

## Earths GMagus 341

### Chapter 341: Last Charge

The young prince Edward of the Cantiaci Kingdom was the third son of the current Cantiaci ruler.

From a young age, the prince had proved he was much smarter, much more talented in fighting and much more suitable to rule compared to his two older brothers. However, he was born in a monarchy and the circumstances of his birth ensured he would never even have the chance for a future as a ruler.

However, one thing he had that his older brothers didn't was the favor of the queen. His mother did everything she could to open up a way for him to rule. That was, by giving him the chance to rule another kingdom. The prosperous neighboring kingdom without a prince.

Not only was the Lioness Kingdom a promise of territory to rule for him, it was also a promise of a beautiful princess as his future queen. For those, the black prince had long set his eyes upon the throne.

He tried everything to reach the spotlight, from gifting small trinkets to the princess, befriending her, getting to know more about her and so on. The tournament two years ago had bolstered his confidence and now that the princess had come of age, he planned to use the cavalry tournament as a stage to finalize his plan.

He put the princess in a tough spot in the disguise of trying to present honor to her.

To his surprise, the seemingly-timid princess was bold enough to dare reject him in front of the audience and the royals. That was enough to make his blood boil and now, a nameless squire from Lioness Kingdom dared to mock him. Of course, he would not let this go.

The duel tradition done by the knights was something that had existed for as long as the order itself. Now, all he needed was the knight commander's permission to hold such a challenge on this occasion.

On one hand, it was inappropriate to permit such a personal duel in an officially sponsored yearly tournament. However, the declaration had reached the audience's ears and drove them wild with excitement, forcing the commander to accept.

Thanks to what transpired today, the crowd wanted to see a performance from the nameless yet powerful squire against a champion. The fact that said champion was also a prince didn't even cross their mind.

The knight commander ended up giving his permission.

The black prince smiled. He was so excited to show the ungrateful princess a lesson.

The prince and the squire stood on opposite sides of each other. From where he stood, the prince could see the foolish squire standing on the opposite side.

The trumpet was sounded and the prince kicked his horse. The horse galloped fast, scattering dust into the air, ready to hit his opponent.

The prince was a veteran rider and he could see from afar how Emery showed many openings in his charge.

He smiled. Today, he would prove his might to the ungrateful princess. "Fools!"

The prince's posture was perfect, his aim was true. No matter how he saw it, his lance would hit the squire first.

Brackkk!

To his shock, the next thing Edward saw was the blue skies above. He was thrown off his horse and his back hit the ground.

No matter how much he tried to deny it, to rationalize his defeat, no answer came. He was speechless beyond words, for he was sure his lance would hit the inexperienced yet somehow lucky squire first.

The crowd was cheering even louder than before. The nameless squire's name echoed all over the arena. Everyone was singing their praise for the undefeated contestant.

The still shocked prince climbed up back to his horse in disbelief, before he pulled the reins, letting the horse trot back to his aide.

Edward could not believe what happened. There was only one reason he could think of for his defeat.

"He must be cheating! I'm sure he's wearing special armor underneath his current one!"

When the prince's aide gave him a lance, Prince Edward decided to take his own lance. Unlike the prepared lances, this lance was made of solid wood and though it would not be enough to cause any significant injury, it was more than enough to pierce the armor and reveal the squire's underhanded tactics.

"I will prove it, I will prove you cheated your way here!"

The prince had lost his first charge. If he lost another, that would mean the biggest embarrassment in his whole life and to the name of the Cantiaci Kingdom. In addition, everything he worked so hard to achieve would go down the drain.

Therefore, with this one last charge, even if the nameless squire didn't cheat, he swore he would beat the nameless squire to the ground.

The trumpet resounded again, marking the beginning of the second charge.

The black prince pulled the reins of his brilliant black horse and charged forward. This time, he was using a real lance. There was no way he would lose.

"You will learn your lesson for daring to go against me, kid!"

The prince aimed his lance directly towards Emery's shoulders. This time, he was completely sure his lance was able to reach the squire first.

Brackkkk!

"..."

Unfortunately, he cannot believe it... Once again, the prince saw the blue skies, he flew off his horse and fall hard to the ground.

After a second of silence, the crowds instantly cheer loudly. It was the loudest cheer ever.

Lanzelot! Lanzelot! Lanzelot!

They are expressing their admiration for Lanzelot, the nameless squire who managed to defeat the famous silver knight and previous champion.

But, after a moment, the cheers suddenly turned into silence. They realized something strange about their new champion.

The young squire sat on top of his horse, unmoving, with a piece of broken wood piercing his shoulder and blood spilling out of it.

### **Chapter 342: Wounded**

The piece of wood pierced through his body like an actual spear. No amount of spirit force nor battle power would be enough to ease the pain of such a wound.

Though it was painful, Emery was not too worried. After all, he had been wounded far worse before. From the orc attack back in the woods, from Granny cutting off one of his arms, or that dragon boy's relentless attacks, each of them caused him an unimaginable pain much, much worse.

The best way to handle that wound was to quickly pull out the wood piece and cast [Nature Blessing] spell on the wound. If he could do that, then the wound would close up within minutes. But now, Emery was not exactly in a good situation to do that. He couldn't just use his magic in front of thousands of people.

For now, it would be better for him to keep his magic a secret. The champion of both archery and cavalry tournaments was also a wizard? That would just lead to more problems for him.

Emery had no choice but bear the pain for a moment until he's out of prying eyes.

He rode the horse back towards the main stage, gave his respects to the knight commander and rode back to the tent reserved for Lioness squires.

The whole thing seemed so surreal and the audience was still dumbfounded. The new champion just got hurt really badly, but still casually strolled with his horse like it was nothing.

Overall, Emery showed an amazing performance that would not leave their mind for quite a while.

Right after Emery rode back to the tent, the knight commander gave his closing speech and the cavalry tournament officially ended.

People were still gossiping about the amazing thing that happened today, some also cursing the fact that a certain prince somehow forgetting about a certain black prince staying on the ground while still fuming about his defeat.

--

On the royal stage, things weren't any less hectic.

