

## Under The Oak Tree

*Under the Oak Tree, Chapter 271*

“I-is he... sick or hurt somewhere....”

“Not at all, m’lady! There’s no way that Sir Calypse will get injured. The Commander is in good health. His incredible health is unbelievable, and powerful! Take a look at this port alone. Sir Calypse has made Anatol the best commercial city in Whedon. So much has happened while the lady was away. Soon, Anatol will become a county. His majesty the king has promised to grant Sir Calypse a new title as a count soon as he returns from the expedition. The lady will soon be a countess!”

As Yulysion went on, he became more and more excited and poured out surprising news passionately. Max, who was looking at him with a perplexed expression, asked him in a trembling voice.

“Riftan... left for an expedition? He’s not h-here right now?”

A disappointed expression reflected on Yulysion’s face. He confessed in a slow tone as he rubbed his nape with his hand that was clad in leather gloves.

“Sir Calypse went last month on an expedition to Livadon by the King’s order. There was a conflict last year in the northwestern region of Whedon and Livadon have sent reinforcements as support. This time, monsters began sprawling in the eastern part of Livadon. His majesty the King wanted to repay last year’s favor by sending Whedon’s most powerful knight. Perhaps, he wanted to brag to the world that Whedon’s royal family has a knight branded as the incarnation of Uigru.”

“And so... in exchange for his loyalty, Riftan will be granted the title of count.” Max muttered with a bewildered expression on her face. The disappointment that Max felt was indescribable, she was expecting that she would soon meet Riftan. “Then... When will Riftan return?”

“The subjugation is not expansive so it will not take long. The last time a report was sent, it stated that they shall be back before spring.”

Max bit her lips. They would only be staying for a week at most. When the Holy Knights would arrive, the dispatch team would be heading straight to Pamela Plateau. The thought of not seeing Riftan before a long journey seemed to darken the light in her eyes.

“Please don’t be too disappointed. I will send a telegram to Sir Calypse as soon as we arrive at the castle. If he is informed that the lady is back, he will immediately wipe out all the monsters and rush to get back here.”

Yulysion tried to comfort her, but it didn't help make her feel any better. Not only did she doubt that Riftan would really do as such, but it will take at least a month to get there from Livadon, no matter what rush it took. Even if Riftan hurried back as soon as he got the information, Max would have already left for Pamela Plateau by the time that he arrived.

Max somberly shook her head. "I'm not... returning for good. Supposedly, I have to train for a year more, but... in exchange for joining the dispatch team, I was given a special magic ceremony to receive my attribute. I will have to leave for Pamela Plateau with the other wizards in the next few days."

"Pamela Plateau?"

This time around, Yulysion was the one who felt shocked. He stood there with his mouth agape and stared at her with a puzzled expression. As Yulysion was about to speak again, his men stopped in front of the restaurant with four carriages. Their conversation was eventually cut from there. Max got into the carriage with the wizards who just came out of the restaurant. It seemed as if Yulysion wanted to talk more, but he climbed up on his horse as his men came by handing his horse's bridle.

"We shall continue our conversation at the castle."

Yulysion leaned his head into the window, sighed, and rode his horse to the front and took lead. Then, Sidina, who was sitting close to Max, began prodding her as if she had been very eager to know the truth.

"Max, are you really Lady Calypse? How could you pretend to be so innocent all this time?"

"The World Tower's principle... is to keep status and family a secret."

"" "

"Friends sometimes exchange secrets! I thought we were friends..."

"I'm s-sorry. It wasn't easy to bring up the truth."

Sidina let out a breathless sigh as Max looked around and apologized embarrassingly.

"Well, it's not that I don't understand. The Remdragon Knights are indeed famous but in Anatol, there is 'that person'... If it was revealed that Max is Lord Calypse's wife, you would have suffered a lot."

"Come to think of it, we might be able to meet the 'traitor' soon. How do you think Calto will react?"

Annette, who was sitting opposite of her, asked with eyes full of interest. Meeting Ruth Serbel seemed to be more exciting to her than the warrior who defeated the dragon.

Max smiled bitterly. "Right now... I am not sure if he is in Calypse Castle. He probably went along on the expedition."

Max then felt disappointment again. However, as Sidina bombarded her with questions about the Remdragon Knights, she was able to be distracted for a while from the disappointment of not meeting Riftan. After she tried shaking off that ill-feeling, she began to exaggerate her husband's skills to her friends. After some time of talking endlessly, the wagon finally reached the gates of Anatol. Their conversations ended and they all looked out of the window. As the wagon passed through the city gates, Max was in awe and at loss for words. It seemed more like she was away for 30 years and not 3 years.

Although the port's progress was indeed amazing, Anatol was very much prospering. The hills where sheeps used to graze were now filled with stone houses at least three stories high, and buildings that she had never seen before towered all over the place. Max watched wagons and carts hold mountains of goods, giving her the idea of just how much Anatol's market had grown. The residents in the city must have also tremendously increased.

"It's unbelievable how the market is so busy even amidst winter... Anatol is an incredibly wealthy city."

Sidina bursted in admiration as she watched the crowded streets. Max felt a complex mix of pride and anxiety. It indeed delighted her that Anatol had become so prosperous, but at the same time, it felt like a strange place as so much had changed. It felt like the world had been turned upside down while she was secluded on a small island. She feared that Riftan's heart changed along with Anatol.

Max struggled to find any familiar scenery throughout the square leading to Calypse Castle, but it was in vain.

"What is Calypse Castle like?"

"Soon... we'll see for ourselves."

Max spoke cautiously, fearing that she would be faced with a completely different castle than what she had remembered. Their carriage eventually crossed the castle moat over the hill. Fortunately, Calypse Castle did not seem to have changed much. There were two new wooden buildings and a watchtower that she had never seen before, but the rough walls, spacious training grounds, and the knights riding on horseback were not much different from what she recalled. However, as Max got off the carriage, she soon noticed that the inside of the castle was full of strangers. Several visitors in decent clothing were busily going up and down the stairs and most of the knights who took their

helmets off to rest also looked unfamiliar. She then approached Yulysion, who had come down from his horse, and asked.

“I haven’t seen much of these people before.”

Yulysion spoke proudly as he looked at the wide grounds. “Sir Calypse built an allegiance with the lords of the southern continent and their sons came here to be apprentices. Most of them intends to succeed their fathers one day, but about half of them are hoping to become official Remdragon Knights.”

“A-allegiance?”

Max estimated the count of the unfamiliar faces: there were around thirty of them. What would it imply for several nobles to entrust their successors to Riftan? So many thoughts came to her mind, so much that it felt like her head was heating up.

“The other ones went out to fulfill their assigned duties. The lady shall be able to meet them as soon as they arrive. For now, let us head to the main castle.” Yulysion glanced at her then turned his head to the other wizards. “Everyone must be exhausted from the long voyage. We shall prepare your rooms immediately so you can rest.”

“I would like to speak with the head priest of Anatol.” Calto spoke in an indifferent tone as he looked around the castle grounds.

“The priest is staying in the main castle. I shall let him know of your arrival.”

They quickly made their way towards the castle. The winter sun shone ablaze, but the wind that was blowing was freezing and the flower beds in the garden had been frosted. Max embraced the shivering cat tightly under her cloak and crossed the garden she had landscaped herself, then headed towards the great hall. As they entered the wide-open doors, a familiar scenery unfolded. She looked around the great hall with a strange feeling. Sunlight poured down from hundreds of glass windows, which dazzled the entire hall, and the corridor leading to the kitchen smelled of roasted meat and freshly-baked bread.

Apparently, most of the people in the castle seemed to have gathered at the dining hall to prepare meals, with the exception of a few soldiers and young servants carrying firewood. Yulysion gave instructions to the soldiers guarding the hall in a solemn tone.

“Lady Calypse has returned! Call out the servants.”

The soldiers who were chatting on one side of the hall looked at them with a surprised expression and immediately rushed to the kitchens. After a while, around 5 to 6 servants came in a hurry. Max smiled brightly as she found a familiar face.

“Rodrigo! How have you been?”

“M’lady! You have returned.”

The butler greeted her with a young smile over his wrinkly face. Max also smiled brightly at Rudis who was right behind him.

“Rudis, have you been well?”

“I am doing well, I am delighted that the lady appears to be healthy too.”

The maid gave her a sweet smile and gently held her hand. Their warm hospitality seemed to have eased the tension. After greeting the rest of the maids, Max introduced Calto Serbel and the other wizards who were standing stiffly.

