.

Emery still had to focus on winning the top 10 round.

Out of the 10 top best cavalry squires, most of the slots were taken by Logress, Norgales and Gangani, the land of the horses. But out of all those great kingdoms, none of them was able to get anywhere close to full marks, unlike Emery who managed to do just that.

Now that the battle was no longer squire versus knight, the remaining candidates became even more nervous. It was to be expected, after all, this time they would take each other down.

"Lanzelot Dulat!"

When the name was called, the spectators turned rowdy and started to chant his name again. Some even stood and called for him.

Emery rode the brown horse with golden hair, 'Jewel', and galloped out from the side of the rail. This time, he was up against a talented Logress squire. Emery remembered the squire had obtained around three points away from full marks in the previous rounds.

The trumpet resounded and the sounds of galloping filled the arena.

Braccckkk!

The squire tried hard to dodge, but it was in vain and he was still thrown to the ground.

No one could dodge Emery's quick hand movements. Coupled with Jewel's fierce and fast charge, the other squires stood no chance.

"Lanzelot!! Lanzelot!!!"

The crowd turned even wilder.

The next opponent Emery had to face was a Gangani rider. Though the squire was one of the decent performers amongst the top 10, perhaps the top fifth or sixth, he seemed to be so intimidated he almost fell off his horse upon hearing Emery's borrowed name.

He lost his will to fight before the tournament even started. In the end, he wasn't able to give his best efforts. He ended up being thrown off his horse just like what Emery did to the previous challengers.

"Who the hell is this young squire?!"

The question was asked by bewildered, interested and enraged nobles and royalty alike. They were shocked and enraged their favorite candidates were all defeated by a squire without a name and the unknown squire kept on racking more and more perfect strikes.

The third opponent came from Norgales and he tried to rile up the crowd by showing off his lance before charging full speed towards Emery. But, just like the opponents before him, he was also thrown off from his horse and fell down.

Fortunately, the jousting tournament was conducted using a special lance made of hollowed pine wood, ensuring no participant was hurt. In addition, the wood could also splinter and break easily to rile up the audience even more.

"Lanzelot! Lanzelot!"

"That young man is insane! He didn't even look before charging and he just keeps on going! He wasn't afraid in the least. What a courageous squire!"

An experienced knight overseeing the match said in wonder.

Emery was unstoppable, through the fourth and fifth charge, he kept on making perfect score after perfect score. Now, he was the undisputed cavalry champion for this year.

"Congratulations, Lanzelot Dulat!"

The unknown young man from a small family in a weak kingdom managed to receive both available titles this year. Of course, such a feat made the commander of the Divine Order notice him.

After the announcement of the winner, Emery was summoned by the knight commander. With a slow trot, he rode towards the royalty balcony, but before he reached the commander, he decided to stop in front of the Lioness princess and gave a slight bow as a mark of respect.

"My princess, I present the honor from today's victory to you."

Those were the exact words said by the black prince before. Of course, such a daring act from a mere squire was enough to cause an uproar on the audience and royal seats alike.

Everyone suddenly remembered what happened before and their whispers started to echo all around the arena.

"What are you doing, Lanzelot?!" The princess asked, unable to even hide her surprise. But her reaction was quickly forgotten for the black prince had stood up from his seat, took his horse and rode towards Emery.

Emery was glad his improvised attempt to rile up the prince worked. At first, he thought this was only enough to embarrass him. But, contrary to his expectations, the silver knight was dumb enough to run towards him on horseback with clear, unbidden anger. This was a much, much better outcome than what he expected.

The black prince stared at Emery, took out his lance, pointed the lance towards Emery and declared with anger clouding his gaze.

"You, nameless squire! I challenge you to a duel!"

Emery smirked, unable to hide his glee and calmly replied.

"I accept."