They talked about the mysterious squire, about how most of them had never heard of the Dulat family before and about the extraordinary skills said squire seemed to possess. Some even talked of ways to lure the squire into serving their kingdom.

Though they did so in hushed voices, that act was enough to establish how little they thought of Lioness, the weak kingdom.

Prince Arthur did not indulge their gossips and sighed instead.

"Princess Gwenneth, what an amazing squire you have there... I would be lying if I didn't say I'm jealous."

The prince heard no answer and looked to his side, only to see the princess walking out of the stage with a hurried pace.

Prince Arthur did not show any sign of being offended. Instead, he merely watched the princess run towards the Lioness tent with an amused smile.

The concern showed how much she cared for the squire despite her status...

It was intriguing. Perhaps, there was something more to them than what the eyes could see.

--

Emery pulled the reins, stopped the horse right in front of the tent and climbed down, blood still running from his shoulder. The squires all crowded all around him, with worried looks on their faces.

It was to be expected, after all, the blood from his wound kept on running like water.

"That damned prince!" One squire stomped his feet in anger. "I think this can be used to prove he's using an illegal lance!"

"You think?! That definitely is an illegal lance! The lance provided for the tournament were all made from hollow wood!"

"Keep the lance piece so we can protest!" Another squire added.

"Hey, keep your voice down!" Another squire elbowed his friend and said in concern. "Do you forget he's a prince? How are we going to protest? Waging war against the Cantiaci?"

The group was silent hearing such statement, almost forgetting the hurt squire.

"Hey, Lancelot, are you alright?! Can you at least walk safely on your own?"

"What the hell, that looks pretty nasty!"

The squire's concern made Emery feel a touch of happiness, but it was mixed with guilt, for no matter what. He had to keep lying to protect his identity as a wizard. He had to get away from them to use his magic as soon as possible.

"Guys, I'm fine, please... Help me and take this horse back to sir Yvain."

The other squires were dumbfounded. From a glance alone, it was clear the wound was quite severe and some of them were thinking about how Emery's blood loss might have gotten to his head. So, they tried to keep him from leaving.

Emery tried to use his strength to push away the squires and run out as soon as possible-

However, right as he reached the tent's entrance, the princess burst in, accompanied by Sir Yvain.

"Lanzelot Dulat, with my authority, I order you to stay! Squires! Help carry him to the estate right now!" Princess Gwenneth turned and looked at Yvain. "Yvain, ask for the Logress' royal physician to treat him."

Just like that, Emery was carried to the estate's guest room. People took turns to watch him the whole time.

The worst part of this was, even though the people watching him changed from time to time, the princess kept a constant watch on him, which gave him no chance to cast his healing spell.

"This girl will really be the death of me!" Emery thought to himself.

Emery tried to close his eyes and relax, figuring his situation could not get any worse. His answer came in the form of an elderly man slowly walking in.

To his surprise, the royal physician assigned to treat him was the old Logress magician he saw yesterday.

"Damn my luck!" he said to himself.

Therefore, Emery was unable to use any magic at all. The moment he tried to use magic, the royal physician would realize and suspicion would fall on him.

The old man was named Gaious and though he seemed fragile, he was a very attentive healer. The old man patiently took out the piece of wood and cleaned the wound so it was free of small splinters, before taking out a small jar filled with greenish paste.

The greenish paste felt cool on Emery's skin and after spreading a lot of it, the physician carefully bandaged the wound with soft fabric.

From a glance, the green medicine was not inferior to the 'healing paste' he usually made.

Right when Emery thought his bad luck today would end, the old physician told the princess he highly recommends Emery to rest instead of joining tomorrow's event for the sake of his health.

"That old man really wanted to ruin my chances too, hah." Emery thought with a slight, bemused smile, cursing the prince in his mind for landing him in this situation.

The night had fallen and everyone else had left except the princess.

Her stare was intense enough and as he was afraid of, the princess seemed to have many questions for him.

### **Chapter 343: Stirred**

Currently, the princess of the kingdom, someone who used to be dear to him was sitting on the chair next to the bed where he was laying. The situation somehow made Emery feel uncomfortable.

The princess looked deep in thought for a few moments before asking.

"I think this means you can try again next year."

Though the princess tried to appear neutral, her smile was forced and Emery could see it clearly. He's sure the princess wished he could finish the tournament and win.

To be honest, Emery didn't think the wound was such a big deal. Even without casting a healing spell, his battle power had increased so much and with it came an increase in his natural healing rate. With the treatment he had just received, Emery thought he would be at least 90% fit for tomorrow's tournament.

"My lady, I would like to keep fighting tomorrow." Emery smiled politely.

"You will? But your wound... no, you really shouldn't, please rest. "

"I'm really fine, my lady, I really should get back to the others, thank you for the treatment."

He was used to pushing his body even though he was wounded and right now, just laying on the bed all alone with nothing to do felt like torture. He decided to sit up and get down from the bed, but the princess stood and pushed him back as strongly as she could.

Emery winced. The princess unintentionally hurt his wounded shoulder.

"I am sorry... but no, I cannot permit that. You shall rest here and this is an order!"

Silence fell upon them. The situation had turned even more awkward than before.

"Lanzo... I heard the others calling you Lanzo, can I call you that?"

Emery didn't even have the time to nod or say anything, but the princess took his silence as a yes. Unexpectedly the Princess ask many questions about the other squire, about their wellbeing and preparations. Emery did not expect the princess to be so curious about the squire's condition. After a few questions, finally, she asked the one question about him.

"So tell me, Lanzo, why did you challenge the Cantiaci prince? I know you intentionally provoked him earlier."

Emery was turned to silence. Indeed, why did he decide to do that? Was it because he hated the arrogant prince? Or was it because of her?

He took a deep breath, before saying.

"I simply wanted to fight him, princess. I wanted to prove myself against another champion."

The princess was startled. She looked at his eyes for a bit and smiled. "Lanzo, you really are a bad liar... But whatever your reason is... I'm glad you decided to do that. Thank you."

The princess kept on looking at his face. It seemed she was lost in thought.

"What is it, princess?"