“These are... guests from the World Tower. Please provide them with our best rooms. Everyone is exhausted from the voyage.”

“I’ll do as you have ordered.”

“It would be nice to have some food.” Annete, who was sniffing her nose towards the kitchen, spat out. “If only I could eat several thick bacon and great-tasting ale, I’ll be more than satisfied.”

Calto Serbel shot her a stern look, warning her to behave gracefully, but Annette ignored him and gave Rodrigo an expectant gaze. Rodrigo then bent his back to bow and politely spoke.

“Please warm yourself up in your room and I shall have a meal prepared for you soon.”

The servants soon gathered their luggage and began climbing up the stairs. Yulysion wanted to talk more with Max, but one of his men called him and he was forced to leave the castle once again. As he left reluctantly, Max went up the stairs with the eighteen wizards. Rudis guided her to her room naturally. She thought that it was inappropriate for her to stay in a better room compared to the team’s leader, Calto, as she came here as a member of a dispatch team and not the lord’s wife, but Calto didn’t seem to mind.

As the servants led the guests into their rooms, Max hesitantly entered her own room. Then, a familiar sight filled her vision. She then looked carefully into the cold room filled with a gloomy darkness. Nothing had changed in the room since she had left.

“Shall I bring you a bath and a change of clothes?”

Rudis asked, pulling the curtains off the window and skillfully lighting a fire in the fireplace. Max took the cat out from under her cloak and set him down on the floor. Roy, who had been shivering from the cold, immediately rushed to curl up in front of the fireplace. Rudis was surprised to see him.

“Oh my goodness, I have always wondered where this little one has gone off too... how did he go after the lady?”

“It seems that he was in my luggage when I left.” Max looked down with pity at the cat who had suffered from a tough time. “Could you bring Roy... something to eat? He couldn’t eat anything while he was on the ship.”

“I shall bring him milk when I bring the water for your bath. Please wait for a moment.”

As Rudis headed out, Max took off her thick coat, laid it on the back of the chair, and slowly walked towards the bed. The sheets were clean, but they were cold. They smelled faintly of fiber, which meant they had not been used for a long time. Max touched the colorfully embroidered quilt and glanced at the empty armor and weapon racks. She tried to find traces of him, but she couldn’t find even a single strand of his hair.

As Max stood in the middle of the room, she felt like an intruder hiding in someone else’s house. She barely was able to return to the home of her dreams, but she couldn’t feel as comfortable as she did before. She turned around slowly with a gloomy expression. Then, a large wooden box on the shelf next to the bed caught her eyes and Max wondered if it was Riftan’s. She curiously picked up the box and opened its lid. Inside the well-crafted box were several faded parchments. They were probably contracts or important documents that he had kept.

As Max disappointedly closed the lid back, she paused at the familiar seal that was on the corner of the parchment. Max pulled out the parchment and turned it over: it revealed a familiar handwriting. She blinked blankly and looked down at the letter she had sent to Riftan two months ago. Her throat tightened with hope and pain. Why would he keep her letters on the bedside? Perhaps they were left there for no reason. Maybe Rudis or some other maid did this and not Riftan. Max felt hopeful, but she was also afraid to be discouraged, so she tried not to put much meaning into it. However, her hand trembled as she pulled out the bunch of parchment. She took a deep breath and read through the letterheads. It seemed like all her letters from the first year she left, and the succeeding year were all kept—there were more than thirty pages.

She swept her eyes over the sentences she had written, she held back on the words she wanted to express, and they all appeared surprisingly clerical and dry. She felt at loss and out of words as she looked down at the letters that told him she was doing well. Max’s eyes slowly blurred. How did Riftan feel while reading these letters of hers? She couldn’t read all of it as her heart felt like it was going numb. She was about to place it all back inside the box, but she noticed another sheet of yellow-colored parchment at the bottom of the blackened box. The letter didn’t appear like it was one of the telegrams she sent as it did not have the World Tower’s seal stamped on it.

Max hesitated for a moment then picked it up. At first, she couldn’t figure out what it was. Later, she then realized that it was the letter she had written back in the Levan

Monastery. It was the letter she had asked the leader of the Holy Knights, Quahel Leon, to deliver. She looked down at the letter which she had written such a long time ago that she could not even remember what she wrote. She hurriedly pressed her eyes against the sleeves of her robe as she felt her eyes watering.

Her heart broke at the thought of Riftan who had kept this letter for so long. At the same time, a deep sense of relief flooded her, knowing that he also missed her. Max held the worn-out letter against her heart.

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The contingent moved north without a break. The terrain became rougher by the day, and the temperature dropped more and more, but the away life went flatter than they had prepared. To overshadow his hostile attitude, Riftan and Cuahel were in sync.

Although they sometimes engaged in a fierce war of nerves, they did not hesitate to bend their pride when they thought the other person's judgment was right because they both pursued efficiency. Thanks to this, the expedition team was able to reach the northern part of Balto smoothly.

But Mac only grew impatient as time went by. She caressed Rheem's mane and looked at the back of Lipptan, who was ahead, with an uneasy look.

All the way here, Riftan completely ignored her presence. When she spoke to her, she took a businesslike attitude and made no more than the necessary reply, and sometimes it seemed that she hated even approaching.

Mack became increasingly depressed. He made up his mind by recalling that he had kept his letter and that he had run a long way to save himself at once, but his confidence gradually decreased due to the continued coldness.

"I can see something in front of me"

Suddenly, Nevin, who was sitting on a horse and performing his quest magic, said with his head tilted. The Wizard of Wind Property was able to explore the surroundings even while on the move, so they would take turns to see if the demons were approaching.

As soon as his horse fell, the Riftan stopped the Knights. Mack looked around, pulling REM's reins. The deep blue pine forest surrounded them, and the sky was covered with gray clouds, making the son-in-law gloomy. Riftan, who was looking with keen eyes at the snow-covered forest where gray shadows fell, asked in a hard voice.

"Do you know what kind of animal it is?"

Nevin soon shook his head with an embarrassing look.



“There’s something, but it’s just foggy. It’s either a spirit or a demon with a strong anti-horse power.”

Kuahel immediately pulled out a long sword.

“Where is it?”

“It’s a little less than a one-stradion (about 185 meters) south. There’s no movement, but it feels quite magical.”

“It’s most likely a dragon subspecies mare in hibernation.”

At the muttering of the Riftan, the knights all took out their weapons of war and prepared for battle. For high-ranking mars like Wyvern and Vasilisk, the 1st Stradion was within a blink of an eye. If you let your guard down, you could be beaten in no time.

Mac also raised his magic to the fullest so that he could perform magic at any time. Then, Liptan, who was looking up at the sky, turned his head and said,

“Let’s go down the mountain. Even if it takes time, I’d rather go around in circles.”

“You don’t have to do that, do you?” If you’re hibernating, you’ll be slow to move, but you can just destroy it.”

Hebaron expressed his objection by scratching his bearded chin. Then Liptan looked at him with cold eyes.

It is also unclear what kind of animal it is and how many are hiding. It’s better to avoid it.”

There is no time to go back. It will snow soon. If you don’t go over this mountain by today, you’ll be delayed for a few days. I can’t afford to take that much time.”

Cuahel countered, pointing to the wagon. The luggage piled up like a mountain had already been reduced to three quarters. This is because the city that I stopped by in the middle did not have enough food and water. Most of the northern part of the country was suffering from food shortages due to the early cold weather.

“Why don’t you head east and stop by a big city?”

Ruth, who was wrapped up in a robe, helped. The wizards looked at him in unison. However, Ruth continued calmly, as if she had adjusted to their eyes in a few days as a thick-faced person.

“You don’t have to move too much. Let’s just stay in the city until the blizzard passes.”



Any city around here will not be able to feed as many as 200 soldiers for weeks. Even if you can afford it, you'll face the same problem while you're moving back here. I don't want to waste time like that."

Kuahel's determined attitude chilled Lipptan's face.

"Do you mean that the mission of the Holy Knight is superior to the safety of the expedition? That's a lot of mercy. The name of the guardian of the West will cry."

"You must be notorious for being Margot. I'm afraid of the beast in hibernation, so I'm afraid to walk away... My liver has shrunk while I haven't seen it."

Cuahel responded sharply. In the unusual atmosphere between the two, the wizards exchanged glances with expressions of "It's started again." Mac, who was watching them with a nervous glance, slipped forward.

"I, I, I... I'm going to try some exploration magic. The search magic of the Earth's properties can gather more specific information than the wind properties. If you do well... you may be able to identify the evil."

Lipptan frowned at her. But Cuahel spoke first before he came forward against it.

"All right, then, please."

Mack jumped straight off the saddle. My heart was pounding hard because I had been impatient to get a chance to show my skills to Riftan. However, I was a little nervous when I tried to do magic.

Even the senior wizard didn't achieve much, but can the new chick who just received the magic ceremony do it properly? I think I went too far

She took a deep breath to dispel the surging anxiety, then spun her magic spell. Soon, the sensory system began to expand as the spirit of the earth and the mana tube continued.

Mack set up a search network in the direction Nevin told him. Before long, something caught at the end of the web of mana that stretched outstretched like a spider's web. She stiffened up with a flinch. It was closer than Nevin said. Sensing something huge rushing in at a frightening speed, Mack quickly recalled his mana and shouted urgently.

"I, it's coming this way! Come on, shield...!"

Arnett and Armin quickly surrounded the wagon with a barrier. Almost at the same time, the ground vibrated loudly, and as the snow field cracked, something popped out. The wind overturned a wagon. The howling of the horses rang out loudly, and as the ground was distorted, the REM bounced high.

Mack hurriedly pulled the horse's tail to calm REM and shielded himself and the wizards around. Immediately, a dull thud rang out, and the devil's body and intangible walls collided strongly.

She saw cracks in the shield, so she hurriedly increased her mana spin. A monster so huge that he could swallow the wagon in one bite climbed up to the ground and swung his thick tail wrapped in scales like a whip.

The Mac has increased its horsepower output. The ground vibrated once again as the tail of Shield and the devil collided. When she judged that her mana alone was too much to prevent, she turned her head to ask for help. At that moment, Kalto shouted, hitting a double shield over the wall she hit.

"Suffend! Whoever can use attack magic, cooperate with the knights!"

His walls were steadfastly fending off the devil's attack. Mack breathed a sigh of relief and took off the shield. The knights were already scattered around the beast. They threw hooks into the skin of the devil and wrapped chains around his thick body. As the movement of the devil slowed down, she could clearly identify him.

Dragon-like head and snake-like body.... It was a monster in the top of the dragon's subspecies.

"Stand back! I'll hit the fire barrier!"

The knights opened the streets slightly to the cries of the wizards. Then Kabala's wizards set off a fire and surrounded it high around the monster.

The magic did not work well for the dragon subspecies. For this reason, they used the fire-hating Suffend's habit to block the movement rather than conduct a direct attack.

As the flames soared from all sides, the propend swung round to avoid the heat, and the knights threw in unison without missing the moment. A monster with its body pierced by dozens of windows raised its head high and opened its big mouth wide.

Mac felt his whole body bristling. Blue flames began to flutter inside the monster's mouth. She rushed out of the shield as Suffend's throat swelled up as if it were going to burst into flames any moment's notice.

And as she hurried to open the barrier, Lipptan stood in front of her. She gazed up at his dignified profile. He pulled out his sword and kicked Talon in the ribs. Then a black army horse like a black belt ran toward the monster like an arrow.

I've never seen such a startling scene before. Mack screamed his name like a scream. I couldn't figure out why no one stopped the Riftan. I was in a hurry to go after him, but

Yuri Zion, who followed her, immediately blocked her. I didn't even have time to tell him to get out of the way.

Mack looked at the sight of Liptan jumping into the mouth of the Serpend with a feeling that it would affect him. A low-headed monster opened his mouth wide and let out a blue flame at him.

At that moment, an incredible sight unfolded. His sword flashed with a dark red light and the flames died down in an instant. Almost at the same time he swung the sword and the monster's head flew away. I couldn't figure out what had happened even when I saw it right in front of me. She looked back at him with a stunned face.

Soon, with a thud, Serpend's heavy body stretched heavily over the white snowfield. The sound finally brought me back to my senses. She soothes the excited REM and hurried her horse to the Riftan.

Cuahel, who was doing divine magic with one hand spread out on the severed head of the propend, frowned at her.

"Suspend's blood is poisonous. It's better not to come close until the cleansing magic is over."

"That's all right. I can do detox magic, too."

He seemed to be trying to say more, but Mack drove REM past him and in front of Liptan. Liptan, who was wiping the blood on the sword, frowned fiercely at her.

"Didn't you hear me not to come near you?"

"C, are you hurt? Is it okay?"

She jumped off the horse, ignoring his words. Then he stood close to the side of Talon and examined him from head to toe. Still, it was unbelievable that he jumped into the braces of Suffend. I've heard a story about him confronting Red Dragon's Breth from the front, but it was a world of difference between imagining it in my head and seeing it with my eyes.

Half unconscious, she scoured his arms and legs surrounded by armor. Liptan, who stiffened her whole body at her fumbling touch, came down from the horse, muttering a small swear word. Then he grabbed her by the arm and strode away from the devil. Mac cried nervously, tottering along with him.

"Lee, Riftan, and Bresse were hit from the front. There might be something wrong with your body. Come on, get the treatment..."

"I told you I'm good at absorbing mana. It's temporary, but I've absorbed Dragon Bres. This is nothing."

He stopped and let go of her hand, as if he had felt he had fallen enough from the dead body of Serpend. Then, with burning eyes, I scanned her whole body. Normally, I would have been happy to jump into his eyes, but I couldn't even recognize it properly because I was half out of my mind with worry. Mack pulled impatiently on his capely.

"Well, just in case, I'll put a healing spell on you. Please take off your armor for a moment. It might have put a strain on your body because you suddenly sucked in a lot of mana. Let's check..."

"...I don't need it."

"Come on, take off your gloves. You need skin contact to use healing magic..."

"I say it's done!"

He shook her hand coldly. Mac froze in shock. When I looked up at him with a hurt look, the color faded from Lipptan's face. But he soon clenched his teeth as if suppressing his feelings, and returned with a numb face.

"...don't think of wasting your magic, just take care of yourself in time to worry about my body."

Then, he turned around and walked to the place where the knights gathered. Mack looked away from the back and slowly distorted his face. How many times have I seen him turn his back like that in the past few weeks.

Emotions accumulated so far erupted like an active volcano as he turned around fiercely after making a person's heart sink. Mack looked around his head with a choked face, picked up a pine cone that had fallen under the tree and threw it at him.

Lipptan snatched it with one hand like a man with eyes on the back of his head. Looking down at the pine cone in my hand, he frowned at her as if what this meant. Regardless, Mack picked up a few more pine cones and threw them with all his might. This time the pine cone hit his forehead lightly and bounced off. The brow of the liftan was wrinkled.

"What the..."

"Hey, you little punk...!"

She shouted loudly and lit her eyes to find a bigger pine cone. Then, when there was nothing more noticeable, the snow gathered and threw it. The liftan snatched it from the other hand. Mac did not give in, clumped his eyes and threw them into his face one after another. Lipptan's composure was eventually broken by the relentless pouring of snow.

He scraped up his head, shook off his eyes, and strode to her in a couple of steps. Then he snatched her arm and growled furiously with his teeth.

“What the hell are you doing?”

“Who, who said that? How long do you intend to ignore people? If you have any complaints... You can say it! You yellow! Stupid idiot!”

As she twisted her arms and kicked, Liptan clenched his teeth, turned his head and threw a sharp look at those who looked at them with interesting eyes. Then she lifted her turbulent arm and strode toward the forest.

Mack wriggled like an angry colt with a load on his side and poured out all the abusive language he knew.

“You... you arrogant jerk! A narrow-minded fool! I... How have you felt in the meantime? How did you feel about studying...! Do you know how desperate you have been to come back as soon as possible? If you're going to ignore me like this... Why did you come after me?”

“Then you...!”

Liptan put her down under the beautiful tree and shouted harshly. Mac leaned his back against the tree trunk. He bent down at her and spouted out each word of strength.

“Can you imagine how I've been feeling?”

5/5 - (3 votes)

Mack looked up at him fiercely, with his eyes brimming with moisture. His eyes burned black through his slightly wet hair because he was baptized. Liptan chewed his teeth.

“What do you want me to do?”

Mack could clearly feel the faint twitch of his arm, which he held by his head. The liftan has tilted its head close enough to almost touch its nose.

“Just as you have never left me, as I have never been left behind, as you have never spent your days in despair for the past three years... Is that what you want me to do? Do you really think I can do that?”

He shook his broad shoulders as if suppressing his passion, but eventually lost control and shouted roughly.