"Nothing, but you somehow remind me of someone..."

"Someone?"

"A good friend I used to have... someone I grew up really close to."

"Used to?... What... happened to this friend?"

The princess shook her head, her expression one of genuine sadness. "He died."

Emery's heart suddenly beat faster, was she talking about him?. He decided to calm himself and say whatever comes to mind

"I am sorry to hear that my lady. I am sure he would be happy to know you are still thinking about him."

"No, Lanzo... it was an old story and I really wish I can just forget about it."

Emery felt his heart was stirred. He wasn't sure which part really bother him. The part where the princess was still thinking about him, or the part where she wanted to forget about him? Though a little bit of him knew her forgetting him was for the best, Emery was still shaken.

The princess finally stand from the bedside chair

"I guess I will not bother you again, Lanzo. I suggest you use your time to sleep and recover. If you really feel better tomorrow, you can choose to join or not to join the tournament, but remember, please don't feel pressured. Whatever the decision you make, the kingdom will support you."

Emery looked at the princess back with a mixed feeling, for a moment he forgot why he disliked her in the first place.

When the door closed, Emery quickly cast [Nature Blessing] on himself. The greenish light felt comfortable on his wound.

After he was outside, he cast [Hide in Shadow] just like before and a thin shroud of black mist came to surround him, blending him with the darkness of midnight and the dancing shadows provided by the torches. All around him, the knights kept on patrolling, seemingly tireless.

Emery needed to find more information about this divine order compound and this night being away from the other squires, giving him the perfect opportunity to run around freely all night without worries.

He decided to return to the highly guarded fort-like place again. With his spirit force and blink he could easily pass through even after they doubled the amount of patrolling guards.

Emery took his time to search the place. He didn't really know what he actually looking for but this fort-like place certainly a special place for the knight.? After a while, he finally ended up finding a mysterious room with a big door right after following the stairs to the basement of the fort.

What made it mysterious, other than the fact it was guarded by half a dozen silver knights, was that Emery seemed to find his spirit force being twisted and distorted whenever he wanted to try to sense what was behind the door.

What was in there? What is strong enough to distort even his senses?

Before he rashly decided to force his way in, he decided he should probably ask around about this. After all, going in would be a risk and most likely he could get some answers from the other knights, or at least he can always go back to Venta with his [spatial gate] and ask Kastan about it.

He wasn't too keen about going back to rest in the room prepare by the princes in the estate,? he doesn't want to have any more awkward encounters with the princess in the morning. Therefore Emery decided to return to the squire camp instead, Finally like a thief in the night, he sneaks back to the squire bed, stretched his body, and closed his eyes. Tomorrow was a big day and he needed to be well-rested.

### **Chapter 344: Third Day**

Emery fell into a dreamless sleep, only awoken by the golden light from the rising sun shining through the windows. Without wasting time, he woke up and got dressed.

The third day of the tournament had finally started.

Today was only the third day of the five-days-long tournament. But, for most squires, this day was the day their fate would be decided.

Today, the judges will choose the top 100 squires and all of those chosen will be given the honor to join the Knights of Divine Order.

This was the moment they have prepared for their whole lives, the culmination of the blood, sweat and tears they poured into their training.

Emery went to his tent and walked to the rack, inspecting the provided leather armor before wearing it. He took one sword and shield in each hand and tested the weight of the sword by swinging it once in every direction.

The sword felt a bit light and an experimental knock on the shield made Emery realize the item was not quite durable, but it certainly was enough. Though the sword was light, its weight was distributed quite evenly, which meant Emery would have little to no problem executing attacks with it. Each practice swing he did made the blade emit a whooshing sound, as it cleaved through the air.

While he was testing the weapon, some of the squires approached him and asked about his health, concerned he decided to participate in spite of his wound. He decided to explain that the wound no longer hurt and thanked the Logress physician for his rapid recovery.

"Oh, by the way, Lanzo, did you hear?"

"What is it?"

"Apparently, Prince Edward of Cantiaci was punished by the order for what he did yesterday and was given a dishonorable discharge as a result."

Some of the squires who hadn't heard the news turned rowdy after hearing that. It was natural for everyone to be happy, all the squires gathered here hated what the prince did to the princess.

Meanwhile, Emery was a little bit surprised at how heavy the punishment the prince received, did the knight order truly care about honor?

Emery was also concerned this would bring trouble to the princess and her kingdom later on. However, on second thought, knowing the kind of man the prince was. It's probably a good thing that he's being discharged from the order.



Emery shook his head. He had no time to be concerned about these things. After all, he had a tournament to win and a title to get.

The trumpet was sounded and the call for all squires could be heard from outside.

Everyone walked out of the tent and stood in the center of the field for the opening ceremony. This time, the knight commander stood next to King Uther Pendragon, who gave the opening speech for the game.

"I wish you all the best and may the best squire win!"

All 240 squires drew their numbers and went back to the tent to wait for their turn.

The arena was no longer split into three lines for cavalry. Instead, it was now split into eight smaller arenas. Today's game involved traditional close combat, where the squires were allowed to choose any weapon between: broadsword, sword and shield, or mace and shield.

Without even considering the other options, Emery chose the path of the sword.

The first match was about to start and Emery decided to rest in the tent, while preparing his mind to concentrate. While he was lost in thoughts, the squires' chatter suddenly went silent. He looked at the entrance to see two figures walking in.

They were the princess and Yvain, the Golden Knight.

All the squires quickly kneeled on one knee to give their respects. For most of the squires, the princess was a blessing, as, without her, they would not even have the chance to participate. This may be the only time the princess was given the chance to take charge of the event and they would not let such an opportunity go to waste.

"My squires, I hope you can do your best in the tournament. Give it your all and go to make me and the kingdom proud." The princess smiled, and all the squires raised their fists. It seemed their fighting spirit was restored.

The princess looked around and her eyes met Emery's.

"Lanzo!"

To be honest, Emery considered pretending he didn't see her, as he was reluctant to talk with her due to what she said yesterday, but there was no way to do that here, with the squires watching him.