“How can you be so calm? Why don’t you feel any better? Don’t you really know that I’m barely enduring this ridiculous situation? D\*\*n it! Are you scratching me like that because you don’t know how desperately I’m holding it in!”

Bang, bang, the fist wrapped around the gauntlet dug into the trunk of the tree.

“How do I feel right now...!”

Mac shrank his neck as one of his hands tightened his forearm painfully. The liftan hurriedly let go. There was a deep sense of shame on his face. Lipptan, who rubbed her face roughly as if to attract patience, hurriedly backed away from her. Mack realized that he was about to kill his feelings again and hurriedly pulled his hem.

“Well, don’t hide it like that! I hate it when you do that!”

His eyes trembled helplessly looking down at her. Mack clasped his cloak and cried earnestly so that he could not escape.

“You can tell me! How do you feel? G, You can tell me in person! I don’t care what you’re complaining about. The spirit of the Riftan, the feeling... Tell me honestly. To be ignored in this way... I hate it.”

The last word was almost pleading. Lipptan’s lips trembled faintly. He breathed heavily, and then he said with a puffed up.

“What the hell do you want to hear from me? You want to know how miserable I’ve been? Do you want me to tell you how much I resent you, how much I despise and hate myself? Do you really want to hear that? How much have I....”

Suddenly he stopped talking. His face turned red as if it were shameful to show his feelings. As he persistently tries to regain control, Mack realizes that his defenses have become stronger over the past three years. Lipptan swept her hair roughly and glared at her with resentful eyes.

“Did it have to be like this? Did you have to meet like this? I’ve been thinking, when you get back, it’s really... I’ll never say anything I’ll regret again. I’ll never let you leave like that again. For that... In the meantime....”

He clasped his forehead in silence. The gaze that looked down at the floor for a moment flew back at her.

“Why do you always push me to the limit?”

Mac faltered at the wound in his eyes. If he had only expressed his anger, she would have fought back. But I couldn’t cope with his suffering. Mac grappled in a cracked voice.

"I, I... I didn't expect this. If I knew it was this dangerous... I don't think so. I didn't mean to drag you into such a difficult journey. C, It's just that I... I want to get out of the island as soon as possible. So...."

Mac, looking up at his face, closed his eyes tightly, feeling his throat choked.

"Boe, I missed you... I felt like I was going to die."

A sudden gust of wind swept through them. Mack looked up at his distorted face through his fluttering hair. Riftan looked confused and helpless like a lost child. It was amazing that such a huge and strong person could make such a defenseless face.

He clasped her cheek with his trembling hand. Despite the harsh leather gloves and the cold touch of the gauntlet, she clasped her hand and buried her cheek. The action seemed to have completely shattered his self-control. Liptan groaned low and lifted her up and pushed her hard against the tree trunk.

Mac clung his arms around his neck and clung tightly. It was hard to breathe, crushed between the trunk and his hard body surrounded by armor, but I couldn't care less.

He clasped her head and pushed her hot tongue into her mouth. She responded enthusiastically, caressing his long, thick neck. Liptan kissed her more passionately like a man determined to absorb her.

Mac didn't stop him even though his eyes were getting blurry due to shortness of breath. She didn't even dare to part with him either.

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She stood in her way as if protecting her, and opened her robe tightly to see if Lipptan, who looked around, judged that there was no danger. His face was red with unfulfilled desires, but at least his eyes were calm. Lipptan grabbed her arm and quickly began to walk across the forest.

Mack followed him almost like he was running and looked around with dizzy eyes. Before I knew it, snow was flying in the sky, and white snow fog stood in the forest. The spooky atmosphere drained the heat from my body at once. She crouched her shoulders close to him.

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“Be prepared to hit the shield at any time.”

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“Leader!”

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Elliott replied in a firm tone. Mack, who stumbled and managed to chase him, was stunned by the sight before his eyes.

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"Lee, Riftan... What I was talking about earlier..."

"Later."

He cut her off calmly.

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Riftan had vowed not to do so. Do you still think I’m gonna make him do that? She stared back at him and soon shook off the surging thoughts.

‘Later... I said we’d talk again, so I’m sure it’ll be fine.’

They had a lot to say in the future. Let’s not be impatient. Now was the time to think about completing the mission safely.

Rate this Chapter

## **Under the Oak Tree, Chapter 272**

The contingent moved north without a break. The terrain became rougher by the day, and the temperature dropped more and more, but the away life went flatter than they had prepared. To overshadow his hostile attitude, Riftan and Cuahel were in sync.

Although they sometimes engaged in a fierce war of nerves, they did not hesitate to bend their pride when they thought the other person's judgment was right because they both pursued efficiency. Thanks to this, the expedition team was able to reach the northern part of Balto smoothly.

But Mac only grew impatient as time went by. She caressed Rheem's mane and looked at the back of Lipptan, who was ahead, with an uneasy look.

All the way here, Riftan completely ignored her presence. When she spoke to her, she took a businesslike attitude and made no more than the necessary reply, and sometimes it seemed that she hated even approaching.

Mack became increasingly depressed. He made up his mind by recalling that he had kept his letter and that he had run a long way to save himself at once, but his confidence gradually decreased due to the continued coldness.

"I can see something in front of me"

Suddenly, Nevin, who was sitting on a horse and performing his quest magic, said with his head tilted. The Wizard of Wind Property was able to explore the surroundings even while on the move, so they would take turns to see if the demons were approaching.

As soon as his horse fell, the Riftan stopped the Knights. Mack looked around, pulling REM's reins. The deep blue pine forest surrounded them, and the sky was covered with gray clouds, making the son-in-law gloomy. Riftan, who was looking with keen eyes at the snow-covered forest where gray shadows fell, asked in a hard voice.

"Do you know what kind of animal it is?"

Nevin soon shook his head with an embarrassing look.

"There's something, but it's just foggy. It's either a spirit or a demon with a strong anti-horse power."

Kuahel immediately pulled out a long sword.

"Where is it?"

"It's a little less than a one-stradion (about 185 meters) south. There's no movement, but it feels quite magical."

"It's most likely a dragon subspecies mare in hibernation."

At the muttering of the Riftan, the knights all took out their weapons of war and prepared for battle. For high-ranking mars like Wyvern and Vasilisk, the 1st Stradion was within a blink of an eye. If you let your guard down, you could be beaten in no time.

Mac also raised his magic to the fullest so that he could perform magic at any time. Then, Lipptan, who was looking up at the sky, turned his head and said,

“Let’s go down the mountain. Even if it takes time, I’d rather go around in circles.”

“You don’t have to do that, do you?” If you’re hibernating, you’ll be slow to move, but you can just destroy it.”

Hebaron expressed his objection by scratching his bearded chin. Then Lipptan looked at him with cold eyes.

It is also unclear what kind of animal it is and how many are hiding. It’s better to avoid it.”

There is no time to go back. It will snow soon. If you don’t go over this mountain by today, you’ll be delayed for a few days. I can’t afford to take that much time.”

Cuahel countered, pointing to the wagon. The luggage piled up like a mountain had already been reduced to three quarters. This is because the city that I stopped by in the middle did not have enough food and water. Most of the northern part of the country was suffering from food shortages due to the early cold weather.

“Why don’t you head east and stop by a big city?”

Ruth, who was wrapped up in a robe, helped. The wizards looked at him in unison. However, Ruth continued calmly, as if she had adjusted to their eyes in a few days as a thick-faced person.

“You don’t have to move too much. Let’s just stay in the city until the blizzard passes.”

Any city around here will not be able to feed as many as 200 soldiers for weeks. Even if you can afford it, you’ll face the same problem while you’re moving back here. I don’t want to waste time like that.”

Kuahel’s determined attitude chilled Lipptan’s face.

“Do you mean that the mission of the Holy Knight is superior to the safety of the expedition? That’s a lot of mercy. The name of the guardian of the West will cry.”

“You must be notorious for being Margot. I’m afraid of the beast in hibernation, so I’m afraid to walk away... My liver has shrunk while I haven’t seen it.”

Cuahel responded sharply. In the unusual atmosphere between the two, the wizards exchanged glances with expressions of “It’s started again.” Mac, who was watching them with a nervous glance, slipped forward.

"I, I, I... I'm going to try some exploration magic The search magic of the Earth's properties can gather more specific information than the wind properties. If you do well... you may be able to identify the evil."

Liptan frowned at her. But Cuahel spoke first before he came forward against it.

"All right, then, please."

Mack jumped straight off the saddle. My heart was pounding hard because I had been impatient to get a chance to show my skills to Riftan. However, I was a little nervous when I tried to do magic.

Even the senior wizard didn't achieve much, but can the new chick who just received the magic ceremony do it properly? I think I went too far

She took a deep breath to dispel the surging anxiety, then spun her magic spell. Soon, the sensory system began to expand as the spirit of the earth and the mana tube continued.

Mack set up a search network in the direction Nevin told him. Before long, something caught at the end of the web of mana that stretched outstretched like a spider's web. She stiffened up with a flinch It was closer than Nevin said. Sensing something huge rushing in at a frightening speed, Mack quickly recalled his mana and shouted urgently.

"I, it's coming this way! Come on, shield...!"

Arnett and Armin quickly surrounded the wagon with a barrier. Almost at the same time, the ground vibrated loudly, and as the snow field cracked, something popped out. The wind overturned a wagon. The howling of the horses rang out loudly, and as the ground was distorted, the REM bounced high.

Mack hurriedly pulled the horse's tail to calm REM and shielded himself and the wizards around. Immediately, a dull thud rang out, and the devil's body and intangible walls collided strongly.

She saw cracks in the shield, so she hurriedly increased her mana spin. A monster so huge that he could swallow the wagon in one bite climbed up to the ground and swung his thick tail wrapped in scales like a whip.

The Mac has increased its horsepower output. The ground vibrated once again as the tail of Shield and the devil collided. When she judged that her mana alone was too much to prevent, she turned her head to ask for help. At that moment, Kalto shouted, hitting a double shield over the wall she hit.

"Surfend! Whoever can use attack magic, cooperate with the knights!"

His walls were steadfastly fending off the devil's attack. Mack breathed a sigh of relief and took off the shield. The knights were already scattered around the beast. They threw hooks into the skin of the devil and wrapped chains around his thick body. As the movement of the devil slowed down, she could clearly identify him.

Dragon-like head and snake-like body.... It was a monster in the top of the dragon's subspecies.

"Stand back! I'll hit the fire barrier!"

The knights opened the streets slightly to the cries of the wizards. Then Kabala's wizards set off a fire and surrounded it high around the monster.

The magic did not work well for the dragon subspecies. For this reason, they used the fire-hating Suffend's habit to block the movement rather than conduct a direct attack.

As the flames soared from all sides, the propend swung round to avoid the heat, and the knights threw in unison without missing the moment. A monster with its body pierced by dozens of windows raised its head high and opened its big mouth wide.

Mac felt his whole body bristling. Blue flames began to flutter inside the monster's mouth. She rushed out of the shield as Suffend's throat swelled up as if it were going to burst into flames any moment's notice.

And as she hurried to open the barrier, Lipptan stood in front of her. She gazed up at his dignified profile. He pulled out his sword and kicked Talon in the ribs. Then a black army horse like a black belt ran toward the monster like an arrow.

I've never seen such a startling scene before. Mack screamed his name like a scream. I couldn't figure out why no one stopped the Riftan. I was in a hurry to go after him, but Yuri Zion, who followed her, immediately blocked her. I didn't even have time to tell him to get out of the way.

Mack looked at the sight of Lipptan jumping into the mouth of the Serpend with a feeling that it would affect him. A low-headed monster opened his mouth wide and let out a blue flame at him.

At that moment, an incredible sight unfolded. His sword flashed with a dark red light and the flames died down in an instant. Almost at the same time he swung the sword and the monster's head flew away. I couldn't figure out what had happened even when I saw it right in front of me. She looked back at him with a stunned face.

Soon, with a thud, Serpend's heavy body stretched heavily over the white snowfield. The sound finally brought me back to my senses. She soothes the excited REM and hurried her horse to the Riftan.



Cuahel, who was doing divine magic with one hand spread out on the severed head of the propend, frowned at her.

“Supend’s blood is poisonous. It’s better not to come close until the cleansing magic is over.”

“That’s all right. I can do detox magic, too.”

He seemed to be trying to say more, but Mack drove REM past him and in front of Liptan. Liptan, who was wiping the blood on the sword, frowned fiercely at her.

“Didn’t you hear me not to come near you?”

“C, are you hurt? Is it okay?”

She jumped off the horse, ignoring his words. Then he stood close to the side of Talon and examined him from head to toe. Still, it was unbelievable that he jumped into the braces of Suffend. I’ve heard a story about him confronting Red Dragon’s Breth from the front, but it was a world of difference between imagining it in my head and seeing it with my eyes.

Half unconscious, she scoured his arms and legs surrounded by armor. Liptan, who stiffened her whole body at her fumbling touch, came down from the horse, muttering a small swear word. Then he grabbed her by the arm and strode away from the devil. Mac cried nervously, tottering along with him.

“Lee, Riftan, and Bresse were hit from the front. There might be something wrong with your body. Come on, get the treatment...”

“I told you I’m good at absorbing mana. It’s temporary, but I’ve absorbed Dragon Bres. This is nothing.”

He stopped and let go of her hand, as if he had felt he had fallen enough from the dead body of Sepend. Then, with burning eyes, I scanned her whole body. Normally, I would have been happy to jump into his eyes, but I couldn’t even recognize it properly because I was half out of my mind with worry. Mack pulled impatiently on his capely.

“Well, just in case, I’ll put a healing spell on you. Please take off your armor for a moment. It might have put a strain on your body because you suddenly sucked in a lot of mana. Let’s check...”

“...I don’t need it.”

“Come on, take off your gloves. You need skin contact to use healing magic...”

“I say it’s done!”

He shook her hand coldly. Mac froze in shock. When I looked up at him with a hurt look, the color faded from Lipptan's face. But he soon clenched his teeth as if suppressing his feelings, and returned with a numb face.

"...don't think of wasting your magic, just take care of yourself in time to worry about my body."

Then, he turned around and walked to the place where the knights gathered. Mack looked away from the back and slowly distorted his face. How many times have I seen him turn his back like that in the past few weeks.

Emotions accumulated so far erupted like an active volcano as he turned around fiercely after making a person's heart sink. Mack looked around his head with a choked face, picked up a pine cone that had fallen under the tree and threw it at him.

Lipptan snatched it with one hand like a man with eyes on the back of his head. Looking down at the pine cone in my hand, he frowned at her as if what this meant. Regardless, Mack picked up a few more pine cones and threw them with all his might. This time the pine cone hit his forehead lightly and bounced off. The brow of the liftan was wrinkled.

"What the..."

"Hey, you little punk...!"

She shouted loudly and lit her eyes to find a bigger pine cone. Then, when there was nothing more noticeable, the snow gathered and threw it. The liftan snatched it from the other hand. Mac did not give in, clumped his eyes and threw them into his face one after another. Lipptan's composure was eventually broken by the relentless pouring of snow.

He scraped up his head, shook off his eyes, and strode to her in a couple of steps. Then he snatched her arm and growled furiously with his teeth.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Who, who said that? How long do you intend to ignore people? If you have any complaints... You can say it! You yellow! Stupid idiot!"

As she twisted her arms and kicked, Lipptan clenched his teeth, turned his head and threw a sharp look at those who looked at them with interesting eyes. Then she lifted her turbulent arm and strode toward the forest.

Mack wriggled like an angry colt with a load on his side and poured out all the abusive language he knew.

"You... you arrogant jerk! A narrow-minded fool! I... How have you felt in the meantime? How did you feel about studying...! Do you know how desperate you have been to

come back as soon as possible? If you're going to ignore me like this... Why did you come after me?"

"Then you...!"

Liptan put her down under the beautiful tree and shouted harshly. Mac leaned his back against the tree trunk. He bent down at her and spouted out each word of strength.

"Can you imagine how I've been feeling?"

5/5 - (3 votes)

Mack looked up at him fiercely, with his eyes brimming with moisture. His eyes burned black through his slightly wet hair because he was baptized. Liptan chewed his teeth.

"What do you want me to do?"

Mack could clearly feel the faint twitch of his arm, which he held by his head. The liftan has tilted its head close enough to almost touch its nose.

"Just as you have never left me, as I have never been left behind, as you have never spent your days in despair for the past three years... Is that what you want me to do? Do you really think I can do that?"

He shook his broad shoulders as if suppressing his passion, but eventually lost control and shouted roughly.

"How can you be so calm? Why don't you feel any better? Don't you really know that I'm barely enduring this ridiculous situation? D\*\*n it! Are you scratching me like that because you don't know how desperately I'm holding it in!"