"Yes, my lady." Emery approached the princess and kneeled in front of her.

"You leave the room without words, that's really impolite. Don't do that again!"

The princess ordered him to stand and gave him a small jar of something that looks similar to the green healing paste.

"I know you won't want to miss the tournament, therefore I have fetched a very good medicine for you. This will definitely help, I heard it will ease the pain from your wound for a few hours."

Emery gave a small bow and nodded.

"Thank you, princess."

Emery was about to turn around and go back to where he sat, but the princess stopped him.

"No, stay here and use it now, or I will not let you participate."

Emery was worried. If they saw what happened to his wound, he would get more questions than he was comfortable with right now.

"What are you waiting for? You aren't shy, are you?" The princess let out a small smile.

His brain scrambled to look for a way to avoid the situation, but with the princess, the squires and the golden knight watching him, there was no way to wriggle out of this situation. With hesitation, Emery removed his armor, and to the princess and the knight's shock, they saw his wound was almost nonexistent.

"How could this be?!"

The only reason he could give to the princess was,

"I am sure it was thanks to the medicine I was given before by the Logress physician my Lady."

The princess didn't respond. She still stared at the almost disappearing wound.

To try and relieve the awkward silence, Emery hurriedly put the new paste on his shoulder and wore his armor back. Luckily, his number was called moments later and the trumpet resounded as his cue to start. Thanks to that, there was no need to explain further.

"Thank you, princess. But, I really need to head out now."

### **Chapter 345: Close Combat**

The sonorous sounds of trumpets that were superseded by the boisterous applause from the audience marked the start of close combat competition of the Knight Tournament.

Within no time, the first eight pairs of squires were called upon to their position. Their appearance was welcomed by another round of applause. Afterwards, the aide continued by announcing the rules of the competition, which were very simple.

The squires would be fighting against each other, until one of them yielded or was unable to continue fighting. Obviously, the act of killing was strictly not forbidden and the transgressor would be sentenced under the royal authority.

"Lanzelot Dulat!"

The moment the aide called Emery's current name, the commotion instantly escalated to a whole other level, as the crowd exploded into excitement. The commotion was to be expected because some of them were worried about the injuries he received from yesterday's competition. However, those injuries didn't seem to be able to stop the young champion from participating, which meant they would be able to be entertained again today, just like yesterday.

Even before the competition began, thousands from the audience were already chanting his name over and over, bringing a formless pressure to other squires who heard it. The enthusiasm the audience showed wasn't without reason, as it was rare to find a participant who managed to become the champion in both archery and cavalry. Throughout the history of the Knights Tournament, there had only been a handful of them.

Hence, it was natural for them to root for this young squire to achieve the all-kill, winning all the competitions as the champion.

"Lanzelot! Lanzelot! Lanzelot!"

The people who sat in the VIP area were also amazed by the spectacle; impressed with how this year's Tournament had become so different.

"Princess Gwenneth... Who is this Lanzelot figure? Is he any good in close combat as well?" asked one of the high ranking officials from other kingdoms.

"What about his family? I never heard of the Dulat Family in Lioness before." said another.

"How old is he, princess? It appears he's the youngest among this year's participants..."

For a moment, Gwen was overwhelmed by all the questions. She did not know if they asked because they were indeed curious about Emery or planned to poach him to their own kingdom. Hence, she kept her silent.

However, her attitude brought even more questions, instead of silencing them. Fortunately, when the golden prince, Prince Arthur Pendragon, moved his seat next to her, all those people shut their mouths and the noise disappeared immediately.

Ignoring the gazes given by others, Arthur looked at the princess and said with a smile, "My dear princess, I hope you don't mind my company."

Gwen nodded her head subtly as a response. Right when she thought that her tranquility was restored, Prince Arthur's voice resounded from beside her.

"Actually, I also do have a question. From what Gaius told me, I was surprised that your squire was able to participate today."

"Me and you both, my prince... Me and you both..."

-----

The crowd once again became noisier, cheering so loudly that it was almost as if they had fallen into madness.

It appeared the crowd cheered because the young squire had easily disable his first opponent. One could even say that the young squire almost did it with no effort, seeing how unscathed the former was.

"Lanzelot!! Lanzelot!!"

"That was pretty quick! I wasn't able to see his skill at all." said Arthur, carefully observing the duel. His words were almost like a shout due to the excitement.

Emery calmly returned back, under the sight of everyone, to the corner where the other Lioness' squires were. Immediately after, the others congratulated him. Even though they weren't the ones who achieved that feat, they felt proud for him as well.

All squires in this competition would fight 5 times each and the top 100 with the most wins would all receive their title. This certainly made all of them fight with all they got as there was no room for mistakes.

All the 240 squires were the best of what the young generation of the 7 kingdoms had to offer. Most of them were children of nobles who had studied the way of the knight from a young age. Hence, none of them were weak.

But for Emery, this was no challenge at all. Compared to the combat puppets the Academy had, they were mostly at the strength of level two, or level three at most. He was sure none of them could scratch him even if he didn't move his legs and only moved his body.

The second, the third, the fourth, even the fifth match; Emery was undefeated, as he beat his opponent effortlessly. He won each fight beautifully, with his opponent yielding under his sword. As a result, the audience became even more excited.

"Lanzelot! Lanzelot! Lanzelot!"

Emery wasn't too worried about hiding his sword skills anymore, as he unleashed it completely. Unfortunately, the other squires weren't capable enough to show everything he had to offer.

Though he wasn't sure if he did this for his own childhood dream, his kingdom, or someone else. All in all, those reasons encouraged him for one purpose.

Win!

"I yield!"

With this one sentence, the young squire of the Lioness Kingdom, Lanzelot Dulat won all 5 matches perfectly. His position to be knighted was guaranteed because of his accomplishment.

He defeated all of his opponents without receiving any attacks, much to the amazement of those who saw his performance.

...

The close combat competition finally ended, with the crowd hoping to see him again tomorrow for the silver knight title.

As for the Lioness' squires, all of them were in a very good mood. Even though some of them didn't make it through, surprisingly 12 of them did, Marc, Lucas and Abe being part of them.