Bang, bang, the fist wrapped around the gauntlet dug into the trunk of the tree.

"How do I feel right now...!"

Mac shrank his neck as one of his hands tightened his forearm painfully. The liftan hurriedly let go. There was a deep sense of shame on his face. Liptan, who rubbed her face roughly as if to attract patience, hurriedly backed away from her. Mack realized that he was about to kill his feelings again and hurriedly pulled his hem.

"Well, don't hide it like that! I hate it when you do that!"

His eyes trembled helplessly looking down at her. Mack clasped his cloak and cried earnestly so that he could not escape.

“You can tell me! How do you feel? G, You can tell me in person! I don’t care what you’re complaining about. The spirit of the Riftan, the feeling... Tell me honestly. To be ignored in this way... I hate it.”

The last word was almost pleading. Liptan’s lips trembled faintly. He breathed heavily, and then he said with a puffed up.

“What the hell do you want to hear from me? You want to know how miserable I’ve been? Do you want me to tell you how much I resent you, how much I despise and hate myself? Do you really want to hear that? How much have I...”

Suddenly he stopped talking. His face turned red as if it were shameful to show his feelings. As he persistently tries to regain control, Mack realizes that his defenses have become stronger over the past three years. Liptan swept her hair roughly and glared at her with resentful eyes.

“Did it have to be like this? Did you have to meet like this? I’ve been thinking, when you get back, it’s really... I’ll never say anything I’ll regret again. I’ll never let you leave like that again. For that... In the meantime....”

He clasped his forehead in silence. The gaze that looked down at the floor for a moment flew back at her.

“Why do you always push me to the limit?”

Mac faltered at the wound in his eyes. If he had only expressed his anger, she would have fought back. But I couldn’t cope with his suffering. Mac grappled in a cracked voice.

“I, I... I didn’t expect this. If I knew it was this dangerous... I don’t think so. I didn’t mean to drag you into such a difficult journey. C, It’s just that I... I want to get out of the island as soon as possible. So....”

Mac, looking up at his face, closed his eyes tightly, feeling his throat choked.

“Boe, I missed you... I felt like I was going to die.”

A sudden gust of wind swept through them. Mack looked up at his distorted face through his fluttering hair. Riftan looked confused and helpless like a lost child. It was amazing that such a huge and strong person could make such a defenseless face.

He clasped her cheek with his trembling hand. Despite the harsh leather gloves and the cold touch of the gauntlet, she clasped her hand and buried her cheek. The action seemed to have completely shattered his self-control. Liptan groaned low and lifted her up and pushed her hard against the tree trunk.

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Suddenly he stopped talking. His face turned red as if it were shameful to show his feelings. As he persistently tries to regain control, Mack realizes that his defenses have become stronger over the past three years. Lipptan swept her hair roughly and glared at her with resentful eyes.

“Did it have to be like this? Did you have to meet like this? I’ve been thinking, when you get back, it’s really... I’ll never say anything I’ll regret again. I’ll never let you leave like that again. For that... In the meantime....”

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He clasped her head and pushed her hot tongue into her mouth. She responded enthusiastically, caressing his long, thick neck. Lipptan kissed her more passionately like a man determined to absorb her.

Mac didn't stop him even though his eyes were getting blurry due to shortness of breath. She didn't even dare to part with him either.

He put an arm under her hip and lifted it higher. Then he drew his tongue strongly and clasped the bottom of her chest with his other hand. But when she couldn't feel it properly because of the gloves, she mumbled harsh abuse and pulled her hem almost to the point of tearing.

Half her chest was exposed in the cool air. But there was no time to feel the cold. He rubbed his hot lips on a voluptuous dunk, then lightly bit the nipple, which had spiked above the thick wool tunic. Mack sobbed thin and gripped his voluminous hair.

Dizzy pleasure has been engulfed as the stomach tightens every time a liftan grunts its swollen nipples with its teeth and sucks vigorously. She clasped his head.

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She stood in her way as if protecting her, and opened her robe tightly to see if Lipptan, who looked around, judged that there was no danger. His face was red with unfulfilled

desires, but at least his eyes were calm. Lipptan grabbed her arm and quickly began to walk across the forest.

Mack followed him almost like he was running and looked around with dizzy eyes. Before I knew it, snow was flying in the sky, and white snow fog stood in the forest. The spooky atmosphere drained the heat from my body at once. She crouched her shoulders close to him.

“Moo, what happened?”

“It’s a sign that the devil has come in.”

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“Be prepared to hit the shield at any time.”

Mack looked up at his face. Riftan had already returned from a passionate lover to a solemn and cold article. He walked quickly, looking around with a wary eye. Mack swallowed his words and followed him quietly. As soon as he got out of the forest, Elliott ran at once, as if he had waited.

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I heard the signal. What’s going on?”

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“I’m sorry to interrupt.”

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“Lee, Riftan... What I was talking about earlier...”

“Later.”

He cut her off calmly.

“This is not the time to talk about it.”

Mack blushed. Only then did I remember losing my reason and making a fuss in front of everyone. She looked around in shame and nodded her head with a bothered expression. Liptan sat on top of Tallon and gave her a moment of attention as if to check if she was okay, then turned her head and approached Hebaron.

Sir Nerta was seen giggling and throwing farmland. With an embarrassing look on her face, she hurriedly led REM to the wizards. Then he looked back at the Riftan with an uneasy look.

It was heartless that he, who seemed to have finally opened his mind, quickly returned to his cool appearance.

‘As the situation is... It can’t be helped.’

As she bit her lips and calmed herself like that, Annette, who led the horse in front of her, asked suspiciously.

“Don’t tell me he hit you in retaliation, did he?”

Mack opened his eyes wide and shook his head furiously.

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Annette frowned up and down at her. Mack hurriedly wore a robe in case he noticed what they had done in the woods. My lips were still tingling, and my heart throbbed with unfinished heat. I was so ashamed of my own reaction. Maybe I’m being too lewd.

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They had a lot to say in the future. Let’s not be impatient. Now was the time to think about completing the mission safely.

Rate this Chapter

## **Under the Oak Tree Chapter 273**

Mack looked up at him fiercely, with his eyes brimming with moisture. His eyes burned black through his slightly wet hair because he was baptized. Lipptan chewed his teeth.

“What do you want me to do?”

Mack could clearly feel the faint twitch of his arm, which he held by his head. The liftan has tilted its head close enough to almost touch its nose.

“Just as you have never left me, as I have never been left behind, as you have never spent your days in despair for the past three years... Is that what you want me to do? Do you really think I can do that?”

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Rate this Chapter

## Under the Oak Tree Chapter 274

I was able to come down the mountain before the night deepened, but the village, which was my destination, was empty. It seemed that they had all migrated to the South a long time ago. They looked around collapsed fences and nearly collapsed houses and quickly touched some of the most robust-looking buildings.

The castle knights quickly overlaid the collapsed roof with leather bags and then added boards to the walls to create a temporary accommodation, and the wizards chased rats and spiders out of the building used as livestock, pushed horses in, and took water and water. In the meantime, Riftan, along with his men, rebuilt the collapsed fence and set fires everywhere to prepare for attacks by the animals.

“I’m going to stay for only one night. Do I have to do this?”

Ruth, who was installing a temporary defense magic around the fence, grumbled with an annoyed face. Riftan glared at him, shaking off his thick eyes that clung to his face.

“If you don’t want this to be your last night, don’t worry about it.”

“But there are 19 high-ranking wizards in this expedition! Why should I be the only one here doing this?”

“That’s up to your uncle.”

Hebron, leaning against the fence and sipping wine in the bucket, mumbled and said.

“The world’s top wizards pretend they don’t hear us when we talk. You’re in with a traitor.”

Ruth closed her mouth with a pinched face and began to paint magic on the floor silently. However, as the wind became stronger and the snow became thicker, he was nervous, tearing his head out as if it were boiling inside.

“Oh, my God, what the hell is going on here?”

He looked up at the dark black sky and lamented, then turned his head to the Riftan, perhaps thinking of something.

“Now that you mention it, Mrs. Calyps seems to have been awarded the Earth Property Magic. I’m sure you’ve learned all kinds of defensive magic from the World Tower. If you ask him to help you with your work, he’ll be done in no time...”

“Ruth Serbel.”

Liptan looked into the dark forest and lightly moistened his throat with wine in a bucket. Then he added in a soft voice.

“Do you want to die?”