Though this number was not as many as the other kingdoms, it was actually a new record for the Lioness Kingdom itself.

Therefore, another round of celebration was held that night.

"For the Lioness Kingdom!!!"

"Cheers!!!

"To Lioness!!"

"To our champion!!"

"..."

"Where is he?"

While people wanted to celebrate with him, Emery was already gone without a trace.

At the moment, Emery had secretly escaped the celebration and made his return to Venta Village through his [Spatial Gate].

Kastan, who was once part of the silver knights, told him about the mysterious room with the huge door. And the answer was actually quite unsurprising for him.

"That is the place where the Sword of Divine, the Excalibur, is kept. And only gold knights are allowed inside. We, silver knights, would only be able to see it once, when we won the title.

Hearing this definitely gave Emery more reason to win tomorrow's competition.

#### **Chapter 346: Knight's Tournament**

The first three days of the tournament were made for the squire's advancement to become a knight; during this period, finally, from 300 squires, 100 had successfully chosen to be knighted.

But the tournament has not yet ended, as now the next two days would become the most anticipated part of the tournament.

These two days will be the part where the divine order would choose 10 knights to be given the silver title.

But, the participants weren't going to be just the 100 squires, it was open for all knights under 30 years from the 7 kingdoms.

All participants were veteran knights, confident enough to receive their much-coveted advancement this year.

This arrangement may seem unfair to the newer squires, but the purpose of the tournament itself was to find the best knights to receive the silver title.

The other reason was to teach the newly advanced squires not to be complacent.

These young successful squires needed to quickly understand what they needed to aim for next, these methods proved to be effective to drive all the kingdom's young knights to improve their skill and strength.

With less experience and most likely still tired after their three days of competition, it was almost inevitable for them to lose to the more experienced knights.

There were only 10 open silver knight positions. Practically every year, all of them were taken by the senior knights. On rare occasions, some genius young talent would get it right away.

From Lanzo's performance, everyone knew he was the best one from all the squires this year. But the question remained, would he be able to display his brilliance and compete against the veteran knights?

Just like yesterday, today's session would be a close combat tournament. They would each fight 5 times and by tomorrow, 40 would be selected to compete again to find the top 10 and the champion to receive the title.

The knight commander welcomed the veteran knights, while the trumpets played their tunes, marking the start of the match.

In the last few days, the audience had seen the squires compete for their desired title. Now, they would witness a fight between knights who had done many valuable deeds for their kingdom.

Many had shown their strength in the same arena the past few years. But the fact they were still here meant, they had been failing over and over again

After the top 10 spots slipped away from their hands all those years ago many vowed not to repeat that mistake.

All the veterans came armed with experience and determination. Confident to make it up there for sure, this time.

Braccckkkk!

A knight swung down his sword hard. The strike shattered his opponent's wooden shield into splinters.

In fights where one of the participants used a shield, that was the most common form of defeat. The moment they were out of strength and fall, will be the end of them.

However, Emery's fight was quite different from the rest.

Though he had a shield, Emery's footwork was swift and accurate, enough to dodge attacks within a hair's breadth and attack while his opponent was distracted. Thanks to his speed, and skill, fighting against him would often end with him disarming the opponent's weapon.

As Emery won his fights using speed and technique instead of raw strength, the audience enjoyed watching his fights more than others.

There were a few names that were chanted by the audience in each fight, but as the match went on, the name of the young champion Lanzo almost never left their lips.

"Lanzelot!! Lanzelot!!"

Once again, on the fourth day, the audience chanted his name in adoration.

The cheers became heated up. The audience was completely invested in the fights, while the royal stage was abuzz with discussions.

"Princess Gwenneth, I am pretty sure your champion down there will get his silver title in this tournament." Said Arthur while looking down at the ongoing fight. Where Lanzo just managed to disarm his opponent.

Before the princess could answer, another voice joined the conversation. It was the minister from Norgales Kingdom.

"My prince, I respectfully disagree. The young man has good footwork, but that is all he has. Once he gets tired or someone manages to catch him, it will all be over."

The princess frowned upon hearing the words from the Norgales minister, but then the prince Arthur once more said his mind

"No need to worry, Princess. He's ignorant. Your knight is really a genius swordsman and i see he is trying to hide his strength. If anyone thinks he is weak, they are completely wrong. Trust me, that knight will become a famous swordsman in the future."

"Thank you for the kind words, Prince Arthur."

"But although you don't need to worry about his skill, You do need to worry about whether he would continue to serve as a knight in your kingdom. I had people check on him, I know that he came from a lower noble family without any real ties to the Lioness Kingdom. Tell me, Princess, after he becomes the new celebrity of Briton, will you still be confident he will stay in Lioness kingdom?"

The princess fell silent. The truth was, she knew from the start that Lanzo is special, but never this big. Hence she had no answer.

The prince smiled and added. "If you really don't care about it, can you send a few good words so he'll consider choosing Logress instead of the other five?"

The princess opened her mouth in surprise, but before she could reply...

"I am just joking, Princess. Don't take it to heart." The prince smiled.

Unconsciously the golden prince finds their conversation to be more enjoyable each day. He found the princess to be more interesting than he thought.

The fourth day of the tournament ended and Emery still tore through the ranks, defeating everyone who dared to cross his way.

### **Chapter 347: Final Day**

This was the final day of the Divine Order Tournament.

Out of the 240 knights competing yesterday, only 40 remained while the rest had been stomped away.

40 knights from all seven kingdoms were going to compete for the silver title.

Unfortunately, among the 12 young Lioness knights, only Emery and Abe managed to reach this far. However, considering how only a total of 8 young squires managed to retain their spot in the tournament, this was quite the achievement for the Lioness Kingdom, the kingdom known for its weakness and lack of knights.

Now, the silver title was only two fights away. For Abe, it would be no exaggeration to call these two days a fight for his life. This was his chance to prove his worth to the kingdom and to his master. To prove that his hellish training was not in vain.

Now that there were only two people left in the Lioness corner, things of course became a little bit awkward.

Anyone could see Abe hated the person standing next to him.