“...I knew it wouldn't work, but I said it once.”

“Shut up and work if you've eaten the mana stone of Suffend.”

Riftan spouted coldly and picked up a torch hanging by the fence to look around the perimeter of the line. And he walked slowly out into the darkness and looked at the floor and branches for signs of evil or beast, and Hebaron, who followed him, hung an arm on his shoulder and bowed.

“Captain, there's a cabin a little far from the accommodation, so I've instructed Garow to keep it clean.”

The liftan stopped tall. Hebaron had not shaved for days, so he stroked his shaggy cheek.

“I won't let anyone around me get away.”

“...just search properly in time for useless things.”

Riftan shook off his arm fiercely and looked around the forest again. But his consciousness was disturbed, and nothing more came into his sight. He spat out abuse in his heart and swept his hair roughly. Hebron followed him slowly and kept scratching his insides.

“It's because I feel really bad watching the captain hold it in. For a man who has been waiting for his wife to return for three years, this situation is too harsh.”

“...do you have to crush your jaw to shut it up?”

Hebaron raised his hands to surrender. Riftan stared at him, then turned around and started walking again. But the words he had thrown echoed in his head.

Riftan looked around the completely dark mountains for a moment and returned to the ruined village. The snow was growing stronger, and the knights looked resolute, but he could feel their fatigue.

Riftan found Ruth by tilting the torch, which seemed to be extinguished by the strong wind, into the fence. He was warming up against the fire, his back against the fence. Even if the fire mana stone was used, it was not possible to completely block the cold, and his complexion was paler than usual. Riftan stared at his face and asked bluntly.

“The defense magic is to install everything and fool around, right?”

“I’m done, so let’s stop wiping!”

He shouted like an angry cat.

“If there’s no high-ranking junk like Serpend here somewhere, we’ll survive one night or so.”

“Good for you.”

Riftan answered calmly and moved to Elliott’s place. He was directing the knights to build sharp bars around the fence. It won’t do much for big animals, but it can somehow prevent cannibal wolves and hungry animals from jumping over the fence.

Riftan, who was watching the knights hammer a long iron skewer with iron spines into the ground to form a line of defense, said to Elliott.

“That’s enough. Ruth says she’s got a shield, so make sure you’re at least on guard and everyone’s at rest.”

“How many security guards do you need?”

“It’ll be enough for about three people to take turns.”

“We’ll stand guard.”

Liptan turned his head to the sudden voice. The black robe-covered chief of the Knights of St. Mary’s was walking slowly toward their line of defense with six men.

“This is our job. I don’t mean to owe you.”

The Knight said, flashing green eyes reminiscent of reptiles. Riftan frowned.

“What a useless opportunity. You’ve used up a lot of divine power today, so you’ll need a break”

“A considerable amount?”

The knight’s slender eyebrows wiggled up. I knew from a long time ago that he was quite belligerent and self-respecting unlike his appearance, but it was annoying to bite on the tail of his words today. Riftan shrugged as if to do as he pleases and turned to Elliott.

“Did you hear that? You’re going to take care of your troubles, so make sure you take a break on your own.”



“All right.”

Riftan immediately turned to the accommodation. The world’s top wizards were not seen to have already entered the makeshift shelter for relaxation.

He looked around the shed where the lights were coming out. Then, he found a small shape carrying a piece of firewood and stopped walking. Lovar stomped next to her for the firewood, but she didn’t seem to care. Looking at her bravely walking, Riftan rubbed her face roughly with one hand.

“You son of a gun...”

He struggled to turn around, swearing at Hebron. If she didn’t do that, she would be snatched away and dragged anywhere.

As if to shake off the intense temptation, he went into the building farthest from which she entered and sat down in front of the brazier. An attendant quickly followed him to take care of him.

He waved his hand down to help him take off his armor and ordered him to bring a cup of ale. I had to refrain from drinking as much as possible during the expedition, but I didn’t think I could get through this night safely with my sober mind. His patience was on the verge of breaking.

Liffan gulped down the bone-chilling ale and roughly stole his lips with his sleeve. I expected her taste and aroma to fade at all in the spirit of alcohol, but it became clearer as it became remembered.

He rubbed his forehead with an anxious touch, throwing a small piece of wood into the burning bonfire. Suddenly, on a snowy winter night, the memory of sitting in front of the fireplace and caressing her came over.

I remember putting my sweaty naked body on my knees and stroking my smooth back, shoulders, and round hips. The sensation when the curly hair covered his body like a cotton blanket, the soft and soft touch of the breast, and the soft touch of the body hair between the rose-colored pointed nipples and legs came to mind clearly.

I felt like my stomach was gnawing with despair and longing. He sprang up from his seat with a groan of frustration. The attendant who was bringing his food looked puzzled.

“Where are you going, captain?”

“I’ll look around again, so take a rest.”

He spouted bluntly and strode out without taking his coat. There was a snowstorm outside, but I felt like my body was on fire, so I was rather glad to see the cold inside my bones.

He stood on the snowfield and looked at the light-emitting building. Just the thought of her being near felt like she was being baked alive.

How constantly I've tried not to think of her. Her smile, her chattering voice, her stubbornness that sometimes exploded into anger, her recklessness that drove him to the brink of madness, her precariousness.... The mere thought of it was terribly painful.

It was better not to feel anything. So even though she had killed and killed her feelings, she shook him too easily. It was frustrating.

"Will I be able to endure it until the end of the expedition?"

He paced around the cabin in a dry wash. Why shouldn't I do as Hebaron recommends? Maximilian was his wife. And he didn't want to be away from her any more.

I wanted to hug her tightly and kiss her until I was in the castle, and make love until I was exhausted. I wanted to fall asleep under the same blanket as her.

I wanted to hear her voice until just before I fell asleep, and I wanted her to be the first face I saw when I opened my eyes in the morning.

But then, he knew very well that he would lose all control. In fact, she was still barely holding back the urge to take her back to Anatol. He stared at the cabin where she would be resting, feeling like he was in a travesty, and struggled to walk away.

They continued to move north along the Rongel Mountains, which separates Rivadon and Balto. Although it has been attacked twice by demons, the expedition continued smoothly without anyone being seriously injured due to the cooperation between the Knights of Remdragon and the Knights of the Holy Order. And finally, they were able to escape the valley and reach the northern plains.

Mack looked at the pale, white earth and was in a strange awe. It felt like standing on a blank sheet used by giants. As I looked around the silver ridge without a tree and a rock, I heard the dry voice of Cuahelion.

Rate this Chapter

## **Under the Oak Tree, Chapter 275**

As he turned the horse's head, the reddish-brown military horse purred with a strong sniff as if showing a belligerent temper. Mack watched as Cuahel came slowly, firmly overpowered the angry horse with a restrained gesture.

"The horses must be tired, so let's take a rest here first."

As soon as his horse fell, the wizards quickly descended from the saddle. Mack also jumped from REM's back with joy.

Horseback riding was a habit because I spent more time on horseback than on the ground over the past few weeks, but it was inevitable that my whole body would become stiff if I balanced on a running horse for a long time.

She rubbed her throbbing thigh and unloaded the luggage and saddle from REM's back. Yuri Zion, who approached to take care of her, sighed dissatisfied at the sight.

"You rarely give me a chance to do anything like a guard."

"You're busy just being wary of your surroundings. I'll take care of this."

Mack put his luggage aside and led REM to the wagon before he could say anything more. Yuri Zion came after her with a small grunt.

They pulled a bag of fodder from the wagon, fed the horses full, and then went behind the windshield installed by the drivers to rest. Even though the weather was very cold, sweat formed on my forehead while taking care of the horses. Traveling through barren northern land in the middle of winter, when neither pasture nor water is found, was harder than expected.

"Muddy girl, stop it and come here and rest."

Royald, who was warming up in front of the bonfire made by the knights, talked to him. Then, he coughed harshly at Yuri Zion's fierce eyes and added in a more polite tone.

"You have to go on the road again after lunch. What if I'm exhausted before that?"

Fellow wizards still seemed a little awkward about the fact that the motive for teasing and eating mud to their heart's content was a high-ranking nobleman with the continent's strongest knight as his husband. Mack gave him a rough nod, tied the reins in front of the windshield, and sat down in front of the fire. Yuri Zion, who ran quickly to get her meal, grumbled irritably.

"Why do they keep calling you mud?"

"It's because of my... attributes. I have not only the property of the earth, but also the affinity of some property affinity. It's a rare combination... It's a light prank."