"Abe Fantumar."

His name was called and from the other name, it seemed he was scheduled to fight a strong Logress veteran. It was clear his chances to win were really slim and he'd really hate to disappoint his father or worse, disappoint the princess, who he really wanted to impress.

While he was struggling with his own doubts, the guy standing next to him looked calm and full of confidence. The thought that Lanzo was not taking this fight seriously filled him with fury.

"Lanzo, if I fail here today, make sure you make the kingdom proud."

Emery looked at Abe and raised his eyebrows. He didn't think the son of such a disgusting pig noble, who had shown himself to be so full of spite before, was capable of saying such a thing. It seemed there was no such thing as an entirely bad person. Maybe there was still hope for Abe, he thought.

Abe said it with his face turned away from Emery before walking out of the tent with such pressure on his mind.

Emery could see Abe was trying really hard to win this fight, he wanted to win so badly, and apparently, he succeeded. Emery could see Abe smiling widely raising his sword proudly

The announcer called for Emery's name for the next fight. Once again, it was a quick and easy fight and when he came back, the atmosphere between him and Abe turned awkward again.

An hour passed in silence and the second match started, where they would compete for a spot in the silver knight title.

Abe was confident the moment his name was called, but right afterward, it was as if fate decided to play a joke on them.

The next name he heard was Lanzelot's; a shiver went down his spine. For the Silver Knight title, they had to compete against each other.

This announcement made Abe feel as if thunder had struck him. The last few days, he had witnessed Lanzo's skills first hand, there was no hope to win against this squire.

Emery simply sighed and smiled. "May the best knight win."

Abe's luck had run out and it seemed he was fated to fail here. Failing was truly not an option, for it would spell ruin on his entire life.



"Lanzo," Abe whispered, while they stood in the arena encircling each other, looking for an opening to strike. "I really need this title. Please, name your price and I am sure my father will pay, no matter how much."

Hearing this made Emery very disappointed and he merely shook his head.

Desperation had driven one of the kingdom's best squires to resort to bribery. Such a dishonorable act had no place in the knights' order.

"No, Abe. Never." Emery gave a stern answer.

Abe's visage twisted with rage and he charged towards Emery with all his might. His once graceful movements turned erratic and desperate. Driven by his emotions, he reduced his own chances to win.

Emery parried the blow and spun around, before using his shield as a hook and hit Abe's hand until he drops the sword. Only left with a shield, he tried to defend himself while looking for a chance to retrieve his sword.

Before Abe managed to do so, his shield shattered under Emery's downward sword swing.

Emery had won.

Before returning to his tent, Emery sighed and said. "Abe, you will never be able to win if you doubt yourself."

Abe walked out of the arena, with a lot weighing his mind. Meanwhile, the audience kept on cheering.

"Lanzelot! Lanzelot!"

With this victory, Emery entered the top 10, it was now time to determine the champion.

In the first fight, Emery was called to fight against a mace user. Oddly, his opponent ditched his shield right after the trumpet resounded, giving him the chance to swing his mace with both hands and increased his attack power.

The moment the mace contacted the ground, it left a small crater.

Emery danced all around the strikes. While they were powerful, they were also relatively slow, ensuring he would always be able to dodge. He kept on dodging, while leading his opponent towards the edge of the arena.

Right when Emery was cornered, he quickly dodged, using footwork he quickly landed behind his opponent. This made the mace wielder bewildered with confusion, it ended right away with Emery's sword touching his throat.

Another victory for Emery,

Though Emery knew every single one of the 10 chosen knights already had the power befitting of a silver knight, they were unlucky, because today, they would have to fight him for the title of champion.

"Lanzelot! Lanzelot!"

He won his next two battles and the cheers became even louder. Some nobles shouted an offer for him, while some girls expressed their love.

After defeating his last opponent beautifully, he was finally announced as the champion.

"We finally have this year's champion!! Lanzelot!!"

For the first time in the last 50 years, finally, a silver knight champion was born from the Lioness Kingdom,

Being the last man standing in the arena, the winner of the tournament made Emery wonder if this was really a dream come true for him.

If his father was still alive would he be proud of him?

But during such an occasion seeing thousands of people staring at him, what filled his mind was the thought about Morgana. He wonders if the girl was sitting there among one of those people watching the tournament.

Little did he know that there was actually one among the crowd who saw him with a rather unique expression.

#### **Chapter 348: Emotional**

The five days tournament had finally ended.

There was still one last day of celebration, where all the squires would be called to witness the winners get their awards. But that would be held in the Divine Order hall tomorrow, and no one aside from Divine Order knights and the squires would be invited there.

Emery wiped the sweat off his brow and walked out of the arena together with the knighted Lioness squires. Right after crossing the gates, he saw crowds had formed all around the place.

Most of them were high ranking nobles, famous prominent figures from various kingdoms and even royalty.

No Lioness knight or squire had experienced such a thing before. They were all shocked, unable to decide what to do in this situation.

As for Emery, he could say he completely hated it. The crowds made him feel suffocated. All he could tell from the confusion was that these people just liked to befriend him to get some kind of benefit from his talent.

He wished he could just cast [Blink] to instantly get away from all that.

Right when he seriously considered disappearing in front of the crowd, the Princess and her knights came, opening up a path for him.

"Come, Lanzo. You can ride in my carriage!"

Now it was either taking the princess' offer, or being accosted by the flood of annoying strangers, but time was not on his side. Without further consideration, Emery quickly walked towards the carriage. The

scene only made all the other squires squinted at the carriage in jealousy. After all, the vehicle was small, and Lanzo would get a chance to be alone with the beautiful princess.

The carriage was closed and they started to move away from the arena. All the Lioness knights followed behind them by walking.

Emery was sitting right across the princess in a plush couch made of the finest fabric. Though the carriage looked simple, it had an elegant design.

"Congratulations for your victory, Lanzo. You really made us proud."

"Yes, thank you, Princess. It is my duty as a citizen."

The princess looked at him and flashed a meaningful smile.

"Now, let me ask, what would you do? Now everyone knows your name; offers will come from all over Briton."