Although it was a nickname that he usually disapproved of, Mac replied in a light tone because he didn't want to cause trouble. I was worried that Yuri Zion would argue for no reason. She smiled a little soothingly, and tossed the thick stew he had brought her into her mouth. The feeling of hot soup spreading from the stomach was so fascinating.

Due to the cold weather, bread, meat, cheese, and butter were all frozen hard and could not be eaten as they were, so it was just boiled in a pot, but it tasted pretty good.

"What are you doing, Riftan?"

She munched on the meat in the stew and looked around. When they stopped marching, the knights took out the brazier in an orderly fashion, made fires everywhere, installed windbreakers around them, and looked for any signs of evil nearby. Only when eating, he seemed to be sitting down and taking a full rest.

Mac was worried that Liptan was resting properly, so he rolled his eyes to the place where people wearing Remdragon's armor gathered. Then, behind his back, the voice of Hebaron came.

"You're fighting a war of nerves with the Holy Knight over there."

He pointed with his thumb to either side, chewing on the hard-looking jerky. Mack squinted at the place. Riftan and Cuahel were sitting opposite each other, spreading a map on the table.

Even though it was quite a distance, Mac could not have guessed that they would be fighting a silent war of words with a knife in their mouth. Garow, who followed Hebaron, shook his head.

"You're fighting over the route, and it's really b\*\*\*\*y. I didn't know they were so close."

"That voice knight is unilaterally picking a fight with Lord Calypse."

Yuri Zion immediately sided with Riftan.

"I'm sure he's still breaking it down with what he lost in the past. You're a narrow-minded little p\*\*\*k."

Mack blushed as he recalled the words he had poured on Liptan. However, Yuri Zion added coldly, as if he had just spit it out without much meaning.

"A dog who loses a fight barks loudly."

"Again, you're being vitriolic."

Hebaron stuck the leftover jerky in his mouth and kicked his tongue.

“Don’t be so mean. There’s a reason why Sung-gum does that. Originally, their personalities were not compatible to death, but when our leader thinks he is right, he doesn’t listen to others even if he dies. That Paladin has turned its head three times because the Knights of Remdragon broke the plan they had agreed to beforehand and committed a crazy act.”

Hebaron showed three thick fingers.

“Well, as a result, our leader was right in his judgment, but for the general command, the Knights of Remdragon, who repeatedly acted unexpectedly, was an eyesore.”

“As expected, you’re a narrow-minded little punk. How dare you question Riftan Calyp’s judgment, that’s where it’s wrong. I wish I had obeyed Lord Calyp’s instructions from the beginning...”

Mac rolled his eyes at Yuri Zion’s cynical snort. While she was away, Yuri Zion’s loyalty to Lipptan seemed to have developed into a blind obedience. He seemed to truly believe that there was no greater knight than Riftan in the world.

She also fully agreed with that opinion, but since she has to cooperate with the Holy Knights for the next few months, shouldn’t she be too explicit about it? In any case, they were right to show respect because they were God’s agents.

Just as she was about to warn Yuri Zion so, Hebaron opened his mouth first.

“If you leave him alone, he’ll be like that until he’s about to leave, so why don’t you go and stop him?”

“Me? Me?”

Mac faltered a little. After that day, Riftan stopped acting as if he had been blatantly ignoring him. But that didn’t mean to be as friendly as it used to be. She spoke with her partner, but she still remained distant. The figure was strangely more hurtful.

Does that mean you’re not all warmed up yet? Or does it mean that even if you still have feelings for yourself, it’s not exactly the same as before? In such melancholy thoughts, Hebron’s coaxing voice came.

“I’ll listen if you stop me. I’m going to miss my meal at that’

As soon as Mac heard it, he rose from his seat and ran to Miriam’s front, who was serving. When I asked her for another bowl of stew, Miriam filled the bowl silently. Mac, who took it and stared down, said, sticking out the bowl.

“Please add a little more ingredients.”

Miriam gave me another ladle with an annoyed look. Mack picked up the bowl and went straight to the place where the liftan was. Lipptan, who was staring at CuaHEL with her arms folded around her chest, caught a wrinkle in her forehead when she saw her.

Why do you frown when you see me? She went and stood beside him, grumbling inwardly.

“I heard you haven’t even eaten yet... I brought some food.”

“I’m fine, so you go first. The story isn’t over.”

He spouted bluntly and turned his head back to CuaHEL. Mack followed him with a glance at the head of the Order of the Sacred Knights and stuck the bowl out stubbornly in front of the Lipptan.

“Hey, we can talk later. I ate already. Riftan, you have to hurry up and eat. You must be hungry because you haven’t eaten anything since dawn..”

“I’m fine...”

“If you don’t, I do.”

CuaHEL burst in. Mac looked back at him with a puzzled face. The voice knight looked at the Riftan with a provocative look and turned his head toward her and asked her in an unnatural but polite voice.

“Do you mind if I do you mind?”

Mack couldn’t bear to say no, so he nodded. Leftan grabbed her arm as she flung the bowl at him.

“I changed my mind. Give it to me.”

Riftan growled and said. Mack looked at CuaHEL with an embarrassed look on his face and turned the bowl gently toward the Riftan. I was a little embarrassed because I thought I should have brought two bowls from the beginning. However, Knight Seong rose from his seat with a grave face as if he had not really coveted the meal.

“You’re going to have to eat now, so let’s wrap up this useful conversation here.”

“Hey, the conclusion is still...”

“The conclusion remains the same. I have no intention of changing course. If you don’t like it, you go in the direction you want to go. I never asked you to follow me in the first place, but you’re talking a lot about this is a lot of talk.”

“You d\*\*n...”

He was twitching around his mouth as if he were trying to make a harsh sound, then looked at the pulse and shut his mouth. Cuahel, who was looking down at the figure, soon walked to the place where the Holy Knights were gathering and eating.

Mack turned his head back to the Riftan. A liftan glaring at Cuahel’s back hurriedly released her arm as if it had touched the fire. Then, he took the bowl and walked to the place where the knights gathered. Mack stalked after him and spoke nervously.

“If you’re interrupting an important story... Me, I’m sorry. Sir Nerta said he hadn’t eaten yet, so...”

“Never mind. It wasn’t a big deal.”

Liptan, who threw a sharp look at Hebron, pulled a bucket in front of the campfire and sat down. Mack quickly brought another chair and sat close to him.

“Do you want me to bring you some beer? Hey, they’re baking bread and bacon over there. Do you want to eat that, too?”

“This is good enough.”

“But... you usually eat a lot more than that.”

“If you eat too much during promotions, you get tired quickly. It’s better to eat just enough to fill your stomach.”

“Oh... I see.”

There was an awkward silence. He stuck his nose in the bowl and quietly teased the spoon. It was almost like this if she didn’t talk to me first. Mack looked down at the floor and scratched his eyes with his feet to hide his disappointment, then raised his head again. Before I knew it, my bangs were poking his eyes.

Mac, who had been hesitant for a while, reached out and rolled up his hair from his forehead. Then Riftan jumped back in surprise. It was a reaction as if she had pushed a dagger.

He looked surprised by the overreaction, and the leaftan swept his hair with a stiff face and silently ate again. It was a speed that showed his willingness to eat up as soon as possible and leave this place. She bit her lip.

“Hey... I’ll have to go over there. Che, take your time to eat.”



Mack, concealing a sign of hurt, let out an envious, bright voice and rose from his seat. For some reason, Hebaron, who was watching the scene not far away, giggled and burst into laughter. What's so funny? Mack glared at him with a frown and moved to where REM was tied.

Since then, Riftan's equivocal attitude has continued. I didn't shy away from her as blatantly as I used to, but I didn't take it completely.

Mack grew impatient. I tried to narrow the distance with him, chasing him whenever I had a chance, and trying to take care of him, but somehow Lipptan's expression became more and more difficult.

If I had had a little more courage, I would have asked why I had such a face. However, I was afraid of what answers would come back, so I didn't dare say anything. She just naturally acted as if nothing had happened to her, hoping that his attitude would.

Once, he said he would take courage and put a magic spell on his recovery. However, Mac blushed as only ridiculous eyes returned.

She knew that he didn't need healing magic or recovery magic. But even with that excuse, I couldn't control my desire to touch him.

At the end of the day's kiss, Riftan never touched her, and never came closer than necessary. It was now on her side to fret. The desire to contact him was so great that he even thought evilly that he wished the liftan had been hurt only a little.

5/5 - (1 vote)