Emery looked away for a second before answering.

"I... I will return to my family land to pay respects to my parents and rebuild my family estate."

"Ah, I see..." The princess' smile faded slightly. "With your talent, you are more than capable of being in active service of the kingdom, you know."

Emery looked back at the princess with a resolute gaze and answered.

"No, Princess. I don't think I will. For now, I have no intentions of being in any kind of placement."

The princess looked at him with surprise. It seemed she did not expect being rejected outright just like that.

"Then, tell me, Lanzo, what do you plan to do after you go back home?"

However, the answer Emery gave, only surprised her even more.

"I was thinking of taking up farming, actually?"

Hearing the answer, the princess let out an unrestrained laugh. In the confines of the small carriage, Emery saw a side of the princess he never saw before.

At first, the princess thought the squire in front of her was joking, but his serious expression said otherwise. She had seen the squire lie before, and it seemed this time, he was telling the truth.

"Ah, I see, you're not joking, huh?"

Emery nodded. To be exact, he wanted to use his time for his apothecary research. He just hoped he would find Morgana and then finish the sword quest as soon as possible so he can return to the bloodline research and his cultivation training.

The princess suddenly turned emotional

"Huh!! This is not funny! Many people can only dream to have strength like you.? You remember this Lanzo. Never forget! With the strength being entrusted to you, comes a responsibility you must fulfill.

Emery was surprised by the princess's sudden outburst, he wasn't sure the princess talked about him anymore, did she talk about herself? Did she talk about the burden of being the princess?

The princess looked at him seriously and said.

"I would rather see you joined another kingdom, as long as you are in service to the people. Look at the Norgales, they always need more talented knights fighting at north. Don't blind yourself to the truth, Lanzo, there are many other things that could only be done by people like you!"

Emery sighed internally. He had planned to reject this offer, but he certainly didn't expect the princess would have such a strong adverse reaction to his plan. He waited for a few moments, while the princess calmed herself down before saying.

"I apologize, princess, but that is not my priority right now."

Not only did he have no interest in doing active duty, he also had no plans on being Lancelot for the rest of his life. He merely needed to find some information and after everything was done, he would slowly make Lancelot Dulat disappear from Briton.

The princess bit her lip and asked.

"Then, why did you even learn how to be a knight in the first place?! Even if you have talent, you must have spent years of your life practicing!"

"Once again, I'm sorry, princess. Indeed, I trained to be strong, but I have no wish to be in service to any kingdom, at least not in the near future."

The princess became even more annoyed after hearing his answer.

"Then, what is the point of you being a knight at all? You should be ashamed !!? Remember, Lanzo, come to the accolade ceremony tomorrow, I want you to rethink your oath."

Finally, the carriage reached the estate and both of them separated in a sour mood. The princess didn't talk much afterward, not even during the celebratory dinner.

Though the princess was smiling, Emery knew her heart was still troubled.

Emery harbored no illusion, she would put that much thought onto him even if he was an ordinary squire. It seemed what influenced her to act was her burden of responsibility. They were childhood friends before and the princess didn't exactly keep her desire to be free a secret.

It seemed the fact 'Lanzo' was free to do whatever he wanted must have struck a nerve to the princess.

He did not realize it, but the princess' burden slowly became his as well.

### **Chapter 349: Accolade**

The next day, all participants were called to the great assembly hall, the same place they were asked to wait in before the start of the tournament.

No matter whether they won or lost, all were invited to celebrate.

All 100 participating squires were seated in the front area, right in front of the three knight commanders and the seven envoys from each kingdom. Among the squires, Emery was seated in the best position.

However, marring this joyous occasion was one figure seated in the front. Everyone stared at him in mixed emotions, ranging from anger, bewilderment, or plain insulted look. Thanks to that person, the situation turned a little bit awkward.

It was Prince Edward of the Cantiaci Kingdom.

Though his deeds saw him stripped off the title of 'Silver Knight', he still shamelessly came to the ceremony under his title as the envoy of the Cantiaci Kingdom.

It appeared the three knight commanders agreed to let him take part, as long as he didn't create any problems for the participating squires.

The prince sat in his corner and spectated the event with a frown on his face.

After making sure everyone was accounted for, Knight Commander Agrival the Wise stood up and declared the start of the ceremony. He opened with a story about the history of Knights of the Divine Order.

"Our order was created and bound with a sacred duty. We are bound by oath to protect this realm of men from invaders or outside forces that threaten our existence."

Emery had heard this story before, usually right before he was asked to do a little sparring against his father. Since he was a child, he had kept the words close to his heart, and now it was a reminder of better times in his childhood.

But, when he heard the story from the knight commander, a different feeling stirred his heart.

Thanks to his journey in the Magus Academy, Emery had learned that there were much bigger worlds out there in the universe. Now, a seemingly-noble cause like defending the island from the northerners became a tiny blip in comparison to all he had witnessed.

Even Briton with its seven kingdoms was tiny compared to the rest of the Earth.

Being a student of the prestigious Magus Academy did really give him a lot of new perspective about the world.

Either way, there was no way to explain what he knew about this world to anyone other than his four friends. There was nothing he could really do about it as long as the restriction spell was still in place.

After the end of the speech, the accolade ceremony finally started.

First, it started with the oath. The 100 squires stood together and recited the oath perfectly.

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

The three knight commanders stood up, walked in front of the gathered squires and started to call their names.

The called squire walked to the front and knelt with one knee in front of the three knight commanders.

Sir Aewin the Aegis pulled out his sword. From a glance alone, it was clear the sword was made by a master blacksmith, the carvings on its handle looked exquisite yet sturdy enough to withstand countless blows in battle. The blade was gleaming white under the light of day.

The knight commander raised his sword and swung it twice, stopping right above the squire's shoulder every time.

"With the power vested in me by the Divine Order and by the blessing of all the witnesses here, I dub thee a knight of the divine order."

The knight commanders repeated the gesture one by one to all the squires. Each was done with the utmost respect, showing how sacred it was to the people.

"Lanzelot Dulat!"

The same words and gestures were repeated to him.

Right after the ceremony was finished, the knighted squires all shouted.

"Sir Lanzelot Dulat!"

"Rise, from today onwards, all of you are knights!" The Knight Commander shouted.

Everyone stood up and cheered, both for Emery's knight ceremony and for their own success. Right after they stood up, they were directed to another room. Each of them was given a box made of smooth wood.

They opened the box and looked inside, admiring the sword nestled against the luxurious red fabric. The sword's handle was simple, but beautifully carved wood covered with leather for easy gripping, while the blade was brilliant silver reflecting each squire's face on its surface.

The sword was a special weapon made as a welcome gift to the order. Even from a single glance, Emery could recognize the sword had a similar quality as the roman sword. This is the exact same sword that used by Sir Badgemagus.

Next, the knight commanders announced Lanzelot's success as a triple champion. The emergence of a triple champion was such a rare event, the amount of times it happened in any yearly tournaments throughout the history of Briton could be counted on one hand. Even without knowing this fact, everyone realized the weight of Lanzo's achievement.

Winning against favored squires from other kingdoms was no easy feat, after all.

To commemorate this achievement, he was given a golden medal and a hefty bag full of gold coins. Right now, Emery didn't really need coins considering his relations with the Quintin's, but more money was always better. He had always known that he could not rely on another's generosity forever, no matter how generous they seemed. After all, there was no telling what might happen in the future.

After the ceremony was over, the new silver knights were all called upon for a special commemoration event just for them. Together with all the golden knights present, they were led to another building, a certain fort-like building that Emery had been sneaking on into.

This was the one moment Emery had been waiting for.

### **Chapter 350: Brotherhood**

The knight commanders led the group through the halls, passing the knight order compound before heading to a unique building with a structure similar to a fort. The place was deep within the kingdom's territory and Emery recognized the place, as this was the same place Emery sneaked out to from before.

Emery and the other nine knights walked inside. They stopped in a huge room together with two dozen gold knights along with the knight commanders. The room was sparse aside from chairs and banners adorned with the symbol of the order hung on both sides of the room.

Among the official knights of the order, there were also two knights. They both appear to be silver knights and from the look of it, they were not normal knights at all, a veteran among all the other silver knights.

There was no one else allowed to join, there weren't even any guards. For today's occasion, not even Kings and Princes are allowed to join.

The room had many chairs and the knight commanders took the main seats, while the golden knights took one of the 50 seats. Looking closer, the backs of each seat were carved with the golden knights' name in cursive letters.

There were more than 20 golden knights attending the ceremony and they all took the seats designated for them. Emery glanced at the golden knights and looked at the person he sort of recognized.

This was truly a gathering of the most famous knights of the lands. Other than Sir Yvain, there were Sir Gawain, Sir Elyan, Sir Leon, and many other veteran golden knights. Among all of them, the most famous was Arthur Pendragon, the golden prince, and the youngest golden knight among the group.

Each of them were recognized as the heroes of the seven kingdoms.

Although all the golden knights were seated, there were still empty seats among them. They belong to the golden knights unable to join the yearly gathering, after all most knights are on active duty for their kingdoms, hence the current situation mandated them to put their responsibility first.

After every knight was seated, one of the knight commanders called for Lanzo and the other nine knights. They were all asked to stand in the center.

"Brothers of the order, today we welcome ten new knights, each ready to be rewarded with the silver knight title."

"Hear, hear!" The golden knights cheered. They also banged the tables with their hands as an answer.

The knight commander gestured and the knights instantly quieted.

"First of all, congratulations, you have sacrificed so much to be able to reach this far. But remember, your duties are yet to end. Even though there are privileges from your new title, the responsibility you bear also increases. First of all, you have to remember that some information are not supposed to be shared beyond these walls."

The knights nodded solemnly, including Emery.

"Now, come, accept this proof. From today onwards, you are officially silver knights of the Divine Order."

Each of them came forward, as the knight commander called their names. Emery was called last and the moment he received his medal, the golden knights stood up and applauded.

Emery looked at both sides of the medal. The carving on it looked exquisite, depicting the symbols of the seven kingdoms all around the circle and the symbol of the Divine Knights order in the center. The medal was tied with a short, red ribbon made of a soft yet sturdy fabric.

"Congratulations silver knight and welcome to the brotherhood."

"Hear, hear!" The golden knights applauded for several seconds. With these, now all the 10 had officially become silver knights of the divine orders.

The knight commander made a gesture with his hand and all 10, including Emery, moved away from the center and stood together on one side of the wall.

Afterward, the two veteran silver knights who were invited now approached the center, and The Knight commander continued.

"Last year, we lost two of our brothers in active duty and now, it is time for two new chosen golden knights to replace them." The knight commander stood and started introducing the two knights and explaining their achievements.

Emery looked at the first knight. He had short, unruly hair and was a head taller than the other knights. Considering the size of his armor, he seems to be muscular. The outlines of jagged white scars peek out from the edges of his armor. His expression looked strict and intimidating and his face seemed to be locked in a permanent frown.

His name was Percival and according to the knight commander, he had been serving as a silver knight from the Icen Kingdom for seven years. During active duty, he had proven his merit by defending the eastern shores of Briton from hundreds of barbarian raiders from across the sea. From the expressions of the other knight commanders, it seemed Sir Percival was held in high esteem.

The second knight, on the other hand, looked quite ordinary. His looks were nothing to write home about and, other than his long hair, he looked quite forgettable.

But when Emery heard his name, he looked at the knight in shock.

His name was Sir Maleagant of the Norgales Kingdom. He was recommended due to the show of bravery he displayed during the battle against northern barbarian tribes, but what surprised Emery was not his deeds, but the fact that Sir Maleagant was originally born in Lioness.



In fact, Sir Maleagant was the son of the old Knight of Anvil, Sir Bagdemagus.

It was a well-known fact Sir Bagdemagus did not have the best relationship with his son, but still, Emery felt a little pang of worry in his heart. No matter their relationship, he did kill the knight's father, after all.

After finishing introducing the two knights, The knight commanders stood up, followed by the golden knights.

"Let us now proceed to the divine chamber."